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ОБУЧЕНИЕ СМЫСЛОВОМУ АНАЛИЗУ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

Учебно-методические материалы для студентов IV курса
заочного отделения факультета английского языка

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Предлагаемые материалы имеют целью обучение чтению и смысловому анализу художественных произведений.

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МЕТОДИЧЕСКАЯ ЗАПИСКА

Настоящие учебно-методические материалы имеют целью развитие навыков чтения и говорения, формирование и развитие умений смыслового анализа художественного текста в процессе совершенствования коммуникативной компетенции студентов четвертого курса заочного отделения.

Отличительной особенностью настоящего пособия является поэтапное обучение анализу художественного произведения на материале специально подобранных для этой цели микротекстов.

Учебно-методические материалы включают в себя две части. В первой части рассматриваются и подробно анализируются отдельные элементы интерпретации художественного текста-сюжет, характеристика персонажей, конфликт, проблемы и идея произведения. После объяснения подхода к анализу элемента смысловой интерпретации обучаемым предлагается модельный текст и его анализ в свете рассматриваемой проблемы. Далее следует ряд фрагментов текстов и упражнения к ним, целью которых является закрепление сформированного навыка. Вторая часть пособия включает в себя законченные художественные произведения, на основе которых осуществляется дальнейшее формирование умений анализировать прочитанный материал в соответствии с заданными параметрами. Задания к каждому рассказу этой части сгруппированы в три раздела, каждый из которых имеет свою функцию.

Методическая функция первого раздела/PRELIMINARIES/ состоит в снятии лексико-грамматических и лингво-страноведческих трудностей. Задания этого раздела выполняются перед чтением текста.

Методической функцией второго раздела /COMPREHENSION/ является формирование у студентов умений углубленного понимания прочитанного и умений аргументировать приведенное высказывание фактическим материалом такста.

Методическая функция третьего раздела / TEXT INTERPRETATION/ заключается в формировании умения синтезировать уже имеющиеся у студентов навыки анализа художественного произведения.

Plot

The plot is the sequence of related incidents or events of which a story is composed. It involves the summarizing of the gist of a story or a passage and the exclusion of minor points. It is essential, therefore that you should choose proper vocabulary to retell all major events of the story precisely and concisely. Make sure that your narration is devoid of repetition and circumlocutions.

Please, note that a story may be made up of several related episodes. It is advisable then, that you should give the plot and the analysis of each episode in succession.

TEXT I
The Tigress And Her Mate
by James Thurber

Proudfoot, a tiger, became tired of his mate, Sobra, a few weeks after they had set up housekeeping, and he fell to leaving home earlier and earlier, in the morning, and returning later and later at night. He no longer called her «Sugar Paw», or anything else, but merely clapped his paws when he wanted anything, or, if she was upstairs, whistled. The last long speech he ever made to her at breakfast was «What the hell's the matter with you ? I bring you rice and peas and coconut oil, don't I ? Love is something you put away in the attic with your wedding dress. Forget it.» And he finished his coffee, put down the Jungle News, and started for the door.

«Where are you going ?» Sobra asked.

«Out,» he said. And after that, every time she asked him where he was going, he said, «Out», or «Away», or «Hush».

When Sobra became aware of the coming of what would have been, had she belonged to the chosen species, a blessed event, and told Proudfoot about it, he snarled, «Growp.» He had now learned to talk to his mate in code, and «growp» meant «I hope the cubs grow up to be xylophone players or major generals.» Then he went away, as all males do at such a moment, for he did not want to be bothered by his young until the males were old enough to box with and the females old enough to insult. While waiting for the unblessed event to take place, he spent his time fighting water buffaloes and riding around with plainclothes tigers in a prowl car.

When he finally came home, he said to his mate, «Eeps,» meaning «I'm going to hit the sack, and if the kids keep me awake by yowling I'll drown them like so many common house kittens.» Sobra stalked to the front door of their house, opened it, and said to her mate, «Scat.» The fight that took place was terrible but brief. Proudfoot led with the wrong paw, was nailed with the swiftest right cross in the jungle, and never really knew where he was after that. The next morning, when the cubs, male and female, tumbled eagerly down the stairs demanding to know what they could do, their mother said,

«You can go into the parlour and play with your father. He's the tiger rug just in front of the fireplace. I hope you'll like him.»

The children loved him.

Moral: Never be mean to a tiger's wife, especially if you are the tiger.

The plot of the story «The Tigress and Her Mate« goes like this. Proudfoot got tired of his wife soon after their marriage. He made it clear to her by his insolent behaviour, sheer neglect and continuos insults. His freedom of any moral obligations resulted in the fact that even the news of the coming babies left him unmoved, as he didn't consider them to be worthy of his attention. Sobra, his wife, could put up with the situation until it concerned her own life, but when she realized, that her husband's reckless demeanor threatened the future and well-being of her children, she killed him and made a rug of his skin for the children to play on.

TEXT II
From: Peter Pan by J.M.Barrie

«Michael, when I was your age I took medicine without a murmur. I said «Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make me well.» '

He really thought that was true, and Wendy, who was in her night-gown believed it also, and she said, to encourage Michael, «That medicine you sometimes take, father, is much nastier, isn't it?»

«Ever so much nastier,» Mr. Darling said bravely, «and I would take it now as an example to you, Michael, if I hadn't lost the bottle.»

He had not exactly lost it; he had climbed in the dead of night to the top of the wardrobe and hidden it there. What he did not know was that the faithful Wendy had found it, and put it back on his wash-stand.

«I know where it is, father,» Wendy cried, always glad to be of service. «I'll bring it,» and she was off before he could stop her. Immediately his spirits sank in the strangest way.

«John,» he said, shuddering, «it's most beastly stuff. It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind.»

«It will soon be over, father,» John said cheerily, and then in rushed Wendy with the medicine in a glass.

«I have been as quick as I could,» she panted.

«You have been wonderfully quick,» her father retorted, with a vindictive politeness that was quite thrown away upon her. «Michael first,» he said doggedly.

«Father first,» said Michael, who was of a suspicious nature.

«I shall be sick, you know,» Mr. Darling said threateningly.

«Come on, father,» said John.

«Hold your tongue, John,» his father rapped out.

Wendy was quite puzzled. «I thought you took it quite easily, father.»

«That is not the point,» he retorted. «The point is, that there is more in my glass than in Michael's spoon.» His proud heart was nearly bursting. «And it isn't fair; I would say it though it were with my last breath—it isn't fair.»

«Father, I am waiting,» said Michael coldly.

«It's all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting.»

«Father's a cowardly custard.»

«So are you a cowardly custard.»

«I'm not frightened.»

«Neither am I frightened.»

«Well, then, take it.»

«Well, then, you take it.»

Wendy had a splendid idea. «Why not both take it at the same time?»

«Certainly,» said Mr. Darling. «Are you ready, Michael?»

Wendy gave the words, one, two, three, and Michael took his medicine, but Mr. Darling slipped his behind his back.

Do multiple choice questions below. Summarize your answers and give the plot of the passage.

1). How many characters are involved in the incident?

a). 2

b). 3

c). 4

2). Why did the row ensue?

a). The little boy had refused to take his medicine.

b). The father had hidden his medicine in the wardrobe.

c). Wendy had found her father’s medicine.

3). Why did the father decide to set his son an example?

a). He was sure that nobody would be able to find his medicine.

b). Any father would do it to encourage his son.

c). He wanted to impress Mrs. Darling.

4). Why did they start debating who was supposed to be the first to take his medicine?

a). Michael must have had a reason not to trust his father.

b). Mr.Darling was of a suspicious nature.

c). There was more medicine in the father’s glass than in Michael’s spoon.

5). How did they work out the problem?

a). They drank it at the same time.

b). Michael took his medicine, but Mr.Darling slipped his behind his back.

c). Mr.Darling took his medicine, but Michael slipped his behind his back

TEXT III

From: Return to Kanzas City by Irvin Shaw

"Why do you talk like that, Arline?" "Because I want to be in Kanzas City," she wailed. "Explain to me," Eddy said, "why in the name of God are you so crazy for Kanzas City?"

"I'm lonesome," Arline wept with true bitterness. "I'm awfully lonesome. I'm only twenty one years old, Eddy."

Eddy patted her gently on the shoulder. "Look, Arline." He tried to make his voice very warm and at the same time logical.

"If you would only go easy. If you would go by coach and not buy presents for everybody, may be I can borrow a coupler bucks and swing it."

"I would rather die," Arline said. "I would rather never see Kanzas City again for the rest of my life than let them know my husband has to watch pennies like a street-car conductor. A man with his name in the papers every week. It would be shameful!"

"But, Arline, darling"-Eddie's face was tortured-"you go four times a year, you spread presents like the W.P.A. and you always buy new clothes..."

"I can't appear in Kanzas City in rags!" Arline pulled at a stocking, righting it on her well-curved leg. "I would rather..."

"Some day, darling," Eddy interrupted. "We are working up. Right now I can't."

"You can!" Arline said. "You are lying to me, Eddy Megaffin. Jake Blucher called up this morning and he told me he offered you a thousand dollars to fight Joe Principe."

Eddy sat down in a chair. He looked down at the floor, understanding why Arline had picked this particular afternoon.

"You would come out of that fight with seven hundred and fifty dollars." Arlines voice was soft and inviting. "I could go to Kanzas.

"Joe Principe will knock my ears off. At this stage," Eddy said slowly, "I'm not ready for Joe Principe. He is too strong and too smart for me."

Questions:

1. What kind of relationship is there between Eddy and Arline?
2. What are they debating?
3. On what condition is Eddy prepared to make a concession and let Arline

go to visit her parents?
4. Why does she insist that she should spend a lot of money on her presents and clothes?
5. Where does she suggest he should get the money from?

Summarize your answers and give the plot of the passage.

TEXT IV
From: The Colonel's Lady by W.S.Maugham

Evie had been a sad disappointment to him. Of course she was a lady, and she had a bit of money of her own; she managed the house uncommonly well and she was a good hostess. The village people adored her. She had been a pretty little thing when he married her, with a creamy skin, light brown hair, and a trim figure, healthy too, and not a bad tennis player; he couldn't understand why she'd had no children; of course she was faded now, she must be getting on for five and forty; her skin was drab, her hair had lost its sheen, and she was as thin as a rail. She was always neat and suitably dressed, but she didn't seem to bother how she looked, she wore no make-up and didn't even use lipstick; sometimes at night when she dolled herself up for a party you couldn't tell that once she'd been quite attractive, but ordinarily she was - well, the sort of a woman you simply didn't notice. A nice woman, of course, a good wife, and it wasn't her fault if she was barren, but it was tough on a fellow who wanted an heir of his own loins; she hadn't any vitality, that's what was the matter with her. He supposed he'd been in love with her when he asked her to marry him, at least sufficiently in love for a man who wanted to marry and settle down, but with time he discovered that they had nothing much in common. She didn't care about hunting, and fishing bored her. Naturally they had drifted apart. He had to do her the justice to admit that she'd never bothered him. There'd been no scenes. They had no quarrels. She seemed to take it for granted that he should go his own way. When he went up to London now and then she never wanted to come with him. He had a girl there, well, she wasn't exactly a girl, she was thirty five if she was a day, but she was blonde and luscious and he only had to wire ahead of time and they'd dine, do a show, and spend a night together. Well, a man, a healthy normal man had to have some fun in his life. The thought crossed his mind that if Evie hadn't been such a good woman she'd have been a better wife, but it was not the sort of thought that he welcomed and he put it away from him.

