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ЛИНГВИСТИЧЕСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ
ИМ. Н. А. ДОБРОЛЮБОВА

ЛИНГВИСТИЧЕСКАЯ ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИЯ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

(аспекты: история английского языка, грамматика)

Методические рекомендации
по лингвистической интерпретации текста
для студентов V курса факультета английского языка

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Предлагаемые материалы предназначены для аудиторной и самостоятельной работы студентов над художественным текстом и направлены на овладение лингвистическим анализом текста с точки зрения исторического развития различных сторон языка (фонетики, орфографии, морфологии, синтаксиса, словарного состава, а также его грамматических (морфологических и синтаксических) особенностей в синхронном плане.

Автор канд.филол.наук, доцент Э.Н. Плеухина

Рецензенты: канд. филол. наук, профессор И.М. Деева
канд. филол. наук, доцент М.В. Золотова

Preface

L i n g u i s t i c I n t e r p r e t a t i o n o f F i c t i o n includes stylistic text analysis followed by synchronic and diachronic lexical, phonetic and grammatical analysis.

The materials presented here cover two aspects of linguistic interpretation: grammar and history of English. Correspondingly the text-book consists of two parts: 1. History of English in text interpretation.

2. Grammatical interpretation of fiction.

Each part contains some preliminary notes, lists of problems relevant for text discussion, samples of text analysis, texts with assignments for classroom use and a number of texts for self-check activities.

Both the parts include lists of reference books on the problems under discussion.

The materials presented in the manual may be used at tutorials in linguistic interpretation of works of fiction. They may be also helpful in working on course papers and diplomas in linguistics.

E. Pleukhina

PART I

HISTORY OF ENGLISH IN TEXT INTERPRETATION

Outline

I. Introduction

Students specializing in English philology should be able to analyze Modern English texts from the angle of historical development of different linguistic phenomena, much more so because of the fact that present-day English preserves in its structure a number of peculiarities which appear unintelligible when viewed synchronically. Remnants of older epochs may be observed at different levels of language structure: in its phonetics and orthography, grammar and vocabulary. Thus, one and the same grapheme may indicate different sounds in Modern English, cf cat, Kate, ask, hall; not, note, love, do, etc.; and vice versa, one and the same sound may be represented graphically in different ways, e.g. tall, awe, horse, haughty, nautical; heart, art, sergeant, etc.

These and many other peculiarities of Modern English spelling can be explained only by resorting to the history of the language.

There are many remnants of Old English in Modern English morphology.

These remnants in the system of nominal parts of speech are represented by irregular plurals of some New English nouns: foot-feet, tooth-teeth, man-men, woman-women, goose-geese, mouse-mice, louse-lice – all those nouns retain the peculiarities of the Old English root-stem declension; the plurals with -en as in (child – children; ox – oxen; brother – brethren) may be traced back to the Old English weak declension of nouns; we meet uninflected plurals in sheep-sheep; deer-deer, swine-swine, etc. that preserve peculiar features of Old English monosyllabic nouns of the neuter gender containing a long root-vowel.

There are many remnants of Old English morphology in the system of verbs as well. Thus many irregular verbs that are used in Modern English go back to different classes of Old English strong verbs: write-wrote-written, rise-rose-risen, etc. retain the vowel gradation that was characteristic of Old English strong verbs belonging to the first class; choose-chose-chosen was originally a strong verb of the second class; sing-sang-sung, ring-rang-rung, etc. preserve phonetic peculiarities of strong verbs of the third class, etc..

Specific features of modal verbs (can, may, must, and others), such as the absence if the inflection –s in the third person singular, present indicative, the absence of the infinitival particle ‘to’, etc. cannot be accounted for without a diachronic approach to the problem.

There is considerable likeness between English and German in the sphere of vocabulary. For instance, the words: E. man, G. Mann, E. house, G. Haus, E. winter, G. Winter, E. drink, G. trinken, E. sing, G. singen, E. blue, G. blau, E. green, G. grün, etc. sound almost alike and are similar in their meaning. What is more, we may find a whole number of words of this type in English, German, Russian, and many other Indo-European languages, for example: E. mother, R. мать, G. Mutter, L. mater; E. sister, R. сестра, G. Schwester, L. soror; E. brother, R. брат, G. Bruder, L. bror; E. son, R. сын, G. Sohn, L. sunus; E. night, R. ночь, G. Nacht, L. nox, noctis; E. sit, R. сидеть, G. sitzen, L. sedere; E. eat, R. есть, G. essen, L. edere; E. red, R. рыжий, G. rot; E. two, R. два, G. zwei, L. duo; E. three, R. три, G. drei, L. tres; etc. All these are cognate words and their affinity may be proved by different phonetic laws, including Grimm’s law which holds good in reference to many examples given above.

Thus the knowledge of the history of English helps us to throw light on a number of peculiarities of Modern English which seem unintelligible without the diachronic approach to the description and investigation of present-day English structure.

In the section below you will find the samples (patterns) of Modern English text analysis based on the history of English data. The retrospective analysis is made on the material of different levels of language structure.

II. Plan of text analysis

I. P h o n o l o g y (commentaries on the action of phonetic laws which affected Modern English phonology)

1. Traces of Verner's law and Grimm's law in the text
2. Remnants of the process of Ablaut
3. Traces of Old English phonetic changes (i-Umlaut, etc.)
4. The role of Middle English phonetic changes: the lengthening of accented vowels in open syllables, the shortening of vowels in closed syllables, the reduction of unstressed vowels, monophthongization of the Old English diphthongs, the development of new phonemes in Middle English.
5. Traces of New English phonetic changes: the action of the Great Vowel Shift, the formation of new vowels and consonants.

II. O r t h o g r a p h y (the history of English spelling: the influence of French, the conservative character of Modern English orthography)

III. M o r p h o l o g y (commentaries on remnants of Old English morphology, the history of analytical forms)

1. The remnants of Old English morphology in the system of nouns: the history of nominal inflections, irregular plurals such as 'foot' – 'feet', 'goose' – 'geese', 'child' – 'children', etc..
2. The remnants of Old English morphology in the system of other nominal parts of speech (adjectives, pronouns, numerals); the development of articles.
3. The remnants of Old English morphology in the system of verbs:

Modern English irregular verbs, their origin; remnants of Old English strong verbs; remnants of Old English weak verbs, modal verbs, their origin and archaic features; the history of inflected and analytical verb forms; archaic grammatical forms of verbs such as 'was gone' used in sentences of the type 'After he was gone she started thinking', etc..

4. The role of functional words in English; prepositions expressing case relations.

IV. S y n t a x (commentaries connected with the history of phrase and sentence structure)

1. Change of free word order in Old English to fixed word order in New English.
2. Changes in the types of syntactic relation between components of subordinate phrases.
3. The development of phrase patterns of the type 'state forest fire losses'.
4. The tendency towards the completeness of phrase and sentence structure.
5. The formation of the structure of negative sentences.
6. Changes in the structure of composite sentences.

V. V o c a b u l a r y (commentaries on changes in the structure and meaning of vocabulary items)

1. Transition of vocabulary items from polymorphic structure to monomorphic structure.

2. The history of most productive native and borrowed suffixes and prefixes in English.

3. Types of semantic change (narrowing and widening of meaning, elevation and degradation of meaning) and its causes.

4. The historical background of etymological structure of Modern English vocabulary.

5. The interrelation between the morphemic structure of English and types of word-formation used at different periods of its history.

III. A pattern of text analysis based on historical linguistics

Mark Twain. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

M., 1955, Ch. II, p. 33-39

Mark Twain's (1835-1910) novel 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court' (1889) is a political satire where describing the English country of the VI-th century the author tries to expose the vices of the bourgeois society in which he lived.

"The moment I got a chance I slipped aside privately and touched an ancient common-looking man on the shoulder and said, in an insinuating, confidential way:

"Friend, do me a kindness. Do you belong to the asylum, or are you just here on a visit or something like that?"

He looked me over stupidly, and said:

"Marry, fair sir, me seemeth – "

"That will do," I said: "I reckon you are a patient."

I moved away, cogitating, and at the same time keeping an eye out for any chance passenger in his right mind that might come along and give me some light. I judged I had found one, presently; so I drew him aside and said in his ear:

"If I could see the head keeper a minute – only just a minute – "

"Prithee do not let me. – "

"Let you w h a t ?"

"H i n d e r me, then, if the word please thee better."

Then he went on to say he was an under-cook and could not stop to gossip, though he would like it another time; for it would comfort his very liver to know where I got my clothes. As he started away he pointed and said yonder was one who was idle enough for my purpose, and was seeking me besides, no doubt. This was an airy slim boy in shrimp-colored tights that made him look like

a forked carrot; the rest of his gear was blue silk and dainty laces and ruffles; and he had long yellow curls, and wore a plumed pink satin cap tilted complacently over his ear. By his look, he was good-natured; by his gait, he was satisfied with himself. He was pretty enough to frame. He arrived, looked me over with a smiling and impudent curiosity; said he had come for me, and informed me that he was a page.

"Go 'long," I said; "you ain't more than a paragraph."

It was pretty severe, but I was nettled. However, it never fazed him; he didn't appear to know he was hurt. He began to talk and laugh, in happy, thoughtless, boyish fashion, as we walked along, and made himself old friends with me at once; asked me all sorts of questions about myself and about my clothes, but never waited for an answer – always chattered straight ahead, as if he didn't know he had asked a question and wasn't expecting any reply, until at last he happened to mention that he was born in the beginning of the year 513.

It made the cold chills creep over me! I stopped and said, a little faintly:

"Maybe I didn't hear you just right. Say it again – and say it slow. What year was it?"

"513."

"513! You don't look it! Come, my boy, I am a stranger and friendless; be honest and honorable with me. Are you in your right mind?

He said he was.

"Are these other people in their right minds?"

He said they were.

"And it isn't any asylum? I mean, it isn't a place where they cure crazy people?"

He said it wasn't.

"Well, then," I said, "either I am a lunatic, or something just as awful has happened. Now tell me, honest and true, where am I?"

"In King Arthur's Court."

I waited a minute, to let that idea shudder its way home, and then said:

"And according to your notions, what year is it now?"

"528 – nineteenth of June."

I felt a mournful sinking at the heart, and muttered:

"I shall never see my friends again – never, never again. They will not be born for more than thirteen hundred years yet."

I seemed to believe the boy, I didn't know why. S o m e t h i n g in me seemed to believe him – my consciousness, as you may say; but my reason didn't. My reason straightway began to clamor; that was natural. I didn't know how to go about satisfying it, because I knew that the testimony of men wouldn't serve – my reason would say they were lunatics, and throw out their evidence. But all of a sudden I stumbled on the very thing, just by luck. I knew that the only total eclipse of the sun in the first half of the sixth century occurred on the 21-st of June, A.D. 528, O.S., and began at 3 minutes after 12 noon. I also

knew that no total eclipse of the sun was due in what to m e was the present year – i.e., 1879. So, if I could keep my anxiety and curiosity from eating the heart out of me for forty-eight hours, I should then find out for certain whether this boy was telling me the truth or not.

Wherefore, being a practical Connecticut man, I now shoved this whole problem clear out of my mind till its appointed day and hour should come, in order that I might turn all my attention to the circumstances of the present moment, and be alert and ready to make the most out of them that could be made. One thing at a time, is my motto – and just play that thing for all it is worth, even if it's only two pair and a jack. I made up my mind to two things: if it was still the nineteenth century and I was among lunatics and couldn't get away, I would presently boss that asylum or know the reason why; and if, on the other hand, it was really the sixth century, all right, I didn't want any softer thing; I would boss the whole country inside of three months; for I judged I would have the start of the best-educated man in the kingdom by a matter of thirteen hundred years and upwards. I'm not a man to waste time after my mind's made up and there's work on hand; so I said to the page:

"Now, Clarence, my boy – if that might happen to be your name – I'll get you to post me up a little if you don't mind. What is the name of that apparition that brought me here?"

"My master and thine? That is the good knight and great lord Sir Kay the Seneschal, foster-brother to our liege the king."

"Very good: go on, tell me everything."

He made a long story of it: but the part that had immediate interest for me was this. He said I was Sir Kay's prisoner, and that in the due course of custom I would be flung into a dungeon and left there on scant commons until my friends ransomed me – unless I chanced to rot, first. I saw that the less chance had the best show, but I didn't waste any bother about that: time was too precious. The page said, further, that dinner was about ended in the great hall by this time, and that as soon as the sociability and the heavy drinking should begin, Sir Kay would have me in and exhibit me before King Arthur and his illustrious knights seated at the Table Round, and would brag about his exploit in capturing me, and would probably exaggerate the facts a little, but it wouldn't be good form for me to correct him, and not oversafe, either; and when I was done being exhibited, then ho for the dungeon; but he, Clarence, would find a way to come and see me every now and then, and cheer me up, and help me get word to my friends.

Get word to my friends! I thanked him; I couldn't do less; and about this time a lackey came to say I was wanted; so Clarence led me in and took me off to one side and sat down by me.

Well, it was a curious kind of spectacle, and interesting. It was an immense place, and rather naked – yes, and full of loud contrasts. It was very, very lofty; so lofty that the banners depending from the arched beams and girders away up

there floated in a sort of twilight; there was a stone-railed gallery at each end, high up, with musicians in the one, and women, clothed in stunning colors, in the other. The floor was of big stone flags laid in black and white squares, rather battered by age and use, and needing repair. As to ornament, there wasn't any, strictly speaking; though on the walls hung some huge tapestries which were probably taxed as works of art; battle-pieces, they were, with horses shaped like those which children cut out of paper or create in gingerbread; with men on them in scale armor whose scales are represented by round holes – so that the man's coat looks as if it had been done with a biscuit-punch. There was a fireplace big enough to camp in; and its projecting sides and hood of carved and pillared stonework, had the look of a cathedral door. Along the walls stood men-at-arms, in breastplate and morion, with halberds for their only weapon – rigid as statues; and that is what they looked like.

In the middle of this groined and vaulted public square was an oaken table which they called the Table Round. It was as large as a circus-ring; and around it sat a great company of men dressed in such various and splendid colors that it hurt one's eye to look at them. They wore their plumed hats, right along, except that whenever one addressed himself directly to the king, he lifted his hat a trifle just as he was beginning his remark.

Mainly they were drinking – from entire ox horns; but a few were still munching bread or gnawing beef bones. There was about an average of two dogs to one man; and these sat in expectant attitude till a spent bone was flung to them, and then they went for it by brigades and divisions, with a rush, and there ensued a fight which filled the prospect with a tumultuous chaos of plunging heads and bodies and flashing tails, and the storm of howlings and barkings deafened all speech for the time; but that was no matter, for the dog-fight was always a bigger interest anyway; the men rose, sometimes, to observe it the better and bet on it, and the ladies and the musicians stretched themselves out over their balusters with the same object; and all broke into delighted ejaculations from time to time. In the end, the winning dog stretched himself out comfortably with his bone between his paws, and proceeded to growl over it, and gnaw it, and grease the floor with it, just as fifty others were already doing; and the rest of the court resumed their previous industries and entertainment.

As a rule, the speech and behaviour of these people were gracious and courtly; and I noticed that they were good and serious listeners when anybody was telling anything – I mean in a dog-fightless intervals. And plainly, too, they were a childlike and innocent lot; telling lies of the stateliest pattern with a most gentle and winning naiveté, and ready and willing to listen to anybody else's lie, and believe it, too. It was hard to associate them with anything cruel or dreadful; and yet they dealt in tales of blood and suffering with a guileless relish that made me almost forget to shudder.

I was not the only prisoner present. There were twenty or more. Poor devils, many of them were maimed, hacked, carved, in a frightful way; and their

hair, their faces, their clothing, were caked with black and stiffened drenchings of blood. They were suffering sharp physical pain, of course, and weariness, and hunger and thirst, no doubt; and at least none had given them the comfort of a wash, or even the poor charity of a lotion for their wounds; yet you never heard them utter a moan or a groan, or saw them show any sign of restlessness, or any disposition to complain. The thought was forced upon me: "The rascals - t h e y served other people so in their day; it being their own turn, now, they were not expecting any better treatment than this; so their philosophical bearing is not an outcome of mental training, intellectual fortitude, reasoning; it is more animal training; they are white Indians."

* * *

To create a true-to-life atmosphere of the previous epochs Mark Twain makes a wide use of archaic words and grammatical constructions, such as may be seen in the following passage: "He looked me over stupidly, and said: "Marry, fair sir, me seemeth –". ("That will do," I said: "I reckon you are a patient." Ch.II, p. 33).

The sentence "Marry, fair sir, me seemeth" contains a number of archaic words and grammatical archaisms. Thus, the word 'marry' opening the sentence is an archaic interjection expressing surprise. "Me seemeth" [ɱɛː'ʂɛːɱɛϮ] is a Middle English impersonal sentence retaining the archaic verb form with the inflection –th; the Modern English equivalent of "Me seemeth"… is "It seems to me"…

Another extract in the same chapter abounds in archaic forms used for the same stylistic purpose – to create the language atmosphere of the past: "If I could see the head keeper a minute – only just a minute -. "Prithee do not let me," "Let you what?" "Hinder me, then, if the word please thee better". (Ch.II, p.33). The archaic form of the personal pronoun of the 2-nd person singular is used here twice in the form of the objective case 'thee'. The nominative case singular of the pronoun had the form 'þū' [θu:] in Old English, ('þū' is an Indo-European word, its cognate in Russian is 'ты', [t] shifted into [θ] due to the action of Grimm's law; in Middle English the pronoun retained its pronunciation unchanged but became different in spelling: 'thou' [θu:]. In New English the spelling of the word remained the same as it was in Old English, as for its pronunciation it changed considerably; the initial consonant [θ] became voiced due to the action of Verner's law in New English in the result of which three consonants: [θ], [f], [s] became voiced in minor classes of words when used as initial or final; as for the long vowel [u:], it was diphthongized according to the Great Vowel Shift; in the result of these phonetic changes which affected both, the consonant and the vowel, [θu:] gradually turned into [ðau] preserving its graphical form unaltered – thou. The objective case form of the pronoun underwent similar phonetic changes: 'þē' [θe:] > thee [θe:] > thee [ði:].

The pronoun 'thou' and its forms 'thee', 'thine' went out of general usage in the XVII-th century being ousted by the plural form 'you' and its derivatives

‘your’, ‘yours’. Nowadays ‘thou’ is used only in religious texts and in works of fiction where it functions as a special stylistic device.

It should be noted here that archaization does not mean complete reproduction of the speech of past epochs; it is achieved through the use of separate archaic words. Very often archaization is relative. So, in his description of the VI-th century events M. Twain resorts to words which existed not in the VI-th but in the XVI - XVII-th centuries.

The use of archaic words in the satirical novel by M.Twain “A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court” depicting the events of the V - VI-th centuries of our era is merely conventional. We know that the English language was not known in Britain at that time. King Arthur and his subjects spoke Celtic, not English, yet the ‘couleur historique’ is created by the use of English archaisms. A humorous effect is achieved through the use of the verb ‘to let’ in the meaning of ‘to hinder’ (p.33), ‘мешать’, ‘препятствовать’ where ‘let’ may be traced back to the Old English ‘lētan’ ‘мешать’, ‘препятствовать’, whereas its homonym ‘to let’ in the meaning of ‘to allow’ goes back to the Old English ‘lætan’ ‘позволять’, ‘осуществлять’. In course of time these two verbs became homonymous and the first of them is regarded as an archaic word nowadays. The word ‘to let’ in the meaning of ‘to hinder’ was obsolete at the time when Mark Twain lived which made it possible for the writer to create the following passage:

“Prithee do not <u>let</u> me.”

“Let you what?”

“<u>Hinder</u> me, then, if the word please thee better.” (op.cit., p.33)

The extract given above represents a conversation between an under-cook at King Arthur’s court and the Yankee. It is clear that the Yankee misunderstood the under-cook because the archaic word ‘let’ was not known to him. Grammatical archaisms should be noted in the last sentence: the first is the subjunctive mood form of ‘please’ in the if-clause; the second – the archaic pronoun of the 2-nd person singular in the objective case form: ‘thee’.

The phonetic and graphical history of words is of interest indeed. For instance, the history of the words ‘night’, ‘knight’, ‘light’, ‘right’, ‘fight’, ‘bright’ deserves attention as a considerable discrepancy between spelling and pronunciation is observed everywhere here which may be explained only diachronically.

As the phonetic and graphical history of the words above is analogous it will suffice to deal with the development of one of them. Let us trace up the history of ‘night’ for that matter; its Old English form was ‘niht’ [ɲix't], in Middle English the word remained unchanged in pronunciation but became different in spelling – nyght [nix't] (the digraph ‘gh’ was introduced in Middle English to indicate a spirant and differentiate it in this way from an aspirate both of which were represented graphically in the same way in Old English, namely by the letter ‘h’). The spirant [x’] was lost in Early New English, after that the

root vowel lengthened which in its turn resulted in the development of the diphthong [ai] in accordance with the action of the Great Vowel Shift, hence is the New English pronunciation of the word [nait]; as far as the spelling of the word is concerned, it remained unchanged since the Middle English period.

Of considerable interest are all those cases in which identical graphemes are pronounced differently in different distribution. Let's compare the pronunciation of the grapheme 'o' in such words as 'do', 'more', 'so', 'over', 'come', 'some', 'not', 'stop', 'or', 'for', 'word', 'one', 'to', where it is pronounced correspondingly as [u:], [ɒ], [qᵛ], [ʌ], [ɔ], [ɒ], [ɯ], [q].

The phoneme [u:] in the word 'do' may be traced back to the long close phoneme [ō] that was used in the Old English verb 'dōn' [dōn]. The Old English phoneme [ō] remained unchanged in the Middle English form of the word 'doon' which developed into 'do [du:] in New English with the long phoneme [ō] being narrowed into [u:] due to the action of the Great Vowel Shift.

The word 'move' is of French origin, it was borrowed from French in Middle English and retained the long root phoneme [u:]. The word 'so' originates from the Old English 'swā'. In Middle English the long open phoneme [ā] gave rise to the long open sound [ō] which in its turn was gradually diphthongized into [qᵛ] in the result of the Great Vowel Shift.

The word 'over' developed from the Old English 'ofer' [ˊɔvɐr]. In passing from Old English to Middle English the word changed its pronunciation and spelling to 'over' [ˊqᵛvɐr], the original short phoneme [o] turned into a long vowel as it was accented and constituted an open syllable, the development of the open sound [ō] resulted in the rise of the diphthong [qᵛ] which appeared here under the influence of the Great Vowel Shift (XVI-XVIII c.).

The history of the words 'come' and 'some' is analogous in respect to the development of their root-vowels. The Old English forms of the words were correspondingly 'cuman' and 'sum'. In Middle English the sound [u] remained unchanged but its graphical representation became different: in position before 'm', 'n', 'v' and some other letters consisting of vertical lines the grapheme 'u' was replaced by 'o'. In the XVII-th century the short phoneme [u] gave rise to a new phoneme [ʌ]. The short phoneme [ɔ] remained unchanged when used in closed syllables which accounts for its reading in the words 'not' and 'stop'.

The reading of 'o' in 'or' and 'for' is influenced by 'r' which was vocalized in Early New English and together with the preceding vowel gave rise to a new phoneme [ɒ]. The same letter combination 'or' is read as [ɯ] in 'word' where the reading of the root-vowel was influenced by the initial bilabial phoneme [w].

The reading of 'one' [wʌn] is peculiar. The word 'one' originates from the Old English numeral 'ān' which changed into 'oon' in Middle English, the long open phoneme [ō] became short in the closed syllable and gradually narrowed to [u] in position before the nasal sound [n], the form [un] turned into [wun] which became [wʌn] in the XVII-th century with the regular transition of the short phoneme [u] into [ʌ].

