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T. Ye. Yeremenko, A. I. Demchuk, A. A. Yumrukuz

Expressive Reading of the Fiction Text:
From Theory to Practice

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Т. Є. Єременко, А. І. Демчук, А. А. Юмрукуз

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Рецензенти: доцент, кандидат філологічних наук Григорян Н. Р.
доцент, кандидат педагогічних наук, Таланова Л. Г.

Представлений навчальний посібник має на меті допомогти студентам опанувати виразне читання англійськомовного художнього тексту. Посібник складається з двох частин – теоретичної, у якій надається інформація щодо особливостей виразного читання та засобів вербалізації певних ознак голосу мовця, і практичної, що містить завдання, спрямовані на розвиток навичок виразного читання художнього тексту англійською мовою.

Адресовано студентам старших курсів мовних спеціальностей.

Contents

PREFACE

Contemporary educational system of Ukraine meeting the global demands for the high-skilled specialists sets new requirements to graduates of the foreign languages departments. Since modern education is focused on developing learners' skills rather than simply providing them with certain knowledge, specialists in foreign languages are expected to have all-round skills of written and oral communication. One of such skills is ability to orally interpret a written text, that is, to read it expressively. Thus, the given manual aims at developing students' skills of deciphering the author's ideas, intentions embodied in the actions or words of certain characters and rendering their emotions and states employing relevant prosodic means.

The book consists of two parts – theoretical and practical. The first chapter – "Expressive Reading of the Fiction Text: Theoretical Background" outlines the basics of expressive reading, describes the means of verbalizing the prosodic characteristics as prosodic image constituents, provides an analysis of prosodic characteristics as means of emotional state expression, highlights the connection of prosody with syntax and punctuation and offers a scheme of analyzing fiction texts for further oral interpretation.

The second chapter – "Expressive Reading of the Fiction Text: from Theory to Practice" offers some fiction texts (short stories, fragments of novels, plays, tales etc.) with tasks for developing the skills of expressive reading. The tasks imply the analysis of the excerpts in regards to their style, syntax, punctuation with further analysis of lexemes that verbalize certain prosodic characteristics of the voice.

The section of Supplementary Texts for Expressive Reading provides the texts for students' further practice and self-guided work on their expressive reading.

The Appendix offers the tables illustrating means of verbalizing prosodic parametres of the speaker's voice.

The manual is addressed to students majoring in English philology, research degree applicants, English teachers and everybody interested in developing the skills of effective expressive reading.

CHAPTER 1. EXPRESSIVE READING OF THE FICTION TEXT: THEORETICAL BACKGROUND

1.1 THE ESSENCE OF ORAL INTERPRETATION. EXPRESSIVE READING AS A CONSTITUENT OF ORAL INTERPRETATION

Oral interpretation is the process by which words are pulled from the page and given dimension in a reader's voice and body. Practitioners of oral interpretation bring stories to life, serving as a vehicle for the messages of the text. The oral interpretation of literature seeks to augment individual experience, by asking interpreters to combine the experiences of both themselves and the author into a performance that is shared with others. By combining these experiences, oral interpretation allows interpreters to communicate not only story, but also the socially significant messages including the attitudes, values, and beliefs of the surrounding world.

Oral interpretation is defined as "artistic process of studying literature through performance and sharing that study with an audience" [Jordon, 1993:14], "the art of communicating to an audience a work of literary art in its intellectual, emotional, and aesthetic entirety" [Gura, 2010:1], "the study and practice of vocally expressing the meaning of written compositions, especially of literature" [Lewis, 2004: 28]. What can be taken from these definitions is that at its core, interpretation is an artistic communication expression that seeks to present literature to an audience in the hopes of creating a meaningful response. This definition of interpretation aligns oral interpretation closer to the communicative expressions of both theatre and public speaking, and in doing so allows individuals to cross apply experiences from involvement in acting or public speaking classes while highlighting the key role literature plays in the process.

Students of the philology departments are expected to be effective in philological and expressive reading. By philological reading we mean the adequate rendering of the written text in its oral form.

Expressive reading is such an activity in which the text is featured, its oral production clarifies, illuminates, extends, or provides insights into the text.

Its purpose is to illuminate the literature, to call forth mental images of characters performing an action. The readers are interpreters, who must bring life and meaning to the symbols on the page by vocal means.

Expressive reading depends on the reader's understanding of the text. Giving the text voice helps experiencing the writing more completely, more comprehensibly, than it does in silent reading. Not only must the reader discern and understand the attitude of the author, but he must express that attitude with his voice. On this sense, the oral reader reembodies the original speaker or the creator of the text. Not only must he recognize the tone of the poem, but he is stimulated to introduce the tone.

Oral reading is one of the best ways to know and to feel the full meaning of literature because, audibly expressed, it appeals not only to the mind, but to the whole range of senses. If you are to understand and enjoy the literary text, you will first have to reinvent it, or in the other words appropriate to a certain extent the inspiration of the author. To do so you must fall into step with him by adopting his gesture, his attitudes, his gait, by which I mean learning to read the text aloud with the proper intonation. Working from such a highly personalized viewpoint, you come to realize that if you are to read the material properly, you must understand not only what the author has said but also the structure of literary piece: its "builds" and climaxes, its forewarnings, and its character relationships. You are thereby stimulated to make the close textual study of the literature needed to comprehend the material thoroughly. When you understand it, you almost invariably enjoy it.

In preparing for expressive reading you are motivated to develop rich, flexible, expressive voices and to free yourselves from muscular tension so that you can respond vocally to the content of the literary material.

Expressive reading accomplishes many of the commonly accepted goals for creative study: educating the emotions for controlled use, educating the imagination for creative self-expression, disciplining the voice for purposeful use, and expanding intellectual horizons to include aesthetic awareness.

Philologically, everything which has been commuted to writing can and must be read aloud. This presupposes the establishment of the relative importance of linguistic units for the acts of communication. Thus, for example, scientific prose is normally characterized by few variations of phonetic parameters. The main function, the language performs here is that of passing over the information. In publicistics, the author may use various stylistic devices and connotative words to force the reader to accept a particular ideology, to assume a particular stance or mode of behaviour. This aim would presuppose a greater variation of phonetic parameters. The sound form becomes as it were, a semiologically relevant parameter responsible for the total effect the text may have on a reader. In fiction, where the main function of the language is that of aesthetic impact, one must be aware of many things, starting from the basic information of separate sounds and the way they are normally pronounced in the language – up to the conceptual and linguistic world – view of the creator of the text – to be able to approach the understanding the author wants to communicate to the reader.

Reading texts aloud in the classroom is the chastening exercise both for the teacher and the students (it reveals the depth of understanding and the proficiency of students in putting these ideal forward in an adequate form).

What tops the list of priorities is, undoubtfully, voice, when we pass from segmental to suprasegmental (semantic, syntactic) and suprasyntactic (metasemiotic) levels of analysis, naturally the above definition of voice has to be further developed, specified and presented here at a different angle.

Voice is too complicated a phenomenon to be viewed as mere vibration of vocal cords as opposed to no vibration. From the acoustic-articulatory point of view the work of all speech organs: the lungs, the larynx, the pharynx, the nasal and oral cavities is relevant for voice production. Due to the fact that all the anatomical and physical peculiarities of the speech organs are reflected in a speaker's voice the latter can be described as an identifier of a speaker's individuality. Analysis of voice on the articulatory, acoustic, and auditory levels from this point of view is, no doubt, most

interesting, but however exciting this kind of research may be we should never forget that what we are after is the linguistic, philological investigation of voice.

All individual peculiarities of voice (whether conditioned by length or thickness of the vocal cords, or by the mode of their vibration or by the shape of the cavities above the larynx) are disregarded when voice becomes an object of a philological investigation, mainly concerned with the semiologically relevant features of voice common to all the speakers of a given language. Naturally, linguistically motivated parameters of voice, i.e. ‘the speaking voice’ (to distinguish it from an individual’s voice) easily lend themselves to auditory as well as instrumental analysis.

As has been shown by M.H. Kozyreva the following parameters of speaking voice are believed to be semiologically relevant: pitch-movement, i.e. the system of tones or melody of a given language; modulations of pitch-registers (high, middle, low; modulations of loudness: normal, increased, diminished and modulations of voice-quality (husky, hollow, dry etc) which are going to be described below.

1. 2. VERBALIZATION OF THE VOICE PROSODIC CHARACTERISTICS IN THE MODERN ENGLISH LANGUAGE

§ 1.2.1. Voice prosodic characteristics as prosodic image constituents: ways of verbalization

Expressive reading as a philological issue demands knowledge and skills of decoding and interpreting prosodic images of belles-lettres texts. Prosodic image is a complex of prosodic characteristics evoking readers' or listeners' associations either with outer world phenomena (outer prosodic image) or inner feelings and emotions (inner prosodic image). To render prosodic images of a belles-lettres text one should be able to use appropriate prosodic means.

For instance, a complex of various prosodic characteristics should be employed to act out a dramatic atmosphere of the events in the following passage:

"With a wild rattle and clatter, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching to another between, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a little jolt, and there was a loud cry, and the horses reared and stopped" (Ch. Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities).

Such prosodic characteristics as increased loudness, tense voice quality, quick tempo, tremolo, change of the melodic contour help to create the outer prosodic image of a wild rattle and clatter of the carriage, extremely high speed, screams and cries in the street, horses' nervous behavior.

As we have mentioned inner prosodic images express personages' or authors' feelings and attitudes. The following passage from "Pride and prejudice" by J. Austin illustrates a wide range of Missis Dashwood's emotions: from disguised disapproval to extreme indignation:

"Mrs John Dashwood did not at all approve of what her husband intended

to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree. She begged him to think again on the subject" (J. Austin, Pride and prejudice).

To create the prosodic image in the sentence *"To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree"* the following complex of the prosodic parameters can be used: slow tempo, widening of the pitch range on the words *"three thousand pounds"*, High Fall and decreased loudness or even dramatic whisper – on the word *"dreadful"*.

So the main prosodic characteristics include melody, loudness, voice quality and tempo. There is a corpus of lexical units that verbalize separate prosodic characteristics and combinations of two, three and four parameters, and create an independent layer of the English vocabulary. These lexical units play an important role of prosodic image markers in the prose and drama texts functioning as specific prompts in the process of oral interpretation and expressive reading.

Before representing the relationship between prosody and interpretation let us refresh the main features of the prosodic characteristics.

Melody

One of the melody components is pitch. Pitch is a rate at which vocal folds pulses recur. It characterizes individual features of a definite speaker's voice, and depends on the physiological peculiarities of his or her vocal apparatus.

Pitch refers to how high or low voice sounds. It is determined by the speed of vibration of the vocal folds, the thickness of the edge of the folds, and the length of the folds. The higher the voice, the faster is the rate of vibration of the vocal folds. The more elongated and thinner the edges of the vocal folds become, the higher the pitch will be. On the other hand, if the vibrating edges of the vocal folds become thicker and shorter, and the vocal folds vibrate at a slower rate, the pitch will be

lowered. We use vibration in pitch during the speech to signal meaning and emotion and this is referred to the melody modulation.

Pitch is conditioned by the rate or frequency of the vocal cords vibration as well as the amplitude of vibration. Pitch is never constant: it changes in the process of speaking. If vocal cords vibration changes from rapid to slow, pitch goes down, i.e. it falls; if the reverse takes place, pitch goes up, i.e. it rises.

Pitch-movement can also be described as tone: simple (a falling or a rising tone) or complex (falling-rising, rising-falling, falling-rising-falling, etc.). If pitch is sustained and is neither raised nor lowered during phonation the tone produced is "level". Pitch-movement can be realized in different pitch-registers within the limits of a speaker's pitch-range.

Loudness

Loudness is the amplitude of the sound wave produced that is measured by its intensity. It is defined as a perceived sound that refers it to the perceptual level.

By loudness we mean the relative prominence of the voice. The acoustic correlate of loudness is intensity which is measured in decibels. But, in fact, there is no one-to-one correspondence between intensity and loudness, since the latter is also conditioned by the frequency of vibration. We perceive tones of equal intensity but different frequency of vibration as different in loudness: the higher tone will sound louder. This means that there exists a certain difference between the degree of intensity and the degree of loudness. But this is true only for the sounds that go beyond the diapason of the speaking voice.

Like pitch-registers the degrees of loudness are regarded not in absolute but in relative terms. Five semiologically relevant degrees of loudness have been singled out: normal, loud, very loud, soft, very soft. The distinctions between "loud" and "very loud", "soft" and "very soft" degrees of loudness function on the metasemiotic level; they lie within the domain of timbre suprasyntactics.

Tempo is a characteristic which is not directly connected with voice formation. But as Kozyreva (1986) stresses despite the fact that tempo does not take part in the

voice formation it is included in the notion “national type of voice formation” as the conformities of tempo modulations manifest the speech production specifity in a definite language. Besides tempo can function as an emotional state indicator. In general, tempo is the pace of speech delivery, measured in syllables per minute or in words per minute.

Tempo

Tempo is a relative speed of pronunciation. When we speak of a tempo we mean not the absolute speed (not the number of words per minute) but the functional change in the speed of pronunciation. In this connection it should be pointed out that the functional modifications of tempo do not depend on the individual peculiarities of a speaker's tempo.

As it is well known, the average tempo differs from one person to another (some people speak more slowly, others more quickly), nevertheless, whatever the individual peculiarities of every speaker’s tempo may be, we can speak of basic meaningful modifications of tempo which are actually used and distinguished by everybody. These are: normal tempo, fast tempo, and slow tempo. Their opposition is significant for intelligibility as they help 1) to distinguish between parenthetical insertions and the main part of the utterance; 2) to mark the end of a paragraph and the beginning of the following one.

The perceptual impression of the speech rate is related to the amount of speech a speaker produces in a specific period of time. The number and length of pauses is relevant. A different impression of speech rate is obtained when a speaker talks fastly for a few seconds, pauses, and then says something in a fast way again then when a speaker says the same in the same amount of time in a slower pace without pausing.

Voice quality

Abercrombie defines voice quality as “a quasi-permanent quality running through all the sound that issues from a person’s mouth” [Abercrombie, 19677: 205]. He suggests that the “Term “voice quality” refers to those characteristics which are present more or less all the time that a person is talking […]” [Abercrombie, 1967].

In other words, perceiving someone's speech, we are able to extract some consistent characteristics of the speaking voice with a certain voice quality.

Voice quality is defined by Trask as "the characteristic auditory coloring of an individual's voice, derived from a variety of laryngeal and supralaryngeal features and running continuously through the individual's speech. The natural and distinctive tone of speech sounds produced by a particular person yields to a particular voice" [Trask, 1996: 381].

There is a distinction between "organic" and "phonetic" qualities: the former arises from the speaker's anatomical features and is not under the speaker's volition control; the latter is the product of the way speakers habitually set their vocal tract and larynx, and, therefore, is controlled volitionally. A speaker's volitional setting is a constellation of the acquired traits characteristic of a particular community. A voice is the product of these two kinds of quality, which convey not only the linguistic meaning of the message, but also information about the speaker's age, sex, nationality, profession personality traits, psychological state.

Laver interprets the voice quality as a characteristic auditory coloring of an individual speaker's voice. At the same time he stresses that both laryngeal and supralaryngeal features will be seen as contributing to voice quality [Laver, 1980: 1].

Laver and Trudgill (1979) refine the concept of changeability when they make a distinction between two types of a long term speaker's characterizing voice features: anatomically induced voice characteristics and vocal settings. The first cannot be changed, the second are influenced by the speaker.

Anatomically induced voice characteristics arise from anatomical differences between the speakers. These differences can explain voice quality differences between the individual speakers or a group of the speakers.

Extralinguistic vocal settings can be defined as a way in which an individual habitually speaks. More specifically, settings are constituted by a tendency for the vocal apparatus to maintain a given configuration. For instance, a speaker may habitually use a nasal voice quality. The nasal characteristic then is shared by the segments throughout her / his speech. The difference between a linguistic use of

nasality and a nasal voice quality setting is that in the latter case nasality stretches on the nasal and non-nasal sounds.

A speaker may choose to pronounce her / his speech with a slight whispery voice quality, perhaps she / he thinks that such sounds are attractive. Settings may also be a part of some particular personal or social accent. In addition, settings can indicate the membership of a specific social group, e.g. women are said to use a breathy voice quality more often than men, without any physiological need to do so.

There are some voice qualities generally distinguished by the linguists (Laver, 1980; Keller, 2005):

• Breathy voice quality is characterized by the low muscle tension. It can be described as “a bedroom voice”, a husky, relaxed, sexy way of speaking. Vocal fold vibrations are inefficient and the term “breathy voice” is used where whispery would be more appropriate. Breathy voice requires a very lax laryngeal muscle system. It cannot be combined with creaky or harsh voice qualities for which more tension is needed. That is why Laver stresses that any compound type of voice qualities should be described by using the term “whispery” and not “breathy”, for example, “a harsh, breathy voice”.

• Whispery voice quality as well as breathy voice quality shares the characteristic of audible friction: when listening to a breathy voice, the air escapes audibly through the vocal folds. Like a breathy voice it is characterized by the low tension in the glottis. The difference between these two types of voice qualities is that it is moderate to high medial compression and moderate longitudinal tension. This tension pattern creates a triangular glottal opening which size varies with the degree of the medial compression. Whispery voice is described as “a library voice”, a voiced way of whispering. When one speaks in a whispery voice, the muscle tension is high. The portion of the vocal cords is tightly closed. The size of the opening corresponds with the amount of audible friction; the opening is smaller in a perceptually more silent whispery voice. On the whole, a breathy voice and a whispery voice can be presented in the opposition “a lax voice” ↔ “a tense voice”.

• Creaky voice quality is characterized by a very low pitch. The listener can actually hear the separate vocal fold vibrations: short boosts, abrupt, and periodical. It gives the perceptual impression of running a stick along a fence, or slowly opening a door with creaky hinges. Creaky voice results from high tension and medial compression, but little longitudinal tension. It is produced with thick, compact vocal cords. The folds above the vocal cords come into contact with the vocal cords, which has a dampening effect on the vibrations. Klatt and Klatt found out that the acoustic measures for a creaky voice are as follows: a narrow glottal pulse, a low fundamental frequency and double periodicity caused by diplophonic irregularities in the fundamental period.

• Harsh voice is also called rough. Harshness is perceived as a rough, rasping sound. The phonation starts with a hard glottal attack instead of a much softer aspirated beginning. Harsh voice is characterized by the irregularity of the glottal wave-form and by spectral noise. The irregularities consist of aperiodicity in the frequency and amplitude of the acoustic signal. Aperiodicity is defined as a short-term fluctuation in the period duration. Aperiodicity of the fundamental frequency is called frequency jitter. Aperiodicity in frequency and amplitude s is not heard as loudness, because the fluctuation are too small. But the fluctuations are heard as the components of the voice quality. A harsh voice is also related to an increase in the spectral noise level.

• Nasal voice quality is achieved by opening the barrier between the oral and nasal cavities, in other words, by lowering the velum. In the process of speech production the velum is usually lowered more or less, without immediately giving the impression of nasal voice quality. The important factor here is the ratio of the opening from the oral cavity to the nasal cavity. If the first (oral to nasal) is larger than the second (pharynx to oral), the voice sounds nasal. An airflow through the nose does not have to be present for a nasal resonance.

• Tense voice quality is characterized by the degree of the muscular tension throughout the vocal apparatus. A tense voice quality can be demonstrated in the communicative situation when a speaker utters something while lifting a heavy

object. There are two main setting: laryngeal tension and supralaryngeal tension that manifest themselves in lax versus tense phonation or articulation. Laver (1980) describes a tense voice as loud, high-pitched, harsh, with subglottal pressure, slightly raised larynx, tensed velum, extensive movements of the tongue, and highly mobile jaw. Laryngeal tension is the amount of tension in the vocal cords. Supralaryngeal tension is the amount of tension in the muscles in the pharynx and oral cavity. The supralaryngeal tension can also influence the tongue movements. It is clearly heard in the process of vowel production when tense and lax voices are accompanied by the large and small vowel space respectively.

Thus, the voice quality can be defined as a long-term, extralinguistically used suprasegmental speaking voice characteristic. On the one hand, it is constrained by anatomical differences between the speakers. On the other hand, a voice quality is modulated within these physical boundaries on the grounds of sociolectal, preferences of the socio-cultural community or idiosyncratic settings, i.e. personal preferences.

Voice prosodic characteristics are verbalized by definite linguistic means. There are phonation verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and nouns that nominate melody, loudness, tempo, and voice quality.

Melody

The pitch range is verbalized by such phonation verbs as *to snarl, to screech, to crack, to trill, to chirp. To screech, to trill, to chirp* nominate high pitch: "to say something in a high / very high voice" [LDCE]. E.g.: *"Called Tom in paranoid desperation to see if he wanted to go out tonight. "Sorry", he chirped. 'I am taking Jerome to the PACT party at the Grouche Club.' Oh, God, I hate when Tom is happy, confident and getting on well with Jerome"* (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones's Diary).

The verb *to snarl* verbalizes low pitch: "to say something in a low angry voice" [LDCE]. Tone movement direction is conveyed by the verbs to sing-song and to jig and jag: *to sing-song* – "a way of speaking in which your voice repeatedly rises and falls" [CALD]; *to jig and jag* – "to move up and down with quick short movements"

[LDCE]. The adjective sing-song also renders the direction of tone movement: "(of a voice) in a rising and falling way" [CALD]. E.g.: *"That was where she was, she was on the bloody roof. 'What's the matter with you?' said Daniel. 'No-thong,' I sing-songed gaily, flopping into the sitting-room. 'just a little tired from the party"* (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones's Diary).

To crack verbalizes abrupt changes from one level to another: "if your voice cracks, it changes from one level to another suddenly, it becomes harsh" [LDCE]. The verb to crack is able to convey any strong emotions, that is reflected in the semantic component "because of strong emotions".

The speed of the tone falling is rendered by the lexical *units sharply, abruptly, curtly, harshly, briskly, crisply, roughly, brusquely, tartly, violently - mild, mellow; mildly.*

The adverbs of this group verbalize an abrupt falling of the tone in the lexico-semantic variant "sharply". The adjectives mild, mellow in the combination with the noun "voice" mean "soft, gentle", "soft, pure, rich, smooth" (a mild voice, a mellow voice).

The adjectives *monotonous, flat, even, and the adverbs flatly, evenly* verbalize the prosodic characteristic of pitch in combinations with the noun "voice" or the verbs of speech: "monotonous voice" / "monotonously". The nouns *monotone, monotony* verbalize this melody component in the lexico-semantic variant "a way of speaking that continues on the same note without getting any louder or softer" [LDCE].

E.g.: *"'How are you?' asked Chessie. 'Ok', said Rick flatly. Then he was almost sobbing. 'No, I'm not, I m-miss you' "* (J. Cooper, Polo).

Melody modulation is nominated by the adjectives *musical, melodious, mellifluous.* These lexical units in combination with the noun "voice" actualize the lexico-semantic variant "melodious". In the variant "having a pleasant sound like music" there is a positively charged semantic component "pleasant". It means that speaking voices perceived as melodious will be estimated by listeners as pleasant.

Loudness

The verbs nominating increased loudness are *to cry, to shout, to exclaim, to explode, to burst out, to storm, to bawl, to holler, to hurl, to whoop.* Diminished loudness is conveyed by the verbs *to whisper, to hiss:* "to speak or say something very quietly"; "to say something in a whisper".

Phonation verbs *to shout, to exclaim* verbalize the increased loudness in the following meanings: "speak or cry out in a loud voice"; "say / cry out suddenly and loudly from pain, anger, surprise, etc." [LDCE]. E.g.: *"Barban cried in a voice that shook everybody, a voice for cavalry: 'Do you want to step out here – we're only a mile from the hotel and you can walk it or I'll drag you there. 'You've got to shut up and shut your wife up!' "* (F.S. Fitzgerald, tender is the night).

To explode includes in its meaning only one component "loud", *to storm* – only "shout". The rest of the verbs express the increased loudness by the semantic components "shout", "loud" / "loudly".

Adjectives *loud, strong, large, big* and adverbs *loudly, explosively* also verbalize the increased loudness in the lexico-semantic variant "not soft", "loud". *Large* actualizes lexico-semantic variant "loud" in combination with the noun "voice".

Nouns *cry, storm*, shout verbalize the increased loudness: "a loud shout", "a loud call".

Diminished loudness is conveyed by the component "quietly" in the meaning of the verb to whisper, and by the component "whisper" in the meaning of the verb to hiss.

The adjectives and the adverbs with the meaning "soft, quiet / softly, quietly" nominate the diminished loudness: *low, soft, quiet, gentle, calm, small, weak, little, tiny, unruffled, low-voiced, gentle-voiced, level, serene; quietly, softly, calmly, gently, levelly, weakly, faintly.*

The adjectives (low, soft, gentle, low-voiced, gentle-voiced, small, level) and the adverbs (*softly, gently, levelly*) verbalize lowered loudness in the lexico-semantic variant "soft, not loud (about voice)" / "softly, not loudly". Adjectives quiet, calm,

unruffled contains in one of their semantic variants the components “quiet, soft”, serene – only the component “quiet”, which are contextually actualized in combination with the noun “voice”.

Adjectives *weak, faint* in combination with “voice” actualize component “weak”, that imply diminished loudness. This statement is proved by the vocabulary meanings “lacking in strength”, “difficult to hear” [LDCE].

There are two nouns nominating diminished loudness: whisper - “a very quiet voice”, and hiss – “hissing sound”.

E.g.: *“I’ve been looking everywhere for you, Jack, she said. She spoke softly. ‘When I found out you were in a place like that I thought you must be broke or sick…’ Joan’s dress was black. Her voice was low and serene.”* (A. Hailey, Airport).

“There was a silence. Then Cindy asserted, low-voiced and savagely, ‘Listen to me! You’d better get there tonight, and soon. If you don’t come, or if you do come and embarrass me by saying anything of what you did just now, it’ll be the end. Do you understand?” (A. Hailey, Airport).

Tempo

The phonation verbs nominating tempo are the following: *to spit, to drawl, to blurt, to pant, to gush, to sputter, to patter, to rattle.*

Quick tempo is rendered by the semantic components “quickly” (*to spit, to sputter, to rattle, to pant*), “rapid” (to patter), and “suddenly” (*to blurt, to gush*).

To blurt and *to gush* only imply quickened tempo, as the semantic component “suddenly” does not nominate directly the rapidness of the fulfilled action. However, suddenness implies it. If to compare the direct meaning of the verb “to gush” and its figurative meaning, it becomes clear that this lexical unit conveys such a type of sounding that is associated with the quickened tempo. In its direct meaning to gush has a lexico-semantic variant “to spout, to spurt; to well out” [LDCE], which suggests suddenness of an action, and, therefore, rapidness.

The sound form of the verb to gush is also associated with quickened speed, which is implied by the explosive sound [g] and the fricative sound [ʃ] (cp.: flash – to

move quickly; hush – noise of quickly running water) [Voronin, 1983:51-52]. We can say the same about the sound form of the verb to blurt, that includes the explosive sound [b] and the sonorous lateral sound [l]. One of the main functional characteristic of these sounds is to render the quick movement (of water, air) [Voronin, 1983: 69-70]. If we compare the meanings of these verbs, it will be clear enough that they have similar semantic components, nominating suddenness, abruptness of the given action. Besides the verb to gush contains in its direct meaning the seme "burst": "burst or flow out suddenly".

Quick tempo is also verbalized by the adverbs: *quickly, hastily, hurriedly, promptly, rapidly, and swiftly.*

The nouns verbalizing the quick tempo are presented by two lexical units: gush and *rush*. The noun rush actualizes the lexico-semantic variant "fast movement", and gush – the lexico-semantic variant "sudden outburst or outflow".

E.g.: *"Adrian Nesbitson was struggling to his feet. 'Never! Never! Never!' His face brick-red, the old man sputtered angrily"* (F. S. Fitzgerald, Great Gatsby).

"Today she was especially charming in a black coat and skirt with a necklet of rich brown fur about her throat. Freddie gushed: 'You're lucky devil, if ever I met one. She's a nice thing" (A. J. Cronin, The Citadel).

" 'But I want to tell you' she was speaking more hurriedly now, a shade less confidently. 'There hasn't been anybody else; there couldn't be. You see… I happen to love you.'" (A. Hailey, Airport).

Slow tempo and drawling pronunciation of the vowels are verbalized by the phonation verb *to drawl*, by the adjective *drawling* and by the noun *drawl*: "to speak in a slow way with vowels longer than normal" [LDCE].

The adverb *slowly* and the adjective slow verbalize slow tempo in the lexico-semantic variant "taking a long time, not quick" [LDCE]. E.g.: *"The gun pointed at my chest… Moreli's lower lip crawledup to lap the upper, and the whites if his eyes began to show under the irises. 'You son of a bitch', he said slowly"* (D. Hammet, The Thin man).

The means of voice quality verbalization are the most diverse. It is explained by the variety of the voice qualities distinguished by the English speakers.

The hoarse voice quality is verbalized by the following adjectives and adverbs: *hoarse, husky, gruff, coarse; hoarsely, gruffly, huskily*. All these lexical units have a lexico-semantic variant "hoarse, coarse, husky (about voice)" / "gruffly, hoarsely" [LDCE]. The nouns nominating this voice quality are *hoarseness, gruffness*.

"His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even to the people he liked – and there where men at New Haven who had hated his guts" (F. S. Fitzgerald, Great Gatsby).

The next voice quality distinguished in the English speaking community is tremulousness. Tremulousness is also defined by the term "vibrato". Antipova notes that the range of vibrations typical for this voice quality (5-7Hz) coincides with the frequency of vibration of so-called stress-rhythm (4-7Hz) of the brain, appearing due to the general organism activity, provoked by different stresses [Antipova, 1980:80].

The phonation verbs verbalizing tremulous voice are *to tremble, to shake, to flutter, to quiver, to waver.*

To quaver has a lexico-semantic variant "to say or sing in a shaking voice" in which the tremulous voice quality is actualized by the components "shaking voice". *To tremble* ("shake involuntarily"), *to shake* ("(of smb.'s voice) tremble, become faltering", *to quiver* ("tremble slightly, vibrate") have a lexico-semantic variant "to tremble, shake (about voice / sound)". The verbs to waver, to quail, and *to flutter* express tremulousness by the components - "unsteadily", "tremble", "wave". These verbs actualize the meaning "to shake (about voice / sound)" in combination with the noun "voice".

The adjectives and the adverbs are presented by the following lexical units: *unsteady, trembling, quavering, shaking, faltering, vibrating, shaky, tremulous, wavery; shakily, tremulously.*

All these lexical units have a lexico-semantic variant “trembling (about voice)” / with tremulousness (in voice)”. The adjective unsteady actualizes this meaning contextually.

E.g.: *“he had said to her in German, in his grave, yet tremulous voice”* (D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow).

The lexical units that nominate tense voice quality are subdivided into two groups: 1) tense – lax; 2) careless – precise [Crystal, 1969:165]. According to this classification, the elements of the first subsystem are the following adjectives: *tense, intense, eager, stiff, strained, throaty, strangled, choked, tight, tough, taut; and the adverbs: stiffly, eagerly, intensely, tensely, tightly, and tautly.* These lexical units verbalize the tense voice quality. The lexical units that nominate lax voice quality were not registered.

The second subsystem is represented by the verb to slur and by the adjectives and adverbs that verbalize the careless voice quality: *casual, thick, careless, slurred; casually, thickly, carelessly, indistinctly; and by the adjectives and adverbs nominating the precise voice quality: clear, precise, distinct, pure; clearly, distinctly.*

It is interesting to note that the results of the instrumental analysis prove that in the state of stress a man’s muscles are tensed including the muscles of the speech production apparatus, and the coordination of the breathing and speech production muscles is impaired. The listener perceives these changes as the changes of the different prosodic characteristics. The voice quality manifests itself as hoarse and tense [Galunov, 1989]. The verbal means of nominating the highest degree of the muscle tension and impairing of the speech production and breathing muscles coordination are the lexical units of the first subsystem.

All the adjectives and the adverbs of this group have a lexico-semantic variant “tightly stretched, tensed” / “tightly, tensely”. The adjective tough does not contain in its meaning the lexico-semantic variant “tense”, however, the verb to toughen has a lexico-semantic variant “tense (muscles)”, that allows to follow the semantic connection between the lexico-semantic variant of the verb and the contextual meaning of the word combination “tough voice”.

The lexical units *throaty, strangled, choked* are referred to this group due to the existing results of the experimental researches in which the tense voice quality is described with the help of the above-mentioned words [Laukkanen, 2004; Teshigawara, 2003; Zetterholm, 1998].

E.g.: *"Hating the other man, his own voice tight with anger, James Howden exclaimed, 'It hasn't all been softness. There's a list from two world wars you may have heard of: St. Eloi, Vimy, Dieppe, Sicily, Ortona, Normandy…' "*(A. Hailey).

To slur verbalizes the careless voice quality through the components "unclearly", "indistinct": "to speak unclearly without separating words or sounds correctly; join sounds so that they are indistinct".

The adjectives *casual, careless* and the adverbs *casually, carelessly* in combination with the nouns "tone", "voice", "sound" and the verb "to say" actualize the lexico-semantic variant "careless, casual / "carelessly, casually". The lexical unit slurred is derived from the verb to slur, and has a lexico-semantic variant "to pronounce carelessly". The adjective thick in combination with "voice" and the adverbs thickly, indistinctly in combination with the verbs of speech actualize the lexico-semantic variant "not clear", "not clearly".

Careless voice quality is nominated by the noun *thickness*, which has in one of its lexico-semantic variants the semantic components "unclear, indistinct speech".

The adjectives *precise, distinct* verbalize precise, clear voice quality in the lexico-semantic variant "clear, clearly heard". The adverbs *clearly, distinctly* with the verbs of speech actualize the same lexico-semantic variant.

As for the adjectives *clear, pure*, they have the following meaning: "easy to hear", "easily heard, distinct, pure" [LDCE]. Besides the lexical unit pure has lexico-semantic variants "very clear and beautiful to hear", "clear and distinct". Due to the semantic component "clear" pure acquires the shade of meaning "resonant". It means that the adjectives clear, pure are on the border of this lexical group and the lexical group including the lexical units that verbalize the resonant voice quality (ringing, resonant, resounding). The noun *clearness* nominates precise, clear voice quality in its lexico-semantic variant "preciseness, purity (of voice)".

Ringing, resonant, resounding nominate the resonant voice quality through the semantic components “loud and clear”.

The nasal voice quality is rendered by the adjective *nasal* (nasal voice comes mainly through your nose) and by the occasional lexical unit *twangy*. It is derived from the noun twang that has a lexico-semantic variant “a quality produced when the air used to speak comes through your nose as well as your mouth” [LDCE].

The adjectives *deep, full, rich* verbalize the deep voice quality. The word “deep” is traditionally used by the English phoneticians to nominate full, rich voice quality [Crystal, 1969; Labov, 2003].

The noun *richness* nominates a deep voice quality in the contextual lexico-semantic variant “deepness, fullness”.

E.g.: *“The knuckles hit the door again, and a deep voice called: “Open up. Police”.* (C. Willford, New hope for the dead).

“Sergeant Wilson”, a deep voice rumbled. Miami Police Department”
(C. Willford, New hope for the dead).

Breathy voice quality is verbalized by the adjective *breathy* and by the adverb *breathily*: “if someone’s voice is breathy, you can hear their breath when they speak” [LDCE].

Prosodic characteristics are verbalized not only separately but in various combinations of two, three or four parameters. Lexical units nominating two characteristics are presented by the following combinations: 1) melody + tempo; 2) melody + loudness; 3) melody + voice quality; 4) loudness + voice quality; 5) loudness + tempo; voice quality + tempo.

1. Vebalizers of melody and tempo / duration nominate four types of combinations:

   1) high pitch + quick tempo: *to twitter (to talk very quickly in a high voice);*

   2) high fall + quick tempo: *to snap (to say something quickly and sharply in an angry or annoyed way)*;

   3) low pitch + duration: *to moan, moaning (to make a long, low sound expressing pain or unhappiness, or sexual pleasure)*;

4) high pitch + duration: *to whine, whiney, whining (to make a long, high sound).*

2. Combination of melody + loudness is presented by four types:

   1) high pitch + increased loudness: *to scream (to shout something in a very loud, high voice because you are angry or frightened), to crow (to make a loud, high sound), to shriek (to make a very high loud sound, especially because you are afraid, angry, excited, or in pain), to squawk (to make a loud sharp angry sound), to yell (to shout or say something very loudly, in a high voice, especially because you are frightened, angry, or excited)*;

   2) low pitch + decreased loudness: *to murmur (to say something in a low-pitche, soft quiet voice that is difficult to hear clearly), to coo (o speak in a soft quiet way, to make a low, soft sound), to croon (to speak in a soft gentle voice, especially about love), to purr (to speak in a soft low sexy voice);*

   3) low pitch + increased loudness: *to hoot (to make a low, loud sound)*;

   4) low pitch + fluctuating loudness (from decreased to increased): *to grumble (to make a very low that gets quieter then louder continuously).*

3. Lexical units nominating melody+ voice quality represent the following combinations:

   1) high pitch + vibrating voice quality: *to trill (to make a short vibrating, high sound; to say something in a high happy voice that sounds slightly false)*;

   2) high pitch + grating voice quality: *to grate (to talk in a high rough voice), to rasp (to make a rough high unpleasant sound), grating, cracked, rasping, rusty, jarring, metallic (high and sharp (about voice))*;

   3) low pitch + deep, hoarse voice quality: *to grunt (to say a few words in a rough hoarse voice, when you do not want to talk), to croak (to make a deep low sound, to speak in a low rough voice, as if you have a sore throat)*;

   4) low pitch, monotonous + dull voice quality: *to drone (to make a continuous low dull sound)*;

5) high rise / low rise + resonant voice quality: *silver (melodious, resonant (about voice, sound))*.