Questions:
1. Is the passage the author's discourse, the personages' discourse, or represented speech?
2. What does the passage deal with?

3. What does the Colonel think of his wife?
4. How does he account for his marital failure?
5. What excuse does he find for his marital infidelity?

Summarize your answers and give the plot of the passage.

Conflict

The development of the plot depends on the ***conflict*** - a clash of actions, ideas, desires or wills. The character may be pitted against some other person or group of persons (man-against-man); he may be in conflict with some external force - physical nature, society or fate (man-against-environment); or he may be in conflict with his own nature (man-against-himself). The conflict may be physical, mental, emotional or moral. The central character in the conflict, whether he be a sympathetic or an unsympathetic person, is referred to as the ***protagonist;*** the forces arrayed against him, whether persons, things or traits of his own character are the ***antagonists***. In some stories the conflict is single, clear-cut and easily identifiable. In others it is multiple, various and subtle. A person may be in conflict with other persons, with society or nature, and with himself all at the same time, and sometimes he may be involved in conflict without being aware of it. The analysis of a story through its central conflict is likely to be especially fruitful for it rapidly takes us to what is truly at issue in the story.

The plot of the story «The Lumber Room» is based on the conflict between Nickolas, the protagonist of the story, and his aunt, who may obviously be regarded as the antagonist. The conflict is mental (the boy's skilful strategy against the aunt's scheme of punishment) as well as emotional and possibly moral (the boy's decision not to come to his aunt's rescue and punish her with her own weapon). The central conflict of the story may be looked upon in terms of moral values and defined as one between poetic imagination and dogmatic, pedantic, philistine mind.

We can go deeper into the conflict and ask «What is the reason of the conflict ?», «How does it develop ?», «Does it reach its climax ?», «What evidence from the text testifies to it ?», «What sustains the conflict ?», «Who is the winner ?», «How is the protagonist's victory (defeat) to be explained in terms of human personality and character ?» A conflict may be clearly expressed as white vs. black, hero vs. villain, although in interpretive fiction the contrasts are likely to be less marked. Good may be opposed to good. There may be difficulty in determining what is the good, and internal conflict tends therefore to be more frequent than physical conflict.

Text V

From: Thursday Evening

by Ch. Morley

Gordon (seizes garbage pail, lifts it up to the sink and begins to explore its contents. His face also is rapidly shortening): My Lord, it's no wonder we never have any money to spend if we chuck half of it away in waste. (Picking out various selections). You could take those things and some of this meat, and make a nice economical hash for lunch -

Laura: It's a wonder you wouldn't get a job as a scavenger, I never heard of a husband like you, rummaging through the garbage pail.

Gordon (blows up): Do you know what the one unforgivable sin is ? It's waste ! It makes me wild to think of working and working like a dog, and half of what I earn just thrown away. Look at it ! (Displays a goisly object.) There's enough meat on that bone to make soup...

Laura: I think it's the most disgusting thing I ever heard of. To go picking over the garbage pail like that. You attend to your affairs and I'll attend to mine.

Gordon: I guess throwing away good, hard - earned money is my affair, isn't it ?

Laura: You're always quick enough to find fault. You don't seem to know when you're lucky. You come back at night and find your home well cared for and me slaving over a hot dinner, and do you ever say a word of thanks ? No, all you can think of is finding fault. I can't imagine how you were brought up. Your mother -

Gordon: Just leave my mother out of it. I guess she didn't spoil me the way yours did you. Of course, I wasn't an only daughter...

Questions:

1. What kind of conflict is presented in the passage ?
2. What brought about the quarrel between Laura and Gordon ?
3. Which do you think was the main cause of the conflict between the husband and wife ?
   a) Laura's wasting too much good food.
   b) Gordon's being too economical and nagging.
   c) different family backgrounds.
4. It's likely that the conflict is growing. How can you prove it ?
5. Who do you sympathize with: the husband or the wife and why ? Do you think it may affect the relations between Laura and Gordon ?

Text VI
From: The Claxtous

by Aldous Uuxley

Martha went on smiling her habitual smile of sweet forgiving benevolence. But inside she felt extremely angry: the child had made a fool of them all in front of Judith and Jack. She would have liked to give her a good smacking. Instead of which - for one must never be rough with a child, one must never let it see that one is annoyed - she reasoned with Sylvia, she explained, she appealed, more in sorrow than in anger, to her better feelings.

«Your daddy and I don't think it's right to make animals suffer when we can eat vegetables which don't suffer anything».

«How do you know they don't ?» asked Sylvia, shooting out the question malignantly. Her face was ugly with sullen ill-temper.

«We don't think it right, datling», Mrs. Claxton went on, ignoring the interruption. «and I'm sure you wouldn't either, if you realized. Think, my pet: to make the bacon, that you had eaten, a poor little pig had to be killed. To be killed, Sylvia. Think of that. A poor innocent little pig that hadn't done anybody harm.»

«But I hate pigs», cried Sylvia. Her sullenness flared up into sudden ferocity; her eyes that had been fixed and glassy with a dull resentment, darkly flashed. «I hate them, hate them, hate them...»

Questions:

1. What kind of conflict is Martha, the protagonist of the story involved in ?
2. What gave rise to the conflict ?
3. Did Martha's ignoring her daughter's reasonable argument intensify the conflict ? In what way ?
4. Martha was in conflict with Sylvia and herself all at the same time. What kind of struggle was going on within her ? What emotions had Martha to suppress ? What expression did her face wear ?

5.Did Martha succeed in forcing her vegetarian principles upon her daughter ?

6.Why do you think Sylvia's protest against her mother was so malignant and even violent ?

7.Do you approve of Martha's way of handling Sylvia ? Why / Why not ?

Character

Reading for ***character*** is more difficult than reading for plot, for character is much more complex, variable, and ambiguous. Anyone can repeat what a person has done in a story but considerable skill may be needed to describe what a person is.

An author may present the characters either directly or indirectly. In ***direct presentation*** he tells us straight out, by exposition or analysis, what a character is like, or has someone else in the story tell us what he is like. In ***indirect presentation*** the author shows us the character in action: we infer what he is like from what he thinks or says or does.

Somerset Maugham uses direct presentation when he has the narrator describe Ruth Barlow as a widow who had splendid eyes, «the gift of pathos» and who was "stupid, scheming and as hard as nails." He resorts to indirect presentation when he shows Miss Barlow deceiving the narrator (she said she would send him a cheque and never did) from what we can infer that she was a deceitful and dishonest woman.

All fictional characters may be classified as ***static*** or ***developing.*** The static character is the same sort of person at the end of the story as he was at the beginning. The developing (or dynamic) character undergoes a permanent change in some aspect of his character, personality or outlook.

The main character is usually complex and many-sided, he might require an essay for full analysis. The minor character is characterized by one or two traits; he can be summed up in a sentence.

Text VII
From: «The Man of Property»

by J.Galsworthy

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

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

He rose, and, going to the cabinet, began methodically stocking his cigar-case from a bundle fresh in. They were not bad at the price, but you couldn't get a good cigar nowadays, nothing to hold a candle to those old Superfinos of Hanson and Bridger's. That was a cigar !

... Difficult to believe it was so long ago; he felt young still ! Of all his thoughts, as he stood there counting his cigars, this was the most poignant, the most bitter. With his white head and his loneliness he remained young and green at heart.

Questions

1. How is the main character drawn in the passage ? (directly, indirectly)
2. What can you say about old Jolyon's mood and nature judging by his inner monologue ?
3. What do you learn about old Jolyon's character from his meditations about his granddaughter June and her engagement with Bosinney ?
4. Considering old Jolyon's thoughts about his nephew Soames and the phrases he used (that young cub, nosing out bargains, a cold-blooded young beggar) what can you say about old Jolyon's attitude to him ?
5. What is suggested about old Jolyon by the use of the phrase «you couldn't get a good cigar nowadays, nothing to hold a candle to those old Superfinos of Hanson and Bridger's.» ?
6. How does the author himself characterize old Jolyon ?

Theme

The theme of a piece of fiction is its controlling idea or its central insight. It is the unifying generalization about life stated or implied by the story. To derive the theme of a story, we must ask what its central purpose is: what view of life it supports or what insight into life it reveals.

Theme must be expressed in the form of a statement with a subject and a predicate. In stating theme we do not use the names of characters in the story, for to do so is to make a specific rather than a general statement..

Theme exists in all interpretative fiction but only in some escape fiction. The purpose of some stories may be simply to provide suspense or to make the reader laugh or to surprise him with a sudden twist at the end. In getting at the theme of the story it is better to ask not «What does the story teach ?» but «What does this story reveal ?» Sometimes the best approach is to explore the nature of the central conflict and its outcome. Sometimes the title may provide an important clue. Sometimes it may be the revelation of a human character. Theme may be explicitly stated either by the author or by one of the characters. But more often it is implied.

The theme of a story, like its plot, may be stated very briefly or at a greater length. The theme of the passage from «The Man of Property» (given in the previous chapter) may be expressed like this: «Old age is wise but

rather pathetic and lonely. Some old people feel young and green at heart; they may have a wistful longing for the things they have known in their youth». With a more complex story we may feel that a paragraph - or occasionally even an essay - is needed to state it adequately. A rich story may give us many and complex insights into life.

In stating the theme terms like «even», «all», «always» should be used very cautiously. Terms like «some», «sometimes», «may» are often more accurate.

Problem

The problem. It is easier to single out problems in publicistic texts, as the authors of publicistic articles and essays state problems explicitly, trying to convince the readers that their own treatment of the problem is correct.

Texts VIII, IX, X, XI, E belong to publicistic style of writing, text XII is a specimen of interpretative prose.

Text VIII

The passage below deals with the problem of compatibility in marriage. Read the text and give the author's opinion on the problem in your own words. What do you think about many partners' attempts to reform each other?

What a bunch of garbage we all learn about marriage! And how impossible it is to build a real, loving relationship until people accept the fact that two real, human, very different people build a marriage in the only way that humans can build anything worthwhile: by trying to discover a path that does not violate or destroy or enslave either one!

What is the basic truth of all marriages? All of us marry strangers; no matter how long we search for a compatible mate; no matter how long we date or talk, or even live together.

We think we marry people who are compatible, because when we are in love we are about as dishonest as people can be. Instead of showing our mates who we are and how we really feel about things, we put on an act; we try to impress; we pretend to be the kind of person we believe our partners want us to be.

