

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ

Державний заклад

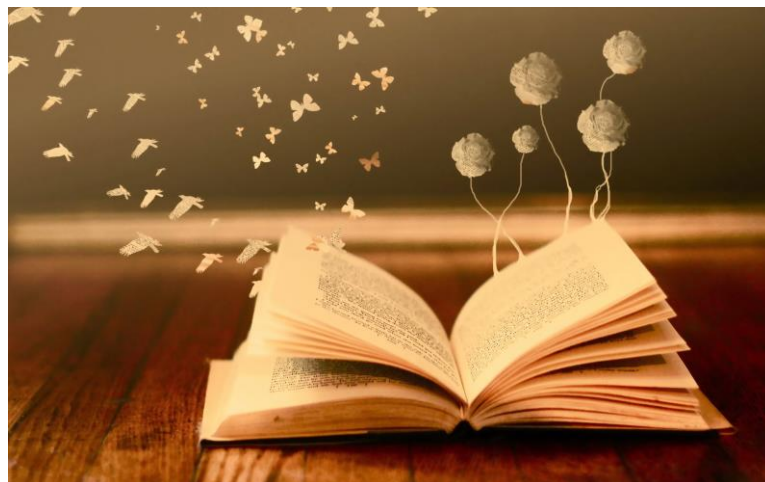
**«Південноукраїнський національний педагогічний університет
імені К. Д. Ушинського»**

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**МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ
ДО ПРАКТИЧНИХ ЗАНЯТЬ ТА САМОСТІЙНОЇ РОБОТИ
З ДИСЦИПЛІНИ
«ЛІНГВІСТИЧНИЙ ТА ЛІТЕРАТУРОЗНАВЧИЙ АНАЛІЗ ТЕКСТІВ
(ОСНОВНА ІНОЗЕМНА МОВА)»**

для здобувачів другого (магістерського) рівня вищої освіти

спеціальність 014 Середня освіта. Мова і література (англійська)



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Методичні рекомендації до практичних занять та самостійної роботи з дисципліни «Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)» (для здобувачів другого (магістерського) рівня вищої освіти спец. 014 Середня освіта. Мова і література (англійська)). Університет Ушинського. Одеса, 2022. 91 с.

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Методичні рекомендації призначені для аудиторної та самостійної роботи з дисципліни «Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)» здобувачів вищої освіти другого (магістерського) рівня спеціальності 014 Середня освіта. Мова і література (англійська). Рекомендації містять загальні вказівки щодо підготовки до практичних занять, наведено плани практичних занять, завдання для самостійної роботи до кожної теми, питання для самоперевірки, запропоновано завдання для індивідуальної роботи, наведено питання для складання заліку, список рекомендованої літератури, критерії оцінювання.

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ПОЯСНЮВАЛЬНА ЗАПИСКА

Мета навчальної дисципліни: ознайомити майбутніх вчителів-філологів з художнім текстом як твором словесно-художньої творчості, що існує в діалектичній єдності плану змісту і плану вираження, включає дослідження як ідейно-тематичного змісту тексту, так і мовної його організації, та навчити проводити частковий та комплексний лінгвістичний і літературознавчий аналіз англійськомовного художнього тексту; поглибити уявлення про науковий та газетно-публіцистичний текст як функціонально-семантико-структурні єдності з певними правилами побудови, закономірностями смислового і формального з'єднання мовних одиниць, що їх складають, та навчити проводити частковий та комплексний лінгвістичний аналіз англійськомовного наукового і газетно-публіцистичного тексту. Так, вивчення курсу «Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)» покликане формувати ґрунтовну філологічну освіту майбутнього вчителя англійської мови та літератури.

Передумови для вивчення дисципліни: для вивчення навчальної дисципліни «Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)» здобувачі мають опанувати знання з таких навчальних мовознавчих та літературознавчих дисциплін як лексикологія, стилістика, історія літератури на основній іноземній мові, історія зарубіжної літератури.

Очікувані програмні результати навчання:

ПРН 2. Критично аналізує надбання світового мовознавства, зокрема у сфері сучасної англійстики, і використовує англійськомовну та українськомовну спеціальну лінгвістичну термінологію.

ПРН 9. Демонструє володіння англійською мовою на рівні C2.1 в усіх видах мовленнєвої діяльності в умовах комунікативного контексту, методами, способами, вербальними і невербальними засобами ефективної комунікації, зокрема стратегіями та мовленнєвими моделями міжкультурної комунікації.

ПРН 10. Створює, аналізує, редагує, інтерпретує різні типи текстів/дискурсів різних жанрів, стилів і підстилів, здатний їх створювати і розуміти з урахуванням ситуації спілкування.

ПРН 11. Аналізує проблеми світової літератури, зокрема англійської та американської, ідентифікує тенденції розвитку і своєрідності літературного процесу, естетичні теорії, напрями, стилі, жанри; володіє різними видами аналізу художнього твору.

ПРН 13. Використовує необхідний інструментарій для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними та методичними проблемами з дотриманням вимог академічної доброчесності.

Очікувані результати навчання дисципліни:

Здобувач вищої освіти:

- орієнтується у сучасних підходах до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, критично їх осмислює, порівнює, характеризує;
- знає терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні, методи та прийоми лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, що використовуються в професійній діяльності вчителя-філолога;
- розуміє текст як багатоаспектне явище мовної та екстралінгвістичної дійсності;
- описує стильову, жанрову, структурну та мовну специфіку тексту, базові текстові категорії, їх характеристики, літературно-художню позицію автора.

Здобувач вищої освіти *вміє*:

- застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту;
- залежно від стилю тексту варіювати добір методів і прийомів аналізу тексту;

- аналізувати та інтерпретувати тексти різних стилів, жанрів, типів, що забезпечує фактичне знання навчального матеріалу, володіння текстом у розмаїтті його форм, видів і жанрів;
- проводити як частковий, так і комплексний аналіз англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту;
- послуговуватись сучасними методами лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами.

Унаслідок досягнення результатів навчання здобувачі вищої освіти у контекст змісту навчальної дисципліни мають опанувати такі **компетентності**:

Інтегральна компетентність:

Загальні компетентності:

ЗК. 01 Знання та розуміння предметної області і професійної діяльності.

ЗК. 04 Здатність до пошуку, оброблення та аналізу інформації з різних джерел, оперувати нею у професійній діяльності.

ЗК. 05 Здатність генерувати нові ідеї (креативність).

Спеціальні (фахові, предметні) компетентності:

СК. 04 Здатність обґрунтувати, спланувати, виконати науково-дослідницький проект, проаналізувати отримані результати, підготувати та оприлюднити звіт, презентацію, доповідь.

СК. 07 Здатність користуватись набутою системою знань з мовознавчих дисциплін, оперувати спеціальною мовознавчою термінологією та використовувати отримані знання в практиці викладання профільних та професійно-орієнтованих мовознавчих дисциплін предметної галузі.

СК. 08 Здатність користуватись набутою системою знань з літературознавчих дисциплін, оперувати літературознавчою термінологією, аналізувати літературні твори/явища в процесі навчання англійської та світової літератури у старшій школі, закладах професійної та вищої освіти, критично їх оцінювати з точки зору не тільки національної культури, але й міжкультурної значущості.

СК. 09 Здатність здійснювати науковий аналіз і структурування мовного / мовленнєвого й літературного матеріалу з урахуванням класичних і новітніх методологічних принципів.

СК. 11 Здатність працювати з різними типами текстів/дискурсів різних жанрів, стилів і підстилів, здатність їх створювати, розуміти та інтерпретувати з урахуванням ситуації спілкування.

Міждисциплінарні зв'язки: передбачаються зв'язки з такими навчальними дисциплінами, як-от: «Сучасна англійськомовна література Великої Британії та США», «Методика викладання іноземної мови та світової літератури у ЗВО», «Методологія наукового дослідження (англійська філологія та методика викладання англійської мови)», «Теорія та практика мовної комунікації (основна іноземна мова)».

**ПАМ'ЯТКА ДЛЯ ЗДОБУВАЧІВ
рекомендації щодо підготовки до практичних занять**

1. Готуючись до відповіді на теоретичні запитання за планом практичного заняття, уважно вивчіть конспект лекції. Перевірте повноту вашого конспекту за рекомендованими у плані заняття посібниками із лінгвістичного аналізу тексту. Виділіть ключові поняття та терміни. Обов'язково перевірте їхню вимову та тлумачення, впишіть необхідні визначення та перевірте своє знання основних категорій розділу.

2. Складіть план вашої відповіді. Напишіть стислий конспект відповіді за складеним планом, не користуючись конспектом лекції. Це надають вам змогу відчутти, наскільки впевнено ви володієте теоретичною інформацією.

3. Ваша відповідь не повинна займати більше 5-8 хвилин. Це потребує від вас уміння відділяти суттєву інформацію від другорядної. Виклад матеріалу повинен бути лаконічним, але не забувайте про необхідність ілюструвати теоретичні положення власними прикладами.

4. Коректна за змістом, ваша відповідь має бути коректною й за формою. Не забудьте, що вам належить викладати інформацію в науковому стилі. Пам'ятайте про логіку вашого виступу. Ваша відповідь має наближатися за стилем до виступу на науковій конференції або захисту студентської випускної роботи. Це передбачає, по-перше, визначення кожного терміну. По-друге, ви не повинні обмежуватись однією точкою зору на ту або іншу наукову проблему. Викладаючи погляди науковців, не забудьте привести повне ім'я вченого. По-третє, при характеристиці декількох типів чи видів певного явища спочатку перелічіть всі типи або види, тільки потім давайте характеристику окремим типам або видам.

5. Намагайтеся сформулювати власну точку зору щодо тієї або іншої проблеми. Ваша точка зору може співпадати або не співпадати з точкою зору лектора або автора прочитаної наукової праці. Головне, щоб ви прагнули до самостійного мислення і вміли аргументувати своє бачення проблеми.

6. Виконайте практичні завдання за планом заняття. Перед виконанням завдання уважно прочитайте інструкцію до цього завдання. Якщо ви не впевнені у своїй відповіді, перегляньте текст відповідної лекції та розділ посібника з рекомендованого для занять переліку, уважно перечитайте приклади. Якщо необхідно зверніться до словника.

CONTENT MODULE 1
LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT
IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC STUDIES

THEMATIC BLOCK 1
LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT
AS A DISCIPLINE, ITS MAIN NOTIONS

SEMINAR 1
TEXT AS AN OBJECT OF LINGUISTIC
AND LITERARY ANALYSIS

Objectives:

- 1. To raise students' awareness of text as an object of linguistic and literary analysis.*
- 2. To discuss the problem of classifying texts in linguistics and literary criticism.*
- 3. To reveal linguistic and literary analysis as a key to the understanding of the text.*
- 4. To discuss the problem of fiction and non-fiction texts and their peculiarities.*
- 5. To clarify the existing approaches to the linguistic and literary text analysis.*
- 6. To raise students' awareness of methods and techniques of linguistic and literary text analysis.*

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. Give the definition of the notion "text" that seems to you at the moment the most acceptable for understanding the text. Formulate and suggest your own definition of the notion "text". What do you know about the problem of defining the notion "text" in modern text studies?
2. Enumerate the main approaches to the classification of texts. T. Yeschenko suggest a detailed and multifold classification of text types. Give an outline of the existing text types. Create the Mind Map to make the visual presentation of the linguistic classifications of texts and use it to discuss existing text types with your fellow students and lecturer.
3. Dwell upon linguistic and literary analysis as a key to the understanding of the text. Is there any difference between (a) linguistic and literary analysis, (b) linguistic and linguostylistic analysis, (c) linguistic analysis and text interpretation?
4. Dwell upon fiction and non-fiction texts and their peculiarities. Is there a difference between a literary text and any other type of text? What are specific features of literary texts (according to L. Novikov)?
5. Comment on the existing approaches to the linguistic and literary text analysis. Dwell upon linguistic and literary analysis of the text as a realization of the integration of linguistic and literary approaches to text analysis.
6. What do you know about partial and complete analysis of the text? Enumerate kinds of partial linguistic analysis of the text according to T. Yeschenko. Which of them do you suppose to be useful for you as a teacher of English language and literature? Why? Give 2 examples of implementation of partial linguistic analysis on the text/text extract of your choice.
7. What is the difference between the notions "method" and "technique" in the linguistic and literary analysis of the text? What methods of linguistic and literary text analysis do you know? Describe them in brief. Give examples of their implementation. Which of them do you suppose to be basic?
8. What techniques of linguistic and literary analysis of texts do you know? Describe them in brief. Which of them do you suppose to be useful for you as a teacher of English language and literature?

9. Study 3 samples of text analysis (a) analysis of the text “The End of Something” by E. Hemingway in the book K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva “Practice in text analysis” (pp. 28-38), (b) analysis of the text “The Last Tea” by D. Parker in the manual by T. Yeremenko & S. Bodnar “Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту” (pp. 52-63), (c) analysis of the text “Бабино літо” by Є. Гуцало in the book T. Yeschenko “Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту” (pp. 238-244). Comment on these samples of text analysis. They all are suggested as “text analysis”. Do the scholars use the same approach to text analysis? Find (a) common and (b) original steps used to analyse these texts.

RECOMMENDED LITERATURE

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SEMINAR 2

LINGUISTIC MEANS OF TEXT MEANING ACTUALISATION

Objectives:

1. To raise students' awareness of the levels of text analysis.
2. To single out factors that determine selection and organization of linguistic means in the text.
3. To summarize the students' knowledge of the imagery of a literary text and means of its creation, the role of key words in the text.
4. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic phenomenon, its linguistic peculiarities, text imagery; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of text analysis; to make partial analysis of a text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. What language levels are suggested for text analysis by native and foreign scientists? Comment on every level.
2. Comment on factors that determine selection and organization of linguistic means in the text (objective and subjective), imagery of a fiction text and means of its creation.

3. Dwell upon expressive means and stylistic devices in the texts and their aesthetic potential. Is it possible to build a literary text without special expressive means? Do you know such texts?
4. Comment on the role of key words in the text.

Do the following tasks:

Task 1. Read the extracts below. Analyse the linguistic peculiarities of the texts/text extracts. Mind the following hints:

- ✓ *phono-graphical level: phonetic means (repetition of sounds which gives a vivid description of some phenomenon, rhythmic harmony, onomatopoeia) and phono-graphical means (graphon, print, etc.), punctuation;*
- ✓ *morphemic level (morphemic repetition, morphological occasionalisms which can compactly and vivaciously present the author's individual idea of a notion);*
- ✓ *lexical level: lexical means (bookish or colloquial words, obsolete words, terms, abusive words, vulgarisms, jargon words, dialectical words, barbarisms and foreignisms, euphemisms, jocular words, affectionate words, phraseologisms, synonyms and antonyms, lexical stylistic devices (metaphor and its variants (personification, zoosemy), metonymy, epithet, oxymoron, hyperbole and understatement, zeugma and pun, irony, simile, antonomasia, periphrasis), stylistic use of phraseologisms;*
- ✓ *morphological level (parts of speech and peculiarities of their functioning, typical grammatical constructions used);*
- ✓ *syntactical level (what clauses prevail – subordinate or independent ones; sentence length; typical parenthetical sentences; syntactical constructions used (homogeneous members, etc.); syntactical stylistic devices (inversion, detachment, suspense, enumeration, syntactical repetition and parallel constructions, climax and anticlimax, antithesis, polysyndeton and asyndeton, rhetorical question, ellipsis, aposiopesis, questions-in-the-narrative, litotes)).*

Explain the purpose of linguistic means usage.

What are individual author's linguistic means used in the extract? What is their role in rendering the author's message?

1.1.

He always thought of the sea as *la mar* which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman. Some of the younger fishermen, those who used buoys as floats for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as *el mar* which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought. (from *The Old Man and the Sea* by E. M. Hemingway)

1.2.

Against the northern horizon had suddenly become upreared a number of ink-coloured columns – half a score of them – unlike anything ever seen before. They were not of regular columnar form, nor fixed in any way; but constantly changing size, shape, and place – now steadfast for a time – now gliding over the charred surface like giants upon skates – anon, bending and balancing towards one another in the most fantastic figurings!

It required no great effort of imagination, to fancy the Titans of old, resuscitated on the prairies of Texas, leading a measure after some wild carousal in the company of Bacchus!

In the proximity of phenomena never observed before – unearthly in their aspect – unknown to every individual of the party – it was but natural these should be inspired with alarm.

And such was the fact. A sense of danger pervaded every bosom. All were impressed with a belief: that they were in the presence of some *peril of the prairies*.

A general halt had been made on first observing the strange objects: the negroes on foot, as well as the teamsters, giving utterance to shouts of terror. The animals – mules as well as horses, had come instinctively to a stand – the latter neighing and trembling – the former filling the air with their shrill screams.

These were not the only sounds. From the sable towers could be heard a hoarse swishing noise, that resembled the sough of a waterfall – at intervals breaking into reverberations like the roll of musketry, or the detonations of distant thunder!

These noises were gradually growing louder and more distinct. The danger, whatever it might be, was drawing nearer! (from *The Headless Horseman* by T. Mayne Reid)

1.3.

The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister— conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. The Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone. Night's heart is full of pity for us: she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God. (from *Three Men in a Boat (To Say Nothing of the Dog)* by Jerome K. Jerome)

Task 2. Try to guess the title of a well-known literary work by a set of keywords. Only a few recognizable words are given.

- 2.1. Present, Christmas, money, to sell, watch, hair, combs.
- 2.2. Friends, illness, to die, neighbour, leaf, recovery, death.
- 2.3. Patient, doctor, heart attack, art-student, to draw, painting, exhibition, to buy.
- 2.4. Boy, wizard, orphan, school, friends, adventures, stone.

Task 3. Make 4 sets of keywords from well-known literary works by British/American writers and be ready to ask your fellow-students to guess the text.

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ASSIGNMENTS FOR SELF-STUDY (THEMATIC BLOCK 1)

✚ Read the poem “Ode on Melancholy” by J. Keats. Make a historical-cultural information note (take into consideration extralinguistic information of the text). Find in the poetic text words containing sociocultural information.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shalt taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

✚ Read the poem “The Song of Beren and Luthien” by J. R. R. Tolkien and turn it into a prose narrative (hints for guidance you can find in appendix). Compare the two texts. What constructions peculiar for poetry but not for prose did you substitute? Comment on the use of stylistic devices in two texts. Pay attention to the use of tropes. What stylistic devices are used as poetic ornament?

The leaves were long, the grass was green,
The hemlock-umbels tall and fair,
And in the glade a light was seen
Of stars in shadow shimmering.
Tinúviel was dancing there
To music of a pipe unseen,
And light of stars was in her hair,

And in her raiment glimmering.

There Beren came from mountains cold,
And lost he wandered under leaves,
And where the Elven-river rolled
He walked alone and sorrowing.
He peered between the hemlock-leaves
And saw in wander flowers of gold
Upon her mantle and her sleeves,
And her hair like shadow following.

Enchantment healed his weary feet
That over hills were doomed to roam;
And forth he hastened, strong and fleet,
And grasped at moonbeams glistening.
Through woven woods in Elvenhome
She tightly fled on dancing feet,
And left him lonely still to roam
In the silent forest listening.
He heard there oft the flying sound
Of feet as light as linden-leaves,
Or music welling underground,
In hidden hollows quavering.

Now withered lay the hemlock-sheaves,
And one by one with sighing sound
Whispering fell the beechen leaves
In the wintry woodland wavering.

He sought her ever, wandering far
Where leaves of years were thickly strewn,
By light of moon and ray of star
In frosty heavens shivering.
Her mantle glinted in the moon,
As on a hill-top high and far
She danced, and at her feet was strewn
A mist of silver quivering.

When winter passed, she came again,
And her song released the sudden spring,
Like rising lark, and falling rain,
And melting water bubbling.
He saw the elven-flowers spring
About her feet, and healed again
He longed by her to dance and sing
Upon the grass untroubling.

Again she fled, but swift he came.
Tinúviel! Tinúviel!
He called her by her elvish name;
And there she halted listening.
One moment stood she, and a spell
His voice laid on her: Beren came,
And doom fell on Tinúviel
That in his arms lay glistening.

As Beren looked into her eyes
Within the shadows of her hair,
The trembling starlight of the skies
He saw there mirrored shimmering.
Tinúviel the elven-fair,
Immortal maiden elven-wise,
About him cast her shadowy hair
And arms like silver glimmering.

Long was the way that fate them bore,
O'er stony mountains cold and grey,
Through halls of iron and darkling door,
And woods of nightshade morrowless.
The Sundering Seas between them lay,
And yet at last they met once more,
And long ago they passed away
In the forest singing sorrowless.



THEMATIC BLOCK 2
BASIC TEXT CATEGORIES AND THEIR ANALYSIS

SEMINAR 3
BASIC TEXT CATEGORIES
IN MODERN LINGUISTIC STUDIES

Objectives:

1. To discuss the problem of text categories in modern linguistics.
2. To reveal the content of the category of text division.
3. To discuss the content of the category of coherence.
4. To reveal the category of continuum and its subcategories (prospection and retrospection).
5. To clarify the meaning and function of modality of the text.
6. To discuss the category of informativity.
7. To discuss intertextuality as one of text categories.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer in all-group and small-group formats:

1. Comment on the problem of text categories in modern linguistics (native and foreign): different approaches. As a basis for your answer make a comparative table of (a) text categories in works of native linguists and (b) text categories in works of foreign linguists.

Linguist	Work	The list of text categories
.....		
.....		
Conclusion (common and individual)		

2. Dwell upon the category of text division in modern linguistics.
3. Comment on the category of coherence: formal coherence (cohesion) and substantive (global) coherence of the text. Dwell on the means of cohesion.
4. Expand on the category of continuum. Comment on the notion “chronotop”. Is there connection between these notions? Study classifications of the types of text space suggested by scientists (see your list of recommended literature), state the advantages and disadvantages of these classifications and be ready to discuss your conclusions with your fellow students.
5. Dwell upon prospection and retrospection as the subcategories of the category of continuum. Give your own examples of their realization in authentic English texts you read.
6. Dwell upon the meaning and function of modality of the text. Name linguistic markers of text modality. What are the most agreed-upon types of text modality? Name and comment them.
7. Reveal the informativity as a text category. What types of information of the text do you know?
8. Dwell upon intertextuality as a global text category. What are the linguistic markers of intertextuality? Comment on types of intertextuality.
9. Describe the features of each category studied considering peculiarities of their realisation in the texts of different functional styles (pay special attention to the linguistic markers) and present your outcomes with the help of the following table.