4. Combination of loudness + voice quality is verbalized by the following types:

   1) increased loudness + clear voice quality: *to ring (to make a loud clear sound), ring, to sing (to produce loud clear sounds)*;

   2) increased loudness + deep voice quality: *to roar (to make a loud deep sound), to thunder (to make a loud deep noise), to boom (to say something in a loud deep voice) , booming*;

   3) increased loudness + wavering voice quality: *to bluster (to say something in a loud quavering voice)*;

   4) decreased loudness + wavering voice quality: *to falter (to say something in a quiet wavering voice)*;

   5) decreased loudness + indistinct voice quality: *to mumble (to say something too quietly or not clearly enough, so that other people cannot understand you), to mutter (to speak in a low voice, especially because you are annoyed about something, or you do not want people to hear you), to burble (to talk about something in an indistinct quiet voice)* ;

   6) decreased loudness + tense voice quality: *to choke (to be unable to talk clearly and loud enough because you are feeling a strong emotion; to be unable to breathe properly because something is in your throat or there is not enough air).*

   E.g.: *"That is, <u>he boomed</u> as an afterthought, if there's any thing doing"; "Reputations! Of course, they're regulations! He boomed…"; <u>" boomed away"</u>; "Now and again he had heard voices raised, and once the door had opened, so that Mr. Golspie's <u>booming tones</u> had come flying out into the general office…"* (J. B. Priestly, Angel pavement).

5. Nomination of loudness + tempo/ duration is presented by the phonation verbs *to howl* (increased loudness + duration) and *to rap* (increased loudness + quick tempo). *To howl*: *to make a long loud cry because you are unhappy,*

angry, or in pain, or because you are amused or excited. To rap: to say something loudly, suddenly, and in a way that sounds angry.

6. Voice quality + tempo is actualized by three types of combinations:

   1) indistinct voice quality + quick tempo: *to babble (to speak quickly in a way that is difficult to understand or sounds silly), to gabble (to say something so quickly that people cannot hear you clearly or understand you properly), to splutter (to talk quickly, indistinctly in short confused phrases, especially because you are angry or surprised)*;

   2) deep voice quality + duration: *to groan (to make a deep long sound)*;

   3) precise voice quality + quick tempo: *to crisp (to speak in a precise quick but unfriendly way).*

Three prosodic characteristics are combined in the following ways: melody + loudness +voice quality; melody + loudness + tempo; melody + tempo + voice quality.

Prosodic characteristics of melody + loudness +voice quality are nominated by the following combinations:

1. High pitch + decreased loudness + quavering voice quality: *to bleat (to make a high, weak, quavering sound), to sheep-voice (to produce a high, weak, quavering sound);*

2. Low pitch + increased loudness + deep, hollow voice quality: *to bellow (to shout loudly in a deep, hollow, low-pitched voice), bellow.*

Prosodic characteristics of melody + loudness + tempo / duration are verbalized by three types of combinations:

1) High pitch + increased loudness + quick tempo: *to bark (to say something quickly in a loud high voice), bark.*

2) High pitch + increased loudness + duration: *to wail (to cry out with a long high sound, especially because you are very sad or in pain; to say something in a loud, sad, and complaining way), to squeal (to make a long loud high sound or cry), wail.*

3) High pitch + decreased loudness + reduced duration: *to squeak (to make a short high noise or cry that is not loud; to say something in a very high voice, especially because you are nervous or excited).*

Melody + duration + voice quality are nominated by two types of combination:

1) low pitch + duration + shaking voice quality: *to whimper* (to make low long tremulous sounds, or to speak in this way);
2) low pitch + duration + deep voice quality: *to growl (makes a long deep angry sound; to say something in a low angry voice).*

Phonation verb *to rumble*, adjective *rumbling*, noun *rumble* verbalize four prosodic characteristics (low pitch + increased loudness + duration + deep voice quality): *"to make a series of low, long, loud, deep sounds"*.

§ 1. 2.2. Voice prosodic characteristics in emotional state expression: means of verbalization

In the process of oral interpreting prosodic images of any belles-lettres text it is mandatory to take into consideration the correlation between personages' emotional states and their vocal manifestation expressed by the author's remarks.

The analysis of the belles-letters texts allows singling out the speech situations where speakers' voice reflects their emotional state. This analysis reveals the correlation between some definite emotional states and reactions, and definite prosodic parameters or their combinations. Moreover, the majority of prosodic characteristics verbalizers contain semantic components directly nominating negative or positive emotions.

Thus, the typical emotions expressed by the lexical units verbalizing melody are anger, fear, indignation, contempt, threat, and reproach. Sadness and offence are rendered by the monotonous voice. A positive emotion of joy is conveyed by the phonation verbs *"to chirp"* and *"to sing-song"*, by tenderness – the adverb *"mildly"*. The following examples illustrate the above-said:

"Nunheim twisted himself around to face her. 'All right', he told her, his voice shrill with rage, 'put your mouth in and I'll pop a tooth out of it" (D. Hammett, The Thin Man).

"Called Tom in paranoid desperation to see if he wanted to go out tonight. 'Sorry,' he chirped, 'I'm taking Jerome to the PACT party at the Groucho Club.' Oh, God, I hate when Tom is happy, confident and getting on well with Jerome…" (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones' diary).

"That was where she was, she was on the bloody roof. 'What's the matter with you?' said Daniel. 'No-thing,' I sing-songed gaily, flopping into the sitting room. 'Just a little tired from the party' " (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones' diary).

" 'I fell in love with you the first time I saw you', she said mildly" (F.S. Fitzgerald, Tender is the night).

" 'How are you?' asked Chessie. 'OK', said Ricky flatly. Then he was almost sobbing. 'No, I'm f-f-f-ucking not. I m-miss you.' " (J. Cooper).

Loudness can express a wide range of negative and positive emotions. For a loud voice it is possible to convey practically any positive and negative emotional states. Lowered loudness is typical of sadness, despair, grief, sympathy, suspicion, anger and tenderness.

For example: *"... Barban cried in a voice that shook everybody, a voice for cavalry: 'Do you want to step out here – we're only a mile from the hotel and you can walk it or I'll drag you there. You've got to shut up and shut your wife up!' "* (F. S. Fitzerald, Tender is the night). In this example the character feels angry that is clear from the speech situation. It is noteworthy that the verb to cry is very often used with the words directly nominating the emotions of anger and fury (*cried really angry / angrily, furiously*, etc.)

In the next example a loud voice marks surprise with a negative charge: *"I'm a little tired, I think. Probably because I missed my dinner -' 'What?' she exclaimed aghast. 'I was certain you'd had it at Bellevue…' "* (A. Cronin, The Citadel).

Soft voice may express anxiety: *" 'I've been looking everywhere for you, Jack,' she said. She spoke softly. 'When I found out you were in a place like this I*

thought you must be broke or sick…' Joan's dress was black. Her voice was low and serene." (I. Shaw, The Nightwork).

In the following speech situation the character expresses anger in a low voice: *"There was a silence. Then Cindy asserted, low-voiced and savagely, 'Listen to me! You'd better get here tonight, and soon. If you don't come, or if you do come and embarrass me by saying anything of what you did just now, it'll be the end. Do you understand?' "* (A. Hailey, Airport).

"She narrowed her eyes and lowered her voice until it was no more than a whisper: 'Nick, do you suppose he killed Julia?' " (D. Hammett, The Thin Man). This example illustrates the emotional reaction of suspicion expressed by decreased loudness.

As to the positive emotions loud voices can render joy, admiration, delight, surprise with a positive charge; soft voices – tenderness:

" 'Darling, Brian,' Her voice was gentle. 'I'm not making a joke. Really, I'm not.'... When they had kissed again, long and passionately, she put her face against his shoulder. ... 'Hold me,' she whispered, 'Hold me.' " (A. Hailey, Airport).

" 'Singletons!' I shouted happily. 'Hurrah for the Singletons!' " (H. Fielding, bridget Jones's diary).

" 'What a hunch!' Flint exclaimed, practically top-heavy with admiration. 'Man, what a hunch!'" (D. Hammett, The Thin Man).

Tempo is a prosodic parameter that can express very limited range of emotions. Quickened tempo and slow tempo usually render the same emotional states such as sadness, confusion, embarrassment, fear, awkwardness, worry.

For instance: *"The gun pointed very accurately at my chest… The knuckles hit the door again, and a deep voice called: 'Open the door. Police.' Morelli's lower lip crawled up to lap the upper, and the whites of his eyes began to show under the irises. 'You son of a bitch,' he said slowly…"* (J. H. Chase, Easy come, easy go). In this speech situation the adverb "slowly" expresses fury. The phrase 'You son of a bitch' emphasizes the nature of the character's emotional state.

"Worry came into the girl's blue eyes. She put her lower lip between her teeth, then said slowly: 'No, I can't see him doing it that way. Not Babe' " (D. Hammett, Fly paper).

In the following example the nature of the emotion is revealed in the adverb "angrily" while the quickened tempo is verbalized by the phonation verb *to sputter: "Adrian Nesbitson was struggling to his feet. 'Never! Never! Never!' His face brick-red, the old man sputtered angrily"* (A. Hailey, In High Places).

Quick tempo as well as slow tempo can manifest such emotions as embarrassment, confusion, awkwardness: *" 'But I want to tell you.' She was speaking more hurriedly now, a shade less confidently. 'There hasn't been anybody else; there couldn't be. You see… I happen to love you.' For the first time her eyes were lowered. She went on, 'I think I did… I know I did… love you, I mean – even before that time in San Francisco.' "* (J. Cooper, Polo).

The only lexical unit nominating tempo - *to gush* has a positive charge and therefore expresses positive emotions, for instance, such as admiration: *"She had an attractive way of turning up casually… Today she was especially charming in a black coat and skirt with a necklet of rich brown fur about her throat… Freddie gushed: 'You're lucky devil, if ever I met one. She's a nice thing.' "* (A. Cronin, The Citadel).

Thus, the means of tempo verbalization are tended to express negative emotions (except indignation, despair, threat, suspicion) and appeared to be not typical means of the positive emotional states.

The prosodic parameter of voice quality is characterized by the ability to convey a wide range of the emotional states. It should be noted that for the present moment there are no clear data about constant correlations between definite voice qualities and definite emotional states expressed by them. However, some voice qualities are associated with concrete emotions. For instance, the tense voice quality is typical of fury, indignation and repulsion; husky and muffled voices are usually associated with emotionally tensed situations. That fact proves their tendency to show any negative emotions. Dark, gloomy voice qualities are typical for sadness and melancholy. Joy and surprise with a positive charge can be rendered by a breathy voice. On the whole,

a high degree of positive estimation and therefore positive emotions are connected with such voice qualities as mellow, velvety, resonant. A high degree of negative estimation and negative emotional states are expressed by tensed, creaky, throaty voices.

The analysis of the original belles-lettres texts allows us to come to the conclusion that hoarse, careless and cold voice qualities are typical of contempt; reproach is usually expressed by tense and bitter / sour voices. Fear is often manifested by husky and shaky voice qualities. Let us illustrate the above-said:

Anger → tight voice quality: *"Hating the other man, his own voice tight with anger, James Howden exclaimed, 'It hasn't all been softness. There's a list from two world wars you may have heard of: St. Eloi, Vimy, Dieppe, Sicily, Ortona, Normandy…' "* (A. Hailey).

Fear → husky and unsteady voice qualities: *"I could hear Roy's breathing coming fast through his short, thick nose, and I wondered if he could hear my heart pounding… 'That's one of them out of the way,' Roy said. His voice was husky and unsteady."* (J. H. Chase, easy come, easy go).

Contempt → careless voice quality: *"Carlier said to Kayerts in a careless tone: 'I say, chief, I might just as well give him (Makola) a lift with this lot into the store.'... Whenever they mentioned Makola's name they always added to it an opprobrious epithet."* (J. Conrad, Impulse).

Tenderness → husky voice quality: *" 'I want you, Milly.'... He lifted her head and kissed her…Hesitancy assailed her. 'Brian, no! Please, no!' But she made no effort to pull away…Now she knew she cared. Afterwards, there would be loneliness again; the sense of loss. But now…now… eyes closed, her body trembled… now. 'All right.' Her voice was husky."* (A. Hailey, Airport).

Approval → light voice quality: *" 'My!' Milly said. 'You are in a forceful mood.' … 'it's because sometimes I get downright weary of stupid hicks like Warrender who make political farts and then look for me to clear up the mess.' 'Apart from the vulgarity,' Milly said lightly, 'isn't that a mixed metaphor?'* (A. Hailey, In High Places).

It should be noted that light, sweet, bright voices can be used by speakers on purpose to disguise their true negative emotional states, trying to pretend that they feel positive emotions:

'I'm not gonna socialize with him', said Bart rudely. 'I just want to know if the guy's any good.' 'My husband has so much charm,' said Chessie lightly. *[…] smiling evilly, almost toadlike, she (Bibi) turned to Chessie, 'I know dad's cute, but how could you dump Ricky? He is to die for. We spent a lot of time together.' 'Really?' Chessie drew slightly faster on her cigarette. 'He's being such a wow with all the movie stars he's coaching' […] 'Everyone's beautiful there.' 'You must be the exception,'* said Chessie sweetly, *but she was balling her napkin"* (J. Cooper, Polo).

In this situation the character actually feels irritation and dissatisfaction which she tries to hide speaking in a light, sweet voice.

Thus, voice quality can express practically any emotional states. This conclusion coincides with the results of the phonetic experimental researches.

It is necessary to mention the cases when lexical units verbalize a combination of the prosodic characteristics in the emotionally coloured communicative situations. The spectre of emotions expressed by such lexical units is rather limited. The more prosodic characteristics are verbalized the less emotional states these lexical units express. For example, the lexical units verbalizing melody and tempo, melody and loudness, melody and voice quality can express any negative emotions; meanwhile the words nominating three or four prosodic characteristics express quite limited set of emotions. The lexical units verbalizing melody + loudness + voice quality express anger, despair, surprise and irony; the words nominating melody + loudness + tempo convey anger, fear, despair; melody + voice quality + tempo render anger, fear, contempt, indignation; the lexical units verbalizing four prosodic characteristics melody + loudness + voice quality + tempo express only anger and contempt.

Potential of the lexical units that verbalize the combinations of the prosodic characteristics is conditioned by their semantic components. It is explained by the

fact that definite modulations of the prosodic characteristics are associated with definite emotional states, and it finds its reflection in speech.

The lexical units which include in their meanings the semantic component "increased loudness" in combination with "high-pitched" (to scream, to yell, etc.), "quivering" (to bluster), "deep" (to boom, to roar, etc.), "resonant" (to ring, ring), "low-pitched" + "deep" + "hollow" (to bellow, bellow), "loud" + "high-pitched" + "prolonged" (to wail), "loud" + "high-pitched" + "quick tempo" (to bark, bark) as well as combination of high pitch + quick tempo (to snap) demonstrate a strong tendency to express irritation, anger and indignation. For instance:

"'Shut up', Mrs. Sabin snapped. 'I'm running this. I heard what Charles said. All right, Mr. Mason, what have you to say for yourself?" (E. S. Gardner, The Case of the Perjured Parrot). Irritation is marked by the verb to snap (high pitch + quick tempo).

"But his mother had just about gone crazy. Do you want to be one of those nasty-fuckers? she had screamed at him" (S. King, The Green mile). In this example the emotional state of fury is rendered by the phonation verb "to scream" that verbalizes two prosodic characteristics – increased loudness and high pitch ("to cry loudly" + "high, shrill").

In the next fragment such emotions as indignation and irritation are expressed by the phonation verb *to wail* that nominates three prosodic characteristics ("loud" + "high-pitched" + "prolonged"):

'It's too absurd,' Mrs. Dersingham wailed. 'This wretched girl's smashed everything and ruined the dinner, and now she's going off into a fit or something out of sheer temper. And it's all her own fault…' " (J. B. Priestly, Angel Pavement).

The combination of such prosodic characteristics as "high-pitched" or "low-pitched" and "long sound", verbalized by the phonation verbs *to moan, to whine, whining, whiney, whine, moaning,* is associated with despair, offence, sadness. As in the following situation – sadness is conveyed by the lexical unit *"whining":*

"His face fell to an exaggerated sadness. His voice took a whining undertone. 'I ain't had a thing to do today. Maybe I won't have no supper tonight. You see I'm off my regular road" (C. Aiken).

The combination of the diminished loudness and of tense, careless, or shaking voice qualities is also typical for rendering despair, offence, and sadness. For instance, "sheep-voiced" is a combination of such semantic components as "high-pitched" and "prolonged". With the help of this lexical unit the character's depressed, sad emotional state is expressed in the given example:

"... Jude sheep-voiced out, 'Bridge, are you there? Pick up, pick up. Come on, Bridge, pleeeeeease.' " (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones's diary).

For the emotions of shame and confusion the combination of lowered loudness and careless or quivering voice quality is typical:

" 'That's all I bloody need,' growled Perdita. Daisy blushed. 'I'm sorry to barge in,' she faltered. 'I just came to see how Luke was. How are you?' " (J. Cooper, Polo). In this communicative situation the character expresses confusion speaking in a low, quivering voice that is verbalized by the verb "to falter".

"Gilbert was blushing 'It's so silly', he mumbled (D.Hammett, The Thin man). The emotion of shame is expressed by the verb *to mumble (lowered loudness + careless voice quality).*

Contempt is often expressed by the combination of low pitch, prolonged sounding and deep voice quality (*to growl*): *"Guild growled: 'You are a hero and I'll see the Commissioner about your medal right away, but never mind now. Talk turkey"* (D. Hammett, The Thin man).

The rest of the negative emotional states can be rendered by various combinations of prosodic characteristics. For instance, reproach can be expressed by the lexical units nominating low pitch and deep voice quality (*to grunt*), by the lexical units nominating high pitch and creaky voice quality (*to grate*), by the phonation verbs verbalizing increased loudness and prolonged sounding (*to howl*), and by the phonation verbs nominating different levels of loudness and low pitch (*to grumble*). For example:

" 'Why didn't you tip us off so we could grab Waid?' the sheriff grumbled" (E. S. Gardner, The Case of the Perjured Parrot).

" 'Can you give me anything hot-cut from the joint, or a steak, or chop?'

'Oh, no, sir', he grated reproachfully. 'Can't give y' nothin' 'ot, sir'" (R. Aldington, The Lads of the Village).

At first sight, it seems obvious that a positive or a negative charge of the semantic components defines the emotional states (positive or negative) conveyed by this or that lexical unit. However, lexical units with a positive charge can express negative emotional states. For example, the verb to twitter is associated with "a chirping female voice", but can manifest a negative emotional state in the male voice:

"John felt sure the phrase 'I really couldn't say' had been the vicar's way of avoiding a direct lie [...] 'It's no good, Mr. Bryan,' twittered the vicar, 'it's no good whatever my trying to keep back the facts, which of course anyone in the village would be only too willing to supply. Since you ask I must confess that, though of course the matter is one of mere – the merest - coincidence, I do admit that under the present – er – happy circumstances – I did prefer not to tell your charming lady that the second unfortunate young woman who was – er – taken so young – the one whom she inquired about – had also –er – died in this house.' " (G. Chesterton, The Blue cross). In this speech situation the male character feels emotional tension, he is disturbed and worried, that is expressed by the phonation verb "to twitter".

In the following situation the emotion of fear is conveyed by the verb *to coo*, that is usually associated with a pleasant type of voice ("to make soft, quiet sounds"):

" 'Ooh, the responsibility!' she cooed with monstrous, buzzing sarcasm, and Johnny finally realized she was afraid. The fear was coming off her in pulsing, noisome waves – that was what was making his headache worse… 'The ree-spon-si-bil-i-tee! Isn't that big of you, my God, yes. I won't have my boy waked up in the middle of the night…' " (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones's diary).

As for the positive emotional states there is only one clear association of the phonation verbs *to croon, to murmur, to coo* that verbalize diminished loudness and

low pitch, and *to mumble* nominating diminished loudness and careless voice quality, with tenderness. For example:

"Tea party was nightmare scenario: me plus roomful of power mothers one of whom had a four-week-old baby. 'Isn't he sweet?' cooed Sarah de Lisle*..."* (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason).

" 'Bles-sed pre-cious,' she crooned*, holding out her arms. 'Come to your own mother that loves you.' "* (S. King, The Dead Zone).

The rest of the positive emotional states (joy, approval, surprise with a positive charge) can be manifested by the lexical units varying in their semantic components. The only exceptions are the phonation verbs *to bark* and *to burst* which are typical of the emotion of surprise:

" 'Dear Jesus Lord and Savior,' Brutal whispered. His eyes appeared to be in danger of dropping right out of his face. 'What?' Harry almost barked. *'What?' 'The tail! Don't you see it? The tail!'* (A. Hailey, Airport).

The emotion of joy can be expressed by the lexical units that verbalize various combinations: "low pitch" + "long sound" (*to moan*), "loud" + "deep" (*to bellow*), "high-pitched" + "loud" (*to trill, to shriek*), "loud" + "resonant" (*to sing*), "quick" + "careless" (*to babble, to gabble*). The emotional state of joy can be true and false, as in the following example, where the character only pretends that she is happy to hear her acquaintance's voice on the phone:

"Was just on my way out when the phone rang. 'Bridget, it's Gary!' 'Oh hi!' I trilled hysterically*. 'Where are you?' 'In the nick, aren't I? Thanks for the card. That was sweet. Sweet. It really means the world.' 'Oh, hahahaha,' I laughed nervously."* (H. Fielding, Bridget Jones's diary).

" 'It's a hea-ve-nly cottage', sang Daisy brightly *as she drove a stoney-faced Perdita home at the beginning of the school holidays. 'I know we're all going to be terribly happy there' "* (J. Cooper, Polo).

Thus, we can state that there is a corpus of the English verbal means typical of definite emotional states which reflect associations between the main prosodic

characteristics (melody, loudness, tempo and voice quality), including their combinations, and speakers' emotions.

To render inner prosodic images of the text as precisely as possible one should be able to discern a personage's emotional state and to decode corresponding prosodic characteristics implied by the authors in their remarks.

Let us consider the following passage from "Dice, brassknuckles and guitar" by F. S. Fitzgerald:

JAMES POWELL; J.M.

"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar"

She stared in amazement.

"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar?" she repeated in awe.

"Yes mamm."

"What does it mean? What — do you sell 'em?"

"No mamm, I teach 'em. It's a profession."

"Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar? What's the J. M.?"

"That stands for Jazz Master."

"But what is it? What's it about?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. One night when I was in New York I got talkin' to a young fella who was drunk. He was one of my fares. And he'd taken some society girl somewhere and lost her."

"Lost her?"

"Yes mamm. He forgot her, I guess. And he was right worried. Well, I got to thinkin' that these girls nowadays — these society girls — they lead a sort of dangerous life and my course of study offers a means of protection against these dangers."

"You teach 'em to use brassknuckles?"

"Yes mamm, if necessary. Look here, you take a girl and she goes into some café where she's got no business to go. Well then, her escort he gets a little too much to drink an' he goes to sleep an' then some other fella comes up and says 'Hello, sweet mamma' or whatever one of those mashers says up here. What does she do? She

can’t scream, on account of no real lady’ll scream nowadays — no — She just reaches down in her pocket and slips her fingers into a pair of Powell’s defensive brassknuckles, débutante’s size, executes what I call the Society Hook, and Wham! that big fella’s on his way to the cellar.”

“Well — what — what’s the guitar for?” *whispered the awed Amanthis*. “Do they have to knock somebody over with the guitar?”

“No, mamm!“ *exclaimed Jim in horror*. “No mamm. In my course no lady would be taught to raise a guitar against anybody. I teach ’em to play. Shucks! you ought to hear ’em. Why, when I’ve given ’em two lessons you’d think some of ’em was colored.”

“And the dice?”

“Dice? I’m related to a dice. My grandfather was a dice. I teach ’em how to make those dice perform. I protect pocketbook as well as person.”

“Did you — Have you got any pupils?”

“Mamm I got all the really nice, rich people in the place. What I told you ain’t all. I teach lots of things. I teach ’em the jellyroll — and the Mississippi Sunrise. Why, there was one girl she came to me and said she wanted to learn to snap her fingers. I mean really snap ’em — like they do. She said she never could snap her fingers since she was little. I gave her two lessons and now Wham! Her daddy says he’s goin’ to leave home.”

“When do you have it?” *demanded the weak and shaken Amanthis*.

“Three times a week. We’re goin’ there right now.”

“And where do I fit in?”

“Well, you’ll just be one of the pupils. I got it fixed up that you come from very high-tone people down in New Jersey. I didn’t tell ’em your daddy was a judge — I told ’em he was the man that had the patent on lump sugar.”

She gasped.

“So all you got to do,” he went on, “is to pretend you never saw no barber.”…

The students were scattered into groups, sitting, kneeling, standing, but all rapaciously intent on the subjects which engrossed them. From six young ladies

gathered in a ring around some indistinguishable objects came *a medley of cries and exclamations — plaintive, pleading, supplicating, exhorting, imploring and lamenting — their voices serving as tenor to an undertone of mysterious clatters.*

Next to this group, four young men were surrounding an adolescent black, who proved to be none other than Mr. Powell's late body-servant. *The young men were roaring at Hugo apparently unrelated phrases, expressing a wide gamut of emotion. Now their voices rose to a sort of clamor, now they spoke softly and gently, with mellow implication.* Every little while Hugo would answer them with words of approbation, correction or disapproval.

"What are they doing?" *whispered Amanthis to Jim.*

"That there's a course in southern accent. Lot of young men up here want to learn southern accent — so we teach it — Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Eastern Shore, Ole Virginian. Some of 'em even want straight nigger — for song purposes."…

Then the tension snapped when the door burst suddenly open, precipitating a brace of middle-aged and excited women into the room. No person over twenty-one had ever entered the Academy before — but Van Vleck had gone direct to headquarters. The women were Mrs. Clifton Garneau and Mrs. Poindexter Katzby, two of the most fashionable and, at present, two of the most flurried women in Southampton. They were in search of their daughters as, in these days, so many women continually are.

The business was over in about three minutes.

"And as for you!" *cried Mrs. Clifton Garneau in an awful voice*, "your idea is to run a bar and — and opium den for children! You ghastly, horrible, unspeakable man! I can smell morphin fumes! Don't tell me I can't smell morphin fumes. I can smell morphin fumes!"

"And," *bellowed Mrs. Poindexter Katzby*, "you have colored men around! You have colored girls hidden! I'm going to the police!"

Not content with herding their own daughters from the room, they insisted on the exodus of their friends' daughters. Jim was not a little touched when several of them — including even little Martha Katzby, before she was snatched fiercely away

by her mother — came up and shook hands with him. But they were all going, haughtily, regretfully or with shame-faced mutters of apology.

"Good-by," he told them wistfully. "In the morning I'll send you the money that's due you."

And, after all, they were not sorry to go. Outside, the sound of their starting motors, the triumphant put-put of their cut-outs cutting the warm September air, was a jubilant sound — a sound of youth and hopes high as the sun. Down to the ocean, to roll in the waves and forget — forget him and their discomfort at his humiliation.

They were gone — he was alone with Hugo in the room. He sat down suddenly with his face in his hands.

"Hugo," *he said huskily*. "They don't want us up here."

"Don't you care," said a voice.

He looked up to see Amanthis standing beside him.

"You better go with them," he told her. "You better not be seen here with me."

"Why?"

"Because you're in society now and I'm no better to those people than a servant. You're in society — I fixed that up. You better go or they won't invite you to any of their dances."

"They won't anyhow, Jim," *she said gently*. "They didn't invite me to the one tomorrow night."

He looked up indignantly.

"They didn't?"

She shook her head.

"I'll make 'em!" he said wildly. "I'll tell 'em they got to. I'll — I'll — "

She came close to him with shining eyes.

"Don't you mind, Jim," she soothed him. "Don't you mind. They don't matter. We'll have a party of our own tomorrow — just you and I."

"I come from right good folks," he said, defiantly. "Pore though."

She laid her hand softly on his shoulder.

"I understand. You're better than all of them put together, Jim."

He got up and went to the window and stared out mournfully into the late afternoon.

“I reckon I should have let you sleep in that hammock.”

She laughed.

“I’m awfully glad you didn’t.”

He turned and faced the room, and his face was dark.

“Sweep up and lock up, Hugo,” *he said, his voice trembling*. “The summer’s over and we’re going down home.”...

“I’m sorry about this — about you,” *he went on huskily*, “and — and I would like to have gone to just one of their dances. You shouldn’t of stayed with me yesterday. Maybe it kept ’em from asking you.”

“Jim,” *she suggested eagerly*, “let’s go and stand outside and listen to their old music. We don’t care.”

“They’ll be coming out,” he objected.

“No, it’s too cold. Besides there’s nothing they could do to you any more than they have done.”

She gave the chauffeur a direction and a few minutes later they stopped in front of the heavy Georgian beauty of the Madison Harlan house whence the windows cast their gaiety in bright patches on the lawn. There was laughter inside and the plaintive wind of fashionable horns, and now and again the slow, mysterious shuffle of dancing feet.

“Let’s go up close,” *whispered Amanthis in an ecstatic trance*, “I want to hear.”

They walked toward the house, keeping in the shadow of the great trees. Jim proceeded with awe — suddenly he stopped and seized Amanthis’s arm.

“Man!” *he cried in an excited whisper*. “Do you know what that is?”

“A night watchman?” Amanthis cast a startled look around.

“It’s Rastus Muldoon’s Band from Savannah! I heard ’em once, and I know. It’s Rastus Muldoon’s Band!” (F. S. Fitzgerald, Dice, brassknuckles and guitar).

To decode F. S. Fitzgerald’s remarks it is enough to have a clear conception of what prosodic characteristics are verbalized in the passage and what emotional states

they express. As we can see, on the one hand the personages' emotions are directly nominated, on the other hand the micro-context reveals them. Thus, the remark "exclaimed Jim in horror" implies increased loudness on the words "No, mamm!" to express horror; "cried in an awful voice" – increased loudness to demonstrate threat, anger and indignation while reading Mrs. Clifton's speech: "And as for you! … your idea is to run a bar and — and opium den for children! You ghastly, horrible, unspeakable man! I can smell morphin fumes! Don't tell me I can't smell morphin fumes. I can smell morphin fumes!" The phrase "bellowed Mrs. Poindexter Katzby" prompts that the personage's words "you have colored men around! You have colored girls hidden! I'm going to the police!" should be read in a low-pitched, loud, deep, voice, and so on.

1.3 PROSODY AND SYNTAX

Prosody is often assumed to be derived from syntax by the process preparing syntactic structure for pronunciation. Although there are different approaches to understanding whether it is possible to make a strict parallel between syntactical structures and prosodic contours at the theoretical level, there are still certain basic rules on the correlation between syntax and prosody as is outlined below.

Reading Complex Sentences

If an adverbial clause precedes the principal one and makes a separate intonation group, it is usually pronounced with the Low Rise or Mid-Level as it implies continuation.

e.g. *If you → want to have a ›rest ⁞ → go to the c᷈ountry.*

If you → want to have a r᷈est ⁞ → go to the ˎcountry.

In case the complex sentence begins with the principal clause and contains more than one intonation group both clauses are usually pronounced with the low-falling nuclear tone.

e.g. *→ Go to the country ⁞ if you → want to have a rest.*

If the principal clause implies continuation and makes a separate intonation-group it is pronounced with the low-rising or falling-rising nuclear tone.

e.g. *I'll → tell him at ˌonce| you → want to ˎsee him.*

Reading Compound Sentences

If both clauses in the complex sentence are closely connected by sense, the first one is pronounced with the Low Rise and the second one with the Low Fall. If they are independent and aren't very closely connected, they both are pronounced with the Low Fall.

e.g. *I ↘go to᷈ Moscow ⁞ and my ↘friend 'goes to Saint ˎPetersburg.*

Reading Direct Address

Direct Address at the beginning of the sentence commonly forms an intonation group and is pronounced with the Low Fall in formal, serious speech and with the Fall-Rise in a friendly conversation or to attract the listener's attention.

e.g. ↘*Children, listen to me.*

↘*Mother ‖ can I have an ice-cream?*

In the Middle and at the end of the sentence Direct Address is usually pronounced as an unstressed or partially stressed tail of the preceding intonation group.

e.g. Good ↘morning, Mrs. Wood.

Sometimes intonation groups with Direct Address in the middle or at the end are pronounced with the Fall-Rise.

e.g. ↘*Shut the 'door be↘hind you, ‖ ↘Peter.*

Reading Parentheses

At the beginning. When the speaker doesn't attach any importance to the parenthetical words at all they do not form a separate intonation group and are often unstressed and are pronounced very quickly.

e.g. *Well, I ↘do.*

If the speaker attaches more importance to parentheses, they form an intonation group and can be pronounced with: the Low fall, the Low Rise, the Fall-rise, the Mid Level.

e.g. ↘*Well, ‖ I do.*

To ▸tell you the truth, ‖ I ↘ don't ' want to ↘go there.

For my ↘own ↗part, ‖ I should ↘love it.

In the middle or at the end. In the middle or at the end of the sentence parenthetical words and phrases are generally pronounced as the unstressed or half-stressed tail of the preceding intonation group.

e.g. *I'm ↘not ˈgood at ↘languages, you know.*

Reading the Author's Words

The author's words may preceding direct speech form a separate intonation group and are pronounced as a rule with the Low Fall:

e.g. *And ↘then he ↘said: "You are ↘right."*

The author's words which follow the direct speech are usually pronounced as an unstressed or half-stressed tail of the preceding intonation group.

e.g. *'I'm ↘not ↘ready,' he said.*

If the tail gets longer, it may form a separate intonation group. In this case it is stressed and is pronounced with the same nuclear tone as the preceding intonation group but on a lower pitch level.

e.g. '*I'm ↘sorry,' ǀ ągain repeated the ↘landlord.*

If the author's words form two or more intonation groups, the first of them doesn't form a separate intonation group. The second and the third are always stressed and pronounced each on a lower pitch level. The nuclear tone of the final intonation group is usually that of the sentences in the direct speech. The non-final intonation group may be pronounced either with the low-rising or low falling tone according to their semantic importance.

e.g. *"What a ↘pity!' was all I said ǀ when he ḅroke a ↘glass.*

Reading Adverbials

Adverbial phrases at the beginning of a simple sentence normally form a separate intonation-group, it is usually pronounced with the Low Rise, as it implies continuation.

e.g. *On the ˏsideboard ‖ the ↘Browns 'usually 'have a 'bowl of ˎfruit.*

In sentence final position the adverbial phrases do not form an intonation group.

e.g. *The ↘Browns 'usually have a 'bowl of 'fruit on the ˎsideboard.*

But if the adverbial phrase in the sentence final position qualifies the meaning of the sentence, rather in a manner of an afterthought, added comments, restrictions or classifications, it is stressed or may form a separate intonation group.

e.g. *Any news of Mary? – She is ↘ coming to 'Moscow toˎday.*

So as we see in the reply to the question the speaker wants primarily to say that Mary is coming to Moscow, the second part of the reply giving additional comments to the phrase.

Reading Alternative Questions

Alternative question indicating choice between two homogeneous parts is usually represented by two intonation groups. The most usual way of pronouncing alternative questions is to use the Low Rise in the first intonation group and the Low Fall in the second one.

e.g. ↘ *Have you 'got a ˏson ‖ or a ˎdaughter?*

Reading Disjunctive Questions

Disjunctive questions consist of two intonation groups. The sequence of tones in disjunctive questions depends on the attitude of the speaker towards the significance of the utterance.

The first intonations group has generally the low-falling nuclear tone.

The final intonation group can have:

a) If it shows that the speaker is not certain of the facts expressed in the first part of the question and the answer is expected, one should use the Low Rise.

e.g. *I rang you up yesterday. You were ˎmeeting your ˏwife ǁ ˏweren't you?*

b) If it shows that the speaker is certain of the facts expressed in the first part of the question and no answer is expected, one should use the Low Fall.

e.g. *I rang you up yesterday. You were ˎmeeting your ˏwife ǁ ˏweren't you?*

Reading Apposition

The apposition usually forms a separate intonation group, it is stressed and pronounced with the same tone as the preceding, but on a bit lower pitch level.

e.g. *My ˎbrother-in-ˏlaw, ǁ ˎHenry ˏSanford ǁ is ˎmarried to my 'elder ˏsister ǁ ˏHelen.*

Reading Coordinate Attributes

Coordinate attributes can be expressed by adjectives, participles, numerals, pronouns; they are never separated by a pause from the word they define; also they have no stress as each attributed word and attribute itself correspond a kind of unity – image. E.g.

"The stable-yard exhibited unequivocal symptoms of the glory and strength of the Eatanswill Blues." (The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, by Ch. Dickens)

Reading Homogeneous Members of the Sentence

Either of homogeneous members fulfills the same function in the sentence and is usually read with the intonation of enumeration. Each non-final component of enumeration forms a separate intonation group, is framed with pauses and is pronounced with rising tone. The voice is considerably increasing in pitch and

volume while pronouncing the pre-last component of enumeration. The final intonation group is pronounced with the falling tone. E.g.

"He was so full of goodwill that it came off him like the smell of his ˏsoap, ˏlinen, ˏhair cream, ˏtooth wash, shaving ˏlotion, ˏeye-wash and digestive ˎmixture." (The Horse's Mouth, by J. Cary)

Reading Participial Constructions and Parenthetical Clauses

Participial constructions and parenthetical clauses should be definitely separated from the main clause. One should read them lowering the voice but preserving the stress on the stressed word within the construction, otherwise, parenthetical construction will sound non final. E.g.

"Kitty's mother had brought to London from her native Liverpool a practical sense of housewifery, and Kitty, notwithstanding her air of frivolity, had always had certain gifts to which she referred only in bantering tones." (The Painted Veil, by S. Maugham).

1.4 PROSODY AND PUNCTUATION

Punctuation is one of the most important nonverbal means of written communication. It reflects not only a rhythmic-melodic structure of the speech and divides the text into logical semantic parts, but also helps realize the attitude of the author to the contents of the text, explains the implication and suggests the correct emotional reaction. Thus, the great number of punctuation marks in the text implies its emphatic character. Lack of punctuation marks also performs function of expressing emotional colouring of a sentence. When we read a written text, we do not arbitrarily stop at some places or run on at others. Instead, we try to give the text some structure, usually by following the punctuation inside the text or its structural layout. In a sense, though, the conventions we apply when writing a text are simply codified attempts to reflect stress and intonation in spoken language, which is still our primary means of communication. Let us now take a closer look at how the functions discussed above may be reflected in writing and conversely, what we may do when we re-convert the written words to their spoken form.