The preposition ‘to’ [tu:,tu,tq], which is usually unstressed, is pronounced with the final neutral vowel although the full form of the word has the long phoneme [u:].

A number of words in the text bear the traces of the action of Grimm’s law. Thus, the words ‘that’, ‘I’, ‘head’ may be taken for the illustration of this phonetic change. The Old English form of ‘that’ which was ‘þæt’ may be compared with the Russian word ‘то’: the change of the original phoneme [t] into [θ] took place in Germanic languages according to the first act of Grimm’s law. The Old English ‘ic’ (ME – I) taken versus the Latin word ‘ego’ illustrates the second act of Grimm’s law; ‘head’ as compared with its Latin cognate ‘caput’ illustrates the first act of the same law.

IV. Texts with assignments for classroom use and self-check activities

TEXT 1

M.Twain. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court.

M., 1955, p. 273-279

He was right. He knew more about hunting that I did. The noise approached steadily, but not with a rush. The king said:

“They reason that we were advantaged by no parlous start of them, and being on foot are as yet no mighty way from where we took the water.”

“Yes, sire, that is about it, I am afraid, though I was hoping better things.”

The noise drew nearer, and soon the van was drifting under us, on both sides of the water. A voice called a halt from the other bank, and said:

“An they were so minded, they could get to yon tree by this branch that overhangs, and yet not touch ground. Ye will do well to send a man up it.”

“Marry, that we will do!”

I was obliged to admire my cuteness in foreseeing this very thing and swapping trees to beat it. But, don’t you know, there are some things that can beat smartness and foresight? Awkwardness and stupidity can. The best swordsman in the world doesn’t need to fear the second best swordsman in the world; no, the person for him to be afraid of is some ignorant antagonist who has never had a sword in his hand before; he doesn’t do the thing he ought to do, and so the expert isn’t prepared for him; he does the thing he ought not to do; and often it catches the expert out and ends him on the spot. Well, how could I with all my gifts, make any valuable preparation against a near-sighted, cross-eyed, pudding-headed clown who would aim himself at the wrong tree and hit the right one. And that is what he did. He went for the wrong tree, which was, of course, the right one by mistake, and up he started.

Matters were serious now. We remained still, and awaited developments. The peasant toiled his difficult way up. The king raised himself up and stood; he

made a leg ready, and when the comer's head arrived in reach of it, there was a dull thud, and down went the man floundering to the ground. There was a wild outbreak of anger below, and the mob swarmed in from all around, and there we were treed, and prisoners. Another man started up; the bridging bough was detected, and a volunteer started up the tree that furnished the bridge. The king ordered me to play Horatius and keep the bridge. For a while the enemy came thick and fast; but no matter, the head man of each procession always got a buffet that dislodged him as soon as he came in reach. The king's spirits rose, his joy was limitless. He said that if nothing occurred to mar the prospect we should have a beautiful night, for on this line of tactics we could hold the tree against the whole country-side.

However, the mob soon came to that conclusion themselves; wherefore they called off the assault and began to debate other plans. They had no weapons, but there were plenty of stones, and stones might answer. We had no objections. A stone might possibly penetrate to us once in a while, but it wasn't very likely; we were well protected by boughs and foliage, and were not visible from any good aiming-point. If they would but waste half an hour in stone-throwing, the dark would come to our help. We were feeling very well satisfied. We could smile; almost laugh.

But we didn't; which was just as well; for we should have been interrupted. Before the stones had been raging through the leaves and bouncing from the boughs fifteen minutes, we began to notice a smell. A couple of sniffs of it was enough of an explanation: it was smoke! Our game was up at last. We recognized that. When smoke invites you, you have to come. They raised their pile of dry brush and damp weeds higher and higher, and when they saw the thick cloud begin to roll up and smother the tree, they broke out in a storm of joy-clamors. I got enough breath to say:

"Proceed, my liege; after you is manners."

The king gasped:

"Follow me down, and then back thyself against one side of the trunk, and leave me the other. Then will we fight. Let each pile his dead according to his own fashion and taste."

Then we descended barking and coughing, and I followed. I struck the ground an instant after him; we sprang to our appointed places, and began to give and take with all our might. The pow-wow and racket were prodigious; it was a tempest of riot and confusion and thick-falling blows. Suddenly some horsemen tore into the midst of the crowd, and a voice shouted:

"Hold – or ye are dead men!"

How good it sounded! The owner of the voice bore all the marks of a gentleman: picturesque and costly raiment, the aspect of command, a hard countenance, with complexion and features marred by dissipation. The mob fell humbly back, like so many spaniels. The gentleman inspected us critically, then said sharply to the peasants:

"What are ye doing to these people?"

"They be madmen, worshipful sir, that have come wandering we know not whence, and – "

"Ye know not whence? Do ye pretend ye know them not?"

"Most honored sir, we speak but the truth. They are strangers and unknown to any in this region; and they be the most violent and bloodthirsty madmen that ever – "

"Peace! Ye know not what ye say. They are not mad. Who are ye? And whence are ye? Explain."

"We are but peaceful strangers, sir," I said, "and traveling upon our own concerns. We are from a far country, and unacquainted here. We have purposed no harm; and yet but for your brave interference and protection these people would have killed us. As you have divined, sir, we are not mad; neither are we violent or bloodthirsty."

The gentleman turned to his retinue and said calmly:

"Lash me these animals to their kennels!"

The mob vanished in an instant; and after them plunged the horsemen, laying about them with their whips and pitilessly riding down such as were witless enough to keep the road instead of taking to the bush. The shrieks and supplications presently died away in the distance, and soon the horsemen began to straggle back. Meantime the gentleman had been questioning us more closely, but had dug no particulars out of us. We were lavish of recognition of the service he was doing us, but we revealed nothing more than that we were friendless strangers from a far country. When the escort were all returned, the gentleman said to one of his servants:

"Bring the led-horses and mount these people."

"Yes, my lord."

We were placed toward the rear, among the servants. We traveled pretty fast, and finally drew rein some time after dark at a road-side inn some ten or twelve miles from the scene of our troubles. My lord went immediately to his room, after ordering his supper, and we saw no more of him. At dawn in the morning we breakfasted and made ready to start.

My lord's chief attendant sauntered forward at that moment with indolent grace, and said:

"Ye have said ye should continue upon this road, which is our direction likewise; wherefore my lord, the earl Grip, hath given commandment that ye retain the horses and ride, and that certain of us ride with ye a twenty mile to a fair town that hight Cambenet, whenso you shall be out of peril."

We could do nothing less than express our thanks and accept the offer. We jogged along, six in the party, at a moderate and comfortable gait, and in conversation learned that my lord Grip was a very great personage in his own region, which lay a day's journey beyond Cambenet. We loitered to such a degree that it was near the middle of the forenoon when we entered the

market-square of the town. We dismounted, and left our thanks once more for my lord, and then approached a crowd assembled in the center of the square, to see what might be the object of interest. It was the remnant of that old peregrinating band of slaves! So they had been dragging their chains about, all this weary time. That poor husband was gone, and also many others; and some few purchases had been added to the gang. The king was not interested, and wanted to move along, but I was absorbed, and full of pity. I could not take my eyes away from these worn and wasted wrecks of humanity. There they sat, grouped upon the ground, silent, uncomplaining, with bowed heads, a pathetic sight. And by hideous contrast, a redundant orator was making a speech to another gathering not thirty steps away, in fulsome laudation of "our glorious British Liberties!"

I was boiling. I had forgotten I was a plebeian, I was remembering I was a man. Cost what it might, I would mount that rostrum and –

Click! the king and I were handcuffed together! Our companions, those servants, had done it: my lord Grip stood looking on. The king burst out in a fury, and said:

"What meaneth this ill-mannered jest?"

My lord merely said to his head miscreant, coolly:

"Put up the slaves and sell them!"

S l a v e s ! The word had a new sound – and how unspeakably awful. The king lifted his manacles and brought them down with a deadly force; but my lord was out of the way when they arrived. A dozen of the rascal's servants sprang forward, and in a moment we were helpless, with our hands bound behind us. We so loudly and so earnestly proclaimed ourselves freemen that we got the interested attention of that liberty-mouthing orator and his patriotic crowd, and they gathered about us and assumed a very determined attitude. The orator said:

"If, indeed, ye are freemen, ye have naught to fear – the God-given liberties of Britain are about ye for your shield and shelter: (Applause.) Ye shall soon see. Bring forth your proofs."

"What proofs?"

"Proofs that ye are freemen."

Ah – I remember! I came to myself; I said nothing. But the king stormed out:

"Thou'rt insane, man. It were better, and more in reason, that this thief and scoundrel here prove that we are n o t freeman."

You see, he knew his own laws just as other people so often know the laws: by words, not by effects. They take a m e a n i n g , and get to be very vivid, when you come to apply them to yourself.

All hands shook their heads, and looked disappointed; some turned away, no longer interested. The orator said – and this time in the tones of business, not of sentiment:

"An ye do not know your country's laws, it were time ye learned them. Ye are strangers to us: ye will not deny that. Ye may be freemen, we do not deny that; but also you may be slaves. The law is clear: it doth not require the claimant to prove ye are slaves, it requireth you to prove you are n o t ."

I said:

"Dear sir, give us only time to send to Astolat; or give us only time to send to the Valley of Holiness – "

"Peace, good man, these are extraordinary requests, and you may not hope to have them granted. It would cost much time, and would unwarrantably inconvenience your master – "

"M a s t e r, idiot! stormed the king. "I have no master, I myself am the m – "

"Silence, for God's sake!"

I trouble enough already; it could not help us any to give these people the notion that we were lunatics.

There is no use in stringing out the details. The earl put us up and sold us at auction. This same infernal law had existed in our own South in my own time, more than thirteen hundred years later, and under it hundreds of freemen who could not prove that they were freemen had been sold into life-long slavery without the circumstance making any particular impression upon me; but the minute law and the auction block came into my personal experience, a thing which had been merely improper before became suddenly hellish. Well, that's the way we are made.

Yes, we were sold at auction, like swine. In a big town and an active market we should have brought a good price; but this place was utterly stagnant and so we were sold at a figure which makes me ashamed, every time I think of it. The King of England brought seven dollars, and his prime minister nine; whereas the king was easily worth twenty dollars and I as easily worth fifteen. But that is the way things always go; if you force a sale on a dull market, I don't care what the property is, you are going to make a poor business of it, and can make up your mind to it. If the earl had had wit enough to –

However, there is no occasion for my working my sympathies up on his account. Let him go, for the present; I took his number, so to speak.

The slave-dealer bought us both, and hitched us onto that long chain of his, and we constituted the rear of his procession. We took up our line of march and passed out of Cambenet at noon; and it seemed to me unaccountably strange and odd that the King of England and his chief minister, marching manacled and fettered and yoked, in a slave convoy, could move by all manner of idle men and women, and under windows where sat the sweet and the lovely, and yet never attract a curios eye, never provoke a single remark. Dear, dear, it only shows that there is nothing diviner about a king than there is about a tramp, after all. He is just a cheap and hollow artificiality when you don't know he is a king. But

reveal his quality, and dear me it takes your very breath away to look at him. I reckon we are all fools. Born so, no doubt.

Assignments

I. Phonetics and orphography

1. Find examples illustrating the action of Grimm's law and Verner's law.
2. Explain the use of different vowels in irregular verb forms (keep-kept, take-took, speak-spoke, begin-began, sit-sat, sell-sold, etc.).
3. Account for the use of different vowels in the noun forms 'man' vs 'men'; 'foot' vs 'feet'.
4. Comment on different readings of the letters 's', 'f', and the digraph 'th' in: 'stranger', 'stone', 'sir' vs 'is', 'was', 'his'; 'beautiful', 'foliage', 'follow', 'feel' vs 'of'; 'think', 'thirsty'; 'thing', vs 'they', 'then', 'that'.
5. Compare the graphical representation of the sound [f] in 'after', 'freemen', 'cough', 'enough', 'philosophy', give reasons for identical pronunciation of different graphemes.
6. Compare the pronunciation of the digraph 'ch' in 'cheap', 'chief', 'characteristic', 'machine'; explain different reading of the digraph.
7. Find some examples illustrating the action of the Great Vowel Shift.
8. Explain the pronunciation of the grapheme 'i' in such words as 'right', 'might', 'fight', 'sight', 'with', 'king', 'distance', 'I' 'ride', 'mile', 'died', 'sir', 'admire'.
9. Compare the reading of the grapheme 'o' in 'stop', 'not', 'tones', 'no', 'go', 'do', 'prove', 'lovely'; explain the differences in reading.
10. Give reasons for different readings of the digraph 'ou' in 'bound', 'group', 'country'.
11. Explain the history of the mute letter 'e' in such words as 'time', 'made', 'became', 'these', 'swine', etc.
12. Compare the distribution of the letters 'i' and 'y' used for representing the sound [i], make necessary conclusions.
13. Give examples from the text illustrating the conservative character of Modern English orthography.
14. State the degree of phonetic and graphical assimilation in the following words of French origin: picturesque, chief, personage, arrive, servant, auction, etc..

II. Morphology

1. Why does the word 'man' have the irregular plural form 'men'? Give other irregular plurals of the same origin.
2. Why does the noun 'swine' remain uninflected in plural? Give examples of other uninflected plurals.

3. Recall the origin of the plural inflection –s in nouns and the inflection –'s of the possessive case.
4. What archaic forms of personal pronouns are used in the text? What is the purpose of their usage? Do you often meet the forms ‘ye’ and ‘thou’ in present-day English?
5. Comment on the verb forms ‘art’ (“Thou'rt insane, man”, p.277), ‘doth’ (‘it doth not require’ … , p.273), ‘requireth’ (p.278), ‘hath given’ (‘…my lord…hath given commandment’, p.276), ‘meaneth’ (‘What meaneth this ill-mannered jest?’ p.277).
6. Define the morphological status of the form ‘was gone’ used in the sentence (‘That poor husband was gone and also many others’ … p.276).
7. Find remnants of Old English strong verbs in the text, define their original classes.
8. Explain the use of different root-vowels in ‘sell-sold’, ‘tell-told’; give other verbs of the same type.
9. Recall the history of modal verbs used in the text.
10. Dwell on the origin of the infinitival particle ‘to’.
11. Recall the history of verb inflections (-s, -ed, -ing).
12. Comment on the origin of analytical verb forms used in the text.

III. S y n t a x

1. Comment on the structure of the following negative sentences used in the text: (‘You know not whence?’ ‘Do you pretend you know them not?’ p.275), (‘You know not what you say’, p.275).
2. Explain the reasons because of which the word order in English sentences became fixed.
3. Comment on different types of syntactic relation between phrase components, compare it with the state of things in Old English.
4. Dwell on the origin of the subordinative conjunction ‘that’ and other types of subordinators used in the text.
5. Comment on inversion used in the sentence: (‘Then will we fight’, p.274).

IV. V o c a b u l a r y

1. Point out obsolete words used in the text and comment on their usage and history.
2. Dwell on the history of most productive English suffixes of native origin (-er, -ly, -less, -ish, etc.).
3. Give etymological survey of the vocabulary units used in the text.
4. Comment on semantic changes in the words ‘lord’, ‘room’.
5. Dwell on the history of the following historically compound words: ‘breakfast’, ‘woman’, ‘window’.

TEXT 2

Ch. Dickens. Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.

M., 1949, p. 209-210

Here it was that Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass were seated on the evening after the conclusion of the election, with several other temporary inmates of the house, smoking and drinking.

“Well gents,” said a stout, hale personage of about forty, with only one eye – a very bright black eye, which twinkled with a roguish expression of fun and good humour, “our noble selves, gents. I always propose that toast to the company, and drink Mary to myself. Eh, Mary?”

“Get along with you, you wretch,” said the handmaiden, obviously not ill pleased with the compliment, however.

“Don't go away, Mary,” said the black-eyed man.

“Let me alone, imperence,” said the young lady.

“Never mind,” said the one-eyed man, calling after the girl as she left the room. “I'll step out by and by, Mary. Keep your spirits up, dear.” Here he went through the not very difficult process of winking upon the company with his solitary eye, to the enthusiastic delight of an elderly personage with a dirty face and a clay pipe.

“Rum creeters is women,” said the dirty-faced man, after a pause.

“Ah! No mistake about that,” said a very red-faced man, behind a cigar.

After this little bit of philosophy there was another pause.

“There's rummer things than women in this world though, mind you,” said the man with the black eye, slowly filling a large Dutch pipe, with a most capacious bowl.

“Are you married?” inquired the dirty-faced man.

“Can't say I am.”

“I thought not.” Here the dirty-faced man fell into ecstasies of mirth at his own retort, in which he was joined by a man of bland voice and placid countenance, who always made it a point to agree with everybody.

“Women, after all, gentlemen,” said the enthusiastic Mr. Snodgrass, “are the great props and comforts of our existence.” “So they are,” said the placid gentleman.

“When they're in a good humour,” interposed the dirty-faced man.

“And that's very true,” said the placid one.

“I repudiate that qualification,” said Mr. Snodgrass, whose thoughts were fast reverting to Emily Wardle, “I repudiate it with disdain – with indignation. Show me the man who says anything against women, as women, and I boldly declare he is not a man.” And Mr. Snodgrass took his cigar from his mouth, and struck the table violently with his clenched fist.

“That's good sound argument,” said the placid man.

“Containing a position which I deny,’’ interrupted he of the dirty countenance.

“And there's certainly a very great deal of truth in what you observe too, Sir,” said the placid gentleman.

“Your health, Sir,” said the bagman with the lonely eye, bestowing an approving nod on Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Snodgrass acknowledged the compliment.

“I always like to hear a good argument,” continued the bagman, “a sharp one, like this; it's very improving; but this little argument about women brought to my mind a story I have heard an old uncle of mine tell, the recollection of which, just now, made me say there were rummer things than women to be met with sometimes.”

“I should like to hear that same story,” said the red-faced man with the cigar.

“Should you?” was the only reply of the bagman, who continued to smoke with great vehemence.

“So should I,” said Mr. Tupman, speaking for the first time. He was always anxious to increase his stock of experience.

“Should y o u ? Well then, I'll tell it. No, I won't. I know you won't believe it,” said the man with the roguish eye, making that organ look more roguish than ever.

“If you say it's true, of course I shall,” said Mr. Tupman.

“Well, upon that understanding I'll tell it,” replied the traveller. “Did you ever hear of the great commercial house of Bilson and Slum? But it doesn't matter though, whether you did or not, because they retired from business long since. It's eighty years ago, since the circumstance happened to a traveller for that house, but he was a particular friend of my uncle's; and my uncle told the story to me. It's a queer name; but he used to call it THE BAGMAN'S STORY and he used to tell it, something in this way.

Assignments

I. P h o n e t i c s a n d o r t h o g r a p h y

1. Trace up the history of reading the grapheme ‘a’ used in the words below: am, and, black, man, married, than; indignation, made, placid, (the) same; qualification, was, what; after, fast; about, agree, agree, another, company, woman; all, always, warder; are, large, sharp.
2. Give the reasons for different readings of the grapheme ‘o’ in the following words: compliment, not, on, Snodgrass, stock, story; boldly, most, noble, only, process, propose, smoking; for, forty, organ; another, comforts, company, other, sometimes; conclusion, observe, temporary, good, room, took; approving, whose, woman; women.

3. Explain the history of reading the grapheme ‘i’ in the words below:
   it, ill, mistake, this, twinkle; bit, little, solitary, which; I, like, mine, pipe, time; behind, bright, delight, mind; dirty, first, mirth.
4. Comment on the reading of the grapheme ‘e’ in:
   elderly, ever, gents, never, pense, process, step, went; agree, evening, he, keep, me, the; behind, declare, delight, deny, enthusiastic, reply; certainly, observe, personage, reverting, were; dear, here, imperence; since, like; whether, traveler, ever, matter; lonely, mistake, pipe, table, true, twinkled.
5. Explain the reading of the digraph ‘ou’ (‘ow’) in:
   about, house, however, out, sound, stout; know, though; brought, thought; young; should, through, you; course; humour.
6. Illustrate the process of i-Umlaut by some examples from the text.
7. Find illustrations of the action of the Great Vowel Shift in the text.
8. Comment on the origin of the phoneme [ℝ] in:
   after, are, argument, can't, cigar, fast, large, sharp.
9. Comment on the origin of the phoneme [ɹ] in:
   brought, calling, forty, thoughts.
10. Illustrate the action of Grimm's law and Verner's law by some examples from the text.
11. Compare the origin of the phoneme [𝕊] in such words as ‘shall’, ‘should’, ‘show’ on the one hand and ‘election’, ‘expression’, ‘capacious’, ‘indignation’, ‘position’ on the other hand.
12. Explain different readings of the grapheme ‘c’ in ‘clay’, ‘company’, ‘compliment’ vs ‘cigar’, ‘placid’, ‘voice’.

II. M o r p h o l o g y

1. Speak on the history of the verbs ‘shall’, ‘should’ and ‘shall’ falling into disuse nowadays.
2. Comment on the cause of vowel gradation in verbs: bring-brought; drink-drank-drunk; keep-kept; speak-spoke-spoken; take-took-taken; think-thought.
3. Account for the vowel gradation in the plural of the nouns ‘man’ (‘men’), ‘woman’ (‘women’).
4. Prove the fact that the verb ‘to fill’ is derived from the adjective ‘full’.
5. Comment on the comparatives ‘older’ and ‘elder’.
6. Trace up the history of the auxiliaries ‘to be’ and ‘to have’.

III. V o c a b u l a r y

1. Speak on the history of words: evening, lady, always.
2. Comment on the origin of the ordinal numeral ‘first’.
3. Give semantic classification of native words of Germanic and Indo-European origin.

TEXT 3

O.Henry. (1862-1910) The Last Leaf

(O.Henry. Short Stories. M., 1951, p.105-111)

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called ‘places.’ These ‘places’ make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a ‘colony.’

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street “Delmonico's”, and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown ‘places.’

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, shortbreathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hall-way with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

“She has one chance in – let us say, ten,” he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. “And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?”

“She – she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,” said Sue.

“Paint? – bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice – a man, for instance?”

“A man?” said Sue, with a jew’s-harp twang in her voice. “Is a man worth – but, no, doctor, there is nothing of the kind.”

“Well, it is the weakness, then,” said the doctor. “I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my

patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one-in-ten.'

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered on Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bed-clothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting – counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later 'eleven'; and then 'ten', and 'nine'; and then 'eight' and 'seven', almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were – let's see exactly what he said – he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

“You needn't get any more wine,“ said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. “There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four, I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go too.”

“Johnsy, dear,” said Sue, bending over her, “will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down.”

“Couldn't you draw in the other room?” asked Johnsy, coldly.

“I'd rather be here by you,” said Sue. “Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.”

“Tell me as soon as you have finished,” said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, “because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking, I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.”

“Try to sleep,” said Sue. “I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'till I come back.”

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a black canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision of such idiotic imaginings.

“Vass!” he cried. “Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy.”

“She is very ill and weak,” said Sue, “and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care

to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old – old fibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will bot bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away, Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes starting at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and – no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said:

“Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.”

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

“Even chances,” said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. “With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is – some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable.”

The next day the doctor said to Sue: “She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now – that's all.”

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

“I have something to tell you, white mouse,’ she said. “Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and – look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece – he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”

Assignments

I. Phonetics and orthography

1. Explain the change of the root vowels in the plural forms of the following nouns: foot, man, woman.
2. Account for the use of different root vowels in blood-bleed.
3. Comment on vowel interchange in the root morphemes of verbs:

a) write-wrote-written, ride-rode-ridden, smite-smote-smitten, find-found-found, begin-began-begun, cling-clang-clung, win-won-won, come-came-come, wear-wore-worn, sit-sat-sat, meet-met-met, get-got-got, smite-smote-smitten, speak-spoke-spoke, shake-shook-shaken, take-took-taken, awake-awoke-awoken, draw-drew-drawn, stand-stood-stood, fall-fell-fallen, know-knew-known;

b) leave-left-left, keep-kept-kept, sleep-slept-slept;

c) put-put-put;

d) bring-brought-brought, buy-bought-bought, sell-sold-sold, tell-told-told, think-thought-thought.