Functional style	Text category					
	text division	continuum		modality	informativity	intertextuality
		text time	text space			
Belles-lettres						
Scientific						
Newspaper and Publicist						

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SEMINAR 4 FUNCTIONAL MANIFESTATIONS OF TEXT CATEGORIES AND THEIR ANALYSIS

Objectives:

1. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic phenomenon using appropriate terms, text categories (the category of text division, the category of coherence, the category of continuum, the category of modality, the category of informativity, the category of intertextuality), their characteristics; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic analysis of a text; to make partial analysis of a text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Do the following task:

Task. Read the short story “Eleonora” by E. A. Poe and provide it with the detailed analysis of the text categories. Mind the following hints:

- ✓ provide the text with the analysis of the category of text division
- ✓ explain how the category of coherence (cohesion and global coherence) is realized in the text; pay attention to the means of cohesion (referential cohesion, substitution, elliptical cohesion, conjunctive cohesion, lexical cohesion, cohesion through parallelism)
- ✓ comment on the category of continuum (time and space), mind if the text is narrated (chronologically/non-chronologically, through flashbacks/flash forwarding, in reverse); pay attention to standard and non-standard means of representation of time; comment on the use of spatial markers and their role in the text
- ✓ provide the text with the analysis of the category of text modality
- ✓ comment on the category of intertextuality; pay attention to the linguistic markers of intertextuality in the text; dwell upon the intertextual characteristics of the epigraph
- ✓ identify types of information in the given text

ELEONORA by E. A. Poe

Sub conservatione formae specificae salva anima.
Raymond Lully.

I AM come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion.

Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence—whether much that is glorious—whether all that is profound—does not spring from disease of thought—from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awakening, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however, rudderless or compassless into the vast ocean of the “light ineffable,” and again, like the adventures of the Nubian geographer, “*agressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi.*”

We will say, then, that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence—the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life—and a condition of shadow and doubt, appertaining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being.

Therefore, what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due, or doubt it altogether, or, if doubt it ye cannot, then play unto its riddle the Oedipus.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. no unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. no path was trodden in its vicinity; and, to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back, with force, the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley—I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora; and, winding stealthily

about in mazy courses, it passed away, at length, through a shadowy gorge, among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the "River of Silence"; for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. no murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along, that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old station, shining on gloriously forever.

The margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided through devious ways into its channel, as well as the spaces that extended from the margins away down into the depths of the streams until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom,—these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girdled it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so besprinkled throughout with the yellow buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts in loud tones, of the love and of the glory of God.

And, here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees, whose tall slender stems stood not upright, but slanted gracefully toward the light that peered at noon-day into the centre of the valley. Their mark was speckled with the vivid alternate splendor of ebony and silver, and was smoother than all save the cheeks of Eleonora; so that, but for the brilliant green of the huge leaves that spread from their summits in long, tremulous lines, dallying with the Zephyrs, one might have fancied them giant serpents of Syria doing homage to their sovereign the Sun.

Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen years, roamed I with Eleonora before Love entered within our hearts. It was one evening at the close of the third lustrum of her life, and of the fourth of my own, that we sat, locked in each other's embrace, beneath the serpent-like trees, and looked down within the water of the River of Silence at our images therein. We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day, and our words even upon the morrow were tremulous and few. We had drawn the God Eros from that wave, and now we felt that he had enkindled within us the fiery souls of our forefathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race, came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. A change fell upon all things. Strange, brilliant flowers, star-shaped, burn out upon the trees where no flowers had been known before. The tints of the green carpet deepened; and when, one by one, the white daisies shrank away, there sprang up in place of them, ten by ten of the ruby-red asphodel. And life arose in our paths; for the tall flamingo, hitherto unseen, with all gay glowing birds, flaunted his scarlet plumage before us. The golden and silver fish haunted the river, out of the bosom of which issued, little by little, a murmur that swelled, at length, into a lulling melody more divine than that of the harp of Aeolus—sweeter than all save the voice of Eleonora. And now, too, a voluminous cloud, which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper, floated out thence, all gorgeous in crimson and gold, and settling in peace above us, sank, day by day, lower and lower, until its edges rested upon the tops of the mountains, turning all their dimness into magnificence, and shutting us up, as if forever, within a magic prison-house of grandeur and of glory.

The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the Seraphim; but she was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. no guile disguised the fervor of love which animated her heart, and she examined with me its inmost recesses as we walked together in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, and discoursed of the mighty changes which had lately taken place therein.

At length, having spoken one day, in tears, of the last sad change which must befall Humanity, she thenceforward dwelt only upon this one sorrowful theme, interweaving it into all our converse, as, in the songs of the bard of Schiraz, the same images are found occurring, again and again, in every impressive variation of phrase.

She had seen that the finger of Death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemeron, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die; but the terrors of the grave to her lay solely in a consideration which she revealed to me, one evening at twilight, by the banks of the River of Silence. She grieved to think that, having entombed her in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, I

would quit forever its happy recesses, transferring the love which now was so passionately her own to some maiden of the outer and everyday world.

And, then and there, I threw myself hurriedly at the feet of Eleonora, and offered up a vow, to herself and to Heaven, that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of Earth—that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory, or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the Mighty Ruler of the Universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of Him and of her, a saint in Helusion should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here. And the bright eyes of Eleonora grew brighter at my words; and she sighed as if a deadly burthen had been taken from her breast; and she trembled and very bitterly wept; but she made acceptance of the vow, (for what was she but a child?) and it made easy to her the bed of her death. And she said to me, not many days afterward, tranquilly dying, that, because of what I had done for the comfort of her spirit she would watch over me in that spirit when departed, and, if so it were permitted her return to me visibly in the watches of the night; but, if this thing were, indeed, beyond the power of the souls in Paradise, that she would, at least, give me frequent indications of her presence, sighing upon me in the evening winds, or filling the air which I breathed with perfume from the censers of the angels. And, with these words upon her lips, she yielded up her innocent life, putting an end to the first epoch of my own.

Thus far I have faithfully said. But as I pass the barrier in Times path, formed by the death of my beloved, and proceed with the second era of my existence, I feel that a shadow gathers over my brain, and I mistrust the perfect sanity of the record. But let me on.—Years dragged themselves along heavily, and still I dwelled within the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass; but a second change had come upon all things. The star-shaped flowers shrank into the stems of the trees, and appeared no more. The tints of the green carpet faded; and, one by one, the ruby-red asphodels withered away; and there sprang up, in place of them, ten by ten, dark, eye-like violets, that writhed uneasily and were ever encumbered with dew. And Life departed from our paths; for the tall flamingo flaunted no longer his scarlet plumage before us, but flew sadly from the vale into the hills, with all the gay glowing birds that had arrived in his company. And the golden and silver fish swam down through the gorge at the lower end of our domain and bedecked the sweet river never again. And the lulling melody that had been softer than the wind-harp of Aeolus, and more divine than all save the voice of Eleonora, it died little by little away, in murmurs growing lower and lower, until the stream returned, at length, utterly, into the solemnity of its original silence. And then, lastly, the voluminous cloud uprose, and, abandoning the tops of the mountains to the dimness of old, fell back into the regions of Hesper, and took away all its manifold golden and gorgeous glories from the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.

Yet the promises of Eleonora were not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels; and streams of a holy perfume floated ever and ever about the valley; and at lone hours, when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs; and indistinct murmurs filled often the night air, and once—oh, but once only! I was awakened from a slumber, like the slumber of death, by the pressing of spiritual lips upon my own.

But the void within my heart refused, even thus, to be filled. I longed for the love which had before filled it to overflowing. At length the valley pained me through its memories of Eleonora, and I left it for ever for the vanities and the turbulent triumphs of the world.

I found myself within a strange city, where all things might have served to blot from recollection the sweet dreams I had dreamed so long in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. The pomps and pageantries of a stately court, and the mad clangor of arms, and the radiant loveliness of women, bewildered and intoxicated my brain. But as yet my soul had proved true to its vows, and the indications of the presence of Eleonora were still given me in the silent hours of the night. Suddenly these manifestations they ceased, and the world grew dark before mine eyes, and I stood aghast at the burning thoughts which possessed, at the terrible temptations which beset me; for there came from some far, far distant and unknown land, into the gay court of the king I served, a maiden to whose beauty my whole recreant heart yielded at once—at whose footstool I bowed down without a

struggle, in the most ardent, in the most abject worship of love. What, indeed, was my passion for the young girl of the valley in comparison with the fervor, and the delirium, and the spirit-lifting ecstasy of adoration with which I poured out my whole soul in tears at the feet of the ethereal Ermengarde?—Oh, bright was the seraph Ermengarde! and in that knowledge I had room for none other.—Oh, divine was the angel Ermengarde! and as I looked down into the depths of her memorial eyes, I thought only of them—and of her.

I wedded;—nor dreaded the curse I had invoked; and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And once—but once again in the silence of the night; there came through my lattice the soft sighs which had forsaken me; and they modelled themselves into familiar and sweet voice, saying:

“Sleep in peace!—for the Spirit of Love reigneth and ruleth, and, in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved, for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven, of thy vows unto Eleonora.”

RECOMMENDED LITERATURE

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8. Кочан І. М. Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту : навч. посіб. Київ : Знання, 2008. 423 с.
9. Єременко Т. Є., Боднар С. В. Методичні вказівки до курсу «Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту». Одеса : ПДПУ ім. К. Д. Ушинського, 2001. 84 с.
10. Семушина Е. Ю. Linguistic analysis of text : учебн.-метод. пособ. для студ. 3 к. отд. ром.-герман. филол. Казань : Казан. гос. ун-т, 2007. 28 с.

ASSIGNMENTS FOR SELF-STUDY (THEMATIC BLOCK 2)

✚ *Comment on the linguistic status of the title. Dwell upon the title as a means of foregrounding. Comment on the title classification suggested by T. Yeschenko. Do you suppose it complete? If no, amplify it. Explain the role of the title as a means of foregrounding in the short stories “Cupid’s Arrows” by R. Kipling, “Moon-face” by J. London, “One Timeless Spring” by R. Bradbury, “Cat in the Rain” by E. Hemingway (texts are given in appendix).*

✚ *Read a scientific essay “First person pronouns and the passive voice in scientific writing” by Prof. D. H. Foster (University of Manchester) and provide it with the detailed analysis of the text categories.*

Imagine you are explaining your research to a friend. You might say “I tested this factor” or “We examined that effect”. But when you later prepare a written version for a scientific journal, you would probably eliminate the “I” and “we” in favour of the passive voice, which, unfortunately, can sometimes present a challenge. Here is an example from a chemistry journal, but the discipline is immaterial:

The influence of residual chloride ions on the catalytic activity, the kinetic aspects of the oxidation of methane over these catalysts, the nature of the active sites, the influence of metal

particle size and reaction products on the activity, the observed changes in catalytic activity with reaction time and the effect of sulphur containing compounds are examined. (Appl. Catal., B, 2002; 39: 1)

The 55 words before the verb “are examined” at the end require the reader to maintain an exceptional commitment to the content, and many would fail. Although this example is extreme, unwieldy passive constructions are common in scientific research articles and not peculiar either to native or to non-native English speakers. Yet top-heavy sentences—those with a very long subject and a short predicate—are unnatural in English outside scientific writing. Normal practice, according to the principle of end-weight, is to put the complex material, the detail, towards the end of the sentence, not at the beginning.

Why, then, do authors avoid “I” and “we” and routinely embrace the passive voice? After all, there is firm advice to the contrary. Authoritative style guides such as Day and Sakaduski’s *Scientific English* and Montgomery’s *The Chicago Guide to Communicating Science* argue that introducing the first person removes uncertainty about the agent of the action; it reminds the reader of a human presence, the person with whom the knowledge should be associated; and, practically, it avoids having to manage complicated passive sentences. The journal *Nature* is explicit, insisting that short reports should contain a one-sentence statement starting “Here we show” or an equivalent phrase. And, not to be discounted, using the first person in a string of statements “I compared”, “I tested”, “we found” does make writing easier, even automatic.

we /wiː, unstressed wɪ/ pers. pron., 1 pl. subjective (nom.), & n. [OE *wē, we*, corresp. to OFris. *wī, wi*, OS *wī, wē*, OHG *wir* (Du. *wij*, G *wir*), ON *vér, vær*, Goth. *weis*, f. Gmc.] A pron. 1 Used by the speaker or writer referring to himself or herself and one or more other people considered together as the subject of predication or in attributive or predicative agreement with that subject. OE. b With a preceding vb in imper., in

Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, 2007.

Oxford University Press.

One compelling reason for eschewing “I” and “we” is to preserve objectivity, or at least its appearance, as is customary in other areas of writing. Thus, in the influential guide *On Writing Well*, the journalist and teacher William Zinsser points out that newspapers do not want “I” in their news stories, and magazines do not want it in their articles. Readers expect to read the news and be informed objectively—an aspiration that surely extends to readers of research journals. Intrusion of the first person is a distraction from the content and can distort the message. Consider the following example, which, initially, does not contain the first person:

A random effects meta-regression showed that [the] proportion of women in the sample was not significantly related to gender difference effect size. (Psychol. Bull. 2014; 140: 165)

Apart from the technical language, the content is clear enough. Now introduce the first person by adding “We”, thus:

We showed in a random effects meta-regression that the proportion of women in the sample was not significantly related to gender difference effect size.

Although the content is preserved, the focus of the sentence shifts from what is important to the reader, the random effects meta-regression, to what is unimportant, the role of the authors. Simultaneously the sentence becomes wordier.

In his essay *How to Write Mathematics*, the great expositor and mathematician Paul Halmos described the use of “I” as sometimes having “a repellent effect, as arrogance or ex-cathedra preaching”. When it appears in the present rather than past tense, the preachiness of the first person becomes more pointed still, as in this example:

I derive and compare two new estimators that help correct this small-sample bias. (Ecology 2015; 96: 2056).

The emphasis is on the author's action: "I derive and compare". Yet it is unnecessary. In the following rephrasing, the emphasis is on what is important, the new estimators:

Two new estimators are derived and compared that help correct this small-sample bias.

As a device, declarations of the form "I show", "I derive", "I compare" do make easy writing, though their repeated use can transform an exposition into a testimonial, not softened by using the plural "we show", "we derive", "we compare" instead. When "we" refers to the sole author of an article, the testimonial becomes a regal pronouncement.

Of course, there are circumstances where the first person is entirely appropriate, for example, in articles comprising reminiscences ("I first met"), in position statements ("We believe"), and in reviews reflecting a personal view ("I interpret"). In all of these uses, the author is central to the account. The use of "we" is also apposite in referring to the research community ("How can we explain?") and to humankind ("How do we perceive?"). It is also deployed to effect in mathematical and related expositions, where it does not mean the authors alone but the authors and reader in joint activity to develop the argument ("If we substitute x for y , we see"). Other special uses of "we" are enumerated by Quirk and his colleagues in *A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language*.

What of the rationale that the first person avoids top-heavy passive constructions? The example at the beginning of this article can indeed be rescued by introducing "We" and moving the verb from the end to the beginning, thus:

We examine the influence of residual chloride ions on the catalytic activity, the kinetic aspects of the oxidation of methane over these catalysts, the nature of the active sites, the influence of metal particle size and reaction products on the activity, the observed changes in catalytic activity with reaction time and the effect of sulphur containing compounds.

But, as elsewhere, the cost is the shift in focus. Since the material in the sentence is essentially a list, that fact can be exploited in a rephrasing that avoids "We" and better prepares the reader for what comes next:

Several effects were examined: the influence of residual chloride ions on the catalytic activity, the kinetic aspects of the oxidation of methane over these catalysts, the nature of the active sites, the influence of metal particle size and reaction products on the activity, the observed changes in catalytic activity with reaction time, and the effect of sulphur containing compounds.

The moral of all this is that explaining your research to a friend is not the same as reporting it in a scientific journal. Your friend is interested in you, whereas the reader is interested in what you have found, in other words, the "news". The two audiences for your account are different, and so is the need for "I" and "we". Eliminating the first person from a written report does not, though, require top-heavy passive constructions, just rephrasing that goes beyond the merely automatic. (from <https://blog.oup.com/2018/01/first-person-pronouns-passive-voice-scientific-writing/>)



CONTENT MODULE 2
ANALYSIS OF FICTION AND NON-FICTION TEXTS

THEMATIC BLOCK 3
ANALYSIS OF SCIENTIFIC, NEWSPAPER AND PUBLICIST TEXTS

SEMINAR 5
SCIENTIFIC TEXTS AND THEIR ANALYSIS

Objectives:

1. To raise students' awareness of scientific texts, their genres and types, linguistic and structural peculiarities.
2. To clarify the role of title in a scientific text.
3. To discuss algorithms of linguistic analysis of a scientific text.
4. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic analysis of a scientific text; to vary the methods and techniques of text analysis depending on its style; to make complete linguistic analysis of a scientific text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. Comment on the notion "scientific text". What are the existing genres of scientific texts in scientific communication? Name the types of scientific texts.
2. What levels of understanding of a scientific text do you know? Name main functions of scientific texts.
3. Comment on main linguistic peculiarities of scientific texts (lexical, morphological and syntactical) and their compositional organization (scientific article, monograph). Explain if such linguistic and structural peculiarities depend on substyle/genre/type of the text. What do you know about structural-content organization of the humanitarian texts in English?
4. Comment on the model of a scientific text according to I. Kochan.
5. Analyse the books on linguistic analysis from your list of recommended literature (I. Kochan, V. Chernyavskaya, T. Yeschenko, K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva and others). Comment on common steps recommended to analyse a scientific text as well as divergent. Which scheme do you suppose the appropriate for linguistic analysis? Why? Name main steps of scientific texts linguistic analysis.

Do the following task:

Task 1. Find 5 examples of the titles of scientific texts (choose humanitarian scientific texts in Language and Literature and/or Teaching Foreign Languages). On the basis of these examples comment on the title in a scientific text and its function.

Task 2. Read the scientific review report on the PHD thesis of M. Masoodi "Metacognitive Awareness in University Studies: The Comparative Study of Lithuanian and Iranian Cases" by Dr. Mónica Lourenço (University of Aveiro, Portugal) from Socialinis Darbas Social Work 2020 18(2), pp. 94-96. Provide it with a complete linguistic analysis (use the scheme offered by I. Kochan). On the basis of your analysis results make a conclusion about linguistic and structural-content peculiarities of scientific review reports, their functions.

The Thesis, titled "Metacognitive Awareness in University Studies: The Comparative Study of Lithuanian and Iranian Cases", comprises 145 pages, an Appendix with 14 pages, a summary of the

Thesis in English, followed by a section detailing dissemination of research findings in academic journals and conferences, and a Curriculum Vitae, which cover altogether 39 pages, and a similar section in Lithuanian, covering also 39 pages. The Thesis ends with an abstract written in both English and Lithuanian. This structure is coherent and flows logically from chapter to chapter.

The main body of the Thesis consists of an introduction, four chapters and a conclusion.

In the introduction, the relevance, significance and originality of the research are highlighted and discussed in a satisfactory manner; the scientific problem, the aims and objectives framing the study are presented clearly, as well as the methodology employed. The introduction also underlines some limitations of the study. The candidate recognizes that the characteristics of the sample make it difficult for results to be generalized, and acknowledges the restrictions associated with the use of self-report questionnaires. Good suggestions are also made as to how the research could serve as the basis for further investigations. This is an exercise of intellectual honesty which is highly commended and, from my perspective, should be a prerequisite of any PhD candidate.

In Chapter 1, the research undertaken is contextualized clearly. The literature review is comprehensive and focuses on the definition and discussion of the main concept that underlies this Thesis (i.e., metacognitive awareness), as well as on a thorough analysis of the main research studies previously conducted in the Lithuanian and Iranian university contexts. Both seminal work and recent research are used to support the candidates' statements in an authoritative, critical and well-informed manner. A minor shortcoming is the attention that is given to the concept of "(learners'/students') attitudes", which is at the heart of the study's research objectives, but could have been discussed in greater depth in this Chapter.

In Chapter 2, the methodology used is described in detail. The use of a mixed methods approach, namely of a concurrent triangulation research design, is adequately justified and is relevant to the research questions and the theme of the thesis. The instruments and procedures for data collection and analysis are also appropriate and presented in an exhaustive manner.

Chapter 3 explores the findings of the study. These are presented clearly and accurately resorting to tables and figures that provide sufficient visual support. Interpretation is sound and derives logically from the data.

Chapter 4 discusses the most significant findings and results in relation to the systematic literature review offered in Chapter 1. The discussion is presented in a critical and scholarly manner and similar and dissonant findings are appropriately debated. Recommendations for teachers, learners and material developers are given and avenues for future research are presented, revealing the candidate's maturity. Finally, the conclusions summarize the main findings under four points.

Formal Layout and Literary Presentation

The Thesis is written in a form suitable to the discipline. The format and literary presentation of the thesis are satisfactory. Tables and figures are properly labelled and clear. References are up-to-date and in the correct format. The writing of the document is, in a general manner, clear, although I would refrain from using very long statements. There are also some minor spelling and syntax mistakes that require correction.

Novelty and Originality

The study that is reported in this Thesis aims to compare both university students' and university lecturers' attitudes towards metacognitive awareness, drawing on questionnaires that were applied to Lithuanian and Iranian cases. Despite the fact that research on metacognitive awareness and metacognition is not a new topic, with studies dating back to the 1970s, more investigation is still required in order to understand the nature, components and implications of this complex construct, and to pinpoint strategies for its successful development. This study addresses these calls by providing a very comprehensive analysis of students' and lecturers' attitudes, reported knowledge about and use of metacognitive awareness, which, to my knowledge, has not been carried out before, particularly using a comparative approach.

Another original feature of the Thesis is its focus on the lecturers. So far, research on metacognitive awareness has concentrated mostly on assessing or fostering students' metacognitive

awareness. In this Thesis the candidate not only assesses students' level of metacognitive awareness, but also analyses lecturers' attitudes towards the concept of metacognitive awareness, the perceived level of their students' metacognitive awareness, and their pedagogical knowledge of this construct. This certainly adds to the uniqueness of this research.

Finally, the use of a mixed-methods design, particularly in the field of Education Sciences, is also innovative and paves the ground for future investigation, allowing for a broader in-depth analysis of this phenomenon.

Reliability and Validity

The investigation is carried out with a high degree of rigour, in accordance with the current standards of good practice for research in this field. The study relies on a large sample that includes a total of 755 students and 20 lecturers from both countries, who were checked for their comparability. Instruments for data collection were either validated in previous studies or checked for their validity and reliability in the piloting phase of the study. Appropriate inferential statistics was used for quantitative data analysis. For qualitative data, deductive or inductive content analysis was carried out, and inter-rater reliability was calculated for formulating and agreeing on the themes for analysis.

Scientific and Practical Significance

Knowing about our own cognitive processes and understanding how to regulate those processes to maximize learning is indisputably an important field in educational research. As highlighted in a plethora of articles, metacognitive aware students can solve problems more efficiently, are more self-confident and motivated, and have better academic achievement. This study adds to these findings by contributing to new knowledge on the dimensions of metacognitive awareness (knowledge of cognition and regulation of cognition), and their subcomponents, and on how these are developed and valued by university students and lecturers.

This is a first step into metacognitive instruction. As the candidate refers "it is fundamental that before starting metacognitive awareness instruction in any setting, the nature of students' metacognitive awareness is explored through identifying both lecturers' and students' attitudes" (p. 17). The findings of this study can, therefore, pave the way for designing courses for students and teacher education programs that address gaps and shortcoming in metacognitive awareness in the settings under analysis.

Recommendation

I consider that the Thesis "Metacognitive Awareness in University Studies: The Comparative Study of Lithuanian and Iranian Cases" constitutes a significant contribution to the knowledge and understanding of the field concerned. Therefore, after successful oral defense I am happy to recommend that the candidate, Marjan Masoodi, be awarded the degree of Doctor of Education without further examination.

