**Перевести до 16.06.2020**

**Translate the text into Russian:**

Dear Daddy Long-Legs,

You never answer any questions, you never show the slightest interest in anything I do. I haven't a doubt that you throw my letters into the waste-basket without reading them. Hereafter I shall write only about work.

My re-exam inations in Latin and G eom etry cam e last week. I passed them both and am now a Sophomore.

I came up a fortnight ago, sorry to leave the farm, but glad to see the campus again. It is pleasant to come back to som ething familiar, I am beginning to feel at hom e in college.

I am beginning chemistry, a most unusual study. I've never seen anything like it before. I am also taking logic. Also history of the whole world. Also plays of William Shake­ speare. Also French.

I should rather have elected Economics than French, but 1 didn't dare, because I was afraid that unless I re-elected French, the Professor would not let me pass — as it was. I just m anaged to squeeze through the Ju n e examinations. But I will say that my high-school preparation was not very 9ood.

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And here is news for you. I have begun to be an author. A poem entitled “ From my Tower” appears in the February “Monthly” — on the first page, which is a very great honour for a Freshman. My English instructor stopped me on my way out of college last night, and said it was a charming piece of work except for the sixth line, which had too many feet.

But sometimes a dreadful fear comes over me that I'm not a genius.

Yours truly,

Judy