Full stop (period) .

Full stop is used for formal finishing the given part of speech and in contractions.

Mr. Desmonde, I am happy to meet you.

Prosody: the Low Fall, stop of phonation expressed by a pause of two unit length.

Semicolons ;

A semicolon is used between independent clauses not joined by coordinating conjunctions (and, but, for, nor, or, so, yet) and between coordinate elements with internal commas.

(a) between independent clauses not connected by a coordinating conjunction:

Nothing would be allowed to go wrong; every meal would be on the table at the proper time and every dish done to a turn; he would not be given the slightest chance to grumble. (J.B. Priestley. Angel Pavement)

(b) to separate independent clauses that are long and complex or that have internal punctuation:

Smith seemed to her a vaguely pathetic creature who lived a grey life in some grey suburb; the pleasure he got from what seemed to her his drudgery sometimes irritated her but at other times it roused something like pity; and when she was not despising him, she liked him. (J.B. Priestley. Angel Pavement)

(c) In a series between items that have internal punctuation:

It was so frightening that Kitty, her nerves failing her, opened her mouth to scream; but, seeing what she was going to do, he swiftly put his hand over it and her cry was smothered in his fingers. (W. Somerset Maugham. The Painted Veil)

Prosody: The Mid Fall, stop of phonation expressed by a pause of two unit length.

Colons :

A colon is used as a formal mark of introduction.

(a) after an independent clause that introduces a quotation or a series of items before a quotation:

On the locket was an engraved reminder: "Forever yours."

...and he asked himself: Must I always go on like this?(J. Galsworthy. The Man of Property)

before a series:

An excellent physician exhibits four broad characteristics: knowledge, skill, compassion, and integrity.

(b) after an independent clause that introduces an appositive.

An appositive is a word, phrase, or clause used as a noun and placed beside another word to explain, identify, or rename

The author made a difficult decision: he would abandon the scripture.

(c) between two independent clauses when one explains the other:

Music communicates: it is an expression of deep feeling.

(d) may replace a conjunction which expresses Reason or Cause, e. g. hence (=so), so, so…that, therefore, then (=therefore).

I do not wish to go abroad: I refused the offer (hence).

I refused the offer: I do not wish to go abroad (because).

The price is too high and delivery date uncertain: I propose to try elsewhere (therefore).

You are a fellow artist: you understand what I am trying to do (so).

The book was so interesting: I could not put it down (so…that).

(e) colon+dash may introduce a list (: -)

The following boys have past the swimming test: - Ted Jones, Bil Smith, Will Thomas.

(f) colon without dash is used before a quotation.

I feel like quoting Henry Fowler's complaint: So little done, so little done, and soon comes setting of the sun.

(g) colon may be used to make jerky short sentences less obvious by avoiding capital letters:

To no end gathered: vainly then released, forth flowing, wending back: loom of the moon. (J. Joice. Ulysses)

Prosody: the High Fall, stop of phonation expressed by a pause of two unit length.

Dashes –

A dash is used to introduce summaries and to indicate interruptions, parenthetical remarks, and special emphasis.

(a) for summary:

Attic fans, window fans, air conditioners – all were ineffective that summer.

(b) for sudden interruption:

She replied, "I will consider the – No, I won't either."

(c) for parenthetical remarks:

But today 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.

(K. Mansfield Miss Brill).

(d) for special emphasis:

They (hands) looked so strong – they were such man's hands. (K. Mansfield. Late at Night)

Prosody: pause of two unit length (i.e. a simple division of Descending Head into two parts)

Parentheses ( )

Parentheses are used to enclose a loosely related comment or explanation, figure that number items in a series, and references in documentation.

The frisky cold (it was not a thorough bread) brought a good price at the auction.

Prosody: lowering of tone, decreasing of volume, stop of phonation before and after the brackets expressed by the pause of half-unit length.

Brackets [ ]

Square brackets are used to enclose interpolations within quotations.

(a) used to show that the enclosed words are not part of the original text, thus:

"The author is careless about his facts. Thus on page 42 we read: 'Edward Shanks was Senior Classical master [he was Mathematics master] at the Nelson School under Dr William Pidgin [who spelt his name Pigeon] in 1921 [it was, in fact, 1923]. He left there to join the Colonial Service…"

(b) are used where an explanation is added inside a quotation:

When that Aprille with his shoures sote [sweet showers]

The droghte [drought] of marche hath perced to the rote.

(c) bracketed ? or !

A doubt on the part of the author is shown by round brackets:

He was born in 1769 (?) in Bisley.

He was born in 1769 (? 1768) in Bisley.

The query or exclamation mark used as editorial comment is enclosed in square brackets:

He was born in 1769 [? 1768] in Bisley.

Pope [!], author of "Elegy Written in a County Churchyard".

Comma ,

Comma is among the most usable punctuation marks, expressing different relationships between the structural units of the sentence.

Commas are used to:

a) separate words and word groups in a simple series of three or more items:

My estate goes to my husband, son, daughter-in-law, and nephew.

b) to separate two adjectives when the order of the adjectives is interchangeable:

He is a strong, healthy man.

c) to set off nonessential words, clauses, and phrases:

Jill, who is my sister, shut the door.

d) to set off expressions that interrupt the sentence flow (*nevertheless, after all, by the way, on the other hand, however,* etc.):

I am, by the way, very nervous about this.

e) to set off the name, nickname, term of endearment, or title of a person directly addressed:

Will you, Aisha, do that assignment for me?

Yes, old friend, I will. Good day, Captain.

Prosody: in most cases examined a comma entails a rising pitch combined with a clearly perceivable pause. In regard to this aspect of continuity, the role of a comma thus seems in some measure analogous with that of a pitch rise. At the same time, in case of, for example, enumeration, commas can be read with falling tone to emphasize the weight and importance of the components enumerated.

1. 5 ON ANALYZING TEXTS FOR EXPRESSIVE READING

Analyzing the text for oral interpretation, one should remember that such analysis is not purely linguistic one, and not a stylistic either. Therefore, it is always advisable to keep your focus on those features of the text which are going to be of real significance for expressive reading. Below we suggest the scheme of the text analysis adapted for the purpose of oral interpretation of a written piece of literature.

Steps of Analysis:

1. Read the whole text silently to form the general meaningful image of the text.
2. Determine the author's outlook and artistic method. What epoch does the author depict?
3. Determine the style of the text. What is its communicative goal – whom is it addressed to, what is its communicative purpose?
4. Analyze the composition of the text. Divide the text into large fragments; then divide it into small parts – paragraphs.
5. Analyze the type of narration (the author's narrative proper, inner speech, dialogues etc.). What type prevails in the fragment? In case of the combination of several types, how should they be contrasted to each other?
6. Analyze the syntactic structure of the fragment. Which type of sentences prevail in the text? What are the punctuation marks within / between them?
7. If there are any changes of font, what is their purpose? How should they be read?
8. Taking into account the idea of the whole text and the content of every fragment determine the "working" titles of the larger and smaller parts. These titles help more easily imagine the chosen tonality and tempo of reading. You may choose, for example:

- a thoughtful tonality (the so called concentric tone), which strives to low level of tone, to velvety breast timbre;
- an eccentric tonality, striving to middle level of tone, to metallic "head" timbre etc.

The play of tonalities provides the natural intonations, the vividness of speech, serves the emotional and expressive goals, is a means of defining the logical transition from one speech fragment to another.

9. Determine the quantity and boarders of syntagms in every sentences; the words with syntagmatic and phrasal stresses; the melodical contours of the syntagms which differ syntactically and positionally; the temporal variation of syntagms.

10. Pick out the words verbalizing voice characteristics. Which prosodic parameters (pitch, volume, tempo or a combination of several of them) do they verbalize? How should they be read?

11. Determine the prosodic images of characters / places / events described in the fragment.

12. Prepare and read out the given fragment in class.

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

1. Check your knowledge answering the following questions.

1. What is oral interpretation of the written text?
2. What is expressive / philological reading?
3. What are the main differences between “speaking voice” and “singing voice”?
4. Give the definition of “voice” generally accepted in linguistics. Compare it with the definition of “speaking voice”: in what way do they differ?
5. What are the means of melody verbalization? How is its complex character reflected in the English language?
6. Dwell on the means of loudness verbalization.
7. Speak about the lexical units nominating tempo. Are they diverse? Why?
8. What are the means of voice quality verbalization? How do they reflect pleasant or unpleasant associations existing in the English speaking community?
9. Dwell upon the peculiarities of the female and the male pitch ranges.
10. How does voice quality differentiate male and female voices?

2. Read the following sentences paying attention to their syntactic structure.

1. She hasn’t even said a word, has she?
2. When I see those old half broken huts of the village, unforgetable moments of my childhood come to my memory.
3. Mr. Brown, that young self-confident man in his early thirties, was sitting opposite me that evening.
4. Please, let me say a word without being interrupted!
5. Everything that one’s soul can wish may be found in the mountains: fresh air, inexpressible views, shocking feeling of your miserable nature and, of course, for the bravest ones, a great surge of adrenalin.
6. Excuse me, Dr. Smith, should I let him in or show him his way out?
7. “It’s your choice, Jim,” – whispered daddy in a low voice.
8. To cut a long story short, everything has already finished.

9. Well, why should I take your offer without being acknowledged with it yet?

10. There were a lot of dark heavy clouds in the sky, so Robert decided to take an umbrella.

3. Read the fragments below; pay attention to their syntactic structure and mind the punctuation marks.

1. Occasionally, perhaps after a week-end in the country, when the thought off going back to Angel Pavement almost – and she said – made her feel sick, there flashed through her mind an image of Turgis.

(J. B. Priestley. Angel Pavement)

2. The semicolon tells you that there is still some question about the preceding full sentence; something needs to be added; it reminds you sometimes of the Greek usage. It is almost always a greater pleasure to some across a semicolon than a period. The period tells you that is that; if you did not get all the meaning you wanted or expected, anyway you got all the writer intended to parcel out and now you have to move along. But with a semicolon there you get a pleasant little feeling of expectancy; there is more to come; read on; it will get clearer.

(L. Thomas. The Medusa and the Snail)

3. Her pain was so great that she could have screamed at the top of her voice; she had never known that one could suffer so much; and she asked herself desperately what she had done to deserve it. She could not make out why Charlie did not love her: it was her fault, she supposed, but she had done everything she knew to make him fond of her. They had always got on so well, they laughed all the time they were together, they were not only lovers but good friends. She could not understand; she was broken. She told herself that she hated and despised him; but she had no idea how she was going to live if she was never to see him again.

(*The Painted Veil, S. Maugham*)

4. I don't know why, I feel inclined to cry tonight. Certainly not because of this letter; it isn't half important enough. But I keep wondering if things will ever change or if I shall go on like this until I am old – just wanting and wanting. I'm not as young as I was even now. I've got lines and my skin isn't a bit what it used to be. I never was really pretty, not in the ordinary way, but I did have lovely skin and lovely hair – and I walked well. I only caught sight of myself in a glass today – stooping and shuffling along… I looked dowdy and elderly. Well, no; perhaps not quite as bad as that; I always exaggerate about myself. But I'm faddy about things now – that's a sign of age, I'm sure. The wind – I can't bear being blown about in the wind now; and I hate having wet feet. I never used to care about those things – I used almost to revel in them – they made me feel so *one* with Nature in a way.

(*Late at night, K. Mansfield*)

4. Identify the emotional state of the character conveyed by his / her voice prosodic characteristics. Pay attention to the context of the speech situation (linguistic and extralinguistic factors).

1. "Then came a new voice, very hoarse and resentful, and this voice declared that it was all a crying shame, even if the girl was clumsy with her hands, and that one pair of hands was one pair of hands and could not be expected to be any more, and that while notices were being given right and left her notice could not be taken, there and then. In short, the cook arrived on the scene… ' 'That's so', the cook hoarsely declared now. 'A jug of water's what she wants, accidents will happen and one pair of hands can't be two or three pairs of hands, eight for dinner being out of all reason with them steps and no service lift, but there's no case to be lying there all night Agnes, having your hysterics and carrying as silly when there's all this mess to be cleared, left alone anything else…' (J. B. Priestly)

2. "I certainly don't think you're at all marvelous,' she said coolly. 'Why should I? What I do think is that you are being very rude to somebody who is prepared to like you a good deal. And when people really like you", she added

severely, “you ought to be specially nice to them and not rude. How don’t say anything to her about what I’ve just said or I shall be really annoyed.”

‘All right,’ said Turgis sulkily, wondering why he couldn’t say something sharp to her, for her cool cheek. ‘But I don’t see what I’ve done to her. She takes offence’ too quickly, that’s it. And whose fault’s that? And for that matter, who never considered my feelings in the office?’

‘You’re different,’ she said airily, ‘or if you’re not, you ought to be. You’re a man’ (J. B. Priestly)

3. “Mr. Jenson – away?’ His voice registered his startled surprise. That’s an event, isn’t it? You’ve never known him to leave here before. Where can I find him?”
‘I don’t know.’ She managed to convey by the tone of her voice that she did not care either.’

‘He’s moving around – anyway, that’s what he told me. He is supposed to be either in Arizona or Colorado. Since he left, I haven’t heard a word from him.’

‘Any idea when he’ll be back, Mrs Jenson?’

A pause, then she said in a cold, flat voice, ‘I don’t think he is coming back.’ (J. Chase)

5. Describe the characters’ appearance and inner qualities taking into account their voice characteristics.

1. ‘Somebody plucked him by the sleeve; he looked down. It was old Miss Budge.
‘Delighted to see you again, Mr. Stone, ‘She said in her rich, husky voice. She panted a little as she spoke, like a short-winded lap-dog”’(ibid.)

2. ‘Second Heat in the Young Ladies Championship.’ It was the polite voice of Henry Wimbush. … His grey bowler hat, smooth round, and motionless in the midst of a moving sea, was an island of aristocratic calm.” (ibid.)
‘…go-go-go!’ Henry Wimbush’s polite, level voice once more pronounced the formula.’ (ibid.)

3. “Mrs. Wimbush laughed. Her voice, her laughter, were deep and masculine” (A. Huxley)

‘Such a pity you don’t believe in these things, Denis, such a pity, said Mrs. Wimbush in her deep, distinct voice” (A. Huxley)

4. “I picked up the receiver.”

‘Lawrence Safe Corporation – night service,’ I said’

‘This is Henry Cooper. One of those well-fed, arrogant voices that come out of owners of vast incomes and super-de-luxe penthouses. ‘How fast can you get a man to me? I’m in trouble with my safe.’ (J. Chase)

5. “ ‘ Hello there, Mrs. Jenson, nice to see you again.’ The sheriff had a booming voice that carried easily to us.’ is Mr. Jenson around? I wanted ‘a word with him.’ ” (J. Chase)

“The sheriff said in his heavy, booming voice, ‘George Richs says you knocked him down yesterday. That’s right?’ ” (J. Chase)

CHAPTER 2. EXPRESSIVE READING OF THE FICTION TEXT: FROM THEORY TO PRACTICE

Text 1.

The Devotee

by Ch. Lamb

(From a letter written by Charles Lamb in London lo William Wordsworth in the Lakes, January 1801)

I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the very women of the Town, the Watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles, – life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the Sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book stalls, parsons cheap'ning books, coffee houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade, – all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impells me into nightwalks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears – in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life.

All these emotions must be strange to you. So are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and vallies. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed mo about (like a faithful dog, only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved – old chairs, old tables,

streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school, – these are my mistresses. Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know, that the Mind will make friends of anything. Your sun and moon and skies and hills and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in тоrо venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof, beautifully painted but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the Beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh and green and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city.

(A Book of England, ed. by I. Brown, London 1958, pp. 113–114)

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. What is it that attracts Lamb to London?
2. With what does Lamb contrast his love for London?
3. Which style of life does the writer prefer – an urban or a rural one?
4. Account for Lamb's likening London to masquerade and a pantomime.
5. What does Lamb dislike about rural life?

2. Name the three paragraphs of the text and suggest the key to its expressive reading. Comment on the length of paragraphs. The second paragraph is rather short. Why?

3. Paragraph 1 and paragraph 3 contrast each other. Which of them presents the author's preferences? What prosodic means could be used to convey the contrast between the paragraphs?

4. Point out the elements of the enumeration in the first and third paragraph of the text. How will you render the author's attitudes and emotions in reading them?'

5. The word "old" occurs several times in the text. What is its communicative purpose? How will you draw the listener's attention to the contextual weight of the word?

6. Point out the sentences with the inverted word order. What for are they used by the author? How will you read them?

7. Analyze the period beginning with "The lighted shops of…". What is its most arresting peculiarity? How is the monotony of the long enumeration broken up? How will you express this in reading?

8. Render the prosodic image of a) London in paragraph 1, b) rural life in paragraph 3.

9. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 2.

They Walk in the City

by J. B. Priestley

CHAPTER VIII

This was one of those mornings when the smoke and the Thames Valley mist decide to work a few miracles for their London, and especially for the oldest part of it, the City, where Edward went to find Uncle Alfred. The City, on these mornings, is an enchantment. There is a faintly luminous haze, now silver, now old gold, over

everything. The buildings have shape and solidity but no weight; they hang in the air, like places out of the Arabian Nights; you could topple the dome off St. Paul's with a forefinger into space. On these mornings, the old churches cannot be counted; there are more of them than ever; ecclesiastical wizards are busy multiplying the fantastic steeples. There is no less traffic than usual; the scarlet stream of buses still flows through the ancient narrow streets; the pavements are still thronged with bank messengers, office boys, policemen, clerks, typists, caretakers, commissionaires, directors, secretaries, crooks, busy-bodies, idlers; but on these mornings all the buses, taxicabs, vans, lorries, drays, and all the pedestrians lose something of their ordinary solidity; they move behind gauze; they are shod and tyred in velvet; their voices are muted; their movement is in slow motion. Whatever is new and vulgar and foolish contrives to lose itself in the denser patches of mist. But all the glimpses of ancient loveliness are there, perfectly framed and lighted: round every corner somebody is whispering a line or two of Chaucer. And on these mornings, the river is simply not true; there is no geography, nothing but pure poetry, down there; the water has gone; and shapes out of an adventurous dream drift by on a tide of gilded and silvered air. Such is the City on one of these mornings, a place in a Gothic fairy tale, a mirage, a vision, Cockaigne made out of faint sunlight and vapour and smoke. It is hard to believe that somewhere behind this enchanting facade, directors are drawing their fees, debenture holders are being taken care of, loans are being called in, compound interest is being calculated, mergers are being arranged between a *Partaga* and a *Corona Corona* and suggestions are being put forward for little schemes that will eventually bring revolution into Central America and mass murder into the Near East.

(J. B. Priestley, They Walk in the City, London 1936, pp. 231–233)

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. What is the general atmosphere of the extract?
2. Can you compare the present passage with the description of London given by Ch. Lamb? In what way the two descriptions differ?
3. Which London does the writer prefer – an old or a modern one?

4. Comment of the contrast between “little schemes” and “mass murder”. Can it be interpreted as criticism of British colonial policy?.
5. What characteristic features of Priestley’s outlook do you observe in the present fragment?

2. What is the prosody of enumeration? Read the following fragment paying attention to the enumeration it contains.

There is no less traffic than usual; the scarlet stream of buses still flows through the ancient narrow streets; the pavements are still thronged with bank messengers, office boys, policemen, clerks, typists, caretakers, commissionaires, directors, secretaries, crooks, busy-bodies, idlers; but on these mornings all the buses, taxicabs, vans, lorries, drays, and all the pedestrians lose something of their ordinary solidity; they move behind gauze; they are shod and tyred in velvet; their voices are muted; their movement is in slow motion.

3. What is the prosody of the following excerpt? Which prosodic characteristics should be used in order to convey the atmosphere of this fragment? Pay attention to the underlined words and word-combinations which create the image of London.

This was one of those mornings when the smoke and the Thames Valley mist decide to work a few miracles for their London, and especially for the oldest part of it, the City, where Edward went to find Uncle Alfred. The City, on these mornings, is an enchantment. There is a faintly luminous haze, now silver, now old gold, over everything. The buildings have shape and solidity but no weight; they hang in the air, like places out of the Arabian Nights; you could topple the dome of St. Paul’s with a forefinger into space.

4. There are a lot of complex and compound sentences in the given fragment. What is the intonation of compound sentences? How should semicolons be read? Read the following sentence paying attention to its syntactic structure.

And on these mornings, the river is simply not true; there is no geography, nothing but pure poetry, down there; the water has gone; and shapes out of an adventurous dream drift by on a tide of gilded and silvered air.

5. In the given fragment Priestley contrasts an old London and a modern one. How can this contrast be rendered prosodically?

6. Render the prosodic images of a) an old London, b) a modern London.

7. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 3.
Life of Ma Parker
by K. Mansfield

When the literary gentleman, whose flat old Ma Parker cleaned every Tuesday, opened the door to her that morning, he asked after her grandson. Ma Parker stood on the doormat inside the dark little hall, and she stretched out her hand to help her gentleman shut the door before she replied. "We buried 'im yesterday, sir," she said quietly.

"Oh, dear me! I'm sorry to hear that," said the literary gentleman in a shocked tone. He was in the middle of his breakfast. He wore a very shabby dressing-gown and carried a crumpled newspaper in one hand. But he felt awkward. He could hardly go back to the warm sitting-room without saying something – something more. Then because these people set such store by funerals he said kindly, "I hope the funeral went off all right."

"Beg parding, sir?" said old Ma Parker huskily.

Poor old bird! She did look dashed. "I hope the funeral was a - a - success," said he. Ma Parker gave no answer. She bent her head and hobbled off to the kitchen,

clasping the old fish bag that held her cleaning things and an apron and a pair of felt shoes. The literary gentleman raised his eyebrows and went back to his breakfast.

"Overcome, I suppose," he said aloud, helping himself to the marmalade.

Ma Parker drew the two jetty spears out of her toque and hung it behind the door. She unhooked her worn jacket and hung that up too. Then she tied her apron and sat down to take off her boots. To take off her boots or to put them on was an agony to her, but it had been an agony for years. In fact, she was so accustomed to the pain that her face was drawn and screwed up ready for the twinge before she'd so much as untied the laces. That over, she sat back with a sigh and softly rubbed her knees ...

"Gran! Gran!" Her little grandson stood on her lap in his button boots. He'd just come in from playing in the street.

"Look what a state you've made your gran's skirt into – you wicked boy!"

But he put his arms round her neck and rubbed his cheek against hers.

"Gran, gi' us a penny! he coaxed.

"Be off with you; Gran ain't got no pennies."

"Yes, you 'ave."

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you 'ave. Gi' us one!"

Already she was feeling for the old, squashed, black leather purse.

"Well, what'll you give your gran?"

He gave a shy little laugh and pressed closer. She felt his eyelid quivering against her cheek. "I ain't got nothing," he murmured ...

The old woman sprang up, seized the iron kettle off the gas stove and took it over to the sink. The noise of the water drumming in the kettle deadened her pain, it seemed. She filled the pail, too, and the washing-up bowl.

It would take a whole book to describe the state of that kitchen. During the week the literary gentleman "did" for himself. That is to say, he emptied the tea leaves now and again into a jam jar set aside for that purpose, and if he ran out of clean forks he wiped over one or two on the roller towel. Otherwise, as he explained to his friends,

his “system” was quite simple, and he couldn’t understand why people made all this fuss about housekeeping.

“You simply dirty everything you’ve got, get a hag in once a week to clean up, and the thing’s done.”

The result looked like a gigantic dustbin. Even the floor was littered with toast crusts, envelopes, cigarette ends. But Ma Parker bore him no grudge. She pitied the poor young gentleman for having no one to look after him. Out of the smudgy little window you could see an immense expanse of sad-looking sky, and whenever there were clouds they looked very worn, old clouds, frayed at the edges, with holes in them, or dark stains like tea.

While the water was heating, Ma Parker began sweeping the floor. “Yes,” she thought, as the broom knocked, “what with one thing and another I’ve had my share. I’ve had a hard life.”

Even the neighbours said that of her. Many a time, hobbling home with her fish bag she heard them, waiting at the corner, or leaning over the area railings, say among themselves, “She’s had a hard life, has Ma Parker.” And it was so true she wasn’t in the least proud of it. It was just as if you were to say she lived in the basement-back at Number 27. A hard life! ...

At sixteen she’d left Stratford and come up to London as kitching-maid. Yes, she was born in Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare, sir? No, people were always arsking her about him. But she'd never heard his name until she saw it on the theatres.

Nothing remained of Stratford except that “sitting in the fire-place of a evening you could see the stars through the chimley,” and “Mother always ‘ad ‘er side of bacon, ‘anging from the ceiling.” And there was something – a bush, there was – at the front door, that smelt ever so nice. But the bush was very vague. She’d only remembered it once or twice in the hospital, when she’d been taken bad.

That was a dreadful place – her first place. She was never allowed out. She never went upstairs except for prayers morning and evening. It was a fair cellar. And the cook was a cruel woman. She used to snatch away her letters from home before she’d read them, and throw them in the range because they made her dreamy ... And the

beedles! Would you believe it? – until she came to London she'd never seen a black beedle. Here Ma always gave a little laugh, as though – not to have seen a black beedle! Well! It was as if to say you'd never seen your own feet.

When that family was sold up she went as "help" to a doctor's house, and after two years there, on the run from morning till night, she married her husband. He was a baker.

"A baker, Mrs. Parker!" the literary gentleman would say. For occasionally he laid aside his tomes and lent an ear, at least, to this product called Life. "It must be rather nice to be married to a baker!"

Mrs. Parker didn't look so sure.

"Such a clean trade," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Parker didn't look convinced.

"And didn't you like handing the new loaves to the customers?"

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Parker, "I wasn't in the shop above a great deal. We had thirteen little ones and buried seven of them. If it wasn't the 'ospital it was the infirmary, you might say!"

"You might, indeed, Mrs. Parker!" said the gentleman, shuddering, and taking up his pen again.

Yes, seven had gone, and while the six were still small her husband was taken ill with consumption. It was flour on the lungs, the doctor told her at the time ... Her husband sat up in bed with his shirt pulled over his head, and the doctor's finger drew a circle on his back.

"Now, if we were to cut him open here, Mrs. Parker," said the doctor, "you'd find his lungs chock-a-block with white powder. Breathe, my good fellow!" And Mrs. Parker never knew for certain whether she saw or whether she fancied she saw a great fan of white dust come out of her poor dead husband's lips ...

But the struggle she'd had to bring up those six little children and keep herself to herself. Terrible it had been! Then, just when they were old enough to go to school her husband's sister came to stop with them to help things along, and she hadn't been there more than two months when she fell down a flight of steps and hurt her spine.

And for five years Ma Parker had another baby - and such a one for crying! – to look after. Then young Maudie went wrong and took her sister Alice with her; the two boys emigrimated, and young Jim went to India with the army, and Ethel, the youngest, married a good-for-nothing little waiter who died of ulcers the year little Lennie was born. And now little Lennie – my grandson ...

The piles of dirty cups, dirty dishes, were washed and dried. The ink-black knives were cleaned with a piece of potato and finished off with a piece of cork. The table was scrubbed, and the dresser and the sink that had sardine tails swimming in it ...

He'd never been a strong child – never from the first. He'd been one of those fair babies that everybody took for a girl. Silvery fair curls he had, blue eyes, and a little freckle like a diamond on one side of his nose. The trouble she and Ethel had had to rear that child! The things out of the newspapers they tried him with! Every Sunday morning Ethel would read aloud while Ma Parker did her washing.

"Dear Sir, – Just a line to let you know my little Myrtil was laid out for dead ... After four bottils ... gained 8 lbs. in 9 weeks, and *is still putting it on*."

And then the egg-cup of ink would come off the dresser and the letter would be written, and Ma would buy a postal order on her way to work next morning. But it was no use. Nothing made little Lennie put it on. Taking him to the cemetery, even, never gave him a colour; a nice shake-up in the bus never improved his appetite.

But he was gran's boy from the first ...

"Whose boy are you?" said old Ma Parker, straightening up from the stove and going over to the smudgy window. And a little voice, so warm, so close, it half stifled her – it seemed to be in her breast under her heart – laughed out, and said, "I'm gran's boy!"

At that moment there was a sound of steps, and the literary gentleman appeared, dressed for walking.

"Oh, Mrs. Parker, I'm going out."

"Very good, sir."

"And you'll find your half-crown in the tray of the inkstand."

"Thank you, sir."

“Oh, by the way, Mrs. Parker,” said the literary gentleman quickly, “you didn’t throw away any cocoa last time you were here – did you?”

“No, sir.”

“*Very* strange. I could have sworn I left a teaspoonful of cocoa in the tin.” He broke off. He said softly and firmly, “You’ll always tell me when you throw things away – won’t you, Mrs. Parker?” And he walked off very well pleased with himself, convinced, in fact, he’d shown Mrs. Parker that under his apparent carelessness he was as vigilant as a woman.

The door banged. She took her brushes and cloths into the bedroom. But when she began to make the bed, smoothing, tucking, patting, the thought of little Lennie was unbearable. Why did he have to suffer so? That's what she couldn’t understand. Why should a little angel child have to arsk for his breath and fight for it? There was no sense in making a child suffer like that.

... From Lennie’s little box of a chest there came a sound as though something was boiling. There was a great lump of something bubbling in his chest that he couldn’t get rid of. When he coughed the sweat sprang out on his head; his eyes bulged, his hands waved, and the great lump bubbled as a potato knocks in a saucepan. But what was more awful than all was when he didn’t cough he sat against the pillow and never spoke or answered, or even made as if he heard. Only he looked offended.

“It’s not your poor old gran’s doing it, my lovey,” said old Ma Parker, patting back the damp hair from his little scarlet ears. But Lennie moved his head and edged away. Dreadfully offended with her he looked – and solemn. He bent his head and looked at her sideways as though he couldn't have believed it of his gran.

But at the last ... Ma Parker threw the counterpane over the bed. No, she simply couldn’t think about it. It was too much - she'd had too much in her life to bear. She’d borne it up till now, she’d kept herself to herself, and never once had she been seen to cry. Never by a living soul. Not even her own children had seen Ma break down. She’d kept a proud face always. But now! Lennie gone – what had she? She had nothing. He was all she’d got from life, and now he was took too. Why must it all

have happened to me? she wondered. “What have I done?” said old Ma Parker. “What have I done?”

As she said those words she suddenly let fall her brush. She found herself in the kitchen. Her misery was so terrible that she pinned on her hat, put on her jacket and walked out of the flat like a person in a dream. She did not know what she was doing. She was like a person so dazed by the horror of what has happened that he walks away – anywhere, as though by walking away he could escape ...

It was cold in the street. There was a wind like ice. People went flitting by, very fast; the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats. And nobody knew – nobody cared. Even if she broke down, if at last, after all these years, she were to cry, she’d find herself in the lock-up as like as not.

But at the thought of crying it was as though little Lennie leapt in his gran’s arms. Ah, that’s what she wants to do, my dove. Gran wants to cry. If she could only cry now, cry for a long time, over everything, beginning with her first place and the cruel cook, going on to the doctor’s, and then the seven little ones, death of her husband, the children’s leaving her, and all the years of misery that led up to Lennie. But to have a proper cry over all these things would take a long time. All the same, the time for it had come. She must do it. She couldn’t put it off any longer; she couldn’t wait any more ... Where could she go?

“She’s had a hard life, has Ma Parker.” Yes, a hard life, indeed! Her chin began to tremble; there was no time to lose. But where? Where?

She couldn’t go home; Ethel was there. It would frighten Ethel out of her life. She couldn’t sit on a bench anywhere; people would come arsking her questions. She couldn’t possibly go back to the gentleman’s flat; she had no right to cry in strangers’ houses. If she sat on some steps a policeman would speak to her.

Oh, wasn’t there anywhere where she could hide and keep herself to herself and stay as long as she liked, not disturbing anybody, and nobody worrying her? Wasn’t there anywhere in the world where she could have her cry out – at last?

Ma Parker stood, looking up and down. The icy wind blew out her apron into a balloon. And now it began to rain. There was nowhere.

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. What were the relationships between Ma Parker and literary gentleman?
2. What happened to Ma Parker? Why was her life hard? Was she proud of her life?
3. Who is Lennie? What happened to him?
4. Did Ma Parker have any living relatives?
5. What is she trying to find in the end? Does she manage to?

2. Comment on the title of the story. In what way does it correspond with the idea of the story?

3. What type of narration prevails in the story? There are a lot of inner monologues in the text. What prosodic means should be employed to show the contrast between inner monologue and author's narrative? Which reporting verbs introduce the inner monologues?

4. What is the role of italics in the story? What prosodic means should they be rendered by?

5. Underline all examples of

a) adjectives,

b) adverbs,

c) verbs

that verbalize emotions in this short story. Which emotions – positive or negative – prevail in the text?

6. Pick out the descriptions of Ma Parker's voice characteristics. Do they match the descriptions of her character provided by the author?

7. Analyze Ma Parker's voice characteristics and give your opinion on her inner qualities. How do her voice characteristics reflect her personality? How have the

character's voice characteristics influenced your impressions? Portray the character.

8. Identify the emotional state of the characters conveyed by their voice prosodic characteristics in the following contexts.

1. Ma Parker stood on the doormat inside the dark little hall, and she stretched out her hand to help her gentleman shut the door before she replied. "We buried 'im yesterday, sir," she said quietly.

"Oh, dear me! I'm sorry to hear that," said the literary gentleman in a shocked tone. He was in the middle of his breakfast. He wore a very shabby dressing-gown and carried a crumpled newspaper in one hand. But he felt awkward. He could hardly go back to the warm sitting-room without saying something – something more. Then because these people set such store by funerals he said kindly, "I hope the funeral went off all right."

"Beg parding, sir?" said old Ma Parker huskily.

Poor old bird! She did look dashed. "I hope the funeral was a - a - success," said he. Ma Parker gave no answer.

2. "Gran! Gran!" Her little grandson stood on her lap in his button boots. He'd just come in from playing in the street.

"Look what a state you've made your gran's skirt into – you wicked boy!"

But he put his arms round her neck and rubbed his cheek against hers.

"Gran, gi' us a penny! he coaxed.

"Be off with you; Gran ain't got no pennies."

"Yes, you 'ave."

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you 'ave. Gi' us one!"

Already she was feeling for the old, squashed, black leather purse.

"Well, what'll you give your gran?"

He gave a shy little laugh and pressed closer. She felt his eyelid quivering against her cheek. "I ain't got nothing," he murmured ...

3. While the water was heating, Ma Parker began sweeping the floor. “Yes,” she thought, as the broom knocked, “what with one thing and another I’ve had my share. I’ve had a hard life.”

4. But he was gran’s boy from the first ...

“Whose boy are you?” said old Ma Parker, straightening up from the stove and going over to the smudgy window. And a little voice, so warm, so close, it half stifled her – it seemed to be in her breast under her heart – laughed out, and said, “I’m gran’s boy!”

5. “*Very* strange. I could have sworn I left a teaspoonful of cocoa in the tin.” He broke off. He said softly and firmly, “You’ll always tell me when you throw things away – won’t you, Mrs. Parker?” And he walked off very well pleased with himself, convinced, in fact, he’d shown Mrs. Parker that under his apparent carelessness he was as vigilant as a woman.

9. One of the key word-combinations of this story is “hard life”. It is sometimes quoted as said by other people and in other cases uttered by Ma Parker. Which emotions does it express in these manifestations? How should it be rendered prosodically?

10. Act out the above-given dialogues conveying relevant emotions implied by changing your voice quality.

11. Prepare and present expressive reading of the whole short story.

Text 4.

Sorry, Wrong Number

by L. Fletcher

SOUND. Number being dialed on telephone–then the busy signal.

MRS. STEVENSON (a querulous, self-centered neurotic–after waiting a bit). Oh–dear...!

SOUND. She slams down receiver impatiently and dials Operator again.

OPERATOR (on filter). This is the Operator.

MRS. STEVENSON. Operator? I've been dialing Murray Hill 3-0093 now for the last three-quarters of an hour, and the line is always busy. But I don't see how it could be busy that long. Will you try it for me, please?

OPERATOR (on filter). I will try it for you. One moment, please.

MRS. STEVENSON (rambling, full of self-pity). I don't see how it could be busy all this time. It's my husband's office. He's working late tonight, and I'm all alone here in the house. My health is very poor–and I've been feeling so nervous all day.

OPERATOR (on filter). Ringing Murray Hill 3-0093.

SOUND. Telephone ringing. All clear. It rings three times. The receiver is picked up at the other end.

MAN'S VOICE (filter–slow, heavy, tough voice). Hello.

MRS. STEVENSON. Hello...? *(Puzzled).* Hello. Is Mr. Stevenson there?

MAN'S VOICE (as though he had not heard). Hello...*(louder)* Hello!

2ND MAN'S VOICE (filter, also over telephone but farther away – a voice with a very distinctive quality). Hello.

1ST MAN. Hello, George?

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

MRS. STEVENSON (louder and more imperious). Hello. Who's this? What number am I calling, please?

1ST MAN. I am in the office with our client. He says the coast is clear for tonight.

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

1ST MAN. Where are you now?

GEORGE. In a phone booth.

1ST MAN. Very well. You know the address. At eleven o'clock the private patrolman goes around to the bar on Second Avenue for a beer. Be sure that all the lights downstairs are out. There should be only one light visible from the street. At eleven-fifteen a subway train crosses the bridge. It makes a noise, in case her window is open and she should scream.

MRS. STEVENSON (shocked). Oh!... Hello! What number is this, please?

GEORGE. Okay. I understand.

1ST MAN. Make it quick. As little blood as possible. Our client does not wish to make her suffer long.

GEORGE. A knife okay, sir?

1ST MAN. Yes. A knife will be okay. And remember–remove the rings and bracelets – and the jewelry in the bureau drawer. Our client wishes it to look like simple robbery.