4. Explain the use of different consonants in ‘leaf’ n. (Sg.) – ‘leaves’ (Pl.), ‘leave’ v. (inf.) – left (Past Tense).
5. Trace up the history of pronunciation and spelling of the word ‘eye’.
6. Prove that the groups of words given below comprise cognate words: two, duo (Lat.), два (Russ.), zwei (Germ.); three, три (Russ.); ten, десять (Russ.), taihun (Goth.), zehn (Germ.); cold, kalt (Germ.), gelidus (Lat.), etc..
7. Trace up the history of pronunciation of the verb forms ‘was’ – ‘were’.

II. Morphology and syntax

1. Dwell on the origin of suppletivity in the verbs ‘to be’ and ‘to go’.
2. Comment on the history of analytical verb forms in the text.
3. Explain the use of the verb form 'am done' used in the sentence: (“Johnsy, dear,” said Sue, bending over her, “will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working?” (p.108).
4. Recall the origin of the mood form used in the subordinate object clause of the following sentence: (“When it was light enough, Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.”, p.110).
5. Give the Old English form of the word ‘woman’, define its gender form in Old English, recall the history of gender distinctions in the system of English nouns.
6. Comment on the meaning of the indefinite articles in the sentence: (“One street crosses itself a time or two.”, p.105), (“An hour later she said…”, p.111). Speak on the history of the indefinite article in English.
7. Define the morphological and the syntactic status of the word “one” and dwell on the history of its development taking into account sentences of the type (“There goes another one.”, p.107), (“I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark.”, p.108).
8. What historic change has made the following phrase type productive in Modern English: a pen-and-ink drawing, a magazine story, skeleton branches, shoulder scarf, cloak sleeves, etc. .
9. Recall whether complex object constructions that are rather frequent in Modern English (e.g. “Something has made that last leaf stay there”, p.110) were known in Old English.

III. Vocabulary

1. Identify words of Indo-European origin in the text and give their cognates in other Indo-European languages; follow the pattern: ‘two’, a cardinal numeral, is an Indo-European word; its cognates in other Indo-European languages are ‘два’ in Russian, ‘duo’ in Latin, ‘zwei’ in German. The sounds [t] (in ‘two’) and [d] (in ‘два’, ‘duo’) illustrate the 2-nd act of Grimm's law; the sound [ts] (in ‘zwei’) is the result of the second shifting of

consonants which separated the German language from all the other languages of the Germanic group.
2. Point out all the words of Germanic origin and give their cognates.
3. Write out native and foreign (Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian) words, define their typical features and the degree of assimilation of foreign words.
4. Give examples of native and borrowed suffixes and prefixes (substantival, adjectival and verbal).
5. Why are such words as ‘woman’ and ‘window’ regarded as historically compound words?

TEXT 4

O. Henry. The Cop and the Anthem

(O.Henry. Short Stories. Moscow, 1951, p. 63-69)

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to prove against the coming rigour.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's has been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles, and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of

charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Therefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm, and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing – with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted Island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

“Where's the man that done that?” inquired the officer excitedly.

“Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?” said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch

a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts, and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now, get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a car-painter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy traveled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a 'cinch'. A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's desiring to assume the role of the despicable and execrated 'masher'. The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden cough and "Hems," smiled, smirked, and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the 'masher.' With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

"Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows, and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of disorderly conduct.

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved, and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy, and remarked to a citizen:

" 'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instruction to leave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella, and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man – " that is – well, you know how these mistakes occur – I – if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me – I picked it up this morning in a restaurant – if you recognize it as yours, why – I hope you'll –

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this towards Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and hold him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves – for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties, and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitious and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring down-town district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would - -

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

“What are you doin' here?” asked the officer.

“Nothin’ ”, said Soapy.

“Then come along,” said the policeman.

“Three months on the Island,” said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

Assignments

I. Phonetics and Orthography

1. Find illustrations of the action of Grimm's law and Verner's law.
2. Look for the traces of i-Umlaut in the text.
3. Compare the reading of the grapheme ‘o’ in the following words: so, to, not, move, come, month, provide, hospitable, for; dwell on the history of sounds indicated by the letter ‘o’.

4. Compare the pronunciation of the digraph ‘ea’ in the words: bread, dead, ready vs. leaf, meat, uneasily.
5. Trace up the history of the diphthong [Qi] in the words: high, kind, mind, night, time.
6. Dwell on the history of spelling and pronunciation of the words: ‘busy’ and ‘eye’.
7. Comment on the instances of the mute letter ‘e’.

II. M o r p h o l o g y

1. Comment on the history of the plurals of the following nouns: foot (feet), goose (geese), man (men), woman (women); leaf (leaves), loaf (loaves); life (lives); name (names, cf with OE naman); mother (mothers).
2. Trace up the history of personal pronouns used in the text.
3. Trace up the history of the demonstrative pronouns ‘this’ and ‘that’ and the history of the definite article.
4. Comment on the following forms of degrees of comparison of adjectives: pleasantest, choicest, lowest, highest, better, older vs. elder.
5. Trace up the history of the following verb-forms: fill-filled-filled; hope-hoped-hoped; look-looked-looked; make-made-made; have-had-had; say-said-said; set-set-set; leave-left-left; sleep-slept-slept; buy-bought-bought; catch-caught-caught; think-thought-thought; do-did-done; go-went-gone; be-was-were; arise-arose-arisen; run-ran-run; come-came-come; give-gave-given; speak-spoke-spoken; stand-stood-stood; may-might; can-could.
6. Define the morphological status of the verb-form ‘was come’ used in the sentence (“And now the time was come”, p.63).
7. Dwell on the history of analytical verb forms used in the text (had come, has been, are gathered, was shaven, would show, was standing, will excuse, are doing, etc.).

III. V o c a b u l a r y

1. Find words of Latin origin in the text and classify them according to periods of borrowing.
2. Speak on fully and partially assimilated borrowings in the text.
3. Trace up the history of most productive nominal and verbal suffixes and prefixes used in the text.

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PART II

GRAMMATICAL INTERPRETATION OF FICTION

‘Man is not merely homo loquens;
he is homo grammaticus’.
(F. Palmer. Grammar)

Outline

I. The importance of grammar in linguistic interpretation of texts

Any language consists of words the number of which in highly developed languages is over 500 000 or close to a million.

To know a language, it is most sufficient to know its words; you must also know how to combine them into groups to form meaningful utterances, that is, you must know the **grammar** of the language. It is customary to divide grammar into two main parts, **morphology** and **syntax**; the first of them deals with the structure of words, the second with the structure of **groups of words (phrases)** and their combination into **sentences.**

Like the phonology and the vocabulary, the grammar of the language is subject to change. During the last two thousand years there have been many changes in English grammar and there is one broad trend that stands out clearly: the language has come to rely less and less on a system of word-inflexions, and more and more on word-order and on function-words (e.g., prepositions, auxiliary verbs). English has become less **synthetic** and more **analytic.** Inflexions still play an important part in English, but there are very few of them compared with the inflectional system of Old English.

However, the inflections that remain in English mostly show little signs of erosion at the moment: the third person singular inflexion of notional verbs in present-tense forms (he work**s)**, the past tense inflexion (he work**ed**), the **–ing** form (work**ing**), the plural and possessive forms of the noun (boy – boy**s**, boy**'s** – boy**s'**), the nominative – objective contrast in the personal pronouns (**we/us, he/him –** 'these things still seem as firm as rocks'. (Ch. Barber. Linguistic Change in Present-Day English. Lnd., 1964, p.130).

There are grammar rules (lexical meanings not ignored) which are relevant in organizing different types of phrases and sentences.

What is more, grammatical distinctions are extremely important (alongside with phonetic and lexical distinctions) in differentiating **national varieties** of English: in particular between **American English** (Am.E.) and **British English** (see А.Д. Швейцер. Очерк современного английского языка в США. М., 1963, etc.). National varieties in grammar can be also recognized in countries such as Canada, Australia, Ireland, New Zealand, Scotland, the West Indies.

There exist **regional dialects** within most countries. It is written by D. Biber that 'there are major regional dialects within most countries, and these regional dialects sometimes extend across national boundaries (e.g. Canada and the USA). For example, the New England, and southern dialects can be distinguished in the United States; the southern and northern English dialects in Great Britain. At a more specific level, many major cities, such as Boston or Liverpool, can be said to have their own distinct dialect.' (D. Biber… LGSWE, Lnd., 2000, p. 17).

Besides geographic or regional dialects, spoken in a particular location, there are also commonly distinguished **social dialects**, associated with a given

demographic group (e.g. members of different social classes, women v. men, older v. younger speakers). Social dialects are marked not only lexically and phonetically but grammatically as well.

Grammatical variations are prominent in **standard** and **non-standard English.** Standard English is the language that has been codified in dictionaries, grammars, and usage handbooks. The features of non-standard English are stigmatized and restricted to particular social/regional dialects. Non-standard English is used mostly by people of low social standing who have not got proper education.

A well-known example of non-standard English is Cockney that is spoken by some Londoners living in the eastern part of the city up to now. The features of Cockney are masterfully shown by B. Shaw in his play 'Pygmalion' (1912-1913). In many social dialects of English including Cockney, the verb inflection –s is possible for all persons in the present tense, especially so with the verb 'say' and 'go' meaning 'say', as in 'I says'…' 'you says' … etc.. There are many other peculiar features of non-standard English which are clearly manifested in grammar. Thus, grammatical peculiarities (alongside with phonetics and vocabulary) make it possible to judge about social class, education, ethnicity, and region of a person's speech.

It has been often pointed out that the central part of a language, its mechanics, its calculus, is its grammar, and this should be of vital interest to any intelligent educated person.

As F. Palmer put is, 'Man is not well defined as **homo sapiens** ('man with wisdom') … What sets man apart from the rest of the animal kingdom is his ability to speak; he is ''the speaking animal''- **homo loquens.** But it is grammar that makes language so essentially a human characteristic. For though other creatures can make meaningful sounds, the link between sound and meaning is for them, of a far more primitive kind than it is for man, and the link for man is grammar. Man is not merely **'homo loquens',** he is **'homo grammaticus'.** (F. Palmer. Grammar; Lnd., 1971, p. 7-8).

The realization of this approach to grammar makes it possible to regard grammar as one of the most important aspects of linguistic text analysis.

The morphological aspect of text analysis includes investigation of the morphemic structure of words, their distribution into parts of speech, grammatical categories of notional words, functions of minor classes of words.

The syntactic aspect of text analysis covers types of phrases and sentences (both structural and communicative), types of cohesion in the text, and the role of principles of pragmatics in the organization of various sentence types.

II. The role of text linguistics in grammatical analysis

It is obvious that linguistic peculiarities (including grammatical features are different for different types of texts, such as science, newspaper, fiction, telegrams, slogans, etc.). The attention in this text book is focused exclusively

on **fiction**, the type of literary works that prevail in teaching foreign languages at Linguistic Universities of Russia.

Works of fiction (written in prose) most often contain **description, narration** and **conversation**, each of them being characterized by a number of specific linguistic features (markers): **phonologic, lexical** and **grammatical**.

The aim of this text-book is to put into light the most remarkable grammatical features of Modern English fiction including description, narration and conversation. It is the character of the text – descriptive, narrative or conversational – which defines for the most part grammatical peculiarities of the text.

Description is marked **grammatically (syntactically)** by the use of long sentences of complicated structure. They are usually composite syntactic units consisting of several clauses, often with homogeneous sentence parts and various infinitival and participial constructions, e.g. 'He passed along the terrace round the corner of the house, till, through the window of the music-room, he would see Irene at the piano, with lamp-light falling on her powdery hair; withdrawn into herself she seemed, her dark eyes staring straight before her, her hands idle.' (J. Galsworthy. To Let).

Morphologically descriptive texts are characterized by the use of past-tense forms, a frequent use of nouns and complex noun phrases with pre-posed and post-posed adjuncts, and the abundance of adjectives, e.g. 'Eighty years of age with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense white mustache, which drooped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth.' (J. Galsworthy. The Man of Property).

As for means of **cohesion** in description, they include referential words (mostly personal, possessive, demonstrative pronouns), adverbs and adverbial expressions indicating time, place, the manner of action, etc., such as 'now', 'then', 'here', 'there', 'thus', etc..

Narrative texts are more simple **syntactically** in comparison with descriptive texts. The degree of their simplicity depends partially on whether the text belongs to the author of the book or one of its personages. The writer and personage narrations differ in their style as a rule: one of them being neutral and the other more or less colloquial, cf : 1) 'That evening Jolyon felt exhausted. Not wanting her to see him thus, he waited till she had begun to play, and stole off to the little study. He opened the long window for air, and the door, that he might still hear her music drifting in; and settled in his father's old arm-chair, closed his eyes, with his head against the worn brown leather.' (J. Galsworthy. To Let); 2) 'She was divorced, married me, and you were born. We have lived in perfect happiness, at least I have, and I believed your mother also. Soams, soon after the divorce, married Fleur's mother, and she was born.' (J. Galsworthy. To Let).

Both the extracts given above represent narration: the first, being the author's narration, is more complicated syntactically in comparison with the second which represents the personage's narration.

The use of homogeneous sentence parts and parallel constructions is a characteristic syntactic feature of narration.

The typical **morphological** feature of narration is a wide use of past tense forms of verbs, and also of personal and possessive pronouns.

What is important for narration is telling the right details in a time order. Hence the most important means of **text cohesion** in narrative texts include the use of conjunctions ('and', 'but', etc.), adverbs and adverbial phrases expressing the order of events, causal-consequtive relations of the actions described, such as 'first', 'last', 'finally', 'as a result', 'last of all', 'then', etc.. Characteristic of narration is the use of substitute items which echo words used in previous sentences, e.g.: "She looked up at me and sort of smiled. She had a terrifically nice smile. She really did. Most people have hardly any smile at all, or a lousy one". (J.D. Salinger. The Catcher in the Rye).

Syntactically narrative texts are more simple in comparison with descriptive texts, morphologically they have much in common.

Conversation is typically carried out in face-to-face interaction with others, e.g. family members or friends, with whom we share a great deal of contextual background. Face-to-face interaction means that we share not just an immediate context of time and space, but a large amount of specific social, cultural and institutional knowledge.

In keeping with this shared knowledge, conversation is marked **syntactically** by a very high frequency of elliptical sentences. The frequency of ellipsis in conversation is manifested in **situational ellipsis** (e.g. Tired? Want to have a rest?); in **ellipsis across turns** (e.g. I don't see any others. – I know you don't), and also commonly **in answers to questions** (e.g. Where are you going? – Home.

Questions and imperatives, the sentence types that typically elicit a response, are most frequent in conversation than anywhere else, e.g.:

'Don't get smart, Summer. What time do you have to be home in Chicago?'

'Any time I like,' she replied boldly.

'The rules are different here,' Nikki said, tapping her watch. 'Back by midnight.'

'Midnight!' Summer squealed. 'Parties don't even get started until then!'

'How do you know?'

'I've got friends here.'

'You have? Who?'

'Nobody you know.' (Jackie Collins. Thrill!).

The context-bound nature of conversation is also manifested in the non-infrequent occurrence in conversation of unembedded dependent clauses such as ‘If you don’t mind’ as simple grammatical units. ‘You sure you’re OK?’ Cassie said, frowning slightly. ‘OK?’ Lara said, glowing. ‘I feel absolutely wonderful!’ ‘If you say so,’ Cassie said, thinking she’d never seen Lara so out of control.

Morphologically conversation is characterized by a wide use of present tense forms, which, furthermore, abound in contracted forms of auxiliaries and modals: isn’t, I’ve, he’s, I’ll, hasn’t, can’t, ain’t, etc..

Conversational texts are marked grammatically by a very high frequency of nouns and pronouns. The most common class of pronouns used in conversation is personal pronouns. Pronoun reference represents the most common variety of grammatical reduction that characterizes conversation, other means of reduction being the use of ellipsis and of substitute proforms (e.g. one/ones substituting for a nominal and ‘do’ substituting for a verb or verb phrase), e.g.: ‘I came up with a great idea.’ – ‘You did?’ – ‘Yup.’ (Jackie Collins. Thrill!).

Substitution and **representation** serve as most frequent means of **cohesion** in conversational English.

Another type of reliance on situational reference is through the use of deictic items (this – these, that – those, how, here, there, etc.), most of which (demonstrative pronouns and adverbs indicating relative time and space relations) are particularly common in conversation. The more private the conversation, the more the understanding of it tends to rely on such deictic identification of reference.

Various **discourse markers** are used in conversation. These markers include **address forms** or **vocatives, linking adverbials** such as ‘anyway’, ‘thus’, ‘so’, the latter being regarded as means of **text cohesion** alongside with **substitution, representation** and **deixis.**

Discourse markers such as ‘Oh’, ‘Right’, ‘Yeah’, ‘Okey’, ‘Nope’, ‘Why’, etc. represent a characteristic feature of conversational English, they can either stand alone, or attach themselves to larger discoursal units.

Here is an excerpt from fiction which serves to illustrate different means of text cohesion in conversational English: ‘We’re almost there,’ she answered. ‘Do you have the key?’

‘No, you do,’ Lara replied, still in kind of a daze.

‘No, I don’t,’ Cassie replied, slowing down.

‘Why not?’ Lara asked, exasperated.

‘Because nobody ever gave me one, I assumed when you said we were coming here that you had it.’

… The big iron gate leading to the property was open. ‘Nice’, Cassie said, making the turn, the wheels of her car crunching through pebbles and thick mud.

‘They are really security conscious.’

‘It’s a good sign,’ Lara said. ‘Means, we’ll have no trouble getting in.’

‘Very reassuring !’ Cassie sighed, fielding off hunger pangs. ‘Can’t wait to spend the night.’ (Jackie Collins. Thrill!).

It is evident that conversational texts differ essentially from narration and description not only lexically but grammatically as well.

The texts for analysis are short stories or excerpts from novels, all written by famous English and American writers and also one Canadian writer of the XX-th century. These texts cover the period of time since the twenties up to the very end of the XX-th century.

Fiction tends to have a long shelf-life, particularly when the books become classics. Such works are still widely read and upheld as examples of the English language of the last and the beginning of the new century.

These texts have a definite role in defining the receptive grammatical usage up to the present day.

III. Some problems of relevance for text interpretation based on grammar

The choice of different items for analysis is determined, to a large extent, by the character of the text. You may choose some problems relevant for text interpretation based on grammar from the list of topics given below.

1. **The general characteristics of the text based on the type of fiction: description, narration, conversation, mixed character,** their distinctive features; means of text cohesion; topic and comment sentences.

2. Grammatical peculiarities of **American English** (in texts of American writers).

3. Manifestations of **non-standard English** in grammar.

4. **Syntactic peculiarities** of the text:

a) Types of phrases based on their syntactic (coordinate vs subordinate, simple vs complex) and morphological structure (NV, NN, AN, VN phrases, etc.); classifications of phrases based on O. Jespersen’s and L. Bloomfield’s phrase theories.

b) Types of sentences bared on their structure and communicative value. The distribution of different sentence types in texts under analysis.

c) Different types of sentence analysis: the traditional parsing, the IC model, FSP method, textual linguistics analysis, pragmatic approach.

5. **Morphemic peculiarities of the text:**

a) The morphemic structure of words; types of morphemes. Mono-morphemic vs poly-morphemic words, their frequency in different types of texts. Classifications of morphemes based on their distribution.

b) The classification of words into parts of speech; debatable points of the traditional classification; some innovations in the parts of speech system

(e.g. the division of words into notional, phrase words, function words and sentence words (inserts). The dependence of the frequency of usage of different word classes on the general character of the text: descriptive, narrative or conversational.

c) Types of grammatical categories of notional words: binary vs multiple; privative, gradual, equipollent. The role of inflections and auxiliaries in building grammatical oppositions. Distinctions between innate and reflective, overt and covert grammatical categories. Cases of neutralization of grammatical oppositions.

d) The characteristics of **nominal parts of speech**: nouns, adjectives, pronouns, numerals. New tendencies in the use of some grammatical forms (-'s inflection in nouns, analytical forms of degrees of comparison in adjectives).

e) Verbs, their classifications and grammatical categories: tense, number, person, aspect, voice, mood, phase (taxis), finitude. Different views on verbal categories.

Non-finite forms: the infinitive, the participle, the gerund; their nominal and verbal features.

Peculiarities of distribution of verb forms in different text types: description, narration, conversation.

f) Functional words (form words, phrase words): articles, particles, prepositions, conjunctions), their role in the structure and meaning of phrases and sentences. The role of prepositions in expressing case relations.

g) Sentence words (inserts): interjections, modal words, response forms, discourse markers, greetings, farewells; their role in different texts.

6. Grammatical ways of expressing **modality** of the text.

7. Grammatical means of expressing the **emotional character** of the text (positive emotions vs negative emotions).

8. **Pragmatic characteristics** of the text: the use of structural presuppositions, cases of deixis, grammatical ways of expressing politeness and rudeness, the display of communicative competence, etc..

IV. Samples of grammatical text analysis

TEXT 1

Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Dorothy Parker (Rotshield) is a talented, well-known American writer of short stories, poems and plays.

She was born in 1893 in the East of the USA, in a small town of New Jersy where she spent her childhood and school years. She continued her studies in New York where since 1916 she began to work as a literary critic and in magazines for women 'Vogue' and 'Vanity Fair'. Since 1927 D. Parker had

worked in ‘New Yorker’, a well-known fiction magazine. She began to write fiction since 1924 when she published her first play ‘Close Harmony’ known also under the title ‘The Lady Next Door’.

In 1937-1938 she visited Spain and later on took an active part in the anti-fascist movement in the USA.

Her psychological love story ‘New York to Detroit’ was first published in the literary magazine ‘New Yorker’ in 1928.

New York to Detroit

“All ready with Detroit,” said the telephone operator.

“Hello,” said the girl in New York.

“Hello?” said the young man in Detroit.

“Oh, Jack!” she said. “Oh, darling, it’s so wonderful to hear you. You don’t know how much I –“

“Hello?” he said.

“Ah, can’t you hear me?” she said. “Why, I can hear you just as if you were right beside me. Is this any better, dear? Can you hear me better now?”

“Who did you want to speak to?” he said.

“You, Jack!” she said. “You, you. This is Jean, darling. Oh, please try to hear me. This is Jean.”

“Who?” he said.

“Jean,” she said. “Ah, don’t you know my voice? It’s Jean, dear. Jean.”

“Oh, hello there,” he said. “Well. Well, for heaven’s sake. How are you?”

“I’m all right,” she said. “Oh, I’m not, either, darling. I – oh, it’s just terrible. I can’t stand it any more. Aren’t you coming back? Please, when are you coming back? You don’t know how awful it is, without you. It’s been such a long time, dear – you said it would be just four or five days, and it’s nearly three weeks. It’s like years and years. Oh, it’s been so awful, sweetheart – it’s just - -“

“Hey, I’m terribly sorry,” he said, “but I can’t hear one damn thing you’re saying. Can’t you talk louder, or something?”

“I’ll try, I’ll try,” she said. “Is this better? Now can you hear?”

“Yeah, now I can, a little,” he said. “Don’t talk so fast, will you? What did you say, before?”

“I said it’s just awful without you,” she said. “It’s such a long time, dear. And I haven’t had a word from you. I – oh, I’ve just been nearly crazy, Jack. Never even a post-card, dearest, or a – “

“Honestly, I haven’t had a second,” he said. “I’ve been working like a fool. God, I’ve been crushed.”