We even pretend to be "honest". During our early years together, we claim to talk about "everything". But we don't. Instead we talk about our little flaws, the ones we shrewdly judge our partners will accept. One of the expressions marriage counselors hear most often is this one, " This isn't the man (woman) I married." Which, of course is true. The man or woman we finally learn to love, and love to live with, is not the person we married. The one we married was at least a partial fake.

(From: Strangers, Lovers, Friends by U.G.Steinmerz)

Text IX

The extract below touches upon the problem of adolescent rebellious behaviour. How does James C. Dobson account for a child's impulses to disobey his elders? How could you comment on the problem?

In our effort to understand the strong-willed child, we must ask ourselves why he or she is so fond of conflict. If given the opportunity to choose between war and peace, most of us would prefer tranquility. Yet the tough-minded kid goes through life like a runaway lawn mower. He'll chew up anything that gets in his way. The taller the grass, the better he survives and thrives. What makes him like that? What drives him to challenge his mother and defy his father?

They are not his enemies. Why would he resist their loving leadership from the earliest days of childhood? Why does he seem to enjoy irritating his siblings and goading his neighbours? Why does he throw erasers when his teachers turn their backs and why won't he do his homework? Indeed, why can't he be like his compliant brothers and sisters?

These are interesting questions that I have pondered for years. Now I believe I am beginning to understand some of the motivating forces that drive the strong-willed kid to attack his world. Deep within his or her spirit is a raw desire for power. We can define power in this context as control - control of others, control of our circumstances and, especally, control of ourselves. The strong-willed child is not the only one who seeks power, of course. He differs from the rest of the human family only in degree, not in kind. We all want to be the boss and that desire is evident even in very young children.{...} We vary in intensity of this impulse, but it seems to motivate all of us to one degree or another.{...}

Even mature adults who ought to know better are usually involved in power games with other people. It happens whenever human interests collide, but it is especially prevalent in teen-age groups.

(James C. Dobson)

Text X

The text tackles the problem of sacrifice in marriage. What is the author's view? What can you add to it? Dwell on the problem.

Marriage has a certain simple , selfish logic. It is crystal-clear in every relationhip, and it goes like this:

Building you is very good - for me. When I make you feel loved, and important, and good about yuorself, you are a dream to live with. Putting you down is very bad - for me. When you feel unloved, unimportant, and unsure of yourself, you are a miserable person to live with.

The crazy, mixed-up, reverse logic of love! Love doesn't work the way everything else works. That is why it takes most of us so long to try it. In our world, if I own a little car and give it away, I don't have a car any more. Yet if I own a little love, and give it all away, I somehow wind up with much more love for myself.

At the time of our wedding, you and I are like two loving cups about half full of the things we need to build a loving relationship.

Two lovigh cups, both about half full. Two people who hope that marriage will fill them and complete them. But two people who do not understand that certain, simple logic of love:

1. If we treat each other very carefully, both trying to hang onto what little love we have in our cups, that love will finally, slowly evaporate.

2. If we try to rob our mates and take what is in them without giving much in return, those fragile cups will finally crack from the rough handling. We will find ourselves living with empty people who have nothing to give.

3. But at any time of our relationship, either one of us can stop that slow seepage and seal those cracks. When we decide to pour all that is good in us into each other, we will both feel better about ourselves.

4. If I continue to to pour my own increasing love, self-confidence and respect into your cup, it will finally overflow. And because I am the person who helped you feel loved and complete, those warm and good feelings that I gave you will overflow - on me.

Unfortunately, we are "trained" for love by a variety of people who know little about love. We don't give things away in this world of ours; we try to accumulate more. We seldom think of love as building another, or of filling or completing another. Instead we think about love as something that "happens"; something that "comes to me".

(Strangers, Lovers, Friends by U.G.Steinmerz)

Text XI

The article below raises the problem of punishment of juvenile delinquents. What do you think about it? Do young criminals deserve retribution or rehabilitation?

Kent Markus, the Justice Department's top man on youth crime has a plan to fix child criminals. In the decade to 1995, the arrest rate among 10-17-year-olds jumped by 61%; the arrest rate for murder suspects in this age group leapt by 75%. Moreover, America's teenage population is growing, threatening an explosion of youth crime. Something needs to be done: and yet, to hear his critics tell it, Mr Markus's plan betrays the whole idea of childhood.

Mr Markus' proposals are laid out in the Clinton administration's

juvenile-justice bill, which was sent to Congress last month. They include many unprovocative ideas: more resources for prosecutors, better fingerprint collection. These measures have worked well in Boston, which has made great strides against youth crime. But the administration's bill also empowers federal courts to imprison children aged 16 or 17 with adults, rather than in separate youth facilities, and to try children as young as 13 in adult courts.

In Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike support these ideas, which are therefore likely to become law. State politicians are behind them too: between 1992 and 1995 40 states passed laws making it easier to prosecute juveniles as adults. Yet this political consensus is matched by another consensus, equally forthright. Academics of varying stripes insist that children differ fundumentally from adults, so should be treated separately. Children are less responsible for what they do, the argument goes, so less deserving of retribution; they are more malleable, so more deserving of attempts at rehabilitation.

(The Economist, April 19-th, 1997)

Text XII

The period of adolescence is known for its numerous problems of different kinds. One of them is the problem of adjustment to the adult world with its new values and conventions. Read the text and be ready to dwell on the problems of the difficult age.

Once upon a time, you and your body got along pretty well. You considered it an okay instrument for getting up a tree and, when you got a new pair of tennis shoes, you knew it was as fast as the wind. You believed what your body said to you. When it was hungry, you ate. When it was not, most of the time, you didn't. When it was tired, you slept, unless your parents let you stay up to watch a late TV show. The only time you thought about changing your body was when it wouldn't do something you wanted it to do. Like fly.

And then, if you were a girl, something happened. You got a little older. People around you started paying more attention to what your body looked like than to what you did. It was no longer such a big deal that you could get to the top of the elm tree faster than anybody else. Now it was a big deal that you didn't have breasts yet - or that you did. Now some people said you were too skinny or too fat, and it had nothing to do with whether you could squeeze through the window if somebody forgot the keys to the front door.

Gradually, there was a complete reevaluation of you and your peers. Once there was Paula-who's-good-at-tetherball and Janna-who's-really-friendly and Kim-who-can-put-her-foot-behind-her-neck. Now there was a

mass of girls who were distinguished from one another in only one way: If you were conventionally pretty, you were at the top of the pecking order. If you weren't, you were at the bottom. Period.

It was confusing for everybody. The pretty girls didn't know how this sudden prestige got dropped on their laps, but they sure weren't going to let it go. They put on makeup and spent hours on their hair and begged their parents for the right clothes. The plain girls didn't know why they were suddenly in no-man's-land, but they sure werent' going to stay there. They put on makeup and spent hours on their hair and begged their parents for the right clothes.

And what about the fat girls?

Well, they were at the very bottom of the heap and what's more, it was their own fault. You might not be able to change the shape of your nose - unless your folks had lots of money and were, like, really nice - but you could always lose weight.

(Kathleene Thompson, Cherish the Body You Have)

TEXT XIII

The text below deals with the problem of an outsider in the family. Read the text. Answer the questions. Summarize your answers and be ready to dwell on the problem. Try to single out at least one more related problem and comment on it.

'Wha's it matter to yo' what time I come whoam ?' he shouted.

And everybody in the house was still, because he was dangerous. He ate his food in the most brutal manner possible and, when he had done, pushed all the pots in a heap away from him, to lay his arms on the table. Then he went to sleep.

Paul hated his father so. The collier's small, mean head, with its black hair slightly soiled with grey, lay on the bare arms, and the face, dirty and inflamed, with a fleshy nose and thin, paltry brows, was turned sideways, asleep with beer and weariness and nasty temper. If anyone entered suddenly, or a noise were made, the man looked up and shouted:

'I'll lay my fist about thy y'ead, I'm tellin' thee, if tha doesna stop that clatter ! Dost hear ?'

And the two last words, shouted in a bullying fashion, usually at Annie, made the family writhe with hate of the man.

He was shut out from all family affairs. No one told him anything. The children, alone with their mother, told her all about the day's happenings, everything. Nothing had really taken place in them until it was told to their mother. But as soon as the father came in, everything stopped. He was like the scotch in the smooth, happy machinery of the home. And he was always aware of this fall of silence on his entry, the shutting off of life, the

unwelcome. But now it was gone too far to alter.

He would dearly have liked the children to talk to him, but they could not. Sometimes Mrs Morel would say:

'You ought to tell your father.'

Paul won a prize in a competition in a child's paper. Everybody was highly jubilant.

'Now you'd better tell your father when he comes in,' said Mrs Morel. 'You know how he carries on and says he's never told anything.'

'All right,' said Paul. But he would almost rather have forfeited the prize than have to tell his father.

'I've won a prize in a competition, dad,' he said.

Morel turned round to him.

'Have you, my boy ? What sort of a competition ?'

'Oh, nothing - about famous women.'

'And how much is the prize, then, as you've got ?'

'It's a book.'

'Oh, indeed !'

'About birds.'

'Hm-hm !'

And that was all. Conversation was impossible between the father and any other member of the family. He was an outsider. He had denied the God in him.

The only times when he entered again into the life of his own people was when he worked, and was happy at work. Sometimes, in the evening, he cobbled the boots or mended the kettle or his pit-bottle. Then he always wanted several attendants, and the children enjoyed it. They united with him in the work, in the actual doing of something, when he was his real self again.

He was a good workman, dexterous, and one who, when he was in a good humour, always sang. He had whole periods, months, almost years, of friction and nasty temper. Then sometimes he was jolly again. It was nice to see him run with a piece of red-hot iron into the scullery, crying:

'Out of my road - out of my road !'

Then he hammered the soft, red-glowing stuff on his iron goose, and made the shape he wanted. Or he sat absorbed for a moment, soldering. Then the children watched with joy as the metal sank suddenly molten, and was shoved about against the nose of the soldering-iron, while the room was full of a scent of burnt resin and hot tin, and Morel was silent and intent for a minute. He always sang when he mended boots because of the jolly sound of hammering. And he was rather happy when he sat putting great patches on his moleskin pit trousers, which he would often do, considering them too dirty, and the stuff too hard, for his wife to mend.

D.H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers

Questions:

1. The father is presented very unfavourably. Do we have any sympathy for him ? When, and how is it brought out ?
2. The first reference in the passage to Mr Morel is to 'his father'. What other words are used to refer to him ? Why does Lawrence keep changing ?
3. Why do you think the father acts as he does ? Do you feel he realises what the others think of him ?
4. What do you imagine the relationship between Paul's mother and father is like ?
5. Do you find the passage realistic, or exaggerated ?
6. There are several possible 'gaps' in communication in this family scene, any of which might help to explain how the situation arose. Which of the following do you think the most significant in the context ?
   - the generation gap
   - inability to communicate because of different social backgrounds and working environments
   - unwillingness to communicate
   - shyness
   - insecurity

TEXTS FOR INTERPRETATION

MY OEDIPUS COMPLEX [1]

Frank 0'Connor

Father was in the army all through the war — the first war, I mean — so, up to the age of five, I never saw much of him, and what I saw did not worry me. Sometimes I woke and there was a big figure in khaki peering down at me in the candlelight. Sometimes in the early morning I heard the slamming of the front door and the clatter of nailed boots down the cobbles of the lane. These were Father's entrances and exits. Like Santa Claus he came. and went mysteriously.