SOUND. The conversation is suddenly cut off. Again

MRS. STEVENSON hears a persistent buzzing signal.

MRS. STEVENSON (clicking phone). Oh...!

SOUND. Buzzing signal continues. She hangs up slowly.

MRS. STEVENSON (frozen with horror). How awful. How unspeakably – *(a brief pause).*

SOUND. She picks up phone and dials Operator. Ring once.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON (unnerved and breathless). Operator. I – I've just been cut off.

OPERATOR (filter). I'm sorry, madam. What number were you calling?

MRS. STEVENSON. Why – it was supposed to be Murray Hill 3-0093–but it wasn't. Some wires must have crossed–I was cut into a wrong number–and I–I've just heard the most dreadful thing–a–a murder–and (*imperiously*) – Operator, you'll simply have to retrace that call at once.

OPERATOR (filter). I'm sorry, madam. I do not understand.

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh–I know it was a wrong number, and I had no business listening, but these two men–they were cold-blooded fiends–and they were going to murder somebody–some poor innocent woman–who was all alone–in a house near a bridge. (*Frantic.)* And we've got to stop them–we've got to–

OPERATOR (filter–patiently). What number were you calling, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. That doesn't matter. This was a wrong number. And you dialed it. And we've got to find out what it was –immediately!

OPERATOR (filter). But–madam–

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh–why are you so stupid? Look–it was obviously a case of some little slip of the finger. I told you to try Murray Hill 3-0093 for me. You dialed it–but your finger slipped. And I was connected with some other number – and I could hear them, but they couldn't hear me. Now, I simply fail to see why you couldn't make that same mistake again – why you couldn't try to dial Murray Hill 3-0093 in the same sort of careless way –

OPERATOR (filter–quickly). Murray Hill 3-0093? I will try to get it for you, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON (sarcastically). Thank you.

SOUND. Telephone ringing–then the busy signal.

OPERATOR. The line is busy.

MRS. STEVENSON (frantically clicking receiver). Operator! Operator!

OPERATOR (filter). Yes, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. You didn't try to get that wrong number at all. I asked you explicitly. And all you did was dial correctly. Now I want you to trace that call. It's my civic duty–it's your civic duty–to trace that call–and to apprehend those dangerous killers–and if you won't....

OPERATOR (filter–sweetly). I will connect you with the Chief Operator.

SOUND. Ringing. Then phone is picked up.

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). This is the Chief Operator.

MRS. STEVENSON. Chief Operator, I want you to trace a call. A telephone call. Immediately. I don't know where it came from, or who was making it, but it's

absolutely necessary that it be tracked down. Because it was about a murder. Yes, a terrible, cold-blooded murder of a poor innocent woman-tonight–at eleven-fifteen.

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). I see.

MRS. STEVENSON (high-strung, demanding). Can you trace it for me?

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). It depends, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON. Depends on what?

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). It depends on whether the call is still going on. If it's a live call, we can trace it. If it's been dis-connected, we can't.

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh–but–but of course they must have stopped talking to each other by now. That was at least five minutes ago—and they didn't sound like the type who would make a long call.

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). Well–I can try tracing it. Now–what is your name, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Elbert Stevenson. But, listen–

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter–interrupting). And your telephone number?

MRS. STEVENSON. Plaza 4-2295. But if you go wasting all this time–

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). And what is your reason for wanting this call traced?

MRS. STEVENSON. My reason? Oh–no reason. I mean–I merely felt very strongly–that something ought to be done about it. These men are killers—they're dangerous–they're going to murder this woman–at eleven-fifteen–and I thought the police–

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). Have you told the police?

MRS. STEVENSON. No. But–in the meantime–

CHIEF OPERATOR (filter). Well, Mrs. Stevenson, I seriously doubt whether we could make this check for you and trace this call just on your say-so as a private individual.

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh–for heaven's sake. You mean to tell me–I can't report a murder–without getting tied up in all this red tape? Why, it's idiotic! All right! I'll call the police!

SOUND. She slams down receiver.

MRS. STEVENSON. Ridiculous!

SOUND. She dials Operator.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON. The Police Department–please!

OPERATOR (filter). Ringing the Police Department.

SOUND. Ring twice.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–bored with his night duty assignment). Police Station, Precinct 43, Duffy speaking.

MRS. STEVENSON. Police Department? Oh. This is Mrs. Stevenson–Mrs. Elbert Smythe Stevenson of 53 North Sutton Place. I'm calling up to report a murder. I mean (*fumbling for words*)–the murder hasn't been committed yet. I just overheard plans for it over the telephone–over a wrong number that the operator gave me. I've been trying to trace down the call myself–but everybody is so stupid–and I guess in the end you're the only people who could do anything.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–not too impressed by all this). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. STEVENSON (trying to impress him). It was a perfectly definite murder. I heard their plans distinctly. Two men were talking–and they were going to murder some woman at eleven-fifteen tonight. She lived near a bridge.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. STEVENSON. And there was a private patrolman on the street. He was going to go around to Second Avenue. And there was some third man–a client–who was paying to have this poor woman murdered. They were going to take her rings and bracelets and use a knife.... Well, it's unnerved me dreadfully–(reaching the breaking point)–and I'm not well–

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). I see. (*Stolidly*.) When was all this, ma'am?

MRS. STEVENSON. About eight minutes ago. Oh–(*relieved*) then you can do something? You do understand–

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). And what is your name, ma'am?

MRS. STEVENSON (impatiently). Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Elbert Stevenson.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). And your address?

MRS. STEVENSON. 53 North Sutton Place. That's near a bridge. The Queensboro Bridge, you know–and we have a private patrolman on our street...and Second Avenue–

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). And what was that number you were calling?

MRS. STEVENSON. Murray Hill 3-0093. But that wasn't the number I overheard. I mean Murray Hill 3-0093 is my husband's office. He's working late tonight–and I was trying to reach him to ask him to come home. I'm an invalid, you know–and it's the maid's night off–and I hate to be alone–even though he says I'd be perfectly safe as long as I have the telephone right beside my bed.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–stolidly). Well–we'll look into it, Mrs. Stevenson, and see if we can check it with the telephone company.

MRS. STEVENSON (getting impatient). But the telephone company said they couldn't check the call if the parties had stopped talking. I've already taken care of that.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–a faint hint of sarcasm). Oh yes?

MRS. STEVENSON (high-handed). Personally I feel you ought to do something far more immediate and drastic than check the call. By the time you track it down–they'll already have committed the murder.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter—giving her the "brush off"). Well–we'll take care of it, lady. Don't worry.

MRS. STEVENSON. I'd say the whole thing calls for a search–a complete and thorough search of the whole city. I'm very near the bridge–and I'm not far from Second Avenue–and I know I'd feel a whole lot better if you sent around a radio car at once!

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). And what makes you think the murder's going to be committed in your neighborhood, ma'am?

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh–I don't know. Only the coincidence is so horrible. Second Avenue–the patrolman–the bridge.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). Second Avenue is a very long street, ma'am. And do you happen to know how many bridges there are in the city of New York alone? Not

to mention Brooklyn, Staten Island, Queens, and the Bronx? How do you know there isn't some little house out on Staten Island–on some little Second Avenue you've never heard about? How do you know they were even talking about New York?

MRS. STEVENSON. But I heard the call on the New York dialing system.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). How do you know it wasn't a long-distance call you overheard? Look, lady, supposing you hadn't broken in on that telephone call? Supposing you'd got your husband the way you always do. Would this murder have made any difference to you then?

MRS. STEVENSON. I suppose not. But it's so inhuman–so cold-blooded.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). A lot of murders are committed in this city every day, ma'am. If we could do something to stop 'em, we would. But a clue of this kind that's so vague isn't much more use to us than no clue at all.

MRS. STEVENSON. But – surely-

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). Unless, of course, you have some reason for thinking this call is phony—and that someone may be planning to murder you.

MRS. STEVENSON. Me? Oh–oh, no–I hardly think so. I–I mean why should anybody? I'm alone all day and night. I see nobody except my maid, Eloise. She's a big two-hundred pounder–she's too lazy to bring up my breakfast tray – and the only other person is my husband, Elbert. He's crazy about me – adores me – waits on me hand and foot – has scarcely left my side since I took sick twelve years ago....

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). Well, then, there's nothing for you to worry about. And now, if you'll just leave the rest of this to us–

MRS. STEVENSON (not completely mollified). But what will you do? It's so late...it's nearly eleven now.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–more firmly). We'll take care of it, lady.

MRS. STEVENSON. Will you broadcast it all over the city? And send out squads? And warn your radio cars to watch out–especially in suspicious neighborhoods–like mine–

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–very bored). Lady, I said we'd take care of it. And if you'll please hang up–

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh....

SOUND. She slams the receiver hard.

MRS. STEVENSON. Idiot! (*Pause.*) Now, why did I do that?

Now he'll think I am a fool! (*Pause.*) Oh–why doesn't Elbert come home? Why doesn't he?

SOUND. She dials Operator.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON. Operator–will you ring that Murray Hill 3-0093 number again? I can't think what's keeping him so long!

OPERATOR (filter). I will try it for you, madam.

SOUND. Ring. Then busy signal.

OPERATOR (filter). The line is busy.

MRS. STEVENSON (nasty). I can hear it. You don't have to tell me. I know it's busy....

SOUND. She slams down the receiver.

MRS. STEVENSON (nervously querulous). If I could only get out of this bed for a little while. If I could get a breath of fresh air – or just lean out the window – and see the street....

SOUND. The phone bell rings. She picks it up instantly.

MRS. STEVENSON. Hello. Elbert? Hello. Hello. Hello. Oh – what's the matter with this phone? HELLO...HELLO.

SOUND. She slams down the receiver. A second's pause. The phone rings again, once. She picks it up.

MRS. STEVENSON. Hello? Hello...Oh, for heaven's sake, who is this? Hello, HELLO!

SOUND. She slams down the receiver. Dials Operator.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON (very annoyed and imperious). Hello, Operator, I don't know what's the matter with this telephone tonight, but it's positively driving me crazy.

I’ve never seen such inefficient, miserable service. Now – I’m an invalid, and I’m very nervous, and I’m not supposed to be annoyed. But....

OPERATOR (filter). What seems to be the trouble, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. Well – everything’s wrong. The whole world could be murdered for all you people care. And now–my phone keeps ringing.

OPERATOR (filter). Yes, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. Ringing and ringing and ringing every five seconds or so – and when I pick it up, there’s no one there!

OPERATOR (filter). I am sorry, madam. I will test if for you.

MRS. STEVENSON. I don’t want you to test it for me. I want you to put that call through–at once!

OPERATOR (filter). I am afraid that is not possible, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON. Not possible? And why – may I ask?

OPERATOR (filter). The system is automatic, madam. If someone is trying to dial your number, there is no way to check whether the call is coming through the system or not – unless the person who is trying to reach you complains to his particular operator.

MRS. STEVENSON. Well, of all the stupid – and meanwhile I’ve got to sit here in my bed, suffering every time that phone rings... imagining....

OPERATOR (filter). I will try to check it for you, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON. Check it. Check it. That’s all anybody can do. Oh – I’m going out of my mind with all you people....

SOUND. She slams down the receiver. Almost instantly the phone rings. She picks up the receiver.

MRS. STEVENSON (her nerves getting scratchier and scratchier). Hello. HELLO! Stop ringing, do you hear? Answer me. Who is this? Do you realize you’re driving me crazy? Who’s calling me? What are you doing it for? Now stop it – stop it, I say. HELLO. HELLO! If you don’t stop ringing me, I’m going to call the police – do you hear? THE POLICE!

SOUND. She slams down the receiver.

MRS. STEVENSON (sobbing nervously). If Elbert would only come home!

SOUND. The phone rings again sharply.

MRS. STEVENSON. Let it ring. Let it go on ringing. It's a trick of some kind. And I won't answer it. I won't – even if it goes on ringing all night.

SOUND. The phone suddenly stops – then silence.

MRS. STEVENSON (a terrified note in her voice). Now what's the matter? Why did they stop ringing all of a sudden? (*Hysterically*.) What time is it? Five to eleven...they've decided something. They're sure I'm home. They heard my voice answer them just now. That's why they've been ringing me – why no one has answered me –

SOUND. She dials Operator.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON. Give me the Police Department.

SOUND. Operator puts call through. Busy signal.

OPERATOR (filter). The line is busy.

MRS. STEVENSON. Busy? But – that's impossible. The Police Department can't be busy. There must be other lines available.

OPERATOR (filter). The line is busy. Shall I ring them for you later?

MRS. STEVENSON (frantic). No–no! I've got to speak to them now – or it may be too late. You've got to get someone for me.

OPERATOR (filter). What number do you wish to speak to, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON (desperately). I don't know. But there must be someone to protect people, besides the police department. A – detective agency....

OPERATOR (filter). You will find all detective agencies listed in the Classified Directory, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON. But I don't have a Classified. too nervous to look it up – and I don't know–

OPERATOR (filter). I will give you Information.

MRS. STEVENSON (agonizedly). No–no. (*Furiously.*) Oh – you're being spiteful, aren't you? You don't care, do you, what happens to me? I could die – and you wouldn't care. (*She sobs.)*

SOUND. Hangs up the receiver. Phone rings.

MRS. STEVENSON. Oh–stop it–stop it. I can't stand any more.

SOUND. She picks up the receiver.

MRS. STEVENSON (yelling frenziedly into phone). Hello. What do you want? Stop ringing, will you? Stop it...Oh...(in a more subdued voice)...I'm sorry. Yes. This is Plaza 4-2295.

3RD MAN (filter). This is Western Union: I have a telegram here for Mrs. Elbert Stevenson. Is there anyone there to receive the message?

MRS. STEVENSON (trying to calm herself). I am Mrs. Stevenson.

3RD MAN (filter). The telegram is as follows: Mrs. Elbert Stevenson, 53 North Sutton Place, New York, New York. Darling. Terribly sorry. Tried to get you for last hour, but line busy. Leaving for Boston 11 P.M. tonight, on urgent business. Back tomorrow afternoon. Keep happy. Love. Signed, Elbert.

MRS. STEVENSON (breathlessly, almost to herself). Oh no-

3RD MAN (filter). That is all, madam. Do you wish us to deliver a copy of the message?

MRS. STEVENSON. No. No, thank you.

3RD MAN (filter). Very well, madam. Good night.

SOUND. Hangs up.

MRS. STEVENSON (mechanically). Good night.

SOUND. She hangs up.

MRS. STEVENSON (suddenly bursting out). No. No–I don't believe it. He couldn't do it. Not when he knows I'll be all alone. It's some trick –

SOUND. She dials Operator.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON. Murray Hill 3-0093.

OPERATOR (filter). You may dial that number direct, madam....

SOUND. She cuts MRS. STEVENSON off.

MRS. STEVENSON (wretchedly). Oh...

SOUND. You hear her nervously dialing the number. It comes through, ring after long ring. No answer.

MRS. STEVENSON. He's gone, Elbert – how could you? How could you –

SOUND. She hangs up the phone.

MRS. STEVENSON (sobs, pitying herself). But I can't be alone – tonight. I can't. If I'm alone one more second, I'll go mad. I don't care what he says – or what the expense is – I'm a sick....

SOUND. She dials Information.

INFORMATION (filter). This is Information.

MRS. STEVENSON. I want the telephone number of Henchley Hospital.

INFORMATION (filter). Henchley Hospital? Do you have the address, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. No. It's somewhere in the seventies. It's a very small, private, and exclusive hospital where I had my appendix out two years ago. Henchley–H-e-n-c-e

INFORMATION (filter). One moment.

MRS. STEVENSON. Please hurry. And please – what is the time?

INFORMATION (filter). I do not know, madam. You may find out the time by dialing Meridian 7-1212.

MRS. STEVENSON (irritated). Oh, for heaven's sake....

INFORMATION (filter). The number of Henchley Hospital is Butterfield 7-0105, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON. Butterfield 7-0105.

SOUND. She hangs up before she finishes speaking, and you hear her dialing number even as she speaks–then ring.

4TH MAN (solid, practical–filter). Henchley Hospital. Good evening.

MRS. STEVENSON. Nurses' Registry.

4TH MAN (filter). Who was it you wished to speak to, please?

MRS. STEVENSON (high-handed). I want the Nurses' Registry, at once. I want a trained nurse. I want to hire her immediately. For the night.

4TH MAN (filter). I see. And what is the nature of the case, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. Nerves. I'm very nervous. I need soothing – and companionship. You see – my husband is away – and I'm -

4TH MAN (filter). Have you been recommended to us by any doctor?

MRS. STEVENSON. No. But I really don't see why all this catechizing is necessary. I want a trained nurse. I was a patient in your hospital two years ago. And after all, I do expect to pay this person for attending me.

4TH MAN (filter). We quite understand that, madam. But these are busy times, you know. Registered nurses are very scarce just now – and our superintendent has asked us to send people out only on cases where the physician in charge feels it is absolutely necessary.

MRS. STEVENSON (high-handed). Well, it is absolutely necessary. I'm a sick woman. I – I'm very upset. Very. I'm alone in this house – and I'm an invalid – and tonight I overheard a telephone conversation that upset me dreadfully. Infact (*beginning to yell*) if someone doesn't come at once – I'm afraid I'll go out of my mind-

4TH MAN (filter – calmly). I see. Well – I'll speak to Miss Phillips as soon as she comes in. And what is your name, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. Miss Phillips? And what time do you expect her in?

4TH MAN (filter). I really don't know, madam. She went out to supper at eleven o'clock.

MRS. STEVENSON. Eleven o'clock! But it's not eleven yet! (*She cries out*.) Oh–my clock has stopped. I thought it was running down. What time is it?

4TH MAN (filter–pausing). Just fifteen minutes past eleven....

SOUND. Telephone receiver being lifted on the same line as MRS.

STEVENSON'S.

MRS. STEVENSON (crying out). What was that?

4TH MAN (filter). What was what, madam?

MRS. STEVENSON. That–that click–just now – in my own telephone. As though someone had lifted the receiver off the hook of the extension telephone downstairs.

4TH MAN (filter). I didn't hear it, madam. Now – about this –

MRS. STEVENSON (terrified). But–I did. There's someone in this house. Someone downstairs – in the kitchen. And they're listening to me now. They're.... (*Screams.)*

SOUND She hangs up–then silence.

MRS. STEVENSON (in a suffocated voice). I won't pick it up. I won't let them hear me. I'll be quiet – and they'll think... (*with growing terror*) but if I don't call someone now – while they're still down there – there'll be no time....

SOUND She picks up the receiver and dials Operator. Ring three times.

OPERATOR (filter). Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON (in a desperate whisper). Operator. I – I'm in desperate trouble. I –

OPERATOR (filter). I cannot hear you, madam. Please speak louder.

MRS. STEVENSON (still whispering). I don't dare. I – there's someone listening. Can you hear me now?

OPERATOR (filter). No, madam.

MRS. STEVENSON (desperately). But you've got to hear me. Oh – please. You've got to help me. There's someone in this house. Someone who's going to murder me. And you've got to get in touch with the....

SOUND Click of receiver being put down in MRS. STEVENSON'S line.

MRS. STEVENSON (bursting out wildly). Oh – there it is. He's put it down – he's put down the extension phone. He's – coming up.... (*Her voice is hoarse with fear.)* He's coming up the stairs. Give me the police...the police....

OPERATOR (filter). One moment. (Pause.)

SOUND Call is put through. Phone rings at other end. On second ring MRS. STEVENSON starts to scream. She screams twice as the phone continues to ring. On the fourth scream we hear the sound of a subway train as it roars over a nearby bridge. It drowns out all sound for a second. Then it passes, and we hear the phone still ringing at the other end. The telephone is picked up.

SERGEANT DUFFY (filter). Police Station, Precinct 43. Duffy speaking. (*A pause*.)
SERGEANT DUFFY (filter–louder). Police Department. Sergeant Duffy speaking.
GEORGE (same distinctive voice as in beginning of play). Sorry. Wrong number.
SOUND. Receiver is hung up.

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. What is the setting of this drama?
2. What is the conflict that Mrs. Stevenson experiences? Is this conflict internal or external?
3. What does Mrs. Stevenson do to resolve her conflict?
4. Do these actions successfully resolve her conflict?
5. In 2-3 sentences, describe Mrs. Stevenson's personality. Draw conclusions based on the descriptions in the text, her actions, and her words.
6. Do you agree or disagree with other characters' responses? Explain your answer.
7. Who is the person ordering the murder?

2. The text is written as a play, although its original version hasn't got prompts in brackets, which are added for a special reading on the radio. Write out those voice characteristics (given in brackets) that describe Mrs. Stevenson's personality and emotions. What development of her emotional state may be tracked in through the change of these voice characteristics?

3. Write out the voice features of other characters of the play. How do they contrast with those of Mrs. Stevenson?

4. Match the following voice characteristics with possible prosodic characteristics.

1. rambling, full of self-pity	a. increased loudness, ascending head, high-falling terminal tone, increased tempo, husky
2. shocked	

3. getting impatient 4. very annoyed and imperious 5. a terrified note in her voice 6. in a desperate whisper 7. patiently	timbre; b. moderate / decreased loudness, narrow pitch range, falling head, low-falling terminal tone; c. increasing loudness, ascending head, mid-low falling / falling-rising tone, increasing tempo; d. decreased loudness, low level head, level terminal tone, very narrow pitch range, increased tempo; e. very decreased or very increased loudness, low level head, level / falling terminal tone, increased tempo, husky timbre; f. moderate loudness, descending stepping / falling head, mid-falling / mid-rising terminal tone, moderate tempo, soft timbre; g. decreased loudness, low pitch level, wide pitch range, high-falling / mid-level terminal tone, decreased tempo.

5. Listen and watch two original radio and video recordings of this play found on https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_uDmNc8j9gA and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ma6SDu0V98Y. Which one you like more? Why?

6. Analyze the following fragments from the play in the two recordings mentioned above. Which melodic, dynamic, temporal and timbre voice characteristics can you observe? What do they have in common and how do they differ in the two versions?

1. *Mrs. Stevenson: (high-strung, demanding)* Can you trace it for me? Can you track down those men?

2. *Mrs. Stevenson: (trying to impress him)* It was a perfectly definite murder -- I heard their plans distinctly -- two men were talking -- and they were going to murder some woman at 11: 15 tonight. She lived in a house near a bridge ... Are you listening to me?

3. *MRS. STEVENSON (high-handed).* Well, it is absolutely necessary. I'm a sick woman. I – I'm very upset. Very. I'm alone in this house – and I'm an invalid – and tonight I overheard a telephone conversation that upset me dreadfully. In fact (*beginning to yell*) if someone doesn't come at once – I'm afraid I'll go out of my mind-…

7. Read the play out in class.

Text 5.

The Jungle Book

by R. Kipling

Chapter 1.

Mowgli's Brothers

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf. "It is time to hunt again." He was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble children that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal – Tabaqui, the Dish-licker – and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets that he was ever afraid of anyone, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it dewanee – the madness – and run.

"Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf stiffly, "but there is no food here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui, "but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log [the jackal people], to pick and choose?" He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

"All thanks for this good meal," he said, licking his lips. "How beautiful are the noble children! How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings are men from the beginning."

Now, Tabaqui knew as well as anyone else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces. It pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then he said spitefully:

"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting grounds. He will hunt among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily – "By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I – I have to kill for two, these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said Mother Wolf quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only

killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he has come here to make our villagers angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui quietly. "Ye can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message."

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little river he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

"The fool!" said Father Wolf. "To begin a night's work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?"

"H'sh. It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts to-night," said Mother Wolf. "It is Man."

The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders woodcutters and gypsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

"Man!" said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. "Faugh! Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on our ground too!"

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too – and it is true – that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated “Aaarh!” of the tiger’s charge.

Then there was a howl – an untigerish howl – from Shere Khan. “He has missed,” said Mother Wolf. “What is it?”

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely as he tumbled about in the scrub.

“The fool has had no more sense than to jump at a woodcutter’s campfire, and has burned his feet,” said Father Wolf with a grunt. “Tabaqui is with him.”

“Something is coming uphill,” said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. “Get ready.”

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world – the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

“Man!” he snapped. “A man’s cub. Look!”

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk – as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf’s cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf’s face, and laughed.

“Is that a man’s cub?” said Mother Wolf. “I have never seen one. Bring it here.”

A Wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf’s jaws closed right on the child’s back not a tooth even scratched the skin as he laid it down among the cubs.

“How little! How naked, and – how bold!” said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. “Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man’s cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man’s cub among her children?”

“I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack or in my time,” said Father Wolf. “He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid.”

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan’s great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: “My lord, my lord, it went in here!”

“Shere Khan does us great honor,” said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. “What does Shere Khan need?”

“My quarry. A man’s cub went this way,” said Shere Khan. “Its parents have run off. Give it to me.”

Shere Khan had jumped at a woodcutter’s campfire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan’s shoulders and forepaws were cramped for want of room, as a man’s would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

“The Wolves are a free people,” said Father Wolf. “They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man’s cub is ours – to kill if we choose.”

“You choose and you do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog’s den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!”

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. Who is Tabaqui and why is he called the Dish-licker?
2. Where did the wolves find the man’s cub? How old was he?
3. What is the jungle’s law concerning killing humans? What is it conditioned by?
4. Who is the weakest creature according to jungle’s inhabitants?
5. Does Shere Khan follow the jungle’s law? In what way?

2. There are a lot of lexemes in the text which verbalize the sounds animals produce. Write out all these words. How should they be read?

3. Match the following reporting verbs to the voice qualities they can verbalize.

squeak	a) peep, cheep, piping;
murmuring	b) rough, gruff, dusty;
howling	c) cracking, clacking, clicking;
mumbling	d) hollow, dark, rich, resonant;
snapping	e) hollow, indistinct, muffled;
saying stiffly	f) indistinct, imprecise, muffled;
saying softly	g) warm, smooth, bright.

4. Read the following passages, conveying the "emotions" of animals.

a) State what prosodic characteristics (melodic, dynamic, temporal) they verbalize. Pay special attention to timbre characteristics of your voice.

1. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf. "It is time to hunt again." He was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble children that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

2. "Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf stiffly, "but there is no food here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui, "but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast.

3. "He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily – "By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I – I have to kill for two, these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said Mother Wolf quietly.

4. "Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui quietly.

5. "How little! How naked, and – how bold!" said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others."

6. The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: "My lord, my lord, it went in here!"

b) role-play the situations.

5. Listen to the recording of the fragment found on https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L-mB7F4B1Hw. Render the prosodic portraits of

- **Father Wolf;**
- **Tabaqui;**
- **Mother Wolf;**
- **Shere Khan.**

6. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 6.

Peter Pan

by J. M. Barrie

Chapter 2.

The Shadow

Mrs. Darling screamed, and, as if in answer to a bell, the door opened, and Nana entered, returned from her evening out. She growled and sprang at the boy, who leapt lightly through the window. Again Mrs. Darling screamed, this time in distress

for him, for she thought he was killed, and she ran down into the street to look for his little body, but it was not there; and she looked up, and in the black night she could see nothing but what she thought was a shooting star.

She returned to the nursery, and found Nana with something in her mouth, which proved to be the boy's shadow. As he leapt at the window Nana had closed it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow had not had time to get out; slam went the window and snapped it off.

You may be sure Mrs. Darling examined the shadow carefully, but it was quite the ordinary kind.

Nana had no doubt of what was the best thing to do with this shadow. She hung it out at the window, meaning "He is sure to come back for it; let us put it where he can get it easily without disturbing the children."

But unfortunately Mrs. Darling could not leave it hanging out at the window, it looked so like the washing and lowered the whole tone of the house. She thought of showing it to Mr. Darling, but he was totting up winter great-coats for John and Michael, with a wet towel around his head to keep his brain clear, and it seemed a shame to trouble him; besides, she knew exactly what he would say: "It all comes of having a dog for a nurse."

She decided to roll the shadow up and put it away carefully in a drawer, until a fitting opportunity came for telling her husband. Ah me!

The opportunity came a week later, on that never-to-be- forgotten Friday. Of course it was a Friday.

"I ought to have been specially careful on a Friday," she used to say afterwards to her husband, while perhaps Nana was on the other side of her, holding her hand.

"No, no," Mr. Darling always said, "I am responsible for it all. I, George Darling, did it. *MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA*." He had had a classical education.

They sat thus night after night recalling that fatal Friday, till every detail of it was stamped on their brains and came through on the other side like the faces on a bad coinage.

“If only I had not accepted that invitation to dine at 27,” Mrs. Darling said.

“If only I had not poured my medicine into Nana’s bowl,” said Mr. Darling.

“If only I had pretended to like the medicine,” was what Nana’s wet eyes said.

“My liking for parties, George.”

“My fatal gift of humour, dearest.”

“My touchiness about trifles, dear master and mistress.”

Then one or more of them would break down altogether; Nana at the thought, “It’s true, it’s true, they ought not to have had a dog for a nurse.” Many a time it was Mr. Darling who put the handkerchief to Nana’s eyes.

“That fiend!” Mr. Darling would cry, and Nana’s bark was the echo of it, but Mrs. Darling never upbraided Peter; there was something in the right-hand corner of her mouth that wanted her not to call Peter names.

They would sit there in the empty nursery, recalling fondly every smallest detail of that dreadful evening. It had begun so uneventfully, so precisely like a hundred other evenings, with Nana putting on the water for Michael’s bath and carrying him to it on her back.

“I won’t go to bed,” he had shouted, like one who still believed that he had the last word on the subject, “I won’t, I won’t. Nana, it isn’t six o’clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan’t love you any more, Nana. I tell you I won’t be bathed, I won’t, I won’t!”

Then Mrs. Darling had come in, wearing her white evening-gown. She had dressed early because Wendy so loved to see her in her evening-gown, with the necklace George had given her. She was wearing Wendy’s bracelet on her arm; she had asked for the loan of it. Wendy loved to lend her bracelet to her mother.

She had found her two older children playing at being herself and father on the occasion of Wendy’s birth, and John was saying:

“I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now a mother,” in just such a tone as Mr. Darling himself may have used on the real occasion.

Wendy had danced with joy, just as the real Mrs. Darling must have done.

Then John was born, with the extra pomp that he conceived due to the birth of a male, and Michael came from his bath to ask to be born also, but John said brutally that they did not want any more.

Michael had nearly cried. “Nobody wants me,” he said, and of course the lady in the evening-dress could not stand that.

“I do,” she said, “I so want a third child.”

“Boy or girl?” asked Michael, not too hopefully.

“Boy.”

Then he had leapt into her arms. Such a little thing for Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Nana to recall now, but not so little if that was to be Michael’s last night in the nursery.

They go on with their recollections.

“It was then that I rushed in like a tornado, wasn’t it?” Mr. Darling would say, scorning himself; and indeed he had been like a tornado.

Perhaps there was some excuse for him. He, too, had been dressing for the party, and all had gone well with him until he came to his tie. It is an astounding thing to have to tell, but this man, though he knew about stocks and shares, had no real mastery of his tie. Sometimes the thing yielded to him without a contest, but there were occasions when it would have been better for the house if he had swallowed his pride and used a made-up tie.

This was such an occasion. He came rushing into the nursery with the crumpled little brute of a tie in his hand.

“Why, what is the matter, father dear?”

“Matter!” he yelled; he really yelled. “This tie, it will not tie.” He became dangerously sarcastic. “Not round my neck! Round the bed-post! Oh yes, twenty times have I made it up round the bed-post, but round my neck, no! Oh dear no! begs to be excused!”

He thought Mrs. Darling was not sufficiently impressed, and he went on sternly, “I warn you of this, mother, that unless this tie is round my neck we don't go out to dinner to-night, and if I don't go out to dinner to-night, I never go to the office

again, and if I don't go to the office again, you and I starve, and our children will be flung into the streets."

Even then Mrs. Darling was placid. "Let me try, dear," she said, and indeed that was what he had come to ask her to do, and with her nice cool hands she tied his tie for him, while the children stood around to see their fate decided.

"How wildly we romped!" says Mrs. Darling now, recalling it.

"Our last romp!" Mr. Darling groaned.

"O George, do you remember", Michael suddenly said to me, "How did you get to know me, mother?"

"I remember!"

"They were rather sweet, don't you think, George?"

"And they were ours, ours! and now they are gone."

The romp had ended with the appearance of Nana.

"George, Nana is a treasure."

"No doubt, but I have an uneasy feeling at times that she looks upon the children as puppies."

"Oh no, dear one, I feel sure she knows they have souls."

"I wonder," Mr. Darling said thoughtfully, "I wonder." It was an opportunity, his wife felt, for telling him about the boy. At first he pooh-poohed the story, but he became thoughtful when she showed him the shadow.

"It is nobody I know," he said, examining it carefully, "but it does look a scoundrel."

"We were still discussing it, you remember," says Mr. Darling, "when Nana came in with Michael's medicine. You will never carry the bottle in your mouth again, Nana, and it is all my fault."

Strong man though he was, there is no doubt that he had behaved rather foolishly over the medicine. If he had a weakness, it was for thinking that all his life he had taken medicine boldly, and so now, when Michael dodged the spoon in Nana's mouth, he had said reprovingly, "Be a man, Michael."

“Won’t; won’t!” Michael cried naughtily. Mrs. Darling left the room to get a chocolate for him, and Mr. Darling thought this showed want of firmness.

“Mother, don’t pamper him,” he called after her. “Michael, when I was your age I took medicine without a murmur. I said, “Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make we well.”

He really thought this was true, and Wendy, who was now in her night-gown, believed it also, and she said, to encourage Michael, “That medicine you sometimes take, father, is much nastier, isn’t it?”

“Ever so much nastier,” Mr. Darling said bravely, “and I would take it now as an example to you, Michael, if I hadn’t lost the bottle.”

“I know where it is, father,” Wendy cried, always glad to be of service. “I'll bring it,” and she was off before he could stop her. Immediately his spirits sank in the strangest way.

“John," he said, shuddering, “it’s most beastly stuff. It’s that nasty, sticky, sweet kind.”

“It will soon be over, father,” John said cheerily, and then in rushed Wendy with the medicine in a glass.

“I have been as quick as I could,” she panted.

“You have been wonderfully quick,” her father retorted, with a vindictive politeness that was quite thrown away upon her. “Michael first,” he said doggedly.

“Father first,” said Michael, who was of a suspicious nature.

“I shall be sick, you know,” Mr. Darling said threateningly.

“Come on, father,” said John.

“Hold your tongue, John,” his father rapped out.

Wendy was quite puzzled. “I thought you took it quite easily, father.”

“Father, I am waiting,” said Michael coldly.

“It’s all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting.”

Father’s a cowardly custard.”

“So are you a cowardly custard.”

Wendy had a splendid idea. “Why not both take it at the same time?”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Darling. “Are you ready, Michael?”

Wendy gave the words, one, two, three, and Michael took his medicine, but Mr. Darling slipped his behind his back.

There was a yell of rage from Michael, and “O father!” Wendy exclaimed.

It was dreadful the way all the three were looking at him, just as if they did not admire him. “Look here, all of you,” he said entreatingly, as soon as Nana had gone into the bathroom. “I have just thought of a splendid joke. I shall pour my medicine into Nana’s bowl, and she will drink it, thinking it is milk!”

It was the colour of milk; but the children did not have their father’s sense of humour, and they looked at him reproachfully as he poured the medicine into Nana’s bowl. “What fun!” he said doubtfully, and they did not dare expose him when Mrs. Darling and Nana returned.

Mr. Darling was frightfully ashamed of himself, but he would not give in. In a horrid silence Mrs. Darling smelt the bowl. “O George,” she said, “it’s your medicine!”

“It was only a joke,” he roared, while she comforted her boys, and Wendy hugged Nana. “Much good,” he said bitterly, “my wearing myself to the bone trying to be funny in this house.”

And still Wendy hugged Nana. “That’s right,” he shouted. “Coddle her! Nobody coddles me. Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled – why, why, why!”

“George,” Mrs. Darling entreated him, “not so loud; the servants will hear you.” Somehow they had got into the way of calling Liza the servants.

“Let them!” he answered recklessly. “Bring in the whole world. But I refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my nursery for an hour longer.”

The children wept, and Nana ran to him beseechingly, but he waved her back. He felt he was a strong man again. “In vain, in vain,” he cried; "the proper place for you is the yard, and there you go to be tied up this instant.”

“George, George,” Mrs. Darling whispered, “remember what I told you about that boy.”

In the meantime Mrs. Darling had put the children to bed in unwonted silence and lit their night-lights. They could hear Nana barking, and John whimpered, “It is because he is chaining her up in the yard,” but Wendy was wiser.

“That is not Nana’s unhappy bark,” she said, little guessing what was about to happen; “that is her bark when she smells danger.” Danger!

“Are you sure, Wendy?”

“Oh, yes.”

Mrs. Darling quivered and went to the window. It was securely fastened. She looked out, and the night was peppered with stars. They were crowding round the house, as if curious to see what was to take place there, but she did not notice this, nor that one or two of the smaller ones winked at her. Yet a nameless fear clutched at her heart and made her cry, “Oh, how I wish that I wasn’t going to a party to-night!”

Even Michael, already half asleep, knew that she was perturbed, and he asked, “Can anything harm us, mother, after the night- lights are lit?”

“Nothing, precious,” she said; “they are the eyes a mother leaves behind her to guard her children.”

She went from “"Mother,” he cried, “I’m glad of you.” They were the last words she was to hear from him for a long time.

No. 27 was only a few yards distant, but there had been a slight fall of snow, and Father and Mother Darling picked their way over it deftly not to soil their shoes. They were already the only persons in the street, and all the stars were watching them. Stars are beautiful, but they may not take an active part in anything, they must just look on for ever. It is a punishment put on them for something they did so long ago that no star now knows what it was. They are not really friendly to Peter, who had a mischievous way of stealing up behind them and trying to blow them out; but they are so fond of fun that they were on his side to-night, and anxious to get the grown-ups out of the way. So as soon as the door of 27 closed on Mr. and Mrs. Darling there was a commotion in the firmament, and the smallest of all the stars in the Milky Way screamed out:

“Now, Peter!”