“Ah, have you?” she said. “I’m sorry, dear. I’ve been silly. But it was just – oh, it was just hell, never hearing a word. I thought maybe you’d telephone to

say goodnight, something, - you know, the way you used to when you were away.

"Why, I was going to, a lot of times," he said, "but I thought you'd probably be out, or something."

"I haven't been out," she said. "I've been staying here, all by myself. It's – it's a sort of better, that way. I don't want to see people. Everybody says. 'When's Jack coming back?' and 'What do you hear from Jack?' and I'm afraid I'll cry in from of them. Darling, it hurts so terribly when they ask me about you, and I have to say I don't –"

"This is the damnedest lousiest connection I ever saw in my life," he said, "What hurts? What's the matter?"

"I said, it hurts so terribly when people ask me about you," she said, "and I have to say – Oh, never mind. Never mind. How are you, dear? Tell me how you are."

"Oh, pretty good," he said. "Tired as the devil. You alright?"

"Jack, I – that's all I wanted to tell you," she said. "I'm terribly worried. I'm nearly out of my mind. Oh, what will I do, dear, what are we going to do? Oh, Jack, Jack, darling!"

"Hey, how can I hear you when you mumble like that?" he said. "Can't you talk louder? Talk right into the what-you-call-it."

"I can't scream it over the telephone!" she said. "Haven't you any sense? don't you know what I'm telling you? Don't you know? Don't you know?"

"I give up," he said. "First you mumble, and then you yell. Look, this doesn't make sense. I can't hear anything, with this rotten connection. Why don't you write me a letter, in the morning? Do that, why don't you? And I'll write you one. See?"

"Jack, listen, listen!" she said. "You listen to me!" I've got to talk to you. I tell you I'm nearly crazy. Please, dearest, hear what I'm saying. Jack, I - -"

"Just a minute," he said. ""Someone's knocking at the door. *Come in. Well, for cryin' out loud! Come on in, bums. Hang your coats up on the floor, and sit down. The Scotch is in the closet, and there's ice in the pitcher. Make yourselves at home – act like you were in a regular bar. Be with you right away.* Hey, listen, there's a lot of crazy Indians just come in here, and I can't hear myself think. You go ahead and write me a letter tomorrow. Will you?"

"Write you a letter!" she said. "Oh, God, don't you think of it, God. I'd have written you before, if I'd known where to reach you? I didn't even know that, till they told me at your office today. I got so –"

"Oh, yeah, did they?" he said. "I thought I – *Ah, pipe down, will you? Give a guy a chance. this is an expensive talk going on here.* Say, look, this must be costing you a million dollars. You oughtn't to do this."

"What do you think I care about that?" she said. "I'll die if I don't talk to you. I tell you I'll die, Jack. Sweetheart, what is it? don't you want to talk to

me? Tell me what makes you this way. Is it – don't you really like me any more? Is that it? Don't you, Jack?"

"Hell, I can't hear," he said. "Don't what?"

"Please," she said. "Please, please, please, Jack, listen. When are you coming back, darling? I need you so. I need you so terribly. When are you coming back?"

"Why, that's the thing," he said. "That's what I was going to write you about tomorrow. *Come on, now, how about shutting up just for a minute? A joke's a joke.* Hello. Hear me all right? Why, you see, the way things came out today, it looks a little bit like I'd have to go on to Chicago for a while. Looks like a pretty big thing, and it won't mean a very long time, I don't believe. Looks as if I'd be going out there next week, I guess."

"Jack, no!" she said. "Oh, don't do that! You can't do that. You can't do that. You can't leave me alone like this. I've got to see you, dearest. I've got to. You've got to come back, or I've got to come there to you. I can't go through this. Jack, I can't, I - -"

"Look, we better say good-night now," he said. "No use trying to make out what you say, when you talk all over yourself like that. And there's so much racket here – *Hey, can the harmony, will you? God, it's terrible. Want me to be thrown out of here?* You go get a good night's sleep, and I'll write you all about it tomorrow."

"Listen!" she said. "Jack, don't go 'way! Help me, darling. Say something to help me through tonight. Say you love me, for God's sake say you still love. Say it. Say it."

"Ah, I can't talk," he said. "This is fierce. I'll write you first thing in the morning. 'By. Thanks for calling up."

"Jack!" she said. "Jack, don't go. Jack, wait a minute. I've got to talk to you. I'll talk quietly. I won't cry. I'll talk so you can hear me. Please, dear, please - -"

"All through with Detroit?" said the operator.

"No!" she said. "No, no, no! Get him, get him back again right away! Get him back. No, never mind. Never mind it now. Never - -"

* * *

The story 'New York to Detroit' is written in the form of a telephone conversation and represents a vivid example of colloquial English.

The plot of the story centres around two young people, Jack and Jean, who have been in love and lived together for some time, but, unfortunately for Jean, her partner left her.

The tonal range of the story is varied: it opens with optimistic notes on the part of the young woman who is glad to hear Jack's voice after his three weeks' absence.

The forms of address used by Jean are tender and full of love: ‘darling’, ‘dear’, ‘dearest’, ‘sweetheart’; she is constantly calling Jack by his first name while hers has been never mentioned by the young man, whose attitude to Jean becomes clear from the very beginning of the story: in answer to the girl’s “Hello’ Jack used an interrogative ‘Hello?’ as though he couldn’t have recognized Jean’s voice.

This part of the dialogue, as well as the whole text, is marked by a number of grammatical features characteristic of conversational English: a frequent use of short simple sentences, many of which are elliptical in their structure. There are elliptic question-and-answer sequences: ‘Who did you want to speak to?’ he said. – ‘You, Jack!’ she said; ‘This is Jean.’ – ‘Who?’ he said. – ‘Jean,’ she said; etc., elliptic exclamations, e.g. ‘Jack, no!’ she said; ellipsis of the subject together with an auxiliary verb in interrogative sentences, e.g. ‘Hear me all right?’; ellipsis of the subject and a link-verb, e.g. ‘Tired as the devil!’; ellipsis of the link-verb alone, e.g. ‘You all right?’ etc..

Another case of ellipsis is the use of verb representation in Jean’s speech, e.g.: ‘I thought maybe you’d telephone to say goodnight, sometimes, - you know, the way you used **to**, when you were away.”

Repetition is a most characteristic device that is used throughout the story, including the second part which sounds tragic. It is full of Jean’s complains about her feeling awful without Jack, e.g.: ‘Aren’t you coming back? Please, when are you coming back? Please, when are you coming back?’; …‘how awful it is, without you’; ‘It’s been so awful, sweetheart’…, etc.. Frequent cases of repetition in Jean’s speech emphasize her emotional state, her utter frustration at having been left alone by Jack all of a sudden.

The girl’s heart is torn by Jack’s becoming cool to her; she is begging him not to leave her and come back: ‘Oh, don’t do that! You can’t do that. You can’t leave me alone like this. I’ve got to see you, dearest. I’ve got to!’ Jack remains deaf to Jean’s appeal repeated several times in the final, minor part of the conversation. The end of the telephone conversation marks the end of love that once seemed endless to Jean.

The story is framed by the telephone operator’s words: ‘All ready with Detroit’ (the beginning of the text) and ‘All through with Detroit?’ (the end of the text). These two elliptical sentences sound emotionally colourless which is in complete contrast with Jean’s state of mind and complete turmoil in her thoughts that is expressed in her final words: ‘No,’ she said. ‘No, no, no! Get him, get him back again right away! Get him back. No, never mind. Never mind it now. Never - -.’

There are several cases of anadyplosis in Jean’s speech, some of them caused by Jack’s interrupting her, and others – by Jean’s being highly excited: 1) – ‘You don’t know how much I –‘ – ‘Hello?’ he said; 2) ‘Is it – don’t you really like me any more? Is that it? Don’t you, Jack?’. Jean often leaves her sentences unfinished being too excited to formulate her thoughts properly and

quickly. Sometimes realization of certain things comes somewhat late to her: ‘I said, it hurts so terribly when people ask me about you,’ she said. ’and I have to say – Oh, never mind. Never mind. How are you dear? Tell me how you are.’

Jean’s speech is marked by the use of interjections (‘Oh,’ ‘Ah’) and exclamatory sentences which reflect her excitement, while Jack’s speech remains rather cool, his outburst of emotions arising only when he pretends not to hear the girl, e.g.: ‘Hey, I’m terribly sorry,’ he said, ‘but I can’t hear one damn thing you’re saying. Can’t you talk louder, or something?’ or ‘This is the damnedest, lousiest connection I ever saw in my life,’ he said. ‘What hurts? What’s the matter?’

In general, Jack’s part in dialogue is considerably smaller in comparison with Jean’s. He says very little, and what is said by him is expressed in very short, often elliptical sentences, e.g.: ‘Tell me how you are.’ – ‘Oh, pretty good,’ he said. ‘Tired as the devil. you all right?’ or: ‘Ah, I can’t talk,’ he said. ‘This is fierce. I’ll write you first thing in the morning.’ ‘By. Thanks for calling up.’

Simple sentences prevail in the story which is typical of conversational English. Alongside with structurally simple sentences we meet a number of compound and complex sentences consisting usually of two (occasionally more than two) clauses: the main clause and the subordinate object, attributive or adverbial clause (there is one sentence including a subordinate predicative clause: …’ that’s what I wanted to tell you’). There are only two sentences in the whole text consisting of four clauses; both of them are used by Jean, and one of them is as follows: ‘Darling, it hurts so terribly when they ask me about you, and I have to say I don’t -.’ That is a compound-complex sentence with two coordinate clauses, each of them taking a subordinate clause, the last of which remains unfinished.

The phrase structure of the text is extremely simple: elementary noun and verb phrases prevail here.

Morphologically the text is marked by a frequent use of personal pronouns, especially ‘I’ and ‘you’, the first of them is used over 80 times in a three page text, the second amounts to 70 times. Deictic words, mostly the demonstrative pronouns ‘that’ and ‘this’ (they are used almost equally often – 15 times – in the text) occur very frequently serving as means of text cohesion, e.g.: ‘Jack, I – that’s what I wanted to tell you,’ she said. ‘I’m terribly worried. I’m nearly out of my mind.’

This story, as well as any other conversational text, abounds in present tenses used in their full or contracted forms (in case of auxiliaries and modals, e.g.: it’s, don’t, haven’t, can’t, etc.). Present tense forms of the common aspect prevail here, present continuous forms occur five times to give prominence to certain actions, e.g.: ‘Aren’t you coming back? (Jean’s words); we may also meet here present perfect and present perfect continuous forms, e.g.: ‘I’ve been silly,’; I’ve got to see you, dearest (Jean’s words); ‘I’ve been working like a fool.’ (Jack’s words); ‘I’ve been staying here all by myself.’ (Jean’s words).

Privative binary oppositions of notional word classes prevail in the text with unmarked members predominating, e.g. singular number forms of nouns are far more frequently used in comparison with plural forms; common case forms of nouns prevail over possessive ones; common aspect and active voice forms are prevalent over continuous and passive forms, etc..

The reason of it is evident: marked members of grammatical oppositions are more narrow, specific in their meanings in comparison with their counterparts which express diversity of meanings, hence is the essential difference in the frequency of their usage.

As for morphemic structure of words, it is typical of conversational text: mono-morphemic words, mostly of native origin, prevail here, (e.g.: man, say, hear, young, have, be, of, and, what, etc..); there are also some derivatives (e.g.: beside, nearly, tonight, etc..) and compounds (e.g. sweetheart, something, anything, yourselves, etc.), the latter are built by juxtapposition of two root morphemes; phrasal verbs are of frequent occurrence, e.g.: to be away, to be out, come in, come back, go on, give up, cry out, make out, etc..

We meet several Americanisms in the text, which are noticeable in the vocabulary, e.g.: a bum, a pitcher, a guy, harmony (noise), to pipe down, to can (stop). Preferable in American colloquial English are such grammatical forms as: "You **go get** a good night's sleep,' 'Can't you talk louder, '**or something'** (the tag 'or something' sounding not quite polite).

Pragmatically Jean's speech may be characterized as extremely tender and polite and Jack's speech sounds rather rude and impolite. This manifests itself not only in the use of vocabulary items by these two persons (compare: dear, dearest, sweetheart vs damn, damnable, mumble, etc.) but also in grammatical organization of their speech: 1) Jack's name is constantly mentioned by Jean as a form of address, while the girl's name has never been used by the young man; 2) Jack's speech is marked as impolite by the use of 'or something' tag and such forms of address as 'Hey, listen'… .

These and some other things (for instance, Jack's lying all the time of not hearing Jean) show it vividly that Jack no longer loves Jean, which is a tragedy in the young woman's life.

The text under analysis represents a typical pattern of American conversation which finds its manifestation not only in its vocabulary but in grammar as well.

TEXT 2

William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965)

W.S. Maugham is an outstanding writer of the XX-th century. He is widely known as a successful novelist and short story writer. His first novel 'Liza of Lambeth' appeared in 1897.

Maugham, a doctor by profession, took an active part in World War I and World War II. First he served in a Red Cross Ambulance unit, later on in the Intelligence Service. During World War II he was assigned to special work at the British Ministry of Information in Paris. During the Nazi occupation he managed to leave Paris and came to England.

Maugham travelled a lot, gaining experience for his works. He spent long periods in the USA, the South Seas and China.

Among his works are 'Of Human Bondage', 'The Moon and Sixpence', 'The Old Man and the Sea', 'The Painted Veil', numerous short stories, etc..

Maugham's keen and observant eye, subtle irony and brilliant style made his books extremely popular all over the world.

In a Strange Land

I am of a roving disposition; but I travel not to see imposing monuments, which indeed somewhat bore me, nor beautiful scenery, of which I soon tire; I travel to see men. I avoid the great. I would not cross the road to meet a president or a king; I am content to know the writer in the pages of his book and the painter in his pictures; but I have journeyed a hundred leagues to see a missionary of whom I had heard a strange story and I have spent a fortnight in a vile hotel in order to improve my acquaintance with a billiard-marker. I should be inclined to say that I am not surprised to meet any sort of person were it not that there is one sort that I am constantly running against and that never fails to give me a little shock of amused astonishment. This is the elderly Englishwoman, generally of adequate means, who is to be found living alone, up and down the world, in unexpected places. You do not wonder when you hear of her living in a villa on a hill outside a small Italian town, the only Englishwoman in the neighbourhood, and you are almost prepared for it when a lonely *hacienda* is pointed out to you in Andalusia and you are told that there has dwelt for many years an English lady. But it is more surprising when you hear that the only white person in a Chinese city is an Englishwoman, not a missionary, who lives there none knows why; and there is another who inhabits an island in the South Seas, and a third who has a bungalow on the outskirts of a large village in the centre of Java. They live solitary lives, these women, without friends, and they do not welcome the stranger. Though they may not have seen one of their own race for months they will pass you on the

road as though they did not see you, and if, presuming on your nationality, you should call, as likely as not they will decline to see you; but if they do, they will give you a cup of tea from a silver teapot and on a plate of Old Worcester you will find Scotch scones. They will talk to you politely, as though they were entertaining you in a Kentish vicarage, but when you take your leave will show no particular desire to continue the acquaintance. One wonders in vain what strange instinct it is that has driven them to separate themselves from their kith and kin and thus to live apart from all their natural interests in an alien land. Is it romance they have sought, or freedom?

But of all these Englishwomen whom I have met or perhaps only heard of (for as I have said they are difficult to access) the one who remains most vividly in my memory is an elderly person who lived in Asia Minor. I had arrived after a tedious journey at a little town from which I proposed to make the ascent of a celebrated mountain and I was taken to a rambling hotel that stood at its foot. I arrived late at night and signed my name in the book. I went up to my room. It was cold and I shivered as I undressed, but in a moment there was a knock at the door and the dragoman came in.

"Signora Niccolini's compliments," he said.

To my astonishment he handed me a hot-water bottle. I took it with grateful hands.

"Who is Signora Niccolini?" I asked.

"She is the proprietor of this hotel," he answered.

I sent her my thanks and he withdrew. The last thing I expected in a scrubby hotel in Asia Minor kept by an old Italian woman was a beautiful hot-water bottle. There is nothing I like more (if we were not all sick to death of the war I would tell you the story of how six men risked their lives to fetch a hot-water bottle from a chateau in Flanders that was being bombarded); and next morning, so that I might thank her in person, I asked if I might see the Signora Niccolini. While I waited for her I racked my brains to think what hot-water bottle could possibly be in Italian. In a moment she came in. She was a little stout woman, not without dignity, and she wore a black apron trimmed with lace and a small black lace cap. She stood with her hands crossed. I was astonished at her appearance for she looked exactly like a house-keeper in a great English house.

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir?"

She was an Englishwoman and in those few words I surely recognized the trace of a cockney accent.

"I wanted to thank you for the hot-water bottle," I replied in some confusion.

"I saw by the visitors' book that you were English, sir, and I always send up a 'ot-water bottle to English gentlemen."

"Believe me, it was very welcome."

"I was for many years in the service of the late Lord Ormskirk, sir. He always used to travel with a 'ot-water bottle. Is there anything else, sir?"

"Not at the moment, thank you."

She gave me a polite little nod and withdrew. I wondered how on earth it came about that a funny old Englishwoman like that should be the landlady of a hotel in Asia Minor. It was not easy to make her acquaintance, for she knew her place, as she would herself have put it, and she kept me at a distance. It was not for nothing that she had been in service in a noble English family.

But I was persistent and I induced her at last to ask me to have a cup of tea in her our little parlour. I learnt that she had been lady's maid to a certain Lady Ormskirk, and Signor Niccolini (for she never alluded to her deceased husband in any other way) had been his lordship's chef. Signor Niccolini was a very handsome man and for some years there had been an 'understanding' between them. When they had both saved a certain amount of money they were married, retired from service, and looked about for a hotel. They had bought this one on an advertisement because Signor Niccolini thought he would like to see something of the world. That was nearly thirty years ago and Signor Niccolini had been dead for fifteen. His widow had not once been back to England. I asked her if she was never homesick.

"I don't say as I wouldn't like to go back on a visit, though I expect I'd find many changes. but my family didn't like the idea of me marrying a foreigner and I'aven't spoken to them since. Of course there are many things here that are not the same as what they'ave at 'ome, but it's surprising what you get used to. I see a lot of life. I don't know as I should care to live the 'umdrum life they do in a place like London."

I smiled. For what she said was strangely incongruous with her manner. She was a pattern of decorum. It was extraordinary that she could have lived for thirty years in this wild and almost barbaric country without its having touched her. Though I knew no Turkish and she spoke it with ease I was convinced that she spoke it most incorrectly and with a cockney accent. I suppose she had remained the precise, prim English lady's-maid, knowing her place, through all these vicissitudes because she had no faculty of surprise. She took everything that came as a matter of course. She looked upon everyone who wasn't English as a foreigner and therefore as someone, almost imbecile, for whom allowances must be made. She ruled her staff despotically – for did she not know how an upper servant in a great house should exercise his authority over the under servants? – and everything about the hotel was clean and neat.

'I do my best,' she said, when I congratulated her on this, standing, as always when she spoke to me, with her hands respectfully crossed. 'Of course one can't expect foreigners to'ave the same ideas what we 'ave, but as his lordship used to say to me, what we've got to do, Parker, he said to me, what we've got to do in this life is to make the best of our raw material."

But she kept her greatest surprise for the eve of my departure. “I’m glad you’re not going before you’ve seen my two sons, sir.”

“I didn’t know you had any.”

“They’ve been away on business, but they’ve just come back. You’ll be surprised when you’ve seen them. I’ve trained them with me own ‘ands so to speak, and when I’m gone they’ll carry on the ‘otel between them.”

In a moment two tall, swarthy, strapping young fellows entered the hall. Her eyes lit up with pleasure. They went up to her and took her in their arms and gave her resounding kisses.

“They don’t speak English, sir, but they understand a little, and of course they speak Turkish like natives, and Greek and Italian.”

I shook hands with the pair and then Signora Niccolini said something to them and they went away.

“They’re handsome fellows, Signora,” I said. “You must be very proud of them.”

“I am, sir, and they’re good boys, both of them. They’ve never give me a moment’s trouble from the day they was born and they’re the very image of Signor Niccolini.”

“I must say no one would think they had an English mother.”

“I’m not exactly their mother, sir. I’ve just sent them along to say ‘ow do you do to ‘er.”

I dare say I looked a little confused.

“They’re the sons that Signor Niccolini ‘ad by a Greek girl that used to work in the ‘otel, and ‘aving no children of me own I adopted them”.

I sought for some remark to make.

“I ‘ope you don’t think that there’s any blame attaches to Signor Niccolini,” she said, drawing herself up a little. “I shouldn’t like you to think that, sir.” She folded her hands again and with a mixture of pride, primness, and satisfaction added the final word: “Signor Niccolini was a very full-blooded man.”

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The story ‘In a Strange Land’ is written in the form of the author’s narration which is interrupted occasionally by pieces of conversational English.

The first paragraph of the story, consisting of 45 lines, reveals the reason of the author’s love for travelling which is to see ordinary simple people whose lives appear far from being ordinary. This opposition of the ordinary and extraordinary finds its linguistic expression in the frequent use of: 1) the adversative conjunction ‘but’; 2) oppositions of affirmation and negation; 3) the use of concessive clauses introduced by the conjunction ‘though’ (see the examples in the first 45 lines of the text), for instance: “I am of a roving disposition; but I travel not to see imposing monuments…; I travel to see men”; “I would not cross the road to meet a president or a king; I am content to know the writer in the pages of his book and the painter in his picture”; … etc..

Present tense forms and occasionally Future tenses are used throughout the paragraph as it represents the author's credo on unpredictable human fates.

As the opening paragraph represents the author's address to the reader it abounds in personal pronouns used as subjects: there are 35 of them in 37 lines of the paragraph: 'I' is used 13 times, 'you' – 10 times and 'they' – 9 times; 'I' indicating the narrator (author), 'you' – the reader (listener), 'they' – all the unusual persons that the author came across among common people living their solitary lives in different parts of the world.

37 lines of the text contain 11 sentences, nine of which consist of two, five or even more clauses. There is only one simple sentence in the whole text: 'I avoid the great', and that is the one expressing the most important thought of the writer who is able to see the great in the lives of simple people.

It is coordination which prevails in composite sentences, most of them including subordinate attributive, object and adverbial clauses. Compound-complex sentences serve to reveal the author's conception of human values which is usually in contradiction to generally accepted views on things, e.g.: 'I would not cross the road to meet a president or a king; I am content to know the writer in the pages of his book and the painter in his pictures; but I have journeyed a hundred leagues to see a missionary of whom I had heard a strange story and I have spent a fortnight in a vile hotel in order to improve my acquaintance with a billiard-marker.' The contrast between the writer's and commonly accepted views is made prominent by the use of the adversative conjunction 'but' functioning as a clause connector, the copulative conjunction 'and' functioning here as a phrase and clause connector fulfills the same purpose.

All the other narrative passages of the text are characterized by the use of less lengthy sentences containing past tense forms which are used in narrative passages referring to the past. The frequency of the pronoun 'I' indicating the narrator remains predominant here, the second in frequency being the pronoun 'she' which refers to the landlady of a hotel who represents the main focus of the writer's attention.

S. Maugham's prose is unique. It may be compared with music; it seems rhythmical, the musical rhythm of his works is created for the most part by syntactic means: the structure of his clauses, even if they are parts of poly-predicative constructions, they are extremely laconic, you will rarely find any inserts in his creations; a wide use of parallel constructions and homogeneous sentence parts serve the same purpose. Listen to: 'I learnt that she had been lady's-maid to a certain Lady Ormskirk, and Singnor Niccolini (for she never alluded to her deceased husband in any other way) had been his lordship's chef.' The above sentence is marked by the use of two parallel constructions. Although the author's speech contains very long sentences, the clauses constituting these sentences are rather short consisting each of two up to five sentence parts, which also contributes to a certain rhythm of Maugham's prose.

