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**TEXT INTERPRETATION AND
ANALYTICAL READING OF
ENGLISH PROSE FICTION. AN INTRODUCTION**

**навчально-методичний посібник
із дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова”
(III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”)**

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Text Interpretation and Analytical Reading of English Prose Fiction. An Introduction: [навчально-методичний посібник із дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова” (III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”) / упорядники: **О.В. Карбашевська, Е.Є. Мінцис, Ю.Б. Мінцис**]. – [2-ге вид., доп. і перер.]. – Івано-Франківськ: НАІР, 2015. – 60 с. (англ.)

Навчально-методичний посібник, який пройшов апробацію, ознайомлює студентів з основами лінгвостилістичного аналізу форми та змісту художнього тексту на матеріалі переважно сучасної англо-американської прози, тематика якої відповідає змісту дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова” (III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”), прищеплює любов до естетики англійського художнього слова та фаху іноземного філолога. Відповідає програмовим вимогам.

Посібник призначено для студентів третього курсу спеціальності “Мова і література (англійська)” факультетів іноземних мов університетів. Може знадобитися студентам німецького та французького відділення вищих навчальних закладів, які вивчають англійську як другу мову, на факультетах підвищення кваліфікації вчителів, а також для проведення факультативних занять у школах.

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ПЕРЕДМОВА

Навчально-методичний посібник призначено для студентів третього курсу спеціальності “Мова і література (англійська)” факультетів іноземних мов вищих навчальних закладів. Основну увагу звернено на аналітичне прочитання та лінгвостилістичний аналіз англійської художньої прози. Адже до переліку основних вмінь, які здобувають студенти англійської філології під час навчання, належать комплексне прочитання літературного твору, простеження гармонійної цілісності тексту та, як наслідок, вияскравлення і поцінування естетики та неповторності авторського слова. Це передбачає виокремлення й відповідне тлумачення особливостей організації художнього тексту на рівні сюжету і композиції, образів і символіки, тематики й ідеології, лінгвістичних та зображально-виражальних засобів тощо. Більше того, інтерпретація художнього тексту є важливою та невід’ємною галуззю сучасної філологічної науки, а теперішні студенти – майбутні педагоги і вчені, котрі постійно матимуть справу із мовою й текстом.

Мета посібника – ознайомлення студента третього курсу з основами лінгвостилістичного аналізу форми та змісту художнього тексту на матеріалі переважно сучасної англо-американської прози, тематика якої відповідає змісту дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова” (III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”). Завдання посібника – допомогти студентам оволодіти базовим інструментарієм для проведення інтерпретації прозової літератури; апробувати здобуті знання під час аналітичного прочитання текстових фрагментів; урізноманітнити й доповнити матеріал основного підручника дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова” (III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”) “Практический курс английского языка. 3 курс” (4-е вид., 2006) за редакції В.Д. Аракіна; збагатити словниковий запас і вдосконалити усне та писемне мовлення студента по темах “Travelling”, “Cinematography”, “Education”, “Painting”; розвинути логічне мислення третьокурсника; ознайомити із тенденціями англо-американської художньої прози останньої третини ХХ ст.; прищепити любов до фаху іноземного філолога.

Навчально-методичний посібник складається з двох частин (1. “Basic Tools for the Text Linguistic and Stylistic Analysis”; 2. “English Prose Fiction: Text Interpretation and Analytical Reading”). Перша частина посібника “Basic Tools for the Text Linguistic and Stylistic Analysis” має теоретико-практичне спрямування. Тут запропоновано схему лінгвостилістичного аналізу художнього тексту. Загальний огляд лексичних засобів (allusion, antonomasia, epithet, hyperbole тощо) і синтаксичних фігур (inversion, parallelism, repetition) містить короткі визначення стилістичних оздоб літературної мови та яскраві приклади-ілюстрації з автентичних текстів. Підрозділ 1.2.3. “Figures of Speech: Exercises” пропонує вправи практичного характеру, які дають можливість творчого опрацювання окремих засобів, як-то метафора, порівняння, оксиморон, вивчення прямого та переносного значення слів на матеріалі жартів і загадок, засвоєння сталих виразів із метафоричною основою.

Друга частина посібника “English Prose Fiction: Text Interpretation and Analytical Reading” складається із чотирьох підрозділів (“Travelling”,

“Cinematography”, “Education”, “Painting”), у кожному з яких запропоновано два текстових фрагменти для лінгвостилістичного аналізу. Тематичний поділ на зазначені підрозділи відповідає робочій програмі дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова” (III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”). Важливо, що авторами відібраних творів є популярні й провідні письменники ХХ – початку ХХІ ст. Ірландії (Maev Binchy, 1939–2012), Британії та Сполучених Штатів (Barbara Taylor Bradford, 1933), Валлії (Roald Dahl, 1916–1990), Великобританії (Billy Hopkins, 1928–2012), США (Danielle Steel, 1947).

Різноманітна тематика художніх та публіцистичного текстів за спрямованістю на предметну сферу зображення прикметна розробкою особистісно-психологічних, морально-етичних, філософських тощо тем, що створює умови для обговорення багатогранних проблем. Так, оповідання Мейв Бінчі “The Wrong Suitcase” (1988) крізь призму авіамандрівки піднімає проблему плати за успіх, фрагмент із роману Біллі Хопкінса “Our Kid” (1999) розробляє тему впливу кіномистецтва на дитячий світогляд, уривок із роману Данієли Стіл “Bungalow 2 ” (2007) – теми письменник і кінематограф, керівник і здобутки творчого колективу, публіцистична стаття Реви Кляйн “Importance of Being Earnest” (1997) та розділ “Miss Honey” із роману Роальда Дала “Matilda” (1996) – тему ідеального педагога й обдарованої дитини, частини роману Барбари Тейлор Бредфорд “A Sudden Change of Heart” (1998) – тему ролі мистецтва у житті людині тощо. Завдання, розроблені до кожного текстового фрагмента, мають на меті закріпити навички лінгвостилістичного аналізу тексту, звернути увагу на індивідуальний стиль письменника, зміст і мову твору, засвоїти вокабуляр із тем “Travelling”, “Cinematography”, “Education”, “Painting”.

Посібник завершують список використаної літератури, два додатки, які подають фото вибраних картин французького імпресіоніста Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841–1919) (“Etude. Torse, effet de soleil” (Nude in Sunlight, 1875-1876), “Dance at Le Moulin de la Galette”, 1876) та постімпресіоніста Paul Gauguin (1848–1903) “Arearea” (Joyousness, 1892), “Femmes de Tahiti” (Tahitian Women, 1891), а також ключі до підрозділу 1.2.3. “Figures of Speech: Exercises”.

У другому виданні апробованого навчально-методичного посібника переглянуто зміст книги та схему лінгвостилістичного аналізу прозового тексту; завдання до текстових фрагментів у другій частині посібника; вміщено два додатки та ключі. Оповідання Maev Binchy “The Wrong Suitcase” (1998) поділено на дві частини й запропоновано до них вправи. Підрозділи 1.2.1. та 1.2.2. доповнено прикладами зображально-виражальних засобів (allusion, antonomasia, irony, oxymoron, personification, inversion), які взято із оригінальної літератури; 1.2.3. – третім завданням у вправі на Simile (Extended Comparison); 2.2. – текстом із роману Данієли Стіл “Бунгало 2 ” (2007) та 2.3. – Роальда Дала “Матильда” (1988), до яких розроблено завдання. Відповідні зміни й доповнення внесено до списку використаної літератури.

Матеріал навчально-методичного посібника може вивчатися у запропонованій послідовності протягом третього року навчання на факультеті іноземних мов вищого навчального закладу, або ж вибірково для закріплення тем “Travelling”, “Cinematography”, “Education”, “Painting” на заняттях із дисципліни “Основна іноземна мова” (III курс, спеціальність “Мова і література (англійська)”).

Ознайомлення з основами лінгвостилістичного аналізу художнього тексту та кращими взірцями сучасної англо-американської прози на третьому курсі – підготовка до засвоєння на старших курсах таких дисциплін як “Лексикологія”, “Стилістика”, “Сучасна література країни, мова якої вивчається”, “Лінгвостилістичний аналіз та інтерпретація художнього тексту” тощо, а також фундамент для виховання любові та інтересу до естетики англійського художнього слова.

Part I

1. Basic Tools for the Text Linguistic and Stylistic Analysis

1.1. The Scheme

Task. Read and translate the following scheme, which is essential for performing a comprehensive, thorough and indepth linguistic and stylistic analysis of prose fiction text fragments. Note that beginnings of possible answers are given in brackets:

1. The author's place in British / American literature.

(The author is a prominent / well-known / popular writer ...).

2. Historical, social, cultural background of the novel / short story / novella, etc.

(The action takes place in ...; the events described in the book, namely ..., are connected with ...; the author paints a true and lively picture of ...).

3. The connotation of the title of the story.

(The story is entitled "...” because it tells us about ...).

4. The theme of the text.

(It is a description of ...; the text shows us ...).

5. The message of the text.

(The message of the text may be presented like this ...; after reading the text I can make the following conclusion ...).

6. The brief summary of the text.

(Let me give you a brief summary of the text. ...).

7. Components of the text composition.

(The composition of the fragment under discussion is made up of the following elements:

- a piece of narration (it describes such events and people who take part in them: ...);
- a piece of description (it's a vivid description of nature, a big city, a small village, etc.);
- a piece of character-drawing (the author is very good at describing peoples' inner world, thoughts, emotions, behaviour, etc.);
- a piece of portraiture (which is combined with character-drawing; the author describes the appearance and traits of character of ...);
- a dialogue (the author is a great master of dialogues; we can see that ... is a good person because

To summarize, the composition of the passage under study presents an amalgamation of such components as narration, description, character drawing, portraiture, dialogue, monologue, the author's reasoning, the author's digressions, etc.)

8. The division of the text into logical parts.

(The extract under study can be divided into ... logical parts:

- the first one is entitled ... because it tells us about ...;
- the second part of the text is entitled ... because it presents ...;
- the third part of the text is entitled ... because it deals with ...).

9. The climax of the story.

(I believe that the highest point of interest in the fragment is the episode when ...; this episode is the climax of the story because the narration reaches its highest degree of tension here).

10. The tone of the story.

(The story is written in a humorous / dramatic / ironical / satirical / lyrical / matter-of-fact and unemotional, etc. tone:

- One can't help smiling while reading about One can't help sympathizing with ... while reading of The author doesn't laugh at his heroes, he smiles together with The story is full of funny episodes, for example, ... ;
- The events are a great drama of the main heroes' life because ... ;
- The irony of the author is bitter because he criticizes negative psychological and social phenomena, such as weak points of human nature / the faults of the society / poverty / cruelty / stupidity, etc.);
- One can't but admire beautiful lyrical descriptions of nature, of people's relations, etc. ...;
- The author hates to be sentimental, but his matter-of-fact manner adds much to the dramatic effect of the text ...).

11. The author's method of portraying the main characters.

(The author presents certain heroes directly / indirectly:

- the author presents ... directly because he /she tells us that the character of ... is stupid / clever / kind, etc.;
- the author presents ... indirectly, namely through actions, thoughts, feelings, emotions, words, attitude to other people. For example, ... said that ...;
- I like the character of ... because ...).

12. Stylistic devices and expressive means.

(The text is vivid, lively, interesting because the author used a number of rhetorical devices / figures of speech / lexical and syntactical expressive means: They are of great stylistic value; they make the text more interesting to read; they make the readers feel as if they were in the middle of the events. Using ... the author wanted to emphasize/implied that ...).

13. Thematic groups.

(One can compile several thematic groups on the basis of the passage under study. Such words as ..., for example, can be combined into the thematic group of "..."; the thematic group of "..." includes such words as ...).