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. Why is the chapter titled “The Shadow”?
2. What happened on a Friday?
3. What did Nana manage to catch when Peter Pan escaped through the window?
4. What is the social status of Mr and Mrs Darling?
5. What did the two sparkling stars turn out to be?

2. Which type of narration and which compositional forms prevail in the fragment?

3. The text has a lot of dialogues which are introduced with certain reporting verbs, most of them verbalize emotions. Group the following verbs from the fragment according to the emotions they convey.

scream *growl* *cry* *shout* *yell* *groan* *roar* *whisper* *entreat*

4. Identify the emotional state of the characters conveyed by their voice prosodic characteristics in the following contexts.

1. It was the colour of milk; but the children did not have their father’s sense of humour, and they looked at him reproachfully as he poured the medicine into Nana’s bowl. “What fun!” he said doubtfully, and they did not dare expose him when Mrs. Darling and Nana returned.

2. “It was only a joke,” he roared, while she comforted her boys, and Wendy hugged Nana. “Much good,” he said bitterly, “my wearing myself to the bone trying to be funny in this house.”

3. Strong man though he was, there is no doubt that he had behaved rather foolishly over the medicine. If he had a weakness, it was for thinking that all his life

he had taken medicine boldly, and so now, when Michael dodged the spoon in Nana's mouth, he had said reprovingly, "Be a man, Michael."

"Won't; won't!" Michael cried naughtily. Mrs. Darling left the room to get a chocolate for him, and Mr. Darling thought this showed want of firmness.

4. "No doubt, but I have an uneasy feeling at times that she looks upon the children as puppies."

"Oh no, dear one, I feel sure she knows they have souls."

"I wonder," Mr. Darling said thoughtfully, "I wonder." It was an opportunity, his wife felt, for telling him about the boy. At first he pooh-poohed the story, but he became thoughtful when she showed him the shadow.

5. This was such an occasion. He came rushing into the nursery with the crumpled little brute of a tie in his hand.

"Why, what is the matter, father dear?"

"Matter!" he yelled; he really yelled. "This tie, it will not tie." He became dangerously sarcastic. "Not round my neck! Round the bed-post! Oh yes, twenty times have I made it up round the bed-post, but round my neck, no! Oh dear no! begs to be excused!"

5. Act out the dialogues from Exercise 4.

6. Pick out the descriptions of Mr and Mrs Darling's voice characteristics. Do they match the descriptions of her character provided by the author? How do the voice characteristics reflect their personalities? How have the characters' voice characteristics influenced your impressions? Portray the characters.

7. Render the prosodic portraits of Mr and Mrs Darling.

8. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 7.

Marry Poppins

by P. L. Travers

Chapter 8.

Mrs Corry (abridged)

Inside the shop they could dimly see the glass-topped counter that ran round three sides of it. And in a case under the glass were rows and rows of dark, dry gingerbread, each slab so studded with gilt stars that the shop itself seemed to be faintly lit by them. Jane and Michael glanced round to find out what kind of a person was to serve them, and were very surprised when Mary Poppins called out:

"Fannie! Annie! Where are you?" Her voice seemed to echo back to them from each dark wall of the shop.

And as she called, two of the largest people the children had even seen rose from behind the counter and shook hands with Mary Poppins. The huge women then leant down over the counter and said, "How de do?" in voices as large as themselves, and shook hands with Jane and Michael.

"How do you do, Miss – ?" Michael paused, wondering which of the large ladies was which.

"Fannie's my name," said one of them. "My rheumatism is about the same; thank you for asking." She spoke very mournfully, as though she were unused to such a courteous greeting.

"It's a lovely day – " began Jane politely to the other sister, who kept Jane's hand imprisoned for almost a minute in her huge clasp.

"I'm Annie," she informed them miserably. "And handsome is as handsome does."

Jane and Michael thought that both the sisters had a very odd way of expressing themselves, but they had not time to be surprised for long, for Miss Fannie and Miss Annie were reaching out their long arms to the perambulator. Each shook hands solemnly with one of the Twins, who were so astonished that they began to cry.

“Now, now, now, now! What’s this, what’s this?” A high, thin, crackly little voice came from the back of the shop. At the sound of it the expression on the faces of Miss Fannie and Miss Annie, sad before, became even sadder. They seemed frightened and ill at ease, and somehow Jane and Michael realized that the two huge sisters were wishing that they were much smaller and less conspicuous.

“What’s all this I hear?” cried the curious high little voice, coming nearer. And presently, round the corner of the glass case, the owner of it appeared. She was as small as her voice and as crackly, and to the children she seemed to be older than anything in the world, with her wispy hair and her stick-like legs and her wizened, wrinkled little face. But in spite of this she ran towards them as lightly and as gaily as though she were still a young girl.

“Now, now, now – well, I do declare! Bless me if it isn’t Mary Poppins, with John and Barbara Banks.

What – Jane and Michael, too? Well, isn’t this a nice surprise for me? I assure you I haven’t been so surprised since Christopher Columbus discovered America – truly I haven’t!” She smiled delightedly as she came to greet them, and her feet made little dancing movements inside the tiny elastic-sided boots. She ran to the perambulator and rocked it gently, crooking her thin, twisted, old fingers at John and Barbara until they stopped crying and began to laugh.

“That’s better!” she said, cackling gaily. Then she did a very odd thing. She broke off two of her fingers and gave one each to John and Barbara. And the oddest part of it was that in the space left by the broken-off fingers two new ones grew at once. Jane and Michael clearly saw it happen.

“Only Barley-sugar – can’t possibly hurt ’em,” the old lady said to Mary Poppins.

“Anything you give them, Mrs Corry, could only do them good,” said Mary Poppins with most surprising courtesy.

“What a pity,” Michael couldn’t help saying, “they weren’t Peppermint Bars.”

“Well, they are, sometimes,” said Mrs Corry gleefully, “and very good they taste, too. I often nibble ’em myself, if I can’t sleep at night. Splendid for the digestion.”

“What will they be next time?” asked Jane, looking at Mrs Corry’s fingers with interest.

“Aha!” said Mrs Corry. “That’s just the question. I never know from day to day what they will be. I take the chance, my dear, as I heard William the Conqueror say to his Mother when she advised him not to go conquering England.”

“You must be very old!” said Jane, sighing enviously, and wondering if she would ever be able to remember what Mrs Corry remembered.

Mrs Corry flung back her wispy little head and shrieked with laughter.

“Old!” she said. “Why, I’m quite a chicken compared to my Grandmother. Now, there’s an old woman if you like. Still, I go back a good way. I remember the time when they were making this world, anyway, and I was well out of my teens then. My goodness, that was a to-do, I can tell you!”

She broke off suddenly, screwing up her little eyes at the children.

“But, deary me – here am I running on and on and you not being served! I suppose, my dear” – she turned to Mary Poppins, whom she appeared to know very well – “I suppose you’ve all come for some Gingerbread?”

“That’s right, Mrs Corry,” said Mary Poppins politely.

“Good. Have Fannie and Annie given you any?” She looked at Jane and Michael as she said this.

Jane shook her head. Two hushed voices came from behind the counter.

“No, Mother,” said Miss Fannie meekly.

“We were just going to, Mother – ” began Miss Annie in a frightened whisper.

At that Mrs Corry drew herself up to her full height and regarded her gigantic daughters furiously. Then she said in a soft, fierce, terrifying voice:

“Just going to? Oh, indeed! That is very interesting. And who, may I ask, Annie, gave you permission to give away my gingerbread – ?”

“Nobody, Mother. And I didn’t give it away. I only thought – ”

“You only thought! That is very kind of you. But I will thank you not to think. I can do all the thinking that is necessary here!” said Mrs Corry in her soft, terrible voice. Then she burst into a harsh cackle of laughter.

“Look at her! Just look at her! Cowardy-custard! Crybaby!” she shrieked, pointing her knotty finger at her daughter.

Jane and Michael turned and saw a large tear coursing down Miss Annie’s huge, sad face, but they did not like to say anything, for, in spite of her tininess, Mrs Corry made them feel rather small and frightened. But as soon as Mrs Corry looked the other way Jane seized the opportunity to offer Miss Annie her handkerchief. The huge tear completely drenched it, and Miss Annie, with a grateful look, wrung it out before she returned it to Jane.

“And you, Fannie – did you think, too, I wonder?” The high little voice was now directed at the other daughter.

“No, Mother,” said Miss Fannie trembling.

“Humph! Just as well for you! Open that case!”

With frightened, fumbling fingers, Miss Fannie opened the glass case.

“Now, my darlings,” said Mrs Corry in quite a different voice. She smiled and beckoned so sweetly to Jane and Michael that they were ashamed of having been frightened of her, and felt that she must be very nice after all. “Won’t you come and take your pick, my lambs? It’s a special recipe today – one I got from Alfred the Great. He was a very good cook, I remember, though he did once burn the cakes.

How many?”

Jane and Michael looked at Mary Poppins.

“Four each,” she said. “That’s twelve. One dozen.”

“I’ll make it a Bakers Dozen – take thirteen,” said Mrs Corry cheerfully.

So Jane and Michael chose thirteen slabs of gingerbread, each with its gilt paper star. Their arms were piled up with the delicious dark cakes. Michael could not resist nibbling a corner of one of them.

“Good?” squeaked Mrs Corry, and when he nodded she picked up her skirts and did a few steps of the Highland Fling for pure pleasure.

“Hooray, hooray, splendid, hooray!” she cried in her shrill little voice. Then she came to a standstill and her face grew serious.

“But remember – I’m not giving them away. I must be paid. The price is threepence for each of you.”

Mary Poppins opened her purse and took out three threepenny-bits. She gave one each to Jane and Michael.

“Now,” said Mrs Corry. “Stick ’em on my coat! That’s where they all go.”

They looked closely at her long black coat. And sure enough they found it was studded with threepenny-bits as a Coster’s coat is with pearl buttons.

“Come along. Stick ’em on!” repeated Mrs Corry, rubbing her hands with pleasant expectation. “You’ll find they won’t drop off.”

Mary Poppins stepped forward and pressed her threepenny-bit against the collar of Mrs Corry’s coat.

To the surprise of Jane and Michael, it stuck.

Then they put theirs on —Jane’s on the right shoulder and Michael’s on the front hem. Theirs stuck, too.

“How very extraordinary,” said Jane.

“Not at all, my dear,” said Mrs Corry, chuckling. “Or rather, not so extraordinary as other things I could mention.” And she winked largely at Mary Poppins.

“I’m afraid we must be off now, Mrs Corry” said Mary Poppins. “There is Baked Custard for lunch, and I must be home in time to make it. That Mrs Brill –”

“A poor cook?” enquired Mrs Corry, interrupting.

“Poor!” said Mary Poppins contemptuously. “That’s not the word.”

“Ah!” Mrs Corry put her finger alongside her nose and looked very wise. Then she said:

“Well, my dear Miss Poppins, it has been a very pleasant visit and I am sure my girls have enjoyed it as much as I have.” She nodded in the direction of her two large, mournful daughters. “And you’ll come again soon, won’t you, with Jane and

Michael and the Babies? Now, are you sure you can carry the Gingerbread?" she continued, turning to Michael and Jane.

They nodded. Mrs Corry drew closer to them, with a curious, important, inquisitive look on her face.

"I wonder," she said dreamily, "what you will do with the paper stars?"

"Oh, we'll keep them," said Jane. "We always do."

"Ah – you keep them! And I wonder where you keep them?" Mrs Corry's eyes were half closed and she looked more inquisitive than ever.

"Well," Jane began. "Mine are all under my handkerchiefs in the top left-hand drawer and –"

"Mine are in a shoe box on the bottom shelf of the wardrobe," said Michael.

"Top left-hand drawer and shoe box in the wardrobe," said Mrs Corry thoughtfully, as though she were committing the words to memory. Then she gave Mary Poppins a long look and nodded her head slightly. Mary Poppins nodded slightly in return. It seemed as if some secret had passed between them.

"Well," said Mrs Corry brightly, "that is very interesting. You don't know how glad I am to know you keep your stars. I shall remember that. You see, I remember everything — even what Guy Fawkes had for dinner every second Sunday. And now, goodbye. Come again soon. Come again so-o-o-o-n!"

Mrs Corry's voice seemed to be growing fainter and fading away, and presently, without being quite aware of what had happened, Jane and Michael found themselves on the pavement, walking behind Mary Poppins who was again examining her list.

They turned and looked behind them.

"Why, Jane," said Michael with surprise, "it's not there!"

"So I see," said Jane, staring and staring.

And they were right. The shop was not there. It had entirely disappeared.

"How odd!" said Jane.

"Isn't it?" said Michael. "But the Gingerbread is very good."

And they were so busy biting their Gingerbread into different shapes — a man, a flower, a teapot – that they quite forgot how very odd it was.

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. Who was Mrs Corry? How old was she?
2. Was Mrs Corry glad to see the visitors in her shop?
3. Where was the shop situated? Why couldn't the children notice it before?
4. What did Mrs Corry sell to the children?
5. What happened to the shop after the visitors had left it?

2. Pick out the descriptions of Mrs Corry's voice characteristics. How do they reflect her personality? Do they match the descriptions of her character provided by the author? Portray the character.

3. Underline all examples of

a) adjectives,

b) adverbs,

c) verbs

that verbalize different emotions. Which emotions – positive or negative – prevail in the text?

4. Now think about prosodic means (melodic, dynamic, temporal) that could render these emotions.

5. Identify the emotional state of the characters conveyed by their voice prosodic characteristics in the following contexts.

1. And as she called, two of the largest people the children had even seen rose from behind the counter and shook hands with Mary Poppins. The huge women then leant down over the counter and said, "How de do?" in voices as large as themselves, and shook hands with Jane and Michael.

2. “It’s a lovely day – ” began Jane politely to the other sister, who kept Jane’s hand imprisoned for almost a minute in her huge clasp.

“I’m Annie,” she informed them miserably. “And handsome is as handsome does.”

3. “Now, now, now, now! What’s this, what’s this?” A high, thin, crackly little voice came from the back of the shop. At the sound of it the expression on the faces of Miss Fannie and Miss Annie, sad before, became even sadder. They seemed frightened and ill at ease, and somehow Jane and Michael realized that the two huge sisters were wishing that they were much smaller and less conspicuous.

“What’s all this I hear?” cried the curious high little voice, coming nearer. And presently, round the corner of the glass case, the owner of it appeared. She was as small as her voice and as crackly, and to the children she seemed to be older than anything in the world, with her wispy hair and her stick-like legs and her wizened, wrinkled little face. But in spite of this she ran towards them as lightly and as gaily as though she were still a young girl.

4. “That’s better!” she said, cackling gaily. Then she did a very odd thing. She broke off two of her fingers and gave one each to John and Barbara. And the oddest part of it was that in the space left by the broken-off fingers two new ones grew at once. Jane and Michael clearly saw it happen.

5. Mrs Corry flung back her wispy little head and shrieked with laughter.

“Old!” she said. “Why, I’m quite a chicken compared to my Grandmother. Now, there’s an old woman if you like. Still, I go back a good way. I remember the time when they were making this world, anyway, and I was well out of my teens then. My goodness, that was a to-do, I can tell you!”

6. Jane shook her head. Two hushed voices came from behind the counter.

“No, Mother,” said Miss Fannie meekly.

“We were just going to, Mother – ” began Miss Annie in a frightened whisper.

At that Mrs Corry drew herself up to her full height and regarded her gigantic daughters furiously. Then she said in a soft, fierce, terrifying voice:

“Just going to? Oh, indeed! That is very interesting. And who, may I ask, Annie, gave you permission to give away my gingerbread – ?”

“Nobody, Mother. And I didn’t give it away. I only thought – ”

“You only thought! That is very kind of you. But I will thank you not to think. I can do all the thinking that is necessary here!” said Mrs Corry in her soft, terrible voice. Then she burst into a harsh cackle of laughter.

“Look at her! Just look at her! Cowardy-custard! Crybaby!” she shrieked, pointing her knotty finger at her daughter.

6. Now listen to the dialogues from Exercise 5 (find the recording on https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r-8alaK_KDI and compare the prosodic characteristics of the reader with your own.

7. Act out the dialogues from Exercise 5.

8. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 8.

The Hobbit

by J. R. R. Tolkien

Chapter 1.

An Unexpected Party (abridged)

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and

coats – the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill – The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it – and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

This hobbit was a very well-to-do hobbit, and his name was Baggins. The Bagginses had lived in the neighbourhood of The Hill for time out of mind, and people considered them very respectable, not only because most of them were rich, but also because they never had any adventures or did anything unexpected: you could tell what a Baggins would say on any question without the bother of asking him. This is a story of how a Baggins had an adventure, found himself doing and saying things altogether unexpected. He may have lost the neighbours' respect, but he gained-well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end.

The mother of our particular hobbit... what is a hobbit? I suppose hobbits need some description nowadays, since they have become rare and shy of the Big People, as they call us. They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than the bearded Dwarves. Hobbits have no beards. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quietly and quickly when large stupid folk like you and me come blundering along, making a noise like elephants which they can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be at in the stomach; they dress in bright colours (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leathery soles and thick warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good-natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it). Now you know enough to go on with. As I was saying, the mother of this hobbit – of Bilbo Baggins, that is – was the fabulous Belladonna Took,

one of the three remarkable daughters of the Old Took, head of the hobbits who lived across The Water, the small river that ran at the foot of The Hill. It was often said (in other families) that long ago one of the Took ancestors must have taken a fairy wife. That was, of course, absurd, but certainly there was still something not entirely hobbit-like about them, – and once in a while members of the Took-clan would go and have adventures. They discreetly disappeared, and the family hushed it up; but the fact remained that the Tooks were not as respectable as the Bagginses, though they were undoubtedly richer. Not that Belladonna Took ever had any adventures after she became Mrs. Bungo Baggins. Bungo, that was Bilbo's father, built the most luxurious hobbit-hole for her (and partly with her money) that was to be found either under The Hill or over The Hill or across The Water, and there they remained to the end of their days. Still it is probable that Bilbo, her only son, although he looked and behaved exactly like a second edition of his solid and comfortable father, got something a bit queer in his makeup from the Took side, something that only waited for a chance to come out. The chance never arrived, until Bilbo Baggins was grown up, being about fifty years old or so, and living in the beautiful hobbit-hole built by his father, which I have just described for you, until he had in fact apparently settled down immovably.

By some curious chance one morning long ago in the quiet of the world, when there was less noise and more green, and the hobbits were still numerous and prosperous, and Bilbo Baggins was standing at his door after breakfast smoking an enormous long wooden pipe that reached nearly down to his woolly toes (neatly brushed) – Gandalf came by. Gandalf! If you had heard only a quarter of what I have heard about him, and I have only heard very little of all there is to hear, you would be prepared for any sort I of remarkable tale. Tales and adventures sprouted up all over the place wherever he went, in the most extraordinary fashion. He had not been down that way under The Hill for ages and ages, not since his friend the Old Took died, in fact, and the hobbits had almost forgotten what he looked like. He had been away over The Hill and across The Water on business of his own since they were all small hobbit-boys and hobbit-girls.

All that the unsuspecting Bilbo saw that morning was an old man with a staff. He had a tall pointed blue hat, a long grey cloak, a silver scarf over which a white beard hung down below his waist, and immense black boots. “Good morning!” said Bilbo, and he meant it. The sun was shining, and the grass was very green. But Gandalf looked at him from under long bushy eyebrows that stuck out further than the brim of his shady hat. “What do you mean?” he said. “Do you wish me a good morning, or mean that it is a good morning whether I want not; or that you feel good this morning; or that it is morning to be good on?”

“All of them at once,” said Bilbo. “And a very fine morning for a pipe of tobacco out of doors, into the bargain. If you have a pipe about you, sit down and have a fill of mine! There’s no hurry, we have all the day before us!” Then Bilbo sat down on a seat by his door, crossed his legs, and blew out a beautiful grey ring of smoke that sailed up into the air without breaking and floated away over The Hill.

“Very pretty!” said Gandalf. “But I have no time to blow smoke-rings this morning. I am looking for someone to share in an adventure that I am arranging, and it’s very difficult to find anyone.”

I should think so – in these parts! We are plain quiet folk and have no use for adventures. Nasty disturbing uncomfortable things! Make you late for dinner! I can’t think what anybody sees in them, said our Mr. Baggins, and stuck one thumb behind his braces, and blew out another even bigger smoke-ring. Then he took out his morning letters, and begin to read, pretending to take no more notice of the old man. He had decided that he was not quite his sort, and wanted him to go away. But the old man did not move. He stood leaning on his stick and gazing at the hobbit without saying anything, till Bilbo got quite uncomfortable and even a little cross.

“Good morning!” he said at last. “We don’t want any adventures here, thank you! You might try over The Hill or across The Water.” By this he meant that the conversation was at an end.

“What a lot of things you do use Good morning for!” said Gandalf. “Now you mean that you want to get rid of me, and that it won’t be good till I move off.”

“Not at all, not at all, my dear sir! Let me see, I don’t think I know your name?"

“Yes, yes, my dear sir – and I do know your name, Mr. Bilbo Baggins. And you do know my name, though you don’t remember that I belong to it. I am Gandalf, and Gandalf means me! To think that I should have lived to be good-morninged by Belladonna Took’s son, as if I was selling buttons at the door!” “Gandalf, Gandalf! Good gracious me! Not the wandering wizard that gave Old Took a pair of magic diamond studs that fastened themselves and never came undone till ordered? Not the fellow who used to tell such wonderful tales at parties, about dragons and goblins and giants and the rescue of princesses and the unexpected luck of widows’ sons? Not the man that used to make such particularly excellent fireworks! I remember those! Old Took used to have them on Midsummer’s Eve. Splendid! They used to go up like great lilies and snapdragons and laburnums of fire and hang in the twilight all evening!” You will notice already that Mr. Baggins was not quite so prosy as he liked to believe, also that he was very fond of flowers. “Dear me!” she went on. “Not the Gandalf who was responsible for so many quiet lads and lasses going off into the Blue for mad adventures. Anything from climbing trees to visiting Elves – or sailing in ships, sailing to other shores! Bless me, life used to be quite inter – I mean, you used to upset things badly in these parts once upon a time. I beg your pardon, but I had no idea you were still in business.” “Where else should I be?” said the wizard. “All the same I am pleased to find you remember something about me. You seem to remember my fireworks kindly, at any rate, land that is not without hope. Indeed for your old grand-father Took’s sake, and for the sake of poor Belladonna, I will give you what you asked for.”

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. What is a hobbit?
2. Where do hobbits live?
3. Who is Gandalf?
4. Were hobbits adventurous folks?

5. What was the reason of Gandalf's arrival?

2. The phrase "good morning" is uttered in the fragment in different contexts and having different pragmatic load. Read the following extracts and state how should these "good mornings" be pronounced. What attitudes do they convey? Compare your realization with those by professional readers (found on https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sJws-0-cQaw).

1. "Good morning!" said Bilbo, and he meant it. The sun was shining, and the grass was very green. But Gandalf looked at him from under long bushy eyebrows that stuck out further than the brim of his shady hat. "What do you mean?" be said. "Do you wish me a good morning, or mean that it is a good morning whether I want not; or that you feel good this morning; or that it is morning to be good on?"

2. "Good morning!" he said at last. "We don't want any adventures here, thank you! You might try over The Hill or across The Water." By this he meant that the conversation was at an end.

3. "What a lot of things you do use Good morning for!" said Gandalf. "Now you mean that you want to get rid of me, and that it won't be good till I move off."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear sir! Let me see, I don't think I know your name?"

4. "Yes, yes, my dear sir – and I do know your name, Mr. Bilbo Baggins. And you do know my name, though you don't remember that I belong to it. I am Gandalf, and Gandalf means me! To think that I should have lived to be good-morninged by Belladonna Took's son, as if I was selling buttons at the door!" "Gandalf, Gandalf! Good gracious me! Not the wandering wizard that gave Old Took a pair of magic diamond studs that fastened themselves and never came undone till ordered?

3. What is the intonation of exclamatory sentences? Read the following sentences out paying attention to the context.

1. By some curious chance one morning long ago in the quiet of the world, when there was less noise and more green, and the hobbits were still numerous and

prosperous, and Bilbo Baggins was standing at his door after breakfast smoking an enormous long wooden pipe that reached nearly down to his woolly toes (neatly brushed) – Gandalf came by. Gandalf! If you had heard only a quarter of what I have heard about him, and I have only heard very little of all there is to hear, you would be prepared for any sort I of remarkable tale.

2. I am Gandalf, and Gandalf means me! To think that I should have lived to be good-morninged by Belladonna Took's son, as if I was selling buttons at the door!" "Gandalf, Gandalf! Good gracious me! Not the man that used to make such particularly excellent fireworks! I remember those! Old Took used to have them on Midsummer's Eve. Splendid! They used to go up like great lilies and snapdragons and laburnums of fire and hang in the twilight all evening!"

4. Read the description of the hobbit's hole. Render its prosodic image. Read it out paying attention to the enumeration it contains.

It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats – the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill – The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it – and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

5. Render the prosodic image of hobbits. Read out the following description paying attention to punctuation marks (semicolons, parentheses etc.).

They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than the bearded Dwarves. Hobbits have no beards. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quietly and quickly when large stupid folk like you and me come blundering along, making a noise like elephants which they can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be at in the stomach; they dress in bright colours (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leathery soles and thick warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good-natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it).

6. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 9.

Dandelion Wine

by R. Bradbury

Chapter 1 (abridged)

It was a quiet morning, the town covered over with darkness and at ease in bed. Summer gathered in the weather, the wind had the proper touch, the breathing of the world was long and warm and slow. You had only to rise, lean from your window, and know that this indeed was the first real time of freedom and living, this was the first morning of summer.

Douglas Spaulding, twelve, freshly wakened, let summer idle him on its early-morning stream. Lying in his third-story cupola bedroom, he felt the tall power it gave him, riding high in the June wind, the grandest tower in town. At night, when the trees washed together, he flashed his gaze like a beacon from this lighthouse in all directions over swarming seas of elm and oak and maple. Now . . .

Summer 1928 began.

Crossing the lawn that morning, Douglas Spaulding broke a spider web with his face. A single invisible line on the air touched his brow and snapped without a sound.

So, with the subtlest of incidents, he knew that this day was going to be different. It would be different also, because, as his father explained, driving Douglas and his ten-year-old brother Tom out of town toward the country, there were some days compounded completely of odor, nothing but the world blowing in one nostril and out the other. And some days, he went on, were days of hearing every trump and trill of the universe. Some days were good for tasting and some for touching. And some days were good for all the senses at once. This day now, he nodded, smelled as if a great and nameless orchard had grown up overnight beyond the hills to fill the entire visible land with its warm freshness. The air felt like rain, but there were no clouds. Momentarily, a stranger might laugh off in the woods, but there was silence . . .

Douglas watched the traveling land. He smelled no orchards and sensed no rain, for without apple trees or clouds he knew neither could exist. And as for that stranger laughing deep in the woods . . . ?

Yet the fact remained – Douglas shivered – this, without reason, was a special day.

The car stopped at the very center of the quiet forest.

“All right, boys, behave.”

They had been jostling elbows.

“Yes, sir.”

They climbed out, carrying the blue tin pails away from the lonely dirt road into the smell of fallen rain.

“Look for bees,” said Father. “Bees hang around grapes like boys around kitchens, Doug?” Douglas looked up suddenly.

“You’re off a million miles,” said Father. “Look alive. Walk with us.”

“Yes, sir.”

And they walked through the forest, Father very tall, Douglas moving in his shadow, and Tom, very small, trotting in his brother's shade. They came to a little rise and looked ahead. Here, here, did they see? Father pointed. Here was where the big summer-quiet winds lived and passed in the green depths, like ghost whales, unseen.

Douglas looked quickly, saw nothing, and felt put upon by his father who, like Grandpa, lived on riddles. But . . .But, still . . . Douglas paused and listened.

Yes, something's going to happen, he thought, I know it!

"Here's maidenhair fern," Dad walked, the tin pail belling in his fist. "Feel this?" He scuffed the earth. "A million years of good rich leafmold laid down. Think of the autumns that got by to make this."

"Boy, I walk like an Indian," said Tom. "Not a sound."

Douglas felt but did not feel the deep loam, listening, watchful. We're surrounded! he thought. It'll happen! What? He stopped. Come out, wherever you are, whatever you are! he cried silently.

Tom and Dad strolled on the hushed earth ahead.

"Finest lace there is," said Dad quietly.

And he was gesturing up through the trees above to show them how it was woven across the sky or how the sky was woven into the trees, he wasn't sure which. But there it was, he smiled, and the weaving went on, green and blue, if you watched and saw the forest shift its humming loom. Dad stood comfortably saying this and that, the words easy in his mouth. He made it easier by laughing at his own declarations just so often. He liked to listen to the silence, he said, if silence could be listened to, for, he went on, in that silence you could hear wildflower pollen sifting down the bee-fried air, by God, the bee-fried air! Listen! the waterfall of birdsong beyond those trees!

Now, thought Douglas, here it comes! Running! I don't see it! Running! Almost on me!

"Fox grapes!" said Father. "We're in luck, look here!"

Don't! Douglas gasped.

But Tom and Dad bent down to shove their hands deep in rattling bush. Douglas, lost and empty, fell to his knees. He saw his fingers sink through green shadow and come forth stained with such color that it seemed he had somehow cut the forest and delved his hand in the open wound.

“Lunch time, boys!

With buckets half burdened with fox grapes and wild strawberries, followed by bees which were, no more, no less, said Father, the world humming under its breath, they sat on a green-mossed log, chewing sandwiches and trying to listen to the forest the same way Father did. Douglas felt Dad watching him, quietly amused. Dad started to say something that had crossed his mind, but instead tried another bite of sandwich and mused over it.

“Sandwich outdoors isn’t a sandwich anymore. Tastes different than indoors, notice? Got more spice. Tastes like mint and pinesap. Does wonders for the appetite.”

Douglas’s tongue hesitated on the texture of bread and deviled ham. No . . .no . . .it was just a sandwich.

Tom chewed and nodded. “Know just what you mean, Dad!”

It almost happened, thought Douglas. Whatever it was it was Big, my gosh, it was Big! Something scared it off. Where is it now? Back of that bush! No, behind me! No here . . .almost here . . .He kneeded his stomach secretly.

If I wait, it’ll come back. It won’t hurt; somehow I know it’s not here to hurt me. What then? What? What?

“You know how many baseball games we played this year, last year, year before?” said Tom, apropos of nothing. Douglas watched Tom’s quickly moving lips.

“Wrote it down! One thousand five hundred sixty-eight games! How many times I brushed my teeth in ten years? Six thousand! Washing my hands: fifteen thousand. Slept: four thousand some-odd times, not counting naps. Ate six hundred peaches, eight hundred apples. Pears: two hundred. I’m not hot for pears. Name a thing, I got the statistics! Runs to the billion millions, things I done, add ’em up, in ten years.”

Now, thought Douglas, it's coming close again. Why? Tom talking? But why Tom? Tom chatting along, mouth crammed with sandwich, Dad there, alert as a mountain cat on the log, and Tom letting the words rise like quick soda bubbles in his mouth:

"Books I read: four hundred. Matinees I seen: forty Buck Joneses, thirty Jack Hoxies, forty-five Tom Mixes, thirty-nine Hoot Gibsons, one hundred and ninety-two single and separate Felix-the-Cat cartoons, ten Douglas Fairbankses, eight repeats on Lon Chaney in The Phantom of the Opera, four Milton Sillses, and one Adolph Menjou thing about love where I spent ninety hours in the theater toilet waiting for the mush to be over so I could see The Cat and the Canary or The Bat, where everybody held onto everybody else and screamed for two hours without letting go. During that time I figure four hundred lollipops, three hundred Tootsie Rolls, seven hundred ice-cream cones . . .

Tom rolled quietly along his way for another five minutes and then Dad said, "How many berries you picked so far, Tom?"

"Two hundred fifty-six on the nose!" said Tom instantly.

Dad laughed and lunch was over and they moved again into the shadows to find fox grapes and the tiny wild strawberries, bent down, all three of them, hands coming and going, the pails getting heavy, and Douglas holding his breath, thinking, Yes, yes, it's near again! Breathing on my neck, almost! Don't look! Work. Just pick, fill up the pail. If you look you'll scare it off. Don't lose it this time! But how do you bring it around here where you can see it, stare it right in the eye? How? How?

"Got a snowflake in a matchbox," said Tom, smiling at the wine-glove on his hand.

Shut up! Douglas wanted to yell. But no, the yell would scare the echoes, and run the Thing away!

And, wait . . . the more Tom talked, the closer the great Thing came, it wasn't scared of Tom, Tom drew it with his breath, Tom was part of it!

“Last February,” said Tom, and chuckled. “Held a matchbox up in a snowstorm, let one old snowflake fall in, shut it up, ran inside the house, stashed it in the icebox!”

Close, very close. Douglas stared at Tom’s flickering lips. He wanted to jump around, for he felt a vast tidal wave lift up behind the forest. In an instant it would smash down, crush them forever . . .

“Yes, sir,” mused Tom, picking grapes, “I’m the only guy in all Illinois who’s got a snowflake in summer. Precious as diamonds, by gosh. Tomorrow I’ll open it. Doug, you can look, too . . .

Any other day Douglas might have snorted, struck out, denied it all. But now, with the great Thing rushing near, falling down in the clear air above him, he could only nod, eyes shut.

Tom, puzzled, stopped picking berries and turned to stare over at his brother.

Douglas, hunched over, was an ideal target. Tom leaped, yelling, landed. They fell, thrashed, and rolled.

No! Douglas squeezed his mind shut. No! But suddenly . . .Yes, it’s all right! Yes! The tangle, the contact of bodies, the falling tumble had not scared off the tidal sea that crashed now, flooding and washing them along the shore of grass deep through the forest. And at last, slowly, afraid he would find nothing, Douglas opened one eye.

And everything, absolutely everything, was there.

The world, like a great iris of an even more gigantic eye, which has also just opened and stretched out to encompass everything, stared back at him.

And he knew what it was that had leaped upon him to stay and would not run away now.

I’m alive, he thought.

His fingers trembled, bright with blood, like the bits of a strange flag now found and before unseen, and him wondering what country and what allegiance he owed to it. Then he let go of Tom and lay on his back with his hand up in the sky and he was a head from which his eyes peered like sentinels through the portcullis of a

strange castle out along a bridge, his arm, to those fingers where the bright pennant of blood quivered in the light. “You all right, Doug?” asked Tom.

His voice was at the bottom of a green moss well somewhere underwater, secret, removed.

The grass whispered under his body. He put his arm down, feeling the sheath of fuzz on it, and, far away, below, his toes creaking in his shoes. The wind sighed over his shelled ears. The world slipped bright over the glassy round of his eyeballs like images sparked in a crystal sphere. Flowers were sun and fiery spots of sky strewn through the woodland. Birds flickered like skipped stones across the vast inverted pond of heaven. His breath raked over his teeth, going in ice, coming out fire. Insects shocked the air with electric clearness. Ten thousand individual hairs grew a millionth of an inch on his head. He heard the twin hearts beating in each ear, the third heart beating in his throat, the two hearts throbbing his wrists, the real heart pounding his chest. The million pores on his body opened.

I’m really alive! he thought. I never knew it before, or if I did I don’t remember!

He yelled it loud but silent, a dozen times! Think of it, think of it! Twelve years old and only now! Now discovering this rare timepiece, this clock gold-bright and guaranteed to run threescore and ten, left under a tree and found while wrestling.

“Doug, you okay?”

Douglas yelled, grabbed Tom, and rolled.

“Doug, you’re crazy!”

“Crazy!”

They spilled downhill, the sun in their mouths, in their eyes like shattered lemon glass, gasping like trout thrown out on a bank, laughing till they cried.

“Doug, you’re not mad?”

“No, no, no, no, no!”

Douglas, eyes shut, saw spotted leopards pad in the dark.

“Tom!” Then quieter. “Tom . . .does everyone in the world . . .know he’s alive?”

“Sure. Heck, yes!”

The leopards trotted soundlessly off through darker lands where eyeballs could not turn to follow.

“I hope they do,” whispered Douglas. “Oh, I sure hope they know.”

Douglas opened his eyes. Dad was standing high above him there in the green-leaved sky, laughing, hands on hips. Their eyes met. Douglas quickened. Dad knows, he thought. It was all planned. He brought us here on purpose, so this could happen to me! He’s in on it, he knows it all. And now he knows that I know.

A hand came down and seized him through the air. Swayed on his feet with Tom and Dad, still bruised and rumpled, puzzled and awed, Douglas held his strange-boned elbows tenderly and licked the fine cut lip with satisfaction. Then he looked at Dad and Tom.

“I’ll carry all the pails,” he said. “This once, let me haul everything.”

They handed over the pails with quizzical smiles.

He stood swaying slightly, the forest collected, full-weighted and heavy with syrup, clenched hard in his down-slung hands. I want to feel all there is to feel, he thought. Let me feel tired, now, let me feel tired. I mustn’t forget, I’m alive, I know I’m alive, I mustn’t forget it tonight or tomorrow or the day after that.

The bees followed and the smell of fox grapes and yellow summer followed as he walked heavy-laden and half drunk, his fingers wonderously callused, arms numb, feet stumbling so his father caught his shoulder.

“No,” mumbled Douglas, “I’m all right. I’m fine . . .”

1. Answer the following comprehension questions.

1. Where did Douglas sometimes like to spend nights?
2. Who is Tom?
3. What did Douglas expect to find in the wood?
4. Why did the father take his sons to the wood?
5. What made Douglas feel he is alive?

2. Comment on the title of the novel. How is its sense revealed in the given fragment?

3. Write out the words verbalizing characters' voice characteristics. Group them into those verbalizing melodic, dynamic or temporal parametres.

4. Analyze the following excerpts. Which prosodic characteristics do they verbalize? Read them out.

1. Douglas felt but did not feel the deep loam, listening, watchful. We're surrounded! he thought. It'll happen! What? He stopped. Come out, wherever you are, whatever you are! he cried silently.

Tom and Dad strolled on the hushed earth ahead.

"Finest lace there is," said Dad quietly.

2. Now, thought Douglas, here it comes! Running! I don't see it! Running! Almost on me!

"Fox grapes!" said Father. "We're in luck, look here!"