In fact, I rather liked his visits, though it was an uncomfortable squeeze between Mother and him when I got into the big bed in the early morning. He smoked, which gave him a pleasant musty smell, and shaved, an operation of astounding interest. Each time he left a trail of souvenirs — model tanks and Gurkha knives[2] with handles made of bullet cases, and German helmets and cap badges and button-sticks, and all sorts of military equipment—carefully stowed away in a long box on top of the wardrobe, in case they ever came in handy. There was a bit of the magpie about Father; [3] he expected everything to come in handy. When his back was turned, Mother let me get a chair and rummage through his treasures. She didn't seem to think so highly of them as he did.

The war was the most peaceful period of my life. The window of my attic faced southeast. My Mother had curtained it, but that had small effect. I always woke with the first light and, with all the responsibilities of the previous day melted, feeling myself rather like the sun, ready to illumine and rejoice. Life never seemed so simple and clear and full of possibilities as then. I put my feet out from under the clothes — I called them Mrs Left and Mrs Right — and invented dramatic situations for them in which they discussed the problems of the day. At least Mrs Right did; she was very demonstrative, but I hadn't the same control of Mrs Left, so she mostly contented herself with nodding agreement.

They discussed what Mother and I should do during the day, what Santa Claus should give a fellow for Christmas, and what steps should be taken to brighten the home. There was that little matter of the baby, for instance. Mother and I could never agree about that. Ours was the only house in the terrace without a new baby, and Mother said we couldn't afford one till Father came back from the war because they cost seventeen and six. That showed how simple she was. The Geneys up the road had a baby, and everyone knew they couldn't afford seventeen and six. It was probably a cheap baby, and Mother wanted something really good, but I felt she was too exclusive. The Geneys' baby would have done us fine.

Having settled my plans for the day, I got up, put a chair under the attic window, and lifted the frame high enough to stick out my head. The window overlooked the front gardens of the terrace behind ours, and beyond these it looked over a deep valley to the tall, red-brick houses terraced up the opposite hillside, which were all still in shadow, while those at our side of the valley were all lit up, though with long strange shadows that made them seem unfamiliar; rigid and painted.

After that I went into Mother's room and climbed into the big bed. She woke and I began to tell her of my schemes. By this time, though I never seem to have noticed it, I was petrified[4] in my nightshirt, and I thawed as I talked until, the last frost melted, I fell asleep beside her and woke again only when I heard her below in the kitchen, making the breakfast.

After breakfast we went into town; heard Mass at St. Augustine's [11] and said a prayer for Father, and did the shopping. If the afternoon was fine, we either went for a walk in the country or a visit to Mother's great friend in the convent, Mother St. Dominic. Mother had them all praying for Father, and every night, going to bed, I asked God to send him back safe from the war to us. Little, indeed, did I know what I was praying for!

One morning, I got into the big bed, and there, sure enough, was Father in his usual Santa Claus manner, but later, instead of uniform, he put on his best blue suit, and Mother was as pleased as anything. I saw nothing to be pleased about, because, out of uniform, Father was altogether less interesting, but she only beamed, and explained that our prayers had been answered,and off we went to Mass to thank God for having brought Father safely home.

The irony of it! That very day when he came in to dinner he took off his boots and put on his slippers, donned the dirty old cap he wore about the house to save him from colds, crossed his legs, and began to talk gravely to Mother, who looked anxious. Naturally, I disliked her looking anxious, because it destroyed her good looks, so I interrupted him.

"Just a moment, Larry!" she said gently.

This was only what she said when we had boring visitors, so I attached no importance to it and went on talking.

"Do be quiet, Larry!" she said impatiently.Don't you hear me talking to Daddy?"

This was the first time I had heard these ominous words, "talking to Daddy," and I couldn't help feeling that if this was how God answered prayers, he couldn't listen to them very attentively.

"Why are you talking to Daddy?" I asked with as great a show of indifference as I could muster.

"Because Daddy and I have business to discuss. Now, don't interrupt again!"

In the afternoon, at Mother's request, Father took me for a walk. This time we went into town instead of out to the country, and I thought at first, in my usual optimistic way, that it might be an improvement. It was nothing of the sort. Father and I had quite different notions of a walk in town. He had no proper interest in trams, ships, and horses, and the only thing that seemed to divert him was talking to fellows as old as himself. When I wanted to stop he simply went on, dragging me behind him by the hand; when he wanted to stop I had no alternative but to do the same. I noticed that it seemed to be a sign that he wanted to stop for a long time whenever he leaned against a wall. The second time I saw him do it I got wild. He seemed to be settling himself for ever. I pulled him by the coat and trousers, but, unlike Mother who, if you were too persistent, got into a wax [5] and said: "Larry, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good slap." Father had an extraordinary capacity for amiable inattention. I sized him up and wondered would I cry, but he seemed to be too remote to be annoyed even by that. Really, it was like going for a walk with a mountain! He either ignored the wrenching and pummelling entirely, or else glanced down with a grin of amusement from his peak. I had never met anyone so absorbed in himself as he seemed.

At tea time, "talking to Daddy" began again, complicated this time by the fact that he had an evening paper, and every few minutes he put it down and told Mother something new out of it. I felt this was foul play. Man for man, I was prepared to compete with him any time for Mother's attention, but when he had it all made up for him by other people it left me no chance. Several times I tried to change the subject without success.

"You must be quiet while Daddy is reading, Larry," Mother said impatiently.

It was clear that she either genuinely liked talking to Father better than

talking to me, or else that he had some terrible hold on her which made her afraid to admit the truth.

"Mummy," I said that night when she was tucking me up,
"do you think if I prayed hard God would send Daddy back to the war?"

She seemed to think about that for a moment.

"No dear," she said with a smile. "I don't think He would."

"Why wouldn't He, Mummy?"

"Because there isn't a war- any longer, dear."

"But, Mummy, couldn't God make another war, if He liked?"

"He wouldn't like to, dear. It's not God who makes wars, but bad people."

"Oh!" I said.

I was disappointed about that. I began to think that God wasn't quite what He was cracked up to be.

Next morning I woke at my usual hour, feeling like a bottle of champagne. I put out my feet and invented a long conversation in which Mrs Right talked of the trouble she had with her own father till she put him in the Home. I didn't quite know what the Home was but it sounded the right place for Father. Then I got my chair and stuck my head out of the attic window. Dawn was just breaking, with a guilty air that made me feel I had caught it in the act. My head bursting with stories and schemes, I stumbled in next door, and in the half-darkness scrambled into the big bed. There was no room at Mother's side so I had to get between her and Father. For the time being I had forgotten about him, and for several minutes I sat bolt upright, racking my brains to know what I could do with him. He was taking up more than his fair share of the bed, and I couldn't get comfortable, so I gave him several kicks that made him grunt and stretch. He made room all right, though. Mother waked and felt for me. I settled back comfortably in the warmth of the bed with my thumb in my mouth.

"Mummy!" I hummed, loudly and contentedly.

"Sssh! dear,"she whispered, "Don't wake Daddy!"

This was a new development, which threatened to be even more serious than "talking to Daddy." Life without my earlymorning conferences was unthinkable.

"Why?" I asked severely.

"Because poor Daddy is tired."

This seemed to me a quite inadequate reason, and I was sickened by the sentimentality of her "poor Daddy". I never liked that sort of gush;[7] it always struck me as insincere.

"Oh!" I said lightly. Then in my most winning tone: "Do you know where I want to go with you today, Mummy?"

"No, dear," she sighed.

"I want to go down the Glen and fish for thornybacks with my new net, and then I want to go out to the Fox and Hounds, and—"

"Don't-wake-Daddy!" she hissed angrily, clapping her hand across my mouth.

But it was too late. He was awake, or nearly so. He grunted and reached for the matches. Then he stared incredulously at his watch.

"Like a cup of tea, dear?" asked Mother in a meek, hushed voice I had never heard her use before. It sounded almost as though she were afraid.

"Tea?" he exclaimed indignantly. "Do you know what the time is?"

"And after that I want to go up the Rathcooney Road," I said loudly, afraid I'd forget something in all those interruptions.

"Go to sleep at once, Larry!" she said sharply.

I began to snivel. I couldn't concentrate, the way that pair went on, and smothering my early-morning schemes was like burying a family from the cradle.[8]

Father said nothing, but lit his pipe and sucked it, looking out into the shadows, without minding Mother or me. I knew he was mad. Every time I made a remark Mother hushed me irritably. I was mortified. I felt it wasn't fair; there was even something sinister in it. Every time I had pointed out to her the waste of making two beds when, we could both sleep in one, she had told me it was healthier 1ike that, and now here was this man, this stranger, sleeping with her without the least regard for her health!

He got up early and made tea, but though he brought Mother a cup he brought none for me.

"Mummy ," I shouted, "I want a cup of tea, too."

"Yes, dear," she said patiently. "You can drink from Mummy's saucer."

That settled it. Either Father or I would have to leave the house. I didn't want to drink from Mother's saucer; I wanted to be treated as an equal in my own home, so, just to spite her, I drank it all and left none for her. She took that quietly, too.

But that night when she was putting me to bed she said gently:

"Larry, I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Not to come in and disturb poor Daddy in the morning. Promise?"

"Poor Daddy" again! I was becoming suspicious of everything involving that quite impossible man.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because poor Daddy is worried and tired and he doesn't sleep well."

"Why doesn't he, Mummy?"

"Well, you know, don't you, that while he was at the war Mummy got the pennies from the Post Office?" [9]

"From Miss MacCarthy?"

"That's right. But now, you see, Miss MacCarthy hasn't any more pennies, so Daddy must go out and find us some. You know what would happen if he couldn't?"

"No," I said, "tell us."

“Well, I think we might have to go out and beg for them like the poor old woman on Fridays. We wouldn't like that, would we?”

"No," I agreed. "We wouldn't".

"So you'll promise not to come in and wake him?"

"Promise."

Mind you, I meant that. I knew pennies were a serious matter, and I was all against having to go out and beg like the old woman on Fridays. Mother laid out all my toys in a complete ring round the bed so that, whatever way I got out, I was bound to fall over one. of them.

When I woke I remembered my promise all right. I got up and sat on the floor and played—for hours, it seemed to me. Then I got my chair and looked out of the attic window for more hours. I wished it was time for Father to wake; I wished someone would make me a cup of tea. I didn't feel in the least like the sun; instead, I was bored and so very, very cold! I simply longed for the warmth and depth of the big feather-bed.