1.2. Stylistic Devices and Expressive Means: Overview

1.2.1. Lexical Expressive Means

- **Allusion** is reference to something presumably known to the reader from history, literature, mythology, Bible, etc., e.g.:
 1. *"Guy Talbot?" I cried. This was one of our friends, a real mope. "But he's such a gloomy Gus, Cassie. He's like a character out of Dostoyevsky. He is always in some kind of agony"*
 2. *She looked like a Degas ballerina, with her green eyes, and her long straight blond hair, which she had knotted into a sleek bun.*
 3. *"How bad is the damage?" – "I'm not sure yet. It looks pretty nasty. The house is leaking like a sieve, and I've got Niagara Falls in my kitchen." She looked frightened and worried.*
 4. *I felt like Typhoid Mary, a Jonah. If I boarded a ship, it would sink; if I got on a train or a plane, it would crash. Maybe, if I ever reached Heaven, the angels would lose their melodious voices.*
 5. *"Miss Rivers coordinates everyone's schedule to make that possible. And she's on call twenty-four hours a day." – "A regular Florence Nightingale," Zach muttered.*
 6. *"You're going to need every minute between now and then to learn the skills you lack – from breaking into locked rooms to making it look like you haven't. This isn't James Bond. It's for real. And it's dangerous"*
 7. *Even in her travels through India, she had rarely seen anything exotic, there were snake charmers, dancers, acrobats, vendors selling things to drink, mules being led by their owners, men in long robes everywhere. It was straight out of 1001 Arabian Nights.*
 8. *"But one thing is obvious, my dear Hopkins, we are going to have to do a 'Pygmalion' job on you. Does anyone know what I mean by that?"*
 9. *Billy and Henry paddled through the cool, clear water pulling their yachts behind them like Gulliver hauling in the Lilliputian navies.*
 10. *Earlier that morning Billy had heard him – an habitual early riser – come upstairs to Mam with a cup of tea as an olive branch.*
- **Antonomasia** is a stylistic device presenting the so-called "speaking name" which aims at depicting certain traits of human character: moral and psychological features, peculiarities of behaviour, outlook, etc., e.g.:
 1. *Figuratively (let us say) some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens. Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it and had left there all or half their troubles.*

2. *He's two years older than I am, and he was always the star in the family. Tommy the Wonderful. Tommy the Fantastic. Tommy who did so great at school.*

3. *<...> I waved over a waiter. Asian kid, around nineteen, with a waist-length ponytail and ten stud earrings rimming the outer cartilage of his left ear. It hurt to look at him and I stared at the table as Jean ordered an insalata something or other. I asked for linguine marinara and an iced tea. Ruined Ear came back quickly with the drink and a refill of her coffee.*

4. *"Mr. Cigar." She kept her voice low. "He's outside. Across the street".*

5. *"But you've always called everyone by their first name, haven't you? I mean, grown-ups." – "Not around here, Mom. Not professors. Everyone is Dr. This or Professor That".*

6. *"So now, Mr. Inquiring Reporter, do you have all your answers?"*

7. *At Charles de Gaulle, as we threw our luggage onto carts and began to push them toward the gate, her Cerberus still continued to keep watch over his charge from a discreet distance.*

8. *"I don't remember this (painting). I don't think I've ever seen it before. Must be something the old man picked up. He's the art-lover of the family; I'm just a glorified Mr. Fixit.*

9. *"Well, she probably would love to get revenge, especially if Royce was right and she isn't Ms. Stability. But I don't have the impression she's Ms. Stupid, either, so I doubt she'd try to hit him in the wallet".*

10. *"Maybe you two deserve each other. Mr. and Mrs. Perfect. Mr. Honest. Mr. Pure, who had no idea how Simon was multiplying his business by millions".*

- **Epithet** is a figure of speech, a word or phrase emphasizing some quality of a person, thing, idea or phenomenon and expressing the author's attitude to them, e.g.:

1. *In his hand he had an onion – a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion*

2. *The room was small, but it had windows on two sides. One looked out over the driveway, the other across the street to the similarly exhausted-looking houses there.*

3. *Beth couldn't claim to share her brother's and sister's gentle natures. She had always been fiery, self-sufficient, and hard-hearted too.*

4. *She was affectionate, loving, very good-looking, emotional*

5. *The man was a lecturer in history and wrote poems on Sundays, and he had a pudding of a wife who thought she knew everything.*

6. *Simon and Roger were grinning furtively, a kind of "well-you-can't-blame-him" expression.*

7. *"Are you okay?" She sounded worried about him, and he smiled. She was everything Pam wasn't. She was gentle, sensitive, cautious, thoughtful, generous of spirit, and nurturing in every possible way.*

8. *Laura nodded, watched her grandmother walk out of the library, so erect, a miracle of a woman, really.*

9. *Mary Hanson was a doll of a woman; small, beautiful, exquisitely made.*

10. *He was a little gnome of a man with bright blue eyes and tufts of black hair sticking out of his cheeks.*

- **Hyperbole** is a deliberate exaggeration not to be literally understood, e.g.:

1. *Michael wondered for the fiftieth time was his jacket a bit sissyish. It had looked fine in Dublin.*

2. *They stopped being a group somehow. They hardly saw Jacinta and Liam now, and as he had feared Grace was a million miles further away now that she was just across the river.*

3. *Loretto's eyes were like dinner plates as he walked past her and up the stairs to Rachel Fine.*

4. *For a moment Dara hesitated. Jack Coyne had been definite. Then she shook herself. It was ludicrous. Mrs. Fine looked a hundred.*

5. *The kitchen looked as if a bomb had hit it.*

6. *"I'm so sorry it happened if you knew." – "I know. Most people do know. Aren't you moving heaven and earth to get her better?" The doctor's voice sounded kind.*

7. *He remembered how pleased Kate had been with the game of Scrabble. He wished he had thought of it, with a pain that almost tore him in two.*

8. *Kate had never snored although she claimed that John would raise the roof unless she nudged him and pinched him to change his position in bed.*

9. *And to Rachel Fine <...> he told more truth than to anyone. He told her that at times he thought he would blow up into a million pieces with frustration over it all.*

10. *Still, this time machine reminds me of the old Ford I had in those days: you could be sure that it would start eventually, but you never knew if a turn of the key would be enough to fire the motor, or if you were going to have to get out and crank until your arm practically fell off.*

- **Irony** is a figure of quality in which the speaker intentionally breaks the principle of sincerity of speech. Ironically used words acquire meanings opposite to their primary lexical meanings, e.g.:

1. *Duncan had flown to the West Coast on a red-eye special to spend the holidays with his girlfriend, Larry had gone to Marlborough Street with all the enthusiasm of someone about to have a lethal injection.*

2. *"Beg your pardon," said Hetty, as sweetly as her acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs?"*

3. *"The entire state of California is coming to dinner in black tie in two hours. I can hardly wait. It's so intimate and meaningful. Really kind of touches your heart to see a hundred near-strangers stampeding through your living room, shoving hors d'oeuvres down their throats and guzzling champagne. It really reminds you of true meaning of Christmas".*

4. *Believe that the aim of life is to have a nice time, go to nice places and meet nice people. (Now: to have a nice time means to have two more drinks daily than you can carry; nice places are the halls of great hotels, intimate little clubs, night clubs and private houses with large radiograms and no bookshelves; nice people are those who say silly things in good English – nasty people are those who drop clever remarks as well as their aitches).*

5. *Her father had never really worked, and as one of her distant relatives had said after he died, "he had a small fortune, he had made it from a large one." By the time she*

cleaned up all their debts and sold their property, there was simply no money, just rivers of blue blood and aristocratic connections.

6. We hastily found glasses and gave the toast, with the enthusiasm and the expressions of men honouring a suicide pact.

7. She didn't like the way this conversation was going; it made her think of those Shakespearian plays where people stabbed their friends in the back and then reeled off long sanctimonious soliloquies explaining how unavoidable it had been.

8. It was close to one A.M. and we were standing in the empty lobby of "St. Fleabag" (another of the sobriquets I invented for the dump we lived in).

9. He was amused to see that this Tom character was actually grinding his teeth. I bet his dentist was going to love him for that.

10. "You're my heart," she said unsympathetically as she picked up the other end <of the trunk>, and Paxton helped her. "You're breaking my back, which is worse," she complained.

- **Metaphor** is the transference of the name of one object to another based on their similarity, e.g.:

1. They'll fire you for making jokes in the visitors' book if Percy puts the right word in the right ear. And he can. You know he can.

2. She went on and on, words falling over each other in excitement.

3. "Is that clear? Is it?" She demanded, stabbing her words at me like tiny daggers when I would reply.

4. "Your wife looks stunning tonight. Her gown is a poem." – "What do you mean, poem?" replied the struggling author. "That gown is two poems and a short story".

5. I loved science, but I could tell it cut me off from the world I wanted to be in.

6. He laughed sharply, and then his face fell into bitter lines.

7. This marriage is dead, and it has been for a long time. It's time to bury it. It died years ago. And I'm no longer willing to die with it.

8. I can't believe how much I've missed my boys this year. But it's their job to try their wings, and ours to let them fly away.

9. She wasn't a child, she was an adult, and she was using nuclear weapons to destroy her mother. Alex had given them to her, but she hadn't hesitated to use them. It broke Faith's heart to think about the damage she would do.

10. Her hatred for him flooded her eyes, washed over her face. He saw it and flinched.

- **Metonymy** is a stylistic device based on a real-life association between the object named and the object implied, e.g.:

1. It was cool and sunny, and the sidewalk bustled with lunch traffic. The shoulders and heads moved quickly by.

2. He had plenty of ears at home as he had come there.

3. Two young uniforms showed up first. One stayed with the body. And the other two took a superficial report from me.

4. But then Tony Z came up to me again. I was resting by the waitress station. My tables were happy.

5. *The house generally rose late through those summer months – no one but Sara had normal working hours.*

6. *The police had taken various things of her – the photo of Duncan’s girl-friend, a few of her small, strange bronzes, clothing, personal items.*

7. *The door next to the jury box opened and brown uniforms poured into the courtroom.*

8. *The raised lettering and numerals on the license plates were traced by flashlight, and at 3:30 a.m. Trudy received the phone call that made her a widow.*

9. *The case was simply too big to hand over to the locals. Cameras were arriving at the moment.*

10. *Hesitation allows the issue to fester. The press grabs it, creates a controversy before the action, and certainly throws gasoline on the fire.*

- **Oxymoron** is a figure of contrast, a combination of words which are semantically incompatible, e.g.:

1. *He was strong and getting stronger. He smiled to himself. What a wonderful tragedy!*

2. *“You brave coward,” he said.*

3. *“You’re always so fair to everyone. Pathologically decent and kind. That’s a nice thing to be”.*

4. *“Life’s been chaotic. As I predicted.” – “A nice chaos, though as I imagine it”.*

5. *There was a deafening silence in the room, and Jack turned away from him with tears pouring down his cheeks.*

6. *Victoria inhaled sharply, staring at the picture. For a timeless minute she battled a drowning sensation as a deluge of memories washed over her in great untamed waves.*

7. *The room was dominated by the most fabulously cluttered desk Rosie had ever seen.*

8. *She couldn’t bring herself to tell this severely handsome woman that she had been so scared*

9. *Rosie felt sorry for them, but she also felt perversely comforted*

10. *Accidentally on purpose. I lean on the horn*

- **Personification** is a variety of metaphor based on ascribing such human qualities as behaviour, thought and action to inanimate objects, e.g.:

1. *In the older girls’ rooms the beds were made, the junk was gone – boxed in the attic or thrown away for ever. Only Sadie’s room still spoke of her.*

2. *Fatherhood descended heavily upon his shoulders. Lance despised children. He tolerated Ashley Nicole only because she belonged to Trudy.*

3. *There were so many rumors racing up and down the Coast.*

4. *The fax was cheap and featureless, and declared itself to be out of order.*

5. *“I fight like hell to solve one riddle, and ten more mysteries hit me in the face. Why can’t you tell me everything?”*

6. *The ugly gray clouds gathered outside her window told her that within the hour, it would go from overcast to wet.*

7. *After that, maybe he'd stroll around a little, acquaint himself with this amazing city – a city that somehow still held him in its grasp.*

8. *But four prominent lawyers had been arrested that morning, and the gossip was bouncing along the hallway at full throttle.*

9. *When she awoke on Sunday morning, the fog was nearly sitting on the rooftops.*