Don't! Douglas gasped.

3. "Yes, sir," mused Tom, picking grapes, "I'm the only guy in all Illinois who's got a snowflake in summer. Precious as diamonds, by gosh. Tomorrow I'll open it. Doug, you can look, too . . .

4. The leopards trotted soundlessly off through darker lands where eyeballs could not turn to follow.

"I hope they do," whispered Douglas. "Oh, I sure hope they know."

5. The bees followed and the smell of fox grapes and yellow summer followed as he walked heavy-laden and half drunk, his fingers wonderously callused, arms numb, feet stumbling so his father caught his shoulder.

"No," mumbled Douglas, "I'm all right. I'm fine . . ."

5. There was a certain transformation happened to Douglas in the wood. Read the following fragment illustrating his state. Render its prosodic image.

The grass whispered under his body. He put his arm down, feeling the sheath of fuzz on it, and, far away, below, his toes creaking in his shoes. The wind sighed over his shelled ears. The world slipped bright over the glassy round of his eyeballs like images sparked in a crystal sphere. Flowers were sun and fiery spots of sky strewn through the woodland. Birds flickered like skipped stones across the vast inverted pond of heaven. His breath raked over his teeth, going in ice, coming out fire. Insects shocked the air with electric clearness. Ten thousand individual hairs grew a millionth of an inch on his head. He heard the twin hearts beating in each ear, the third heart beating in his throat, the two hearts throbbing his wrists, the real heart pounding his chest. The million pores on his body opened.

6. There are a lot of cases of represented uttered speech in the novel. How should the contrast between author's narrative proper / dialogues and represented uttered speech be rendered?

7. Can you characterize the character of Douglas? What image do the verbalized prosodic characteristics create?

8. Read out the fragment in class.

Text 10.

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

by R. Dahl

Chapters 3 and 4

3. Mr Wonka and the Indian Prince

Mr Wonka and the Indian Prince 'Prince Pondicherry wrote a letter to Mr Willy Wonka,' said Grandpa Joe, 'and asked him to come all the way out to India and build him a colossal palace entirely out of chocolate.'

'Did Mr Wonka do it, Grandpa?'

‘He did, indeed. And what a palace it was! It had one hundred rooms, and everything was made of either dark or light chocolate! The bricks were chocolate, and the cement holding them together was chocolate, and the windows were chocolate, and all the walls and ceilings were made of chocolate, so were the carpets and the pictures and the furniture and the beds; and when you turned on the taps in the bathroom, hot chocolate came pouring out.

‘When it was all finished, Mr Wonka said to Prince Pondicherry, “I warn you, though, it won’t last very long, so you’d better start eating it right away.”

“Nonsense!” shouted the Prince. “I’m not going to eat my palace! I’m not even going to nibble the staircase or lick the walls! I’m going to live in it!”

‘But Mr Wonka was right, of course, because soon after this, there came a very hot day with a boiling sun, and the whole palace began to melt, and then it sank slowly to the ground, and the crazy prince, who was dozing in the living room at the time, woke up to find himself swimming around in a huge brown sticky lake of chocolate.’

Little Charlie sat very still on the edge of the bed, staring at his grandfather. Charlie's face was bright, and his eyes were stretched so wide you could see the whites all around. ‘Is all this really true?’ he asked. ‘Or are you pulling my leg?’

‘It’s true!’ cried all four of the old people at once. ‘Of course it’s true! Ask anyone you like!’

‘And I’ll tell you something else that’s true,’ said Grandpa Joe, and now he leaned closer to Charlie, and lowered his voice to a soft, secret whisper. ‘Nobody . . . ever . . . comes . . . out!’

‘Out of where?’ asked Charlie. ‘And . . . nobody . . . ever . . . goes . . . in!’

‘In where?’ cried Charlie.

‘Wonka’s factory, of course!’

‘Grandpa, what do you mean?’

‘I mean workers, Charlie.’

‘Workers?’

‘All factories,’ said Grandpa Joe, ‘have workers streaming in and out of the gates in the mornings and evenings – except Wonka’s! Have you ever seen a single person going into that place – or coming out?’

Little Charlie looked slowly around at each of the four old faces, one after the other, and they all looked back at him. They were friendly smiling faces, but they were also quite serious. There was no sign of joking or leg-pulling on any of them.

‘Well? Have you?’ asked Grandpa Joe.

‘I . . . I really don’t know, Grandpa,’ Charlie stammered. ‘Whenever I walk past the factory, the gates seem to be closed.’

‘Exactly!’ said Grandpa Joe.

‘But there must be people working there . . .’

‘Not people, Charlie. Not ordinary people, anyway.’

‘Then who?’ cried Charlie.

‘Ah-ha . . . That’s it, you see . . . That’s another of Mr Willy Wonka’s clevernesses.’

‘Charlie, dear,’ Mrs Bucket called out from where she was standing by the door, ‘it’s time for bed. That’s enough for tonight.’

‘But, Mother, I must hear . . .’

‘Tomorrow, my darling . . .’

‘That’s right,’ said Grandpa Joe, ‘I’ll tell you the rest of it tomorrow evening.’

4. The Secret Workers

The next evening, Grandpa Joe went on with his story.

‘You see, Charlie,’ he said, ‘not so very long ago there used to be thousands of people working in Mr Willy Wonka’s factory. Then one day, all of a sudden, Mr Wonka had to ask every single one of them to leave, to go home, never to come back.’

‘But why?’ asked Charlie.

‘Because of spies.’

‘Spies?’

‘Yes. All the other chocolate makers, you see, had begun to grow jealous of the wonderful sweets that Mr Wonka was making, and they started sending in spies to steal his secret recipes. The spies took jobs in the Wonka factory, pretending that they were ordinary workers, and while they were there, each one of them found out exactly how a certain special thing was made.’

‘And did they go back to their own factories and tell?’ asked Charlie.

‘They must have,’ answered Grandpa Joe, ‘because soon after that, Fickelgruber’s factory started making an ice cream that would never melt, even in the hottest sun. Then Mr Prodnose’s factory came out with a chewing-gum that never lost its flavour however much you chewed it. And then Mr Slugworth’s factory began making sugar balloons that you could blow up to huge sizes before you popped them with a pin and gobbled them up. And so on, and so on. And Mr Willy Wonka tore his beard and shouted, “This is terrible! I shall be ruined! There are spies everywhere! I shall have to close the factory!”’

‘But he didn’t do that!’ Charlie said.

‘Oh, yes he did. He told all the workers that he was sorry, but they would have to go home. Then, he shut the main gates and fastened them with a chain. And suddenly, Wonka’s giant chocolate factory became silent and deserted. The chimneys stopped smoking, the machines stopped whirring, and from then on, not a single chocolate or sweet was made. Not a soul went in or out, and even Mr Willy Wonka himself disappeared completely.

‘Months and months went by,’ Grandpa Joe went on, ‘but still the factory remained closed. And everybody said, “Poor Mr Wonka. He was so nice. And he made such marvellous things. But he’s finished now. It’s all over.”

‘Then something astonishing happened. One day, early in the morning, thin columns of white smoke were seen to be coming out of the tops of the tall chimneys of the factory! People in the town stopped and stared. “What’s going on?” they cried. “Someone’s lit the furnaces! Mr Wonka must be opening up again!” They ran to the gates, expecting to see them wide open and Mr Wonka standing there to welcome his workers back.

‘But no! The great iron gates were still locked and chained as securely as ever, and Mr Wonka was nowhere to be seen.’

“But the factory is working!” the people shouted. “Listen! You can hear the machines! They’re all whirring again! And you can smell the smell of melting chocolate in the air!”’

Grandpa Joe leaned forward and laid a long bony finger on Charlie’s knee, and he said softly, ‘But most mysterious of all, Charlie, were the shadows in the windows of the factory. The people standing on the street outside could see small dark shadows moving about behind the frosted glass windows.’

‘Shadows of whom?’ said Charlie quickly.

‘That’s exactly what everybody else wanted to know.’

“The place is full of workers!” the people shouted. “But nobody’s gone in! The gates are locked! It’s crazy! Nobody ever comes out, either!”

‘But there was no question at all,’ said Grandpa Joe, ‘that the factory was running. And it’s gone on running ever since, for these last ten years. What’s more, the chocolates and sweets it’s been turning out have become more fantastic and delicious all the time. And of course now when Mr Wonka invents some new and wonderful sweet, neither Mr Fickelgruber nor Mr Prodnose nor Mr Slugworth nor anybody else is able to copy it. No spies can go into the factory to find out how it is made.’

‘But Grandpa, who,’ cried Charlie, ‘who is Mr Wonka using to do all the work in the factory?’

‘Nobody knows, Charlie.’

‘But that’s absurd! Hasn’t someone asked Mr Wonka?’

‘Nobody sees him any more. He never comes out. The only things that come out of that place are chocolates and sweets. They come out through a special trap door in the wall, all packed and addressed, and they are picked up every day by Post Office trucks.’

‘But Grandpa, what sort of people are they that work in there?’ ‘My dear boy,’ said Grandpa Joe, ‘that is one of the great mysteries of the chocolate-making world.

We know only one thing about them. They are very small. The faint shadows that sometimes appear behind the windows, especially late at night when the lights are on, are those of tiny people, people no taller than my knee . . .'

'There aren't any such people,' Charlie said.

Just then, Mr Bucket, Charlie's father, came into the room. He was home from the toothpaste factory, and he was waving an evening newspaper rather excitedly. 'Have you heard the news?' he cried. He held up the paper so that they could see the huge headline. The headline said:

WONKA FACTORY TO BE OPENED AT LAST TO LUCKY FEW.

1. Answer the following comprehension questions:

1. How was the palace of the Indian prince built?
2. What happened to palace in the end?
3. Why did the Wonka's chocolate factory close?
4. Who worked at the factory after it had reopened?
5. What did the recent announcement of the factory mean?

2. Read the following excerpts from the chapters. What emotions and voice characteristics do the underlined words verbalize? How should they be read? Act out these dialogues in class.

1. 'When it was all finished, Mr Wonka said to Prince Pondicherry, "I warn you, though, it won't last very long, so you'd better start eating it right away."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Prince. "I'm not going to eat my palace! I'm not even going to nibble the staircase or lick the walls! I'm going to live in it!"

2. 'And I'll tell you something else that's true,' said Grandpa Joe, and now he leaned closer to Charlie, and lowered his voice to a soft, secret whisper. 'Nobody . . . ever . . . comes . . . out!'

'Out of where?' asked Charlie. 'And . . . nobody . . . ever . . . goes . . . in!'

'In where?' cried Charlie.

3. ‘But no! The great iron gates were still locked and chained as securely as ever, and Mr Wonka was nowhere to be seen.’

“But the factory is working!” the people shouted. “Listen! You can hear the machines! They’re all whirring again! And you can smell the smell of melting chocolate in the air!”’

4. Grandpa Joe leaned forward and laid a long bony finger on Charlie’s knee, and he said softly, ‘But most mysterious of all, Charlie, were the shadows in the windows of the factory. The people standing on the street outside could see small dark shadows moving about behind the frosted glass windows.’

‘Shadows of whom?’ said Charlie quickly.

‘That’s exactly what everybody else wanted to know.’

“The place is full of workers!” the people shouted. “But nobody’s gone in! The gates are locked! It’s crazy! Nobody ever comes out, either!”

5. Just then, Mr Bucket, Charlie’s father, came into the room. He was home from the toothpaste factory, and he was waving an evening newspaper rather excitedly. ‘Have you heard the news?’ he cried. He held up the paper so that they could see the huge headline.

6. ‘Well? Have you?’ asked Grandpa Joe.

‘I . . . I really don’t know, Grandpa,’ Charlie stammered. ‘Whenever I walk past the factory, the gates seem to be closed.’

‘Exactly!’ said Grandpa Joe.

3. Render the prosodic images of a) Charlie b) Grandpa Joe c) Mr Wonka.

4. How should the following paragraphs be read? How can the contrast between them be rendered? Justify your choice.

a) ‘Oh, yes he did. He told all the workers that he was sorry, but they would have to go home. Then, he shut the main gates and fastened them with a chain. And suddenly, Wonka’s giant chocolate factory became silent and deserted. The chimneys stopped smoking, the machines stopped whirring, and from then on, not a single

chocolate or sweet was made. Not a soul went in or out, and even Mr Willy Wonka himself disappeared completely.

b) “But the factory is working!” the people shouted. “Listen! You can hear the machines! They’re all whirring again! And you can smell the smell of melting chocolate in the air!”

5. Read attentively the following excerpt containing dots. What is their communicative purpose in each single case? How should they be read?

‘But there must be people working there . . .’

‘Not people, Charlie. Not ordinary people, anyway.’

‘Then who?’ cried Charlie.

‘Ah-ha . . . That’s it, you see . . . That’s another of Mr Willy Wonka’s clevernesses.’

‘Charlie, dear,’ Mrs Bucket called out from where she was standing by the door, ‘it’s time for bed. That’s enough for tonight.’

‘But, Mother, I must hear . . .’

‘Tomorrow, my darling . . .’

6. Read the following excerpt presenting description of the chocolate palace. Pay attention to enumeration, repetition and polysyndeton. Render the prosodic image of the palace.

The bricks were chocolate, and the cement holding them together was chocolate, and the windows were chocolate, and all the walls and ceilings were made of chocolate, so were the carpets and the pictures and the furniture and the beds; and when you turned on the taps in the bathroom, hot chocolate came pouring out.

7. Read out the fragment in class.

PICTURES

By Katherine Mansfield

EIGHT o'clock in the morning. Miss Ada Moss lay in a black iron bedstead, staring up at the ceiling. Her room, a Bloomsbury top-floor back, smelled of soot and face powder and the paper of fried potatoes she brought in for supper the night before.

"Oh, dear," thought Miss Moss, "I am cold. I wonder why it is that I always wake up so cold in the mornings now My knees and feet and my back–especially my back; it's like a sheet of ice. And I always was such a one for being warm in the old days. It's not as if I was skinny – I'm just the same full figure that I used to be. No, it's because I don't have a good hot dinner in the evenings."

A pageant of Good Hot Dinners passed across the ceiling, each of them accompanied by a bottle of Nourishing Stout. . . .

"Even if I were to get up now," she thought, "and have a sensible substantial breakfast . . ." A pageant of Sensible Substantial Breakfasts followed the dinners across the ceiling, shepherded by an enormous, white, uncut ham. Miss Moss shuddered and disappeared under the bedclothes. Suddenly, in bounced the landlady.

"There's a letter for you, Miss Moss."

"Oh," said Miss Moss, far too friendly, "thank you very much, Mrs. Pine. It's very good of you, I'm sure, to take the trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the landlady. "I thought perhaps it was the letter you'd been expecting."

"Why," said Miss Moss brightly, "yes, perhaps it is." She put her head on one side and smiled vaguely at the letter. "I shouldn't be surprised."

The landlady's eyes popped. "Well, I should, Miss Moss," said she, "and that's how it is. And I'll trouble you to open it, if you please. Many is the lady in my place as would have done it for you and have been within her rights. For things can't go on like this, Miss Moss, no indeed they can't. What with week in week out and first

you've got it and then you haven't, and then it's another letter lost in the post or another manager down at Brighton but will be back on Tuesday for certain–I'm fair sick and tired and I won't stand it no more. Why should I, Miss Moss, I ask you, at a time like this, with prices flying up in the air and my poor dear lad in France? My sister Eliza was only saying to me yesterday – 'Minnie,' she says, 'you're too soft-hearted. You could have let that room time and time again,' says she, 'and if people won't look after themselves in times like these, nobody else will,' she says. 'She may have had a College eddication and sung in West End concerts,' says she, 'but if your Lizzie says what's true,' she says, 'and she's washing her own wovens and drying them on the towel rail, it's easy to see where the finger's pointing. And it's high time you had done with it,' says she."

Miss Moss gave no sign of having heard this. She sat up in bed, tore open her letter, and read:

Dear Madam,

Yours to hand. Am not producing at present, but have filed photo for future ref.

Yours truly, BACKWASH FILM CO.

This letter seemed to afford her peculiar satisfaction; she read it through twice before replying to the landlady.

"Well, Mrs. Pine, I think you'll be sorry for what you said. This is from a manager, asking me to be there with evening dress at ten o'clock next Saturday morning."

But the landlady was too quick for her. She pounced, secured the letter.

"Oh, is it! Is it indeed!" she cried.

"Give me back that letter. Give it back to me at once, you bad, wicked woman," cried Miss Moss, who could not get out of bed because her nightdress was slit down the back. "Give me back my private letter." The landlady began slowly backing out of the room, holding the letter to her buttoned bodice.

“So it’s come to this, has it?” said she. “Well, Miss Moss; if I don’t get my rent at eight o’clock tonight, we’ll see who’s a bad, wicked woman – that’s all.” nodded, mysteriously.

“And I’ll keep this letter.” Here her voice rose. “It will be a pretty little bit of evidence!” And here it fell, sepulchral, “*My lady*.”

The door banged and Miss Moss was alone. She flung off the bed clothes, and sitting by the side of the bed, furious and shivering, she stared at her fat white legs with their great knots of greeny-blue veins.

“Cockroach! That’s what she is. She’s a cockroach!” said Miss Moss. “I could have her up for snatching my letter – I’m sure I could.” Still keeping on her nightdress she began to drag on her clothes.

“Oh, if I could only pay that woman, I’d give her a piece of my mind that she wouldn’t forget. I’d tell her off proper.” She went over to the chest of drawers for a safety-pin, and seeing herself in the glass she gave a vague smile and shook her head. “Well, old girl,” she murmured, “you’re up against it this time, and no mistake”. But the person in the glass made an ugly face at her.

“You silly thing,” scolded Miss Moss. “Now what’s the good of crying: you’ll only make your nose red. No, you get dressed and go out and try your luck – that’s what you've got to do.”

She unhooked her vanity bag from the bedpost, rooted in it, shook it, turned it inside out.

“I’ll have a nice cup of tea at an A B C to settle me before I go anywhere,” she decided. “I’ve got one and thrippence – yes, just one and three.”

Ten minutes later, a stout lady in blue serge, with a bunch of artificial “parmas” at her bosom, a black hat covered with purple pansies, white gloves, boots with white uppers, and a vanity bag containing one and three, sang in a low contralto voice:

Sweet-heart, remember when days are forlorn It al-ways is dar-kest before the dawn.

But the person in the glass. made a face at her, and Miss Moss went out. There were grey crabs all the way down the street slopping water over grey stone steps.

With his strange, hawking cry and the jangle of the cans the milk boy went his rounds. Outside Brittweiler's Swiss House he made a splash, and an old brown cat without a tail appeared from nowhere, and began greedily and silently drinking up the spill. It gave Miss Moss a queer feeling to watch – a sinking – as you might say.

But when she came to the A B C she found the door propped open; a man went in and out carrying trays of rolls, and there was nobody inside except a waitress doing her hair and the cashier unlocking the cash-boxes. She stood in the middle of the floor but neither of them saw her.

"My boy came home last night," sang the waitress.

"Oh, I say – how topping for you!" gurgled the cashier.

"Yes, wasn't it," sang the waitress. "He brought me a sweet little brooch. Look, it's got 'Dieppe' written on it."

The cashier ran across to look and put her arm round the waitress' neck.

"Oh, I say – how topping for you."

"Yes, isn't it," said the waitress. "O-oh, he is brahn. 'Hullo,' I said, 'hullo, old mahogany.'"

"Oh, I say," gurgled the cashier, running back into her cage and nearly bumping into Miss Moss on the way. "You are a *treat!"* Then the man with the rolls came in again, swerving past her.

"Can I have a cup of tea, Miss?" she asked.

But the waitress went on doing her hair. "Oh," she sang, "we're not *open* yet." She turned round and waved her comb at the cashier.

"Are we, dear?"

"Oh, no," said the cashier. Miss Moss went out.

"I'll go to Charing Cross. Yes, that's what I'll do," she decided. "But I won't have a cup of tea. No, I'll have a coffee. There's more of a tonic in coffee. . . . Cheeky, those girls are! Her boy came home last night; he brought her a brooch with 'Dieppe' written on it." She began to cross the road. . . .

"Look out, Fattie; don't go to sleep!" yelled a taxi driver. She pretended not to hear.

"No, I won't go to Charing Cross," she decided. "I'll go straight to Kig and Kadgit.

They're open at nine. If I get there early, Mr. Kadgit may have something by the morning's post….

I've just heard from a manager who wants a lady to play. . . . I think you'll just suit him. I'll give you a card to go and see him. It's three pounds a week and all found. If I were you I'd hop round as fast as I could. Lucky you turned up so early . . ."

But there was nobody at Kig and Kadgit's except the char-woman wiping over the "lino" in the passage.

"Nobody here yet, Miss," said the char.

"Oh, isn't Mr. Kadgit here?" said Miss Moss, trying to dodge the pail and brush. "Well, I'll just wait a moment, if I may."

"You can't wait in the waiting-room, Miss. I 'aven't done it yet. Mr. Kadgit's never 'ere before 'leven-thirty Saturdays. Sometimes 'e don't come at all." And the char began crawling towards her.

"Dear me – how silly of me," said Miss Moss. "I forgot it was Saturday."

"Mind your feet, *please*, Miss," said the char. And Miss Moss was outside again.

That was one thing about Beit and Bithems; it was lively. You walked into the waiting-room, into a great buzz of conversation, and there was everybody, almost everybody. The early ones sat on chairs and the later ones sat on the early ones' laps, while the gentlemen leaned negligently against the wails or preened themselves in front of the admiring ladies.

"Hello," said Miss Moss, very gay. "Here we are again!"

And young Mr. Clayton, playing the banjo on his walking-stick sang: "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

"Mr. Bithem here yet?" asked Miss Moss, taking out an old dead powder puff and powdering her nose mauve.

“Oh, yes, dear,” cried the chorus. “He’s been here for ages. We’ve all been waiting here for more than an hour.”

“Dear me!” said Miss Moss. “Anything doing, do you think?”

“Oh, a few jobs going for South Africa,” said young Mr. Clayton. “Hundred and fifty a week for two years, you know.”

“Oh!” cried the chorus. “You are weird, Mr. Clayton. Isn’t he a cure? Isn’t he a scream, dear? Oh, Mr. Clayton, you do make me laugh. Isn’t he a comic?”

A dark mournful girl touched Miss Moss on the arm.

“I just missed a lovely job yesterday,” she said. “Six weeks in the provinces and then the West End. The manager said I would have got it for certain if only I’d been robust enough. He said if my figure had been fuller, the part was made for me.” She stared at Miss Moss, and the dirty dark red rose under the brim of her hat looked, somehow, as though it shared the blow with her, and was crushed, too.

“Oh, dear, that was hard lines,” said Miss Moss trying to appear indifferent. “What was it – if I may ask?”

But the dark, mournful girl saw through her and a gleam of spite came into her heavy eyes.

“Oh, no good to you, my dear,” said she. "He wanted someone young, you know – a dark Spanish type – my style, but more figure, that was all.”

The inner door opened and Mr. Bithem appeared in his shirt sleeves. He kept one hand on the door ready to whisk back again, and held up the other.

“Look here, ladies –” and then he paused, grinned his famous grin before he said – ” and bhoys.” The waiting-room laughed so loudly at this that he had to hold both hands up. “It’s no good waiting this morning. Come back Monday; I’m expecting several calls on Monday.”

Miss Moss made a desperate rush forward. “Mr. Bithem, I wonder if you’ve heard from . . . “

“Now let me see,” said Mr. Bithem slowly, staring; he had only seen Miss Moss four times a week for the past – how many weeks? “Now, who are you?”

“Miss Ada Moss.”

“Oh, yes, yes; of course, my dear. Not yet, my dear. Now I had a call for twenty-eight ladies today, but they had to be young and able to hop it a bit – see? And I had another call for sixteen – but they had to know something about sand-dancing. Look here, my dear, I’m up to the eyebrows this morning. Come back on Monday week; it’s no good coming before that.” He gave her a whole grin to herself and patted her fat back. “Hearts of oak, dear lady,” said Mr. Bithem, “hearts of oak!”

At the North-East Film Company the crowd was all the way up the stairs. Miss Moss found herself next to a fair little baby thing about thirty in a white lace hat with cherries round it.

"What a crowd!" said she. "Anything special on?"

“Didn’t you know, dear?” said the baby, opening her immense pale eyes. “There was a call at nine-thirty for attractive girls. We’ve all been waiting for hours. Have you played for this company before?” Miss Moss put her head on one side. “No, I don’t think I have.”

“They’re a lovely company to play for,” said the baby. “A friend of mine has a friend who gets thirty pounds a day. . . . Have you arcted much for the fil -lums?”

“Well, I’m not an actress by profession,” confessed Miss Moss. “I’m a contralto singer. But things have been so bad lately that I’ve been doing a little.”

“It’s like that, isn’t it, dear?” said the baby.

“I had a splendid education at the College of Music,” said Miss Moss, “and I got my silver medal for singing. I’ve often sung at West End concerts. But I thought, for a change, I’d try my luck . . . “

“Yes, it’s like that, isn’t it, dear?” said the baby.

At that moment a beautiful typist appeared at the top of the stairs.

“Are you all waiting for the North-East call?”

“Yes!” cried the chorus.

“Well, it’s off. I’ve just had a phone through.”

“But look here! What about our expenses?” shouted a voice.

The typist looked down at them, and she couldn’t help laughing.

“Oh, you weren't to have been paid. The North-East never pay their crowds.”

There was only a little round window at the Bitter Orange Company. No waiting-room – nobody at all except a girl, who came to the window when Miss Moss knocked, and said: “Well?”

“Can I see the producer, please?” said Miss Moss pleasantly. The girl leaned on the window-bar, half-shut her eyes, and seemed to go to sleep for a moment. Miss Moss smiled at her. The girl not only frowned; she seemed to smell something vaguely unpleasant; she sniffed. Suddenly she moved away, came back with a paper, and thrust it at Miss Moss.

“Fill up the form!” said she. And banged the window down.

“Can you aviate – high-dive – drive a car – buck-jump – shoot?” read Miss Moss. She walked along the street asking herself those questions. There was a high, cold wind blowing; it tugged at her, slapped her face, jeered; it knew she could not answer them. In the Square Gardens she found a little wire basket to drop the form into. And then she sat down on one of the benches to powder her nose. But the person in the pocket mirror made a hideous face at her, and that was too much for Miss Moss; she had a good cry. It cheered her wonderfully.

“Well, that’s over,” she sighed. “It’s one comfort to be off my feet. And my nose will soon get cool in the air. . . . It’s very nice in here. Look at the sparrows. Cheep. Cheep. How close they come. I expect somebody feeds them. No, I've nothing for you, you cheeky little things. . . . “ She looked away from them. What was the big building opposite–the Café de Madrid? My goodness, what a smack that little child came down! Poor little mite! Never mind–up again. . . . By eight o’clock tonight . . . Café de Madrid. “I could just go in and sit there and have a coffee, that’s all,” thought Miss Moss. “It’s such a place for artists too. I might just have a stroke of luck. . . . A dark handsome gentleman in a fur coat comes in with a friend, and sits at my table, perhaps. ‘No, old chap, I’ve searched London for a contralto and I can’t find a soul. You see, the music is difficult; have a look at it.’” And Miss Moss heard herself saying: “Excuse me, I happen to be a contralto, and I have sung that part many times. . . . Extraordinary! ‘Come back to my studio and I’ll try your voice now.’ . . . Ten pounds a week. . . . Why should I feel nervous? It’s not nervousness. Why shouldn’t I

go to the Café de Madrid? I'm a respectable woman – I'm a contralto singer. And I'm only trembling because I've had nothing to eat today. . . . 'A nice little piece of evidence, my lady.' . . . Very well, Mrs. Pine. Café de Madrid. They have concerts there in the evenings. . . . 'Why don't they begin?' The contralto has not arrived. . . . 'Excuse me, I happen to be a contralto; I have sung that music many times.'"

It was almost dark in the café. Men, palms, red plush seats, white marble tables, waiters in aprons, Miss Moss walked through them all. Hardly had she sat down when a very stout gentleman wearing a very small hat that floated on the top of his head like a little yacht flopped into the chair opposite hers.

"Good evening!" said he.

Miss Moss said, in her cheerful way: "Good evening!"

"Fine evening," said the stout gentleman.

"Yes, very fine. Quite a treat, isn't it?" said she.

He crooked a sausage finger at the waiter – "Bring me a large whisky" – and turned to Miss Moss. "What's yours?"

"Well, I think I'll take a brandy if it's all the same.

Five minutes later the stout gentleman leaned across the table and blew a puff of cigar smoke full in her face.

That's a tempting bit o'ribbon!" said he.

Miss Moss blushed until a pulse at the top of her head that she never had felt before pounded away.

"I always was one for pink," said she.

The stout gentleman considered her, drumming with her fingers on the table.

"I like 'em firm and well covered," said he.

Miss Moss, to her surprise, gave a loud snigger.

Five minutes later the stout gentleman heaved himself up. "Well, am I goin' your way, or are you comin' mine?" he asked.

"I'll come with you, if it's all the same," said Miss Moss. And she sailed after the little yacht out of the café.

The Furnished Room

by O'Henri

RESTLESS, ALWAYS MOVING, FOREVER PASSING like time itself, are most of the people who live in these old red houses. This is on New York's West Side. The people are homeless, yet they have a hundred homes. They go from furnished room to furnished room. They are transients, transients forever—transients in living place, transients in heart and mind. They sing the song, "Home, Sweet Home," but they sing it without feeling what it means. They can carry everything they own in one small box. They know nothing of gardens. To them, flowers and leaves are something to put on a woman's hat. The houses of this part of the city have had a thousand people living in them. Therefore each house should have a thousand stories to tell. Perhaps most of these stories would not be interesting. But it would be strange if you did not feel, in some of these houses, that you were among people you could not see. The spirits of some who had lived and suffered there must surely remain, though their bodies had gone. One evening a young man appeared, going from one to another of these big old houses, ringing the doorbell. At the twelfth house, he put down the bag he carried. He cleaned the dust from his face. Then he touched the bell. It sounded far, far away, as if it were ringing deep underground. The woman who owned the house came to the door. The young man looked at her. He thought that she was like some fat, colorless, legless thing that had come up from a hole in the ground, hungrily hoping for something, or someone, to eat. He asked if there was a room that he could have for the night. "Come in," said the woman. Her voice was soft, but for some reason he did not like it. "I have the back room on the third floor. Do you wish to look at it?" The young man followed her up. There was little light in the halls. He could not see where that light came from. The covering on the floor was old and ragged. There were places in the walls made, perhaps, to hold flowering plants. If this were true, the plants had died long before this evening. The air was bad; no flowers could have lived in it for long. "This is the room," said the woman in her soft, thick voice. "It's a nice room. Someone is usually living in it. I had some very nice people in it last summer. I had no trouble with them. They paid

on time. The water is at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney had the room for three months. You know them? Theater people. The gas is here. You see there is plenty of space to hang your clothes. It's a room everyone likes. If you don't take it, someone else will take it soon." "Do you have many theater people living here?" asked the young man. "They come and go. Many of my people work in the theater. Yes, sir, this is the part of the city where theater people live. They never stay long any place. They live in all the houses near here. They come and they go." The young man paid for the room for a week. He was going to stay there, he said, and rest. He counted out the money. The room was all ready, she said. He would find everything that he needed. As she moved away he asked his question. He had asked it already a thousand times. It was always there, waiting to be asked again. "A young girl – Eloise Vashner – do you remember her? Has she ever been in this house? She would be singing in the theater, probably. A girl of middle height, thin, with red-gold hair and a small dark spot on her face near her left eye." "No, I don't remember the name. Theater people change names as often as they change their rooms. They come and they go. No, I don't remember that one." No. Always no. He had asked his question for five months, and the answer was always no. Every day he questioned men who knew theater people. Had she gone to them to ask for work? Every evening he went to the theaters. He went to good theaters and to bad ones. Some were so bad that he was afraid to find her there. Yet he went to them, hoping. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. She had suddenly gone from her home. He was sure that this great city, this island, held her. But everything in the city was moving, restless. What was on top today, was lost at the bottom tomorrow. The furnished room received the young man with a certain warmth. Or it seemed to receive him warmly. It seemed to promise that here he could rest. There was a bed and there were two chairs with ragged covers. Between the two windows there was a looking-glass about twelve inches wide. There were pictures on the walls. The young man sat down in a chair, while the room tried to tell him its history. The words it used were strange, not easy to understand, as if they were words of many distant foreign countries. There was a floor covering of many colors, like an island of flowers in the middle of the room.

Dust lay all around it. There was bright wall-paper on the wall. There was a fireplace. On the wall above it, some bright pieces of cloth were hanging. Perhaps they had been put there to add beauty to the room. This they did not do. And the pictures on the walls were pictures the young man had seen a hundred times before in other furnished rooms. Here and there around the room were small objects forgotten by others who had used the room. There were pictures of theater people, something to hold flowers, but nothing valuable. One by one the little signs grew clear. They showed the young man the others who had lived there before him. In front of the looking-glass there was a thin spot in the floor covering. That told him that women had been in the room. Small finger marks on the wall told of children, trying to feel their way to sun and air. A larger spot on the wall made him think of someone, in anger, throwing something there. Across the looking-glass, some person had written the name, “Marie.” It seemed to him that those who had lived in the furnished room had been angry with it, and had done all they could to hurt it. Perhaps their anger had been caused by the room’s brightness and its coldness. For there was no true warmth in the room. There were cuts and holes in the chairs and in the walls. The bed was half broken. The floor cried out as if in pain when it was walked on. People for a time had called this room “home,” and yet they had hurt it. This was a fact not easy to believe. But perhaps it was, strangely, a deep love of home that was the cause. The people who had lived in the room perhaps never knew what a real home was. But they knew that this room was not a home. Therefore their deep anger rose up and made them strike out. The young man in the chair allowed these thoughts to move one by one, softly, through his mind. At the same time, sounds and smells from other furnished rooms came into his room. He heard someone laughing, laughing in a manner that was neither happy nor pleasant. From other rooms he heard a woman talking too loudly; and he heard people playing games for money; and he heard a woman singing to a baby, and he heard someone weeping. Above him there was music. Doors opened and closed. The trains outside rushed noisily past. Some animal cried out in the night outside. And the young man felt the breath of the house. It had a smell that was more than bad; it seemed cold and sick and old and dying. Then

suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet smell of a flower, small and white, named mignonette. The smell came so surely and so strongly that it almost seemed like a living person entering the room. And the man cried aloud: “What, dear?” as if he had been called. He jumped up and turned around. The rich smell was near, and all around him. He opened his arms for it. For a moment he did not know where he was or what he was doing. How could anyone be called by a smell? Surely it must have been a sound. But could a sound have touched him? “She has been in this room,” he cried, and he began to seek some sign of her. He knew that if he found any small thing that had belonged to her, he would know that it was hers. If she had only touched it, he would know it. This smell of flowers that was all around him—she had loved it and had made it her own. Where did it come from? The room had been carelessly cleaned. He found many small things that women had left. Something to hold their hair in place. Something to wear in the hair to make it more beautiful. A piece of cloth that smelled of another flower. A book. Nothing that had been hers. And he began to walk around the room like a dog hunting a wild animal. He looked in corners. He got down on his hands and knees to look at the floor. He wanted something that he could see. He could not realize that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, near to him, calling him. Then once again he felt the call. Once again he answered loudly: “Yes, dear!” and turned, wild-eyed, to look at nothing. For he could not yet see the form and color and love and reaching arms that were there in the smell of white flowers. Oh, God! Where did the smell of flowers come from? Since when has a smell had a voice to call? So he wondered, and went on seeking. He found many small things, left by many who had used the room. But of her, who may have been there, whose spirit seemed to be there, he found no sign. And then he thought of the owner. He ran from the room, with its smell of flowers, going down and to a door where he could see a light. She came out. He tried to speak quietly. “Will you tell me,” he asked her, “who was in my room before I came here?” “Yes, sir. I can tell you again. It was Sprowls and Mooney, as I said. It was really Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, but she used her own name. Theater people do that.” “Tell me about Mrs. Mooney. What did she look like?” “Black-haired, short

and fat. They left here a week ago." "And before they were here?" "There was a gentleman. Not in the theater business. He didn't pay. Before him was Mrs. Crowder and her two children. They stayed four months. And before them was old Mr. Doyle. His sons paid for him. He had the room six months. That is a year, and further I do not remember." He thanked her and went slowly back to his room. The room was dead. The smell of flowers had made it alive, but the smell of flowers was gone. In its place was the smell of the house. His hope was gone. He sat looking at the yellow gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and took the covers. He began to tear them into pieces. He pushed the pieces into every open space around windows and door. No air, now, would be able to enter the room. When all was as he wished it, he put out the burning gaslight. Then, in the dark, he started the gas again, and he lay down thankfully on the bed. It was Mrs. McCool's night to go and get them something cold to drink. So she went and came back, and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those rooms underground where the women who own these old houses meet and talk. "I have a young man in my third floor back room this evening," said Mrs. Purdy, taking a drink. "He went up to bed two hours ago." "Is that true, Mrs. Purdy?" said Mrs. McCool. It was easy to see that she thought this was a fine and surprising thing. "You always find someone to take a room like that. I don't know how you do it. Did you tell him about it?" "Rooms," said Mrs. Purdy, in her soft thick voice, "are furnished to be used by those that need them. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool." "You are right, Mrs. Purdy. It's the money we get for the rooms that keeps us alive. You have the real feeling for business. There are many people who wouldn't take a room like that if they knew. If you told them that someone had died in the bed, and died by their own hand, they wouldn't enter the room." "As you say, we have our living to think of," said Mrs. Purdy. "Yes, it is true. Only one week ago I helped you there in the third floor back room. She was a pretty little girl. And to kill herself with the gas! She had a sweet little face, Mrs. Purdy." "She would have been called beautiful, as you say," said Mrs. Purdy, "except for that dark spot she had growing by her left eye. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool."