Parker Niccolini, the landlady of a rambling hotel in a little Turkish town, where the writer happened to stop, came there from England with her Italian husband. That was nearly thirty years ago and Signor Niccolini had been dead for fifteen. Before coming to Turkey and buying a hotel on an advertisement there, both of them worked as servants in a rich London house.

Parker speaks Cockney, the East London dialect used by non-educated people living in that district. Non-standard English spoken by the elderly English woman manifests itself in the violation of agreement between the subject and the predicate, e.g.: 'they **was** born;' the use of the conjunction 'as' instead of 'that', e.g.: 'I don't say **as** I wouldn't like to go back on a visit'; wrongly built perfect forms of verbs, e.g.: 'They've never **give** me' …

Parker preserves all phonetic peculiarities of Cockney, such as dropping off the initial aspirate consonants, e.g.: a'**ot** water bottle', 'what they '**ave** at '**ome'**, 'me own '**ands** (the last phrase being remarkable for the use of the personal pronoun 'me' instead of the possessive pronoun 'my').

The author is convinced that Signora Niccolini spoke Turkish incorrectly and with a cockney accent.

Non-standard English does not diminish strong positive features of Parker's image: she is the woman who was always respectful to her husband and who adopted and brought up two sons that Signor Niccolini 'had by a Greek girl.'

Parker, a modest English woman from the East End of London, is shown by the writer as a person of wisdom, strong will and character.

The story is the proof of the writer's thesis that the great may be found in the life of ordinary simple people.

V. Texts with assignments for self study and classroom use

TEXT 1

Stephen Leacock (1869-1944)

Stephen Leacock is a prominent Canadian writer of the first half of the XX-th century. He is mostly known in Russia for his short humorous stories.

Leacock was born in London in 1869; in 1876 his family emigrated to Canada. After graduating the university in Toronto in 1891 Leacock became a teacher of the college where he had studied before. When working there Leacock put forward an idea of equal education for all children in spite of different social states of their parents.

In 1899 Leacock entered the Chicago University where he studied political economy. In 1903 he became doctor of philosophy and professor of the University in Monreal.

As an outstanding lecturer he gave lectures not only in Canada but also in the USA and many European countries.

He wrote a number of works in political economy. The first collection of his stories was issued in 1910 when he was 40. Leacock is the author of special works on the essence of humour: the highest form of humour, in his opinion, is the mixture of tears and laughter. This thesis manifests itself to the full in his short humorous stories, including the one which is given below.

How We Kept Mother's Birthday

Winnowed Wisdom. 1926
As Related by a Member of the Family

Of all the different ideas that have been started lately, I think that the very best is the notion of celebrating once a year "Mother's Day." I don't wonder that May the eleventh is becoming such a popular date all over America and I am sure the idea will spread to England too.

It is especially in a big family like ours that such an idea takes hold. So we decided to have a special celebration of Mother's Day. We thought it a fine idea. It made us all realize how much Mother had done for us for years, and all the efforts and sacrifice that she had made for our sake.

So we decided that we'd make it a great day, a holiday for all the family, and do everything we could to make Mother happy. Father decided to take a holiday from his office, so as to help in celebrating the day; my sister Anne and I stayed home from college classes and Mary and my brother Will stayed home from School.

It was our plan to make it a day just like Xmas any big holiday, and so we decided to decorate the house with flowers and with mottoes over the mantelpiece and all that kind of thing. We got Mother to make mottoes and arrange the decorations, because she always does it at Xmas.

The two girls thought it would be a nice thing to dress in our very best for such a big occasion, and they both got new hats. Mother trimmed both the girls and they looked fine, and Father had bought four-in silk ties for himself and us boys as a souvenir of them to remember Mother by. We were going to get Mother a new hat too, but it turned out that she seemed to really like her old grey bonnet better than a new one. And both the girls said that it was awfully becoming to her.

Well, after breakfast we had it arranged as a surprise for Mother that we would hire a motor car and take her for a beautiful drive away into the country. Mother is hardly ever able to have a treat like that, because she can only afford to keep one maid, and so Mother is busy in the house nearly all the time. And of course the country is so lovely now that it would be just grant for her to have a lovely morning, driving for miles and miles.

But on the very morning of the day we changed the plan a little bit, because it occurred to Father that a thing it would be better to do even than to take

Mother for a motor drive would be to take her fishing. Father said that as the car was hired and paid for, we should just as well use it for a drive up into hills where the streams are. As Father said, if you just go out driving without any object, you have a sense of aimlessness, but if you are going to fish, there is a definite purpose in front of you to heighten the enjoyment.

So we all felt that it would be nicer for Mother to have a definite purpose; and anyway, it turned out that Father had just got a new rod the day before, which made the idea of fishing all the more appropriate, and he said that Mother could use it if she wanted to; in fact, he said it was practically for her, only Mother said she would much rather watch him fish and not to fish herself.

So we got everything arranged for the trip, and we got Mother to cut up some sandwiches and make up a sort of lunch in case we got hungry, though of course we were to come back home again to a big dinner in the middle of the day, just like Xmas or New Year's Day. Mother packed it all up in a basket for us ready to go in the motor.

Well, when the car came to the door, it turned out that there hardly seemed as much room in it as we had supposed, because we hadn't reckoned on Father's fishing basket and the rods and the lunch, and it was plain enough that we couldn't all get in.

Father said not to mind him, he said that he could just as well stay home, and that he was sure that he could put in the time working in the garden; he said that there was a lot of rough dirty work that he could do, like digging a trench for the garbage, that would save hiring a man, and so he said that he'd stay home; he said that we were not to let the fact of his not having had a real holiday for three years stand in our way; he wanted us to go right ahead and be happy and have a big day, and not to mind him. He said that he could plug away all day, and in fact he said he'd been a fool to think there'd be any holiday for him.

But of course we all felt that it would never do to let Father stay home, especially as we knew he would make trouble if he did. The two girls, Ann and Mary, would gladly have stayed and helped the maid get dinner, only it seemed such a pity to, on a lovely day like this, having their new hats. But they both said that Mother had only to say the word, and they'd gladly stay home and work. Will and I would have dropped out, but unfortunately we wouldn't have been any use in getting the dinner.

So in the end it was decided that Mother would stay home and just have a lovely restful day round the house, and get the dinner. It turned out anyway that Mother doesn't care for fishing, and also it was just a little bit cold and fresh out of doors, though it was lovely and sunny, and Father was rather afraid that Mother might take cold if she came.

He said he would never forgive himself if he dragged Mother round the country and let her take a severe cold at a time when she might be having a beautiful rest. He said it was our duty to try and let Mother get all the rest and quiet that she could, after all that she had done for all of us, and he said that that

was principally why he had fallen in with this idea of a fishing trip, so as to give Mother a little quiet. He said that young people seldom realize how much quiet means to people who are getting old. As to himself, he could still stand the racket, but he was glad to shelter Mother from it.

So we all drove away with three cheers for Mother, and Mother stood and watched us from the verandah for as long as she could see us, and Father waved his hand back to her every few minutes till he hit his hand on the back edge of the car, and then said that he didn't think that Mother could see us any longer.

Well,—we had the loveliest day up among the hills that you could possibly imagine, and Father caught such big specimens that he felt sure that Mother couldn't have landed them anyway, if she had been fishing for them, and Will and I fished too, though we didn't get so many as Father, and the two girls met quite a lot of people that they knew as we drove along, and there were some young men friends of theirs that they met along the stream and talked to, and so we all had a splendid time.

It was quite late when we got back, nearly seven o'clock in the evening, but Mother had guessed that we would be late, so she had kept back the dinner so as to have it just nicely ready and hot for us. Only first she had to get towels and soap for Father and clean things for him to put on, because he always gets so messed up with fishing, and that kept Mother busy for a little while, that and helping the girls get ready.

But at last everything was ready, and we sat down to the grandest kind of dinner—roast turkey and all sorts of things like on Xmas Day. Mother had to get up and down a good bit during the meal fetching things back and forward, but at the end Father noticed it and said she simply mustn't do it, that he wanted her to spare herself, and he got up and fetched the walnuts over from the sideboard himself.

The dinner lasted a long while, and was great fun, and when it was over all of us wanted to help clear the things up and wash the dishes, only Mother said that she would really much rather do it, and so we let her, because we wanted just for once to humor her.

It was quite late when it was all over, and when we all kissed Mother before going to bed, she said it had been the most wonderful day in her life, and I think there were tears in her eyes. So we all felt awfully repaid for all that we had done.

Assignments

1. Who is the narrator of the story?
2. Illustrate the most typical features of narration by some examples from the text.
3. Point out different means of text cohesion.
4. Define the grammatical value of all the **would + infinitive** forms in the text and their role in expressing text modality.

5. Prove the fact that **would + infinitive** combinations serving as forms of the conditional mood play an important role in creating a contrast between the members of the family intentions and the realization of these intentions.
6. Draw the sentence tree of the following sentence: “It turned out anyway that Mother doesn’t care for fishing and also it was just a little bit cold and fresh out of doors, though it was lovely and sunny, and Father was rather afraid that Mother might take cold if she came.”
7. Define the role of polysyndeton in the sentence above.
8. Do you feel hypocrisy in Father’s words? What grammatical forms used in the same sentence serve to indicate it?
9. Analyse the underlined syntactic phenomena in the following sentence: “We were going to get Mother a new hat too, but it turned out that she seemed **to really like** her old grey bonnet better than **a new one,** and both the girls said that it **was** awfully **becoming** to her.” Why does the situation described sound ironical as well as many other scenes shown in the story?
10. Comment on traces of Canadian English in the text.
11. Who was it that actually celebrated Mother’s day and what grammatical devices employed by the author show it vividly?

TEXT № 2

Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923)

Katherine Mansfield is a well-known English writer. She was born in New Zealand in 1888. Her real name is Katlin Bichem. She got her education in England where she settled since 1908. K. Mansfield is mostly known as a short story writer. As a perfect master of realistic psychological stories she masterfully depicts the inner life of her heroes.

An Ideal Family

That evening for the first time in his life, as he pressed through the swing-door and descended the three broad steps to the pavement, old Mr. Neave felt he was too old for the spring. Spring—warm, eager, restless—was there, waiting for him in the golden light, ready in front of everybody to run up, to blow in his white beard, to drag sweetly on his arm. And he couldn't meet her, no; he couldn't square up once more and stride off, jaunty as a young man. He was tired and, although the late sun was still shining, curiously cold, with a numbed feeling all over. Quite suddenly he hadn't the energy, he hadn't the heart to stand this gaiety and bright movement any longer; it confused him. He wanted to stand still, to wave it away with his stick, to say, 'Be off with you!' Suddenly it was a terrible effort to greet as usual—tipping his wide-awake with his stick—all the people whom he knew, the friends, acquaintances, shopkeepers, postmen, drivers. But the gay glance that went with that gesture, the kindly twinkle that

seemed to say, I'm a match and more for any of you'—that old Mr. Neave could not manage at all. He stumped along, lifting his knees high as if he were walking through air that had somehow grown heavy and solid like water. And the homeward-going crowd hurried by, the trams clanked, the light carts clattered, the big swinging cabs bowled along with that reckless, defiant indifference that one knows only in dreams…

It had been a day like other days at the office. Nothing special had happened. Harold hadn't come back from lunch until close on four. Where had he been? What had been up to? He wasn't going to let his father know. Old Mr. Neave had happened to be in the vestibule, saying goodbye to a caller, when Harold sauntered in, perfectly turned out as usual, cool, suave, smiling that peculiar little half-smile that women found so fascinating. Ah, Harold was too handsome, too handsome by far; that had been the trouble all along. No man had a right to such eyes, such lashes and such lips; it was uncanny. As for his mother, his sisters, and the servants, it was not too much to say they made a young god of him; they worshipped Harold, they forgave him everything; and he had needed some forgiving ever since the time when he was thirteen and he had stolen his mother's purse, taken the money, and hidden the purse in the cook's bedroom. Old Mr. Neave struck sharply with his stick upon the pavement edge. But it wasn't only his family who spoiled Harold, he reflected, it was everybody; he had only to look and to smile, and down they went before him. So perhaps it wasn't to be wondered at that he expected the office to carry on the tradition. H'm, h'm! But it couldn't be done. No business — not even a successful, established, big paying concern—could be played with. A man had either to put his whole heart and soul into it, or it went all to pieces before his eyes…

And then Charlotte and the girls were always at him to make the whole thing over to Harold, to retire, and to spend his time enjoying himself. Enjoying himself! Old Mr. Neave stopped dead under a group of ancient cabbage palms outside the Government buildings! Enjoying himself! The wind of evening shook the dark leaves to a thin airy cackle. Sitting at home, twiddling his thumbs, conscious all the while his life's work was slipping away, dissolving, disappearing through Harold's fine fingers, while Harold smiled…

"Why will you be so unreasonable, father? There's absolutely no need for you to go to the office. It only makes it very awkward for us when people persist in saying how tired you're looking. Here's this huge house and garden. Surely you could be happy in—in—appreciating it for a change. Or you could take up some hobby. "

And Lola the baby chimed in loftily. "All men ought to have hobbies. It makes life impossible if they haven't."

Well, well! He couldn't help a grim smile as painfully he began to climb the hill that led into Harcourt Avenue. Where would Lola and her sisters and Charlotte be if he'd gone in for hobbies, he'd like to know? Hobbies couldn't

pay for the town house and the seaside bungalow, and their horses, and their golf, and the sixty-guinea gramophone in the music-room for them to dance to. Not that he grudged them these things. No, they were smart, good-looking girls, and Charlotte was a remarkable woman; it was natural for them to be in the swim. As a matter of fact no other house in the town was as popular as theirs; no other family entertained so much. And how many times old Mr. Neave, pushing the cigar box across the smoking-room table, had listened to praises of his wife, his girls, of himself even.

"You're an ideal family, sir, an ideal family. It's like something one reads about or sees on the stage."

"That's all right, my boy," old Mr. Neave would reply. "Try one of those; I think you'll like them. And if you care to smoke in the garden, you'll find the girls on the lawn, I dare say."

That was why the girls had never married, so people said. They could have married anybody. But they had too good a time at home. They were too happy together, the girls and Charlotte. H'm, h'm! Well, well! Perhaps so…

By this time he had walked the length of fashionable Harcourt Avenue; he had reached the corner house, their house. The carriage gates were pushed back; there were fresh marks of wheels on the drive. And then he faced the big white-painted house, with its wide-open windows, its tulle curtains floating outwards, its blue jars of hyacinths on the broad sills. On either side of the carriage porch their hydrangeas – famous in the town – were coming into flower; the pinkish, bluish masses of flower lay like light among the spreading leaves. And somehow, it seemed to old Mr. Neave that the house and the flowers, and even the fresh marks on the drive, were saying, "There is young life here. There are girls – ".

The hall, as always, was dusky with wraps, parasols, gloves, piled on the oak chests. From the music-room sounded the piano, quick, loud and impatient. Through the drawing-room door that was ajar voices floated.

"And were there ices?" came from Charlotte. Then the creak, creak of her rocker.

"Ices!" cried Ethel. "My dear mother, you never saw such ices. Only two kinds. And one a common little strawberry shop ice, in a sopping wet frill."

"The food altogether was too appalling," came from Marion.

"Still, it's rather early for ices," said Charlotte easily.

"But why, if one has them at all …" began Ethel.

"Oh, quite so, darling," crooned Charlotte.

Suddenly the music-room door opened and Lola dashed out. She started, she nearly screamed, at the sight of old Mr. Neave.

"Gracious, father! What a fright you gave me! Have you just come home? Why isn't Charles here to help you off with your coat?"

Her cheeks were crimson from playing, her eyes glittered, the hair fell over her forehead. And she breathed as though she had come running through the

dark and was frightened. Old Mr. Neave stared at his youngest daughter; he felt he had never seen her before. So that was Lola, was it? But she seemed to have forgotten her father; it was not for him that she waited there. Now she put the tip of her crumpled handkerchief between her teeth and tugged at it angrily. The telephone rang. A-ah! Lola gave a cry like a sob and dashed past him. The door of the telephone-room slammed, and at the same moment Charlotte called, "Is that you, father?"

"You're tired again," said Charlotte reproachfully, and she stopped the rocker and offered him her warm plum-like cheek. Bright-haired Ethel pecked his beard; Marion's lips brushed his ear.

"Did you walk back, father?" asked Charlotte. "Yes, I walked home," said old Mr. Neave, and he sank into one of the immense drawing-room chairs.

"But why didn't you take a cab?" said Ethel. "There are hundreds of cabs about at that time."

"My dear Ethel," cried Marion, "if father prefers to tire himself out, I really don't see what business of ours it is to interfere."

"Children, children?" coaxed Charlotte.

But Marion wouldn't be stopped. "No mother, you spoil father, and it's not right. You ought to be stricter with him. He's very naughty." She laughed her hard, bright laugh and patted her hair in a mirror. Strange! When she was a little girl she had such a soft, hesitating voice; she had even stuttered, and now, whatever she said—even if it was only "Jam, please, father"—it rang out as though she were on the stage.

"Did Harold leave the office before you, dear?" asked Charlotte, beginning to rock again.

"I'm not sure," said old Mr. Neave.

"I'm not sure. I didn't see him after four o'clock."

"He said—" began Charlotte.

But at that moment Ethel, who was twitching over the leaves of some paper or other, ran to her mother and sank down beside her chair.

"There, you see," she cried. "That's what I mean, mummy. Yellow, with touches of silver. Don't you agree?"

"Give it to me, love," said Charlotte. She fumbled for her tortoise-shell spectacles and put them on, gave the page a little dab with her plump small fingers, and pursed up her lips. "Very sweet!" she crooned vaguely; she looked at Ethel over her spectacles. "But I shouldn't have the train."

"Not the train!" wailed Ethel tragically. "But the train's the whole point."

"Here, mother, let me decide." Marion snatched the paper playfully from Charlotte. "I agree with mother," she cried triumphantly. "The train overweights it."

Old Mr. Neave, forgotten, sank into the broad lap of his chair, and, dozing, heard them as though he dreamed. There was no doubt about it, he was tired out; he had lost his hold. Even Charlotte and the girls were too much for him tonight. They were too … too … But all his drowsing brain could think of was—too *rich*

for him. And somewhere at the back of everything he was watching a little withered ancient man climbing up endless flights of stairs. Who was he?

"I shan't dress tonight," he muttered.

"What do you say, father?"

"Eh, what, what?" Old Mr. Neave woke with a start and stared across at them. "I shan't dress tonight," he repeated.

"But, father, we've got Lucile coming, and Henry Davenport, and Mrs. Teddie Walker.'"It will look so *very* out of the picture."

"Don't you feel well, dear?"

"You needn't make any effort. What is Charles *for*?"

"But if you're really not up to it," Charlotte wavered.

"Very well! Very well!" Old Mr. Neave got up and went to join that little old climbing fellow just as far as his dressing-room…

There young Charles was waiting for him. Carefully, as though everything depended on it, he was tucking a towel round the hot-water can. Young Charles had been a favourite of his ever since as a little red-faced boy he had come into the house to look after the fires. Old Mr. Neave lowered himself into the cane lounge by the window, stretched out his legs, and made his little evening joke, "Dress him up, Charles!" And Charles, breathing intensely and frowning, bent forward to take the pin out of his tie.

H'm, h'm! Well, well! It was pleasant by the open window, very pleasant — a fine mild evening. They were cutting the grass on the tennis court below; he heard the soft churr of the mower. Soon the girls would begin their tennis parties again. And at the thought he seemed to hear Marion's voice ring out, "Good for you, partner … Oh *played,* partner … Oh, *very* nice indeed." Then Charlotte calling from the veranda, "Where is Harold?" And Ethel, "He's certainly not here, mother." And Charlotte's vague, "He said—"

Old Mr. Neave sighed, got up, and putting one hand under his beard, he took the comb from young Charles, and carefully combed the white beard over. Charles gave him a folded handkerchief, his watch and seals, and spectacle case.

"That will do, my lad." The door shut, he sank back, he was alone…

And now that little ancient fellow was climbing down endless flights that led to glittering, gay dining-room. What legs he had! They were like a spider's—thin, withered.

"You're an ideal family, sir, an ideal family."

But if that were true, why didn't Charlotte or the girls stop him? Why was he all alone, climbing up and down? Where was Harold? Ah, it was no good expecting anything from Harold. Down, down went the little old spider, and then, to his horror, old Mr. Neave saw him slip past the dining-room and make for the porch, the dark drive, the carriage gates, the office. Stop him, stop him, somebody!

Old Mr. Neave started up. It was dark in his dressing-room; the window shone pale. How long had he been asleep? He listened, and through the big, airy,

darkened house there floated far-away voices, far-away sounds. Perhaps, he thought vaguely, he had been asleep for a long time. He'd been forgotten. What had all this to do with him—this house and Charlotte, the girls and Harold what did he know about them? They were strangers to him. Life had passed him by. Charlotte was not his wife. His wife!

…A dark porch, half hidden by a passion-vine, that drooped sorrowful, mournful, as though it understood. Small, warm arms were round his neck. A face, little and pale, lifted to his, and a voice breathed, "Goodbye, my treasure."

My treasure! "Goodbye, my treasure!" Which of them had spoken? Why had they said goodbye? There had been some terrible mistake. *She* was his wife, that little pale girl, and all the rest of his life had been a dream.

Then the door opened, and young Charles, standing in the light, put his hands by the side and shouted like a young soldier, "Dinner is on the table, sir!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming," said old Mr. Neave.

Assignments

1. What are the most characteristic devices of the narrative and conversational parts of the story?
2. Enumerate and illustrate all the direct and indirect links of cohesion in the text.
3. What impression on the reader is produced by the use of the deiktic pronoun **'that'** (in the opening sentence of the story) and the referential pronoun **'he'** used in the same sentence before the proper name of old Mr. Neave was introduced?
4. What is the main tune of modality that penetrates the first page of the story, what grammatical means serve to create this tune besides the use of negative verb forms (couldn't, hadn't)?
5. Point out the syntactic device which is used here to draw a contrast between the 'warm, eager and restless' spring and the 'reckless, defiant' indifference of the town life, and a day at the office.
6. What are the main grammatical devices (including stylistic syntax) used by Mr. Neave in the description of his son Harold?
7. Comment on the structure and meaning of the sentence: "But it wasn't only his family who spoiled Harold"…
8. Why does Mr. Neave repeat the sentence 'Enjoying himself!' twice and both the times making them exclamatory sentences when he recalls his family's advice 'to retire and to spend the time **enjoying himself'**?
9. Can the sentence beginning with 'Sitting at home'… be regarded as a case of contextual ellipsis?
10. Explain the meaning of the past continuous forms as contrasting with the past indefinite form used in the final part of the same sentence (…'while Harold **smiled**.').

11. Define the semantic role of interjections that are used **throughout** the whole story to express Mr. Neave's inner thoughts of his family members and his family life: 'H'm, H'm!' 'Well, well!', and again: 'H'm, H'm! Well, well!" (repeated twice), 'Oh, what, what!' and also the role of interjections in his daughters' speech: 'A- Ah!' (Lola's cry as the telephone rang), 'Oh' used twice by Marion; 'But why?' in Ethel's speech, etc..
12. Why is Mr. Neave's attitude to hobbies expressed by a sentence of unreal condition: 'Where would Lola and her sisters and Charlotte be if he'd gone in for hobbies, he'd like to know?'
13. Define the structure and meaning of the sentence: 'Not that he grudged them these things.'
14. Comment on the meaning of the particle **'even'** in the sentence: 'And how many times old Mr. Neave … had listened to praises of his wife, his girls, of himself even.' What was the actual status of Mr. Neave at his household?
15. What was Mr. Neave's estimation of his 'ideal family', what grammatical means help to express it?
16. Comment on the structure and meaning of sentences used by Ethel: 'Ices!' cried Ethel. 'My dear mother, you never saw such ices. Only two kinds. And one a common little strawberry shop ice, in a sopping wet frill.'
17. How was old Mr. Neave met by his family (his wife and three daughters) when he came back home from the office? What grammatical means serve to indicate it all?
18. Explain the transition of present-tense forms to past perfect forms at the end of the story ('had spoken,' 'had said,' 'had been' etc., with the key sentence being: 'Life had passed him by.' Doesn't the sudden change to present continuous tense 'I'm coming, I'm coming' sound rather optimistic and make the reader believe in the victory of life over old age and old weakness?
19. What are grammatical peculiarities of Mr. Neave's inner speech?
20. Why does the title of the text "An Ideal Family" sound ironically? What pragmatic means used in the text serve to prove it?