10. *After that, maybe he'd stroll around a little, acquaint himself with this amazing city – a city that somehow still held him in its grasp.*

- **Simile** is a figure of speech which draws a comparison between two different things in one or more aspects, introduced by *like, as, as ... as, better than, as if, as though*, e.g.:

1. *In the corner of the room where the ceiling sloped nearly to the floor, all the stuffed animals and dolls she'd ever owned were standing wide-eyed in rows by height, like some bizarre crowd in the bleachers at a high-school event.*

2. *And then, when they were five, along came Sadie. Planned for, adored by us all, pliable, sweet, she sat like a small Caucasian Buddha in our midst.*

3. *Our office was in one of the tiny malls that had sprung up everywhere around these old towns as quickly as mushroom patches after rain.*

4. *I liked the ease these people had with each other. In particular I liked Dana, her generosity, the warm attentiveness that I felt like a bright light on me.*

5. *She was wearing dark eye makeup, like kohl, all around her eyes. They looked, as my mother used to say, like two burned holes in a blanket.*

6. *They were sitting at the table, with the overhead light on. It looked like a painting, framed by the kitchen doors.*

7. *To Lucy's eyes he still looked as big as a grizzly bear.*

8. *Jake and Wylie watched her intently, like two precocious squirrels whose gazes were fixed on a pile of nuts.*

9. *I wouldn't think twice about crushing you like a cockroach.*

10. *Today I could see just a few boats coming back – looking to me, as they always did, like water bugs kicking along the surface.*

- **Zeugma** is a stylistic device in which the basic word stands in the same grammatical but different semantic relations to a couple of adjacent words. The basic word combined with the first adjacent word forms a phraseological unit. The same basic word combined with the second adjacent word forms a free word-combination, e.g.:

1. *He sat talking about her illness, about you all. That's what I gave him in those months, just a chair, a whiskey, and an ear for his troubles.*

2. *When he smiled, she felt decidedly relieved. He'd apparently left his anger upstairs with his wet clothes.*

3. *In front of me rose the squat Maiden's Tower, surrounded by legends and tourist guides.*

4. *After a while and a drink he crept nervously to the door of the parlour.*

5. *Their clothes were mended as well as their bruises, their tempers and their hopes.*

6. *The truth was he had been lying quiet, out of sight and out of mind, in a very dark corner for a long while.*

7. *Bilbo was sitting on the brink altogether flummoxed and at the end of his way and his wits.*

8. *Gleaming hair of the elfish folk was twined with many flowers; green and white gems glinted on their collars and their belts; and their faces and their songs were filled with mirth.*

9. *Pilots in a long-ago war called it comin' in on a wing and a prayer.*

10. *She was going to need more than rosary beads now. She was going to need a cool head, and maybe a good lawyer.*

1.2.2. Syntactical Expressive Means

- **Inversion** is a syntactical device based on a deliberate changing word order of the initial sentence pattern, e.g.:
 1. *Snooty she might be, but she was no snob.*
 2. *Before us stretched a vast concave plain covered with snow.*
 3. *Eight years after her father's death, both galleries were strong and equally successful.*
 4. *At her core she was still French.*
 5. *On her last night she went to a Christmas party given by friends.*
 6. *So many tears she had wiped away in this life of hers.*
 7. *Trouble he didn't want or need.*
 8. *And then, when they were five, along came Sadie.*
 9. *Arriving late and pushed into a corner was Lance.*
 10. *More like a father to those young brothers and sisters of his, Mr. Richard had been.*
- **Parallelism** is a syntactical stylistic device which consists in producing two or more syntactic structures according to the same syntactic pattern, e.g.:
 1. *Maybe she was a bit plump, but her complexion glowed, her eyes sparkled and her hair shone.*
 2. *I've got friends here now. We're ground-down, chewed-up and spat-out people here. I feel right at home.*
 3. *The wetlands were vast and limitless, rich and abundant.*
 4. *As for me, I went back to E Block to start another day. There was paperwork to be read and written, there were floors to be mopped, there were meals to be served, a duty roster to be made out for the following week, there were a hundred details to be seen to. But mostly there was waiting – in prison there's always plenty of that, so much it never gets done. Waiting for Eduard Delacroix to walk the Green Mile, waiting for William Wharton to arrive with his curled lip and Billy the Kid tattoo, and, most of all, waiting for Percy Wetmore to be gone out of my life.*
 5. *They explained sights as they saw them, named animals as they passed them, talked about tribes who lived in the bush along the road.*

6. *She could hear the front door open and close. There was no other sound, no footstep on the hall carpet, no shout of “hello” as he walked in. He always came in that way.*

7. *The way you get meaning into your life is to devote yourself to loving others, devote yourself to your community around you, and devote yourself to creating something that gives you purpose and meaning.*

8. *Blindly, we found our way back to our lodgings, through the crowds which were seething around the Tower and shouting the news to one another that the whore had been beheaded, that the poor lady had been martyred, that the wife had been sacrificed, all the different versions that Anne had carried in one ill-lived life.*

9. *Anne at Richmond was queen in all but name. She had new apartments, which were adjacent to the king’s, she had ladies in waiting, she had a dozen new gowns, she had jewels, she had a couple of hunters to ride out with the king, she sat with him when his counsellors discussed the matters of the country with him, she had her own chair at his side.*

10. *In the afternoon there would be a diversion: a play or a talk, some dancing or a masque. We all had parts to play, we all had costumes to wear, we all had to be as merry as we could be, for the king was always laughing this winter and the queen never stopped smiling.*

- **Repetition** is reiteration of one or more words within a certain stretch of the text for a certain stylistic purpose, e.g.:

1. *If she’d missed a flight, she would’ve called by now. If she’d been stopped by customs again, she would have called by now. Any problems with passports, visas, tickets, and she would’ve called by now.*

2. *Her mother hated gardening, but a Japanese man came twice a week to cut things, mow the tiny patch of lawn and keep it tidy. More than anything, her mother hated disorder, she hated noise, she hated dirt, she hated lies, she hated dogs, and more than all of it, Gabriella had reason to suspect, she hated children.*

3. *For Lobo – a dog of vast appetite, lavish loves and violent hates – made it certain that acquaintance would ripen into friendship, friendship into obsession, and obsession into madness.*

4. *She was being bored this summer, bored by Fernscourt and the games they played, bored by having to go home and dress up for the concert. Bored by being neither one thing nor the other.*

5. *“I need no-one,” she said flatly. “The king is wholly mine. I have his heart, I have his desire, and I am carrying his son. I need no-one”.*

6. *She grew whiter and whiter. The shadows under her eyes went darker and darker and she started to use powder to hide the hollows under her eyes.*

7. *The cameras showed Judge Sarah Hughes administering the oath to Lyndon Johnson, as Jacqueline Kennedy stood beside him, and everyone watching suddenly realized that she was wearing the same pink suit, the suit she had worn when he was killed, the suit that was still covered with his blood.*

8. *The sun was well up by then, and the streets were almost steaming, and there was still the same pervasive smell of fuel and flowers and fruit everywhere, the same smoke*

that seemed to hang low over them, and the same red earth that made you want to reach out and press it through your fingers <...> the same beggars, the same orphans, the same wounded and maimed. The same country she had come to love so much, she could no longer leave it.

9. They stopped at the bank, and Darby left with fifteen thousand in cash. Carrying the money scared her. Linney scared her. White and Blazevich suddenly scared her.

10. "What would you do if you knew you were supposed to be dead, and the people trying to kill you have had assassinated two Supreme Court Justices, and knocked off a simple law professor, and they have billions of dollars which they obviously don't mind using to kill with? What would you do, Gavin?"

1.2.3. Figures of Speech: Exercises

- **Metaphor**

Note that many words have both a literal meaning and figurative or metaphorical meaning. The main meaning of a word is a literal one. Metaphors are words whose sense differs from the major one.

In English thousands of words are used as metaphors not only in prose and poetry but also in everyday speech, e.g., the literal meaning of the noun "root" is the part of a plant or tree that grows under the ground and gets water from the soil. As a metaphor "root" is used to denote the cause of a problem.

Another example is the verb "to swallow". Its literal meaning is to cause or allow food or drink to go down the throat. It has two different metaphorical meanings: 1) to believe something too easily (I swallowed his story); 2) to hide an insult, etc. in a calm way or without protesting, i.e. to hide emotions (The deputies are being asked to swallow their national pride).

Task. Read and translate the following jokes. Identify words and phrases used both in their literal and metaphorical meaning.

1. - "Do you sing and play much?" a young man asked the pretty girl who was carelessly thrumming the keys of the piano.
- "Only to kill time," she replied.
- "You've got a fine weapon. I must admit," ventured the young man.
2. - "I understand that the boss's son started at the foot of the ladder and worked up."
- "Oh, yeh! But the ladder was stepped on an upper floor."
3. - Evangelist: "Don't you want to come and labour in the Lord's vineyard?"
- Ole: "No. Ay got fine job with Yon Yonson already."
4. - "You're a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."
- "Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me into his room and strops me three or four times a week."

5. - Jane: "Would you be insulted if that good-looking stranger offered you some champagne?"
- Joan: "Yes, but I'd probably swallow the insult."
6. The baby sardine saw its first submarine, and went swimming in terror to its mother. "Don't be frightened, darling," she reassured him, "it's only a can of people."

- **Simile (Extended Comparison)**¹

Read the following sample of the simile illustrating poetic-metaphorical comparisons between two notions of "love" and "wind":

Sample
Love – Wind

Love is like the wind because it comes and goes as it pleases. Sometimes it comes when you least expect it. Sometimes it blows hard and sometimes not at all. It makes you cold, it makes you hot. But when love betrays you, it's like the wind of a tornado that destroys all you cherish.

Task 1. Choose one of the comparisons given below and write an extended simile (five sentences):

1. *Love – Shoes*
2. *Love – Flower*
3. *Love – Rain*
4. *Love – Chair*
5. *Life – River*
6. *Life – Clock*
7. *Life – Train*
8. *Studying – Mountain Climbing*
9. *Studying – Race*

Task 2. Make up your own examples of a simile according to the given sample.

Task 3. In groups, think of a short funny story leading up to one of the following similes. Read your story to the class and see if they can guess which simile completes it:

1. *The next day he felt like death warmed up.*
2. *Well, you know me – I'm like a rolling stone.*
3. *It was like getting blood out of a stone.*
4. *I felt like a fish out of water.*
5. *Oh well – like father, like son, I suppose.*

¹ The activities "Simile (Extended Comparison)" (Tasks 1-2), "Metaphor and Simile" were designed and presented at a workshop by Olena H. Saciuk, Ph.D., Department of Languages and Literatures, Inter American University of Puerto Rico.

6. *He was like a bull in a china shop.*

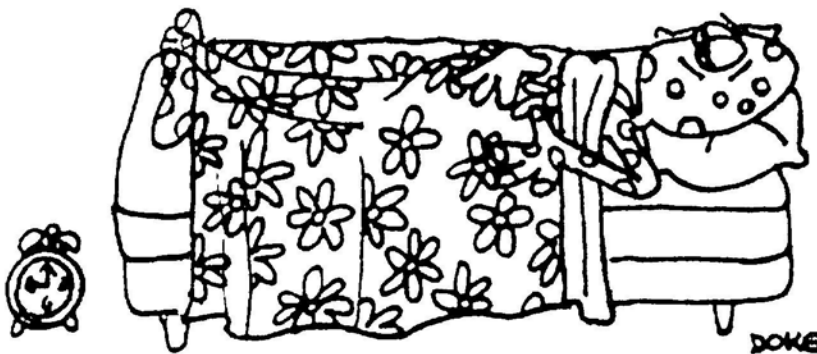
- **Metaphor and Simile**

Task 1. Turn the following examples of metaphors into similes. Remember that a metaphor takes the form of a direct statement, a simile uses “like” or “as” to make a comparison:

1. *He is a snake.* – *He is l...*
2. *She was peaches and cream.* – ...
3. *All the world's a stage.* – ...
4. *The night has a thousand eyes.* – ...
5. *Love is a bridge.* – ...
6. *Winter has a white coat.* – ...