RECOMMENDED LITERATURE

1. Горшкова К. О., Колегаєва І. М., Шевченко Н. Г. Practice in text analysis: навч. посіб. Одеса : Укрполиграф, 2005. 172 с.
2. Єщенко Т. А. Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту. Київ : Академія, 2009. 264 с.
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SEMINAR 6 ANALYSIS OF SCIENTIFIC TEXTS

Objectives:

1. To enlarge students' knowledge of scientific texts and their analysis.
2. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic analysis of a scientific text; to vary the methods and techniques of linguistic analysis of the text depending on its style; to make complete linguistic analysis of a scientific text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Be ready to take part in the training workshop.

For this purpose read the scientific article "English Language Teachers' Oral Corrective Preferences and Practices Across Proficiency Groups" from <https://revistas.unal.edu.co/index.php/profile/article/view/82369/75377>. As a result of your work be re ready (a) to make a conclusion about linguistic and structural-content peculiarities of scientific articles, (b) to suggest your own scheme of a scientific text linguistic analysis.

RECOMMENDED LITERATURE

1. Горшкова К. О., Колегаева І. М., Шевченко Н. Г. Practice in text analysis: навч. посіб. Одеса : Укрполиграф, 2005. 172 с.
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SEMINAR 7 NEWSPAPER AND PUBLICIST TEXTS AND THEIR ANALYSIS

Objectives:

1. To enlarge students' knowledge of newspaper and publicist texts, their genres and types, linguistic and structural peculiarities.
2. To discuss algorithms of newspaper and publicist texts linguistic analysis.
3. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic analysis of newspaper and publicist texts; to vary the methods and techniques of linguistic analysis of the text depending on its style; to make complete linguistic analysis of newspaper and publicist texts.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow

students and lecturer:

1. What are the existing genres of newspaper and publicist texts? Describe them in brief. Give examples.
2. Dwell upon structural and linguistic peculiarities of publicist texts depending on their genres.
4. Analyse the books on linguistic analysis from your list of recommended literature (I. Kochan, T. Yeschenko, K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva and others). Name main steps of linguistic analysis of newspaper and publicist texts.

Do the following tasks:

Task 1. Read the article given below and make a complete linguistic analysis (use the scheme offered by I. Kochan). Be ready to discuss your analysis.

‘Megxit’ Is the New Brexit in a Britain Split by Age and Politics

The debate over Harry and Meghan’s push for greater independence from royal life is uncannily like the Brexit debate, with young liberals favoring the couple and older conservatives backing the queen.

By Mark Landler
Jan. 15, 2020

LONDON — It started with the catchword “Megxit,” a tabloid editor’s clever play on Brexit, published in The Sun soon after Prince Harry and his wife, Meghan, announced their plans to leave Britain and live in North America part of the year.

It continued with corny jokes that Buckingham Palace is seeking a “Super Canada-plus” agreement for the Canada-bound couple, an allusion to the sweetheart trade deal Britain would like to strike with the European Union when it leaves the bloc.

And now, as the royal family races to hammer out an agreement with the couple to put the unpleasant affair behind it, commentators are comparing the royal couple’s impending breakup with Britain to Prime Minister Boris Johnson’s election-year promise to “Get Brexit done.”

Stoked by a zealous news media and consumed by a divided, enthralled public, the Harry-and-Meghan saga is playing out uncannily like the long-running debate over Brexit — only a whole lot juicier.

With the storms over Brexit temporarily calmed by Mr. Johnson’s victory, but the underlying economic and social issues far from resolved, the royals have become a convenient proxy, allowing people to argue about race, class, gender and British identity, through the travails of a single star-crossed couple.

“With Brexit, Britain is choosing to leave the European Union,” said Meera Selva, director of the Reuters Journalism Fellowship Program at Oxford University, “and yet with Megxit, there is this outrage that someone is choosing to leave Britain.”

“He’s leaving because he doesn’t like what he sees in Britain,” she added, referring to Harry. “That’s a message the British don’t want to hear right now.”

As the Harry-and-Meghan drama unfolds in breathless headlines and acres of news commentary, it is resurfacing the same questions that animated the Brexit debate. What kind of society do the British want: open or closed, cosmopolitan or nationalist, progressive or traditional?

The debate, as with Brexit, breaks along political and generational fault lines. Young people and liberals, many of whom voted to stay in the European Union, tend to be more sympathetic to the prince and his American wife. Older, more conservative people, a majority of whom voted to leave, tend to be more critical of the couple and defensive of Queen Elizabeth II.

Where Prince Harry and Meghan’s defenders see a multiracial, trans-Atlantic family seeking refuge from a vindictive press and the hidebound traditions of royal life, critics see a self-indulgent pair who want the perks of royalty without its responsibilities, forsaking queen and country for the stardust of Hollywood.

The critics are particularly hard on the Duchess of Sussex, as Meghan is formally known. A divorced former TV actress from a mixed-race background, Meghan Markle met Prince Harry through mutual friends in London in July 2016, a month after Britain voted to leave the European Union. Their romance unfolded against the backdrop of a charged debate over immigration and the country's national identity.

“Meghan Markle represented change because of her racial heritage but also because of her feminism, her activism, and the fact that she is self-made, with strong ideas about her autonomy and identity,” said Afua Hirsch, who teaches journalism at the University of Southern California and is the author of “Brit(ish): On Race, Identity and Belonging.”

“She happened to arrive at a moment when Brexit emboldened people who advocated for a nationalist identity and a return to Britain's imperial past,” Ms. Hirsch continued. “It's no surprise that this triggered a really hostile reaction.”

For many Britons, however, the couple's wedding — with its gospel choir singing “Stand by Me” and Bishop Michael Curry of Chicago quoting the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. in his freewheeling sermon — sent an electrifying message about the potential of an outsider to shake up a centuries-old institution.

But then came the reports that the duchess was miserable in her new life and barely speaking to her in-laws. The couple's relations with the press, which had started out well, quickly turned sour. The papers criticized them for flying on private jets and restricting access to their newborn, Archie.

BuzzFeed News, in a startling exercise, collected 20 examples of how the tabloids covered the duchess more negatively than his brother Prince William's wife, the former Kate Middleton.

The duchess took legal action against one of the papers, *The Mail on Sunday*, for publishing a letter she sent her father, Thomas Markle. She now faces the prospect of a trial in which the paper's publisher has threatened to call her father to testify.

Prince Harry and Meghan

The Sussexes have been preparing for years to sever their relationship with the royal press pack.

Prince Harry and Meghan spoke hopefully of carving out a “progressive new role within this institution.” But in the end, the duchess, who had returned to Canada after their announcement, did not even take part by phone in the family conclave at Sandringham, the queen's country home, to discuss the couple's future.

People with ties to the palace said the queen hoped to come to an agreement within days about how the couple's part-time status will work and how they will be allowed to finance themselves. The goal is for the royals to get back to business as usual.

Critics noted that the palace, like the Johnson government with Brexit, hopes to make a complicated problem go away with a simple piece of paper.

Still, at a time when Britain is casting off from the European Union, the monarchy and other symbols of national identity may exert greater pull than ever. Britons, for example, are busy debating whether the government should pay hundreds of thousands of pounds to ring the bell in Big Ben, which is undergoing renovation, to mark the formal moment that Britain leaves on Jan. 31.

“Once we've left the E.U., Britons will hold even tighter to those things that are uniquely or peculiarly British,” said Jonathan Freedland, a columnist, writing in *The Guardian*. “Some on the left might wish that would mean no more than the N.H.S.,” he said, referring to Britain's National Health Service. “But as this week has shown yet again, for many millions it also means the royal family.”

Among the casualties of this post-Brexit conservatism, Mr. Freedland said, would be the movement to abolish the monarchy. Republicanism never got much traction in Britain, even before Brexit. But it seems even more far-fetched now, after three years of anguished national debate over Britain's future.

Critics noted that the same Conservative Party that engineered Brexit has fanned the yearning for an imperial Britain. Prince Harry and Meghan, however, are speeding the move toward a more streamlined royal family — the kind one finds in more compact European countries like the Netherlands or Belgium.

“We have a royal family that befits the idea of an empire bestriding half the globe,” said Alan Rusbridger, a former editor of The Guardian. “The inability to face up to a more modest royal family gels with our inability to come to terms with Britain’s diminished role in the world.” (from <https://www.nytimes.com/2020/01/15/world/europe/harry-meghan-megxit-brexit.html>)

Task 2. Suggest your own scheme of newspaper and publicist texts linguistic analysis.

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SEMINAR 8

ANALYSIS OF NEWSPAPER AND PUBLICIST TEXTS

Objectives:

1. To enlarge students’ knowledge of newspaper and publicist texts, their genres and linguistic peculiarities.
2. To develop student’s skills to describe the text as a linguistic phenomenon, its stylistic, genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of newspaper and publicist texts linguistic analysis; to vary the methods and techniques of linguistic analysis of the text depending on its style; to make complete linguistic analysis of newspaper and publicist texts.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Do the following tasks:

Task 1. Choose one article in each rubric (Style, Beauty, Sex, Politics, Astrology), use materials of the site <https://www.cosmopolitan.com/>. Dwell upon the role of its headline and comment on its linguistic peculiarities of the articles. Choose one article among your choices and make a complete linguistic analysis (use the scheme offered by K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva). Be ready to discuss your analysis.

Task 2. Provide Theresa May’s first statement as Prime Minister in Downing Street with a complete linguistic analysis. Use the scheme by T. Yeschenko. Be ready to discuss your analysis.

I have just been to Buckingham Palace, where Her Majesty The Queen has asked me to form a new government, and I accepted.

In David Cameron, I follow in the footsteps of a great, modern Prime Minister. Under David’s leadership, the government stabilised the economy, reduced the budget deficit, and helped more people into work than ever before.

But David's true legacy is not about the economy but about social justice. From the introduction of same-sex marriage, to taking people on low wages out of income tax altogether; David Cameron has led a one-nation government, and it is in that spirit that I also plan to lead.

Because not everybody knows this, but the full title of my party is the Conservative and Unionist Party, and that word 'unionist' is very important to me.

It means we believe in the Union: the precious, precious bond between England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. But it means something else that is just as important; it means we believe in a union not just between the nations of the United Kingdom but between all of our citizens, every one of us, whoever we are and wherever we're from.

That means fighting against the burning injustice that, if you're born poor, you will die on average 9 years earlier than others.

If you're black, you're treated more harshly by the criminal justice system than if you're white.

If you're a white, working-class boy, you're less likely than anybody else in Britain to go to university.

If you're at a state school, you're less likely to reach the top professions than if you're educated privately.

If you're a woman, you will earn less than a man. If you suffer from mental health problems, there's not enough help to hand.

If you're young, you'll find it harder than ever before to own your own home.

But the mission to make Britain a country that works for everyone means more than fighting these injustices. If you're from an ordinary working class family, life is much harder than many people in Westminster realise. You have a job but you don't always have job security. You have your own home, but you worry about paying a mortgage. You can just about manage but you worry about the cost of living and getting your kids into a good school.

If you're one of those families, if you're just managing, I want to address you directly.

I know you're working around the clock, I know you're doing your best, and I know that sometimes life can be a struggle. The government I lead will be driven not by the interests of the privileged few, but by yours.

We will do everything we can to give you more control over your lives. When we take the big calls, we'll think not of the powerful, but you. When we pass new laws, we'll listen not to the mighty but to you. When it comes to taxes, we'll prioritise not the wealthy, but you. When it comes to opportunity, we won't entrench the advantages of the fortunate few. We will do everything we can to help anybody, whatever your background, to go as far as your talents will take you.

We are living through an important moment in our country's history. Following the referendum, we face a time of great national change.

And I know because we're Great Britain, that we will rise to the challenge. As we leave the European Union, we will forge a bold new positive role for ourselves in the world, and we will make Britain a country that works not for a privileged few, but for every one of us.

That will be the mission of the government I lead, and together we will build a better Britain.

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ASSIGNMENTS FOR SELF-STUDY (THEMATIC BLOCK 3)

✚ Dwell upon intertextual interaction in the language of science and linguistic means of its actualization. Give your own examples from authentic English texts. On the basis of the article available from <http://enpuir.npu.edu.ua/bitstream/123456789/7061/1/Holyavko.pdf> compare functions of quotation in a scientific text and a literary text (in a form of a table). Provide examples from authentic English texts. Is it possible to consider plagiarism a hidden quotation? Give your reasons.

✚ Writers write for three main purposes: to persuade, inform or entertain. Find newspaper articles – examples of each type of writing. State the author's purpose (persuade/inform/entertain). Describe the clues you used to identify the author's purpose. Give a detailed analysis of language means used by the writers to achieve their purpose.



THEMATIC BLOCK 4
LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY ANALYSIS OF FICTION TEXTS

SEMINAR 9
PLOT AND NARRATIVE STRUCTURE OF PROSE FICTION TEXTS.
SYSTEM OF PERSONAGES AND WAYS OF CHARACTERIZATION
IN PROSE FICTION TEXTS

Objectives:

1. To raise students' awareness of fiction texts structure and develop skills of their analysis.
2. To clarify the nature of various types of narrative in a literary work, various types of the narrative-compositional forms.
3. To raise students' awareness of composition as interrelation between different components of the plot, conflicts that occur throughout the story.
4. To raise the students' awareness of the system of personages in a literary work, to clarify various ways of characterization, kinds of description of characters.
5. To develop student's skills to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of analysis of a prose fiction text; to vary the methods and techniques of text analysis depending on its style; to make partial analysis of a prose fiction text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. Expand on the notion of the narrator's discourse, its types (auctorial narrator's discourse, the omniscient narrator, the limited omniscient narrator's discourse, the 1st person entrusted narrative).
2. Comment on typology of the character's discourse, the personage's idiolect. What do you know about the stream-of-consciousness technique? Dwell upon represented uttered speech and represented inner speech.
3. The notion and typology of narrative-compositional forms: different approaches.
4. Dwell on the plot as the direct surface layer of a prose fiction text. Comment on composition as the specific arrangement of the plot elements and the change of viewpoints.
5. Comment on system of personages in a literary work and ways of character drawing. What do you know about the dramatic method of character drawing?

Do the following task:

Task. Read a short story "Miss Brill" by K. Mansfield. Mind the following hints:

- ✓ *Who narrates the text – the author or the narrator? Characterize its narrator's discourse and character's discourse. What are their specific features? Pay attention to the linguo-stylistic aspect of the personages' speech.*
- ✓ *Characterize its narrative compositional forms. What is their role in revealing the author's message? What are the language means employed? Comment on their linguo-stylistic peculiarities.*
- ✓ *How is the story narrated (chronologically/non-chronologically, through flashbacks/flash forwarding, in reverse)?*
- ✓ *What are the main events of the story? Provide the story with the analysis of its plot structure. Define the sentences that organise plot structure of the text (exposition, complication, climax, denouement). What is the order of these events? Does the order have significance to the purpose? What main conflicts occurred throughout the story?*
- ✓ *Dwell upon the system of personages and the author's ways of characterization in the text. Who is the protagonist? Is there an antagonist in the text? Are there any secondary characters? How do the characters change throughout the story? What caused or provoked*

this change? Does the author resort to direct characterization? Point out instances of direct characterization. Is it ample or sparing? What are the other ways of portraying characters (through their actions and speech, other characters' perception)?

✓ *Sum up your observations.*

MISS BRILL
by K. Mansfield

Although it was so brilliantly fine - the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques - Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting - from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! ... But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind - a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came - when it was absolutely necessary ... Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad - no, not sad, exactly - something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little "flutey" bit - very pretty! - a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything - gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny stammerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down "flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and - Miss Brill had often noticed - there was something

funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even – even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in grey met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him - delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been - everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming – didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? ... But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen some one else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theatre" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week – so as not to be late for the performance – and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress – are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently; "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill – a something, what was it? – not sadness – no, not sadness – a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches – they would come in with a kind of accompaniment – something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful – moving ... And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the

other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought – though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all – who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

"It's her fu-ur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chere--"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet."

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey-cake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present – a surprise – something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But to-day she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room – her room like a cupboard – and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

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SEMINAR 10 ANALYSIS OF PROSE FICTION TEXTS

Objectives:

1. To raise students' awareness of the linguistic and literary analysis of a prose fiction text.

2. To discuss algorithms of complete linguistic and literary analysis of prose fiction texts.
3. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic and literary phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of analysis of a prose fiction text; to vary the methods and techniques of text analysis depending on its style; to make complete analysis of a prose fiction text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. Analyse the books on linguistic and literary analysis from your list of recommended literature, give detailed description of each scheme suggested by the scientists (Yu. Areshenkov, K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva, N. Nikolina, L. Scorina, T. Yeschenko and others), comment on their common features as well as divergent features. Which scheme do you suppose the appropriate for analysis of a literary text? Why?

Be ready to take part in the training workshop.

For this purpose, read the text "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen" by O. Henry and be ready to work with the text working in the format of the training workshop.

TWO THANKSGIVING DAY GENTLEMEN *by O. Henry*

There is one day that is ours. There is one day when all we Americans who are not self-made go back to the old home to eat saleratus biscuits and marvel how much nearer to the porch the old pump looks than it used to. Bless the day. President Roosevelt gives it to us. We hear some talk of the Puritans, but don't just remember who they were. Bet we can lick 'em, anyhow, if they try to land again. Plymouth Rocks? Well, that sounds more familiar. Lots of us have had to come down to hens since the Turkey Trust got its work in. But somebody in Washington is leaking out advance information to 'em about these Thanksgiving proclamations.

The big city east of the cranberry bogs has made Thanksgiving Day an institution. The last Thursday in November is the only day in the year on which it recognizes the part of America lying across the ferries. It is the one day that is purely American. Yes, a day of celebration, exclusively American.

And now for the story which is to prove to you that we have traditions on this side of the ocean that are becoming older at a much rapider rate than those of England are--thanks to our git-up and enterprise.

Stuffy Pete took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain. Every Thanksgiving Day for nine years he had taken his seat there promptly at 1 o'clock. For every time he had done so things had happened to him--Charles Dickensy things that swelled his waistcoat above his heart, and equally on the other side.

But to-day Stuffy Pete's appearance at the annual trysting place seemed to have been rather the result of habit than of the yearly hunger which, as the philanthropists seem to think, afflicts the poor at such extended intervals.

Certainly Pete was not hungry. He had just come from a feast that had left him of his powers barely those of respiration and locomotion. His eyes were like two pale gooseberries firmly imbedded in a swollen and gravy-smear'd mask of putty. His breath came in short wheezes; a senatorial roll of adipose tissue denied a fashionable set to his upturned coat collar. Buttons that had been sewed upon his clothes by kind Salvation fingers a week before flew like popcorn, strewing the earth around him. Ragged he was, with a split shirt front open to the wishbone; but the November breeze, carrying fine snowflakes, brought him only a grateful coolness. For Stuffy Pete was overcharged with the caloric produced by a super-bountiful dinner, beginning with oysters and

ending with plum pudding, and including (it seemed to him) all the roast turkey and baked potatoes and chicken salad and squash pie and ice cream in the world. Wherefore he sat, gorged, and gazed upon the world with after-dinner contempt.

The meal had been an unexpected one. He was passing a red brick mansion near the beginning of Fifth avenue, in which lived two old ladies of ancient family and a reverence for traditions. They even denied the existence of New York, and believed that Thanksgiving Day was declared solely for Washington Square. One of their traditional habits was to station a servant at the postern gate with orders to admit the first hungry wayfarer that came along after the hour of noon had struck, and banquet him to a finish. Stuffy Pete happened to pass by on his way to the park, and the seneschals gathered him in and upheld the custom of the castle.

After Stuffy Pete had gazed straight before him for ten minutes he was conscious of a desire for a more varied field of vision. With a tremendous effort he moved his head slowly to the left. And then his eyes bulged out fearfully, and his breath ceased, and the rough-shod ends of his short legs wriggled and rustled on the gravel.

For the Old Gentleman was coming across Fourth avenue toward his bench.

Every Thanksgiving Day for nine years the Old Gentleman had come there and found Stuffy Pete on his bench. That was a thing that the Old Gentleman was trying to make a tradition of. Every Thanksgiving Day for nine years he had found Stuffy there, and had led him to a restaurant and watched him eat a big dinner. They do those things in England unconsciously. But this is a young country, and nine years is not so bad. The Old Gentleman was a staunch American patriot, and considered himself a pioneer in American tradition. In order to become picturesque we must keep on doing one thing for a long time without ever letting it get away from us. Something like collecting the weekly dimes in industrial insurance. Or cleaning the streets.

The Old Gentleman moved, straight and stately, toward the Institution that he was rearing. Truly, the annual feeding of Stuffy Pete was nothing national in its character, such as the Magna Charta or jam for breakfast was in England. But it was a step. It was almost feudal. It showed, at least, that a Custom was not impossible to New Y--ahem!--America.

The Old Gentleman was thin and tall and sixty. He was dressed all in black, and wore the old-fashioned kind of glasses that won't stay on your nose. His hair was whiter and thinner than it had been last year, and he seemed to make more use of his big, knobby cane with the crooked handle.

As his established benefactor came up Stuffy wheezed and shuddered like some woman's over-fat pug when a street dog bristles up at him. He would have flown, but all the skill of Santos-Dumont could not have separated him from his bench. Well had the myrmidons of the two old ladies done their work.

"Good morning," said the Old Gentleman. "I am glad to perceive that the vicissitudes of another year have spared you to move in health about the beautiful world. For that blessing alone this day of thanksgiving is well proclaimed to each of us. If you will come with me, my man, I will provide you with a dinner that should make your physical being accord with the mental."

That is what the old Gentleman said every time. Every Thanksgiving Day for nine years. The words themselves almost formed an Institution. Nothing could be compared with them except the Declaration of Independence. Always before they had been music in Stuffy's ears. But now he looked up at the Old Gentleman's face with tearful agony in his own. The fine snow almost sizzled when it fell upon his perspiring brow. But the Old Gentleman shivered a little and turned his back to the wind.

Stuffy had always wondered why the Old Gentleman spoke his speech rather sadly. He did not know that it was because he was wishing every time that he had a son to succeed him. A son who would come there after he was gone--a son who would stand proud and strong before some subsequent Stuffy, and say: "In memory of my father." Then it would be an Institution.

But the Old Gentleman had no relatives. He lived in rented rooms in one of the decayed old family brownstone mansions in one of the quiet streets east of the park. In the winter he raised fuchsias in a little conservatory the size of a steamer trunk. In the spring he walked in the Easter parade. In the summer he lived at a farmhouse in the New Jersey hills, and sat in a wicker armchair,

speaking of a butterfly, the ornithoptera amphrisius, that he hoped to find some day. In the autumn he fed Stuffy a dinner. These were the Old Gentleman's occupations.

Stuffy Pete looked up at him for a half minute, stewing and helpless in his own self-pity. The Old Gentleman's eyes were bright with the giving-pleasure. His face was getting more lined each year, but his little black necktie was in as jaunty a bow as ever, and the linen was beautiful and white, and his gray mustache was curled carefully at the ends. And then Stuffy made a noise that sounded like peas bubbling in a pot. Speech was intended; and as the Old Gentleman had heard the sounds nine times before, he rightly construed them into Stuffy's old formula of acceptance.