TEXT 3

E. Hemingway (1899-1961)

Ernst Hemingway is an outstanding American writer of the XX-th century. He is the author of world-wide known novels and stories, and a Noble Prize winner of 1954.

He was born in 1988 in the family of a doctor in a small provincial town Oak Park, which later on became part of Chicago.

E. Hemingway took an active part in World War I where in 1918 at the age of 19 he was heavily wounded in a battle at the Italian-Austrian front.

In his youth he was a representative of the so called "lost generation', the people who have lost their faith in spiritual values that were destroyed by the

war. All his life is an active search for real life values which has been vividly reflected in his books (‘For Whom the Bell Tolls,’ ‘Farewell to Arms’ etc.).

In 1936-1937 E. Hemingway took part as a newspaper correspondent in the anti-fascist war in Spain.

One of his numerous stories ‘Old Man at the Bridge’ (1938) is about a 76 year old man whom the horrible war deprived of his only ties with life – his animals (two goats and a cat) and birds (eight doves).

Old Man at the Bridge

An old man with steel rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road. There was a pontoon bridge across the river and carts, trucks, and men, women and children were crossing it. The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping push against the spokes of the wheels. The trucks ground up and away heading out of it all and the peasants plodded along in the ankle deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any farther.

It was my business to cross the bridge, explore the bridgehead beyond and find out to what point the enemy had advanced. I did this and returned over the bridge. There were not so many carts now and very few people on foot, but the old man was still there.

“Where do you come from?” I asked him.

“From San Carlos,” he said, and smiled.

That was his native town and so it gave him pleasure to mention it and he smiled.

“I was taking care of animals,” he explained.

“Oh,” I said, not quite understanding.

“Yes,” he said, “I stayed, you see, taking care of animals. I was the last one to leave the town of San Carlos.”

He did not look like a shepherd nor a herdsman and I looked at his black dusty clothes and his gray dusty face and his steel rimmed spectacles and said, “What animals were they?”

“Various animals,” he said, and shook his head. “I had to leave them.”

I was watching the bridge and the African looking country of the Ebro Delta and wondering how long now it would be before we would see the enemy, and listening all the while for the first noises that would signal that ever mysterious event called contact, and the old man still sat there.

“What animals were they?” I asked. “There were three animals altogether,” he explained. “There were two goats and a cat and then there were four pairs of pigeons.”

“And you had to leave them?” I asked. “Yes. Because of the artillery. The captain told me to go because of the artillery.”

"And you have no family?" I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.

"No," he said, "only the animals I stated. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think what will become of the others."

"What politics have you?" I asked.

"I am without politics," he said. "I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometers now and I think now I can go no further."

"This is not a good place to stop," I said. "If you can make it, there are trucks up the road where it forks for Tortosa."

"I will wait a while," he said, "and then I will go. Where do the trucks go?"

"Towards Barcelona," I told him.

"I know no one in that direction," he said, "but thank you very much. Thank you again very much."

He looked at me very blankly and tiredly, then said, having to share his worry with some one, "The cat will be all right, I am sure. There is no need to be unquiet about the cat. But the others. Now what do you think about the others?"

"Why they'll probably come through it all right."

"You think so?"

"Why not," 1 said, watching the far bank where now there were no carts.

"But what will they do under the artillery when I was told to leave because of the artillery?"

"Did you leave the dove cage unlocked?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then they'll fly."

"Yes, certainly they'll fly. But the others. It's better not to think about the others," he said.

"If you are rested I would go," I urged. "Get up and try to walk now."

"Thank you," he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust.

"I was taking care of animals," he said dully, but no longer to me. "I was only taking care of animals."

There was nothing to do about him. It was Easter Sunday and the Fascists were advancing toward the Ebro. It was a gray overcast day with a low ceiling so their planes were not up. That and the fact that cats know how to look after themselves was all the good luck that old man would ever have.

Assignments

1. Describe grammatical peculiarities of narration and conversation.
2. What syntactic features contribute to the extreme simplicity of the dialogue?
3. What makes narration more complex in its syntactic organization?
4. E. Hemingway's syntax is characterized by relative simplicity. Prove it on the material of the text.

5. Comment on the role of the adjective ‘dusty’ and its repetition in the story (‘dusty clothes’, ‘dusty face’, etc.).
6. Define the effect of polysyndeton in the text.
7. Find and comment on all the syntactic devices which are used by the author to show the difficulties of war time for soldiers and civil population.
8. What communicative and structural types of sentences are used here to show the old man’s trouble for his animals?
9. Comment on the grammatical value of the word ‘one’ in the sentence: ‘I was the last **one** to leave the town of San Carlos’ and define the meaning of the sentence in the old man’s fate.
10. What grammatical means in the final sentence of the story serve to underline the tragic fate of the old man?

TEXT № 4

E. Hemingway (1899-1961)

The Dream

It chanced that in August 1917 the work upon which I was then engaged obliged me to go from New York to Petrograd, and I was instructed for safety’s sake to travel by way of Vladivostok. I landed there in the morning and passed an idle day as best I could. The trans-Siberian train was due to start, so far as I remember, at about nine in the evening. I dined at the station restaurant by myself. It was crowded and I shared a small table with a man whose appearance entertained me. He was a Russian, a tall fellow, but amazingly stout, and he had so vast a paunch that he was obliged to sit well away from the table. His hands, small for his size, were buried in rolls of fat. His hair, long, dark, and thin, was brushed carefully across his crown in order to conceal his baldness, and his huge sallow face, with its enormous double chin, clean-shaven, gave you an impression of indecent nakedness. His nose, was small, a funny little button upon that mass of flesh, and his black shining eyes were small too. But he had a large, red, and sensual mouth. He was dressed neatly enough in a black suit. It was not worn but shabby; it looked as if it had been neither pressed nor brushed since he had had it.

The service was bad and it was almost impossible to attract the attention of a waiter. We soon got into conversation. The Russian spoke good and fluent English. His accent was marked but not tiresome. He asked me many questions about myself and my plans, which—my occupation at the time making caution necessary—I answered with a show of frankness but with dissimulation. I told him I was a journalist. He asked me whether I wrote fiction and when I confessed that in my leisure moments I did, he began to talk of the later Russian novelists. He spoke intelligently. It was plain that he was a man of education.

By this time we had persuaded the waiter to bring us some cabbage soup, and my acquaintance pulled a small bottle of vodka from his pocket which he invited me to share. I do not know whether it was the vodka or the natural loquaciousness of his race that made him communicative, but presently he told me, unasked, a good deal about himself. He was of noble birth, it appeared, a lawyer by profession, and a radical. Some trouble with the authorities had made it necessary for him to be much abroad, but now he was on his way home. Business had detained him at Vladivostok, but he expected to start for Moscow in a week and if I went there he would be charmed to see me.

"Are you married?" he asked me.

I did not see what business it was of his, but I told him that I was. He sighed a little.

"I am a widower," he said. "My wife was a Swiss, a native of Geneva. She was a very cultivated woman. She spoke English, German, and Italian perfectly. French, of course, was her native tongue. Her Russian was much above the average for a foreigner. She had scarcely the trace of an accent."

He called a waiter who was passing with a tray full of dishes and asked him, I suppose—for then I knew hardly any Russian—how much longer we were going to wait for the next course. The waiter, with a rapid but presumably reassuring exclamation, hurried on, and my friend sighed.

"Since the revolution the waiting in restaurants has become abominable."

He lighted his twentieth cigarette and I, looking at my watch, wondered whether I should get a square meal before it was time for me to start.

"My wife was a very remarkable woman," he continued. "She taught languages at one of the best schools for the daughters of noblemen in Petrograd. For a good many years we lived together on perfectly friendly terms. She was, however, of a jealous temperament and unfortunately she loved me to distraction."

It was difficult for me to keep a straight face. He was one of the ugliest men I had ever seen. There is sometimes a certain charm in the rubicund and jovial fat man, but this saturnine obesity was repulsive.

"I do not pretend that I was faithful to her. She was not young when I married her and we had been married for ten years. She was small and thin, and she had a bad complexion. She had a bitter tongue. She was a woman who suffered from a fury of possession, and she could not bear me to be attracted to anyone but her. She was jealous not only of the women I knew, but of my friends, my cat, and my books. On one occasion in my absence she gave away a coat of mine merely because I liked none of my coats so well. But I am of an equable temperament. I will not deny that she bored me, but I accepted her acrimonious disposition as an act of God and no more thought of rebelling against it than I would against bad weather or a cold in the head. I denied her accusations as long as it was possible to deny them, and when it was impossible I shrugged my shoulders and smoked a cigarette.

"The constant scenes she made me did not very much affect me. I led my own life. Sometimes, indeed, I wondered whether it was passionate love she felt for me or passionate hate. It seemed to me that love and hate were very near allied.

"So we might have continued to the end of the chapter if one night a very curious thing had not happened. I was awakened by a piercing scream from my wife. Startled, I asked her what was the matter. She told me that she had had a fearful nightmare; she had dreamt that I was trying to kill her. We lived at the top of a large house and the well round which the stairs climbed was broad. She had dreamt that just as we had arrived at our own floor I had caught hold of her and attempted to throw her over the balusters. It was six storeys to the stone floor at the bottom and it meant certain death.

"She was much shaken. I did my best to soothe her. But next morning, and for two or three days after, she referred to the subject again and, notwithstanding my laughter, I saw that it dwelt in her mind. I could not help thinking of it either, for this dream showed me something that I had never suspected. She thought I hated her, she thought I would gladly be rid of her; she knew of course that she was insufferable, and at some time or other the idea had evidently occurred to her that I was capable of murdering her. The thoughts of men are incalculable and ideas enter our minds that we should be ashamed to confess. Sometimes I had wished that she might run away with a lover, sometimes that a painless and sudden death might give me my freedom; but never, never had the idea come to me that I might deliberately rid myself of an intolerable burden.

"The dream made an extraordinary impression upon both of us. It frightened my wife, and she became for a little less bitter and more tolerant. But when I walked up the stairs to our apartment it was impossible for me not to look over the balusters and reflect how easy it would be to do what she had dreamt. The balusters were dangerously low. A quick gesture and the thing was done. It was hard to put the thought out of my mind. Then some months later my wife awakened me one night. I was very tired and I was exasperated. She was white and trembling. She had had the dream again. She burst into tears and asked me if I hated her. I swore by all the saints of the Russian calendar that I loved her. At last she went to sleep again. It was more than I could do. I lay awake. I seemed to see her falling down the well of the stairs, and heard her shriek and the thud as she struck the stone floor. I could not help shivering."

The Russian stopped and beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He had told the story well and fluently so that I had listened with attention. There was still some vodka in the bottle; he poured it out and swallowed it at a gulp.

"And how did your wife eventually die?" I asked after a pause.

He took out a dirty handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"By an extraordinary coincidence she was found late one night at the bottom of the stairs with her neck broken."

"Who found her?"

"She was found by one of the lodgers who came in shortly after the catastrophe."

"And where were you?"

I cannot describe the look he gave me of malicious cunning. His little black eyes sparkled.

"I was spending the evening with a friend of mine. I did not come in till an hour later."

At that moment the waiter brought us the dish of meat that we had ordered, and the Russian fell upon it with great appetite. He shovelled the food into his mouth in enormous mouthfuls.

I was taken aback. Had he really been telling me in this hardly veiled manner that he had murdered his wife? That obese and slugging man did not look like a murderer; I could not believe that he would have had the courage. Or was he making a sardonic joke at my expense?

In a few minutes it was time for me to go and catch my train. I left him and I have not see him since. But I have never been able to make up my mind whether he was serious or jesting.

Assignments

1. Describe syntactic peculiarities of narration which prevail in the text: a) comment on communicative and structural types of sentences; b) compare c) the frequency of simple and composite sentences; d) pay attention to homogeneous sentence parts; e) comment on the structure of noun phrases (including such phrases as 'station restaurant'), verb phrases and adjectival phrases); f) mark most frequent and typical phrase patterns; g) comment on complex constructions with verbals.
2. Characterize morphological features of the text:

a) the use of tenses; b) the frequency of different parts of speech in the text; c) comment on different types of grammatical oppositions; d) explain the distinctions in the use of the preposition 'of' in such phrases as: 'to talk **of** the later Russian novelists,' 'a show **of** frankness,' 'she was **of** a jealous temperament,' etc.; e) analyse the morphemic structure of the following words: trans-Siberian, amazingly, enormous, conversation, loquaciousness, authorities, business, insufferable, incalculable, forehead, malicious, mouthfuls, describe, catastrophe.

TEXT 5

Pamela Hansford Johnson (1912-1981)

Pamela Johnson, a well-known English novelist and critic writer, was born in London in 1912. She began writing at an extremely early age. At 22 she had completed her first novel “This Bed The Centre” and decided to make literature her career.

Pamela Johnson, one of the most successful and acclaimed English novelists of the XX-th century, was married to the writer C.P. Snow.

She is the writer of some 25 novels dealing with contemporary social issues. she has been a book critic since 1936.

Pamela Johnson is the author of such novels as ‘The Holiday Friend’, ‘A Summer to Decide’, ‘Catherine Carter’, ‘An Impossible Marriage’, ‘The Last Resort’, ‘The Survival of the Fittest’, “ The Avenue of Stone”, “The Good Listener” (1975) and many others.

The Good Listener

It was the second day of term, in Toby’s third year at Cambridge. The weather was mild and sunny, and the young men were able to sit along the Backs enjoying the October warmth. There were three of them in a group, Toby Roberts, Bob Cuthbertson and Adrian Stedman. Toby was perhaps the most conspicuous; he was double-jointed and sat with his legs crossed beneath him, like a practitioner of Yoga. He could even do a parlour-trick, performed on rare occasions, which was to twist his feet behind his neck, producing a risible egg-like appearance. He was tall, freckled, his features contriving to be both blunt and delicate, and the shine of the day struck reddish sparks from his hair. He was twenty, Bob six months older. Adrian, almost two years Toby’s senior, was reading Theology and hoped to be ordained into a High Anglican order. Of this Toby disapproved, but he did not say so. He was not accustomed to saying much.

Bob, bullet-headed, of Scotch parentage but born and raised in Sheffield, where his father was foreman in a steel works, was reading Physics. He had hopes for himself, and not much feeling for die sensibility of others. So he said to Toby: ‘You’re keen on Maisie, aren’t you?”

Toby smiled. “I don’t know her very well. But she’s attractive. I saw a bit of her last term.” He reflected that he knew all about Bob, Bob nothing about himself.

Toby was reading History, and what his future would hold he did not now know. He did not expect a First Class Honours degree, and so might have to resign himself to teaching. He doubted whether he had the innate literary gift for publication.

“What are all those books?” Adrian asked him.

Toby silently spread out Michelet, Carlyle, Mathièz. “You see.”

Along the Cam the punts were still sliding. Over the bridge the stone spheres gleamed in the pure light and behind it the college was stately. Such stateliness Toby and Bob had never known before they had come there.

Adrian, austere, picked up each volume with a frown. He also was tall, but his Italianate face was sharp and ascetic. He was the son of a suffragan bishop, now dead. He was also, Toby thought, less ecumenical, a man to appeal to rather perverse girls, and he didn’t like the idea that Adrian was more or less committed to a life of celibacy. Pretty silly, so young.

“I’ve never read Carlyle,” Adrian said. “What’s he like?”

Toby paused. “Oh, you should. Rather like a film spectacular in glorious Technicolor. But not strong on history. Mathièz is good, but then, he knew more.”

“Take in a flick tonight?” Bob asked. He had made no attempt to modify his accent, a blend of Scotch and North Country. Professor Higgins would have had no difficulties with him. He would have had great difficulties with soft-spoken Toby.

“Can’t. I have to get down to things.” “You, Adrian?”

“Some time. Not this evening. Same reason as Toby’s.”

Bob looked disappointed.

“You’re bright enough,” Toby said, “not to have to slog like us lesser mortals.” He himself was not, in fact, going to work, but to take Maisie out for a meal. Not a grand one: he could not afford it. But she was a contented sort of girl.

“Oh, well, back to the grind.” Bob rose and walked away, his stocky shape casting a short stocky shadow.

“Speaking of Maisie,” Adrian said, causing Toby to jump inwardly as if at a wonderful exhibition of extra-sensory perception, “my mother knows hers quite well. Apparently she keeps open house for artists and writers and so forth. She must have a good bit of money. Has Maisie told you about her?”

“Only that she lives in Suffolk. Maisie isn’t specially communicative.” (Toby knew that the thought had crossed Adrian’s mind: “That, coming from you!”)

However, Adrian said, “I wonder where we’ll all be five years from now.” He often switched from one subject to the other, without any apparent break. This lack of concentration tended to make his work hard for him, serious about it as he was. He answered his own question. “I expect to have a decent curacy, with some prospects.”

“Spike, certainly,” Toby teased him.

“What you call spike, yes. The ritual has meaning for me.” Adrian could not resist a holy overtone to this.

“Father Stedman.”

"I hope so, eventually. You're not a believer, are you, Toby?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps not. I've never been too sure about it." The thought of Maisie's home was seeding in his mind. Did Mrs. Ferrars keep what used to be called a *salon* ? He would love to see one.

"I wish you would think about it," Adrian said earnestly, "it really works." He hesitated. "Prayer really works."

Toby nodded amiable agreement. He had never tried it since infancy.

"And you? What do you expect in five years' time?"

"Nineteen fifty-five. I shall be twenty-five, which makes a neat calculation within my limited range. I haven't the slightest idea."

"You'll marry, I suppose."

"And you won't. It seems a pity. For the women, I mean."

Adrian blushed like a girl. "I don't know about that. I suppose what you never have you never miss."

Toby made no reply. Whom could he expect to meet if he were ever invited to the house in Suffolk ? He had a somewhat exaggerated faith in the advantages of meeting people. How should he get her to ask him? He pondered. He could ask her to his own home. But what would she think of it? He felt a rush of defensiveness for his parents. They were dear to him, and he was grateful for the sacrifices they had made. But – he could not help it – every time he returned to SE_I he felt like Fanny Price paying a family visit after a long spell at Mansfield Park. In any case, he would step carefully; he was not in love with Maisie yet, though he suspected that she had begun to be fond of him. He wondered just how much unfamiliarity she could weather.

A leaf fell, and he displayed it in the palm of his hand. It was brilliant as beaten copper.

"Pretty," he said.

She met him in a small café in Regent Street. She had bicycled from Girton. Her face was sunny. She looked, as Toby had imagined before, rather like the young Frieda Lawrence: triangular face, bright eyes with a downward turn at the corner, turned-up nose, broad, curling mouth. Her hair curled too, nearly gold, but he thought of it as wholly so.

"I wish this were Claridges," he said to her.

"It's Claridges for me." She sat down opposite him, waiting for him to speak. When he did so, he only asked her how the work was going. She was reading English, and had all the popular *idées reçues,* which was strange in a girl so otherwise independent.

"So-so. Isn't George Eliot wonderful?"

He said he had always found her a bit ponderous and that *Middlemarch* was maddening. The Casaubons, the Lydgates, yes: and then you were always being switched on to somebody else, which was an intrusion.

She was disappointed. "I can't believe you really mean that."

He wondered whether she had ever disliked a writer she had been told to like, or whether she had ever appreciated somebody beyond the pale so firmly set down for her and others.

"If you like her, I will like her. Dickens?" he asked.

"Dickens is only an *entertainer*." She was scornful, and quite sure of herself.

Toby smiled, and asked her what she would like to eat.

She answered promptly, "Plaice and chips." After a pause – "You see, that was never part of my childhood experience. That's why I like it so much."

"I like things," he said rather cautiously, "because they were a part of mine. I like steak and kidney pudding." With this, he knew, he must have told her more about himself than ever before. He wondered how she would react.

But she simply nodded. She liked to eat things which had been no part of her youth. She was, as he had remarked to Adrian, not very communicative about herself, but she had a lively flow of chatter, and her curling smile charmed him. She ate heartily, sprinkling her fish with vinegar as to that particular manner born: but he knew she had not been.

"That's a pretty dress," he said. It was made of a soft, muted tartan wool. Had it cost a lot? He knew little about clothes.

"It's almost too warm for an Indian summer. My mother will be sorry she's missing this weather, but she's on holiday trying to escape from what she thought would be the cold."

"On holiday?" Toby asked, permitting himself a question.

"She's in Jamaica."

He reflected that his own mother had never been abroad at all.

Assignments

1. Point out descriptive, narrative and conversational passages in the text, describe their distinctive features, manifesting themselves in morphology and syntax.
2. Comment on different means of cohesion used in the text.
3. Draw your attention to the following grammatical phenomena:

a) the use of the definite articles in the phrases "The October warmth" and the definite article in "A Steel works"; b) comment on the verb form 'would have had' used in the sentence: 'Professor Higgins would have had no difficulties with him'; recall the play with professor Higgins as one of the main characters; c) explain the use of double comparative degree form in the sentence: 'You're **lesser** mortals'; d) comment on the structural, semantic and pragmatic meaning of the sentence 'That, coming from you!; e) give your commentaries on the following elliptical sentences: 'You're not a believer, are you, Toby?' – **'Perhaps. Perhaps not'**; f) compare the meaning and functions of the pronoun 'you' in the following passage: 'And you? What do you expect in five years time?' – 'Nineteen fifty-five. I shall be twenty-five,

which makes a neat calculation within my limited range. I haven't the slightest ides.'. – 'You'll marry, I suppose. – 'And you won't. It seems a pity. For the women, I mean.' Adrian blushed like a girl. 'I don't know about that. I suppose what you never have you never miss.' Analyse all the other pronouns here. g) Take the following passage for analysis, pay particular attention to the underlined words: 'Toby smiled and asked her what she would like to eat. She answered promptly, 'Plaice and chips.' After a pause. – 'You see, **that** was never part of my **childhood experience.** That's why I like **it** so much.' – 'I like things,' he said rather cautiously, 'because they were a past of **mine.** I like steak and kidney pudding!' With **this, he knew,** he must **have told** her more about himself than ever before. He wondered how she **would react**. h) Define the types of subordinate clauses used in the sentence: 'It was then that he decided that he would go home for the weak-end himself.' Draw the scheme of the sentence and comment on the theme-rheme devision of the sentences and its constituent parts.

4. Analyse the morphemic structure of the following words: 'gramophone', 'lovely', 'abroad', 'glossy', 'publication', 'window', 'personality', week-end'.
5. Analyse different types of morphological oppositions in the text paying attention to the frequency of these oppositions and their counterparts.
6. Compare the meanings and functions of the following forms of phrasal verbs: 'sat down' and 'set down', look for other phrasal verbs in the text.
7. Define the status of 'was' in: 'the work **was** going', 'which **was** strange.' She was disappointed, it **was** made of a soft, muted tartan wool', she **was** reading English.'
8. Comment on the structure and meaning of the sentences representing Toby's inner speech and expressing his opinion of Adrian: "Pretty, so young.'