At last I could stand it no longer. I went into the next room. As there was still no room at Mother's side I climbed over her and she woke with a start.

"Larry," she whispered, gripping my arm very tightly, "what did you promise?"

"But I did, Mummy," I wailed, caught in the very act. "I was quiet for ever so long."

"Oh, dear, and you're perished!" she said sadly, feeling me all over. "Now, if I let you stay will you promise not to talk?"

"But I want to talk, Mummy," I wailed.

"That has nothing to do with it," she said with a firmness that was new to me. "Daddy wants to sleep. Now, do you understand that?"

I understood it only too well. I wanted to talk, he wanted to sleep — whose house was it, anyway?

"Mummy," I said with equal firmness, "I think it would be healthier for Daddy to sleep in his own bed."

That seemed to stagger her, because she said nothing for a while.

"Now, once for all," she went on, "you're to be perfectly quiet or go back to your own bed. Which is it to be?"

The injustice of it got me down. I had convicted her out of her own mouth of inconsistency and unreasonableness, and she hadn't even attempted to reply. Full of spite, I gave Father a kick, which she didn't notice but which made him grunt and open his eyes in alarm.

"What time is it?" he asked in a panic-stricken voice, not looking at Mother but at the door, as if he saw someone there,

"It's early yet," she replied soothingly. "It's only the child. Go to sleep again. ...Now, Larry," she added, getting out of bed, "you've wakened Daddy and you must go back."

This time, for all her quiet air, I knew she meant it, and knew that my

principal rights and privileges were as good as lost unless I asserted them at once. As she lifted me, I gave a screech, enough to wake the dead, not to mind Father. He groaned.

"That damn child! Doesn't he ever sleep?"

"It's only a habit, dear," she said quietly, though I could see she was vexed.

"Well, it's time he got out of it," shouted Father, beginning to heave in the bed. He suddenly gathered all the bedclothes about him, turned to the wall, and then looked back over his shoulder with nothing showing only two small, spiteful, dark eyes. The man looked very wicked.

To open the bedroom door, Mother had to let me down, and I broke free and dashed for the farthest corner, screeching. Father sat bolt upright in bed.

"Shut up, you little puppy!" he said in a choking voice.

I was so astonished that I stopped screeching. Never, never had anyone spoken to me in that tone before. I looked at him incredulously and saw his face convulsed with rage. It was only then that I fully realized how God had codded[10] me, listening to my prayers for the safe return of this monster.

"Shut up, you! I bawled, beside myself.

"What's that you said?" shouted Father, making a wild leap out of the bed.

"Mick, Mick!" cried Mother. "Don't you see the child isn't used to you?"

"I see he's better fed than taught," [11] snarled Father, waving his arms wildly. "He wants his bottom smacked."

All his previous shouting was as nothing to these obscene words referring to my person. They really made my blood boil.

"Smack your own!" I screamed hysterically. "Smack your own! Shut up! Shut up!"

At this he lost his patience and let fly at me. He did it with the lack of conviction you'd expect of a man under Mother's horrified eyes, and it ended up as a mere lap, but the sheer indignity of being struck at all by a stranger, a total stranger who had cajoled his way back from the war into our big bed as a result of my innocent intercession, made me completely dotty.[12] I shrieked, and shrieked, and shrieked, and danced in my bare feet, and Father, looking awkward and hairy in nothing but a short grey army shirt, glared down at me like a mountain out for murder. I think it must have been then that I realized he was jealous too. And there stood Mother in her nightdress, looking as if her heart was broken between us. I hoped she felt as she looked. It seemed to me that she deserved it all.

From that morning on my life was a hell. Father and I were enemies, open and avowed. We conducted a series of skirmishes against one another, he trying to steal my time with Mother and I his. When she was sitting on my bed, telling me a story, he took to looking for some pair of old boots which he

alleged he had left behind at the beginning of the war. While he talked to Mother I played loudly with my toys to show my total lack of concern. He created a terrible scene one evening when he came in from work and found me at his box, playing with his regimental badges, Gurkha knives, and button-sticks. Mother got up and took the box from me.

"You mustn't play with Daddy's toys unless he lets you, Larry," she said severely. "Daddy doesn't play with yours."

For some reason Father looked at her as if she had struck him and then turned away with a scowl.

"Those are not toys," he growled, taking down the box again to see if I had lifted anything. Some of those curios are very rare and valuable."

But as time went on I saw more and more how he managed to alienate Mother and me. What made it worse was that I couldn't grasp his method or see what attraction he had for Mother. In every possible way he was less winning than I. He had a common accent and made noises at his tea. I thought for a while that it might be the newspapers she was interested in, so I made up bits of news of my own to read to her. Then I thought it might be the smoking, which I personally thought attractive, and took his pipes and went round the house dribbling into them till he caught me. I even made noises at my tea, but Mother only told me I was disgusting. It all seemed to hinge round that unhealthy habit of sleeping together, so I made a point of dropping into their bedroom and nosing round, talking to myself, so that they wouldn't know. I was watching them, but they were never up to anything that I could see. In the end it beat me. It seemed to depend on being grown-up and giving people rings, and I realized I'd have to wait.

But at the same time I wanted him to see that I was only waiting, not giving up the fight. One evening when he was being particularly obnoxious, chattering away well above my head, I let him have it.

"Mummy," I said, "do you know what I'm going to do when I grow up?"

"No, dear," she replied. "What?"

"I'm going to marry you," I said quietly.

Father gave a great guffaw out of him, but he didn't take me in.[13] I knew it must only be pretence. And Mother, in spite of everything, was pleased. I felt she was probably relieved to know that one day Father's hold on her would be broken.

"Won't that be nice?" she said with a smile.

"It'll be very nice," I said confidently. "Because we're going to have lots and lots of babies."

"That's right, dear," she said placidly. "I think we'll have one soon, and then you'll have plenty of company."

I was no end pleased about that because it showed that in spite of the way she gave in to Father she still considered my wishes. Besides, it would put the Geneys in their place.

It didn't turn out like that, though. To begin with, she was very preoccupied — I supposed about where she would get the seventeen and six — and though Father took to staying out late in the evenings it did me no particular good. She stopped taking me for walks, became as touchy as blazes, and smacked me for nothing at all. Sometimes I wished I'd never mentioned the confounded baby—I seemed to have a genius for bringing calamity on myself.

And calamity it was! Sonny arrived in the most appaling hullabaloo — even that much he couldn't do without a fuss — and from the first moment I disliked him. He was a difficult child—so far as I was concerned he was always difficult—and demanded far too much attention. Mother was simply silly about him, and couldn't see when he was only showing off. As company he was worse than useless. He slept all day, and I had to go round the house on tiptoe to avoid waking him. It wasn't any longer a question of not waking Father. The slogan now was "Don't-wake-Sonny!" I couldn't understand why the child wouldn't sleep at the proper time, so whenever Mother's back was turned I woke him. Sometimes to keep him awake I pinched him as well. Mother caught me at it one day and gave me a most unmerciful slapping.

One evening, when Father was coming in from work, I was playing trains in the front garden. I let on not to notice him; instead, I pretended to be talking to myself, and said in a loud voice: "If another bloody baby comes into this house, I'm going out!"

Father stopped dead and looked at me over his shoulder.

"What's that you said?" he asked sternly.

"I was only talking to myself," I replied, trying to conceal my panic. "It's private."

He turned and went in without a word. Mind you, I intended it as a solemn warning, but its effect was quite different. Father started being quite nice to me. I could understand that, of course. Mother was quite sickening about Sonny. Even at mealtimes she'd get up and gawk at him in the cradle with an idiotic smile, and tell Father to do the same. He was always polite about it, but he looked so puzzled you could see he didn't know what she was talking about. He complained of the way Sonny cried at night, but she only got cross and said that Sonny never cried except when there was something up with him—which was a flaming lie, because Sonny never had anything up with him, and only cried for attention. It was really painful to see how simple-minded she was. Father wasn't attractive, but he had a fine intelligence. He saw through Sonny, and now he knew that I saw through him as well.

One night I woke with a start. There was someone beside me in the bed. For one wild moment I felt sure it must be Mother having come to her senses and left Father for good, but then I heard Sonny in convulsions in the next room, and Mother saying: "There! There! There!" [14] and I knew it wasn't she. It was Father. He was lying beside me, wide awake, breathing hard and apparently as mad as hell.

After a while it came to me what he was mad about. It was his turn now. After turning me out of the big bed, he had been turned out himself.. Mother had no consideration now for anyone but that poisonous pup, Sonny. I couldn't help feeling sorry for Father. I had been through it all myself, and even at that age I was magnanimous. I began to stroke him down and say: "There! There!" He wasn't exactly responsive.

«Aren't you asleep either ?» he snarled.

«Ah, come on and put your arm around us, can't you?» I said, and he did, in a sort of way.Gingerly, I suppose, is how you'd describe it. He was very bony but better than nothing.

At Christmas he went out of his way to buy me a really nice model railway.

PRELIMINARIES

I. Watch and practise the pronunciation of these words:

souvenirs
schemes
uniform
extraordinary
inadequate
demonstrative
exclusive

II. Study the notes below:

1. Oedipus ['i:dip s] complex - a term used in psychiatry to indicate an exaggerated attachment of a son to his mother with a strong antagonism toward the father. This strong attachment is regarded as a normal stage in the development of children (the female analog of the Oedipus complex is the Electra complex - a strong attachment of the daughter to her father).
2. Gurkha knife ['gu k] - a knife or sword with a short blade slightly curved. Gurkha - one of the famous independent fighting people of Hindu religion in Nepal. The hired troops employed by British colonialists in Asia consisted mostly of Gurkhas.
3. There was a bit of the magpie about Father (*metaph. periphrasis*) - Father liked to collect and stow away all sorts of things, in this resembling a magpie known for its thiefishness (in a magpie's nest you may find all kind of things, especially bright and glittering ones); the word «magpie» is also used figuratively to indicate a noisy person who talks a lot.
4. petrified - stiff with cold (turned into stone); petrified may also mean paralyzed with fear, amazement, etc., e.g. He was petrified with horror.
5. to get into a wax (*slang*) - to become furious, to fly into a rage.

6. feeling like a bottle of champagne (*simile*) - ready to burst with excitement, emotion, schemes, etc.
7. gush - an extravagant display of sentiment.
8. like burying a family from the cradle (*simile*) - like destroying something cruelly at the very start before it has had a chance to develop.
9. pennies from the Post Office - an allusion to the allowance of a British service man's wife allotted by the Government and collected at the Post Office once a month.
10. to cod (*colloq*.) - to cheat, to deceive
11. better fed than taught - ill-mannered, badly brought-up
12. dotty (*colloq*.) - crazy
13. he didn't take me in - didn't deceive me
14. There ! There ! (*colloq*.) - words said soothingly (Russ. Ну, ну. Успокойся. Не плачь. Тише, тише.)