"Thankee, sir. I'll go with ye, and much obliged. I'm very hungry, sir."

The coma of repletion had not prevented from entering Stuffy's mind the conviction that he was the basis of an Institution. His Thanksgiving appetite was not his own; it belonged by all the sacred rights of established custom, if not, by the actual Statute of Limitations, to this kind old gentleman who had preempted it. True, America is free; but in order to establish tradition some one must be a repetend--a repeating decimal. The heroes are not all heroes of steel and gold. See one here that wielded only weapons of iron, badly silvered, and tin.

The Old Gentleman led his annual protege southward to the restaurant, and to the table where the feast had always occurred. They were recognized.

"Here comes de old guy," said a waiter, "dat blows dat same bum to a meal every Thanksgiving."

The Old Gentleman sat across the table glowing like a smoked pearl at his corner-stone of future ancient Tradition. The waiters heaped the table with holiday food--and Stuffy, with a sigh that was mistaken for hunger's expression, raised knife and fork and carved for himself a crown of imperishable bay.

No more valiant hero ever fought his way through the ranks of an enemy. Turkey, chops, soups, vegetables, pies, disappeared before him as fast as they could be served. Gorged nearly to the uttermost when he entered the restaurant, the smell of food had almost caused him to lose his honor as a gentleman, but he rallied like a true knight. He saw the look of beneficent happiness on the Old Gentleman's face--a happier look than even the fuchsias and the ornithoptera amphrisius had ever brought to it--and he had not the heart to see it wane.

In an hour Stuffy leaned back with a battle won. "Thankee kindly, sir," he puffed like a leaky steam pipe; "thankee kindly for a hearty meal." Then he arose heavily with glazed eyes and started toward the kitchen. A waiter turned him about like a top, and pointed him toward the door. The Old Gentleman carefully counted out \$1.30 in silver change, leaving three nickels for the waiter.

They parted as they did each year at the door, the Old Gentleman going south, Stuffy north.

Around the first corner Stuffy turned, and stood for one minute. Then he seemed to puff out his rags as an owl puffs out his feathers, and fell to the sidewalk like a sunstricken horse.

When the ambulance came the young surgeon and the driver cursed softly at his weight. There was no smell of whiskey to justify a transfer to the patrol wagon, so Stuffy and his two dinners went to the hospital. There they stretched him on a bed and began to test him for strange diseases, with the hope of getting a chance at some problem with the bare steel.

And an hour later another ambulance brought the Old Gentleman. And they laid him on another bed and spoke of appendicitis, for he looked good for the bill.

But pretty soon one of the young doctors met one of the young nurses whose eyes he liked, and stopped to chat with her about the cases.

"That nice old gentleman over there, now," he said, "you wouldn't think that was a case of almost starvation. Proud old family, I guess. He told me he hadn't eaten a thing for three days."

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SEMINAR 11 COMPLETE ANALYSIS OF PROSE FICTION TEXTS

Objectives:

1. *To raise students' awareness of the linguistic and literary analysis of a prose fiction text.*
2. *To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic and literary phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic and literary analysis of a prose fiction text; to vary the methods and techniques of linguistic analysis of the text depending on its style; to make complete analysis of a prose fiction text.*

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Do the following task:

Task 1. Provide a short story "A Tree Falls" by R. Mais with a complete analysis. Mind that your analysis should be coherent. Use the scheme suggested by K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva.

A TREE FALLS by R. Mais

He laid aside the axe, and the waves of silence that had parted before him as he made his careless way to the heart of the forest, flowed back as with a sigh. The silence flattened itself out over the entire vast valley, clothing the rocks and the trees, thick and palpable like the river mist – hiding at its patient core the certain knowledge that even the axe with its rude foreign exclamations, venturing there with the brave clamour that cloaks fear, foretold its own stammering, inevitable surrender.

It seemed to him that he heard stealthy footsteps somewhere behind him ... the snapping of dried twigs ... the leafy whisper of green ones, as invisible fingers put them aside to allow unhindered the passage of the ghostly inhabitants of the wilderness.

He made no attempt to turn his head, because he knew he would see no one ... and ever the silence would settle back with the passing of these tiny ripples of sound that ringed its smooth

surface.

Again the axe sang its victorious note against the thin, vibrating walls that took it and threw it backward and forward, multiplying it a thousand times.

Fresh chips from the great tree spattered the coffee-brown of its rotted leaves of centuries ... It creaks throughout its mighty girth ... It teeters – or so it seems – with the thrust of the wind through its boughs that have reached during its lifetime ever triumphantly upward, until they tower a hundred feet in the air.

It is leaning a little now ... it yearns over the valley that has known it these hundred years, where it has spread the tallest shadow, and wove the silence within its leaves and branches, like the shuttles of a tremendous loom, spinning away the close fabric of tremendous and unending twilight that might shadow the heart of the stoutest with unreasoning terror.

The man is exultant. The wound in the tree's side has laid bare the great red heart of mahogany. In this tree there is a small fortune for the taking. There is not another tree like it in all the length and breadth of these virgin wooded Crown lands.

The men with the saws are in the hills beyond, keeping a watchful lookout for the Crown Forest-Rangers – for the thunder of his axe travels far in this wilderness. If a Ranger should appear they will make the smoke-signal, while ostensibly roasting wild Imba-roots over a fire. They will, if necessary, keep the Ranger there, swapping stories with him allowing him to fill his pipe from their supply of tobacco, offering him roasted Imba-root and jerked pork on the end of a sharpened stick.

He is alone in the valley with this giant that is slowly bowing to his relentless axe.

He is forced to pause again to rest and catch his-breath ... the giant is tougher even than he thought. Stubbornly the great axe stands, resisting valiantly to the last the terrible assaults of the axe.

He is tired ... he leans heavily against the handle of his axe, the blade of which is buried so deep into the solid heart of the tree, that his full weight upon it will not shake the axe.

Silence fills the valley again. Ghostly whispers of silence ... the snapping of dried twigs, now here, now there ... the sibilant query and protest of leaves in the underbrush that part to let the ghostly ones pass ... then the ripples on the face of silence, are smoothed over, as it settles back again, calm and enigmatic like the face of a pool, or a poker-player.

He is a brave man, not easily frightened. He is inured to the menace of the wilderness, its silence. Yet strange sensations tingle down his sweating spine. Strange thoughts thrust aside the one that was uppermost in his mind ... the gloating triumph of the moment.

And then they turned to home and the woman who waited his coming – herself a tree – a sapling tree heavy with the promise of fruitage.

There would be a great round pan of corn-pone in the kitchen, cold, when he got back ... and a woman's arms about him – his woman.

The extension he was adding to their home would need some hardwood joists and beams, and cedar shingles for the roof. He would use only the finest native lumber, as usual. The finest native lumber to be had in these parts came from off the vast wooden tracts of virgin Crown lands. It was his for the taking, if only he could out-smart the Government Rangers and Bailiffs.

In the out-shed, hidden away under the bundle of shavings, was the wooden axe he was carving as a gift for the son that would be his. It just had to be a boy, because he didn't have any use for girl children. What in the world would he do with her? His boy now, would become a lumber-man like himself, like his father was before him. He would teach him all the tricks of the trade ... He would be well equipped to carry on the traditions of the family, and grow up to be a prosperous and respected citizen.

There would be a thick slab of corn-pone in the kitchen on his return...

Again the strange thoughts – unnamed fears, premonitions ... the quick snapping of twigs ... a sudden scurry of fallen leaves along the forest floor ... overhead the giant tree trembled and groaned in its agony ...

His eyes went suddenly to the crest of the furthest hill.

Was that the signal of his men? He put a hand to his forehead and peered out from beneath it.

No, it was only a wisp of cloud, like a ghostly, nebulous, writhing axe ... an axe imbedded in, the heart of a great tree of cloud. For a moment it seemed to him menacing with omen⁸.

He laughed at his own fears, and was immediately shocked and abashed by the profound, pained silence that followed it. Strange that the valley did not echo his laughter. He laughed again – louder and longer this time – then cupped his hand to his ear, leaning forward, every nerve strained, listening. From far down the valley came a thin whisper of derisive echoes.

He put his head back defiantly and opened his mouth to laugh again, distending his bellows like lungs to their fullest ... and suddenly changed his mind.

He knocked with the heel of his hand sharply against the handle of the axe, several times, to make it loosen its death grip upon the tree. Then he swung it aloft again.

He could hear the ringing, exultant echoes of the axe, though ... the mean silence of the valley dared not withhold that sound! The triumphant, gloating laughter of the axe split that silence in two again, throwing it back upon itself in great twin waves that towered higher than the mountains themselves. Very well then, they would heed the sound of his axe and tremble! His heart filled to bursting with pride. He added his own rhythmic grunt at the end of each stroke, to the voice of the axe.

The great tree-trunk that had mocked the strength of his arm, and the silence that had mocked his puny laughter ... they belonged to the stubborn reluctance of the unyielding wilderness, his ancient antagonist. But he would show them who was conqueror here, wilderness or man ... heart of tree, or blade of axe ... He would show them ... show them ... show them ...!

Was that the sound of the giant timber yielding, the great heart of wood breaking at last ...? or was it just another trick of the wilderness, trying to fool him again, trying to delay the ultimate conquest of his strong arm and his sharp axe-blade over insensate umber? He would show them ... show them ... show them! Each stroke of the axe seemed to bite deeper, deeper. The chips flew in a shower round him ... red chips now ... chips from the unyielding red heart of mahogany!...

Without further warning the great tree suddenly bowed, seemed to hesitate an instant, suspended at an impossible slant, yet reluctant the last, battling against the inevitable to the last. Then with a mighty roar it thundered to the ground. The trunk leaped in the air, gave a spasmodic sideways kick as the tough branches a hundred feet away, hit the first obstacle of rock. Then it reared high up again, as though it would complete a somersault, and crashed to its side, lying with the angle of the valley.

A flight of winged reverberations took the air sharply, with – a mighty thrust of wings – for an instant only – then came quietly to rest again among the branches of the trees and upon the naked spurs of rock. And the waves of silence flowed forward over the valley, covering everything, healing the terrible instant of thunder that had gashed it across.

He had heard the last unmistakable crackle of the falling tree, he had barely time to leap aside, leaving his axe there, sunk in its heart. He saw the lower end rear up into the air, and his heart was almost humbled for a moment. He had sent yet another giant thundering to his doom ... and almost in the same instant his heart knew terror as he saw the quick sideways kick of the jagged base, spurred and weighted with death. He had no time to avoid it ... an instant of triumph ... a split instant of panic ... and then – nothing ...

Dusk was settling down over, the valley when the sawyers⁶ came. They saw the place – where the mighty tree had fallen. They shouted their joy and quickened their pace, until they come to the spot where his broken body lay.

They stood with bared heads, and tight lips, staring at him. The silence ... the snapping of dried twigs ... the ghostly whispers of leaves ... all these daunted them ...

They left him where he lay within that vast, that weirdly peopled sepulcher of silence.

Task 2. Suggest your own scheme of prose fiction texts analysis.

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SEMINAR 12 ANALYSIS OF DRAMATIC TEXTS

Objectives:

1. *To raise students' awareness of the linguistic and literary analysis of dramatic texts, their genres, structural and linguistic peculiarities.*
2. *To discuss algorithms of complete analysis of dramatic texts.*
3. *To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic and literary phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic and literary analysis of a dramatic text; to vary the methods and techniques of text analysis depending on its style; to make complete analysis of a dramatic text.*

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. What are the existing dramatic genres? Describe them in brief. Give examples of famous British/American writers' dramatic works. Speak on British/American drama, its history and bright features.
2. Comment on structural and linguistic features of dramatic texts. Explain if such features depend on genre of the text.
3. What do you now about constellation and configuration of dramatic characters? Do ways of characterization in dramatic texts coincide with ones in the texts of emotive prose?
4. Analyse the books on text analysis from your list of recommended literature. Name main steps of dramatic texts analysis. Do the steps of prose fiction text analysis coincide with those of dramatic texts?

Do the following tasks:

Task 1. Read the extract from a play "An Ideal Husband" by O. Wilde and provide it with a complete analysis. Use the scheme suggested by K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva. Mind the following: the analysis of the author's speech (the playwright's remarks and stage directions (kinds of information given, reference to characters or to codes of setting, paralinguistic signs (tone of voice), body language and gesture, etc)), the analysis of dialogues and monologues, the analysis of polyphonic organization of speech that is used in crowd scenes; information about characters: explicit (in stage directions, in dialogue, in soliloquy), implicit (speech style, speech register, sociolect, idiolect, actions, facial expression & miming, settings, props), relationships between characters.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND
by O. Wilde
(Act IV)

[LORD GORING is standing by the fireplace with his hands in his pockets. He is looking rather bored.]

LORD GORING

[Pulls out his watch, inspects it, and rings the bell.] It is a great nuisance. I can't find any one in this house to talk to. And I am full of interesting information. I feel like the latest edition of something or other.

[Enter servant.]

JAMES

Sir Robert is still at the Foreign Office, my lord.

LORD GORING

Lady Chiltern not down yet?

JAMES

Her ladyship has not yet left her room. Miss Chiltern has just come in from riding.

LORD GORING

[To himself.] Ah! that is something.

JAMES

Lord Caversham has been waiting some time in the library for Sir Robert. I told him your lordship was here.

LORD GORING

Thank you! Would you kindly tell him I've gone?

JAMES

[Bowling.] I shall do so, my lord.

[Exit servant.]

LORD GORING

Really, I don't want to meet my father three days running. It is a great deal too much excitement for any son. I hope to goodness he won't come up. Fathers should be neither seen nor heard. That is the only proper basis for family life. Mothers are different. Mothers are darlings. [Throws himself down into a chair, picks up a paper and begins to read it.]

[Enter LORD CAVERSHAM.]

LORD CAVERSHAM

Well, sir, what are you doing here? Wasting your time as usual, I suppose?

LORD GORING

[Throws down paper and rises.] My dear father, when one pays a visit it is for the purpose of wasting other people's time, not one's own.

LORD CAVERSHAM

Have you been thinking over what I spoke to you about last night?

LORD GORING

I have been thinking about nothing else.

LORD CAVERSHAM

Engaged to be married yet?

LORD GORING

[Genially.] Not yet: but I hope to be before lunch- time.

LORD CAVERSHAM

[Caustically.] You can have till dinner-time if it would be of any convenience to you.

LORD GORING

Thanks awfully, but I think I'd sooner be engaged before lunch.

LORD CAVERSHAM

Humph! Never know when you are serious or not.

LORD GORING

Neither do I, father.

[A pause.]

LORD CAVERSHAM

I suppose you have read THE TIMES this morning?

LORD GORING

[Airily.] THE TIMES? Certainly not. I only read THE MORNING POST. All that one should know about modern life is where the Duchesses are; anything else is quite demoralising.

LORD CAVERSHAM

Do you mean to say you have not read THE TIMES leading article on Robert Chiltern's career?

LORD GORING

Good heavens! No. What does it say?

LORD CAVERSHAM

What should it say, sir? Everything complimentary, of course. Chiltern's speech last night on this Argentine Canal scheme was one of the finest pieces of oratory ever delivered in the House since Canning.

LORD GORING

Ah! Never heard of Canning. Never wanted to. And did . . . did Chiltern uphold the scheme?

LORD CAVERSHAM

Uphold it, sir? How little you know him! Why, he denounced it roundly, and the whole system of modern political finance. This speech is the turning-point in his career, as THE TIMES points out. You should read this article, sir. [Opens THE TIMES.] 'Sir Robert Chiltern . . . most rising of our young statesmen . . . Brilliant orator . . . Unblemished career . . . Well- known integrity of character . . . Represents what is best in English public life . . . Noble contrast to the lax morality so common among foreign politicians.' They will never say that of you, sir.

LORD GORING

I sincerely hope not, father. However, I am delighted at what you tell me about Robert, thoroughly delighted. It shows he has got pluck.

LORD CAVERSHAM

He has got more than pluck, sir, he has got genius.

LORD GORING

Ah! I prefer pluck. It is not so common, nowadays, as genius is.

LORD CAVERSHAM

I wish you would go into Parliament.

LORD GORING

My dear father, only people who look dull ever get into the House of Commons, and only people who are dull ever succeed there.

LORD CAVERSHAM

Why don't you try to do something useful in life?

LORD GORING

I am far too young.

LORD CAVERSHAM

[Testily.] I hate this affectation of youth, sir. It is a great deal too prevalent nowadays.

LORD GORING

Youth isn't an affectation. Youth is an art.

LORD CAVERSHAM

Why don't you propose to that pretty Miss Chiltern?

LORD GORING

I am of a very nervous disposition, especially in the morning.

LORD CAVERSHAM

I don't suppose there is the smallest chance of her accepting you.

LORD GORING

I don't know how the betting stands to-day.

LORD CAVERSHAM

If she did accept you she would be the prettiest fool in England.

LORD GORING

That is just what I should like to marry. A thoroughly sensible wife would reduce me to a condition of absolute idiocy in less than six months.

LORD CAVERSHAM

You don't deserve her, sir.

LORD GORING

My dear father, if we men married the women we deserved, we should have a very bad time of it.

[Enter MABEL CHILTERN.]

MABEL CHILTERN

Oh! . . . How do you do, Lord Caversham? I hope Lady Caversham is quite well?

LORD CAVERSHAM

Lady Caversham is as usual, as usual.

LORD GORING

Good morning, Miss Mabel!

MABEL CHILTERN

[Taking no notice at all of LORD GORING, and addressing herself exclusively to LORD CAVERSHAM.] And Lady Caversham's bonnets . . . are they at all better?

LORD CAVERSHAM

They have had a serious relapse, I am sorry to say.

LORD GORING

Good morning, Miss Mabel!

MABEL CHILTERN

[To LORD CAVERSHAM.] I hope an operation will not be necessary.

LORD CAVERSHAM

[Smiling at her pertness.] If it is, we shall have to give Lady Caversham a narcotic. Otherwise she would never consent to have a feather touched.

LORD GORING

[With increased emphasis.] Good morning, Miss Mabel!

MABEL CHILTERN

[Turning round with feigned surprise.] Oh, are you here? Of course you understand that after your breaking your appointment I am never going to speak to you again.

LORD GORING

Oh, please don't say such a thing. You are the one person in London I really like to have to listen to me.

MABEL CHILTERN

Lord Goring, I never believe a single word that either you or I say to each other.

LORD CAVERSHAM

You are quite right, my dear, quite right . . . as far as he is concerned, I mean.

MABEL CHILTERN

Do you think you could possibly make your son behave a little better occasionally? Just as a change.

LORD CAVERSHAM

I regret to say, Miss Chiltern, that I have no influence at all over my son. I wish I had. If I had, I know what I would make him do.

MABEL CHILTERN

I am afraid that he has one of those terribly weak natures that are not susceptible to influence.

LORD CAVERSHAM

He is very heartless, very heartless.

LORD GORING

It seems to me that I am a little in the way here.

MABEL CHILTERN

It is very good for you to be in the way, and to know what people say of you behind your back.

LORD GORING

I don't at all like knowing what people say of me behind my back. It makes me far too conceited.

LORD CAVERSHAM

After that, my dear, I really must bid you good morning.

MABEL CHILTERN

Oh! I hope you are not going to leave me all alone with Lord Goring? Especially at such an early hour in the day.

LORD CAVERSHAM

I am afraid I can't take him with me to Downing Street. It is not the Prime Minister's day for seeing the unemployed.

[Shakes hands with MABEL CHILTERN, takes up his hat and stick, and goes out, with a parting glare of indignation at LORD GORING.]

MABEL CHILTERN

[Takes up roses and begins to arrange them in a bowl on the table.] People who don't keep their appointments in the Park are horrid.

LORD GORING

Detestable.

MABEL CHILTERN

I am glad you admit it. But I wish you wouldn't look so pleased about it.

LORD GORING

I can't help it. I always look pleased when I am with you.

MABEL CHILTERN

[Sadly.] Then I suppose it is my duty to remain with you?

LORD GORING

Of course it is.

MABEL CHILTERN

Well, my duty is a thing I never do, on principle. It always depresses me. So I am afraid I must leave you.

LORD GORING

Please don't, Miss Mabel. I have something very particular to say to you.

MABEL CHILTERN

[Rapturously.] Oh! is it a proposal?

LORD GORING

[Somewhat taken aback.] Well, yes, it is - I am bound to say it is.

MABEL CHILTERN

[With a sigh of pleasure.] I am so glad. That makes the second to-day.

LORD GORING

[Indignantly.] The second to-day? What conceited ass has been impertinent enough to dare to

propose to you before I had proposed to you?

MABEL CHILTERN

Tommy Trafford, of course. It is one of Tommy's days for proposing. He always proposes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, during the Season.

LORD GORING

You didn't accept him, I hope?

MABEL CHILTERN

I make it a rule never to accept Tommy. That is why he goes on proposing. Of course, as you didn't turn up this morning, I very nearly said yes. It would have been an excellent lesson both for him and for you if I had. It would have taught you both better manners.

LORD GORING

Oh! bother Tommy Trafford. Tommy is a silly little ass. I love you.

MABEL CHILTERN

I know. And I think you might have mentioned it before. I am sure I have given you heaps of opportunities.

LORD GORING

Mabel, do be serious. Please be serious.

MABEL CHILTERN

Ah! that is the sort of thing a man always says to a girl before he has been married to her. He never says it afterwards.

LORD GORING

[Taking hold of her hand.] Mabel, I have told you that I love you. Can't you love me a little in return?

MABEL CHILTERN

You silly Arthur! If you knew anything about . . . anything, which you don't, you would know that I adore you. Every one in London knows it except you. It is a public scandal the way I adore you. I have been going about for the last six months telling the whole of society that I adore you. I wonder you consent to have anything to say to me. I have no character left at all. At least, I feel so happy that I am quite sure I have no character left at all.

LORD GORING

[Catches her in his arms and kisses her. Then there is a pause of bliss.] Dear! Do you know I was awfully afraid of being refused!

MABEL CHILTERN

[Looking up at him.] But you never have been refused yet by anybody, have you, Arthur? I can't imagine any one refusing you.

LORD GORING

[After kissing her again.] Of course I'm not nearly good enough for you, Mabel.

MABEL CHILTERN

[Nestling close to him.] I am so glad, darling. I was afraid you were.

LORD GORING

[After some hesitation.] And I'm . . . I'm a little over thirty.

MABEL CHILTERN

Dear, you look weeks younger than that.

LORD GORING

[Enthusiastically.] How sweet of you to say so! . . . And it is only fair to tell you frankly that I am fearfully extravagant.

MABEL CHILTERN

But so am I, Arthur. So we're sure to agree. And now I must go and see Gertrude.

LORD GORING

Must you really? [Kisses her.]

MABEL CHILTERN

Yes.

LORD GORING

Then do tell her I want to talk to her particularly. I have been waiting here all the morning to see either her or Robert.

MABEL CHILTERN

Do you mean to say you didn't come here expressly to propose to me?

LORD GORING

[Triumphantly.] No; that was a flash of genius.

MABEL CHILTERN

Your first.

LORD GORING

[With determination.] My last.

MABEL CHILTERN

I am delighted to hear it. Now don't stir. I'll be back in five minutes. And don't fall into any temptations while I am away.