VI. Texts for self-check activities

TEXT 1

William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965)

A Friend in Need

For thirty years now I have been studying my fellow-men. I do not know very much about them. I should certainly hesitate to engage a servant on his face, and yet I suppose it is on the face that for the most part we judge the persons we meet. We draw our conclusions from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eyes, the contour of the mouth. I wonder if we are more often right than wrong. Why novels and plays are so often untrue to life is because their authors, perhaps of necessity, make their characters all of a piece. They cannot afford to make them self-contradictory, for then they become incomprehensible, and yet serf-contradictory is what most of us are. We are a haphazard bundle of inconsistent qualities. In books on logic they will tell you that it is absurd to say

that yellow is tubular or gratitude heavier than air; but in that mixture of incongruities that makes up the self yellow may very well be a horse and cart and gratitude the middle of next week. I shrug my shoulders when people tell me that their first impressions of a person are always right. I think they must have small insight or great vanity. For my own part I find that the longer I know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those of whom I can say that I don't know the first thing about them.

These reflections have occurred to me because I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. He was a merchant and he had been in business in Japan for many years. I knew him very little, but he interested me because once he gave me a great surprise. Unless I had heard the story from his own lips I should never have believed that he was capable of such an action. It was more startling because both in appearance and manner he suggested a very definite type. Here if ever was a man all of a piece. He was a tiny little fellow, not much more than five feet four in height, and very slender, with white hair, a red face much wrinkled, and blue eyes. I suppose he was about sixty when I knew him. He was always neatly and quietly dressed in accordance with his age and station.

Though his offices were in Kobe, Burton often came down to Yokohama. I happened on one occasion to be spending a few days there, waiting for a ship, and I was introduced to him at the British Club. We played bridge together. He played a good game and a generous one. Hs did not talk very much, either then or later when we were having drinks, but what he said was sensible.

He had a quiet, dry humour. He seemed to be popular at the club and afterwards, when he had gone, they described him as one of the best. It happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat, elderly, and smiling, and his two daughters. It was evidently a united and affectionate family. I think the chief thing that struck me about Burton was his kindliness. There was something very pleasing in his mild blue eyes. His voice was gentle; you could not imagine that he could possibly raise it in anger; his smile was benign. Here was a man who attracted you because you felt in him a real love for his fellows. He had charm. But there was nothing mawkish in him: he liked his game of cards and his cock-tail, he could tell with point a good and spicy story, and in his youth he had been something of an athlete. He was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small and frail; he aroused your instincts of protection. You felt that he could not bear to hurt a fly.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel. This was before the earthquake and they had leather arm-chairs there. From the windows you had a spacious view of the harbour with its crowded traffic. There were great liners on their way to Vancouver and San Francisco or to Europe by way of Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Singapore; there were tramps of all nations,

battered and sea-worn, junks with their high sterns and great coloured sails, and innumerable sampans. It was a busy, exhilarating scene, and yet, I know not why, restful to the spirit. Here was romance and it seemed that you had but to stretch out your hand to touch it.

Burton came into the lounge presently and caught sight of me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

'What do you say to a little drink?'

He clapped his hands for a boy and ordered two gin fizzes. As the boy brought them a man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

'Do you know Turner?' said Burton as I nodded a greeting,

'I've met him at the club. I'm told he's a remittance man.'

'Yes, I believe he is. We have a good many here.'

'He plays bridge well.'

'They generally do. There was a fellow here last year, oddly enough a namesake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London. Lenny Burton he called himself. I believe he'd belonged to some very good clubs.'

'No, I don't believe I remember the name.'

'He was quite a remarkable player. He seemed to have an instinct about the cards. It was uncanny. I used to play with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time.'

Burton sipped his gin fizz.

'It's rather a funny story, he said. 'He wasn't a bad chap. I liked him. He was always well-dressed and smart-looking. He was handsome in a way with curly hair and pink-and-white cheeks. Women thought a lot of him. There was no harm in him, you know, he was only wild. Of course he drank too much. Those sort of fellows always do. A bit of money used to come in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card-playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that.'

Burton gave a kindly chuckle. I knew from my own experience that he could lose money at bridge with a good grace. He stroked his shaven chin with his thin hand; the veins stood out on it and it was almost transparent.

'I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke, that and the fact that he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no more money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was.

'"Thirty-five," he said.

'"And what have you been doing hitherto? " I asked him.

'"Well, nothing very much, " he said.

'I couldn't help laughing.

'" I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just yet," I said. " Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do."

‘He didn’t move. He went rather pale. He hesitated for a moment and then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn’t been willing to stick to bridge, he’d been playing poker, and he’d got trimmed. He hadn’t a penny. He’d pawned everything he had. He couldn’t pay his hotel bill and they wouldn’t give him any more credit. He was down and out. If he couldn’t get something to do he’d have to commit suicide.

‘I looked at him for a bit. I could see now that he was all to pieces. He’d been drinking more than usual and he looked fifty. The girls wouldn’t have thought so much of him if they’d seen him then.

‘“Well, isn’t there anything you can do except play cards? ” I asked him.

‘”I can swim,” he said.

‘”Swim!”

‘I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such an insane answer to give.

‘”I swam for my university.”

‘I got some glimmering of what he was driving at. I’ve known too many men who were little tin gods at their university to be impressed by it.

‘”I was a pretty good swimmer myself when I was a young man,” I said.

‘Suddenly I had an idea.’

Pausing in his story, Burton turned to me.

‘Do you know Kobe?’ he asked.

‘No,’ I said, ‘I passed through it once, but I only spent a night there.’

‘Then you don’t know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and landed at the creek of Tarumi. It’s over three miles and it’s rather difficult on account of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said to him that if he’d do it I’d give him a job.

‘I could see he was rather taken aback.

‘”You say you’re a swimmer,” I said.

‘”I’m not in very good condition,” he answered.

‘I didn’t say anything. I shrugged my shoulders. He looked at me for a moment and then he nodded.

‘”All right,” he said. “When do you want me to do it?”

‘I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

‘”The swim shouldn’t take you much over an hour and a quarter. I’ll drive round to the creek at half past twelve and meet you. I’ll take you back to the club to dress and then we’ll have lunch together.”

‘”Done,” he said.

‘We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a lot of work to do that morning and I only just managed to get to the creek at Tarumi at half past twelve. But I needn’t have hurried; he never turned up.’

‘Did he funk it at the last moment?’ I asked.

‘No, he didn’t funk it. He started all right. But of course he’d ruined his constitution by drink and dissipation. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage. We didn’t get the body for about three days.’

I didn’t say anything for a moment or two. I was a trifle shocked. Then I asked Burton a question.

‘When you made him that offer of a job, did you know he’d be drowned?’

He gave a little mild chuckle and he looked at me with those kind and candid blue eyes of his. He rubbed his chin with his hand.

‘Well, I hadn’t got a vacancy in my office at the moment.’

TEXT 2

Agatha Christie (1890-1976)

Agatha Christie was born in England in 1890. She is known throughout the world as the Queen of Crime. Her book have been sold over a billion copies in English with another billion in 44 foreign languages. She is the most widely published author of all time and in any language, outsold only by the Bible and Shakespeare.

Christie is the author of about 100 crime novels, short story collections and 19 plays. ‘The Mousetrap’, her most famous play of all, opened in 1952 and is the longest-running play in history.

Christie’s first novel ‘The Mysterious Affair at Styles’ was written forwards the end of the First World War, in which she served as a VAD, and was published in 1920. In it she created Hercule Poirot, the private Belgian detective who became the most popular detective in crime fiction since Sherlock Holmes.

In 1926, after writing a book a year, Agatha Christie wrote her masterpiece ‘The Murder of Roger Ackroyd’ which was published by Collins and marked the beginning of an author-publisher relationship which lasted for 50 years.

Agatha Christie was made a Dame in 1971. She died in 1976, since when a number of her books have been published posthumously.

The Case of the Discontented Husband

Undoubtedly one of Mr. Parker Pyne’s greatest assets was his sympathetic manner. It was a manner that invited confidence. He was well acquainted with the kind of paralysis that descended on clients as soon as they got inside his office. It was Mr. Pyne’s task to pave the way for the necessary disclosures.

On this particular morning he sat facing a new client, a Mr. Reginald Wade. Mr. Wade, he deduced at once, was the inarticulate type. The type that finds it hard to put into words anything connected with the emotions.

He was a tall, broadly-built man with mild, pleasant blue eyes and a well-tanned complexion. He sat pulling absent-mindedly at a little moustache while he looked at Mr. Parker Pyne with all the pathos of a dumb animal.

"Saw your advertisement, you know," he jerked. "Thought I might as well come along. Rum sort of show, but you never know, what?"

Mr. Parker Pyne interpreted these cryptic remarks correctly. "When things go badly, one is willing to take a chance," he suggested.

"That's it. That's it, exactly. I'm willing to take a chance—any chance. Things are in a bad way with me, Mr. Pyne. I don't know what to do about it. Difficult, you know, damned difficult."

"That," said Mr. Pyne, "is where I come in. I *do* know what to do! I am a specialist in every kind of human trouble."

"Oh, I say-bit of a tall order, that!"

"Not really. Human troubles are easily classified into a few main heads. There is ill health. There is boredom. There are wives who are in trouble over their husbands. There are husbands"—he paused— "who are in trouble over their wives."

"Matter of fact, you've hit it. You've hit it absolutely."

"Tell me about it," said Mr. Pyne.

"There's nothing much to tell. My wife wants me to give her a divorce so that she can marry another chap."

"Very common indeed in these days. Now you, I gather, don't see eye to eye with her in this business?"

"I'm fond of her," said Mr. Wade simply. "You see – well, I'm fond of her."

A simple and somewhat tame statement, but if Mr. Wade had said, "I adore her. I worship the ground she walks on. I would cut myself into little pieces for her," he could not have been more explicit to Mr. Parker Pyne.

"All the same, you know," went on Mr. Wade, "what can I do? I mean, a fellow's so helpless. If she prefers this other fellow—well, one's got to play the game; stand aside and all that."

"The proposal is that she should divorce you?"

"Of course. I couldn't let her be dragged through the divorce court."

Mr. Pyne looked at him thoughtfully. "But you come to me? Why?"

The other laughed in a shamefaced manner. "I don't know. You see, I'm not a clever chap. I can't think of things. I thought you might—well, suggest something. I've got six months, you see. She agreed to that. If at the end of six months she is still of the same mind—well, then, I get out. I thought you might give me a hint or two. At present everything I do annoys her.

"You see, Mr. Pyne, what it comes to is this: I'm not a clever chap! I like knocking balls about. I like a round of golf and a good set of tennis. I'm no good at music and art and such things. My wife's clever. She likes pictures and the opera and concerts, and naturally she gets bored with me. This other fellow—nasty long-haired chap—he knows all about these things. He can talk about them. I can't. In a way, I can understand a clever, beautiful woman getting fed up with an ass like me."

Mr. Parker Pyne groaned. “You have been married—how long?… Nine years? And I suppose you have adopted that attitude from the start. Wrong, my dear sir; disastrously wrong! Never adopt an apologetic attitude with a woman. She will take you at your own valuation—and you deserve it. You should have gloried in your athletic prowess. You should have spoken of art and music as ‘all that nonsense my wife likes’. You should have condoled with her on not being able to play games better. The humble spirit, my dear sir, is a washout in matrimony! No woman can be expected to stand up against it. No wonder your wife has been unable to last the course.”

Mr. Wade was looking at him in bewilderment. “Well,” he said, “what do you think I ought to do?”

“That certainly is the question. Whatever you should have done nine years ago, it is too late now. New tactics must be adopted. Have you ever had any affairs with other women?”

“Certainly not.”

“I should have said, perhaps, any light flirtations?”

“I never bothered about women much.”

“A mistake. You must start now.”

Mr. Wade looked alarmed. “Oh, look here, I couldn’t really. I mean—“

“You will be put to no trouble in the matter. One of my staff will be supplied for the purpose. She will tell you what is required of you, and any attentions you pay her she will, of course, understand to be merely a matter of business.”

Mr. Wade looked relieved. “That’s better. But do you really think –
I mean, it seems to me that Iris will be keener to get rid of me than ever.”

“You do not understand human nature, Mr. Wade. Still less do you understand feminine human nature. At the present moment you are, from the feminine point of view, merely a waste product. Nobody wants you. What use has a woman for something that no one wants? None whatever. But take another angle. Suppose your wife discovers that you are looking forward to regaining your freedom as much as she is?”

“Then she ought to be pleased.”

“She ought to be, perhaps, but she will not be. Moreover, she will see that you have attracted a fascinating young woman – young woman who could pick and choose. Immediately your stock goes up. Your wife knows that all her friends will say it was you who tired of her and wished to marry a more attractive woman. That will annoy her.”

“You think so?”

“I am sure of it. You will no longer be ‘poor dear old Reggie’. You will be ‘that sly dog Reggie’. All the difference in the world! Without relinquishing the other man, she will doubtless try to win you back. You will not be won. You will be sensible and repeat to her all her arguments. ‘Much better to part.’ ‘Temperamentally unsuited.’ You realize that while what she said was true—

that you had never understood her—it is also true that *she* had never understood *you*. But we need not go into this now; you will be given full instructions when the time comes."

Mr. Wade seemed doubtful still. "You really think that this plan of yours will do the trick?" he asked dubiously.

"I will not say I am absolutely sure of it," said Mr. Parker Pyne cautiously. "There is a bare possibility that your wife may be so overwhelmingly in love with this other man that nothing you could say or do will affect her, but I consider that unlikely. She has probably been driven into this affair through boredom—boredom with the atmosphere of uncritical devotion and absolute fidelity with which you have most unwisely surrounded her. If you follow my instructions, the chances are, I should say, ninety-seven per cent in your favour."

"Good enough," said Mr. Wade. "I'll do it. By the way – er – how much?"

"My fee is two hundred guineas, payable in advance."

Mr. Wade drew out a cheque book.

The grounds of Lorrimer Court were lovely in the afternoon sunshine. Iris Wade, lying on a long chair, made a delicious spot of colour. She was dressed in delicate shades of mauve and by skilful make-up managed to look much younger than her thirty-five years.

She was talking to her friend Mrs. Massington, whom she always found sympathetic. Both ladies were afflicted with athletic husbands who talked stocks and shares and golf alternately.

"…And so one learns to live and let live," finished Iris.

"You're wonderful, darling," said Mrs. Massington, and added too quickly: "Tell me, who *is* this girl?"

Iris raised a weary shoulder. "Don't ask me! Reggie found her. She's Reggie's little friend! So amusing. You know he never looks at girls as a rule. He came to me and hemmed and hawed, and finally said he wanted to ask this Miss de Sara down for the week-end. Of course I laughed – I couldn't help it. *Reggie,* you know! Well, here she is."

"Where did he meet her?"

"I don't know. He was very vague about it all."

"Perhaps he's known her some time,"

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mrs. Wade. "Of course," she went on, "I'm delighted—simply delighted. I mean, it makes it so much easier for me, as things are. Because I *have* been unhappy about Reggie; he's such a dear old thing. That's what I kept saying to Sinclair—that it would hurt Reggie so. But he insisted that Reggie would soon get over it; it looks as if he were right. Two days ago Reggie seemed heartbroken—and now he wants this girl down! As I say, I'm *amused*, I like to see Reggie enjoying himself. I fancy the poor fellow actually thought I might be jealous. Such an absurd idea! "Of course,"! said, "have your friend down." Poor Reggie—as though a girl like that could ever care about him. She's just amusing herself."

“She’s extremely attractive,” said Mrs. Massington, “Almost dangerously so, if you know what I mean. The sort of girl who cares only for men. I don’t feel, somehow, she can be a really nice girl.“

“Probably not,” said Mrs. Wade.

“She has marvellous clothes,” said Mrs, Massington.

“Almost too exotic, don’t you think?”

“But very expensive.”

“Opulent. She’s too opulent looking.”

“Here they come,” said Mrs. Massington.

Madeleine de Sara and Reggie Wade were walking across the lawn. They were laughing and talking together and seemed very happy. Madeleine flung herself into a chair, tore off the beret she was wearing and ran her hands through her exquisitely dark curls.

She was undeniably beautiful.

“We’ve had such a marvellous afternoon!” she cried. “I’m terribly hot. I must be looking too dreadful.”

Reggie Wade started nervously at the sound of his cue.

“You look—you look – “ He gave a little laugh. “I won’t say it,” he finished.

Madeleine’s eyes met his. It was a glance of complete understanding on her part. Mrs. Massington noted it alertly.

“You should play golf,” said Madeleine to her hostess. “You miss such a lot. Why don’t you take it up? I have a friend who did and became quite good, and she was a lot older than you.”

“I don’t care for that sort of thing,” said Iris coldly.

“Are you bad at games? How rotten for you! It makes one feel so out of things. But really, Mrs. Wade, coaching nowadays is so good that almost anyone can play fairly well. I improved my tennis no end last summer. Of course I’m hopeless at golf.”

“Nonsense!” said Reggie. “You only need coaching. Look how you were getting those brassie shots this afternoon.”

“Because you showed me how. You’re a wonderful teacher. Lots of people simply can’t teach. But you’ve got the gift. It must be wonderful to be you—you can do everything.”

“Nonsense. I’m no good—no use whatever.” Reggie was confused.

“You must be very proud of him,” said Madeleine, turning to Mrs. Wade. “How have you managed to keep him all these years? You must have been very clever. Or have you hidden him away?”

Her hostess made no reply. She picked up her book with a hand that trembled.

Reggie murmured something about changing, and went off.

"I do think it's so sweet of you to have me here," said Madeleine to her hostess. "Some women are so suspicious of their husbands' friends. I do think jealousy is absurd, don't you?"

"I do indeed. I should never dream of being jealous of Reggie."

"That's wonderful of you! Because anyone can see that he's a man who's frightfully attractive to women. It was a shock to me when I heard he was married. Why do all the attractive men get snapped up young?"

"I'm glad you find Reggie so attractive," said Mrs. Wade.

"Well, he is, isn't he? So good-looking, and so frightfully good at games. And that pretended indifference of his to women. That spurs us on, of course."

"I suppose you have a lot of men friends," said Mrs. Wade.

"Oh, yes, I like men better than women. Women are never really nice to me. I can't think why."

"Perhaps you are too nice to their husbands," said Mrs. Massinglon with a tinkly laugh.

"Well, one's sorry for people sometimes. So many nice men are tide to such dull wives. You know, 'arty' women and highbrow women. Naturally, the men want someone young and bright to talk to. I think the modern ideas of marriage and divorce are so sensible. Start again while one is still young with someone who shares one's tastes and ideas. It's better for everybody in the end, I mean, the highbrow wives probably pick up some long-haired creature of their own type who satisfies them. I think cutting your losses and starting again is a wise plan, don't you, Mrs. Wade?"

"Certainly."

A certain frostiness in the atmosphere seemed to penetrate Madeleine's consciousness. She murmured something about changing for tea and left them.

"Detestable creatures these modern girls are," said Mrs. Wade. "Not an idea in their heads."

"She's got one idea in hers, Iris," said Mrs. Massington, "That girl's in love with Reggie."

"Nonsense!"

"She is. I saw the way she looked at him just now. She doesn't care a pin whether he's married or not. She means to have him. Disgusting, I call it."

Mrs. Wade was silent a moment, then she laughed uncertainly. "After all," she said, "what does it matter?"

Presently Mrs. Wade, too, went upstairs. Her husband was in his dressing-room changing. He was singing.

"Enjoyed yourself, dear?" said Mrs. Wade.

"Oh, er—rather, yes."

"I'm glad. I want you to be happy."

"Yes, rather."

Acting a part was not Reggie Wade's strong point, but as it happened, the acute embarrassment occasioned by his fancying he was doing so did just as

well. He avoided his wife's eye and jumped when she spoke to him. He felt ashamed; hated the farce of it all. Nothing could have produced a better effect. He was the picture of conscious guilt.

"How long have you known her?" asked Mrs. Wade suddenly.

"Er-who?"

"Miss de Sara, of course."

"Well, I don't quite know. I mean—oh, some time."

"Really? You never mentioned her."

"Didn't I? I suppose I forgot."

"Forgot indeed!" said Mrs. Wade. She departed with a whisk of mauve draperies.

After tea Mr. Wade showed Miss de Sara the rose garden. They walked across the lawn conscious of two pairs of eyes raking their backs.

"Look here." Safe out of sight in the rose garden, Mr. Wade unburdened himself. "Look here, I think well have to give this up. My wife looked at me just now as though she hated me."

"Don't worry," said Madeleine. "It's quite all right."

"Do you think so? I mean, I don't want to put her against me. She said several nasty things at tea."

"It's all right," said Madeleine again. 'You're doing splendidly."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes." In a lower voice she went on: "Your wife is walking round the corner of the terrace. She wants to see what we're doing. You'd better kiss me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Wade nervously. "Must I? I mean—"

"Kiss me!" said Madeleine fiercely.

Mr. Wade kissed her. Any lack of elan in the performance was remedied by Madeleine. She flung her arms round him. Mr. Wade staggered.

"Oh!" he said.

"Did you hate it very much?" said Madeleine.

"No, of course not," said Mr. Wade gallantly. "It—it just took me by surprise." He added wistfully: "Have we been in the rose garden long enough, do you think?"

"I think so," said Madeleine. "We've put in a bit of good work here."

They returned to the lawn. Mrs. Massington informed them that Mrs. Wade had gone to lie down.

Later, Mr. Wade joined Madeleine with a perturbed face.

"She's in an awful state—hysterics."

"Good."

"She saw me kissing you."

"Well, we meant her to."

"I know, but I couldn't say that, could 1? I didn't know what to say. I said it had just—just—well, happened."

"Excellent."

"She said you were scheming to marry me and that you were no better than you should be. That upset me-it seemed such awfully rough luck on you. I mean, when you're just doing a job. I said that I had the utmost respect for you and that what she said wasn't true at all, and I'm afraid I got angry when she went on about it."

"Magnificent!"

"And then she told me to go away. She doesn't want ever to speak to me again. She talked of packing up and leaving." His face was dismayed.

Madeleine smiled. "I'll tell you the answer to that one. Tell her that you'll be the one to go; that you'll pack up and clear out to town."

"But I don't want to!"

"That's all right. You won't have to. Your wife would hate to think of you amusing yourself in London."

The following morning Reggie Wade had a fresh bulletin to impart.

"She says she's been thinking, and that it isn't fair for her to go away when she agreed to stay six months. But she says that as I have my friends down here she doesn't see why she shouldn't have hers. She is asking Sinclair Jordan."

"Is he *the* one?"

"Yes, and I'm damned if I'll have him in my house!"

"You must," said Madeleine. "Don't worry, I'll attend to him. Say that on thinking things over you have no objection, and that you know she won't mind your asking me to stay on, too."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mr. Wade.

"Now don't lose heart," said Madeleine. "Everything is going splendidly. Another fortnight – and all your troubles will be over."

"A fortnight? Do you really think so?" demanded Mr. Wade.

"Think so? I'm sure of it," said Madeleine.

A week later Madeleine de Sara entered Mr. Parker Pyne's office and sank wearily into a chair.

"Enter the Queen of Vamps," said Mr. Parker Pyne, smiling.

"Vamps!" said Madeleine. She gave a hollow laugh. "I've never had such uphill work being a vamp. That man is obsessed by his wife! It's a disease."

Mr. Parker Pyne smiled. "Yes, indeed. Well, in one way it made our task easier. It is not every man, my dear Madeleine, whom I would expose to your fascination so light-heartedly."

The girl laughed. "If you knew the difficulty I had to make him even kiss me as though he liked it!"

"A novel experience for you, my dear. Well, is your task accomplished?"

"Yes. I think all is well. We had a tremendous scene last night. Let me see, my last report was three days ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, as I told you, I only had to look at that miserable worm, Sinclair Jordan, once. He was all over me—especially as he thought from my clothes that I had money. Mrs. Wade was furious, of course. Here were both her men dancing attendance on me. I soon showed where my preference lay. I made fun of Sinclair Jordan, to his face and to her. I laughed at his clothes, and at the length of his hair. I pointed out that he had knock knees."