COMPREHENSION

I. Answer the following questions.

1.Where and when is the scene set?
2. Who are the characters of the story?
3. What did the mother and her son use to discuss in the morning?
4. Why did the boy think that the way his father tried to compete for his mother was unfair?
5. Why couldn't the father be disturbed in the morning?
6. When did the boy realize that his father was jealous?
7. Why did the boy decide to make a proposal to his mother?
8. Why did Larry dislike Sonny?
9. How did Larry explain the change that had occurred in his father?
10. What was the father's Christmas present for Larry?

II. Complete the following sentences in your own words.

1. In fact I rather liked his visits …
2. After breakfast we went into town …
3. I saw nothing to be pleased about …
4. Either Father or I would have to leave the house …
5. I didn't feel in the least like the sun …
6. Father and I were enemies, open and avowed …
7. I seemed to have a genius for bringing calamity on myself..
8. One evening, when Father was coming from work, I was playing

trains in the front garden …

9. Father wasn't attractive, but …
10. After a while it came to me …

III. While reading, find the following figures of speech in the text. Identify them. Comment on them.

" Like Santa Clause he came and went mysteriously."
" There was a bit of the magpie about father."
" It was like going for a walk with a mountain."
" Feeling like a bottle of champagne."
" My heart bursting with stories and schemes"
" The way that pair went on, and smothering my early-morning schemes was like burying a family from the cradle."
" That seemed to stagger her."
" They really made my blood boil."
" Glared down at me like a mountain out for murder."
" From that morning on my life was a hell."

TEXT INTERPRETATION

Introduction

Early childhood is believed to be the brightest period in a man's life. Even though it may sometimes be clouded by gloomy spells, which are very often caused by parents' inability to understand their growing child, they seem to be trifle and unimportant when regarded from an adult viewpoint. As time goes by, one is able to take an objective stand and evaluate his own and his parents' actions impartially and with humour.

I. Make up a list of words and expressions which prove that:

1). The boy was the apple of his mother's eye and considered himself to be the centre of the Universe.
2). The boy had a happy cloudless childhood.
3). The mother knew how to reason with her child.
4). The relationship between the father and his son was that of rivalry.
5). The author is a subtle psychologist who possesses a fine sense of humour.

II. Give detailed answers to the following questions.

1). How did the boy perceive his father at the age of five?
2). How does he describe that period of his life? Comment on the author's choice of words.

3). What were the thoughts that bothered Larry in the morning? What do they contribute to our better understanding of the boy's character?
4). What was the boy's first disappointment?
5). Why did he decide to interfere into the conversation?
6). What made Larry feel jealous?
7). What did he reproach his mother for and what did he accuse her of? How does it characterize the boy?
8). Why did he decide to interfere into the conversation?
9). What words did the author resort to to give the reader the idea that Larry was an optimistic, pampered and a happy child?
10). Did the mother make any attempts to establish friendship and understanding between her husband and her son?
11). What annoyed the boy during his walk with his father? What is the role of the oxymoron " amiable inattention " in the text?
12). What images does the simile " it was like going with a mountain " evoke in the reader?
13). Did the mother know how to reason with her child? How did she try to convince her son that he shouldn't disturb his father?
14). What prevented the boy from keeping his word? Describe his next morning. Comment on the choice of words.
15). Why did the boy keep talking back to his father?
16). How does he describe his life from that morning on. Account for the use of military terms.
17). How did the boy try to win his mother back? Don't you think that he was clever and resourceful at inventing things.
18). How do we get to understand that his brother's birth didn't please Larry at all?
19). Why did the father change his attitude to Larry?
20). Did the boy treat his repenting father magnanimously? How does it characterize him? Comment on the final scene.
21). In what vein is the story written? Is his irony directed towards the little boy who is considered now from an adult point of view now or towards his parents who were not prepared for the boy's jealousy? How is irony achieved on a verbal plane?
22). Besides verbal, there is dramatic irony that lies in the story, the plot, the composition of the story, and above all, the relationship of the characters. Say something about the story, the turns and twists of the plot in terms of dramatic irony.

I. Analyze Larry's conflict with his father.
II. Characterize Larry, his mother, his father.
III. Comment on the problems raised by the author.
IV. Formulate the theme of the story.

The Ice Palace

(extract) F.S. Fitzgerald

F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896 - 1940) is one of the greatest American writers. His books nowadays are as successful as his own life was a failure. He wrote five novels: «This Side of Paradise», «The Beautiful and Damned», «The Great Gatsby», «Tender is the Night» and «The Last Tycoon» (his last and unfinished work); four volumes of short stories; and «The Crack-Up», a selection of his autobiographical pieces. «The Ice Palace» is one of Fitzgerald's stories.

(Sally Carrol, a young beautiful girl from the South comes on a visit to her fiance Harry Bellamy who lives in a Northern city).

Home was a rambling frame house set on a white lap of snow, and there she met a big, gray-haired man of whom she approved, and a lady who was like an egg, and who kissed her - these were Harry's parents. There was a breathless indescribable hour crammed full of half-sentences, hot water, bacon and eggs and confusion; and after that she was alone with Harry in the library, asking him if she dared smoke.

It was a large room with a Madonna over the fireplace and rows upon rows of books in covers of light gold and dark gold and shiny red. All the chairs had little lace squares where one's head should rest, the couch was just comfortable, the books looked as if they had been read - some - and Sally Carrol had an instantaneous vision of the battered old library at home, with a lot of fairly expensive things in it that all looked about fifteen years old.

"What do you think of it up here?" demanded Harry eagerly. "Does it surprise you? Is it what you expected, I mean?"

"You are, Harry," she said quietly, and reached out her arms to him.

But after a brief kiss he seemed anxious to extort enthusiasm from her.

"The town, I mean. Do you like it? Can you feel the pep in the air?"

"Oh, Harry," she laughed, "you'll have to give me time. You can't just fling questions at me."

She puffed at her cigarette with a sigh bf contentment.

"One thing I want to ask you," he began rather apologetically, "you Southerners put quite an emphasis on family, and all that -not that it isn't quite all right, but you'll'find it a little different here I mean - you'll notice a lot of things that'll seem to you at vulgar display at first, Sally Carrol; but just remember that this is a three-generation town. Everybody has a father, and about half of us have grandfathers. Back of that we don't go".

"Of course," she murmured.

"Our grandfathers, you see, founded the place, and a lot of them had to take some pretty queer jobs while they were doing the founding. For instance,

there's one woman who at present is about the social model for the town; well, her father was the first public ash man[1] - things like that."

"Why," said Sally Carrol,puzzled, "did you s'pose I was goin' to make remarks about people ?"

"Not at all," interrupted Harry; "and I'm not apologizing for any one either. It's just that - well; a Southern girl came up here last summer and said some unfortunate things, and - oh, I just thought I'd tell you."

Sally Carrol felt suddenly indignant - as though she had been unjustly spanked - but Harry evidently considered the subject closed, for he went on with a great surge of enthusiasm.

"It's carnival time, you know. First in ten years. And there's an ice palace they're building now that's the first they've had since eighty-five. Built out of blocks of the clearest ice they could find - on a tremendous scale."

She rose and walking to the window pushed aside the heavy Turkish portieres and looked out.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly. "There's two little boys makin' a snow man ! Harry, do you reckon I can go out an' help 'em?"

"You dream! Come here and kiss me."

She left the window reluctantly.

"I don't guess this is a very kissable climate, is it? I mean, it makes you so you don't want to sit round, doesn't it?"

"We're not going to. I've got a vacation for the first week you're here, and there’s a dinner-dance to-night."

"Oh, Harry," she confessed, subsiding in a heap, half in his lap, half in the pillows, "I sure do feel confused. I haven't got an idea whether I'll like it or not an' I don't know what people expect, or anythin'. You'll have to tell me, honey."

"I'll tell you," he said softly, "if you'll just tell me you're glad to be here."

"Glad - just awful glad!" she whispered, insinuating herself into his arms in her own peculiar way. "Where you are is home for me, Harry."

And as she said this she had the feeling for almost the first time in her life that she was acting a part.

That night, amid the gleaming candles of a dinner-party, where the men seemed to do most of the talking while the girls sat in a haughty and expensive aloofness, even Harry's presence on her left failed to make her feel at home. (....)

... At first the Bellamy family puzzled her. The men were reliable and she liked them; to Mr. Bellamy especially, with his iron-gray hair and energetic dignity, she took an immediate fancy, once she found that he was born in Kentucky[2] ; this made of him a link between the old life and the new. But toward the women she felt a definite hostility. Myra, her future sister-in-law,seemed the essence of spiritless conventionality . Her conversation was so utterly devoid of personality that Sally Carrol, who came from a country

where a certain amount of charm and assurance could be taken for granted in the women, was inclined to despise her.

"If those women aren't beautiful," she thought, "they're nothing. They just fade out when you look at them. They're glorified domestics. Men are the centre of every mixed group."

Lastly there was Mrs. Bellamy, whom Sally Carrol detested. The first day's impression of an egg had been confirmed - an egg with a cracked, veiny voice and such an ungracious dumpiness of carriage that Sally Carrol felt that if she once fell she would surely scramble. In addition, Mrs. Bellamy seemed to typify the town in being innately hostile to strangers. She called Sally Carrol "Sally", and could not be persuaded that the double name was anything more than a tedious ridiculous nickname. To Sally Carrol this shortening of her name was like presenting her to the public half clothed. She loved "Sally Carrol", she loathed "Sally". She knew also that Harry's mother disapproved of her bobbed hair; and she had never dared smoke down-stairs after that first day when Mrs. Bellamy had come into the library sniffing violently.

...And then one afternoon in her second week she and Harry hovered on the edge of a dangerously steep quarrel. She considered that he precipitated it entirely, though the Serbia[3] in the case was an unknown man who had not had his trousers pressed.

They had been walking homeward between mounds of high-piled snow and under a sun which Sally Carrel scarcely recognized. They passed a little girl done up in a gray wool until she resembled a small Teddy bear, and Sally Carrel could not resist a gasp of maternal appreciation.

"Look! Harry!"

"What?"

"That little girl - did you see her face?" "Yes, why?"

"It was red as a little strawberry. Oh, she was cute!"

"Why, your own face is almost as red as that already! Everybody's healthy here. We're out in the cold as soon as we're old enough to walk. Wonderful climate!"

She looked at him and had to agree. He was mighty healthy-looking; so was his brother. And she had noticed the new red in her own cheeks that very morning.

Suddenly their glances were caught and held, and they stared for a moment at the street-corner ahead of them. A man was standing there, his knees bent, his eyes gazing upward with a tense expression as though he were about to make a leap toward the chilly sky. And then they both exploded into a shout of laughter, for coming closer they discovered it had been a ludicrous momentary illusion produced by the extreme bagginess of the man's trousers.

"Reckon, that's one on us", she laughed "He must be a Southerner, judging by those trousers," suggested Harry mischievously.

"Why, Harry!"

Her surprised look must have irritated him."Those damn Southerners !"

Sally Carrol's eyes flashed.

"Don't call 'em that !"