Task 2. Complete the following sentences in order to create metaphorical expressions:

1. *Happiness is ...*
2. *Loneliness is ...*
3. *Fear is ...*
4. *Embarrassment is ...*
5. *Love is ...*
6. *Courage is ...*



Happiness is ...
a warm
bed.

- **Oxymoron**

Note that an oxymoron is a figure of speech in which two incongruous, contradictory terms are combined, like the phrase “good grief”. In fact, the word oxymoron is an oxymoron because its two Greek roots are of opposite meaning – oxys “sharp”; and moron “foolish”. Here is a list of 10 oxymora. Make the correct phrases:

1. Old	a) Opposition
2. Pretty	b) Unseen
3. Civil	c) News
4. Small	d) War
5. Deafening	e) Secret
6. Industrial	f) Vacation
7. Sight	g) Fortune
8. Working	h) Park
9. Open	i) Ugly
10. Loyal	j) Silence

• **Mixed Figures of Speech**

Match words and phrases in the second and third columns in order to create a metaphorical expression. Explain the meaning of the figure of speech and make up two sentences with it.



1. Lighter	a) as a doornail
2. Heart	b) as a beaver
3. Cool	c) as a fruitcake
4. White	d) than air
5. Avoid	e) as a pig
6. Water	f) as a cucumber
7. Selling	g) like the plague
8. Nutty	h) as a bird
9. Busy	i) of gold
10. Cold	g) under the bridge
11. Dead	k) as a bone
12. Dry	l) as ice
13. Fat	m) as a sheet
14. Free	n) like hot cakes

• **Riddles**

Task 1. Solve the following riddles:

1. In the night a mountain, in the morning a meadow. What is it?
2. The more you take, the more you leave behind. What are they?
3. What can you cut with a knife and never see a mark?
4. What is the best eavesdropper?
5. What asks no questions but receives a lot of answers?

6. *What gets wetter the more it dries?*
7. *What grows bigger the more you take from it?*
8. *I saw a nutcracker up in a tree. What was it?*
9. *What goes up but never comes down?*
10. *If you feed it, it will live. If you give it water, it will die. What is it?*

Task 2. Recall the riddles you know and tell them to the class.

Task 3. Work in groups and try to make up new riddles.

PART II

2. English Prose Fiction: Text Interpretation and Analytical Reading

2.1. Travelling

Maeve Binchy, “The Wrong Suitcase”: Part I

Annie checked in early. She had come out to the airport in plenty of time. None of this was going to be a hassle. Once she had taken her boarding card and seen the smart new case trundle off with its little tag telling it to go to London Heathrow, she sighed with relief; it was all happening now, nothing could stop it. She was going to have the luxury of really looking at the things in the duty-free shop for once, and maybe trying out a few of the perfumes on her wrist. She might even look at cameras and watches – not buy, but look.

Alan was late; he was always late checking in. But he had such a nice smile and looked so genuinely apologetic, nobody seemed to mind. They told him to go straight to the departure gate, and he did – well, more or less. They couldn't expect him to go through that duty-free without buying a bottle of vodka, could they? He had no sign of fuss or confusion; he slipped onto the plane last, but somebody had to come in last. He settled himself easily into his seat in executive class. With the ease of the frequent traveler, he had stowed his briefcase and vodka neatly above, fastened his safety belt in a way that the air hostess could see it was fastened, and he had opened his copy of *Time*. Another business trip begun.

Annie smiled with relief when she saw her case on the carousel at London Airport; she always half expected it to be left behind, like she expected the Special Branch men to call her in and ask her business in England and the Customs men to rip the case apart looking for concealed heroin. She was of a fearful nature, but she knew that and said it wasn't a bad way to be because it led to so many nice surprises when these things didn't happen. She took her case and went unscathed through Customs. She followed the signs for the Underground and got onto a train that she thought must be like a lift in the United Nations building: there were people of every nationality under the sun, and all of their suitcases had different little tags. She closed her eyes happily as the train rushed into London.

Alan reached out easily and took his case as it was about to pass by. He helped a family who couldn't cope with all their cases arriving at once. One by one he swung them off the conveyor belt, and when he took one that wasn't theirs he just swung it easily back again with no fuss. The woman gave him a very grateful smile. Alan had a way of looking better than other people's husbands. He bought an *Evening Standard* in the paper shop and settled himself into a taxi. He had already asked the taxi driver if he could have a receipt at the end of the journey; some of them could be grumpy, always better to say what you want at the start and say it pleasantly. Alan's motto. Alan's secret of success. It was sunset; he looked out briefly at the motorways and the houses with their neat gardens away in the distance. It was nice to be back in London where you didn't know everyone and everyone didn't know you.

The train took Annie to Gloucester Road, and she walked with a quick and happy step to the hotel, where she had stayed many times. The new suitcase was light to carry; it had been expensive, but what the hell – it would last forever. It was so nice, she had bought two of those little suitcase initials and stuck them on. “A.G.” At first she wondered if this was a dead giveaway, wouldn’t people know that they weren’t married if they had different initials? But he had laughed at her and patted her nose, telling her that she was a funny little thing and had a fearful nature. And Annie Grant had agreed and remembered that most people didn’t give a damn about that sort of thing nowadays. Most people.

The taxi took Alan to Knightsbridge and the hotel, where they remembered him or pretended to. He always said his name first, just in case. “Of course, Mr. Green,” the porter said with a smile. “Good to have you with us again.” Alan folded the receipt from the taxi driver into his wallet and followed the porter to the desk; his room reservation was in order. He made an elegant and flattering remark to the receptionist, which left her patting her hair with pleasure and wondering why the nice ones like Mr. Green didn’t ask you out and the yucky ones slobbered all over you. Alan went up to his room and took a bottle of tonic from the minibar. He noticed it wasn’t slimline, so he put it back and took soda. Alan was careful about everything.

Annie opened her case in the small hotel bedroom where she would spend one night. She would hang up her dresses to make sure the creases fell out. She would have a bath and use all those nice lotions and bath oils so that they didn’t look brand new tomorrow. The key turned and she lifted the lid. There were no dresses and no shoes. Neither the two new nighties nor the very smart toilet bag with its unfamiliar Guerlain products were in the case. There were files and boxes and men’s shirts and men’s underpants and socks, and more files. Her heart gave several sharp sideways jumps, each one hurting her breastbone. It had happened as she always knew it would happen one day. She had got the wrong case. She looked in terror and there were her initials; somebody else called AG had taken her case. “Oh my God,” wept Annie Grant, “oh God, why did you let this happen to me? Why? I’m not *that* bad, God. I’m not hurting anyone else.” Her tears fell into the suitcase.

Alan opened his case automatically. He would set his papers out on the large table and hang up his suits. Marie always packed perfectly; he had shown her how at an early stage. Poor Marie had once thought you just bundled things in any old how, but, he had explained reasonably, what was the point of her ironing all those shirts so beautifully if they weren’t to come out looking as immaculate as they went in? He looked at the top layer of the case in disbelief. Dresses, underwear – female underwear neatly folded. Shoes in plastic bags, a flashy-looking sponge bag with some goo from a chemist in it. God almighty, he had taken the wrong case. But he couldn’t have. It had his initials: A.G. He had been thinking that he must get better ones, these were a bit ordinary. God damn and blast it, why hadn’t he got them at the time? For a wild moment he wondered if this was some kind of joke of Marie’s; she had been very brooding recently and wanting to come on business trips with him. Could she have packed a case for herself? But that was nonsense; these weren’t Marie’s things, these belonged to a stranger. Shit, Alan Green said aloud to himself over and over again. What timing. What perfectly bloody timing to lose his case on this of all trips.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart:

to sigh (smile) with relief; to have the luxury of doing something; to try out perfumes on one's wrist; to look genuinely apologetic; to slip onto the plane last; to settle oneself into one's seat in executive class; a frequent traveler; to stow something neatly above; to fasten one's safety belt; a business trip; Customs men; to rip the case apart looking for something; to be of a fearful nature; to go unscathed through Customs; to ask one's business somewhere; get on(to)/off a train; to follow the signs for the Underground; people of every nationality under the sun; to cope with something; to give someone a grateful smile; the paper shop; to settle oneself into a taxi; receipt; grumpy; to walk with a quick and happy step; a porter; a receptionist; to ask someone out; to slobber all over someone/something (fig.); to hang up one's dresses (suits); to fall out (about creases); to look brand new; to look in terror (in disbelief); to look immaculate; brooding; a sponge bag; goo; to come on business trips with someone; on a trip.

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) it wasn't slimline;
- b) Customs;
- c) people of every nationality under the sun;
- d) the United Nations (UN);
- e) a dead giveaway.

3. Give a brief summary of the first part of the story.

4. Imagine all the hustle and bustle of an airport, its buildings and terminals, airfields and runways, control towers and landing lights, as well as thousands of passengers in a hurry, carrying their luggage, booking one-way and return tickets, getting information, going through check-in desks and Customs, waiting in lounges, enjoying tea and coffee in cafes, arriving and departing, meeting their friends and relatives, etc. From a large number of travellers the author of "The Wrong Suitcase", Maeve Binchy, singled out two figures: a woman and a man – strangers belonging to different walks of life (a teacher and a businessman) and pursuing different life goals. As to the textual space of the story, it is divided into two parallel parts, which interchange each other and narrate about two main characters, Annie Grant and Alan Green, in consecutive textual blocks. As time and space unfold, these personages find themselves in the same circumstances, because they step by step go through the same procedures connected with making a trip by plane to London (arriving at the airport, going through the Customs, putting up at a hotel, etc.). Fill in the table below in order to find differences and similarities in Annie's and in Alan's types of the character and ambitions:

	Annie Grant	Alan Green
Air Travel	Behaviour, thoughts, emotions	
1. Checking in at the		

airport (going to the duty-free shop, boarding the plane)		
2. Landing at London Heathrow Airport (taking baggage from the conveyor belt, going through Customs, getting to a hotel)		
3. At a hotel (checking in, unpacking the case, planning for the evening)		

5. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

№	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	To check in			
2.	A hassle			
3.	A boarding card			
4.	A tag			
5.	A duty-free (shop)			
6.	A departure gate			
7.	A safety belt			
8.	An air hostess			
9.	A carousel			
10.	A conveyor belt			

Maeve Binchy, "The Wrong Suitcase": Part II

It took Annie a tearful seventy minutes on the telephone and many efforts on the part of the airline and of the hotel to prevent her from going out to the airport before she realized that she would have to wait until the next morning. Soothing people in the hotel and in the airline said that it would certainly be returned the following day. She had only discovered an office address for Mr. Bloody Green, typed neatly and taped inside the lid of the case. An office long closed by now.

Tomorrow, the voices said, as if that was any help. Tomorrow he would have arrived expecting her to be in fine form and to have her things with her. They were going to go for a week's motoring holiday, the first time she was going to have him totally to herself. He was flying in from New York and would hire a car at Heathrow; he had told his boss the negotiations would take longer, he had told his wife . . . Who knew or cared what he had told his wife? But he would not be best pleased to spend the first day of their holiday in endless negotiations at the airport looking for her things. Was there no way she could find out where this idiot lived? If she phoned his home, even maybe his wife could tell her where he was staying. That was if his wife knew. If wives ever knew.

It took Alan five minutes to find the right person, the person who told them that there was no right person at this time of night, but to explain the machinery of the morrow. Yes, fine for those who hadn't arranged a breakfast meeting at seven-thirty a.m., before the shops were open, before he could get a clean shirt. And what was the point of a breakfast meeting without his papers? God rot this stupid woman with her cellophane bags and her tissue paper and her never-worn clothes. Her photograph album, for heaven's sake, and pages and pages of notes, a play of some sort. Hard-to-decipher writing, page after bloody page of it. But there was one page where it revealed the address of Miss Prissy A. Grant, whoever she was, and he was sure she *was* a Miss, not a Mrs. A letter addressed to her had "Ms." on it, but Alan had always noted that this was what single, not married, women called themselves. Unfortunately it had no address, or he could have sent for an Irish telephone directory and found her mother and father and got the hotel that their daughter was staying at. That's if she had told them. Nutty kind of girls who carry photograph albums, unworn clothes, and plays written in small cramped writing probably told their families nothing.