LORD GORING

Dear Mabel, while you are away, there are none. It makes me horribly dependent on you.

[Enter LADY CHILTERN.]

Task 2. Suggest your own scheme of a dramatic text analysis.

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SEMINAR 13 ANALYSIS OF POETIC TEXTS

Objectives:

1. To raise students' awareness of the linguistic and literary analysis of poetic texts, their genres, linguistic and other peculiarities.
2. To clarify the role of symbols in a poetic text.

3. To discuss algorithms of complete analysis of poetic texts.
4. To develop student's skills to describe the text as a linguistic and literary phenomenon, its genre, structural and linguistic peculiarities; to apply the acquired theoretical knowledge in the process of linguistic and literary analysis of a poetic text; to vary the methods and techniques of text analysis depending on its style; to make complete analysis of a poetic text.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. Comment on linguistic peculiarities of poetic texts. Explain if such peculiarities depend on genre of the text. What do you know about the role of the symbols in a poetic text?
2. What do you know about prosodic features (metre and rhythm) of the English poetry? Comment on types of rhymes in English poetry.
3. Expand on the composition of a poetic text. Comment on speaker/addressee, narrative/narrator in a poetic text. What is the temporal structure of the poetic text?
4. Analyse the books on linguistic analysis, give detailed description of each scheme suggested by the scientists (Yu. Areshenkov, K. Gorshkova & I. Kolegaeva, N. Nikolina, I. Kochan, N. Kupina, N. Yeschenko and others), comment on the common and divergent steps suggested by scholars. Which scheme do you suppose the appropriate to analyse poetic texts? Why?

Do the following tasks:

Task 1. Read the following poem and make it complete analysis. Mind hints given below:

- ✓ Name the poetic genre of the poem.
- ✓ What is the subject-matter of the poem?
- ✓ What is the metrical pattern of the poem?
- ✓ Name the types of rhymes used in the poem.
- ✓ Dwell on composition of the poem. Comment on speaker/addressee, narrative/narrator. What is the temporal structure of the poetic text?
- ✓ Characterize the vocabulary of the piece of poetry. Pick out the words and phrases which build up the mood of the poem. Comment on their connotations.
- ✓ Name the stylistic devices used by the author and their stylistic function.
- ✓ Comment on the images and symbols presented in the poem.
- ✓ Explain how the form of image presentation helps to perceive the author's attitude and philosophic consideration.

MNEMOSYNE

by T. Stickney

It's autumn in the country I remember.

How warm a wind blew here about the ways!
And shadows on the hillside lay to slumber
During the long sun-sweetened summer-days.

It's cold abroad the country I remember.

The swallows veering skimmed the golden grain
At midday with a wing aslant and limber;
And yellow cattle browsed upon the plain.

It's empty down the country I remember.

I had a sister lovely in my sight:
Her hair was dark, her eyes were very sombre;
We sang together in the woods at night.

It's lonely in the country I remember.

The babble of our children fills my ears,
And on our hearth I stare the perished ember
To flames that show all starry thro' my tears.

It's dark about the country I remember.

There are the mountains where I lived. The path
Is slushed with cattle-tracks and fallen timber,
The stumps are twisted by the tempests' wrath.

But that I knew these places are my own,
I'd ask how came such wretchedness to cumber
The earth, and I to people it alone.

It rains across the country I remember.

Task 2. Suggest your own scheme for a poetic text analysis.

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SEMINAR 14 THE AUTHOR'S INDIVIDUAL STYLE AND ITS ANALYSIS

Objectives:

1. To discuss the notion of the author's individual style, to summarize the students' knowledge of the content of the notions "general style" and "individual style" in literature.
2. To raise the students' awareness of the methods of investigating the author's individual style.
3. To put into practice the students' knowledge while analysing excerpts from literary works by British and American writers.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

Consider your answers to the following questions and be ready to discuss them with your fellow students and lecturer:

1. Comment on the notion of the author's individual style. Dwell upon language norm and individual style in literature.
2. What do you know about the author's individual style as representation of his language picture of the world?

Do the following task:

Task. Read the given extracts – nature descriptions and portrait descriptions. On the basis of analysis peculiarities of author's individual style group them as written by the same author and single out some typical features of authors' individual styles.

1.

Autumn was in the sky: and along with it a noon-day sun. The golden light straggling through the leaves was reflected upon a field of blue, brilliant as the canopy whence it came. It was not the blue of the hyacinth gleaming in the forest glade, nor the modest violet that empurples the path. In October it could not be either.

2.

There are sounds outside; but only as usual. The rippling of the stream close by, the whispering of the leaves stirred by the night wind, the chirrup of cicadas, the occasional cry of some wild creature, are but the natural voices of the nocturnal forest.

Midnight has arrived, with a moon that assimilates it to morning. Her light illumines the earth; here and there penetrating through the shadowy trees, and flinging broad silvery lists between them.

3.

There was no noise: for these birds are silent in their flight — even when excited by the prospect of a repast. The hot sun had stilled the voices of the crickets and tree-toads. Even the hideous "horned frog" reclined listless along the earth, sheltering its tuberculated body under the stones.

The only sounds to disturb the solitude of the chapparal were those made by the sufferer himself—the swishing of his garments, as they brushed against the hirsute plants that beset the path; and occasionally his cries, sent forth in the faint hope of their being heard.

4.

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

5.

From the oval-shaped flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart-shaped or tongue-shaped leaves half way up and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with spots of colour raised upon the surface; and from the red, blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar, rough with gold dust and slightly clubbed at the end. The petals were voluminous enough to be stirred by the summer breeze, and when they moved, the red, blue and yellow lights passed one over the other, staining an inch of the brown earth beneath with a spot of the most intricate colour. The light fell either upon the smooth, grey back of a pebble, or, the shell of a snail with its brown, circular veins, or falling into a raindrop, it expanded with such intensity of red, blue and yellow the thin walls of water that one expected them to burst and disappear. Instead, the drop was left in a second silver grey once more, and the light now settled upon the flesh of a leaf, revealing the branching thread of fibre beneath the surface, and again it moved on and spread its illumination in the vast green spaces beneath the dome of the heart-shaped and tongue-shaped leaves.

6.

Flourish, spring, burgeon, burst! The pear tree on the top of the mountain. Fountains jet; drops descend. But the waters of the Rhone flow swift and deep, race under the arches, and sweep the trailing water leaves, washing shadows over the silver fish, the spotted fish rushed down by the swift waters, now swept into an eddy where – it's difficult this – conglomeration of fish all in a pool; leaping, splashing, scraping sharp fins; and such a boil of current that the yellow pebbles are churned round and round, round and round – free now, rushing downwards, or even somehow ascending in exquisite spirals into the air; curled like thin shavings from under a plane; up and up ...

7.

A girl, closely approximating to womanhood, largely framed, and finely developed—in arms, limbs, bust, and body, exhibiting those oval outlines that indicate the possession of strong passions and powers.

Such was the creature who stood by the horse of Henry Holtspur.

But for their blackness, her eyes might have been likened to those of an eagle; but for its softness, her hair resembled the tail of his own steed—equally long and luxuriant; and her teeth—there could have been nothing whiter, even among the chalk of the Chilterns—her native hills.

Robed in silk, satin, or velvet, it was a form that would have done no discredit to a queen. Encircled with pearls or precious diamonds, it was a face of which a princess might have been proud. Even under the ordinary homespun of a rustic gown, that form looked queenly—beneath those glossy plaits of crow-black hair—bedecked with some freshly-plucked flowers—that face might have inspired envy in a princess.

8.

Rounded and flower-like was that face, most delicately tinted also, with rich and curving lips and a broad, snow-white brow ... as the eyes of a deer, and overhung by curling lashes of an ebon black. The effect of these eyes of hers shining above those tinted cheeks and beneath the brow of ivory whiteness was so strange as to be almost startling ... especially if he were privileged to see how well they matched the hair of chestnut, shading into black, that waved above them and fell, tress upon tress, upon the shapely shoulders and down to the slender waist.

9.

Five faces opposite—five mature faces—and the knowledge in each face. Strange, though, how people want to conceal it! Marks of reticence are on all those faces: lips shut, eyes shaded, each one of the five doing something to hide or stultify his knowledge. One smokes; another reads; a third checks entries in a pocket book; a fourth stares at the map of the line framed opposite; and the

fifth—the terrible thing about the fifth is that she does nothing at all. She looks at life. Ah, but my poor, unfortunate woman, do play the game—do, for all our sakes, conceal it!

10.

He was described as possessing all the attributes of a hero – of noble aspect, bold, handsome, intelligent. (...) His form was that of an Apollo, his features Adonis or Endymion. He was first in everything – the best shot in his nation, the most expert swimmer and rider – the swiftest runner, and most successful hunter – alike eminent in peace or war – in short, a Cyrus.

11.

He was still only a stripling—a youth of nineteen—though well grown for his age; and in point of size might have passed muster among men. A slight moustache already appeared upon his upper lip. It was light-coloured, like his hair—neither of which was red, but of that Saxon “yellow” so often associated with eyes of blue, and which, when met with in woman, presents the fairest type of female beauty.

The Greeks—themselves a dark people, above all others skilled in feminine charms—have acknowledged this truth; though, by that acknowledgment, ignoring the claims of their own race.

12.

The man looked about thirty years old. He was dressed modestly, as London merchants usually dressed; a knife hung at his belt. He was a good six feet tall. However, his companion, wrapped in a fur-trimmed cloak, was also tall. Strictly speaking, the man could hardly be called handsome – he had a too high forehead and harsh facial features.

In addition, the right side of his clean-shaven face, from the temple to the energetic chin, was crossed by a reddish scar from a sword strike. Nevertheless, this face was open, courageous, although somewhat stern, and his gray eyes looked straight. It was not the face of a merchant, but rather of a man of noble birth, accustomed to campaigns and wars. He had a magnificent agile figure, and his voice when he spoke, which was very rare, sounded clear and pleasant.

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BE READY TO WRITE THE TEST (20 MIN.)

ASSIGNMENTS FOR SELF-STUDY (THEMATIC BLOCK 4)

✚ Dwell upon the genre, theme (as presenting the basic problem of a literary text) and idea (as the author's underlying thought and emotional attitude) in the short stories "Cupid's Arrows" by R. Kipling, "Moon-face" by J. London, "Cat in the Rain" by E. Hemingway, "One Timeless Spring" by R. Bradbury (texts are given in appendix).

✚ Choose one of the short stories given in appendix ("Cupid's Arrows" by R. Kipling, "Moon-face" by J. London, "Cat in the Rain" by E. Hemingway, "One Timeless Spring" by R. Bradbury) and comment on the following: What are the main events of the story? What is the order of these events? Does the order have significance to the purpose? What main conflicts occurred throughout the story? Is there anything to note about the role that time of day plays in the story? Is the location or changing of location significant to the purpose of the overall piece? Does the author intentionally bring forth any social or cultural contexts to aid the purpose? Who is the protagonist? Antagonist? Secondary characters? How do the characters change throughout the story? What caused or provoked this change? What does this specific perspective add/take away from the story? How does the style/genre of the text affect the overall piece? Does the word choice play a role in the understanding/interpretation of the text? Are simple, plain words used, or does the writer use higher, more elevated language? Where and how are metaphors, similes, symbols, etc. used in the story? What are their purposes in the overall functionality of the text? Why did the author choose to use these specific examples of figurative language?

✚ What is speech individualisation? Provide illustrative examples of speech individualisation of the personified I-narrator in modern British/American emotive prose, comment on linguistic peculiarities.

✚ What types of description do you know? Characterize them. Provide two extracts from a work by a British/American writer featuring (a) objective description and (b) subjective description, characterize their functions and linguistic peculiarities.

✚ Choose a poem by a British/American writer. Pay attention to lexical and syntactical language means that show author's attitude towards things described. Single out main lexical thematic groups that reveal the main theme of the poem and create individual-author's picture of the world. Comment on images created by the author.

✚ Choose a poem by a British/American writer and make it complete analysis. Use the scheme by L. Skorina.



Індивідуальна робота (ІНДЗ) з дисципліни «Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)» передбачає самостійно підготовлений здобувачем письмовий аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту, що запропонований викладачем (1 текст на вибір здобувача див. перелік нижче) чи самим здобувачем освіти за умови узгодження з викладачем. Для аналізу здобувачі можуть використати схему запропоновану у одному з посібників, як-от: *Горшкова К. О., Колегаєва І. М., Шевченко Н. Г. Practice in text analysis, Єщенко Т. А. Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту, Скорина Л. Аналіз художнього твору, Єременко Т. Є., Боднар С. В. Методичні вказівки до курсу «Лінгвістичний аналіз тексту».*

1.

PERFECT WOMAN

by W. Wordsworth

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

2.

ON QUITTING

by E. A. Guest

How much grit do you think you've got?

Can you quit a thing that you like a lot?
You may talk of pluck; it's an easy word,
And where'er you go it is often heard;
But can you tell to a jot or guess
Just how much courage you now possess?

You may stand to trouble and keep your grin,
But have you tackled self-discipline?
Have you ever issued commands to you
To quit the things that you like to do,
And then, when tempted and sorely swayed,
Those rigid orders have you obeyed?

Don't boast of your grit till you've tried it out,
Nor prate to men of your courage stout,
For it's easy enough to retain a grin
In the face of a fight there's a chance to win,
But the sort of grit that is good to own
Is the stuff you need when you're all alone.

How much grit do you think you've got?
Can you turn from joys that you like a lot?
Have you ever tested yourself to know
How far with yourself your will can go?
If you want to know if you have grit,
Just pick out a joy that you like, and quit.

It's bully sport and it's open fight;
It will keep you busy both day and night;
For the toughest kind of a game you'll find
Is to make your body obey your mind.
And you never will know what is meant by grit
Unless there's something you've tried to quit.

3.
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS
by **H. Wadsworth Longfellow**

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow

The smoke now West, now South.
Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming
snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the
wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

4. THE OPEN WINDOW by H. Munro

“My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel,” said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; “in the meantime you must try and put up with me.”

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

“I know how it will be,” his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; “you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice.”

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

“Do you know many of the people round here?” asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

“Hardly a soul,” said Framton. “My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.”

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

“Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?” pursued the self-possessed young lady.

“Only her name and address,” admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

“Her great tragedy happened just three years ago,” said the child; “that would be since your sister’s time.”

“Her tragedy?” asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

“You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon,” said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

“It is quite warm for the time of the year,” said Framton; “but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?”

“Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day’s shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.” Here the child’s voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. “Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing ‘Bertie, why do you bound?’ as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—”

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

“I hope Vera has been amusing you?” she said.

“She has been very interesting,” said Framton.

“I hope you don’t mind the open window,” said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; “my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They’ve been out

for snipe in the marshes to-day, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly-noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid an imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

5.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

by W. S. Maugham

When I was a very small boy I was made to learn by heart certain of the fables-of La Fontaine, and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among those I learnt was "The Ant and the Grasshopper", which is devised to bring home to the young the useful lesson that in an imperfect world industry is rewarded and giddiness punished. In this admirable fable (I apologise for telling something which everyone is politely, but inexactly, supposed to know) the ant spends a laborious summer gathering its winter store; while the grasshopper sits on a blade of grass singing to the sun. Winter comes and the ant is comfortably provided for, but the grasshopper has an empty larder: he goes to the ant and begs for a little food. Then the ant gives him her classic answer:

"What were you doing in the summer time?"

"Saving your presence, I sang, I sang all day, all night."

"You sang. Why, then go and dance."

I do not ascribe it to perversity on my part, but rather to the inconsequence of childhood, which is deficient in moral sense, that I could never quite reconcile myself to the lesson. My sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it. In this summary (and, as I have discovered since, entirely human) fashion I sought to express my disapproval of prudence and common sense.

I could not help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching by himself in a restaurant. I never saw anyone wear an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. He looked as though the burden of the whole world sat on his shoulders. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again. I went up to him and held out my hand.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm not in hilarious spirits," he answered.

"Is it Tom again?"

He sighed.

"Yes, it's Tom again."

"Why don't you chuck him? You've done everything in the world for him. You must know by now that he's quite hopeless."

I suppose every family has a black sheep. Tom had been a sore trial to his for twenty years. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married and had two children. The Ramsays were perfectly respectable people and there was every reason to suppose that Tom Ramsay would have a useful and honourable career. But one day, without warning, he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself. He would listen to no expostulations. He left his wife and his office. He had a little money and he spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. Rumours of his doings reached his relations from time to time and they were profoundly shocked. He certainly had a very good time. They shook their heads and asked what would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out: he borrowed. He was charming and unscrupulous. I have never met anyone to whom it was more difficult to refuse a loan. He made a steady income from his friends and he made friends easily. But he always said that the money you spent on necessities was boring; the money that was amusing to spend was the money you spent on luxuries. For this he depended on his brother George. He did not waste his charm on him. George was a serious man and insensible to such enticements. George was respectable. Once or twice he fell to Tom's promises of amendment and gave him considerable sums in order that he might make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motorcar and some very nice jewellery. But when circumstances forced George to realise that his brother would never settle down and he washed his hands of him, Tom, without a qualm, began to blackmail him; It was not very nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favourite restaurant or to see him waiting on the box-seat of a taxi outside his club. Tom said that to serve in a bar or to drive a taxi was a perfectly decent occupation, but if George could oblige him with a couple of hundred pounds he didn't mind for the honour of the family 'giving it up. George paid.

Once Tom nearly went to prison. George was terribly upset. He went into the whole discreditable affair. Really Tom had gone too far. He had been wild, thoughtless and selfish, but he had never before done anything dishonest, by which George meant illegal; and if he were prosecuted he would assuredly be convicted. But you cannot allow your only brother to go to gaol. The man Tom had cheated, a man called Cronshaw, was vindictive. He was determined to take the matter into court; he said Tom was a scoundrel and should be punished. It cost George an. infinite deal of trouble and five hundred pounds to settle the affair. I have never seen him in such a rage as when he heard that Tom and Cronshaw had gone off together to Monte Carlo the moment they cashed the cheque. They spent a happy month there.

For twenty years Tom raced and gambled, philandered with the prettiest girls, danced, ate in the

most expensive restaurants, and dressed beautifully. He always looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. Though he was forty-six you would never have taken him for more than thirty-five. He was a most amusing companion and though you knew he was perfectly worthless you could not but enjoy his society. He had high spirits, an unflinching gaiety and incredible charm. I never grudged the contributions he regularly levied on me for the necessities of his existence. I never lent him fifty pounds without feeling that I was in his debt. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew Tom Ramsay. You could not approve of him, but you could not help liking him.

Poor George, only a year older than his scapegrace brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year for a quarter of a century. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest, industrious and worthy. He had a good wife, to whom he had never been unfaithful even in thought, and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. He made a point of saving a third of his income and his plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country where he proposed to cultivate his garden and play golf. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old too. He rubbed his hands and said:

"It was all very well when Tom was young and good-looking, but he's only a year younger than I am. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. For twenty-five years I've said that Tom would end in the gutter. And we shall see how he likes that. We shall see if it really pays best to work or be idle."

Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now as I sat down beside him what infamous thing Tom had done. George was evidently very much upset.

"Do you know what's happened now?" he asked me.

I was prepared for the worst. I wondered if Tom had got into the hands of the police at last. George could hardly bring himself to speak.

"You're not going to deny that all my life I've been hard-working, decent, respectable and straightforward. After a life of industry and thrift I can look forward to retiring on a small income in gilt-edged securities. I've always done my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place me."

"True."

"And you can't deny that Tom has been an idle, worthless, dissolute and dishonourable rogue. If there were any justice he'd be in the workhouse."

"True."

George grew red in the face.

"A few weeks ago he became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she's died and left him everything she had. Half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the Country."

George Ramsay beat his clenched fist on the table.

"It's not fair, I tell you; it's not fair. Damn it, it's not fair." I could not help it. I burst into a shout of laughter as I looked at George's wrathful face, I rolled in my chair; I very nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asked me to excellent dinners in his charming house in Mayfair, and if he occasionally borrows a trifle from me, that is merely from force of habit. It is never more than a sovereign.

6.

AN EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE

by K. Chopin

MY friend, the Architect, who is something of a traveller, was showing us various curios which he had gathered during a visit to the Orient. "Here is something for you," he said, picking up a small box and turning it over in his hand. "You are a cigarette-smoker; take this home with you. It was given to me in Cairo by a species of fakir, who fancied I had done him a good turn."

The box was covered with glazed, yellow paper, so skilfully gummed as to appear to be all one piece. It bore no label, no stamp -- nothing to indicate its contents.

"How do you know they are cigarettes?" I asked, taking the box and turning it stupidly around as one turns a sealed letter and speculates before opening it.

"I only know what he told me," replied the Architect, "but it is easy enough to determine the question of his integrity." He handed me a sharp, pointed paper-cutter, and with it I opened the lid as carefully as possible.

The box contained six cigarettes, evidently hand-made. The wrappers were of pale-yellow paper, and the tobacco was almost the same colour. It was of finer cut than the Turkish or ordinary Egyptian, and threads of it stuck out at either end.

"Will you try one now, Madam?" asked the Architect, offering to strike a match.

"Not now and not here," I replied, "after the coffee, if you will permit me to slip into your smoking-den. Some of the women here detest the odour of cigarettes."

The smoking-room lay at the end of a short, curved passage. Its appointments were exclusively oriental. A broad, low window opened out upon a balcony that overhung the garden. From the divan upon which I reclined, only the swaying treetops could be seen. The maple leaves glistened in the afternoon sun. Beside the divan was a low stand which contained the complete paraphernalia of a smoker. I was feeling quite comfortable, and congratulated myself upon having escaped for a while the incessant chatter of the women that reached me faintly.

I took a cigarette and lit it, placing the box upon the stand just as the tiny clock, which was there, chimed in silvery strokes the hour of five.

I took one long inspiration of the Egyptian cigarette. The grey-green smoke arose in a small puffy column that spread and broadened, that seemed to fill the room. I could see the maple leaves dimly, as if they were veiled in a shimmer of moonlight. A subtle, disturbing current passed through my whole body and went to my head like the fumes of disturbing wine. I took another deep inhalation of the cigarette.

"Ah! the sand has blistered my cheek! I have lain here all day with my face in the sand. Tonight, when the everlasting stars are burning, I shall drag myself to the river."

He will never come back.

Thus far I followed him; with flying feet; with stumbling feet; with hands and knees, crawling; and outstretched arms, and here I have fallen in the sand.

The sand has blistered my cheek; it has blistered all my body, and the sun is crushing me with hot torture. There is shade beneath yonder cluster of palms.

I shall stay here in the sand till the hour and the night comes.

I laughed at the oracles and scoffed at the stars when they told that after the rapture of life I would open my arms inviting death, and the waters would envelop me.

Oh! how the sand blisters my cheek! and I have no tears to quench the fire. The river is cool and the night is not far distant.

I turned from the gods and said: "There is but one; Bardja is my god." That was when I decked myself with lilies and wove flowers into a garland and held him close in the frail, sweet fetters.

He will never come back. He turned upon his camel as he rode away. He turned and looked at me crouching here and laughed, showing his gleaming white teeth.