"I'm sorry, dear," said Harry malignantly apologetic, but you know what I think of them. They're sort of - sort of degenerates - not at all like the old Southerners. They've lived so long down there with all the colored people that they've gotten lazy and shiftless.

"Hush your mouth, Hurry!" she cried angrily. "They're not! They may be lazy - anybody would be in that climate - but they're my best friends, an' I don't want to hear 'em criticised in any such sweepin' way. Some of 'em are the finest men in the world."

"Oh, I know. They're all right when they come North to college, but of all the hangdog, ill-dressed, slovenly lot I ever saw, a bunch of small-town Southerners are the worst!"

Sally Carrol was clinching her gloved hands and biting her lip furiously.

"Why," continued Harry, "there was one in my class at New Haven[4] , and we all thought that at least we'd found the true type of Southern aristocrat at all - just the son of a Northern carpetbagger[5] , who owned about all the cotton round Mobile[6] .»

"A Southerner wouldn't talk the way you're talking now," she said evenly.

"They haven't the energy!"

"Or the somethin' else."

"I'm sorry, Sally Carrol, but I've heard you say yourself that you'd never marry --"

"That's quite different. I told you I wouldn't want to tie my life to any of the boys that are round Tarleton now, but I never made any sweepin' generalities."

They walked along in silence.

"I probably spread it on a bit thick, Sally Carrol. I'm sorry."

She nodded but made no answer. Five minutes later as they stood in the hallway she suddenly threw her arms round him.

“Oh, Harry,” she cried, her eyes brimming with tears, “let’s get married next week. I’m afraid of having fusses like that. I’m afraid, Harry. It wouldn’t be that way if we were married.”

But Harry, in the wrong, was still irritated.

“That’d be idiotic. We decided on March.”

The tears in Sally Carrol’s eyes faded; her expression hardened slightly.

“Very well - I suppose I shouldn’t have said that”.

Harry melted.

“Dear little nut“he cried. “Come and kiss me and let’s forget”.

PRELIMINARIES

I. Watch and practise the pronunciation of these words.

1. Madonna [m ‘d n]
2. Southerner [‘s n]
   Northerner [‘n : n]
   cigarette [,sig ‘ret]
   emphasis [‘emf sis]
   momentary [‘moum ntri]
   couch [kaut]

II. Study the notes below:

1. Ash man (Amer.) - dustman
2. Kentucky - state in the centre of the USA which is referred to as «Gateway to the South».
3. Serbia (fig.) - cause for a quarrel
4. New Haven - American city where the Yale University is situated
5. Carpet begger (Amer.) - person during the American Civil War (1861-1865) from northern USA who went to the South to seek financial and political advantage.
6. Mobile [mo(u)b’i:l] - large city and port in Alabama.

COMPREHENSION

I. Choose the right answer and prove your point of view.

1. What was Harry’s attitude to Southerners ?
   a) He despised them but didn’t speak ill of them.
   b) He considered them to be second-rate people unworthy of any respect.
   c) Harry thought highly of Southerners.
2. How did the Bellamies treat Sally Carrol ?
   a) They made themselves extremely pleasant to her.
   b) Their attitude to the girl was coldly formal.
   c) They didn’t take an effort to make Sally Carrol feel at home.
   d) The Bellamies did their best to produce a favourable impression on Sally Carrol.
3. Why did Sally Carrol fail to feel at home at her fiance’s ?
   a) The cold got her down and her constitution wouldn’t stand it.
   b) She felt uncomfortable because Harry had a great crowd of relatives to inflict upon her.
   c) Sally Carol didn’t belong there

4. What do you think about the young people's quarrel ?
   a) It was a futile and silly argument.
   b) It was a serious quarrel that put a creak into their relations.
   c) Their quarrel was nothing to make a song and dance about. People who love do quarrel.

II. Answer these questions.
1. What do you think is the time and place of action ?
2. What characters are introduced to the reader ?
3. Who is the protagonist ?
4. Who are the minor characters ?

III. Find and read out the sentences proving that:
1. Harry Bellamy had a too-high opinion of his place and people.
2. Sally Carrol resented her future sister and mother-in-law.

IV. Paraphrase and comment on the following sentences.
1. But after a brief kiss he seemed anxious to extort enthusiasm from her.
2. That night, amid the gleaming candles of a dinner-party where the men seemed to do most of the talking while the girls sat in a haughty and expensive aloofness, even Harry's presence on her left failed to make her feel at home.
3. And then one afternoon in her second week she and Harry hovered on the edge of a dangerously steep quarrel.
4. She considered that he precipitated it entirely, though the Serbia in the case was an unknown man who had not had his trousers pressed.

V. Summarize the plot of the passage.

TEXT INTERPRETATION

Introduction

Choosing the right match in marriage can mean all the difference between a happy and an unhappy life. How can you determine before marriage whether your partner is the right one ? Can marriage be successful despite vastly different family backgrounds ? What is the role of personal characteristics ?

I. Of what significance, if any, is the description of Harry's home ?
II. Dwell on the scene in the library. What was Harry's dominant emotion ? Why did Sally Carrol feel as though she had been spanked ?

III. What was Sally Carrol's impression of the Bellamies ? How objective are her evalutions ? Don't you think the girl was too hasty and sharp in her judgement of the members of the family ? Give evidence from the text to prove your point of view.

Useful phrases:

I doubt that (if) ...
It's hardly likely that ...
It's too much to say that ...
I have a good reason to doubt that ...
Judging by her behaviour we can say that ...
I'd like to draw your attention to ...
Let me remind you of ...

IV. People belonging to the Northern races are traditionally referred to as reserved, emotionless, cheerless and melancholy. Is Harry endowed with these qualities ? What do you think of his temperament and temper ? Was his conceit due to his background?
V. Intolerance in opinion is expressed by the adjectives «narrow-minded» and «dogmatic». Can you characterize Harry Bellamy in such terms ? Why or why not ?
VI. The author's remark «malignantly apologetic» is made up of words incompatible in meaning. What is suggested about Harry by the use of this oxymoron ?
Note: Oxymoron [ksi'm :r n] - a sequence of linguistic units incompatible in their meaning. It serves the purpose of presenting together different, contrasting aspects of a thing.
VII. What traits if the personages' characters has the scene of the quarrel brought out ?
VIII. Sum up Harry's characteristics.
IX. Characterize Sally Carrol. For this purpose analyze the author's direct characterization as well as her own words and actions.
X. What impression have you got about the relations between the young people ? Do you think they are suited to each other ?
XI. How can you account for Sally Carrol's wish just after the quarrel to get married sooner than they had planned ?
XII. Describe in 2-3 sentences the other personages of the passage.
XIII. Analyse the text in terms of its conflicts.
XIV. Comment on the climax of the story.
XV. State the theme of the extract.
XVI. Who do you think the author's sympathy lies with ? Do you share his attitude to the personages ?
XVII. Interpret the text in a lengthy monologue.

XVIII. Project the personages' life into the future.

XIX. Illustrate the meaning of the proverbs applying them to the text you have read:

1. Unkindness destroys love.
2. It is not every couple that makes a pair.
3. Like should marry like.

The Idealist

Frank O'Connor (Michael O'Donovan)
(1903-1966)

I don't know how it is about education but, it never seemed to do anything for me but get me into trouble.

Adventure stories weren't so bad, but as a kid I was very serious and preferred realism to romance. School stories were what I liked best, and, judged by our standards, these were romantic enough for anyone. The schools were English, so I suppose you couldn't expect anything else. They were always called "the venerable pile ,[1] and there was usually a ghost in them; they were built in a square that was called "the quad", and, according to the pictures, they were all clock-towers, spires, and pinnacles, like the lunatic asylum with us. The fellows in the stories were all good climbers, and got in and out of school at night on ropes made of knotted sheets: They dressed queerly; they wore long trousers, short, black jackets, and top hats.Whenever they did anything wrong they were given "lines" in Latin. When it was a bad case, they were flogged [2] and never showed any sign of pain; only the bad fellows, and they always said: "Ow! Ow!"

Most of them were grand chaps who always stuck together and were great at football and cricket. They never told lies and wouldn't talk to anyone who did. If they were caught out and asked a point-blank question, they always told the truth, unless someone else was with them, and then even if they were to be expelled for it they wouldn't give his name, even if he was a thief, which, as a matter of fact, he frequently was. It was surprising in such good schools, with fathers who never gave less than five quid, the number of thieves there were. The fellows in our school hardly ever stole, though they only got a penny a week, and sometimes not even that, as when their fathers were on the booze and their mothers had to go to the pawn.

I worked hard at the football and cricket, though of course we never had a proper football and the cricket we played was with a hurley stick against a wicket chalked on some wall. The officers in the barrack played proper cricket, and on summer evenings I used to go and watch them, like one of the souls in Purgatory watching the joys of Paradise.

Even.so, I couldn't help being disgusted at the bad way things were run in our school. Our "venerable pile" was a red brick building without tower or pinnacle a fellow could climb, and no ghost at all; we had no team, so a

fellow, no matter how hard he worked, could never play for the school, and, instead of giving you "lines", Latin or any other sort, Murderer Moloney either lifted you by the ears or bashed you with a cane. When he got tired of bashing you on the hands he bashed you on the legs.

But these were only superficial things. What was really wrong was ourselves. The fellows sucked up to the masters and told them all that went on. If they were caught out in anything they tried to put the blame on someone else, even if it meant telling lies. When they were caned they snivelled and said it wasn't fair; drew back their hands as if they were terrified, so that the cane caught only the tips of their fingers, and then screamed and stood on one leg, shaking out their fingers in the hope of getting it counted as one. Finallv they roared that their wrist was broken and crawled back to their desks with their hands squeezed under their armpits, howling. I mean you couldn't help feeling ashamed, imagining what chaps from a decent school would think if they saw it.

My own way to school led me past the barrack gate. In those peaceful days sentries never minded you going past the guard-room to have a look at the chaps drilling in the barrack square; if you came at dinner-time they even called you in and gave you plum duff and tea. Naturally, with such temptations I was often late. The only excuse, short of a letter from your mother, was to say you were at early Mass. The Murderer would never know whether you were or not, and if he did anything to you you could easily get him into trouble with the parish priest. Even as kids we knew who the real boss of the school was.

But after I started reading those confounded school stories I was never happy about saying I had been to Mass. It was a lie, and I knew that the chaps in the stories would have died sooner than tell it. They were all round me like invisible presences, and I hated to do anything which I felt they might disapprove of.

One morning I came in very late and rather frightened.

"What kept you till this hour, Delaney?" Murderer Moloney asked, looking at the clock.

I wanted to say I had been at Mass, but I couldn't. The invisible presences [3] were all about me.

"I was delayed at the barrack, sir," I replied in panic.

There was a faint titter from the class, and Moloney raised his brows in mild surprise. He was a big powerful man with fair hair and blue eyes and a manner that at times was deceptively mild.

“Oh, indeed,” he said, politely enough. "And what delayed you?"