The man who ran the small hotel near Gloucester Road was upset for nice Miss Grant, who often came to spend a night before she went on her long trips to the Continent; she was a teacher, a very polite person always. He took her a pot of tea and some tomato sandwiches in her room. She cried and thanked him as if he had pulled her onto a life raft.

"Look through his things. You might discover where he is staying," he advised. Annie was doubtful. Still, as she ate the tomato sandwiches and drained the pot of tea she spread all the papers out on the small bed and read. She read of the plans that Mr. A. Green had been building up over the last two years. Plans which meant that by tomorrow he should be able to take over an agency for himself. If things went the way he hoped.

Mr. A. Green would return to Dublin at the head of his own company. The arguments were so persuasive that the overseas client would be very foolish not to accept A. Green's offer. There were photocopies of letters marked "For Your Eyes Only" . . . There were files with heavy underlining in thick felt pen, "Do not take to Office." A great

deal of the correspondence was organized so that it showed A. Green's present employers, the people who were paying for this trip to London, in a very poor light. Annie sighed; she supposed that this was the world of business. At school you didn't go plotting against the geography mistress or getting the headmaster to lose confidence in the art teacher. But it seemed a bit sneaky.

Sometimes there were copies of letters his boss *was* shown pinned to those he had *not* been shown. It was masterly filing, and if you read the whole anthology, which up to now had presumably been for Alan Green's eyes only, it made a convincing case. Annie decided that A. Green was a bastard and he deserved to have lost his case and his deal. She hoped he would never find either. But then how would she get back what was hers? And God almighty, suppose he had read her diary.

Alan Green decided to hell with it, he couldn't bear the flat taste of the soda. He opened a calorie-packed tonic water from his minibar and decided that he would do this thing methodically. Look on it as a business problem. Right. He had left his name with the airline, if she called. Of course she would call. Stupid girl, why had she not called already? Stupid A. Grant. She was probably in a wine bar with an equally stupid teacher talking about plays and how to write them in longhand at great length and maximum stupidity. What kind of play was it, anyway? He began to read it. He read of her romance . . . It wasn't a play, it was the real thing. This was a diary. It was more than a diary, it was a plan of campaign. It was dozens of different scenarios that could take place on this holiday.

There was the scene where he said he couldn't see her anymore, that his wife had given him an ultimatum. This creepy A. Grant had written out her lines for that one, several times over. Sometimes they were casual and see-if-I-care. Sometimes they were filled with passion, or threats: she would kill herself, let him wait. She had written the whole thing out as if it were a play, even with stage directions.

Alan decided that A. Grant was a raving lunatic and that whoever the poor guy she was going to meet was, he deserved to be warned about her.

He felt glad that she had lost this insane checklist of emotional dramas and how to play them; he was glad that all her finery had gone astray and that she would have to meet the guy as she was. He realized that she had probably done some kind of repair job and washed her tights and whatever just as he had washed the collar and cuffs of his shirt and the soles of his socks. Then he remembered with a lurch that she might have read his dossier on the company.

Annie suddenly remembered she hadn't told the man in the airport where she was staying. She had been too upset. Suppose Mr. Conniving Green had rung in with his whereabouts; they wouldn't have been able to contact her. She telephoned them again. Had Mr. Green called? He had. This was his number. He answered on the second ring. He would come right around with her case. No, please, gentleman's privilege. Very simple mistake, must be a million AGs in the world. He'd come right away.

He held the taxi. She was quite pretty, he saw to his surprise, soft and fluffy. He sort of remembered seeing her at London Airport and thinking that if she was in the taxi queue he might suggest they share. Remembering the revelations of her diary, he shuddered with relief at his escape. She was surprised to see that he looked so pleasant; she had expected him to look like a fox: sharp-featured, mean, pointed little face. He looked normal and

nice. She thought she remembered him on the plane up in executive class laughing with the air hostess.

“I have your case here,” she said. “It’s a bit disarrayed, for want of a better word. I was hunting in it to see if I could find out where you were staying.”

“Yours is a little disarrayed too.” He grinned. “But none of those nice garments you have fitted me, so they’re all safe and sound.”

They grinned at each other almost affectionately.

He looked at her for a moment. It was only eleven o’clock at night; in London that meant the evening was only starting. She was quite lovely in a round soft sort of way . . .

She wished he didn’t have to go. Maybe if she said something about why not go and let’s have a bottle of wine to celebrate the found suitcases . . .

She remembered how he had described his boss as bordering on senility and how he had given chapter and verse to prove that the boss was a heavy drinker.

He remembered how she had proposed threatened suicide with attendant letters to some guy’s wife, his children and his colleagues.

They shook hands, and at exactly the same moment they said to each other that they hadn’t read each other’s papers or anything, and at that moment they both knew that they had.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart:

to prevent someone from doing something; to soothe; to go for a motoring holiday; to hire a car; negotiations; to arrange a breakfast meeting; to run the hotel; to be upset for someone; to go on one’s trips to the Continent; to build up plans; to take over an agency for oneself; a persuasive argument; to plot against someone; a geography mistress; a headmaster; to lose confidence in someone; sneaky; a bastard; to write something in longhand; a diary; a plan of campaign; a scenario; to give someone an ultimatum; creepy; stage directions; a raving lunatic; insane; a checklist; finery; to do some repair job; the collar and cuffs of a shirt; the soles of socks; a dossier on the company; conniving; to answer on the second ring; to come right away; to someone’s surprise; to remember doing something; to shudder with relief; a revelation; a disarrayed case; to hunt in the case; to grin at someone affectionately; to border on senility; a heavy drinker; to threaten suicide; an attendant letter.

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) to explain the machinery of the morrow;
- b) to pull someone onto a life raft;
- c) for want of a better word;
- d) the flat taste of the soda;
- e) to give chapter and verse.

3. Give a brief summary of the second part of the story.

4. In the second part of “The Wrong Suitcase” Maeve Binchy continued to construct the plot in two parallel dimensions, consecutively describing actions, thoughts and emotions of the main characters of the story. In the final scene of Annie Grant and Alan Green’s meeting the fictional space of events became united. However, the reflection of mental and emotional levels of the personages’ lives was kept separate until the last paragraph of the story. Fill in the table below in order to find differences and similarities in Annie’s and in Alan’s behaviour, thoughts and feelings.

Draw conclusions if there’re more similarities or more differences about the female and male characters. What is in common between their goals and instruments for achieving the desired?

	Annie Grant	Alan Green
At a hotel	Behaviour, thoughts, emotions	
1. Informing the airline of the wrong suitcase		
2. Looking through the contents of the stranger’s case		
3. Annie Grant and Alan Green’s meeting		
4. Conclusions		

5. Discuss the following points:

a) Pick out all the geographical names mentioned in the story: names of continents, islands, cities, streets, organizations, etc. Reconstruct routes of the characters’ moves, indicating points of departure, transfer and destination during their planned journeys.

b) What names did Annie and Alan give each other? What is their connotation?

c) What method does the author use portraying the characters? Find evidence in the text.

d) What stylistic devices and expressive means are used in the text?

e) Which words refer to the thematic group of “Clothes”? What other thematic groups can you compile?

6. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

№	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own

1.	To fly in			
2.	To go for a holiday			
3.	A telephone directory			
4.	To go on a trip			
5.	Whereabouts			
6.	Overseas			
7.	To go astray			
8.	To hold the taxi			
9.	To be in the taxi queue			
10.	Safe and sound			

2.2. Cinematography

Billy Hopkins, “Our Kid”: a Fragment

<...> Flo said:

‘<...> We’ve all changed our plans and we’re going to take you to the Rivoli.’

‘You’ve never been to Rivoli, have you?’ said Polly. ‘It’s the poshest picture house in the whole o’ Manchester.’

At this news, Billy’s eyes filled up once again, at the idea of such kindness after all the brutality.

‘What’s on?’ he asked tearfully.

‘Freddie Bartholomew in *David Copperfield*,’ answered Mam.

They went – six of them – to the first house, in the best seats at the front of the balcony. Sixpence each for the grown-ups and threepence for him. The cinema was more like a royal palace than a picture house. Such magnificence! The only cinema he’d ever visited had been the Saturday-afternoon matinée in Collyhurst where the seats were hard wooden benches. Now, here in the Rivoli – fragrant with exotic perfumes – there was subtle, subdued lighting and silk illuminated pendant drapes on a giant stage which gave the whole place an air of mystery and elegance. Before the big picture started, a theatre organ played the popular number of the day: ‘The Way You Look Tonight’ after which the organist announced:

‘And now for the song made famous by Lancashire’s own star comedian, Mr. George Formby.’

There followed the most popular song of all, 'When I'm Cleaning Windows'. This was high living indeed! The theatre lights began to dim and the organ, still playing as if protesting at the interruption, descended miraculously into the orchestra stalls. The huge velvet curtain opened slowly and noisily on its track rods, revealing yet more layers of silk curtain which rolled back one after another until at last there was the silver screen.

As for the film! Billy sat in a trance as he was transported into the fantasy world of Dickens' favourite child.

They were about ten minutes into the film when Billy turned to Mam and whispered:

'Who was Betsy Trotwood, Mam?'

'That was David's father's aunt, d'y'see?' she replied – a bit too loudly for Billy's liking.

A lady behind spoke up:

'Excuse me,' she said.

Here it comes, Billy said to himself. She's going to tell us to hush up. But he was quite wrong, for the lady continued: 'Does that mean she's David's great-aunt, then?'

'Correct,' Mam answered authoritatively.

'Wasn't Betsy married?' asked the lady's husband.

'Yes, she was. But her husband died in India,' Billy's all-wise mam answered.

'Then why is she called *Miss* Betsy Trotwood?' another gent asked triumphantly.

'Because she didn't like her husband so she decided to go back to her maiden name. Now d'you understand?' said Mam.

It looked very much as if a full-scale debate and discussion might soon develop, but an usherette came and, flashing her torch, ordered silence.

As Dickens' story unfolded, four of Billy's companions wept unashamedly with tears overflowing and even Jim gave an occasional sniff as they watched Basil Rathbone being heartless and cruel to Freddie Bartholomew. What a coincidence that Billy should witness such hard-heartedness on this day of days. Mind you, Mrs. Murdstone was weak and did little to stand up to Basil Rathbone and defend little David. Not like his own mam, who was brave and defied bullies by threatening them with pokers. And then David didn't have a brother like Jim either.

Ninety minutes later, they left the cinema cleansed and purged, having identified closely with the characters and the story. Aristotle would have been pleased to see that his cathartic principle had been so roundly vindicated.

'What did you think of it all, then?' asked Mam.

'I thought it was the best picture I've ever seen in all me life,' replied Billy.

'And what about the picture house itself?' asked Polly. 'I told you it was the poshest place in all Manchester.'

'It was all right, I suppose,' answered Billy. 'But I didn't think much o' their seats. They was dead hard and narrow.'

'How d'you mean?' asked Flo, puzzled. Then it dawned on her. 'You forgot to turn the seat down, y'daft devil!' she exclaimed. 'You've sat on that upturned seat for over two hours!'

And they laughed and laughed as they walked home. Then for a minute or two they all went quiet, until suddenly one of them remembered and set the others off. So they laughed all the way back.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart:
posh, matinee, high living, to hush up; all-wise; triumphantly; to order silence; to unfold (about the story); to give a sniff; what a coincidence; to stand up to somebody; to dawn on somebody; to identify with the characters.

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) to be on;
- b) fragrant;
- c) to sit in a trance;
- d) here it comes;
- e) a full-scale debate.

3. Give a brief summary of the fragment.

4. Discuss the following points:

a) Find information about the author. Do you think the novel “Our Kid” is autobiographical? Motivate your answer.

b) Define the general tone of the passage under study. What makes it emotional?

c) Comment on the impression the picture house and the film produced on Billy.

d) What does Aristotle’s cathartic principle consist in? How is it related to the characters’ frame of mind?

e) Which words refer to the thematic group of “Cinema”? What other thematic groups can you compile?

5. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

No	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	A picture house			
2.	The first house			
3.	Brutality			

4.	Orchestra stalls			
5.	Authoritatively			
6.	Maiden name			
7.	An usherette			
8.	Unashamedly			
9.	Hard- heartedness			
10.	To vindicate			

Danielle Steel, “Bungalow 2”: a Fragment

“You look beautiful, Tanya, and so relaxed and happy.” She had pulled a pale blue cashmere shawl over her shoulders, and it was perfect with her eyes, draped softly around her. “You look like a Madonna,” Douglas said, admiring her like a painting. “I love these days, before we start a film, when everything is beginning, when we have no idea what we’ll capture yet, what magic will enthrall us. Once we start, our days are full of surprises, all of which are unknown right now. I love watching it unfold. It’s like life, only better, because we control it.” That was always an important element to him, Tanya could sense that. Control was essential to him.

Jean Amber walked over to talk to them, eating an ice cream sundae and a cookie. There had also been soufflés made to order, and baked Alaska. Max said the flames always made him want to toast marshmallows over it, but they didn’t last long enough. He looked like the sort of person who would do that, unorthodox, funny, comfortable with himself. He was known to have a fondness for whoopee cushions, which he used on the set during breaks. He had an outrageous sense of humour, which Douglas didn’t. Douglas was far more serious, and thought the sets should be kept quiet and in control, and lunch breaks spent with people studying their next scenes in the script. He was like the headmaster, and Max the funny, warm, outrageous teacher who had a profound affection for kids. To him, no matter how old they were, the actors were all his children, and they loved that about him. They treated him like a father, and respected him profoundly, both for his skill with his craft which was incomparable, and his kindness, which was equal to it. Douglas was far tougher and had to worry about insurance and budget. He kept his eye on the shooting schedule, and rode actors and directors when things were getting out of hand. His movies were so tightly run and meticulously budgeted, he never let them get out of control. Max did often. He loved spoiling his actors, and thought they deserved it for hard work and a job well done. He was all in favour of cast parties, particularly one like this. Douglas did a hell of a job on that score.

The party lasted till nearly one, as people who had worked together before found each other with delight and amazement at their good fortune to be working on the same film again. They were like kids at camp, happy to find camp friends from the previous summer. Or regulars on cruise ships, who were thrilled to find people they had sailed with before. It was all a matter of luck who you found working with you on a movie. Douglas and Max were particularly good at building casts with talented, compatible people who worked well together. They both felt this one would, and Tanya was a welcome addition. Everyone she had met that night was thrilled to have her among them, and several had read her book, which genuinely touched her. Several of them told her which were their favorite short stories in the anthology, so she knew they had really read it, and weren't just saying it to be polite.

The general atmosphere that night was one of the warmth and excitement. Everyone was happy about this film. It was a star-studded cast, and everyone knew Max's directing was flawless. They all agreed they were lucky to be there, on this cast, and luckier yet to have been invited to Douglas's house for dinner. Everything about Hollywood had a dream-come-true quality to it. It truly was the Magic Kingdom, and they were the chosen people, the luckiest of all to have risen to the top in Hollywood, and luckier still if they stayed there. But for now at least they were riding high. There were a handful of top Hollywood actors and actresses in the movie. And there were no important guest stars who'd be showing up later. Max liked a cohesive cast that worked together in harmony for the duration of the entire film. That created an atmosphere of benevolent cooperation, which only happened if the cast was together constantly and knew each other well. They really became a family then, and Tanya could already feel it. It was happening. Someone had sprinkled fairy dust on them. It was beginning. In fact, it had begun.

Max offered to drive her back to the Beverly Hills Hotel afterward. He didn't mind, and Tanya hadn't brought her limo. She had been given one for the duration of her stay, but she felt guilty keeping the driver sitting there all night, when all she was doing was going back and forth to the hotel. She had planned to take a cab, which she mentioned to Max, as he put a finger to his lips and silently scolded her.

"Don't say that. Douglas will take your car away. And why not keep it? You need it."

She said goodnight to Douglas after that, and thanked him for dinner and a lovely evening. She felt like a schoolgirl saying goodnight to the headmaster. He was in an animated conversation with Jean Amber, who was disagreeing with him vehemently, although good-humoredly, about something. She was telling him how wrong he was.

"Can I settle an argument for you two?" Max volunteered, always happy to help.

"Yes," Jean said staunchly. "I think Venice is much more beautiful than Florence or Rome. It's much more romantic."

"I don't go to Italy for romance," Douglas said, teasing her and loving it. He had no problem at all being surrounded by beautiful women. He had made a career of it. "I go for the art. The Uffizi is my idea of heaven. Florence wins hands down."

"The hotel we stayed in there was awful. I was stuck there for three weeks on location." She said it with the broad experience of a twenty-five-year-old, although one who traveled widely, more than most, while making movies, but she saw little of the towns and cities where she worked. She never had time.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart: *to be made to order; to have a fondness for; to keep one's eye on sb.; to get out of hand; a matter of luck; to go back and forth; to win hands down; on location; to show up; compatible; flawless; vehemently; meticulously.*

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) to have an affection for;
- b) to get out of control;
- c) to be on the cast;
- d) to be riding high;
- e) to settle an argument.

3. Give a brief summary of the fragment.

4. Discuss the following points:

a) Tanya Harris, a suburban mom and freelance writer who was offered to write a major Hollywood screenplay, a dream she had put aside long ago, found herself at a star-studded party. How did she feel in that company?

b) What was the general atmosphere at the party like? How did the author describe the magic world of Hollywood full of flash and glitter?

c) Comment on the method of presenting the main characters. Why do you think the author resorts to contrast?

d) What stylistic devices contribute to the expressiveness of the fragment? Which of them prevail?

e) What thematic groups can you compile?

5. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

№	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	The set			
2.	A script			
3.	Compatible			

4.	The cast			
5.	Incomparable			
6.	Star-studded			
7.	Flawless			
8.	Vehemently			
9.	A regular			
10.	Meticulously			

2.3. Education

Reva Klein, “Importance of Being Earnest”

Looking back through the mists of time at the teachers who stood out from the rest, I recall one high school creative writing teacher who stood out all right – but not in the way he would have liked. Alan Phelan was a universal joke, but his story provides a salutary lesson for new teachers unsure of how to package themselves.

There are different reasons why teachers become the butt of their pupils’ cruel humour. One of the classics is suffering from a tragic affliction, and top of the bill in this category is bad dress sense, followed closely by odd speech.

I recall a physics teacher who, to the delight of his young tormentors, obligingly combined the two. He wore the same tweed jacket and green bow tie every day, even in searing 95-degree summer heat.

Me and my friends called him Mr. Virtually because he frequently used that word with pupils who proudly wore their inaccuracy as a badge of hippified superiority. (This, of course, was several millennia before Virtual Reality enhanced the vocabulary of virtually every child on the planet, if only by a single word.)

But I digress. My. Phelan was different. He wasn’t a sad nerd like Mr. V. No, what we guffawed at him about was the fact that he wanted us to like him so much that he tried to be like us. Later, I was to learn that there is a clever term for this: it’s called going native.

Back in the Sixties, this meant that this poor, flabby, fortysomething man ensured that what hair he still had left was long and straggly, that his bottoms were belled and that he was available to smoke illegal substances with us after school in the park once or twice a week.

He wore peace symbols, had anti-Vietnam war posters all over his room at school and allowed us to say f*** as much as we wanted, which on an average day amounted to every 30 seconds.

At first we adored him. What a find! We coolly called him by his first name and totally confided in him – and in those days our 16-year-old confidences were heavy. But after awhile, it all began to pall. We got sick of Al. We called him a phoney behind his back. We stopped trusting him.

While the word “wrong” did not figure elsewhere in our vocabulary back then (except when referring to the fascist dictatorship under which we lived, otherwise known as the United States government), we felt that there was indeed something wrong with the way that Al Phelan behaved.

In retrospect, what me and my friends reacted against was the fact that Mr. Phelan was a teacher with whom there were no boundaries. And although we would have never admitted it, boundaries were precisely what we needed. We wanted a teacher who was kind, who understood us and knew something about the culture in which we were immersed, but he had to know where to draw the line. It was fine for him to let us know that he had just bought the new Jimi Hendrix album and that he was reading *Siddhartha*, but we wanted him to relate to us as a responsible adult who could sit back and be detached, who could draw on and share with us the wisdom that he had acquired over the years.

As new teachers, you will be aware of wanting to be liked by your pupils, of wanting to show them that you inhabit the same world as they do. References to football, the Spice Girls and Eastenders, if dropped appropriately and not too frequently, will get across the message. But they have to be delivered from the position of you as a teacher, not as someone who wants to be their mate.

As a teacher friend of mine sagely puts it: “What kids most like is for a teacher to fit their image of what a teacher should be: to be human, to crack a boring old joke every now and then, to be well planned and firm. It is important to project yourself as a genuine person but to do so in the role of teacher, not as someone pretending to be one of them or, at the opposite extreme, of being really tough.”

It all comes down to confidence. And looking back, I suppose me and my buddies had a lot more of it than poor Mr. Phelan.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart: *to stand out (from); to provide a salutary lesson; to package oneself; to suffer from an affliction; top of the bill; to the delight of somebody; to enhance; virtually; to digress; to confide in; to call somebody by their first name; behind somebody's back; to react against; there were no boundaries; to be immersed in; to draw the line; to relate to somebody/something; to get across the message; to be delivered from somebody's position; to fit somebody's image; every now and then; to project oneself; at the opposite extreme; tough; to come down to.*

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) good/bad dress sense;
- b) a new teacher;

- c) to go native;
- d) to amount to;
- e) in retrospect.

3. Give a brief summary of the fragment.

4. Discuss the following points:

- a) Comment on the message and the tone of the text under study.
- b) Compare the teachers described in Reva Klein’s article with the ones you had in high school. What is the best way for the teacher to treat pupils? Is it worth while trying to be mates with them?
- c) What kind of vocabulary prevails in the text, bookish or colloquial? Support your answer with examples.
- d) What is the connotation of the title? Explain the allusion used in it.
- e) Pay attention to the way the article begins and ends. Discuss the type of repetition the author resorts to there and comment on its stylistic function.

5. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

№	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	A butt			
2.	A tormentor			
3.	Virtually			
4.	To digress			
5.	A nerd			
6.	Confidences			
7.	Genuine			
8.	To acquire			
9.	To deliver			
10.	Reference			

Roald Dahl, “Matilda”: a Fragment Miss Honey

Matilda was a little late in starting school. Most children begin Primary School at five or even just before, but Matilda’s parents, who weren’t very concerned one way or the other about their daughter’s education, had forgotten to make the proper arrangements in advance. She was five and a half when she entered school for the first time.

The village school for younger children was a bleak brick building called Crunchem Hall Primary School. It had about two hundred and fifty pupils aged from five to just under twelve years old. The head teacher, the boss, the supreme commander of this establishment was a formidable middle-aged lady whose name was Miss Trunchbull.

Naturally Matilda was put in the bottom class, where there were eighteen other small boys and girls about the same age as her. Their teacher was called Miss Honey, and she could not have been more than twenty-three or twenty-four. She had a lovely pale oval Madonna face with blue eyes and her hair was light-brown. Her body was so slim and fragile one got the feeling that if she fell over she would smash into a thousand pieces, like a porcelain figure.

Miss Jennifer Honey was a mild and quiet person who never raised her voice and was seldom seen to smile, but there is no doubt she possessed that rare gift for being adored by every small child under her care. She seemed to understand totally the bewilderment and fear that so often overwhelms young children who for the first time in their lives are herded into a classroom and told to obey orders. Some curious warmth that was almost tangible shone out of Miss Honey’s face when she spoke to a confused and homesick newcomer to the class.

