

*Read the text and compare how the two characters see each other.*

## **Meeting**

Harshaw looked him over as he shook hands. Chap looked like a huntin', shootin', sportin' Britisher, from tweedy, expensively casual clothes to clipped grey mustache... but his skin was swarthy and the genes for that nose came from somewhere near the Levant. Harshaw did not like fakes and would choose cold cornpone over the most perfect syntho "sirloin."

To Mahmoud, Harshaw looked like a museum exhibit of what he thought of as a "Yank" – vulgar, dressed too informally for the occasion, loud, probably ignorant, and almost certainly provincial. A professional man, too, which made it worse, as in Dr. Mahmoud's experience American professional men were undereducated and narrow, mere technicians. He held a vast distaste for all things American Their incredible polytheistic babel of religions, their cooking (*cooking!!!*), their manners, their bastard architecture and sickly arts – and their blind, arrogant belief in their superiority long after their sun had set. Their women. Their women most of all, their immodest, assertive women, with gaunt, starved bodies which nevertheless reminded him disturbingly of houris.

(Robert Heinlein, *Stranger in a Strange Land*)