Whenever he kissed me and went away he always came back again. Whenever he flamed with fierce anger and left me with stinging words, he always came back. But to day he neither kissed me nor was he angry. He only said:

"Oh! I am tired of fetters, and kisses, and you. I am going away. You will never see me again. I am going to the great city where men swarm like bees. I am going beyond, where the monster stones are rising heavenward in a monument for the unborn ages. Oh! I am tired. You will see me no more."

And he rode away on his camel. He smiled and showed his cruel white teeth as he turned to look at me crouching here.

How slow the hours drag! It seems to me that I have lain here for days in the sand, feeding upon despair. Despair is bitter and it nourishes resolve.

I hear the wings of a bird flapping above my head, flying low, in circles.

The sun is gone.

The sand has crept between my lips and teeth and under my parched tongue.

If I raise my head, perhaps I shall see the evening star.

Oh! the pain in my arms and legs! My body is sore and bruised as if broken. Why can I not rise and run as I did this morning? Why must I drag myself thus like a wounded serpent, twisting and writhing?

The river is near at hand. I hear it -- I see it -- Oh! the sand! Oh! the shine! How cool! how cold!

The water! the water! In my eyes, my ears, my throat! It strangles me! Help! will the gods not help me?

Oh! the sweet rapture of rest! There is music in the Temple. And here is fruit to taste. Bardja came with the music -- The moon shines and the breeze is soft -- A garland of flowers -- let us go into the King's garden and look at the blue lily, Bardja.

The maple leaves looked as if a silvery shimmer enveloped them. The grey-green smoke no longer filled the room. I could hardly lift the lids of my eyes. The weight of centuries seemed to suffocate my soul that struggled to escape, to free itself and breathe.

I had tasted the depths of human despair.

The little clock upon the stand pointed to a quarter past five. The cigarettes still reposed in the yellow box. Only the stub of the one I had smoked remained. I had laid it in the ash tray.

As I looked at the cigarettes in their pale wrappers, I wondered what other visions they might hold for me; what might I not find in their mystic fumes? Perhaps a vision of celestial peace; a dream of hopes fulfilled; a taste of rapture, such as had not entered into my mind to conceive.

I took the cigarettes and crumpled them between my hands. I walked to the window and spread my palms wide. The light breeze caught up the golden threads and bore them writhing and dancing far out among the maple leaves.

My friend, the Architect, lifted the curtain and entered, bringing me a second cup of coffee.

"How pale you are!" he exclaimed, solicitously. "Are you not feeling well?"

"A little the worse for a dream," I told him.

7.

REBECCA

by D. du Maurier

(Extract from chapter 1)

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkempt, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and

had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand.

The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west, obscure the clarity of this pale sky. I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate, untouched, as though we ourselves had left but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. The rhododendrons stood fifty feet high, twisted and entwined with bracken, and they had entered into alien marriage with a host of nameless shrubs, poor, bastard things that clung about their roots as though conscious of their spurious origin. A lilac had mated with a copper beech, and to bind them yet more closely to one another the malevolent ivy, always an enemy to grace, had thrown her tendrils about the pair and made them prisoners. Ivy held prior place in this lost garden, the long strands crept across the lawns, and soon would encroach upon the house itself.

8.

THE MAN OF PROPERTY

by **J. Galsworthy**

(Extract from Chapter 2)

At five o'clock the following day old Jolyon sat alone, a cigar between his lips, and on a table by his side a cup of tea. He was tired, and before he had finished his cigar he fell asleep. A fly settled on his hair, his breathing sounded heavy in the drowsy silence, his upper lip under the white moustache puffed in and out. From between the fingers of his veined and wrinkled hand the cigar, dropping on the empty hearth, burned itself out.

The gloomy little study, with windows of stained glass to exclude the view, was full of dark green velvet and heavily-carved mahogany--a suite of which old Jolyon was wont to say: 'Shouldn't wonder if it made a big price some day!'

It was pleasant to think that in the after life he could get more for things than he had given.

In the rich brown atmosphere peculiar to back rooms in the mansion of a Forsyte, the Rembrandtesque effect of his great head, with its white hair, against the cushion of his high-backed seat, was spoiled by the moustache, which imparted a somewhat military look to his face. An old clock that had been with him since before his marriage forty years ago kept with its ticking a jealous record of the seconds slipping away forever from its old master.

He had never cared for this room, hardly going into it from one year's end to another, except to take cigars from the Japanese cabinet in the corner, and the room now had its revenge.

His temples, curving like thatches over the hollows beneath, his cheek-bones and chin, all were sharpened in his sleep, and there had come upon his face the confession that he was an old man.

He woke. June had gone! James had said he would be lonely. James had always been a poor thing. He recollected with satisfaction that he had bought that house over James's head.

Serve him right for sticking at the price; the only thing the fellow thought of was money. Had he given too much, though? It wanted a lot of doing to--He dared say he would want all his money before he had done with this affair of June's. He ought never to have allowed the engagement. She had met this Bosinney at the house of Baynes, Baynes and Bildeboy, the architects. He believed that Baynes, whom he knew--a bit of an old woman--was the young man's uncle by marriage. After that she'd been always running after him; and when she took a thing into her head there was no stopping her. She was continually taking up with 'lame ducks' of one sort or another. This fellow had no money, but she must become engaged to him--a harumscarum, unpractical chap, who would get himself into no end of difficulties.

She had come to him one day in her slap-dash way and told him; and, as if it were any consolation, she had added:

"He's so splendid; he's often lived on cocoa for a week!"

"And he wants you to live on cocoa too?"

"Oh no; he is getting into the swim now."

Old Jolyon had taken his cigar from under his white moustaches, stained by coffee at the edge, and looked at her, that little slip of a thing who had got such a grip of his heart. He knew more about 'swims' than his granddaughter. But she, having clasped her hands on his knees, rubbed her chin against him, making a sound like a purring cat. And, knocking the ash off his cigar, he had exploded in nervous desperation:

"You're all alike: you won't be satisfied till you've got what you want. If you must come to grief, you must; I wash my hands of it."

So, he had washed his hands of it, making the condition that they should not marry until Bosinney had at least four hundred a year.

"I shan't be able to give you very much," he had said, a formula to which June was not unaccustomed.

"Perhaps this What's-his-name will provide the cocoa."

He had hardly seen anything of her since it began. A bad business! He had no notion of giving her a lot of money to enable a fellow he knew nothing about to live on in idleness. He had seen that sort of thing before; no good ever came of it. Worst of all, he had no hope of shaking her resolution; she was as obstinate as a mule, always had been from a child. He didn't see where it was to end. They must cut their coat according to their cloth. He would not give way till he saw young Bosinney with an income of his own. That June would have trouble with the fellow was as plain as a pikestaff; he had no more idea of money than a cow. As to this rushing down to Wales to visit the young man's aunts, he fully expected they were old cats.

And, motionless, old Jolyon stared at the wall; but for his open eyes, he might have been asleep.... The idea of supposing that young cub Soames could give him advice! He had always been a cub, with his nose in the air! He would be setting up as a man of property next, with a place in the country! A man of property! H'mph! Like his father, he was always nosing out bargains, a cold-blooded young beggar!

9.

THE GUARDIAN VIEW ON THE COVID INQUIRY: TIME TO BRING IT ON

Thu 27 May 2021

Faced with Dominic Cummings' fusillade against Boris Johnson's handling of the coronavirus pandemic, the government on Thursday circled the wagons. As a short-term expedient, it made

grubby tactical sense. The Conservative party believes public feeling is on its side because of the vaccination programme. Mr Cummings is mistrusted because of the Barnard Castle debacle. The former Downing Street adviser has not yet published the documents that may corroborate his claims. This added up to a window of opportunity for ministers to dismiss the allegations as false or unsubstantiated, and for Tory MPs to put on a display of unity behind the health secretary, Matt Hancock.

It was not, though, a morally dignified exercise, especially in the light of Mr Cummings' grave claims that tens of thousands of British people died unnecessarily because of the government's failures and that Mr Johnson is not fit to be prime minister. In political terms, it may not be a sustainable position either. The charges levelled on Thursday by Labour's Jonathan Ashworth were substantive and serious. Fourteen months ago, Mr Hancock promised a protective shield around care homes; yet 30,000 care home residents died. He promised extensive supplies of personal protective equipment; yet up to 8,700 patients and 850 health workers died after contracting the virus in hospitals. These shocking facts are not going to go away.

Mr Ashworth underscored all this with clarity. As he put it, either the Cummings allegations are true or false. If they are true, Mr Hancock's airy public assurances that all was well last spring, repeated on Thursday, breached the ministerial code and the Nolan principles of conduct in public life. If they were false, Mr Johnson employed a fantasist and a liar as his assistant and chief adviser at a time of the highest national peril. For the present, the Cummings allegations remain unproven. Yet they are out there. Mr Johnson's typically casual claim that they do not "bear any relation to reality" is a worthless assurance in the light of the two men's Brexit campaign lies. Mr Hancock and Mr Johnson each remain profoundly at risk when the verdict comes in.

When will that be? The answer depends on public opinion and political pressure. Mr Cummings' evidence may not in itself be a total gamechanger for the reasons stated. But the gravity of what he said boosts the case for the promised public inquiry to start work before 2022. Britain needs reliable answers to big questions, and it needs them soon. The government is wrong to pretend that the public is only interested in vaccines and holidays. As Mr Cummings pointed out this week, ministers have consistently underestimated the public's seriousness.

The select committees promise their report before the summer. Publication is certain to ratchet up the pressure even further. The strength of Mr Cummings' documents will help determine the issue too. The strength of the now dominant variant first detected in India also poses challenging questions to a government that still appears to underestimate what it is facing, just as it did in the spring and autumn of 2020.

The key demand now should be to get the official public inquiry under way. Mr Johnson does not want this. He says the focus must be on fighting the pandemic. He has to be pressured to change his mind. There is no good reason why a modern democracy like Britain cannot start an inquiry while the pandemic continues. The wartime Britain that Mr Johnson loves to evoke would not have had a moment's hesitation. The Liberal Democrat leader, Ed Davey, has called for Mr Johnson to appoint the chair and any further members of the inquiry panel "within days". When parliament returns after its Whitsun recess, MPs of all parties should make this a top priority. The bereaved and Britain deserve no less.

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10.

JOE BIDEN'S SPEECH AFTER HISTORIC ELECTION (JULY 13, 2016)

Hello. My fellow Americans and the people who brought me to the dance, Delawareans. I see my buddy Tom -- Sen. Tom Carper down there and I think -- I think Sen. Coons is there and I think the governor's around. Is that Ruth Ann? And that former Gov. Ruth Ann Minner? Most importantly, my sisters in law and my sister Valerie. Anyway ...

Folks, the people of this nation have spoken. They've delivered us a clear victory, a convincing victory, a victory for we, the people. We've won with the most votes ever cast on a presidential ticket in the history of the nation, 74 million!

And what I must admit has surprised me, tonight we're seeing all over this nation, all cities in all parts of the country, indeed across the world, an outpouring of joy, of hope of renewed faith in tomorrow, bring a better day. And I'm humbled by the trust and confidence you've placed in me.

I pledge to be a president who seeks not to divide but unify. Who doesn't see red states and blue states, only sees the United States. And work with all my heart with the confidence of the whole people, to win the confidence of all of you. And for that is what America I believe is about. It's about people. And that's what our administration will be all about.

I sought this office to restore the soul of America, to rebuild the backbone of this nation, the middle class, and to make America respected around the world again. And to unite us here at home. It's the honor of my lifetime that so many millions of Americans have voted for that vision. And now, the work of making that vision is real, it's a task -- the task of our time.

Folks, as I said many times before, I'm Jill's husband. And I would not be here without the love and tireless support of Jill and my son Hunter and Ashley, my daughter, and all our grandchildren and their spouses and all our family. They're my heart. Jill's a mom, a military mom, an educator.

And she has dedicated her life to education, but teaching isn't just what she does. It's who she is. For American educators, this is a great day for y'all. You're gonna have one of your own in the White House. And Jill's gonna make a great first lady. I'm so proud of her.

I'll have the honor of serving with a fantastic vice president who you just heard from, Kamala Harris, who makes history as the first woman, first black woman, the first woman from south Asian descent, the first daughter of immigrants ever elected in this country.

Don't tell me it's not possible in the United States! It's long overdue. And we're reminded tonight of those who fought so hard for so many years to make this happen. Once again, America's bent the arc of the moral universe more towards justice. Kamala, Doug, like it or not, you're family. You've become an honorary Biden. There's no way out.

To all those of you who volunteered and worked the polls in the middle of this pandemic, local elected officials, you deserve a special thanks from the entire nation. And to my campaign team and all the volunteers and all who gave so much of themselves to make this moment possible. I owe you. I owe you. I owe you everything. And to all those who supported us, I'm proud of the campaign we built and ran.

I'm proud of the coalition we put together. The broadest and most diverse coalition in history. Democrats, Republicans, independents, progressives, moderates, conservatives, young, old, urban, suburban, rural, gay, straight, transgender, white, Latino, Asian, Native American. I mean it. Especially those moments -- and especially those moments when this campaign was at its lowest ebb, the African American community stood up again for me.

You always had my back and I'll have yours. I said at the outset, I wanted to represent -- this campaign to represent and look like America. We've done that. Now that's what I want the administration to look like and act like. For all those of you who voted president trump, I understand the disappointment tonight.

I've lost a couple of times myself, but now let's give each other a chance. It's time to put away the harsh rhetoric, lower the temperature, see each other again, listen to each other again. And to make progress, we have to stop treating our opponents as our enemies. They are not our enemies. They are Americans. They are Americans.

The Bible tells us, "to everything there is a season: a time to build, a time to reap, and a time to sow and a time to heal." This is the time to heal in America. Now this campaign is over, what is the will of the people? What is our mandate?

I believe it's this: Americans have called upon us to marshal the forces of decency, the forces of fairness, to marshal the forces of science and the forces of hope in the great battles of our time. The battle to control the virus. The battle to build prosperity. The battle to secure your family's health care. The battle to achieve racial justice and root out systemic racism in this country.

And the battle to save our planet by getting climate under control. The battle to restore decency, defend democracy, and give everybody in this country a fair shot. That's all they're asking for, a fair shot. Folks, our work begins with getting COVID under control.

We cannot repair the economy, restore our vitality or relish life's most precious moments, hugging our grandchildren, our children, our birthdays, weddings, graduations, all the moments that matter most to us until we get it under control. On Monday I will name a group of leading scientists and experts as transition advisors to help take the Biden-Harris COVID plan and convert it into an action blueprint that will start on January the 20, 2021. That plan will be built on bedrock science.

It will be constructed out of compassion, empathy, and concern. I will spare no effort, none, or any commitment to turn around this pandemic. Folks, I'm a proud Democrat. But I will govern as an American president.

I'll work as hard for those who didn't vote for me as those who did. Let this grim era of demonization in America begin to end here and now. The refusal of Democrats and Republicans to cooperate with one another, it's not some mysterious force beyond our control.

It's a decision. A choice we make. And if we can decide not to cooperate, then we can decide to cooperate. And I believe that this is part of the mandate given to us from the American people.

They want us to cooperate in their interest, and that's the choice I'll make. And I'll call on Congress, Democrats and Republicans alike, to make that choice with me. The American story is about slow yet steadily widening the opportunities in America. And make no mistake, too many dreams have been deferred for too long. We must make the promise of the country real for everybody, no matter their race, their ethnicity, their faith, their identity, or their disability.

Folks, America has always been shaped by inflection points, by moments in time where we've made hard decisions about who we are and what we want to be. Lincoln in 1860 coming to save the union. FDR in 1932 promising a beleaguered country a new deal. JFK in 1960 pledging a new frontier, and 12 years ago, when Barack Obama made history, he told us, "Yes, we can."

Well folks, we stand at an inflection point. We have an opportunity to defeat despair, to build a nation of prosperity and purpose. We can do it. I know we can.

I've long talked about the battle for the soul of America. We must restore the soul of America. Our nation is shaped by the constant battle between our better angels and our darkest impulses. And what presidents say in this battle matters. It's time for our better angels to prevail. Tonight, the whole world is watching America. And I believe at our best, America is a beacon for the globe.

We will not lead -- we will lead not only by the example of our power, but by the power of our example. I know, I've always believed, many have you heard me say it, I've always believed we can define America in one word: possibilities. That in America everyone should be given an opportunity to go as far as their dreams and God-given ability will take them.

You see, I believe in the possibility of this country. We're always looking ahead, ahead to an America that's freer, more just. Ahead to an America that creates jobs with dignity and respect. Ahead to an America that cures diseases like cancer and Alzheimer's. Ahead to an America that never leaves anyone behind.

Ahead to an America that never gives up, never gives in. This is a great nation. It's always been a bad bet to bet against America. We're good people. This is the United States of America, and there

has never been anything, never been anything we've been able -- not able to do when we've done it together.

Folks, in the last days of the campaign, I began thinking about a hymn that means a lot to me and my family, particularly my deceased son Beau. It captures the faith that sustains me and which I believe sustains America. And I hope, and I hope it can provide some comfort and solace to the 230 million -- thousand Americans who have lost a loved one through this terrible virus this year. My heart goes out to each and every one of you. Hopefully this hymn gives you solace as well. It goes like this.

“And he will raise you up on eagles' wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, and make you to shine like the sun and hold you in the palm of his hand.” And now together on eagles' wings, we embark on the work that God and history have called us to do with full hearts and steady hands, with faith in America and in each other, with love of country, a thirst for justice. Let us be the nation that we know we can be. A nation united, a nation strengthened, a nation healed.

The United States of America, ladies and gentlemen, there has never, never been anything we've tried we've not been able to do. So remember, as my grandpop -- our grandpop, he said when I walked out of his home when I was kid up in Scranton, he said "Joey, keep the faith." And our grandmother when she was alive, she yelled, "No, Joey, spread it."

Spread the faith. God love you all. May god bless America and may god protect our troops. Thank you, thank you, thank you. (from <https://abcnews.go.com/Politics/read-full-text-joe-bidens-speech-historic-election/story?id=74084462>)

ПИТАННЯ ДЛЯ САМОКОНТРОЛЮ

При підготовці до контрольної роботи здобувачеві рекомендується перевірити рівень власної підготовки за допомогою питань для самоконтролю.

1. What is the purpose of the course of linguistic and literary analysis of the text? What are the object and the subject matter of linguistic and literary analysis of the text?
2. Why does a proper linguistic analysis of the literary text require deep knowledge of such disciplines as linguistics, stylistics, literary theory and history of foreign literature?
3. What does the term “interpretation of the text” refer to in the linguistics of the text?
4. Are the notions “interpretation of the text”, “linguistic analysis of the text” and “literary analysis of the text” identical?
5. Why is it so problematic to give a definition of a text? Give an integrated definition of the notion “text”.
6. How can the multitude of text definitions be explained?
7. What is the difference between a literary text and any other type of text?
8. Is there a universal classification of texts based on one distinguishing criterion? Substantiate your answer.
9. Name the language criteria on which the classification of texts in modern linguistics is based.
10. How does a literary work reflect the individual process of reality cognition?
11. What is the major difference between the approach to the analysis focused on the author and the one focused on the reader?
12. What is the difference between partial and complete linguistic analysis of the text?
13. What are the major advantages of the descriptive method of the linguistic analysis?
14. Which techniques does comparative method of the linguistic analysis involve?
15. What are the restrictions of the structural method?
16. What kind of data can be obtained with statistic-stylistic methods?
17. What is the difference between linguistic and literary contexts?
18. What can the method of lexis investigation according to thematic fields reveal?
19. What are the main text categories?
20. What is understood by “text cohesion”?
21. Reveal the contents of text division as a text category.
22. Comment on prospection and retrospection as text categories.
23. Reveal the essence of anthropocentrism and local-temporal reference.
24. Comment on informativity as text category.
25. Explain why modality is one of the most important text categories.
26. What is implication? Why is it important to extract it from the text?
27. What text categories are foregrounded by the title? How are they foregrounded by the title?
28. What genres/types of scientific texts do you know?
29. Can we say that the terminology is one of the specific features of the scientific texts? Prove your point of view.
30. What is the role of the title in a scientific text?
31. What are main steps of a scientific text linguistic analysis?
32. Describe the model of a scientific text.
33. Name linguistic features of scientific texts that distinguish them from the texts of other functional styles.
34. What do you know about intertextual interaction in the language of science and linguistic means of its actualization?
35. What genres of newspaper and publicist texts do you know?
36. What are main steps of the newspaper and publicist texts linguistic analysis?
37. What do you know about function of newspaper headlines?

38. Do the steps of prose fiction text analysis coincide with those of scientific texts?
39. What are the criteria of differentiating literary genres?
40. What are the existing prosaic/poetic/dramatic genres?
41. What is the role of the title in a prose fiction text?
42. Comment on the role of the epigraph as a means of foregrounding.
43. Name the components of the plot structure.
44. Characterize the main relation types within the system of characters.
45. What are main steps of literary text analysis?
46. How do you understand the notion of “point of view”?
47. Enumerate major types of narrative. What is the author’s narrative?
48. What types of the narrator do you know? Why is the 3-person impersonal auctorial narrator called omniscient? What is the limited omniscient point of view of the entrusted narrative?
49. Speak on different degrees of personification of the I-narrator. What is speech individualisation?
50. What do you know about the use of “dramatic” point of view in modern fiction?
51. What narrative-compositional forms of the author’s narrative do you know?
52. What are the peculiarities of the narrative proper as compared with description and argumentation? Which of them are static and why?
53. What types of description do you know? Characterize them.
54. Name the main forms of the character’s speech.
55. What forms of interior speech do you know? What is stream of consciousness?
56. Discuss the main features of dialogue in a prose fiction text.
57. What is represented speech? Comment on the peculiarities of its types.
58. How does the author’s individual style represent his language picture of the world?
59. Do the steps of prose text analysis coincide with those of poetic texts?
60. What is understood by “symbol”? What do you know about the role of symbols in a poetic text?
61. Comment on linguistic and other peculiarities of drama. Do they influence the algorithm of the analysis of a dramatic text?

ПІДСУМКОВИЙ КОНТРОЛЬ

Підсумковий контроль з дисципліни «Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)» за навчальним планом проводиться у формі заліку. Кількість балів, необхідних для заліку здобувач отримує під час участі у практичних заняттях, виконання всіх видів самостійної роботи (у тому числі ІНДЗ), написання контрольної роботи. Якщо кількість отриманих впродовж вивчення дисципліни балів менше 60 здобувач має бути готовим надати відповідь на питання та проаналізувати оригінальний англomовний текст/урибок тексту (для аналізу пропонуються тексти різної функціонально-стильової і жанрової приналежності, здобувач має зробити повний аналіз тексту, що надається).