Miss Trunchbull, the Headmistress, was something else altogether. She was a gigantic holy terror, a fierce tyrannical monster who frightened the life out of the pupils and teachers alike. There was an aura of menace about her even at a distance, and when she came up close you could almost feel the dangerous heat radiating from her as from a red-hot rod of metal. When she marched – Miss Trunchbull never walked, she always marched like a storm-trooper with long strides and arms aswinging – when she marched along a corridor you could actually hear her snorting as she went, and if a group of children happened to be in her path, she ploughed right on through them like a tank, with small people bouncing off her to left and right. Thank goodness we don’t meet many people like her in this world, although they do exist and all of us are likely to come across at least one of them in a lifetime. If you ever do, you should behave as you would if you met an enraged rhinoceros out in the bush – climb up the nearest tree and stay there until it has gone away <...>.

After the usual business of going through all the names of the children, Miss Honey handed out a brand-new exercise-book to each pupil.

“You have all brought your own pencils, I hope,” she said.

“Yes, Miss Honey,” they chanted.

“Good. Now this is the very first day of school for each one of you. It is the beginning of at least eleven long years of schooling that all of you are going to have to go through. And six of those years will be spent right here at Crunchem Hall where, as you know, your Headmistress is Miss Trunchbull. Let me for your own good tell you

something about Miss Trunchbull. She insists upon strict discipline throughout the school, and if you take my advice you will do your very best to behave yourselves in her presence. Never argue with her. Never answer her back. Always do as she says. If you get on the wrong side of Miss Trunchbull she can liquidize you like a carrot in a kitchen blender. It's nothing to laugh about, Lavender. Take that grin off your face. All of you will be wise to remember that Miss Trunchbull deals very very severely with anyone who gets out of line in this school. Have you got the message?"

"Yes, Miss Honey," chirruped eighteen eager little voices.

"I myself", Miss Honey went on, "want to help you to learn as much as possible while you are in this class. That is because I know it will make things easier for you later on. <...> Now then, do any of you happen to have learnt the two-times table already?"

Matilda put up her hand. She was the only one. <...>

Miss Honey now decided to ask a question that normally she would not have dreamed of asking the class on its first day. "I wonder", she said, "whether any of you three who know how to spell *cat* have learned how to read a whole group of words when they are strung together in a sentence?"

"I have," Nigel said.

"So have I," Lavender said.

Miss Honey went to the blackboard and wrote with her white chalk the sentence, *I have already begun to learn how to read long sentences*. She had purposely made it difficult and she knew that there were precious few five-year-olds around who would be able to manage it.

"Can you tell me what that says, Nigel?" she asked.

"That's too hard," Nigel said.

"Lavender?"

"The first word is I," Lavender said.

"Can any of you read the whole sentence?" Miss Honey asked, waiting for the "yes" that she felt certain was going to come from Matilda.

"Yes," Matilda said.

"Go ahead," Miss Honey said.

Matilda read the sentence without any hesitation at all.

"That's really is very good indeed," Miss Honey said, making the understatement of her life. "How much *can* you read, Matilda?"

"I think I can read most things, Miss Honey," Matilda said, "although I'm afraid I can't always understand the meanings."

Miss Honey got to her feet and walked smartly out of the room, but was back in thirty seconds carrying a thick book. She opened it at random and placed it on Matilda's desk. "This is a book of humorous poetry," she said. "See if you can read that one aloud."

Smoothly, without a pause and at a nice speed, Matilda began to read:

"An epicure dining at Crewe
Found a rather large mouse in his stew.
Cried the waiter, 'Don't shout
And wave it about

Or the rest will be wanting one too.’ ”

Several children saw the funny side of the rhyme and laughed. Miss Honey said, “Do you know what an epicure is, Matilda?”

“It is someone who is dainty with his eating,” Matilda said.

“That is correct,” Miss Honey said. “And do you happen to know what that particular type of poetry is called?”

“It’s called a limerick,” Matilda said. “That’s a lovely one. It’s so funny.”

“It’s a famous one,” Miss Honey said, picking up the book and returning to her table in front of the class. “A witty limerick is very hard to write,” she added. “They look easy but they most certainly are not.”

“I know,” Matilda said. “I’ve tried quite a few times but mine are never any good.”

“<...> Could you try to remember one for us?”

“Well,” Matilda said, hesitating. “I’ve actually been trying to make up one about you, Miss Honey, while we’ve been sitting here.”

“About *me!*” Miss Honey cried. “Well, we’ve certainly got to hear that one, haven’t we? <...> I insist upon hearing this limerick,” Miss Honey said smiling one of her rare smiles. “Stand up and recite it.”

Reluctantly Matilda stood up and very slowly, very nervously, she recited her limerick:

“The thing we all ask about Jenny
Is, ‘Surely there cannot be many
Young girls in the place
With so lovely a face?’
The answer to that is, ‘*Not any!*’ ”

The whole of Miss Honey’s pale and pleasant face blushed a brilliant scarlet. Then once again she smiled. It was a much broader one this time, a smile of pure pleasure. “Why, thank you, Matilda,” she said, still smiling. “Although it is not true, it is really a very good limerick. Oh dear, oh dear, I must try to remember that one.” <...>

“Who taught you to read, Matilda?” Miss Honey asked.

“I just sort of taught myself, Miss Honey.”

“And have you read any books all by yourself, any children’s books, I mean?”

“I’ve read all the ones that are in the public library in the High Street, Miss Honey.”

“And did you like them?”

“I liked some of them very much indeed,” Matilda said, “but I thought others were fairly dull.”

“Tell me one that you liked.”

“I liked *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*,” Matilda said. “I think Mr. C.S. Lewis is a very good writer. But he has one failing. There are no funny bits in his books.”

“You are right there,” Miss Honey said.

“There aren’t many funny bits in Mr. Tolkien either,” Matilda said.

“Do you think that all children’s books ought to have funny bits in them?” Miss Honey asked.

“I do,” Matilda said. “Children are not so serious as grown-ups and they love to laugh.”

Miss Honey was astounded by the wisdom of this tiny girl. She said, “And what are you going to do now that you’ve read all the children’s books?”

“I am reading other books,” Matilda said. “I borrow them from the library. <...>”

Miss Honey was leaning far forward over her work-table and gazing in wonder at the child. She had completely forgotten now about the rest of the class. “What other books?” she murmured.

“I am very fond of Charles Dickens,” Matilda said. “He makes me laugh a lot. Especially Mr. Pickwick.”

At that moment the bell in the corridor sounded for the end of class.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart:

to be concerned about; to make arrangements in advance; to raise one’s voice; at a distance; to answer back; to get on the wrong side of; to insist upon strict discipline; two-times table, at random.

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

a) to frighten the life out of somebody;

b) to hand out (exercise-books);

c) to go through;

d) to get out of line;

e) to get the message.

3. Give a brief summary of the fragment.

4. Discuss the following points:

a) What did you find out about schooling in England after reading the suggested fragment?

b) How does the author present the main characters? What is the connotation of their names?

c) Do you agree with Matilda’s idea of books for children? When did you learn to read and what was the first book you read?

d) Point out the main peculiarities of a limerick and try to compose one related to your school/university life.

e) Comment on the expressive means and stylistic devices used in the text under discussion. Speak on their stylistic value.

5. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

№	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	Fragile			
2.	Bewilderment			
3.	Tangible			
4.	A menace			
5.	To chirrup			
6.	Purposely			
7.	Hesitation			
8.	An understatement			
9.	A limerick			
10.	Reluctantly			

2.4. Painting

Barbara Bradford, “A Sudden Change of Heart”: Fragment I

It was her mother who had first brought her to Paris when she was twelve, and she had been captivated. At the age of eighteen she had returned to study art history and literature at the Sorbonne. In the two years she had lived in Paris as a student she had come to know it as well as she knew New York, where she had been born and raised. Whether shrouded in spring rain, wrapped in the airless heat of summer or coated with winter snow, Paris was the most beautiful of cities.

City of Light, City of Lovers, City of Gaiety, City of Artists ... it had so many names. But no matter what people chose to call it, Paris was a truly magical place. She had never lost her fascination with it, and whenever she came back she immediately fell under its spell once again.

Mostly, Laura thought of Paris as the City of Artists, for had they not all worked and lived here at one time or another, those great painters of the nineteenth and twentieth

centuries? Whatever their origins and from wherever they sprang, they had eventually come here, armed with their palettes and brushes and paints, and their soaring talent. Gauguin, Van Gogh, Renoir, Manet, Monet, Matisse, Cézanne, Vuillard, Degas, Sisley and Seurat. The Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painters she most admired, and in whose work she was an expert, had all converged on Paris to make it their home, if only for a short while.

The world of art was *her* world, and it had been for as long as she could remember. She had inherited her love of art from her mother Maggie Valiant, a well-known American painter who had studied at the Royal College of Art in London and the École des Beaux Arts in Paris.

But Laura was the first to admit she lacked her mother's talent and vision as a painter, and when she was in her early teens painting became an avocation rather than her vocation. Nonetheless, she had decided she wanted to work with art once she had finished her studies, and after her graduation from the Sorbonne she did stints with several galleries in Paris before returning home to the States. Once back in New York, she did gallery work again, and then completed a rewarding four years at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

One of her superiors at the museum, impressed by her unerring eye, superb taste, and knowledge of art, encouraged her to become an art-adviser. And so three years ago, at the age of twenty-eight, she and Alison Maynard, a colleague at the Metropolitan, had started their own company. The two of them had made a great success of this venture, which they had named Art Acquisitions. She and Alison bought art for a number of wealthy clients, and helped them to create collections of some significance. Laura loved her career; it was the most important thing in her life, except for her husband Doug, and the Valiants.

A few days ago she had flown to Paris from New-York, hoping to find paintings for one of their important clients, a Canadian newspaper magnate. Unfortunately, she had not found anything of importance so far, and she and Alison had agreed on the phone that she would stay on a bit longer to continue her search. She had a number of appointments, and she was hopeful she would find something of interest and value in the coming week.

Increasing her pace, Laura soon found herself turning onto the rue de Bellechasse, where the Musée d'Orsay was located not far from the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides. She had made it from the hotel faster than she had expected, and as she went into the museum she experienced a little spurt of excitement. Inside were some of her favourite works of art.

The museum was deserted and this pleased Laura; she disliked crowds when she was looking at paintings. It was really dead this afternoon, so quiet you could hear a pin drop. The only sound was the click of her heels on the floor; her footsteps echoed loudly as she walked towards the hall where the Renoirs hung.

She stood for a long time in front of *Nude in Sunlight*. Renoir had painted it in 1875, and yet it looked so fresh, as if he had created it only yesterday. How beautiful it was; she never tired of looking at it. The pearly tints and pink-blush tones of the model's skin were incomparable, set off by the pale, faintly blue shadows on her shoulders which seemed to emanate from the foliage surrounding her.

What a master Renoir had been. The painting was suffused with light – shimmering light. But then to her, Renoir's canvases always looked as though his brush had been

dipped in sunlight. Lover of life, lover of women, Renoir had been the most sensual of painters, and his paintings reflected this, were full of vivid, pulsating life.

Laura moved on, stopped to gaze at a much larger painting, *Dancing at the Moulin de la Galette*. It represented gaiety and young love, and there was so much to see in it – the faces of the dancers, merry, sparkling with happiness, the handsome young men, their arms encircling the beautiful girls; how perfectly Renoir had captured their *joie de vivre*. His use of colour was superb: the blues and greens in the trees, the blues and creams and pinks in the girls' dresses, the soft, clear yellow of the men's straw boaters, and the ...

'Hello, Laura.'

Believing herself to be alone with the Renoirs, Laura jumped when she heard her name. Startled, she swung around. Surprise registered on her face, and she froze.

The man who stood a few feet away from her, went on, 'It's Philippe, Laura. Philippe Lavillard.' He smiled, took a step towards her.