Premium Harmony

by S. King

They've been married for ten years and for a long time everything was O.K.—swell—but now they argue. Now they argue quite a lot. It's really all the same argument. It has circularity. It is, Ray thinks, like a dog track. When they argue, they're like greyhounds chasing the mechanical rabbit. You go past the same scenery time after time, but you don't see it. You see the rabbit.

He thinks it might be different if they'd had kids, but she couldn't. They finally got tested, and that's what the doctor said. It was her problem. A year or so after that, he bought her a dog, a Jack Russell she named Biznezz. She'd spell it for people who asked. She loves that dog, but now they argue anyway.

They're going to Wal-Mart for grass seed. They've decided to sell the house—they can't afford to keep it—but Mary says they won't get far until they do something about the plumbing and get the lawn fixed. She says those bald patches make it look shanty Irish. It's because of the drought. It's been a hot summer and there's been no rain to speak of. Ray tells her grass seed won't grow without rain no matter how good it is. He says they should wait.

"Then another year goes by and we're still there," she says. "We can't wait another year, Ray. We'll be bankrupts."

When she talks, Biz looks at her from his place in the back seat. Sometimes he looks at Ray when Ray talks, but not always. Mostly he looks at Mary.

"What do you think?" he says. "It's going to rain just so you don't have to worry about going bankrupt?"

"We're in it together, in case you forgot," she says. They're driving through Castle Rock now. It's pretty dead. What Ray calls "the economy" has disappeared from this part of Maine. The Wal-Mart is on the other side of town, near the high school where Ray is a janitor. The Wal-Mart has its own stoplight. People joke about it.

"Penny wise and pound foolish," he says. "You ever hear that one?"

"A million times, from you."

He grunts. He can see the dog in the rearview mirror, watching her. He sort of hates the way Biz does that. It occurs to him that neither of them knows what they are talking about.

"And pull in at the Quik-Pik," she says. "I want to get a kickball for Tallie's birthday." Tallie is her brother's little girl. Ray supposes that makes her his niece, although he's not sure that's right, since all the blood is on Mary's side.

"They have balls at Wal-Mart," Ray says. "And everything's cheaper at Wally World."

"The ones at Quik-Pik are purple. Purple is her favorite color. I can't be sure there'll be purple at Wal-Mart."

"If there aren't, we'll stop at the Quik-Pik on the way back." He feels a great weight pressing down on his head. She'll get her way. She always does on things like this. He sometimes thinks marriage is like a football game and he's quarterbacking the underdog team. He has to pick his spots. Make short passes.

"It'll be on the wrong side coming back," she says—as if they are caught in a torrent of city traffic instead of rolling through an almost deserted little town where most of the stores are for sale. "I'll just dash in and get the ball and dash right back out."

At two hundred pounds, Ray thinks, your dashing days are over.

"They're only ninety-nine cents," she says. "Don't be such a pinchpenny."

Don't be so pound foolish, he thinks, but what he says is "Buy me a pack of smokes while you're in there. I'm out."

"If you quit, we'd have an extra forty dollars a week. Maybe more."

He saves up and pays a friend in South Carolina to ship him a dozen cartons at a time. They're twenty dollars a carton cheaper in South Carolina. That's a lot of money, even in this day and age. It's not like he doesn't try to economize. He has told her this before and will again, but what's the point? In one ear, out the other.

"I used to smoke two packs a day," he says. "Now I smoke less than half a pack." Actually, most days he smokes more. She knows it, and Ray knows she knows it. That's marriage after a while. The weight on his head gets a little heavier. Also, he

can see Biz still looking at her. He feeds the damn dog, and he makes the money that pays for the food, but it's her he's looking at. And Jack Russells are supposed to be smart.

He turns into the Quik-Pik.

"You ought to buy them on Indian Island if you've got to have them," she says.

"They haven't sold tax-free smokes on the rez for ten years," he says. "I've told you that, too. You don't listen." He pulls past the gas pumps and parks beside the store. There's no shade. The sun is directly overhead. The car's air-conditioner only works a little. They are both sweating. In the back seat, Biz is panting. It makes him look like he's grinning.

"Well, you ought to quit," Mary says.

"And you ought to quit those Little Debbies," he says. He doesn't want to say this – he knows how sensitive she is about her weight – but out it comes. He can't hold it back. It's a mystery.

"I don't eat those no more," she says. "Any, I mean. Anymore."

"Mary, the box is on the top shelf. A twenty-four-pack. Behind the flour."

"Were you snooping?" A flush rises in her cheeks, and he sees how she looked when she was still beautiful. Good-looking, anyway. Everybody said she was good-looking, even his mother, who didn't like her otherwise.

"I was hunting for the bottle opener," he says. "I had a bottle of cream soda. The kind with the old-fashioned cap."

"Looking for it on the top shelf of the goddam cupboard!"

"Go in and get the ball," he says. "And get me some smokes. Be a sport."

"Can't you wait until we get home? Can't you even wait that long?"

"You can get the cheap ones," he says. "That off-brand. Premium Harmony, they're called." They taste like homemade shit, but all right. If she'll only shut up about it.

"Where are you going to smoke, anyway? In the car, I suppose, so I have to breathe it."

"I'll open the window. I always do."

“I’ll get the ball. Then I’ll come back. If you still feel you have to spend four dollars and fifty cents to poison your lungs, you can go in. I’ll sit with the baby.”

Ray hates it when she calls Biz the baby. He’s a dog, and he may be as bright as Mary likes to boast when they have company, but he still shits outside and licks where his balls used to be.

“Buy a few Twinkies while you’re at it,” he tells her. “Or maybe they’re having a special on Ho Hos.”

“You’re so mean,” she says. She gets out of the car and slams the door. He’s parked too close to the concrete cube of a building and she has to sidle until she’s past the trunk of the car, and he knows she knows he’s looking at her, seeing how she’s now so big she has to sidle. He knows she thinks he parked close to the building on purpose, to make her sidle, and maybe he did.

“Well, Biz, old buddy, it’s just you and me.”

Biz lies down on the back seat and closes his eyes. He may stand up on his back paws and shuffle around for a few seconds when Mary puts on a record and tells him to dance, and if she tells him (in a jolly voice) that he’s a *bad boy* he may go into the corner and sit facing the wall, but he still shits outside.

He sits there and she doesn’t come out. Ray opens the glove compartment. He paws through the rat’s nest of papers, looking for some cigarettes he might have forgotten, but there aren’t any. He does find a Hostess Sno Ball still in its wrapper. He pokes it. It’s as stiff as a corpse. It’s got to be a thousand years old. Maybe older. Maybe it came over on the Ark.

“Everybody has his poison,” he says. He unwraps the Sno Ball and tosses it into the back seat. “Want that, Biz?”

Biz snarks the Sno Ball in two bites. Then he sets to work licking up bits of coconut off the seat. Mary would pitch a bitch, but Mary’s not here.

Ray looks at the gas gauge and sees it’s down to half. He could turn off the motor and roll down the windows, but then he’d really bake. Sitting here in the sun, waiting for her to buy a purple plastic kickball for ninety-nine cents when he knows

they could get one for seventy-nine cents at Wal-Mart. Only that one might be yellow or red. Not good enough for Tallie. Only purple for the princess.

He sits there and Mary doesn't come back. "Christ on a pony!" he says. Cool air trickles from the vents. He thinks again about turning off the engine, saving some gas, then thinks, Fuck it. She won't weaken and bring him the smokes, either. Not even the cheap off-brand. This he knows. He had to make that remark about the Little Debbies.

He sees a young woman in the rearview mirror. She's jogging toward the car. She's even heavier than Mary; great big tits shuffle back and forth under her blue smock. Biz sees her coming and starts to bark.

Ray cracks the window an inch or two.

"Are you with the blond-haired woman who just came in? She your wife?" She puffs the words. Her face shines with sweat.

"Yes. She wanted a ball for our niece."

"Well, something's wrong with her. She fell down. She's unconscious. Mr. Ghosh thinks she might have had a heart attack. He called 911. You better come."

Ray locks the car and follows her into the store. It's cold inside. Mary is lying on the floor with her legs spread and her arms at her sides. She's next to a wire cylinder full of kickballs. The sign over the wire cylinder says "Hot Fun in the Summertime." Her eyes are closed. She might be sleeping there on the linoleum. Three people are standing over her. One is a dark-skinned man in khaki pants and a white shirt. A nametag on the pocket of his shirt says "*MR. GHOSH MANAGER*." The other two are customers. One is a thin old man without much hair. He's in his seventies at least. The other is a fat woman. She's fatter than Mary. Fatter than the girl in the blue smock, too. Ray thinks by rights she's the one who should be lying on the floor.

"Sir, are you this lady's husband?" Mr. Ghosh asks.

"Yes," Ray says. That doesn't seem to be enough. "Yes, I am."

"I am sorry to say, but I think she might be dead," Mr. Ghosh says. "I gave the artificial respiration and the mouth-to-mouth, but . . ."

Ray thinks of the dark-skinned man putting his mouth on Mary's. French-kissing her, sort of. Breathing down her throat right next to the wire cylinder full of plastic kickballs. Then he kneels down.

"Mary," he says. "Mary!" Like he's trying to wake her up after a hard night.

She doesn't appear to be breathing, but you can't always tell. He puts his ear by her mouth and hears nothing. He feels air on his skin, but that's probably just the air-conditioning.

"This gentleman called 911," the fat woman says. She's holding a bag of Bugles.

"Mary!" Ray says. Louder this time, but he can't quite bring himself to shout, not down on his knees with people standing around. He looks up and says, apologetically, "She never gets sick. She's healthy as a horse."

"You never know," the old man says. He shakes his head.

"She just fell down," the young woman in the blue smock says. "Not a word."

"Did she grab her chest?" the fat woman with the Bugles asks.

"I don't know," the young woman says. "I guess not. Not that I saw. She just fell down."

There's a rack of souvenir T-shirts near the kickballs. They say things like "My Parents Were Treated Like Royalty in Castle Rock and All I Got Was This Lousy Tee-Shirt." Mr. Ghosh takes one and says, "Would you like me to cover her face, sir?"

"God, no!" Ray says, startled. "She might only be unconscious. We're not doctors." Past Mr. Ghosh, he sees three kids, teen-agers, looking in the window. One has a cell phone. He's using it to take a picture.

Mr. Ghosh follows Ray's look and rushes at the door, flapping his hands. "You kids get out of here! You kids get out!"

Laughing, the teen-agers shuffle backward, then turn and jog past the gas pumps to the sidewalk. Beyond them, the nearly deserted downtown shimmers. A car goes by pulsing rap. To Ray, the bass sounds like Mary's stolen heartbeat.

"Where's the ambulance?" the old man says. "How come it's not here yet?"

Ray kneels by his wife while the time goes by. His back hurts and his knees hurt, but if he gets up he'll look like a spectator.

The ambulance turns out to be a Chevy Suburban painted white with orange stripes. The red jackpot lights are flashing. "*CASTLE COUNTY RESCUE*" is printed across the front, only backward, so you can read it in your rearview mirror.

The two men who come in are dressed in white. They look like waiters. One pushes an oxygen tank on a dolly. It's a green tank with an American-flag decal on it. "Sorry," he says. "Just cleared a car accident over in Oxford."

The other one sees Mary lying on the floor. "Aw, gee," he says.

Ray can't believe it. "Is she still alive?" he asks. "Is she just unconscious? If she is, you better give her oxygen or she'll have brain damage."

Mr. Ghosh shakes his head. The young woman in the blue smock starts to cry. Ray wants to ask her what she's crying about, then knows. She has made up a whole story about him from what he just said. Why, if he came back in a week or so and played his cards right, she might toss him a mercy fuck. Not that he *would*, but he sees that maybe he could. If he wanted to.

Mary's eyes don't react to the ophthalmoscope. One E.M.T. listens to her nonexistent heartbeat, and the other takes her nonexistent blood pressure. It goes on like that for a while. The teen-agers come back with some of their friends. Other people, too. Ray guesses they're being drawn by the flashing red lights on top of the Suburban the way bugs are drawn to a porch light. Mr. Ghosh takes another run at them, flapping his arms. They back away again. Then, when Mr. Ghosh returns to the circle around Mary and Ray, they come back.

One of the E.M.T.s says to Ray, "She was your wife?"

"Right."

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say that she's dead."

"Mary, Mother of God," the fat lady with the Bugles says. She crosses herself.

"Oh." Ray stands up. His knees crack. "They told me she was."

Mr. Ghosh offers one of the E.M.T.s the souvenir T-shirt to put over Mary's face, but the E.M.T. shakes his head and goes outside. He tells the little crowd that

there's nothing to see, as if anyone's going to believe a dead woman on the Quik-Pik floor isn't interesting.

The E.M.T. yanks a gurney from the back of the rescue vehicle. He does it with a single flip of the wrist. The legs fold down all by themselves. The old man with the thinning hair holds the door open and the E.M.T. pulls his rolling deathbed inside.

"Whoo, hot," the E.M.T. says, wiping his forehead.

"You may want to turn away for this part, sir," the other one says, but Ray watches as they lift her onto the gurney. A sheet has been tucked down at the end of it. They pull it up all the way, until it's over her face. Now Mary looks like a corpse in a movie. They roll her out into the heat. This time, the fat woman with the Bugles holds the door for them. The crowd has retreated to the sidewalk. There must be three dozen people standing in the unrelieved August sunshine.

When Mary is stored, the E.M.T.s come back. One is holding a clipboard. He asks Ray about twenty-five questions. Ray can answer all but the one about her age. Then he remembers she's three years younger than he is and tells them thirty-five.

"We're going to take her to St. Stevie's," the E.M.T. with the clipboard says. "You can follow us if you don't know where that is."

"I know," Ray says. "What? Do you want to do an autopsy? Cut her up?"

The girl in the blue smock gives a gasp. Mr. Ghosh puts his arm around her, and she puts her face against his white shirt. Ray wonders if Mr. Ghosh is fucking her. He hopes not. Not because of Mr. Ghosh's brown skin but because he's got to be twice her age.

"Well, that's not our decision," the E.M.T. says, "but probably not. She didn't die unattended—"

"I'll say," the woman with the Bugles interjects.

"—and it's pretty clearly a heart attack. You can probably have her released to the mortuary almost immediately."

Mortuary? An hour ago they were in the car, arguing. "I don't have a mortuary," Ray says. "Not a mortuary, a burial plot, nothing. What the hell? She's thirty-five."

The two E.M.T.s exchange a look. “Mr. Burkett, there’ll be someone to help you with all that at St. Stevie’s. Don’t worry about it.”

The E.M.T. wagon pulls out with the lights still flashing but the siren off. The crowd on the sidewalk starts to break up. The countergirl, the old man, the fat woman, and Mr. Ghosh look at Ray as though he’s someone special. A celebrity.

“She wanted a purple kickball for our niece,” he says. “She’s having a birthday. She’ll be eight. Her name is Talia. Tallie for short. She was named for an actress.”

Mr. Ghosh takes a purple kickball from the wire rack and holds it out to Ray in both hands. “On the house,” he says.

“Thank you, sir,” Ray says, trying to sound equally solemn, and the woman with the Bugles bursts into tears. “Mary, Mother of God,” she says. She likes that one.

They stand around for a while, talking. Mr. Ghosh gets sodas from the cooler. These are also on the house. They drink their sodas and Ray tells them a few things about Mary. He tells them how she made a quilt that took third prize at the Castle County fair. That was in ’02. Or maybe ’03.

“That’s so sad,” the woman with the Bugles says. She has opened them and shared them around. They eat and drink.

“My wife went in her sleep,” the old man with the thinning hair says. “She just laid down on the sofa and never woke up. We were married thirty-seven years. I always expected I’d go first, but that’s not the way the good Lord wanted it. I can still see her laying there on the sofa.”

Finally, Ray runs out of things to tell them, and they run out of things to tell him. Customers are coming in again. Mr. Ghosh waits on some, and the woman in the blue smock waits on others. Then the fat woman says she really has to go. She gives Ray a kiss on the cheek before she does.

“Now you need to see to your business, Mr. Burkett,” she tells him. Her tone is both reprimanding and flirtatious.

He looks at the clock over the counter. It's the kind with a beer advertisement on it. Almost two hours have gone by since Mary went sidling between the car and the cinder-block side of the Quik-Pik. And for the first time he thinks of Biz.

When he opens the door, heat rushes out at him, and when he puts his hand on the steering wheel to lean in he pulls it back with a cry. It's got to be a hundred and thirty in there. Biz is dead on his back. His eyes are milky. His tongue is protruding from the side of his mouth. Ray can see the wink of his teeth. There are little bits of coconut caught in his whiskers. That shouldn't be funny, but it is. Not funny enough to laugh at, but funny.

"Biz, old buddy," he says. "I'm sorry. I forgot you were in here."

Great sadness and amusement sweep over him as he looks at the baked Jack Russell. That anything so sad should be funny is just a crying shame.

"Well, you're with her now, ain't you?" he says, and this is so sad that he begins to cry. It's a hard storm. While he's crying, it comes to him that now he can smoke all he wants, and anywhere in the house. He can smoke right there at her dining-room table.

"You're with her now, Biz," he says again through his tears. His voice is clogged and thick. It's a relief to sound just right for the situation. "Poor old Mary, poor old Biz. Damn it all!"

Still crying, and with the purple kickball still tucked under his arm, he goes back into the Quik-Pik. He tells Mr. Ghosh he forgot to get cigarettes. He thinks maybe Mr. Ghosh will give him a pack of Premium Harmonys on the house as well, but Mr. Ghosh's generosity doesn't stretch that far. Ray smokes all the way to the hospital with the windows shut and the air-conditioning on.

The Hunter's Wife

by Anthony Doerr

It was the hunter's first time outside Montana. He woke, stricken still with the hours-old vision of ascending through rose-lit cumulus, of houses and barns like specks deep in the snowed-in valleys, all the scrolling country below looking December – brown and black hills streaked with snow, flashes of iced-over lakes, the long braids of a river gleaming at the bottom of a canyon. Above the wing the sky had deepened to a blue so pure he knew it would bring tears to his eyes if he looked long enough.

Now it was dark. The airplane descended over Chicago, its galaxy of electric lights, the vast neighborhoods coming clearer as the plane glided toward the airport – streetlights, headlights, stacks of buildings, ice rinks, a truck turning at a stoplight, scraps of snow atop a warehouse and winking antennae on faraway hills, finally the long converging parallels of blue runway lights, and they were down.

He walked into the airport, past the banks of monitors. Already he felt as if he'd lost something, some beautiful perspective, some lovely dream fallen away. He had come to Chicago to see his wife, whom he had not seen in twenty years. She was there to perform her magic for a higher-up at the state university. Even universities, apparently, were interested in what she could do. Outside the terminal the sky was thick and gray and hurried by wind. Snow was coming. A woman from the university met him and escorted him to her Jeep. He kept his gaze out the window.

They were in the car for forty-five minutes, passing first the tall, lighted architecture of downtown, then naked suburban oaks, heaps of ploughed snow, gas stations, power towers, and telephone wires. The woman said, "So you regularly attend your wife's performances?"

"No," he said. "Never before."

She parked in the driveway of an elaborate modern mansion, with square balconies suspended over two garages, huge triangular windows in the façade, sleek columns, domed lights, a steep shale roof.

Inside the front door about thirty nametags were laid out on a table. His wife was not there yet. No one, apparently, was there yet. He found his tag and pinned it to his sweater. A silent girl in a tuxedo appeared and disappeared with his coat.

The granite foyer was backed with a grand staircase, which spread wide at the bottom and tapered at the top. A woman came down. She stopped four or five steps from the bottom and said, “Hello, Anne” to the woman who had driven him there and “You must be Mr. Dumas to him. He took her hand, a pale, bony thing, weightless, like a featherless bird.

Her husband, the university’s chancellor, was just knotting his bow tie, she said, and she laughed sadly to herself, as if bow ties were something she disapproved of. The hunter moved to a window, shifted aside the curtain, and peered out.

In the poor light he could see a wooden deck the length of the house, angled and stepped, its width ever changing, with a low rail. Beyond it, in the blue shadows, a small pond lay encircled by hedges, with a marble birdbath at its center. Behind the pond stood leafless trees – oaks, maples, a sycamore as white as bone. A helicopter shuttled past, its green light winking.

“It’s snowing,” he said.

“Is it?” the hostess asked, with an air of concern, perhaps false. It was impossible to tell what was sincere and what was not. The woman who had driven him there had moved to the bar, where she cradled a drink and stared into the carpet.

He let the curtain fall back. The chancellor came down the staircase. Other guests fluttered in. A man in gray corduroy, with “Bruce Maples” on his nametag, approached him. “Mr. Dumas,” he said, “your wife isn’t here yet?”

“You know her?” the hunter asked. “Oh, no,” Maples said, and shook his head. “No, I don’t.” He spread his legs and swiveled his hips as if stretching before a footrace. “But I’ve read about her.”

The hunter watched as a tall, remarkably thin man stepped through the front door. Hollows behind his jaw and beneath his eyes made him appear ancient and skeletal – as if he were visiting from some other, leaner world. The chancellor approached the thin man, embraced him, and held him for a moment.

“That’s President O’Brien,” Maples said. “A famous man, actually, to people who follow those sorts of things. So terrible, what happened to his family.” Maples stabbed the ice in his drink with his straw.

For the first time the hunter began to think he should not have come.

“Have you read your wife's books?” Maples asked.

The hunter nodded.

“In her poems her husband is a hunter.”

“I guide hunters.” He was looking out the window to where snow was settling on the hedges.

“Does that ever bother you?”

“What?”

“Killing animals. For a living, I mean.”

The hunter watched snowflakes disappear as they touched the window. Was that what hunting meant to people? Killing animals? He put his fingers to the glass. “No,” he said. “It doesn’t bother me.”

The hunter met his wife in Great Falls, Montana, in the winter of 1972. That winter arrived all at once – you could watch it come. Twin curtains of white appeared in the north, white all the way to the sky, driving south like the end of all things. Cattle galloped the fencelines, bawling. Trees toppled; a barn roof tumbled over the highway. The river changed directions. The wind flung thrushes screaming into the gorse and impaled them on the thorns in grotesque attitudes.

She was a magician’s assistant, beautiful, fifteen years old, an orphan. It was not a new story: a glittery red dress, long legs, a traveling magic show performing in the meeting hall at the Central Christian Church. The hunter had been walking past with an armful of groceries when the wind stopped him in his tracks and drove him into the alley behind the church. He had never felt such wind; it had him pinned. His face was pressed against a low window, and through it he could see the show. The magician was a small man in a dirty blue cape. Above him a sagging banner read THE GREAT VESPUCCI. But the hunter watched only the girl; she was graceful, young, smiling. Like a wrestler, the wind held him against the window.

The magician was buckling the girl into a plywood coffin, which was painted garishly with red and blue bolts of lightning. Her neck and head stuck out at one end, her ankles and feet at the other. She beamed; no one had ever before smiled so broadly at being locked into a coffin. The magician started up an electric saw and brought it noisily down through the center of the box, sawing her in half. Then he wheeled her apart, her legs going one way, her torso another. Her neck fell back, her smile faded, her eyes showed only white. The lights dimmed. A child screamed. Wiggle your toes, the magician ordered, flourishing his magic wand, and she did; her disembodied toes wiggled in glittery high-heeled pumps. The audience squealed with delight.

The hunter watched her pink, fine-boned face, her hanging hair, her outstretched throat. Her eyes caught the spotlight. Was she looking at him? Did she see his face pressed against the window, the wind slashing at his neck, the groceries – onions, a sack of flour – tumbled to the ground around his feet?

She was beautiful to him in a way that nothing else had ever been beautiful. Snow blew down his collar and drifted around his boots. After some time the magician rejoined the severed box halves, unfastened the buckles, and fluttered his wand, and she was whole again. She climbed out of the box and curtsied in her glittering dress. She smiled as if it were the Resurrection itself.

Then the storm brought down a pine tree in front of the courthouse, and the power winked out, streetlight by streetlight. Before she could move, before the ushers could begin escorting the crowd out with flashlights, the hunter was slinking into the hall, making for the stage, calling for her.

He was thirty years old, twice her age. She smiled at him, leaned over from the dais in the red glow of the emergency exit lights, and shook her head. “Show’s over,” she said. In his pickup he trailed the magician’s van through the blizzard to her next show, a library fundraiser in Butte. The next night he followed her to Missoula. He rushed to the stage after each performance. “Just eat dinner with me,” he’d plead. “Just tell me your name.” It was hunting by persistence. She said yes in Bozeman. Her name was plain, Mary Roberts. They had rhubarb pie in a hotel restaurant.

“I know how you do it,” he said. “The feet in the box are dummies. You hold your legs against your chest and wiggle the dummy feet with a string.”

She laughed. “Is that what you do? Follow a girl from town to town to tell her her magic isn’t real?”

“No,” he said. “I hunt.”

“And when you're not hunting?”

“I dream about hunting.”

She laughed again. “It’s not funny,” he said.

“You’re right,” she said, and smiled. “It’s not funny. I’m that way with magic. I dream about it. Even when I’m not asleep.”

He looked into his plate, thrilled. He searched for something he might say. They ate.

“But I dream bigger dreams, you know,” she said afterward, after she had eaten two pieces of pie, carefully, with a spoon. Her voice was quiet and serious. “I have magic inside of me. I’m not going to get sawed in half by Tony Vespucci all my life.”

“I don’t doubt it,” the hunter said.

“I knew you’d believe me,” she said.

But the next winter Vespucci brought her back to Great Falls and sawed her in half in the same plywood coffin. And the winter after that. Both times, after the performance, the hunter took her to the Bitterroot Diner, where he watched her eat two pieces of pie. The watching was his favorite part: a hitch in her throat as she swallowed, the way the spoon slid cleanly out from her lips, the way her hair fell over her ear.

Then she was eighteen, and after pie she let him drive her to his cabin, forty miles from Great Falls, up the Missouri and then east into the Smith River valley. She brought only a small vinyl purse. The truck skidded and sheered as he steered it over the unploughed roads, fishtailing in the deep snow, but she didn’t seem afraid or worried about where he might be taking her, about the possibility that the truck might sink in a drift, that she might freeze to death in her pea coat and glittery magician’s-

assistant dress. Her breath plumed out in front of her. It was twenty degrees below zero. Soon the roads would be snowed over, impassable until spring.

At his one-room cabin, with furs and old rifles on the walls, he unbolted the door to the crawl space and showed her his winter hoard: a hundred smoked trout, plucked pheasants and venison quarters hanging frozen from hooks. “Enough for two of me,” he said. She scanned his books over the fireplace – a monograph on grouse habits, a series of journals on upland game birds, a thick tome titled simply *Bear*. “Are you tired?” he asked. “Would you like to see something?” He gave her a snowsuit, strapped her boots into a pair of leather snowshoes, and took her to hear the grizzly. She wasn’t bad on snowshoes, a little clumsy. They went creaking over wind-scalloped snow in the nearly unbearable cold.

The bear denned every winter in the same hollow cedar, the top of which had been shorn off by a storm. Black, three-fingered, and huge, in the starlight it resembled a skeletal hand thrust up from the ground, a ghoulish visitor scrabbling its way out of the underworld. They knelt. Above them the stars were knife points, hard and white. “Put your ear here,” he whispered. The breath that carried his words crystallized and blew away. They listened, face-to-face, their ears over woodpecker holes in the trunk. She heard it after a minute, tuning her ears in to something like a drowsy sigh, a long exhalation of slumber. Her eyes widened. A full minute passed. She heard it again.

“We can see him,” he whispered, “but we have to be dead quiet. Grizzlies are light hibernators. Sometimes all you do is step on twigs outside their dens and they're up.”

He began to dig at the snow. She stood back, her mouth open, eyes wide. Bent at the waist, the hunter bailed the snow back through his legs. He dug down three feet and then encountered a smooth, icy crust covering a large hole in the base of the tree. Gently he dislodged plates of ice and lifted them aside. From the hole the smell of bear came to her, like wet dog, like wild mushrooms. The hunter removed some leaves. Beneath was a shaggy flank, a patch of brown fur.

“He’s on his back,” the hunter whispered. "” is his belly. His forelegs must be up here somewhere.” He pointed to a place higher on the trunk.

She put one hand on his shoulder and knelt in the snow beside the den. Her eyes were wide and unblinking. Her jaw hung open. Above her shoulder a star separated itself from a galaxy and melted through the sky. “I want to touch him,” she said. Her voice sounded loud and out of place in that wood, under the naked cedars.

“Hush,” he whispered. He shook his head no.

“Just for a minute.”

“No,” he hissed. “You’re crazy.” He tugged at her arm. She removed the mitten from her other hand with her teeth and reached down. He pulled at her again but lost his footing and fell back, clutching an empty mitten. As he watched, horrified, she turned and placed both hands, spread-fingered, in the thick shag of the bear's chest. Then she lowered her face, as if drinking from the snowy hollow, and pressed her lips to the bear's chest. Her entire head was inside the tree. She felt the soft silver tips of fur brush her cheeks. Against her nose one huge rib flexed slightly. She heard the lungs fill and then empty. She heard blood slug through veins.

“Want to know what he dreams?” she asked. Her voice echoed up through the tree and poured from the shorn ends of its hollowed branches. The hunter took his knife from his coat. “Summer,” her voice echoed. “Blackberries. Trout. Dredging his flanks across river pebbles.”

“I’d have liked,” she said later, back in the cabin as he built up the fire, “to crawl all the way down there with him. Get into his arms. I’d grab him by the ears and kiss him on the eyes.”

The hunter watched the fire, the flames cutting and sawing, each log a burning bridge. Three years he had waited for this. Three years he had dreamed this girl by his fire. But somehow it had ended up different from what he had imagined. He had thought it would be like a hunt – like waiting hours beside a wallow with his rifle barrel on his pack to see the huge antlered head of a bull elk loom up against the sky, to hear the whole herd behind him inhale and then scatter down the hill. If you had your opening you shot and walked the animal down and that was it. But this felt

different. It was exactly as if he were still three years younger, stopped outside the Central Christian Church and driven against a low window by the wind or some other, greater force.

"Stay with me," he whispered to her, to the fire. "Stay the winter."

Bruce Maples stood beside him, jabbing the ice in his drink with his straw. "I'm in athletics," he offered. "I run the athletic department here."

"You mentioned that."

"Did I? I don't remember. I used to coach track. Hurdles."

The hunter was watching the thin, stricken man, President O'Brien, as he stood in the corner of the reception room. Every few minutes a couple of guests made their way to him and took O'Brien's hands in their own.

"You probably know," the hunter told Maples, "that wolves are hurdlers. Sometimes the people who track them will come to a snag and the prints will disappear. As if the entire pack just leaped into a tree and vanished. Eventually they'll find the tracks again, thirty or forty feet away. People used to think it was magic – flying wolves. But all they did was jump. One great coordinated leap."

Maples was looking around the room. "Huh," he said. "I wouldn't know about that."

She stayed. The first time they made love, she shouted so loudly that coyotes climbed onto the roof and howled down the chimney. He rolled off her, sweating. The coyotes coughed and chuckled all night, like children chattering in the yard, and he had nightmares. "Last night you had three dreams, and you dreamed you were a wolf each time," she whispered. "You were mad with hunger and running under the moon."

Had he dreamed that? He couldn't remember. Maybe he talked in his sleep.

In December it never got warmer than fifteen below. The river froze – something he'd never seen. On Christmas Eve he drove all the way to Helena to buy her figure skates. In the morning they wrapped themselves head-to-toe in furs and went out to skate the river. She held him by the hips and they glided through the blue dawn, skating up the frozen coils and shoals, beneath the leafless alders and

cottonwoods, only the bare tips of creek willows showing above the snow. Ahead of them vast white stretches of river faded into darkness.

In a wind-polished bend they came upon a dead heron, frozen by its ankles into the ice. It had tried to hack itself out, hammering with its beak first at the ice entombing its feet and then at its own thin and scaly legs. When it finally died, it died upright, wings folded back, beak parted in some final, desperate cry, legs like twin reeds rooted in the ice.

She fell to her knees beside the bird. In its eye she saw her face flatly reflected. "It's dead," the hunter said. "Come on. You'll freeze too."

"No," she said. She slipped off her mitten and closed the heron's beak in her fist. Almost immediately her eyes rolled back in her head. "Oh, wow," she moaned. "I can *feel* her." She stayed like that for whole minutes, the hunter standing over her, feeling the cold come up his legs, afraid to touch her as she knelt before the bird. Her hand turned white and then blue in the wind. Finally she stood. "We have to bury it," she said.

That night she lay stiff and would not sleep. "It was just a bird," he said, unsure of what was bothering her but bothered by it himself. "We can't do anything for a dead bird. It was good that we buried it, but tomorrow something will find it and dig it out."

She turned to him. Her eyes were wide. He remembered how they had looked when she put her hands on the bear. "When I touched her," she said, "I saw where she went."

"What?"

I saw where she went when she died. She was on the shore of a lake with other herons, a hundred others, all facing the same direction, and they were wading among stones. It was dawn, and they watched the sun come up over the trees on the other side of the lake. I saw it as clearly as if I were there."

He rolled onto his back and watched shadows shift across the ceiling. "Winter is getting to you," he said. He resolved to make sure she went out every day. It was something he'd long believed: go out every day in winter, or your mind will slip.

Every winter the paper was full of stories about ranchers' wives, snowed in and crazed with cabin fever, who had dispatched their husbands with cleavers or awls.

Winter threw itself at the cabin. He took her out every day. He showed her a thousand ladybugs hibernating in an orange ball hung in a riverbank hollow; a pair of dormant frogs buried in frozen mud, their blood crystallized until spring. He pried a globe of honeybees from its hive, slow-buzzing, stunned from the sudden exposure, tightly packed around the queen, each bee shimmying for warmth. When he placed the globe in her hands, she fainted, her eyes rolled back. Lying there, she saw all their dreams at once, the winter reveries of scores of worker bees, each one fiercely vivid: bright trails through thorns to a clutch of wild roses, honey tidily brimming a hundred combs.

With each day she learned more about what she could do. She felt a foreign and keen sensitivity bubbling in her blood, as if a seed planted long ago were just now sprouting. The larger the animal, the more powerfully it could shake her. The recently dead were virtual mines of visions, casting them off with a slow-fading strength as if cutting a long series of tethers one by one. She pulled off her mittens and touched everything she could: bats, salamanders, a cardinal chick tumbled from its nest, still warm. Ten hibernating garter snakes coiled beneath a rock, eyelids sealed, tongues stilled. Each time she touched a frozen insect, a slumbering amphibian, anything just dead, her eyes rolled back and its visions, its heaven, went shivering through her body.

Their first winter passed like that. When he looked out the cabin window, he saw wolf tracks crossing the river, owls hunting from the trees, six feet of snow like a quilt ready to be thrown off. She saw burrowed dreamers nestled under roots against the long twilight, their dreams rippling into the sky like auroras.

With love still lodged in his heart like a splinter, he married her in the first muds of spring.

Bruce Maples gasped when the hunter's wife finally arrived. She moved through the door like a show horse, demure in the way she kept her eyes down, but assured in her step; she brought each tapered heel down and struck it against the

granite. The hunter had not seen his wife for twenty years, and she had changed – lbecome refined, less wild, and somehow, to the hunter, worse for it. Her face had wrinkled around the eyes, and she moved as if avoiding contact with anything near her, as if the hall table or the closet door might suddenly lunge forward to snatch at her lapels. She wore no jewelry, no wedding ring, only a plain black suit, double-breasted.

She found her nametag on the table and pinned it to her lapel. Everyone in the reception room looked at her and then looked away. The hunter realized that she, not President O'Brien, was the guest of honor. In a sense they were courting her. This was their way, the chancellor's way – a silent bartender, tuxedoed coat girls, big icy drinks. Give her pie, the hunter thought. Rhubarb pie. Show her a sleeping grizzly.

They sat for dinner at a narrow and very long table, fifteen or so high-backed chairs down each side and one at each end. The hunter was seated several places away from his wife. She looked over at him finally, a look of recognition, of warmth, and then looked away again. He must have seemed old to her – he must always have seemed old to her. She did not look at him again.

The kitchen staff, in starched whites, brought onion soup, scampi, poached salmon. Around the hunter guests spoke in half whispers about people he did not know. He kept his eyes on the windows and the blowing snow beyond.

The river thawed and drove huge saucers of ice toward the Missouri. The hunter felt that old stirring, that quickening in his soul, and would rise in the wide pink dawns, grab his fly rod, and hurry down to the river. Already trout were rising through the chill brown water to take the first insects of spring. Soon the telephone in the cabin was ringing with calls from clients, and his guiding season was on.

In April an occasional client wanted a mountain lion or a trip with dogs for birds, but late spring and summer were for trout. He was out every morning before dawn, driving with a thermos of coffee to pick up a lawyer, a widower, a politician with a penchant for wild cutthroat. He came home stinking of fish guts and woke her with eager stories – native trout leaping fifteen-foot cataracts, a stubborn rainbow wedged under a snag.

By June she was bored and lonely. She wandered through the forest, but never very far. The summer woods were dense and busy, not like the quiet graveyard feel of winter. Nothing slept for very long; everything was emerging from cocoons, winging about, buzzing, multiplying, having litters, gaining weight. Bear cubs splashed in the river. Chicks screamed for worms. She longed for the stillness of winter, the long slumber, the bare sky, the bone-on-bone sound of bull elk knocking their antlers against trees.

In September the big-game hunters came. Each client wanted something different: elk, antelope, a bull moose, a doe. They wanted to see grizzlies, track a wolverine, shoot sandhill cranes. They wanted the heads of seven-by-seven royal bulls for their dens. Every few days he came home smelling of blood, with stories of stupid clients, of the Texan who sat, wheezing, too out of shape to get to the top of a hill for his shot. A bloodthirsty New Yorker claimed he wanted only to photograph black bears; then he pulled a pistol from his boot and fired wildly at two cubs and their mother. Nightly she scrubbed blood out of the hunter's coveralls, watched it fade from rust to red to rose in a basin filled with river water.