"Excellent technique," said Mr. Parker Pyne appreciatively.

Everything boiled up last night. Mrs. Wade came out in the open. She accused me of breaking up her home. Reggie Wade mentioned the little matter of Sinclair Jordan. She said that that was only the result of her unhappiness and loneliness. She had noticed her husband's abstraction for some time, but had had no idea as to the cause of it.

She said they had always been ideally happy, that she adored him and he knew it, and that she wanted him and only him.

"I said it was too late for that. Mr. Wade followed his instructions splendidly. He said he didn't give a damn! He was going to marry me! Mrs. Wade could have her Sinclair as soon as she pleased. There was no reason why the divorce proceedings shouldn't be started at once; waiting six months was absurd.

"Within a few days, he said, she should have the necessary evidence and could instruct her solicitors. He said he couldn't live without me. Then Mrs. Wade clutched her chest and talked about her weak heart and had to be given brandy. He didn't weaken. He went up to town this morning, and I've no doubt she's gone after him by this time."

"So that's all right," said Mr. Pyne cheerfully, "A very satisfactory case."
The door flew open. In the doorway stood Reggie Wade.

"Is she here?" he demanded, advancing into the room. "Where is she?" He caught sight of Madeleine. "Darling!" he cried. He seized both her hands. "Darling, darling. You knew, didn't you, that it was real last night—that I meant every word I said to Iris? I don't know why I was blind so long. But I've known for the last three days."

"Known what? "said Madeleine-faintly.

"That I adored you. That there was no woman in the world for me but you. Iris can bring her divorce and when it's gone through you'll marry me, won't you? Say you will, Madeleine, I adore you."

He caught the paralysed Madeleine in his arms just as the door flew open again, this time to admit a thin woman dressed in untidy green.

"I thought so!" said the newcomer, "I followed you! I knew you'd go to her!"

"I can assure you—began Mr. Parker Pyne, recovering from the stupefaction that had descended upon him.

The intruder took no notice of him. She swept on: *"Oh,* Reggie, you can't want to break my heart! Only come back! I'll not say a word about all this. I'll

learn golf. I won't have any friends you don't care about. After all these years, when we've been so happy together—"

"I've never been happy till now," said Mr. Wade, still gazing at Madeleine. "Dash it all, Iris, you wanted to marry that ass Jordan. Why don't you go and do it?"

Mrs. Wade gave a wail. "I hate him! I hate the very sight of him." She turned to Madeleine. "You wicked woman! You horrible vampire – stealing my husband from me."

"I don't want your husband," said Madeleine distractedly.

"Madeleine!" Mr. Wade was gazing at her in agony.

"Please go away," said Madeleine.

"But look here, I'm not pretending. I mean it."

"Oh, go away!" cried Madeleine hysterically. "Go *away*!"

Reggie moved reluctantly towards the door. "I shall come back," he warned her. "You've not seen the last of me." He went out, banging the door.

"Girls like you ought to be flogged and branded!" cried Mrs. Wade. "Reggie was an angel to me always till you came along. Now he's so changed I don't know him." With a sob, she hurried out after her husband.

Madeleine and Mr. Parker Pyne looked at each other.

"I can't help it," said Madeleine helplessly. "He's a very nice man—a dear—but I don't want to marry him. I'd no idea of all this. If you knew the difficulty I had making him kiss me!"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Parker Pyne. "I regret to admit it, but it was an error of judgement on my part." He shook his head sadly, and drawing Mr. Wade's file towards him, wrote across it:

FAILURE—owing to natural causes.

N. B.—They should have been foreseen.

TEXT № 3

E. Hemingway (1899-1961)

Indian Camp

At the lake shore there was another rowboat up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George. The two boats started off in the dark, Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was very hard, but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

"Where are we going, Dad?" Nick asked.

"Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."

"Oh," said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any anaesthetic," his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a take of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!" and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an interne?"

Nick said, "All right." He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it," said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now," his father said, "there's some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

"I'll put some peroxide on that, George," the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning," the doctor said, standing up. "The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Cæsarian with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders."

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

"Oh, you're a great man, all right," he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said. "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and

looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk." His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George," the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along, Nickie," said his father, all his post-operative exhilaration gone. "It was an awful mess to put you through."

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

He'll turn up all right."

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick". It all depends."

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

TEXT 4

William Saroyan (1903 -1981)

William Saroyan was born in 1903 in the USA in a poor family of Armenian immigrants. His father died when William was three of age. As his family was very poor he could not finish school and began to work at a very early age. He travelled much in search of work.

In 1928 W. Saroyan published his first story. Since that time he had written more than 30 books including short stories, novels, plays and autobiographical works.

His works are full of love for common people.

War and Peace

Before he got to the door his mother came from the kitchen in her crazy pathetic way and said his name, “Sammy.” He became disgusted with everything and wanted to know of himself why he didn’t go away and begin all over, begin everything all over, the whole world, his name, his foolish memories, all the years of feeling inferior because he was inferior, all the years of being smaller than others, more intense, less easy-going and natural about things, all the years of knowing his face made people laugh to themselves and feel how lucky they were not to have a face like that.

So his mother was his mother and loved him. So she loved him anyway and worried about him as if he were some great big good-natured animal.

He decided not even to turn around and let her see his face. He decided not even to let her say what she wanted to say. He knew what she wanted to say. She wanted to say, “Sammy, please be a good boy.” He’d like to tell her he stank from being a good boy.

He turned suddenly and said, “Aw, Ma, quit your worrying. I’m only going out for a little walk. I’ve got to move around a little. You don’t need to worry every time I go out at night.”

“You feel bad,” his mother said. “Why do you feel bad all the time?”

“I guess it’s just my nature,” he said.

She was a swell old lady. He’d be a rat to hurt her any more than he had already, leaving the house without a word, coming home at two in the morning and hollering at her for waiting up and worrying.

“You want to go back to college?” his mother said.

“It’s not that,” he said. “I don’t mind working. I’ve just got to get out at night. I can’t sit around the house all the time reading. I’ve read everything.”

“Sammy,” his mother said. “Do you want to get married?”

He felt sick and believed there couldn’t ever be any other way. He’d have to go away and begin all over. He became furious with her and with himself.

He swore at her vilely.

"I don't want to be in your way," his mother said. "If you want to get married, don't feel bad, Sammy."

"Aw, shut up, will you, Ma?" he said. "I don't know anybody to marry. I don't know *any* girls."

"Sammy," his mother said. "Please don't feel bad. You're only a child."

"Sure," he said. "Twenty. Only a child. Sure."

"I don't mean your age," his mother said. "You're just a baby."

"Aw, shut up," he said.

"Where do you go alone?" his mother said.

"I walk around town," he said. "I've got no money. I've got thirty cents in my pocket. I can go to a fifteen-cent movie, that's all. I just walk around and…"

He stopped talking because he couldn't understand why it went on year after year that way. Why didn't he do something? Lots of people in the world were as goofy-looking as he was, and as small, and a lot of them were important too. Every time he saw the photograph of an ugly man in *Time* it made him feel a little less lonely and disgusted with himself. The best-looking guys were usually dopes anyway. They never amounted to anything. All they ever did was get in and out of bed with the most beautiful women in the world. They never did anything important. None of the men who got into *Time* were very good-looking, excepting some of the movie actors, but they didn't really count.

"It's nothing," he told his mother. "I just feel lousy every year about this time."

Summer's gone again, he thought.

"Sammy," his mother said. "Please be a good boy. Get married to a good girl."

"I don't know a good girl, he said. "I don't even know a bad one. There are a couple of worn-out girls at the office, but even they don't like me."

Now, he thought, you're talking like a dope. Nobody likes you. Well, isn't that just too bad. You're all alone in the world.

"All right, Ma," he said, "don't worry. I'll be back in a couple of hours. I'll just take a little walk."

"All right, Sammy," his mother said.

He wanted to laugh at himself and his poor mother, but he couldn't. It wasn't funny.

He went down the stairs and out of the house to the street. He knew his mother was at the window of the front room looking down at him and feeling terrible about the way he was feeling. Poor Ma, he thought. Poor old Mama. Once upon a time she knew love and that's why a Jew was born.

It was a fine October evening with a solemn and sorrowing sky, full of stars. He didn't feel so bad walking, looking up into the sky. He was pretty insignificant when it came to the sky and so were all the others. They were all nothing, every one of them. They had one another, whoever each of them happened to be, but each of them was nothing. Each was a mouse. Fretful and

eager and scared. The cities weren't anything either. Neither were any of the things they took so much pride in. What they called civilization. What they called culture. All that stuff. All it was was mice scared and in need of one another. If he was uglier than the others it didn't make any difference. They were all ugly. Not one of them had the kind of handsomeness he knew a man could have and ought to have, They were all offside somewhere or other. If a man was well-made, if his substance had grace and proportion, his spirit didn't, and you had a lout in the body of a god. And if another had intelligence, he had no heart, no humanity. If you got one thing, you usually didn't get another.

A young ¸girl, tall and graceful, was coming up street toward him. He watched her as she came, admiring her beauty of form and her innocent unconcern of herself, the effortless way she walked beautifully, as if she had no idea she was as lovely as anything ever created. When she was very close he saw her face, as perfect and true as anything could possibly be. He felt a horrible impulse to attack the girl, somehow to take from her that which he adored and knew she would never give him, since he had nothing to give her in return. Coming closer to her his arms and legs ached with longing. He somehow moved inward, almost in the path of the girl, his flesh feeling a strange delight in this sudden proximity to that which it needed, his heart sickening with grief, while he himself became disgusted because he was so pathetic and helpless.

The girl scarcely noticed him, for which he loved her more than ever.

If one of them could know me, he thought, and help me stop being ugly about everything I could be all right. If one of them could see past…

There was so much magnificence and beauty everywhere and so little of it where it could mean so much. It was all fury of longing or magnificence wasted on magnificence. It was never longing for magnificence shared with magnificence.

So now, he said, I am twenty and a small evil-looking animal which breathes and wants glory. Now I am a clerk in an office. I wonder who loves that girl. Probably some powerful dolt who doesn't know whether he's going or coming but has everything his kind needs.

He walked down McAllister, past the stinking second-hand goods shops, and on into town.

The Soldier and the Lady, which he had read in *Time* was a pretty good picture, was playing at the little fifteen-cent theatre next to The Warfield. It was the theatre the scum of the city visited, but he didn't think he cared to go in and sit in the stench and see some more of the foolish magnificence that had nothing to do with him. He could go in and see the movie and the newsreel and the comedy and go home, but what good would that do him? Suppose he went in and the Lady was very beautiful and the Soldier was very handsome and each of them suffered and at last were granted time to be together? So what!

He walked down Market as far as Kearny, and then didn't know if he ought to cross over to Third and walk among the bums or go on down Market to the Embarcadero. Either way reached a dead end, and there was really nowhere to go. To her is where to go, he said.

He crossed Market to Third and walked down the street two blocks to Howard and then up to Fourth. Here they were, by the hundreds, an ugly, diseased, and without money. At Fourth he turned north and walked to Market again, across to Stockton, up Stockton to Geary, across the park to Post, up Post to Mason, and slowly down Mason to Market .again.

Like the others like himself, puny, ineffectual, ugly and inferior, for two dollars he could buy it, damaged and soiled and unclean, broken off from its reality. He could always buy the least of it. From someone he would have to hate and pity he could always buy a small and wretched amount of it, and hate and pity himself. He could always buy with money the one thing of life which has its beauty and magnificence in being given.

He walked slowly up Market to McAllister and on up McAllister to Fillmore and then north to Sutter, and then home.

His mother was still up of course, waiting for him.

"Sammy?" his mother said when he opened the door.

"Hello, Ma," he said." " How are you?"

He went upstairs, into the parlor. His mother was smiling at him, and even though his grief was the most intense he had ever experienced he somehow felt delighted about her and himself and his puny body and his awful-looking face and his whole life from the beginning.

How do you feel, Ma?" he said. "I'm sorry I've been lousy lately. It's nothing. I've been walking all this time. Here, take this money. Go to a matinee tomorrow."

He tried to give his mother the money, a quarter and a nickel.

"No," she almost screamed, "I want no movies, Sammy. Just that you be all right."

"Let's forget it, Ma," he said.

"Sammy," his mother said.

He knew what she was worrying about.

He shook his head, smiling foolishly.

"No," he said. "Nothing like that."

"Do you feel bad?" she said.

"Not bad," he said. Absurd. Ridiculous. Pathetic. Stuff like that.

He said goodnight to his mother and went to his room and decided to start reading Tolstoy again, beginning this time with *War and Peace.*

TEXT 5

Richard Gordon (1921-)

Richard Gordon was born in 1921 in England. He has been an anaesthetist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a ship's surgeon and an assistant editor of the British Medical Journal. He left medical practice in 1952 and started writing his 'Doctor series' including several novels: 'Doctor in the House', 'Doctor at Large', 'The Sleep of Life', 'Good Neighbours', 'The Invisible Victory' and others.

R. Gordon's books have been made into several popular films and have inspired a long-running television series which enjoys worldwide success.

He is married to a doctor, they have four children and live in a Victorian house in South London.

Doctor in the House

Even medical students must have somewhere to live. The problem of finding suitable accommodation is difficult because they are always disinclined to spend on mere food and shelter money that would do equally well for beer and tobacco. And they are not, as a rule, popular lodgers. They always sit up late, they come in drunk on Saturdays, and they have queer things in bottles in their bedrooms. On the other hand, there are a small number of landladies who think it a privilege to entertain a prospective doctor under their roof. The connexion with the profession raises their social standing in the street, and the young gentlemen can always be consulted over the dinner table on the strictly private illnesses to which landladies seem distressingly liable.

I started off in lodgings in Finchley, which were clean, fairly cheap, and comfortable. The landlady had a daughter, a tall, blank-faced brunette of nineteen, an usherette at the local Odeon. One evening after I had been there about six weeks she tapped at my bedroom door.

"Are you in bed?" she asked anxiously.

"No," I called through the door. "I'm studying. What is it?"

"It's me foot," she said. "I think I've sprained it or something. Will you have a look at it for me?"

"In the kitchen," I replied guardedly. "Take your stocking off and I'll be down in a minute."

The following week she developed a pain in the calf, and the one after stiffness of the knee. When she knocked on the door and complained of a bad hip I gave notice.

I moved into a top-floor room of a lodging-house near Paddington Station. Its residents represented so many nationalities the directions for working its tricky and uncertain lavatories had to be set up in four different languages, as in the Continental expresses. There was another medical student there, a man from St. Mary's, who kept tropical fish in a tank in his bedroom and practiced Yogi.

As I had to take all my meals out I saw little of the other lodgers except when they passed on the stairs and said “Excuse me” in bad English. In the room next to mine was a stout young blonde, but she lived very quietly and never disturbed anyone. One morning she was found strangled in Hyde Park, and after that I thought I ought to move again.

For the following twelve months I lived in a succession of boarding-houses. They were all the same. They had a curly hat-stand in the hall, a red stair-carpet worn grey in the middle, and a suspicious landlady. By the time I reached the end of the anatomy course I was tired of the smell of floor-polish, damp umbrellas, and frying; when I was offered a share in a flat in Bays-water I was so delighted I packed up and moved without even waiting to work out the week’s rent.

The share was awarded to me through the good offices of Tony Benskin, who lived there with four other students. There was John Bottle, the man who liked dancing and dogs; Mike Kelly, now Captain of the first fifteen; and a youth known about the hospital as Moronic Maurice, who had surprised the teaching staff and himself by finally passing his qualifying exams, and had gone off to practice the art, to the publicly expressed horror of the Dean, as house-surgeon to a small hospital in the country.

These four were really sub-tenants. The flat was leased by a final-year student, a pleasant fellow called Archie Broome, who had lived there during most of his time at St. Swithin’s and took his friends as lodgers to help out with the rent.

“We’re pretty free and easy there,” he explained to me in the King George. “I hope you’re not terribly particular about the time you have your meals or go to bed and that sort of thing?”

As I had found unpunctuality for meals was taken by landladies as a personal outrage and sitting up to midnight regarded as sinful, I told my prospective landlord warmly I didn’t give a damn for such formalities.

“That’s good,” Archie said. “We usually kick in together for the groceries and beer and so forth, if that’s all right with you. Here’s the key, and you can move in when you like.”

I shifted the following afternoon. The flat was in a large, old, grimy block just by the Park, up a dark flight of stairs, I dropped my suitcases on the landing outside the door and fumbled for the key. While I was doing so the door opened.

Standing in the hallway was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. She was a tall blonde with a figure like a model in a dress-shop window. She wore slacks and a sweater, which sharply defined her slight curves. Taking her cigarette out with a long graceful hand, she said with great friendliness, “Hello, Richard. Come on in and make yourself at home.”

“I’m afraid . . .” I began. “I mean, I was looking for a fellow called Broome, you know….”

"That's right," she said. She had a slight, attractive, and unplaceable accent. "The boys are all at the hospital at the moment, but just, come in anyway. Would you like a cup of tea? My name's Vera."

"How do you do," I said politely. I picked up my cases and entered hesitantly. After conditioning myself to living with four coarse men, being greeted by a delicate girl was puzzling.

"This is the sitting-room," Vera continued. "How about the tea ?"

"No thanks. Very kind of you, but I've had some."

"That's good, because I've got to go and change anyway. If you do want anything the kitchen's through there, just look round as you please."

The girl slipped through a door leading off the hall, leaving me in the centre of the sitting-room feeling like a participant in the opening scene of a bedroom farce. I had learnt since being at St. Swithin's that the best way to treat anything unusual was to ignore it, so I directed attention towards my new home.

The furniture in the sitting-room had an original touch which reflected the profession of the occupants. Like Axel Munthe's room in the Hôtel de l'Avenir, there were books everywhere. A row of them stood along the mantelpiece, from which the names of distinguished consultants could stare at the students in gold lettering from red and black bindings, rebuking their loose activities like a row of church elders. In the window an uneven line of thick volumes ran along the ledge like battlements. There were books on the floor, dropped carelessly behind chairs, or lost between pieces of furniture and the wall. They were scattered over the table like litter on a beach, mixed up with jam-pots, pieces of bread, tobacco, newspapers, and beer bottles. There was Price's famous *Medicine,* four inches thick, with two thousand pages that told you about everything from measles to leprosy, from sore throat to heart failure (it was also useful for propping open windows in summer and supporting a reading lamp); there were books on diabetes, appendicitis, bacteria, and bones; books full of photographs of skin diseases, rashes, or broken limbs; heavy dull books on pathology from Scotland, with no more than a bare picture or two of a growth or an ulcer to interrupt their closely-packed print; books on obstetrics with line drawings of nonchalant babies being recovered from disquieting predicaments; and scattered among them all like their young were the thin little brown volumes of the Students Aid series - an invaluable collection of synopses that students fall back on, like compressed emergency rations, when faced with imminent defeat by the examiners. All this knowledge - all this work, experience and advice from so many experts - all the medical instruction in the world was concentrated into a few square feet. It was ours for the taking, if only we had ever sat down and started reading.

A microscope stood in the corner, conveniently tilted to take the eye, with an open window box of glass slides beside it. The articulated bones of a hand lay on the table, mixed up with everything else. From the top of a cupboard in one

corner a skull grinned down and provided a stand for a green hat with white cord round it that Benskin was sometimes moved to wear.

As well as this academic litter the room contained pieces of sports kit – rugger boots, woollen socks, a couple of cricket bats, and a dartboard on a splintered plywood backing. The occupants' leisure activities were also represented by a collection of signs, notices, and minor pieces of civic decoration that had from time to time been immorally carried off as trophies. It was a bad habit of St. Swithin's rugby team when playing away from home to pick up souvenirs of their visit before leaving, and in the course of seasons these had grown to a sizeable collection. There was a thirty-miles-limit sign in the corner and an orange beacon next to the skull on the cupboard. From a hook in the wall hung a policeman's helmet with the badge of the Cornwall Constabulary that had been carried off in a burst of vandalism at the end of a successful tour of the West Country. Below it a framed notice declared that the passing of betting slips was illegal, and on the opposite wall a board announcing the opening and closing times of the park. I discovered a little later that the bathroom door bore a metal notice saying 'Nurses Only' and inside, at the appropriate place, was a small printed request not to use the adjacent apparatus while the train was standing at a station.

My inspection was interrupted by the reappearance of Vera. She was in her stockinged feet and wore only a skirt and a brassiere which she was holding on with her hands.

"Richard, please do my bra up for me," she asked. "This damn fastener's gone wrong."

She turned her slender shoulders.

"Thanks so much," she said casually. She strolled back into her room and shut the door. I shrugged my shoulders and decided the only thing was to wait until the male members of the household arrived and guardedly discover Vera's precise function.

Vera, it turned out, was Archie's mistress. She was an Austrian girl, with an ensnaring personality and the ability to conduct herself towards her four sub-tenants with such graceful, impartial sisterliness that none of us would have thought of mating advances towards, her more than we could have contemplated committing incest. Besides, she did all the cooking and most of the little feminine odd jobs about the flat. This was appreciated as highly as her decorative qualities, for our own abilities in the kitchen did not go beyond baked beans and we were able to mend socks only by running a surgical purse-string suture round the hole and pulling it tight. Floor-scrubbing, fire-making, and the coarser domestic tasks were done by the men on a rough rota; but it was Vera who thought of buying a new shade for the lamp$_s$ ordering the coal, or telling one of us it was time to change his collar or have his hair cut.

Vera unfortunately had a bad habit of periodically upsetting the smooth running of the place by having sudden fierce quarrels with Archie which always

ended by her packing up and leaving. Where she went to in these absences none of us knew. She had no relatives and no money, and Archie was so horrified at his own suspicion of how she maintained herself while she was away that he never dared to ask her outright. The flat would become untidy and unscrubbed. The boiler would go out for lack of coal, and the five of us would nightly sit down to a progressively repellent supper of orange-coloured beans. In a week or so she would reappear, as beautiful, as graceful, as sisterly as ever, throw herself into art orgy of reconciliation with Archie, and continue her household duties as if nothing had happened.

I floated contentedly into the drift of life in the flat. My companions treated the time-table of domestic life with contempt. They took meals when they were hungry, and if they felt like it sat up all night. Archie lived with Vera in a bed-sitting room, and as they were an uninhibited couple this afforded them sufficient privacy. His guests had the run of the rest of the place. We all shared the bathroom and, as we had to put shillings in the geyser, quite often the bath water as well. It was in connexion with the bathroom that Vera became her most sisterly. She would walk in and start cleaning her teeth unruffled by a hairy male in the bath attempting to retain his modesty with the loofah. Although we were all far too gentlemanly knowingly to intrude while she was in the bath herself she was never worried by anyone bursting in. “After all,” she would say flatteringly, “you are all doctors.”

I felt I was living the true liberal life and developing my intellect, which were excuses for not settling down to the more concrete problems set by my textbooks. The thought of the anatomy exam nevertheless hung over me uncomfortably, like the prospect of the eventual bill to a guest enjoying himself at a good hotel. One evening we discovered with a shock that the contest was only a month away, which gave Benskin and myself no alternative to cramming. We opened our textbooks and drew a deep breath of knowledge, which we hoped we could hold until the examination was over. It was the worst time we could have chosen to start work. Mike Kelly had decided to learn the clarinet, Archie’s landlord was trying to raise the rent, and Vera had disappeared again. On this occasion she never returned, and by the time the exam was held I was as miserable as her lover.

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для студентов V курса факультета английского языка

Автор ЭМИЛИЯ НИКОЛАЕВНА ПЛЕУХИНА

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Типография НГЛУ им. Н.А. Добролюбова
603155, Н.Новгород, ул. Минина, 31а