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart:

to captivate; to shroud in something; to lose fascination with something; to fall under a spell; to spring from something; to arm somebody with something; a palette; a brush; a soaring talent; an expert in; to converge on; for a short while; to inherit something from somebody; an avocation; a vocation; to finish one's studies; graduation from; to do stints with a gallery; to do gallery work; a superior; one's unerring eye; an art-adviser; to make a success of the venture; a wealthy client; a newspaper magnate; to agree on the phone; an appointment; to be hopeful (that); to increase one's pace; to experience a spurt of excitement; a deserted (dead) museum; you could hear a pin drop; never tire of doing something; tints and tones; a model; incomparable; to set something off; foliage; a canvas; a sensual painter; full of vivid, pulsating life; to sparkle with happiness (about a face); the superb taste (use of colour); a (straw) boater; to swing around; to take a step towards somebody.

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) to emanate from something;
- b) to be suffused with (shimmering) light (about a painting);
- c) to be dipped in sunlight (about a brush);
- d) to capture "joie de vivre";
- e) to register on one's face (about surprise).

3. Give a brief summary of the fragment.

4. Discuss the following points:

- a) Analyze the composition of the text fragment.
- b) The fictional image of the City dominates through and permeates the passage under study. For the most part, the urban image of Paris, the capital of France, one of the world's most important and attractive cities, is connected with the cultural life. What did

you learn about it from the fragment? What narrative techniques, details and figures of speech build up the literary Paris?

c) Interpret Pierre-Auguste Renoir’s Paintings.

Barbara Bradford, the author of the analyzed fragment, created short and laconic, yet bright verbal descriptions of the two masterpieces by the French impressionist Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841–1919): “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876) and “Dancing at the Moulin de la Galette” (1876). Two paragraphs of the text are devoted to the first of the paintings, one paragraph – to the second. Here the author’s third-person narration reports mainly visual images and thoughts of the central literary character, the art-adviser Laura Valiant, also adding a few touches of her behaviour and physical reaction to the sights. This manner of presenting the text gives the realistic illusion of the reader’s looking through the protagonist’s eyes at the Renoirs hung in one of the halls of the Orsay Museum (Musée d’Orsay, see Appendix 1).

- **Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841–1919), “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876)**
The Painting’s Title

The title of Renoir’s magnificent work of art “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876) concentrates the reader-viewer’s attention on the main figure of the picture, the nude model, and the manner of the sitter’s presentation. Although Pierre-Auguste Renoir didn’t paint the celestial body of the Sun on the canvas, the model seems to be surrounded by sunrays and made from the sun’s beams.

How do you understand the title of the painting? What emotional impact does it have on the reader-viewer and what particular mood does it evoke in them? Does the title help to reveal Renoir’s general purpose of the picture? Comment on the connotation of Renoir’s title “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876).

The First Paragraph of the Text

The focus of the first paragraph depicting “Nude in Sunlight” in the text is on the painting itself as well as on the colour and its shades. Pick out epithets referring to the picture.

The two main explicit images depicted in the picture, the figure of a human being and a landscape, are interpreted in terms of colour. What details in the model’s physical portraiture and in the landscape does the textual description foreground?

Name nouns carrying the meaning of “colour” in the paragraph.

What is the colour scheme of Renoir’s “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876)? Fill in the table:

Pierre-Auguste Renoir’s “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876): Imagery	Micro-details	The Colour Scheme
1. The Nude Model	a) Skin	
	b) Shoulders	

2. The Landscape	c) Foliage	
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The Second Paragraph of the Text

The attention of the second paragraph depicting “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876) is directed to overall effect of the painting on the reader-viewer as well as to the personality of its creator, Auguste Renoir (1841–1919), and to the defining feature inherent in the pieces of art by this French impressionist.

Single out the key nouns which characterize Renoir’s work. How many times are they repeated in one paragraph? What stylistic purpose does the syntactical device of reiteration achieve here? What lexical expressive means of speech emphasize these nouns?

How is Auguste Renoir (1841–1919), a painter and an ordinary person, portrayed in the fragment? Is there any mutual dependence between the artist’s inner world, background and experience and his creations?

The Painting’s Message

What key idea, do you think, the title, the objects and the colour scheme convey in Renoir’s “Nude in Sunlight” (1875-1876)?

- **Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841–1919), “Dancing at the Moulin de la Galette” (1876)**

Why did Renoir’s “Dancing at the Moulin de la Galette” (1876) draw attention and admiration of Laura Valiant, the museum visitor, art-adviser and lover of painting?

What details of the painting are the most significant ones for expressing “joie de vivre”? Consider the selection of objects and actions, parts of the body, their expression and poses, items of clothing, etc. in the masterpiece. How did the impressionist portray them?

5. Perform the task “Wordpower” on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

No	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	A palette			
2.	A brush			
3.	A soaring talent			
4.	An avocation			

5.	A vocation			
6.	A collection of significance			
7.	A tint			
8.	To set something off			
9.	A canvas			
10.	To do stints with a gallery			

Barbara Bradford, “A Sudden Change of Heart”: Fragment II

Eventually they went and joined the countess in front of the fire, and Laura turned to her and said, “The Renoir is exquisite, and so are your other paintings, Countess. It is quite an experience to be in a room which contains four such masterpieces. A room in a private home, I mean.”

“*Merci*, Mademoiselle Valiant. You are very kind, and I must say, they are all paintings which make me feel happy when I look at them. But then I have never liked anything that makes me sad or depressed. I have the need to be uplifted by art.”

“Absolutely!” Hercule exclaimed. “I agree with you, Jacqueline. Now, I would like to take Laura to the dining room, to show her the Gauguins. He is one of her favourite painters. Is he not, Laura?”

She nodded.

Jacqueline stood up. “I shall accompany you,” and so saying she glided across the Aubusson rug and led them down the gallery to the dining room at the far end.

Its walls had been sponge-glazed in a cloudy, dusty-pink colour, and this shade also made a wonderfully soft background for the paintings. In this instance they were breathtaking primitives by Paul Gauguin, three altogether, each one hanging alone. There was one on the long central wall, and the others had been placed on two end walls. The fourth wall in the room was intersected by windows which filled it with natural northern light, perfect for these particular works of art.

All three paintings were of dark-skinned Tahitian women, either by the sea or in it, or sitting in the natural exotic landscape of the Polynesian islands. The dark skin tones were highlighted by the vivid *pareos* the women wore around their loins, the colourful vegetation and the unusual pinkish-coral colour Gauguin had so frequently used to depict the earth and the sandy beaches of Tahiti. The dusty-pink walls of the dining room echoed this warm coral, and helped to throw the dark-skinned beauties into relief.

Laura was mesmerized. She had never seen Gauguins like these outside a museum, and they were impressive. All three paintings were large, dominant, just the type of art her other important client Mark Tabbart would give his right arm for, as he so frequently proclaimed to her. “They are magnificent,” she exclaimed, glancing at the countess, and

before she could stop herself, she rushed on, “I would buy any one of these, or all of them, if you consider selling.”

“They are the most fabulous Gauguins,” Jacqueline murmured. “Gauguin painted all three in the same year, 1892, and what extraordinary examples of this work they are. I could never sell them, I love them far too much. But even if I had the desire or the need to auction them to the highest bidder, I am afraid, Mademoiselle Valiant, that I could not. The paintings belonged to my husband, and he left them to our son Arnaud and his wife Natalie. I have them to enjoy for my lifetime, but I do not own them.”

“I envy you living with them,” Laura said. “They are so beautiful they are ... blinding.”

“Perhaps we should talk about the Renoir,” Hercule interjected. “As you know, Jacqueline, Laura has a client who may well be interested in it, and, of course, there is Claire Benson, who wishes to photograph it on Monday.”

Jacqueline said, “Let us go back to the *salon vert*, where we can sit and discuss everything in comfort.”

Later that afternoon when Hercule dropped Laura off at the hotel, she thanked him profusely, then said, “I will phone my client in Toronto, and hopefully I will be able to give the countess an answer by Monday, perhaps even sooner.”

Assignments

1. Read and translate the following vocabulary items. Learn them by heart:

a masterpiece; a soft background for a painting; a work of art; dark-skinned; the natural exotic landscape; to highlight; vegetation; to throw somebody into relief; mesmerized; impressive; to stop yourself (from) doing something; to consider doing something (selling); to enjoy something for one's lifetime; blinding; in comfort; to drop somebody off at the hotel; to thank profusely.

2. Reproduce the following words, word-combinations and phrases in the situations in which they occur in the text. Explain their meaning:

- a) to be uplifted by art;
- b) breathtaking primitives by Paul Gauguin;
- c) the vivid pareos;
- d) would give his right arm for;
- e) to auction them to the highest bidder.

3. Give a brief summary of the fragment.

4. Discuss the following points:

a) Comment on the use of the definite article with names of persons in “the Renoir”, “the Gauguins”. Are these names of persons employed as proper or common nouns? What do they mean?

b) What cultural background, emotional atmosphere and tone did the French elements “merci”, “the salon vert”, etc. used in the English fictional text create? What purpose did the author achieve by printing these lexical units in italics?

c) What role did painting play in the life of Jacqueline?

d) Viewing the paintings from the private collection, Laura was completely overwhelmed. What expressive means did the author of the extract use in order to depict the mesmerized heroine's admiration first for the Renoir and later for the Gauguins?

e) Speak on the imagery, background and colours in the Gauguins, which are given in the prose fragment. What is unusual about the colour range of the works of art? What theme, in your opinion, did the impressionist intend to underline by stressing the artistic element of colour? See Appendix 2 in order to view the photos of some Tahitian paintings by Paul Gauguin.

5. Perform the task "Wordpower" on a separate sheet and hand it in:

Wordpower

№	Word/word-combination	Definition (Related to the Contextual Meaning)	Translation	Example of Your Own
1.	A masterpiece			
2.	A background			
3.	A work of art			
4.	To highlight			
5.	To throw somebody into relief			
6.	To mesmerize			
7.	Blinding			
8.	To uplift			
9.	To give one's right arm for something			
10.	The highest bidder			

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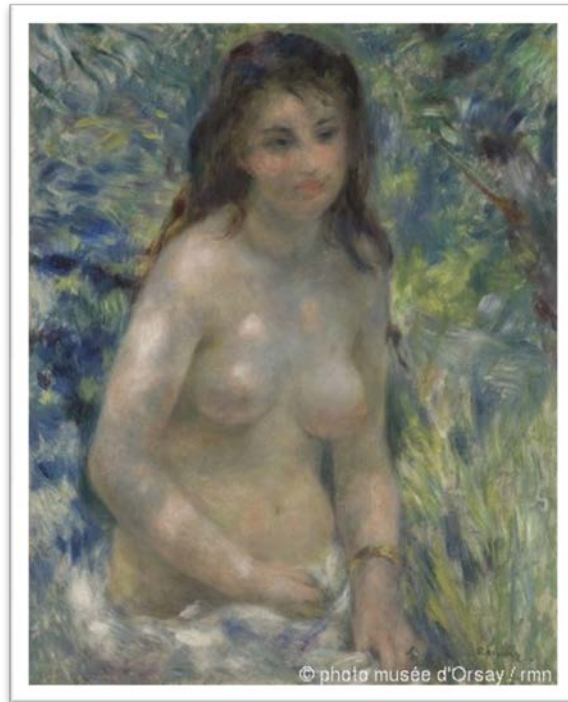
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Appendix 1.

Paintings by Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841–1919)

Auguste Renoir, “Etude. Torse, effet de soleil” (Nude in Sunlight, 1875-1876)



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Auguste Renoir, “Dance at Le Moulin de la Galette” (1876)



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Appendix 2.

Tahitian Paintings by Paul Gauguin (1848–1903)

Paul Gauguin, “Arearea” (Joyousness, 1892)



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Paul Gauguin, “Femmes de Tahiti” (Tahitian Women, 1891)



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Keys

1.2.3. Figures of Speech: Exercises

- **Oxymoron**
1c; 2i; 3d; 4g; 5j; 6h; 7b; 8f; 9e; 10a.
- **Mixed Figures of Speech**
1d; 2i; 3f; 4m; 5g; 6j; 7n; 8c; 9b; 10l; 11a; 12k; 13e; 14h.
- **Riddles**
1. A bed; 2. Steps; 3. Water; 4. An icicle; 5. A telephone; 6. A towel; 7. A hole; 8. A squirrel; 9. Age; 10. Fire.

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ENGLISH PROSE FICTION. AN INTRODUCTION**

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