Питання:

1. Текст як об'єкт аналізу, підходи до аналізу тексту (лінгвістичний, літературознавчий, функціонально-лінгвістичний, текстовий, функціонально-комунікативний та ін.)
2. Проблема класифікації та типології текстів, лінгвістичні класифікації текстів.
3. Рівні та методи лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту.
4. Категорія зв'язності: зовнішня та внутрішня зв'язність тексту; засоби вираження категорії зв'язності у тексті.
5. «Континуум» як категорія часу та простору у тексті, її мовне вираження у тексті; проспекція та ретроспекція в тексті та мовні засоби їх реалізації.
6. Категорія «антропоцентричність», адресантність і адресатність у тексті.
7. Модальність як текстова категорія, її мовне вираження у тексті.
8. Інформативність як текстова категорія, її мовне вираження у тексті; види інформації тексту.
9. Інтертекстуальність як текстова категорія, мовні засоби створення інтертекстуальності.
10. «Членованість» як текстова категорія.
11. Назва як засіб висування у тексті.
12. Наукові тексти, типи та класи текстів у науковій комунікації. Специфічні мовні ознаки наукового тексту. Модель наукового тексту. Особливості лінгвістичного аналізу наукового тексту.
13. Публіцистичні тексти, їх жанри та типи. Синтагматика і парадигматика газетно-публіцистичного тексту. Особливості лінгвістичного аналізу газетно-публіцистичного тексту.
14. Індивідуальний стиль автора як репрезентація його мовної картини світу.
15. Сюжетно-композиційний аналіз художнього тексту; компоненти сюжету (експозиція, кульмінація, розв'язка, закінчення), сильні позиції тексту або його композиційної частини.
16. Специфіка аналізу лінгвістичної композиційної форми: авторське мовлення (композиційно-мовленнєві форми авторського мовлення (форма розповіді про події, опис та його типи, міркування та його види)), форми мовленнєвого втілення персонажів (зовнішньої (монолог, діалог, полілог, пряме та непряме мовлення, невласне-пряме мовлення)) та внутрішньої (внутрішній монолог, діалог, аутодіалог, потік свідомості).
17. Аналіз системи образів у художньому тексті: система персонажів у художньому творі (головний герой, антагоніст, прототип), способи характеристики персонажів; конфлікт в художньому творі.
18. Специфіка драматичних текстів. Структура драматичного твору: монологи, діалоги, полілоги; ремарки в тексті драми, функції ремарок; конфлікти і колізії.
19. Специфіка поетичних текстів. Рима та фонетичний аспект як один із засобів зв'язності у поетичному тексті. Композиція поетичного тексту. Символи в поетичному тексті.
20. Алгоритми аналізу текстів художньої прози, драматичних та поетичних текстів

(К. Горшкова та І. Колегаєва, Т. Єщенко, Л. Скоріна, І. Кочан, Н. Ніколіна та ін.).

Приклади текстів для аналізу

1.

BLUE & GREEN

by V. Woolf

GREEN

THE POINTED FINGERS of glass hang downwards. The light slides down the glass, and drops a pool of green. All day long the ten fingers of the lustre drop green upon the marble. The feathers of parakeets—their harsh cries—sharp blades of palm trees—green, too; green needles glittering in the sun. But the hard glass drips on to the marble; the pools hover above the desert sand; the camels lurch through them; the pools settle on the marble; rushes edge them; weeds clog them; here and there a white blossom; the frog flops over; at night the stars are set there unbroken. Evening comes, and the shadow sweeps the green over the mantelpiece; the ruffled surface of ocean. No ships come; the aimless waves sway beneath the empty sky. It's night; the needles drip blots of blue. The green's out.

BLUE

The snub-nosed monster rises to the surface and spouts through his blunt nostrils two columns of water, which, fiery-white in the centre, spray off into a fringe of blue beads. Strokes of blue line the black tarpaulin of his hide. Slushing the water through mouth and nostrils he sings, heavy with water, and the blue closes over him dowsing the polished pebbles of his eyes. Thrown upon the beach he lies, blunt, obtuse, shedding dry blue scales. Their metallic blue stains the rusty iron on the beach. Blue are the ribs of the wrecked rowing boat. A wave rolls beneath the blue bells. But the cathedral's different, cold, incense laden, faint blue with the veils of madonnas.

2.

ON HOME BEACHES

by Les Murray

Back, in my fifties, fatter that I was then,
I step on the sand, belch down slight horror to walk
a wincing pit edge, waiting for the pistol shot
laughter. Long greening waves cash themselves, foam change
sliding into Ocean's pocket. She turns: ridicule looks down,
strappy, with faces averted, or is glare and families.
The great hawk of the beach is outstretched, point to point,
quivering and hunting. Cars are the stuff at its back.
You peer, at this age, but it's still there, ridicule,
the pistol that kills women, that gets them killed, crippling men
on the towel-spattered sand. Equality is dressed, neatly,
with mouth still shut. Bared body is not equal ever.
Some are smiled to each other. Many surf, swim, play ball:
like that red boy, holding his wet T shirt off his breasts.

КРИТЕРІЇ ОЦІНЮВАННЯ

Критерії оцінювання за різними видами роботи

Вид роботи	Бали	Критерії
Практичні заняття	0 балів	Відповіді фрагментарні, демонструють нерозуміння програмного матеріалу в цілому, здобувач неаргументовано висловлює думку, утруднюється у використанні спеціальної термінології, теоретичні положення не проілюстровано відповідними прикладами, здобувач не здатний виконувати практичні завдання без допомоги викладача або відповідь на запитання взагалі відсутня.
	1 бал	Відповіді частково розкривають зміст питання, здобувач частково розуміє питання і частково розкриває його зміст, здобувач аналізує, але утруднюється з власними висновками, невпевнено оперує спеціальною термінологією, наводить приклади, але ті, що надані викладачем, аплікує теоретичні знання при вирішенні практичних завдань, але наявні неточності, виконані завдання у цілому відповідають вимогам, хоча мають суттєві відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	2 бали	Відповіді в основному розкривають зміст питання, але наявні певні неточності, здобувач розуміє питання майже повністю і здебільшого розкриває його зміст, але наявні огріхи або не всі аспекти розкриті всебічно, здобувач аналізує, але дещо утруднюється з власними висновками, досить впевнено оперує спеціальною термінологією, наводить приклади, але ті, що надані викладачем, аплікує теоретичні знання при вирішенні практичних завдань, але наявні неточності, виконані завдання у цілому відповідають вимогам, хоча мають незначні огріхи.
	3 бали	Відповіді не містять суттєвих помилок щодо змісту, побудовані послідовно й логічно, здобувач розуміє питання повністю і всебічно розкриває його зміст, аналізує, робить висновки; здобувач грамотно оперує спеціальною термінологією, надає власні приклади, вміло аплікує теоретичні знання при вирішенні практичних завдань, виконані завдання відповідають вимогам.
Самостійна робота	0 балів	Завдання не виконано
	1 бал	Здобувач знає окремі факти, що стосуються навчального матеріалу; самостійно та за допомогою викладача може виконувати частину практичних завдань; практичні завдання містять помилки.
	2 бали	Здобувач самостійно і логічно відтворює теоретичний матеріал та наводить приклади, самостійно працює з інформацією у відповідності до поставлених завдань; систематизує та узагальнює навчальний матеріал; самостійно користується додатковими джерелами інформації; без похибок виконує практичні завдання.

Індивідуальне навчально-дослідне завдання (аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту)	0 балів	Завдання не виконане.
	1-9 бал	Здобувач виконав аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту не за схемою, спостерігались суттєві відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	10-13 балів	Здобувач виконав аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту за схемою, але спостерігались суттєві відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	14-17 балів	Здобувач виконав досить повний аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту за схемою, але спостерігались незначні відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	18-20 балів	Здобувач виконав повний аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту правильно, за схемою.
Контрольна робота	0 балів	Завдання не виконане.
	1 бал	Здобувач виконав аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту не за схемою, спостерігались суттєві відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	2-4 бали	Здобувач виконав аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту за схемою, але спостерігались суттєві відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	5-7 балів	Здобувач виконав досить повний аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту за схемою, але спостерігались незначні відхилення, неточності, помилки різного характеру.
	8-10 бали	Здобувач виконав повний аналіз оригінального англійськомовного тексту правильно, за схемою.

Критерії оцінювання за всіма видами контролю

Сума балів	Критерії оцінки
Відмінно (90 – 100 А)	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти має грунтовні знання про сучасні підходи до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, критично їх осмислює, порівнює, характеризує; про терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні, методи та прийоми лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, що використовуються в професійній діяльності вчителя-філолога; розуміє текст як багатоаспектне явище мовної та екстралінгвістичної дійсності; описує стильову, жанрову, структурну та мовну специфіку тексту, базові текстові категорії, їх характеристики, літературно-художню позицію автора. Усні відповіді повні, логічні й обґрунтовані.</p> <p>На високому рівні вміє застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту, варіювати добір методів і прийомів аналізу тексту залежно від стилю тексту; аналізувати та інтерпретувати тексти різних стилів, жанрів, типів, що забезпечує фактичне знання навчального матеріалу, володіння текстом у розмаїтті його форм, видів і жанрів; проводити як частковий, так і комплексний аналіз англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту; творчо послуговується сучасними методами лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами.</p>

<p>Добре (82-89 В)</p>	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти має достатні знання про сучасні підходи до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, критично їх осмислює, порівнює, характеризує, але припускається незначних помилок; має достатні знання про терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні, методи та прийоми лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, що використовуються в професійній діяльності вчителя-філолога; розуміє текст як багатоаспектне явище мовної та екстралінгвістичної дійсності; описує стильову, жанрову, структурну та мовну специфіку тексту, базові текстові категорії, їх характеристики, літературно-художню позицію автора, але припускається деяких неточностей у формулюваннях. Усні відповіді повні, логічні, натомість не завжди обґрунтовані.</p> <p>На достатньому рівні володіє вміннями застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту, варіювати добір методів і прийомів аналізу тексту залежно від стилю тексту; аналізувати та інтерпретувати тексти різних стилів, жанрів, типів, що забезпечує фактичне знання навчального матеріалу, володіння текстом у розмаїтті його форм, видів і жанрів, але при цьому припускається деяких неточностей; проводити як частковий, так і комплексний аналіз англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту, але при цьому припускається деяких неточностей; у цілому вміє послуговуватись сучасними методами лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами, однак потребує незначної допомоги викладача.</p>
<p>Добре (74-81 С)</p>	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти має знання про основні сучасні підходи до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, порівнює їх, характеризує, але припускається незначних помилок; має знання про терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні, методи та прийоми лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, що використовуються в професійній діяльності вчителя-філолога; розуміє текст як багатоаспектне явище мовної та екстралінгвістичної дійсності; описує стильову, жанрову, структурну та мовну специфіку тексту, базові текстові категорії, їх характеристики, літературно-художню позицію автора, але припускається деяких огріхів у визначеннях, не може навести власних прикладів. Усні відповіді повні, логічні, натомість не завжди обґрунтовані.</p> <p>На середньому рівні володіє вміннями застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту, варіювати добір методів і прийомів аналізу залежно від стилю тексту, але допускаючи деякі неточності та незначні помилки; аналізувати та інтерпретувати тексти різних стилів, жанрів, типів; проводити як частковий, так і комплексний аналіз англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту, однак з деякими труднощами та огріхами під час аналізу та при формулюванні результатів аналізу; не завжди адекватно використовує сучасні методи лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами, при цьому</p>

	потребує допомоги викладача.
Задовільно (64-73 D)	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти має недостатні знання про сучасні підходи до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, плутається у їх характеристиках; має недостатні знання про терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні, методи, прийоми лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, що використовуються в професійній діяльності вчителя-філолога; описує стильову, жанрову, структурну та мовну специфіку тексту, базові текстові категорії, їх характеристики, літературно-художню позицію автора, але припускається грубих помилок у визначеннях, формулюванні висновків, не може навести прикладів. Усні відповіді не повні, здобувач вищої освіти ускладняється в їх обґрунтуванні.</p> <p>На задовільному рівні володіє вміннями застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту, але допускає грубі помилки; вміє проводити лише частковий аналіз англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту, наявні грубі помилки; має значні труднощі у використанні сучасних методів лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами, при цьому потребує допомоги викладача.</p>
Задовільно (60-63 E)	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти на репродуктивному рівні має знання про терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні і поодинокі методи лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту; не орієнтується у сучасних підходах до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту; фрагментарні знання про стильові, жанрові та мовні специфічні риси тексту, базові текстові категорії, їх характеристики, літературно-художню позицію автора, припускається грубих помилок у визначеннях, формулюванні висновків, не може навести прикладів. Усні відповіді не повні, не обґрунтовані.</p> <p>На низькому рівні володіє вміннями застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту, при цьому допускає грубі помилки; вміє проводити лише частковий аналіз англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту, наявні грубі помилки; не вміє послуговуватись сучасними методами лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами.</p>
Незадовільно (35-59 FX)	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти має фрагментарні знання про терміносистему, необхідну для лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту, рівні і поодинокі методи лінгвістичного аналізу тексту, що використовуються в професійній діяльності вчителя-філолога; не орієнтується у сучасних підходах до лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту; фрагментарні знання про стильові, жанрові та мовні специфічні риси тексту, базові текстові категорії (менше, ніж половина обсягу), припускається грубих помилок у дефініціях, не може навести прикладів. Усні відповіді часткові, не обґрунтовані.</p>

	<p>Здобувач вищої освіти <i>майже не вміє</i> застосовувати набуті теоретичні знання в процесі лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу англійськомовного тексту; вміє проводити аналіз лише деяких елементів англійськомовного художнього, наукового та газетно-публіцистичного тексту, при цьому наявні грубі помилки; не вміє послуговуватись сучасними методами лінгвістичного та літературознавчого аналізу тексту для проведення науково-дослідної роботи, пов'язаної з лінгвістичними, літературознавчими, лінгводидактичними проблемами.</p>
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ДОДАТКИ

Hints for guidance: transferring poetry

- ✓ *Read the given poetic text attentively once or twice. Be certain that you have made out the message of the poem.*
- ✓ *Mind that your aim is to turn the poem into a prose text without evaluating or addressing the author's hidden messages or underlying themes.*
- ✓ *Preserve the author's point of view and time representation.*
- ✓ *Do not begin with the words: "The poet says that ...".*
- ✓ *Do not add redundant information (the writer's name, the circumstances under which the passage was written, etc.).*
- ✓ *Add the necessary parts of speech, such as articles, prepositions, conjunctions, or relative pronouns that have been omitted for the sake of the metre.*
- ✓ *Rearrange, if necessary, the sentential organization in the order commonly used in prose.*
- ✓ *For all constructions that are uncommon in prose, but common in poetry, substitute the forms used in ordinary prose.*
- ✓ *For words or phrases that are archaic or uncommon, substitute words or phrases commonly used in modern English.*
- ✓ *Cancel stylistic devices (e.g. epithets) that contribute nothing to the purport of the sentence, but merely conduce to poetic ornament, or merely suit the necessities of the metre or the rhyme.*
- ✓ *Make no unnecessary changes of diction. It is not necessary to find a prose equivalent for any and every word used in the poem, so long as the latter is suited to prose.*
- ✓ *Compare your transferred text with the original one to make sure that your version accurately renders all the essential information in a prose form.*

Texts

CUPID'S ARROWS
by R. Kipling

Pit where the buffalo cooled his hide,
By the hot sun emptied, and blistered and dried;
Log in the reh-grass, hidden and alone;
Bund where the earth-rat's mounds are strown;
Cave in the bank where the sly stream steals;
Aloe that stabs at the belly and heels,
Jump if you dare on a steed untried – Safer it is to go wide –
go wide!
Hark, from in front where the best men ride: –
“Pull to the off, boys! Wide! Go wide!”
– The Peora Hunt.

Once upon a time there lived at Simla a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest District and Sessions Judge. She was a good girl, but could not help knowing her power and using it.

Her Mamma was very anxious about her daughter's future, as all good Mammams should be.

When a man is a Commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing open-work jam-tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a Member of Council, a Lieutenant-Governor, or a Viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say. There was a Commissioner in Simla, in those days, who was, and wore, and did, all I have said. He was a plain man—an ugly man—the ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe-head afterwards. His name was Saggott—Barr-Saggott—Anthony Barr-Saggott and six letters to follow.

Departmentally, he was one of the best men the Government of India owned. Socially, he was like a blandishing gorilla.

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton, I believe that Mrs.

Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age.

Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy-going man.

Now a Commissioner is very rich. His pay is beyond the dreams of avarice—is so enormous that he can afford to save and scrape in a way that would almost discredit a Member of Council. Most Commissioners are mean; but Barr-Saggott was an exception. He entertained royally; he horsed himself well; he gave dances; he was a power in the land; and he behaved as such.

Consider that everything I am writing of took place in an almost pre-historic era in the history of British India. Some folk may remember the years before lawn-tennis was born when we all played croquet. There were seasons before that, if you will believe me, when even croquet had not been invented, and archery—which was revived in England in 1844—was as great a pest as lawn-tennis is now. People talked learnedly about “holding” and “loosing,” “steles,” “reflexed bows,” “56-pound bows,” “backed” or “self-yew bows,” as we talk about “rallies,” “volleys,” “smashes,” “returns,” and “16-ounce rackets.”

Miss Beighton shot divinely over ladies' distance—60 yards, that is—and was acknowledged the best lady archer in Simla. Men called her “Diana of Tara-Devi.”

Barr-Saggott paid her great attention; and, as I have said, the heart of her mother was uplifted in consequence. Kitty Beighton took matters more calmly. It was pleasant to be singled out by a Commissioner with letters after his name, and to fill the hearts of other girls with bad feelings. But there was no denying the fact that Barr-Saggott was phenomenally ugly; and all his attempts to adorn himself only made him more grotesque. He was not christened “The Langur”—which means

gray ape—for nothing. It was pleasant, Kitty thought, to have him at her feet, but it was better to escape from him and ride with the graceless Cubbon—the man in a Dragoon Regiment at Umballa—the boy with a handsome face, and no prospects. Kitty liked Cubbon more than a little. He never pretended for a moment that he was anything less than head over heels in love with her; for he was an honest boy. So Kitty fled, now and again, from the stately wooings of Barr-Saggott to the company of young Cubbon, and was scolded by her Mamma in consequence. “But, Mother,” she said, “Mr. Saggott is such—such a—is so FEARFULLY ugly, you know!”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Beighton, piously, “we cannot be other than an all-ruling Providence has made us. Besides, you will take precedence of your own Mother, you know! Think of that and be reasonable.”

Then Kitty put up her little chin and said irreverent things about precedence, and Commissioners, and matrimony. Mr. Beighton rubbed the top of his head; for he was an easy-going man.

Late in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggott developed a plan which did great credit to his administrative powers. He arranged an archery tournament for ladies, with a most sumptuous diamond-studded bracelet as prize.

He drew up his terms skilfully, and every one saw that the bracelet was a gift to Miss Beighton; the acceptance carrying with it the hand and the heart of Commissioner Barr-Saggott. The terms were a St. Leonard's Round—thirty-six shots at sixty yards—under the rules of the Simla Toxophilite Society.

All Simla was invited. There were beautifully arranged tea-tables under the deodars at Annandale, where the Grand Stand is now; and, alone in its glory, winking in the sun, sat the diamond bracelet in a blue velvet case. Miss Beighton was anxious—almost too anxious to compete. On the appointed afternoon, all Simla rode down to Annandale to witness the Judgment of Paris turned upside down.

Kitty rode with young Cubbon, and it was easy to see that the boy was troubled in his mind. He must be held innocent of everything that followed. Kitty was pale and nervous, and looked long at the bracelet. Barr-Saggott was gorgeously dressed, even more nervous than Kitty, and more hideous than ever.

Mrs. Beighton smiled condescendingly, as befitted the mother of a potential Commissioneress, and the shooting began; all the world standing in a semicircle as the ladies came out one after the other.

Nothing is so tedious as an archery competition. They shot, and they shot, and they kept on shooting, till the sun left the valley, and little breezes got up in the deodars, and people waited for Miss Beighton to shoot and win. Cubbon was at one horn of the semicircle round the shooters, and Barr-Saggott at the other. Miss Beighton was last on the list. The scoring had been weak, and the bracelet, PLUS Commissioner Barr-Saggott, was hers to a certainty.

The Commissioner strung her bow with his own sacred hands. She stepped forward, looked at the bracelet, and her first arrow went true to a hair—full into the heart of the “gold”—counting nine points.

Young Cubbon on the left turned white, and his Devil prompted Barr-Saggott to smile. Now horses used to shy when Barr-Saggott smiled.

Kitty saw that smile. She looked to her left-front, gave an almost imperceptible nod to Cubbon, and went on shooting.

I wish I could describe the scene that followed. It was out of the ordinary and most improper. Miss Kitty fitted her arrows with immense deliberation, so that every one might see what she was doing. She was a perfect shot; and her 46-pound bow suited her to a nicety. She pinned the wooden legs of the target with great care four successive times. She pinned the wooden top of the target once, and all the ladies looked at each other. Then she began some fancy shooting at the white, which, if you hit it, counts exactly one point. She put five arrows into the white. It was wonderful archery; but, seeing that her business was to make “gold” and win the bracelet, Barr-Saggott turned a delicate green like young water-grass. Next, she shot over the target twice, then wide to the left

twice—always with the same deliberation—while a chilly hush fell over the company, and Mrs. Beighton took out her handkerchief. Then Kitty shot at the ground in front of the target, and split several arrows. Then she made a red—or seven points—just to show what she could do if she liked, and finished up her amazing performance with some more fancy shooting at the target-supports. Here is her score as it was picked off:—

Gold.	Red.	Blue.	Black.	White.	Total Hits.	Total Score
1	1	0	0	5	7	21

Barr-Saggott looked as if the last few arrowheads had been driven into his legs instead of the target's, and the deep stillness was broken by a little snubby, mottled, half-grown girl saying in a shrill voice of triumph: "Then I'VE won!"

Mrs. Beighton did her best to bear up; but she wept in the presence of the people. No training could help her through such a disappointment. Kitty unstrung her bow with a vicious jerk, and went back to her place, while Barr-Saggott was trying to pretend that he enjoyed snapping the bracelet on the snubby girl's raw, red wrist. It was an awkward scene—most awkward. Every one tried to depart in a body and leave Kitty to the mercy of her Mamma.

But Cubbon took her away instead, and—the rest isn't worth printing.

MOON-FACE *by J. London*

John Claverhouse was a moon-faced man. You know the kind, cheek-bones wide apart, chin and forehead melting into the cheeks to complete the perfect round, and the nose, broad and pudgy, equidistant from the circumference, flattened against the very centre of the face like a dough-ball upon the ceiling. Perhaps that is why I hated him, for truly he had become an offense to my eyes, and I believed the earth to be cumbered with his presence. Perhaps my mother may have been superstitious of the moon and looked upon it over the wrong shoulder at the wrong time.

Be that as it may, I hated John Claverhouse. Not that he had done me what society would consider a wrong or an ill turn. Far from it. The evil was of a deeper, subtler sort; so elusive, so intangible, as to defy clear, definite analysis in words. We all experience such things at some period in our lives. For the first time we see a certain individual, one who the very instant before we did not dream existed; and yet, at the first moment of meeting, we say: "I do not like that man." Why do we not like him? Ah, we do not know why; we know only that we do not. We have taken a dislike, that is all. And so I with John Claverhouse.

What right had such a man to be happy? Yet he was an optimist. He was always gleeful and laughing. All things were always all right, curse him! Ah I how it grated on my soul that he should be so happy! Other men could laugh, and it did not bother me. I even used to laugh myself—before I met John Claverhouse.