She began to sleep, taking long afternoon naps, three hours or more. Sleep, she learned, was a skill like any other, like getting sawed in half and reassembled, or like divining visions from a dead robin. She taught herself to sleep despite heat, despite noise. Insects flung themselves at the screens, hornets sped down the chimney, the sun angled hot and urgent through the southern windows; still she slept. When he came home each autumn night, exhausted, forearms stained with blood, she was hours into sleep. Outside, the wind was already stripping leaves from the cottonwoods – too soon, he thought. He'd take her sleeping hand. Both of them lived in the grip of forces they had no control over – the October wind, the revolutions of the earth.

That winter was the worst he could remember: from Thanksgiving on they were snowed in, the truck buried under six-foot drifts. The phone line went down in December and stayed down until April. January began with a chinook followed by a terrible freeze. The next morning a three-inch crust of ice covered the snow. On the

ranches to the south cattle crashed through and bled to death kicking their way out. Deer punched through with their tiny hooves and suffocated in the deep snow beneath. Trails of blood veined the hills.

In the mornings he would find coyote tracks written in the snow around the door to the crawl space, two inches of hardwood between them and all his winter hoard hanging frozen beneath the floorboards. He reinforced the door with baking sheets, nailing them up against the wood and over the hinges. Twice he woke to the sound of claws scrabbling against the metal and charged outside to shout the coyotes away.

Everywhere he looked something was dying: an elk keeling over, an emaciated doe clattering onto ice like a drunken skeleton. The radio reported huge cattle losses on the southern ranches. Each night he dreamt of wolves, of running with them, soaring over fences and tearing into the steaming carcasses of cattle.

In February he woke to coyotes under the cabin. He grabbed his bow and knife and dashed out into the snow barefoot, his feet going numb. They had gone in under the door, chewing and digging the frozen earth under the foundation. He unbolted what was left of the door and swung it free.

Elk arrows were all he had, aluminum shafts tipped with broadheads. He squatted in the dark entrance – their only exit – with his bow at full draw and an arrow nocked. Above him he could hear his wife's feet pad quietly over the floorboards. A coyote made a coughing sound. Others shifted and panted. Maybe there were ten. He began to fire arrows steadily into the dark. He heard some bite into the foundation blocks at the back of the crawl space, others sink into flesh. He spent his whole quiver: a dozen arrows. The yelps of speared coyotes went up. A few charged him, and he lashed at them with his knife. He felt teeth go to the bone of his arm, felt hot breath on his cheeks. He lashed with his knife at ribs, tails, skulls. His muscles screamed. The coyotes were in a frenzy. Blood bloomed from his wrist, his thigh.

She heard the otherworldly screams of wounded coyotes come up through the floorboards, his grunts and curses as he fought. It sounded as if an exit had been

tunneled all the way from hell to open under their house, and what was now pouring out was the worst violence that place could send up. She knelt in front of the fireplace and felt the souls of coyotes as they came through the boards on their way skyward.

He was blood-soaked and hungry, and his thigh had been badly bitten, but he worked all day digging out the truck. If he did not get food, they would starve, and he tried to hold the thought of the truck in his mind. He lugged slate and tree bark to wedge under the tires, excavated a mountain of snow from the truck bed. Finally, after dark, he got the engine turned over and ramped the truck up onto the frozen, wind-crusted snow. For a brief, wonderful moment he had it careening over the icy crust, starlight washing through the windows, tires spinning, pistons churning, what looked to be the road unspooling in the headlights. Then he crashed through. Slowly, painfully, he began digging it out again.

It was hopeless. He would get it up, and then it would break through a few miles later. Hardly anywhere was the sheet of ice atop the snow thick enough to support the truck's weight. For twenty hours he dug and then revved and slid the truck over eight-foot drifts. Three more times it crashed through and sank to the windows. Finally he left it. He was ten miles from home, thirty miles from town.

He made a weak and smoky fire with cut boughs and lay beside it and tried to sleep, but he couldn’t. The heat from the fire melted snow, and trickles ran slowly toward him but froze solid before they reached him. The stars twisting in their constellations above had never seemed farther or colder. In a state that was neither fully sleep nor fully waking, he watched wolves lope around his fire, just outside the reaches of light, slavering and lean. He thought for the first time that he might die if he did not get warmer. He managed to kneel and turn and crawl for home. Around him he could feel the wolves, smell blood on them, hear their nailed feet scrape across the ice.

He traveled all that night and all the next day, near catatonia, sometimes on his feet, more often on his elbows and knees. At times he thought he was a wolf, and at times he thought he was dead. When he finally made it to the cabin, there were no

tracks on the porch, no sign that she had gone out. The crawl-space door was still flung open, and shreds of the siding and the doorframe lay scattered about.

She was kneeling on the floor, ice in her hair, lost in some kind of hypothermic torpor. With his last dregs of energy he constructed a fire and poured a mug of hot water down her throat. As he fell into sleep, he watched himself as from a distance, weeping and clutching his near-frozen wife.

They had only flour and a few crackers in the cupboards. When she could speak, her voice was quiet and far away. “I have dreamt the most amazing things,” she murmured. “I have seen the places where coyotes go when they are gone. I know where spiders go, and geese ..”

Snow fell incessantly. Night was abiding; daylight passed in a breath. The hunter was beyond hungry. Whenever he stood up, his eyesight fled in slow, nauseating streaks of color. He went out with lanterns to fish, shoveled down to the river ice, chopped through it with a maul, and shivered over the hole jigging a ball of dough on a hook. Sometimes he brought back a trout; other times they ate a squirrel, a hare, once a famished deer whose bones he cracked and boiled, or only a few handfuls of rose hips. In the worst parts of March he dug out cattails to peel and steam the tubers.

She hardly ate, sleeping eighteen, twenty hours a day. When she woke, it was to scribble on notebook paper before plummeting back into sleep, clutching at the blankets as if they gave her sustenance. There was, she was learning, strength hidden at the center of weakness, ground at the bottom of the deepest pit. With her stomach empty and her body quieted, without the daily demands of living, she felt she was making important discoveries. She was only nineteen and had lost twenty pounds since marrying him. Naked, she was all rib cage and pelvis.

He read her scribbled dreams, but they seemed to be senseless poems and gave him no clues to her.

Snail: sleds down stones in the rain.

Owl: fixes his eyes on hare, drops as if from the moon.

Horse: rides across the plains with his brothers ...

In April the temperature rose above zero and then above twenty. He strapped an extra battery to his pack and went to dig out the truck. Its excavation took all day. He drove it slowly back up the slushy road in the moonlight and asked if she'd like to go to town the next morning. To his surprise, she said yes. They heated water for baths and dressed in clothes they hadn't worn in six months. She threaded twine through her belt loops to keep her trousers up.

Behind the wheel his chest filled to have her with him, to be moving out into the country, to see the sun above the trees. Spring was coming; the valley was dressing up. Look there, he wanted to say, those geese streaming over the road. The valley lives. Even after a winter like that.

She asked him to drop her off at the library. He bought food—a dozen frozen pizzas, potatoes, eggs, carrots. He nearly wept at seeing bananas. In the parking lot he drank a half gallon of milk. When he picked her up at the library, she had applied for a library card and borrowed twenty books. They stopped at the Bitterroot for hamburgers and rhubarb pie. She ate three pieces. He watched her eat, the spoon sliding out of her mouth. This was better. This was more like his dreams.

“Well, Mary,” he said, “I think we made it.”

“I love pie,” she said.

As soon as the line was repaired, the phone began to ring. He took his fishing clients down the river. She sat on the porch, reading, reading.

Soon her sudden and ravenous appetite for books could not be met by the Great Falls Public Library. She wanted other books – essays about sorcery, primers on magic-working and conjury that had to be mail-ordered from New Hampshire, New Orleans, even Italy. Once a week the hunter drove to town to collect a parcel of books from the post office: *Arcana Mundi, The Seer's Dictionary, Paragon of Wizardry, Occult Science Among the Ancients.* He opened one to a random page and read “Bring water, tie a soft fillet around your altar, burn it on fresh twigs and frankincense ...”

She regained her health, took on energy, no longer lay under furs dreaming all day. She was out of bed before he was, brewing coffee, her nose already between

pages. With a steady diet of meat and vegetables her body bloomed, her hair shone, her eyes and cheeks glowed. How beautiful she seemed to him in those few hours he was home. After supper he would watch her read in the firelight, blackbird feathers tied all through her hair, a heron's beak hanging between her breasts.

In November he took a Sunday off and they cross-country skied. They came across a bull elk frozen to death in a draw. Ravens shrieked at them as they skied to it. She knelt and put her palm on the leathered skull. “There.” she moaned. “feel him.”

“What do you feel?” he asked, standing behind her. “What is it?”

She stood, trembling. “I feel his life flowing out,” she said. “I see where he goes, what he sees.”

“But that’s impossible,” he said. “It’s like saying you know what I dream.”

“I do,” she said. ‘You dream about wolves.”

“But that elk’s been dead at least a day. It doesn’t go anywhere. It goes into the crops of those ravens.”

How could she tell him? How could she ask him to understand such a thing? How could anyone understand? More clearly than ever she could see that there was a fine line between dreams and wakefulness, between living and dying, a line so tenuous it sometimes didn't exist. It was always clearest for her in winter. In winter, in that valley, life and death were not so different. The heart of a hibernating newt was frozen solid, but she could warm and wake it in her palm. For the newt there was no line at all, no fence, no River Styx, only an area between living and dying, like a snowfield between two lakes: a place where dreams and wakefulness met, where death was only a possibility and visions rose shimmering to the stars like smoke. All that was needed was a hand, the heat of a palm, the touch of fingers.

That February the sun shone during the days and ice formed at night – slick sheets glazing the wheat fields, the roofs and roads. One day he dropped her off at the library, the chains on the tires rattling as he pulled away, heading back up the Missouri toward Fort Benton.

Around noon Marlin Spokes, a snowplough driver the hunter knew from grade school, slid off the Sun River Bridge in his plough and dropped forty feet into the river. He was dead before they could get him out of the truck. She was reading in the library, a block away, and heard the plough crash into the riverbed like a thousand dropped girders. When she got to the bridge, sprinting in her jeans and T-shirt, men were already in the water – a telephone man from Helena, a jeweler, a butcher in his apron, all of them had scrambled down the banks and were wading in the rapids, prying the door open. The men lifted Marlin from the cab, stumbling as they carried him. Steam rose from their shoulders and from the crushed hood of the plough. She careened down the snow-covered slope and splashed to them. Her hand on the jeweler's arm, her leg against the butcher's leg, she reached for Marlin's ankle.

When her finger touched Marlin's body, her eyes rolled back and a single vision leaped to her: Marlin Spokes pedaling a bicycle, a child's seat mounted over the rear tire with a helmeted boy – Marlin's own son – strapped into it. Spangles of light drifted over the riders as they rolled down a lane beneath giant, sprawling maples. The boy reached for Marlin's hair with one small fist. In the glass of a storefront window their reflection flashed past. Fallen leaves turned over in their wake. This quiet vision – like a ribbon of rich silk – ran out slowly and fluidly, with great power, and she shook beneath it. It was she who pedaled the bike. The boy's fingers pulled through her hair.

The men who were touching her or touching Marlin saw what she saw, felt what she felt. At first they spoke of it only in their basements, at night, but Great Falls was not a big town, and this was not something one could keep locked in a basement. Soon they discussed it everywhere – in the supermarket, at the gasoline pumps. People who didn't know Marlin Spokes or his son or the hunter's wife or any of the men in the river that morning soon spoke of the event like experts. "All you had to do was *touch* her," a barber said, "and you saw it too." "The most beautiful lane you've ever dreamed," a deli owner raved. "You didn't just pedal his son around," movie ushers whispered, "you *loved* him."

He could have heard anywhere. In the cabin he built up the fire, flipped idly through a stack of her books. He couldn't understand them – one of them wasn't even in English.

After dinner she took the plates to the sink.

"You read Spanish now?" he asked.

Her hands in the sink stilled. "It's Portuguese," she said. "I understand only a little."

He turned his fork in his hands. "Were you there when Marlin Spokes was killed?"

"I helped pull him out of the truck. I don't think I was much good."

He looked at the back of her head. He felt like driving his fork through the table. "What tricks did you play? Did you hypnotize people?'

Her shoulders tightened. Her voice came out furious. "Why can't you – " she began, but her voice fell off. "It wasn't tricks," she muttered. "I helped carry him."

When she started to get phone calls, he hung up on the callers. But they were relentless: a grieving widow, an orphan's lawyer, a reporter from the *Great Falls Tribune.* A blubbering father drove all the way to the cabin to beg her to come to the funeral parlor, and finally she went. The hunter insisted on driving her. It wasn't right, he declared, for her to go alone. He waited in the truck in the parking lot, engine rattling, radio moaning.

"I feel so alive," she said afterward, as he helped her into the cab. Her clothes were soaked through with sweat. "Like my blood is fizzing through my body." At home she lay awake, far away, all night.

She got called back and called back, and each time he drove her. He would take her after a whole day of duck hunting and pass out from exhaustion while he waited in the truck. When he woke, she would be beside him, holding his hand, her hair damp, her eyes wild. "You dreamt you were with the wolves and eating salmon," she said. "They were washed up and dying on the shoals."

He drove them home over the dark fields. He tried to soften his voice. "What do you do in there? What really?"

“I give them solace. I let them say good-bye to their loved ones. I help them know something they'd never otherwise know.”

“No,” he said. “I mean what kind of tricks? How do you do it?”

She turned her hands palms up. “As long as they’re touching me, they see what I see. Come in with me next time. Go in there and hold hands. Then you’ll know.”

He said nothing. The stars above the windshield seemed fixed in their places.

Families wanted to pay her; most wouldn’t let her leave until they did. She would come out to the truck with fifty, a hundred – once four hundred – dollars folded into her pocket. She began to go off for weekends, disappearing in the truck before he was up, a fearless driver. She knelt by roadkill – a crumpled porcupine, a shattered deer. She pressed her palm to the truck’s grille, where the husks of insects smoked. Seasons came and went. She was gone half the winter. Each of them was alone. They never spoke. On longer drives she was sometimes tempted to keep the truck pointed away and never return.

In the first thaws he would go out to the river and try to lose himself in the rhythm of casting, in the sound of pebbles driven downstream, clacking together. But even fishing had become lonely for him. Everything, it seemed, was out of his hands – his truck, his wife, the course of his own life.

As hunting season came on, his mind wandered. He was botching kills – getting upwind of elk, or telling a client to unload and call it quits thirty seconds before a pheasant burst from cover. When a client missed his mark and pegged an antelope in the neck, the hunter berated him for being careless, knelt over its tracks, and clutched at the bloody snow. “Do you understand what you’ve done?” he shouted. "How the arrow shaft will knock against the trees, how the animal will run and run, how the wolves will trot behind it to keep it from resting?” The client was red-faced, huffing. “Wolves don’t hunt here,” the client said. “There haven’t been wolves here for twenty years.”

She was in Butte or Missoula when he discovered her money in a boot: six thousand dollars and change. He canceled his trips and stewed for two days, pacing the porch, sifting through her things, rehearsing his arguments. When she saw him,

the sheaf of bills jutting from his shirt pocket, she stopped halfway to the door, her bag over her shoulder, her hair pulled back.

"It's not right," he said.

She walked past him into the cabin. "I'm helping people. I'm doing what I love. Can't you see how good I feel afterward?"

"You take advantage of them. They're grieving, and you take their money."

"They *want* to pay me," she shrieked. "I help them see something they desperately want to see."

"It's a grift. A con."

She came back out on the porch. "No," she said. Her voice was quiet and strong. "This is real. As real as anything: the valley, the river, your trout hanging in the crawl space. I have a talent. A gift."

He snorted. "A gift for hocus-pocus. For swindling widows out of their savings." He lobbed the money into the yard. The wind caught the bills and scattered them over the snow.

She hit him, once, hard across the mouth. "How dare you?" she cried. "You, of all people, should understand. You who dreams of wolves every night."

In the months that followed, she left the cabin more frequently and for longer durations, visiting homes, accident sites, and funeral parlors all over central Montana. Finally she pointed the truck south and didn't turn back. They had been married five years.

Twenty years later, in the Bitterroot Diner, he looked up at the ceiling-mounted television and there she was, being interviewed. She lived in Manhattan, had traveled the world, had written two books. She was in demand all over the country.

"Do you commune with the dead?" the interviewer asked.

"No," she said, "I help people. I commune with the living. I give people peace."

"Well," the interviewer said, turning to speak into the camera, "I believe it."

The hunter bought her books at the bookstore and read them in one night. She had written poems about the valley, written them to the animals: you rampant coyote,

you glorious buck. She had traveled to Sudan to touch the backbone of a fossilized stegosaur, and wrote of her frustration when she divined nothing from it. A TV network flew her to Kamchatka to embrace the huge, shaggy neck of a mammoth as it was air-lifted from a glacier. She'd had better luck with that one, describing an entire herd slogging big-footed through a slushy tide, tearing at sea grass and flaring their ears to catch the sun. In a handful of poems there were even vague allusions to him – a brooding, blood-soaked presence that hovered outside the margins like a storm on its way, like a killer hiding in the basement.

The hunter was fifty-eight years old. Twenty years was a long time. The valley had diminished slowly but perceptibly: roads came in, and the grizzlies left, seeking higher country. Loggers had thinned nearly every accessible stand of trees. Every spring runoff from logging roads turned the river chocolate-brown, and the soil from the old forests was being washed into the Missouri. In his cabin, bent over the table, he set aside her books, took a pencil, and wrote her a letter.

A week later a Federal Express truck drove all the way to the cabin. Inside the envelope was her response, on embossed stationery. The handwriting was hurried and efficient. *I will be in Chicago,* it said, *day after tomorrow. Enclosed is a plane ticket. Feel free to come. Thank you for writing.*

After sherbet the chancellor called his guests into the reception room. Burning candles had been distributed around the room: on the sills, the banister, the mantel, the bookshelves. The bar had been taken down; in its place three caskets had been set on the carpet. A bit of snow that had fallen on the lids—they must have been kept outside – was melting, and drops ran onto the carpet, where they left dark circles. Around the caskets cushions had been placed on the floor. The hunter leaned against the entryway and watched guests drift uncomfortably into the room, some cradling coffee cups, others gulping at gin or vodka in deep tumblers. Eventually everyone settled on the floor in a circle.

The hunter’s wife came in then, elegant in her dark suit. She knelt and motioned for O’Brien to sit beside her. His face was pinched and inscrutable. Again

the hunter had the impression that he was not of this world but of a slightly leaner one.

“President O’Brien,” his wife said, “I know this is difficult for you. Death can seem so final, like a blade dropped through the neck. But the nature of death is not at all final. It is not some dark cliff off which we leap. I hope to show you it is merely a fog, something we can peer into and out of, something we can know and face and not necessarily fear. By each life taken from our collective lives we are diminished. But even in death we have much to celebrate. It is only a transition, like so many others.”

She moved into the circle and unfastened the lids of the caskets. From where he sat the hunter could not see inside. His wife's hands fluttered around her waist like birds. “Think,” she said. “Think hard about something you would like resolved, some matter, gone now, in the grips of the past, which you wish you could take back – perhaps with your daughters, a moment, a lost feeling, a desperate wish.”

The hunter closed his eyes. “Think now,” his wife was saying, “of some wonderful moment, some fine and sunny minute you shared, your wife and daughters, all of you together.” Her voice was lulling. Behind his eyelids the glow of the candles made an even orange wash. He knew her hands were reaching for whatever – whoever – lay in those caskets. Somewhere inside him he felt her extend across the room.

His wife said more about beauty and loss being the same thing, about how they ordered the world, and he felt something happening – a strange warmth, a flitting presence, something dim and unsettling, like a feather brushed across the back of his neck. Hands on both sides of him reached for his hands. Fingers locked around his fingers. He wondered if she was hypnotizing him, but it didn't matter. He had nothing to fight off or snap out of. She was inside him now; she had reached across and was poking about.

Her voice faded, and he felt himself swept up as if rising toward the ceiling. Air washed lightly in and out of his lungs; warmth pulsed in the hands that held his. In his mind he saw a sea emerging from fog. The water was broad and flat and glittered like polished metal. He could feel dune grass moving against his shins, and

wind coming over his shoulders. All around him bees shuttled over the dunes. Far out a shorebird was diving for crabs. He knew that a few hundred yards away two girls were building castles in the sand; he could hear their song, soft and lilting. Their mother was with them, reclining under an umbrella, one leg bent, the other straight. She was drinking iced tea, and he could taste it in his mouth, sweet and bitter with a trace of mint. Each cell in his body seemed to breathe. He became the girls, the diving bird, the shuttling bees; he was the mother of the girls and the father; he could feel himself flowing outward, richly dissolving, paddling into the world like the very first cell into the great blue sea ...

When he opened his eyes, he saw linen curtains, women in gowns kneeling. Tears were visible on many people's cheeks – O'Brien's and the chancellor's and Bruce Maples's. His wife's head was bowed. The hunter gently released the hands that held his, stood, and walked out into the kitchen, past the sudsy sinks, the stacks of dishes. He let himself out a side door and found himself on the wooden deck that ran the length of the house, a couple of inches of snow already settled on it.

He felt drawn toward the pond, the birdbath, the hedges. He walked to the pond and stood at its rim. The snow fell steadily, and the undersides of the clouds glowed with reflected light from the city.

Before long his wife stepped onto the deck and came down to join him. There were things he had been preparing to say: something about a final belief, an expression of gratitude for providing a reason to leave the valley, if only for a night. He wanted to tell her that although the wolves were gone, may always have been gone, they still came to him in dreams. That they could run there, fierce and unfettered, was surely enough. She would understand. She had understood long before he did.

But he was afraid to speak. He could see that speaking would be like dashing some very fragile bond to pieces, like kicking a dandelion gone to seed; the wispy, tenuous sphere of its body would scatter in the wind. So instead they stood together, the snow fluttering down from the clouds to melt into the water, where their reflected

images trembled like two people trapped against the glass of a parallel world, and he reached, finally, to take her hand.

How the Leopard Got His Spots

by Rudyard Kipling

In the days when everybody started fair, Best Beloved, the Leopard lived in a place called the High Veldt. ‘Member it wasn’t the Low Veldt, or the Bush Veldt, or the Sour Veldt, but the ‘sclusively bare, hot, shiny High Veldt, where there was sand and sandy-coloured rock and ‘sclusively tufts of sandy-yellowish grass. The Giraffe and the Zebra and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Hartebeest lived there; and they were ‘sclusively sandy-yellow-brownish all over; but the Leopard, he was the ‘sclusivist sandiest-yellowish-brownest of them all a greyish-yellowish catty-shaped kind of beast, and he matched the Veldt to one hair. This was very bad for the Giraffe and the Zebra and the rest of them; for he would lie down by a ‘sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish stone or clump of grass, and when the Giraffe or the Zebra or the Eland or the Koodoo or the Bush-Buck or the Bonte-Buck came by he would surprise them out of their jumpsome lives. He would indeed! And, also, there was an Ethiopian with bows and arrows (a ‘sclusively greyish-brownish-yellowish man he was then), who lived on the High Veldt with the Leopard; and the two used to hunt together the Ethiopian with his bows and arrows, and the Leopard ‘sclusively with his teeth and claws till the giraffe and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Quagga and all the rest of them didn’t know which way to jump, Best Beloved. They didn’t indeed!

After a long time things lived for ever so long in those days they learned to avoid anything that looked like a Leopard or an Ethiopian; and bit by bit the Giraffe began it, because his legs were the longest they went away from the High Veldt. They scuttled for days and days till they came to a great forest, ‘sclusively full of trees and bushes and stripy, speckly, patchy-blatchy shadows, and there they hid: and after another long time, what with standing half in the shade and half out of it, and what with the slippery-slidy shadows of the trees falling on them, the Giraffe grew blotchy, and the Zebra grew stripy, and the Eland and the Koodoo grew darker, with little

wavy grey lines on their backs like bark on a tree trunk; and so, though you could hear them and smell them, you could very seldom see them, and then only when you knew precisely where to look. They had a beautiful time in the ‘sclusively speckly-spickly shadows of the forest, while the Leopard and the Ethiopian ran about over the ‘sclusively greyish-yellowish-reddish High Veldt outside, wondering where all their breakfasts and their dinners and their teas had gone. At last they were so hungry that they ate rats and beetles and rock-rabbits, the Leopard and the Ethipian, and then they met Baviaan the dog-headed, barking Baboon, who is Quite the Wisest Animal in All South Africa.

Said Leopard to Baviaan (and it was a very hot day), “Where has all the game gone?”

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Said the Ethiopian to Baviaan, “Can you tell me the present habitat of the aboriginal Fauna?” (That meant just the same thing, but the Ethiopian always used long words. He was a grown-up.)

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Then said Baviaan, “The game has gone into other spots; and my advice to you, Leopard, is to go into other spots as soon as you can.”

And the Ethiopian said, “That is all very fine, but I wish to know whither the aboriginal Fauna has migrated.”

Then said Baviaan, “The aboriginal Fauna has joined the aboriginal Flora because it was high time for a change; and my advice to you, Ethiopian, is to change as soon as you can.”

That puzzled the Leopard and the Ethiopian, but they set off to look for the aboriginal Flora, and presently, after ever so many days, they saw a great, high, tall forest full of tree trunks all ‘sclusively speckled and sprottled and spottled, dotted and splashed and slashed and hatched and cross-hatched with shadows. (Say that quickly aloud, and you will see how very shadowy the forest must have been.)

“What is this,” said the Leopard, “that is so ‘sclusively dark, and yet so full of little pieces of light?”

“I don’t know,” said the Ethiopian, “but it ought to be the aboriginal Flora. I can smell Giraffe, and I can hear Giraffe, but I can’t see Giraffe.”

“That’s curious,” said Leopard. “I suppose it is because we have just come in out of the sunshine. I can smell Zebra, and I can hear Zebra, but I can’t see Zebra.”

“Wait a bit,” said the Ethiopian. “It’s a long time since we’ve hunted ‘em. Perhaps we’ve forgotten what they were like.”

“Fiddle!” said the Leopard. “I remember them perfectly on the High Veldt, especially their marrow bones. Giraffe is about seventeen feet high, of a ‘sclusively fulvous golden-yellow from head to heel; and Zebra is about four and a half feet high, of a ‘sclusively grey-fawn colour from head to heel.”

“Ummm,” said the Ethiopian, looking into the speckly-spickly shadows of the aboriginal Flora-forest. “Then they ought to show up in this dark place like ripe bananas in a smokehouse.”

But they didn’t. The Leopard and the Ethiopian hunted all day; and though they could smell them and hear them, they never saw one of them.

“For goodness sake,” said the Leopard at tea-time, “let us wait till it gets dark. This daylight hunting is a perfect scandal.”

So they waited till dark, and then the Leopard heard something breathing sniffily in the starlight that fell all stripy through the branches, and he jumped at the noise, and it smelt like Zebra, and it felt like Zebra, and when he knocked it down it kicked like Zebra, but he couldn’t see it. So he said, “Be quiet, O you person without any form. I am going to sit on your head till morning, because there is something about you that I don’t understand.”

Presently he heard a grunt and a crash and a scramble, and the Ethiopian called out, “I’ve caught a thing that I can’t see. It smells like Giraffe, and it kicks like Giraffe, but it hasn’t any form.”

“Don’t you trust it,” said the Leopard. “Sit on its head till the morning same as me. They haven’t any form any of ‘em.”

So they sat down on them hard till bright morning-time, and then Leopard said, “What have you at your end of the table, Brother?’

The Ethiopian scratched his head and said, “It ought to be ‘sclusively a rich fulvous orange-tawny from head to heel, and it ought to be Giraffe; but it is covered all over with chesnut blotches. What have you at your end of the table, Brother?”

And the Leopard scratched his head and said, “It ought to be ‘sclusively a delicate greyish-fawn, and it ought to be Zebra; but it is covered all over with black and purple stripes. What in the world have you been doing to yourself, Zebra? Don’t you know that if you were on the High Veldt I could see you ten miles off? You haven't any form.”

“Yes,” said the Zebra, “but this isn’t the High Veldt. Can’t you see?”

“I can now,” said the Leopard. “But I couldn’t all yesterday. How is it done?”

“Let us up,” said the Zebra, “and we will show you.’

They let the Zebra and the Giraffe get up; and Zebra moved away to some little thorn-bushes where the sunlight fell all stripy, and Giraffe moved off to some tallish trees where the shadows fell all blotchy.

“Now watch,” said the Zebra and the Giraffe. “this is the way it’s done. One two three! And where's your breakfast?”

Leopard stared, and Ethiopian stared, but all they could see were stripy shadows and blotched shadows in the forest, but never a sign of Zebra and Giraffe. They had just walked off and hidden themselves in the shadowy forest.

“Hi! Hi!” said the Ethiopian. “That’s a trick worth learning. Take a lesson by it, Leopard. You show up in this dark place like a bar of soap in a coal-scuttle.”

“Ho! Ho!” said the Leopard. “Would it surprise you very much to know that you show up in this dark place like a mustard-plaster on a sack of coals?”

“Well, calling names won’t catch dinner,” said the Ethiopian. “The long and the little of it is that we don’t match our backgrounds. I’m going to take Baviaan’s advice. He told me I ought to change; and as I’ve nothing to change except my skin I’m going to change that.”

“What to?” said the Leopard, tremendously excited.

“To a nice working blackish-brownish colour, with a little purple in it, and touches of slaty-blue. It will be the very thing for hiding in hollows and behind trees.”

So he changed his skin then and there, and the Leopard was more excited than ever; he had never seen a man change his skin before.

“But what about me?” he said, when the Ethiopian had worked his last little finger into his fine new black skin.

“You take Baviaan’s advice too. He told you to go into spots.”

“So I did,” said the Leopard. “I went into other spots as fast as I could. I went into this spot with you, and a lot of good it has done me.”

“Oh,” said the Ethiopian, “Baviaan didn’t mean spots in South Africa. He meant spots on your skin.”

“What’s the use of that?” said the Leopard.

“Think of Giraffe,” said the Ethiopian, “or if you prefer stripes, think of Zebra. They find their spots and stripes give them perfect satisfaction.”

“Umm,” said the Leopard. “I wouldn’t look like Zebra not for ever so.”

“Well, make up your mind,” said the Ethiopian, “because I’d hate to go hunting without you, but I must if you insist on looking like a sun-flower against a tarred fence.”

“I’ll take spots, then,” said the Leopard; “but don’t make ‘em too vulgar-big. I wouldn’t look like giraffe not for ever so.”

I’ll make ‘em with the tips of my fingers,” said the Ethiopian. “There’s plenty of black left on my skin still. Stand over!”

Then the Ethiopian put his five fingers close together (there was plenty of black left on his new skin still) and pressed them all over the Leopard, and wherever the five fingers touched they left five little black marks, all close together. You can see them on any Leopard's skin you like, Best Beloved. Sometimes the fingers slipped and the marks got a little blurred; but if you look closely at any Leopard now you will see that there are always five spots off five fat black finger-tips.

“Now you are a beauty!” said the Ethiopian. “You can lie out on the bare ground and look like a heap of pebbles. You can lie out on the naked rocks and look like a piece of pudding-stone. You can lie out on a leafy branch and look like

sunshine sifting through the leaves; and you can lie right across the centre of a path and look like nothing in particular. Think of that and purr!"

"But if I'm all this," said the Leopard, "why didn't you go spotty too?"

"Oh, plain black's best," said the Ethiopian. "Now come along and we'll see if we can't get even with Mr. One-Two-Three-Where's-your-Breakfast!"

So they went away and lived happily ever afterward, Best Beloved. That is all.

Oh, now and then you will hear grown-ups say, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the Leopard his spots?" I don't think even grown-ups would keep on saying such a silly thing if the Leopard and the Ethiopian hadn't done it once do you? But they will never do it again, Best Beloved. They are quite contented as they are.

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APPENDIX

Table 1

Melody verbalization means

Melody components	Semantic components	Sememes
Tone movement	1) a way of speaking in which your voice repeatedly rises and falls; in a rising and falling way 2) to move up and down with quick short movements 3) "downwards"	1) **to sing-song; sing-song (adj.)** 2) **to jig and jag;** 3) **drool (n.);**
High tone	1) higher than usual 2) high 3) shrill, high 4) shrill, sharp 5) high-pitched, sharp, piercing 6) rough 7) harsh	1) **high-pitched;** 2) **to chirp, to shrill, to screech; thin, reedy;** 3) **sharp; sharpness** 4) **high;** 5) **shrill, shrilly;** 6) **harsh;** 7) **hard**
Tone movement + high tone	if your voice cracks, it changes from one level to another suddenly, it becomes harsh	**to crack**
Low tone	1) not high in pitch 2) low	1) **low, low-pitched;** 2) **to snarl; snarl**
The speed of tone falling	1) abruptly 2) sharply	1) **sharply, curtly, crisply;** 2) **abruptly, tartly;**

	3) roughly 4) violently 5) roughly, abruptly 6) soft, gentle 7) soft, pure, rich, smooth	**abruptness;** 3) **harshly, violently;** 4) **roughly; roughness;** 5) **brusquely;** 6) **mild; mildly;** 7) **mellow**
Range	1) not changing much in sound 2) sound that continues on the same note	1) **flat, even; flatly, evenly;** 2) **monotonous; monotone, monotony;**
Melody modulation	1) having a pleasant sound like music 2) sweet-sounding 3) sweet-sounding, smooth-flowing	1) **musical;** 2) **melodious;** 3) **mellifluous;**

Table 2

Loudness verbalization means

Increased loudness		**Lowered loudness**	
Semantic components	**Sememes**	**Semantic components**	**Sememes**
not soft	**loud**	not loud	**gentle, gentle-voiced,**

			quiet
loud	**to explode; strong, large, big; loudly, explosively; shout**	quiet	**soft, low, low-voiced, calm, unruffled; whisper**
shout	**to storm**	quiet, soft	**small, little, tiny**
cry, loud	**to shout**	calm	**Serene**
cry, loudly	**to exclaim**	steady	**Level**
shout, loud	**to hurl, to bawl**	lacking in strength	**weak, weakly**
loud, shout	**cry, storm**	difficult to hear	**faint, faintly**
shout, loudly	**to cry, to holler, to whoop**	with little sound	**quietly**
exclaim	**to burst out**	quietly	**to whisper; softly, levelly, calmly**
		softly	**gently**
		whisper	**to hiss**
		hissing	**Hiss**

Table 3

Tempo verbalization means

Quickened tempo		**Slowed tempo**	
Semantic components	**Sememes**	**Semantic components**	**Sememes**
"quickly"	**to spit, to sputter, to rattle, to pant; hastily, hurriedly, promptly, rapidly, swiftly**	not quickly	**slow**
"suddenly"	**to blurt, to gush**	slow, with vowels longer than normal	**to drawl; drawling; drawl**
"rapid"	**to patter**	at a low speed	**slowly**
"fastly"	**quickly**		
"fast"	**rush**		
"sudden outburst"	**gush**		

Table 4

Voice quality verbalization means

Voice quality	Semantic components	Sememes
Hoarse	1) hoarse 2) rough 3) rough, harsh 4) rough", "low	1) **husky; huskily;** 2) **coarse;** 3) **hoarse; hoarsely; hoarseness;** 4) **gruff; gruffly; gruffness;**
Shaking	1) whistling sound in your throat and chest 2) shake 3) tremble 4) tremble, faltering 5) tremble, unsteadily 6) wave 7) shaking 8) trembling 9) unsteady 10) quivering	1) **to wheeze;** 2) **to tremble;** 3) **to shake;** 4) **to quiver;** 5) **to quail, to waver;** 6) **to flutter;** 7) **to quaver; quavering, unsteady, trembling, tremulous; tremulously**; 8) **shaking, wavery;** 9) **shaky, faltering; shakily;** 10) **vibrating;**
Tensed	1) strained 2) strained to stiffness 3) tense 4) deep in the throat 5) fully stretched	1) **stiff; stiffly;** 2) **tense; tensely;** 3) **strained, eager, intense; eagerly, intensely; intensity;** 4) **throaty, choked,**

	6) tight	**strangled;** 5) **tight; tightly;** 6) **taut, tough; tautly;**
Careless	1) not clear 2) not clearly 3) indistinct, unclearly	1) **thick, careless;** 2) **thickly, carelessly, casually, indistinctly;** 3) **to slur;**
Precise	1) easily heard 2) distinct, pure 3) very clear, distinct 4) clearly	1) **distinct; distinctly;** 2) **clear; clearly; clearness**; 3) **pure;** 4) **precise;**
Resonant	1) resounding 2) resonant 3) loud and clear	1) **resonant;** 2**) resounding;** 3) **ringing;**
Nasal	1) through the nose 2) nasal	1) **nasal;** 2) **twangy; twang;**
Deep	1) very low 2) rich 3) full, deep	1) **deep;** 2) **full;** 3) **rich; richness;**
Breathy	if someone's voice is breathy you can hear their breath when they speak	**breathy; breathily**
Cold - warm	1) having a low temperature 2) very cold 3) slightly hot	1) **cold, cool, chill; coldly, coolly; cold, coolness, chill;** 2) **icy, frigid, frozen, frosted; icily, frigidly, frostily; ice;**

		3) **warm; warmly;**
Dark, dull - bright	1) not light 2) dark 3) gloomy 4) gloomily 5) not clear or loud 6) plenty of light	1) **dark; darkly;** 2) **gloomy; gloomily;** 3) **mournful;** 4) **gravely, bleakly, dourly, mournfully, lugubriously;** 5) **dull; dully;** 6) **bright; brightly**;
Heavy - light	1) having weight 2) heavy 3) not heavy	1) **heavy; heavily;** 2) **ponderous, loaded;** 3) **light, light-timbered;**
Bitter, sour - sweet	1) having a strong taste 2) having a sharp taste 3) tasting like sugar	1) **bitterly;** 2) **sourly;** 3) **sweet; sweetly;**
Dry	1) not wet 2) dry	1) **dry; drily;** 2) **dusty;**
Hollow	1) cannot be heard clearly 2) as if coming from smth. 3) deep and gloomy	1) **muffled;** 2) **hollow; hollowly;** 3) **sepulchral; sepulchrally;**

Навчальне видання

Єременко Тетяна Євстафіївна, Демчук Ангеліна Іванівна,
Юмрукуз Анастасія Анатоліївна

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тел. 732-18-27