But his laugh! It irritated me, maddened me, as nothing else under the sun could irritate or madden me. It haunted me, gripped hold of me, and would not let me go. It was a huge, Gargantuan laugh. Waking or sleeping it was always with me, whirring and jarring across my heart-strings like an enormous rasp. At break of day it came whooping across the fields to spoil my pleasant morning revery. Under the aching noonday glare, when the green things drooped and the birds withdrew to the depths of the forest, and all nature drowsed, his great "Ha! ha!" and "Ho! ho!" rose up to the sky and challenged the sun. And at black midnight, from the lonely cross-roads where he turned from town into his own place, came his plaguey cachinnations to rouse me from my sleep and make me writhe and clench my nails into my palms.

I went forth privily in the night-time, and turned his cattle into his fields, and in the morning heard his whooping laugh as he drove them out again. "It is nothing," he said; "the poor, dumb beasties are not to be blamed for straying into fatter pastures."

He had a dog he called "Mars," a big, splendid brute, part deer-hound and part blood-hound, and resembling both. Mars was a great delight to him, and they were always together. But I bided my

time, and one day, when opportunity was ripe, lured the animal away and settled for him with strychnine and beefsteak. It made positively no impression on John Claverhouse. His laugh was as hearty and frequent as ever, and his face as much like the full moon as it always had been.

Then I set fire to his haystacks and his barn. But the next morning, being Sunday, he went forth blithe and cheerful.

“Where are you going?” I asked him, as he went by the cross-roads.

“Trout,” he said, and his face beamed like a full moon. “I just dote on trout.”

Was there ever such an impossible man! His whole harvest had gone up in his haystacks and barn. It was uninsured, I knew. And yet, in the face of famine and the rigorous winter, he went out gayly in quest of a mess of trout, forsooth, because he “doted” on them! Had gloom but rested, no matter how lightly, on his brow, or had his bovine countenance grown long and serious and less like the moon, or had he removed that smile but once from off his face, I am sure I could have forgiven him for existing. But no, he grew only more cheerful under misfortune.

I insulted him. He looked at me in slow and smiling surprise.

“I fight you? Why?” he asked slowly. And then he laughed. “You are so funny! Ho! ho! You’ll be the death of me! He! he! he! Oh! Ho! ho! ho!”

What would you? It was past endurance. By the blood of Judas, how I hated him! Then there was that name — Claverhouse! What a name! Wasn’t it absurd? Claverhouse! Merciful heaven, WHY Claverhouse? Again and again I asked myself that question. I should not have minded Smith, or Brown, or Jones — but CLAVERTHOUSE! I leave it to you. Repeat it to yourself—Claverhouse. Just listen to the ridiculous sound of it — Claverhouse! Should a man live with such a name? I ask of you. “No,” you say. And “No” said I.

But I bethought me of his mortgage. What of his crops and barn destroyed, I knew he would be unable to meet it. So I got a shrewd, close-mouthed, tight-fisted money-lender to get the mortgage transferred to him. I did not appear but through this agent I forced the foreclosure, and but few days (no more, believe me, than the law allowed) were given John Claverhouse to remove his goods and chattels from the premises. Then I strolled down to see how he took it, for he had lived there upward of twenty years. But he met me with his saucer-eyes twinkling, and the light glowing and spreading in his face till it was as a full-risen moon.

“Ha! ha! ha!” he laughed. “The funniest tike, that youngster of mine! Did you ever hear the like? Let me tell you. He was down playing by the edge of the river when a piece of the bank caved in and splashed him. ‘O papa!’ he cried; ‘a great big puddle flew up and hit me.’”

He stopped and waited for me to join him in his infernal glee.

“I don’t see any laugh in it,” I said shortly, and I know my face went sour.

He regarded me with wonderment, and then came the damnable light, glowing and spreading, as I have described it, till his face shone soft and warm, like the summer moon, and then the laugh—“Ha! ha! That’s funny! You don’t see it, eh? He! he! Ho! ho! ho! He doesn’t see it! Why, look here. You know a puddle —”

But I turned on my heel and left him. That was the last. I could stand it no longer. The thing must end right there, I thought, curse him! The earth should be quit of him. And as I went over the hill, I could hear his monstrous laugh reverberating against the sky.

Now, I pride myself on doing things neatly, and when I resolved to kill John Claverhouse I had it in mind to do so in such fashion that I should not look back upon it and feel ashamed. I hate bungling, and I hate brutality. To me there is something repugnant in merely striking a man with one’s naked fist — faugh! it is sickening! So, to shoot, or stab, or club John Claverhouse (oh, that name!) did not appeal to me. And not only was I impelled to do it neatly and artistically, but also in such manner that not the slightest possible suspicion could be directed against me.

To this end I bent my intellect, and, after a week of profound incubation, I hatched the scheme. Then I set to work. I bought a water spaniel bitch, five months old, and devoted my whole attention to her training. Had any one spied upon me, they would have remarked that this training consisted entirely of one thing — RETRIEVING. I taught the dog, which I called “Bellona,” to fetch sticks I threw into the water, and not only to fetch, but to fetch at once, without mouthing or playing with

them. The point was that she was to stop for nothing, but to deliver the stick in all haste. I made a practice of running away and leaving her to chase me, with the stick in her mouth, till she caught me. She was a bright animal, and took to the game with such eagerness that I was soon content.

After that, at the first casual opportunity, I presented Bellona to John Claverhouse. I knew what I was about, for I was aware of a little weakness of his, and of a little private sinning of which he was regularly and inveterately guilty.

“No,” he said, when I placed the end of the rope in his hand. “No, you don’t mean it.” And his mouth opened wide and he grinned all over his damnable moon-face.

“I — I kind of thought, somehow, you didn’t like me,” he explained. “Wasn’t it funny for me to make such a mistake?” And at the thought he held his sides with laughter.

“What is her name?” he managed to ask between paroxysms.

“Bellona,” I said.

“He! he!” he tittered. “What a funny name.”

I gritted my teeth, for his mirth put them on edge, and snapped out between them, “She was the wife of Mars, you know.”

Then the light of the full moon began to suffuse his face, until he exploded with: “That was my other dog. Well, I guess she’s a widow now. Oh! Ho! ho! E! he! he! Ho!” he whooped after me, and I turned and fled swiftly over the hill.

The week passed by, and on Saturday evening I said to him, “You go away Monday, don’t you?”

He nodded his head and grinned.

“Then you won’t have another chance to get a mess of those trout you just ‘dote’ on.”

But he did not notice the sneer. “Oh, I don’t know,” he chuckled. “I’m going up to-morrow to try pretty hard.”

Thus was assurance made doubly sure, and I went back to my house hugging myself with rapture.

Early next morning I saw him go by with a dip-net and gunnysack, and Bellona trotting at his heels. I knew where he was bound, and cut out by the back pasture and climbed through the underbrush to the top of the mountain. Keeping carefully out of sight, I followed the crest along for a couple of miles to a natural amphitheatre in the hills, where the little river raced down out of a gorge and stopped for breath in a large and placid rock-bound pool. That was the spot! I sat down on the croup of the mountain, where I could see all that occurred, and lighted my pipe.

Ere many minutes had passed, John Claverhouse came plodding up the bed of the stream. Bellona was ambling about him, and they were in high feather, her short, snappy barks mingling with his deeper chest-notes. Arrived at the pool, he threw down the dip-net and sack, and drew from his hip-pocket what looked like a large, fat candle. But I knew it to be a stick of “giant”; for such was his method of catching trout. He dynamited them. He attached the fuse by wrapping the “giant” tightly in a piece of cotton. Then he ignited the fuse and tossed the explosive into the pool.

Like a flash, Bellona was into the pool after it. I could have shrieked aloud for joy. Claverhouse yelled at her, but without avail. He pelted her with clods and rocks, but she swam steadily on till she got the stick of “giant” in her mouth, when she whirled about and headed for shore. Then, for the first time, he realized his danger, and started to run. As foreseen and planned by me, she made the bank and took out after him. Oh, I tell you, it was great! As I have said, the pool lay in a sort of amphitheatre. Above and below, the stream could be crossed on stepping-stones. And around and around, up and down and across the stones, raced Claverhouse and Bellona. I could never have believed that such an ungainly man could run so fast. But run he did, Bellona hot-footed after him, and gaining. And then, just as she caught up, he in full stride, and she leaping with nose at his knee, there was a sudden flash, a burst of smoke, a terrific detonation, and where man and dog had been the instant before there was naught to be seen but a big hole in the ground.

“Death from accident while engaged in illegal fishing.” That was the verdict of the coroner’s jury; and that is why I pride myself on the neat and artistic way in which I finished off John Claverhouse. There was no bungling, no brutality; nothing of which to be ashamed in the whole transaction, as I am sure you will agree. No more does his infernal laugh go echoing among the

hills, and no more does his fat moon-face rise up to vex me. My days are peaceful now, and my night's sleep deep.

ONE TIMELESS SPRING
by R. Bradbury

That week, so many years ago, I thought my mother and father were poisoning me. And now, twenty years later, I'm not so sure they didn't. There's no way of telling.

It all comes back to me through the simple expedient of an examined trunk in the attic. This morning I pulled back the brass hasps and lifted the lid, and the immemorial odor of mothballs shrouded the unstrung tennis rackets, the worn sneakers, the shattered toys, the rusty roller skates. These implements of play, seen again through older eyes, make it seem only an hour ago I rushed in from the shady streets, all asweat, the cry of "Ollie, Ollie, Oxen Free!" still excitedly trembling on my lips.

I was a weird and ridiculous boy then with brooding and uncommon ideas; the poison and the fear were only part of me in those years.

I began making notes a lined nickel tablet when I was only twelve. I can feel the stubby pencil in my fingers now, writing in those timeless spring mornings.

I paused to lick my pencil, thoughtfully. I sat in my upstairs room at the beginning of a clear endless day, blinking at the rose-stamped wallpaper, my feet bare, my hair shorn to a hairbrush stubble, thinking. "I didn't know I was sick until this week," I wrote. "I've been sick for a long time.

Since I was ten. I'm twelve now."

I scrouged up my face, bit my lips hard, focused blurrily on the tablet.

"Mom and Dad have made me sick. Teachers at school also gave this – «I hesitated. Then I wrote:

"Disease to me! The only ones who don't scare me are the other kids. Isabel Skelton and Willard Bowers and Clarisse Mellin; they aren't very sick yet. But I'm really bad off..."

I laid the pencil down. I went to the bathroom mirror to see myself.

My mother called me from downstairs to come to breakfast. I pressed close to the mirror, breathing so fast I made a big damp fog on the glass. I saw how my face was – changing.

The bones of it. Even the eyes. The pores of my nose. My ears. My forehead. My hair. All the things that'd been me for such a long time, starting to become something else.

("Douglas, come to breakfast, you'll be late for school!")

As I took a quick bath I saw my body floating under me. I was in-side it. There was no escape.

And the bones of it were doing things, shifting, mixing around!

Then I began singing and – svhistling loud, so I wouldn't think about it; until Father, rapping on the door, told me to quiet down and come eat.

I sat at the breakfast table. There was a yellow box of cereal and milk, white cold in a pitcher, and shining spoons and knives, and eggs planked with bacon, Dad reading his paper, Mom moving around the kitchen.

I sniffed. I felt my stomach lie down like a whipped dog.

"What's wrong. Son?" Dad looked at me casually. "Not hungry?"

"No, sir."

"A boy should be hungry in the morning," said Father.

"You go ahead and eat," said Mother at me.

"Go on now. Hurry." I looked at the eggs. They were poison. I looked at the butter. It was poison. The milk was so white and creamy and poisonous in its pitcher, and the cereal was brown and crisp and tasty in a green dish with pink flowers on it.

Poison, all of them, poison! The thought ran in my head like ants at a picnic. I caught my lip in my teeth.

"Unh?" said Dad, blinking at me. "You said?"

"Nothing," I said. "Except I'm not hungry."

I couldn't say I was ill and that food made me ill. I couldn't say that cookies, cakes, cereals and soups and vegetables had done this to me, could I? No, I had to sit, swallowing nothing, my heart beginning to pound.

"Well, drink your milk at least, and go on," said Mother. "Dad, give him money for a good lunch at school. Orange juice, meat and milk. No candy."

She didn't have to warn me on candy. It was worst of all the poisons. I wouldn't touch it again, ever! I strapped my books and went to the door.

"Douglas, you didn't kiss me," said Mom.

"Oh," I said, and shuffled to kiss her.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "By. So long, Dad."

Everybody said goodbye, I walked to school, thinking deep inside, like shouting down a long, cold well.

* * *

I ran down through the ravine and swung on a vine, way out; the ground dropped away, I smelled the cool morning air, sweet and high, and I screamed with laughter, and the wind threw away my thoughts. I tossed myself in a flip against the embankment and rolled down as birds whistled at me and a squirrel hopped like brown fuzz blown by the wind up around a tree trunk. Down the path the other kids fell like a small avalanche, yelling. "Ahh – eee – yahh". Pounding their chests, skipping rocks on the water, jumping their hands down to catch at crayfish. The crayfish jetted away in dusty spurts. We all laughed and joked.

A girl passed by on the green wooden bridge above us. Her name was Clarisse Mellin. We all hee-hawed at her, told her to go on, go on, we didn't want her with us, go on, go on! But my voice caught and trailed off, and I watched her going, slowly. I didn't look away.

From way off in the morning we heard the school bell ring. We scrambled up trails we'd made during many summers over the years. The grass was worn; we knew each snake hole and bump, each tree, every vine, every weed of it. After school we'd made tree huts here, high up over the shining creek, jumped in the water naked, gone on long hikes down the ravine to where it emptied lonely and abandoned into the big blue of Lake Michigan, near the tannery and the asbestos works and the docks.

Now, as we panted up to school, I stopped, afraid again. "You go on ahead," I said.

The last bell tolled. The kids ran. I looked at the school with vines growing on it. I heard the voices inside, making a high, all-the-time noise. I heard little desk bells tinkle and sharp teacher voices reaching out.

Poison, I thought. The teachers, too! They want me sick! They teach you how to be sicker and sicker! And – and how to *enjoy* being – sick!

"Good morning, Douglas."

I heard high-heeled shoes on the cement walk. Miss Adams, the principal, with her *pince-nez* and wide, pale face and close cropped dark hair, stood behind me. "Good "Come along in," she said, holding my shoulder firmly. "You're late. Come along."

She guided me, one two, one two, one two, upstairs, up the stairs to my fate.

Mr. Jordan was a plump man with thinning hair and serious green eyes and a way of rocking on his heels before his charts. Today he had a large illustration of a body with all its skin off. Exposed, were green, blue, pink and yellow veins, capillaries, muscles, tendons, organs, lungs, bones and fatty tissues. Mr. Jordan nodded before the chart.

"There's a great similarity between cancer and normal cell reproduction. Cancer is simply a normal function gone wild. Overproduction of cellular material –"

I raised my hand.

"How does food – I mean – what makes the body grow?"

"A good question, Douglas." He tapped the chart. "Food, taken into the body, is broken down, assimilated, and –"

I listened and I knew what Mr. Jordan was trying to do to me. My childhood was in my mind like a fossil imprint on soft shale rock. Mr. Jordan was trying to polish and smooth it away. Eventually it would all be gone, all my beliefs and imaginings. My mother changed my body with food, Mr. Jordan worked on my mind with words.

So I began to draw pictures on paper, not listening. I hummed little songs, made up a language all my own. The rest of the day I heard nothing. I resisted the attack, I counteracted the poison.

But then after school I passed Mrs. Singer's store and I bought candy. I couldn't help it. And after I ate it I wrote on the back of the wrapper: "This is the last candy I'm going to eat. Even at the Saturday matinee, when Tom Mix comes on the screen with Tony, I won't eat candy again. "

I looked at the candy bars stacked like a harvest on the shelves. Orange wrappers with sky blue words saying "Chocolate." Yellow and violet wrappers with little blue words on them. I felt the candy in my body, making my cells grow. Mrs. Singer sold hundreds of candy bars each day. Was she in conspiracy? Did she know what she was doing to children with them? Was she jealous of them being so young? Did she want them to grow old? I wanted to kill her!

"What you doing?"

Bill Arno had come up behind me while I was writing on the candy wrapper. Clarisse Mellin was with him. She looked at me with her blue eyes and said nothing.

I hid the paper. "Nothing," I said.

We all walked along. We saw kids playing hopscotch and kick the can and playing mibs on the hard ground, and I turned to Bill and I said, "We won't be allowed to do that next year, or maybe the year after."

Bill only laughed and said, "Sure, we will. Who'll stop us? "

"They will," I said.

"Who's they?" asked Bill.

"Never mind," I said. "Just wait and see."

"Aw, ' said Bill. "You're crazy."

"You don't understand!" I cried. "You play and run around and eat, and all the time they're tricking you and making you think different and act different and walk different. And all of a sudden one day you'll stop playing and have to worry!" My face was hot and my hands were clenched. I was blind with rage. Bill turned, laughing, and walked away. "Over Annie Over!" someone sang, tossing a ball over a housetop.

* * *

You might go all day without breakfast or lunch, but what about supper? My stomach shouted as I slid into my chair at the supper table. I held onto my knees, looking down at them. I won't eat, I told myself. I'll show them. I'll fight them.

Dad pretended to be considerate. "Let him go without supper," he said to my mother, when he saw me neglect my food. He winked at her. "He'll eat later."

All evening long I played on the warm brick streets of town, rattling the tin cans and climbing the trees in the growing dark.

Coming into the kitchen at ten o'clock, I realized it was no use. There was a note on top of the icebox which said, "Help yourself. Dad."

I opened the refrigerator, and a little cool breath breathed out against me, cold, with the smell of rimed foods on it. Inside was the wondrous half-ruin of a chicken. Members of celery were piled like cords of wood. Strawberries grew in a thicket of parsley.

My hands blurred. They made motions that caused an illusion of a dozen hands. Like those pictures of Eastern goddesses, they worship in temples. One hand with a tomato in it. One hand grasping a banana. A third hand seizing strawberries! A fourth, fifth, sixth hand caught in mid-motion, each with a bit of cheese, olive or radish!

Half an hour later I knelt by the toilet bowl and swiftly raised the seat. Then, rapidly, I opened my mouth, and shoved a spoon back, back along my tongue, down, down along my gagging throat.

Lying in bed, I shuddered and tasted the acrid memory in my mouth, glad to be rid of the food I had so eagerly ingested. I hated myself for my weakness. I lay trembling, empty, hungry again, but

too sick, now, to eat ...

I was very weak in the morning, and noticeably pale, for my mother made a comment on it. "If you're not better by Monday," she said, "to the doctor's with you!"

* * *

It was Saturday. The day of shouting, and no tiny little silver bells for teachers to silence it; the day when the colorless giants moved on the pale screen at the Elite movie house in the long theater dark, and children were only children, and not things growing.

I saw no one. In the morning when I should have been hiking out along the North Shore Rail Line, where the hot sun simmered up from the long parallels of metal, I lolled about in terrific indecision. And by the time I got to the ravine it was already mid-afternoon and it was deserted; all of the kids had run downtown to see the matinee and suck lemon drops.

The ravine was very alone, it looked so undisturbed and old and green, I was a little afraid of it. I had never seen it so quiet. The vines hung quietly upon the trees and the water went over the rocks and the birds sang high up.

I went down the secret trail, hiding behind bushes, pausing, going on.

Clarisse Mellin was crossing the bridge as I reached it. She was coming home from town with some little packages under her arm. We said hello, self-consciously.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Oh, walking around," I said.

"All alone?"

"Yeah. All the other guys are downtown."

She hesitated, then said, "Can I walk with you?"

"I guess so," I said. "Come on."

We walked down through the ravine. It was humming like a big dynamo. Nothing seemed to want to move, everything was very quiet. Pink darning needles flew and bumped on air pockets, and hovered over the sparkling creek water.

Clarisse's hand bumped mine as we walked along the trail. I smelled the moist dank smell of the ravine and the soft new smell of Clarisse beside me.

We came to a place where there was a cross trail.

"We built a tree hut up there last year," I said, pointing.

"Where?" Clarisse stepped close to me to see where my finger was pointing. "I don't see."

"There," I said, my voice breaking, and pointed again.

Very quietly, she put her arm around me. I was so surprised and bewildered I almost cried out. Then, trembling, her lips kissed me, and my own hands were moving to hold her and I was shaking and shouting inside myself.

The silence was like a green explosion. The water bubbled on in the creek bed. I couldn't breathe.

I knew it was all over. I was lost. From this moment on, it would be a touching, an eating of foods, a learning of language and algebra and logic, a movement and an emotion, a kissing and a holding, a whirl of feeling that caught and sucked me drowning under. I knew I was lost forever now, and I didn't care. But I *did* care, and I was laughing and crying all in one, and there was nothing to do about it, but hold her and love her with all my decided and rioting body and mind.

I could have gone on fighting my war against Mother and Dad and school and food and things in books, but I couldn't fight this sweetness on my lips and this warmth in my hands, and the new odor in my nostrils.

"Clarisse, Clarisse," I cried, holding her, looking over her shoulder blindly, whispering to her. "Clarisse!"

CAT IN THE RAIN

by E. Hemingway

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the caf? a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

‘I’m going down and get that kitty,’ the American wife said.

‘I’ll do it,’ her husband offered from the bed.

‘No, I’ll get it. The poor kitty out trying to keep dry under a table.’

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

‘Don’t get wet,’ he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

‘*Il piove,*’ the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

‘*Si, Si, Signora, brutto tempo.* It is very bad weather.’

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the caf?. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along under the eaves.

As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

‘You must not get wet,’ she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

‘*Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?*’

‘There was a cat,’ said the American girl.

‘A cat?’

‘*Si, il gatto.*’

‘A cat?’ the maid laughed. ‘A cat in the rain?’

‘Yes, –’ she said, ‘under the table.’ Then, ‘Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty.’

When she talked English the maid’s face tightened.

‘Come, Signora,’ she said. ‘We must get back inside. You will be wet.’

‘I suppose so,’ said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time

really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs.

She opened the door of the room.

George was on the bed, reading.

‘Did you get the cat?’ he asked, putting the book down.

‘It was gone.’

‘Wonder where it went to,’ he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

‘I wanted it so much,’ she said. ‘I don’t know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn’t any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain.’

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

‘Don’t you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?’ she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy’s.

‘I like it the way it is.’

‘I get so tired of it,’ she said. ‘I get so tired of looking like a boy.’

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn’t looked away from her since she started to speak.

‘You look pretty darn nice,’ he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

‘I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel,’ she said. ‘I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her.’

‘Yeah?’ George said from the bed.

‘And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.’

‘Oh, shut up and get something to read,’ George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

‘Anyway, I want a cat,’ she said, ‘I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can’t have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat.’

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

‘*Avanti*,’ George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoiseshell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

‘Excuse me,’ she said, ‘the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora.’

Навчальне видання

Лук'янченко Ірина Олегівна

**Методичні рекомендації
до практичних занять та самостійної роботи
з дисципліни
«Лінгвістичний та літературознавчий аналіз текстів (основна іноземна мова)»**

для здобувачів другого (магістерського) рівня вищої освіти
спеціальність 014 Середня освіта. Мова і література (англійська)

Авторська редакція