"I was watching the soldiers drilling, sir," I said.

The class tittered again. This was a new line entirely for them.

"Oh," Moloney said casually, "I never knew you were such a military man. Hold out your hand!"

Compared with the laughter the slaps were nothing, and besides, I

had the example of the invisible presences to sustain me. I did not flinch, I returned to my desk slowly and
quietly without snivelling or squeezing my hands, and the Murderer looked after me, raising his brows again as though to indicate that this was a new line for him, too. But the others gaped and whispered as if I were some strange animal. At playtime[11] they gathered about me, full of curiosity and excitement.

"Delaney, why did you say that about the barrack?"

"Because 'twas true," I replied firmly. "I wasn't going to tell him a lie."

"What lie?"

"That I was at Mass."

"Then couldn't you say you had to go on a message?"

"That would be a lie too."

"Cripes, Delaney," they said, "you'd better mind yourself. The Murderer is in an awful wax. He'll massacre you."

I knew that. I knew only too well that the Murderer's professional pride had been deeply wounded, and for the rest of the day I was on my best behaviour. But my best wasn't enough, for I underrated the Murderer's guile.[4] Though he pretended to be reading, he was watching me the whole time.

"Delaney," he said at last without raising his head from the book, "was that you talking?"

" 'Twas, sir," I replied in consternation.

The whole class laughed. They couldn't believe but that I was deliberately trailing my coat, and, of course, the laugh must have convinced him that I was. I suppose if people do tell you lies all day and every day, it soon becomes a sort of perquisite which you resent being deprived of.

"Oh," he said, throwing down his book, "we'll soon stop that."

This time it was a tougher job, because he was really on his mettle. But so was I. I knew this was the testing-point for me, and if only I could keep my head I should provide a model for the whole class. When I had got through the ordeal without moving a muscle, and returned to my desk with my hands by my sides, the invisible presences gave me a great clap. But the visible ones were nearly as annoyed as the Murderer himself. After school half a dozen of them followed me down the school yard.

"Go on!" they shouted truculently. "Shaping as usual!"

"I was not shaping."

"You were shaping. You're always showing off. Trying to pretend he didn't hurt you — a blooming crybaby like you!"

"I wasn't trying to pretend," I shouted, even then resisting the temptation to nurse my bruised hands. "Only decent fellows don't cry over every little pain like kids."

"Go on!" they bawled after me. "You ould idiot!" And, as I went down the school lane, still trying to keep what the stories called "a stiff upper lip", and consoling myself with the thought that my torment was over until next morning, I heard their mocking voices after me.

"Loony Larry! Yah, Loony Larry!"

I realized that if I was to keep on terms with the invisible presences I should have to watch my step at school.

So I did, all through that year. But one day an awful thing happened. I was coming in from the yard, and in the porch outside our schoolroom I saw a fellow called Gorman taking something from a coat on the rack. I always described Gorman to myself as "the black sheep of the school". He was a fellow I disliked and feared, a handsome, sulky, spoiled, and sneering lout. I paid no attention to him because I had escaped for a few moments into my dream world in which fathers never gave less than fivers and the honour of the school was always saved by some quiet, unassuming fellow like myself – "a dark horse," as the stories called him.

“Who are you looking at?” Gorman asked threateningly.

"I wasn't looking at any one," I replied with an indignant start.

"I was only getting a pencil out of my coat," he added, clenching his fists.

"Nobody said you weren't," I replied, thinking that this was a very queer subject to start a row about.

“You'd better not, either,” he snarled. "You can mind your own business."

"You mind yours!" I retorted, purely for the purpose of saving face. "I never spoke to you at all."

And that, so far as I was concerned, was the end of it.

But after playtime the Murderer, looking exceptionally serious, stood before the class, balancing a pencil in both hands.

"Everyone who left the classroom this morning, stand out!" he called. Then he lowered his head and looked at us from under his brows. "Mind now, I said everyone!"

I stood out with the others, including Gorman. We were all very puzzled.

"Did you take anything from a coat on the rack this morning?" the Murderer asked, laying a heavy, hairy paw on Gorman's shoulder and staring menacingly into his eyes.

"Me, sir?" Gorman exclaimed innocently. "No, sir."

"Did you see anyone else doing it?"

"No, sir."

"You?" he asked another lad, but even before he reached me at all I realized why Gorman had told the lie and wondered frantically what I should do.

"You?" he asked me, and his big red face was close to mine, his blue

eyes were only a few inches away, and the smell of his toilet soap was in my nostrils. My panic made me say the wrong thing as though I had planned it.

“I didn’t take anything, sir,” I said in a low voice.

"Did you see someone else do it?" he asked raising his brows and showing quite plainly that he had noticed my evasion. "Have you a tongue in your head?" he shouted suddenly, and the whole class, electrified, stared at me. "You?" he added curtly to the next boy as though he had lost interest in me.

"No, sir."

"Back to your.desks, the rest of you!" he ordered. "Delaney, you stay here."

He waited till everyone was seated again before going on.

"Turn out your pockets."

I did, and a half-stifled giggle rose, which the Murderer quelled with a thunderous glance. Even for a small boy I had pockets that were museums in themselves; the purpose of half the things I brought to light I couldn't have explained myself. They were antiques, prehistoric and unlabelled. Among them was a school story borrowed the previous evening from a queer fellow who chewed paper as if it were gum. The Murderer reached out for it, and holding it at arm's length, shook it out with an expression of deepening disgust as he noticed the nibbled corners and margins.

"Oh," he said disdainfully,[5] "so this is how you waste your time! What do you do with this rubbish – eat it?"

" ' Tisn't mine, sir," I said against the laugh that sprang up. "I borrowed it."

“Is that what you did with the money?” he asked quickly, his fat head on one side.

"Money?" I repeated in confusion. "What money?"

"The shilling that was stolen from Flanagan's overcoat this morning."

(Flanagan was a little hunchback whose people coddled him; no one else in the school would have possessed that much money.)

"I never took Flanagan's shilling," I said, beginning to cry, "and you have no right to say I did."

"I have the right to say you're the most impudent and defiant puppy in the school," he replied, his voice hoarse with rage, “and I wouldn't put it past you.[6] What else can anyone expect and you reading this dirty, rotten filthy rubbish?" And he tore my school story in halves and flung them to the furthest corner of the classroom. "Dirty, filthy, English rubbish! Now, hold out your hand."

This time the invisible presences deserted me. Hearing themselves described in these contemptuous terms, they fled. The Murderer went mad in the way people do whenever they're up against something they don't understand. Even the other fellows were shocked, and, heaven knows, they had little sympathy with me.

"You should put the police on him," they advised me later in the playground. "He lifted the cane over his shoulder. He could get the gaol for that."

"But why didn't you say you didn't see anyone?" asked the eldest, a fellow called Spillane.

"Because I did," I said, beginning to sob all over again at the memory of my wrongs. "I saw Gorman."

“Gorman?” Spillane echoed incredulously. "Was it Gorman took Flanagan's money? And why didn't you say so?"

"Because it wouldn't be right," I sobbed.

"Why wouldn't it be right?"

"Because Gorman should have told the truth himself," I said. “And if this was a proper school he'd be sent to Coventry.” [7]

"He'd be sent where?"

“Coventry. No one would ever speak to him again.”

"But why would Gorman tell the truth if he took the money?" Spillane asked as you'd speak to a baby. "Jay, Delaney," he added pityingly, "you're getting madder and madder. Now, look at what you're after bringing on yourself!"

Suddenly Gorman came lumbering up, red and angry.

"Delaney," he shouted threateningly, "did you say I took Flanagan's money?"

Gorman, though I of course didn't realize it, was as much at sea as Moloney and the rest. Seeing me take all that punishment rather than give him away, he concluded that I must be more afraid of him than of Moloney, and that the proper thing to do was to make me more so. He couldn't have come at a time when I cared less for him. I didn't even bother to reply but lashed out with all my strength at his brutal face. This was the last thing he expected. He screamed, and his hand came away from his face, all blood. Then he threw off his satchel and came at me, but at the same moment a door opened behind us and a lame teacher called Murphy emerged. We all ran like mad and the fight was forgotten.

It didn't remain forgotten, though. Next morning after prayers the Murderer scowled at me.

"Delaney, were you fighting in the yard after school yesterday?"

For a second or two I didn't reply. I couldn't help feeling that it wasn't worth it. But before the invisible presences fled forever, I made another effort.

"I was, sir," I said, and this time there wasn't even a titter. I was out of my mind. The whole class knew it and was awe-stricken.

"Who were you fighting?"

"I'd sooner not say, sir," I replied, hysteria beginning to well up in me. It was all very well for the invisible presences, but they hadn't to deal with the Murderer.

"Who was he fighting with?" he asked lightly, resting his hands on the

desk and studying the ceiling.

"Gorman, sir," replied three or four voices – as easy as that!

"Did Gorman hit him first?"

"No, sir. He hit Gorman first."

"Stand out," he said, taking up the cane. "Now," he added, going up to Gorman, "you take this and hit him. And make sure you hit him hard," he went on, giving Gorman's arm an encouraging squeeze. "He thinks he's a great fellow. You show him now what we think of him."

Gorman came towards me with a broad grin. He thought it a great joke. The class thought it a great joke. They began to roar with laughter. Even the Murderer permitted himself a modest grin at his own cleverness.

"Hold out your hand," he said to me.

I didn't, I began to feel trapped and a little crazy.

"Hold out your hand, I say," he shouted, beginning to lose his temper.

"I will not," I shouted back, losing all control of myself.

"You what?" he cried incredulously, dashing at me round the classroom with his hand raised as though to strike me. "What's that you said, you dirty little thief?"

"I'm not a thief, I'm not a thief," I screamed. "And if he comes near me I'll kick the shins off him. You have no right to give him that cane, and you have no right to call me a thief either. If you do it again, I'll go down to the police and then we'll see who the thief is."

"You refused to answer my questions," he roared, and if I had been in my right mind I should have known he had suddenly taken fright; probably the word "police" had frightened him.

"No," I said through my sobs, "and I won't answer them now either. I'm not a spy."

"Oh," he retorted with a sarcastic sniff, "so that's what you call a spy, Mr. Delaney?"

"Yes, and that's what they all are, all the fellows here − dirty spies! − but I'm not going to be a spy for you. You can do your own spying."

"That's enough now, that's enough!" he said, raising his fat hand almost beseechingly. "There's no need to lose control of yourself, my dear young fellow, and there's no need whatever to screech like that. 'Tis most unmanly. Go back to your seat now and I'll talk to you another time."

I obeyed, but I did no work. No one else did much either. The hysteria had spread to the class. I alternated between fits of exultation at my own successful defiance of the Murderer, and panic at the prospect of his revenge; and at each change of mood I put my face in my hands and sobbed again. The Murderer didn't even order me to stop. He didn't so much as look at me.

After that I was the hero of the school for the whole afternoon.

Gorman tried to resume the fight, but Spillane ordered him away contemptuously − a fellow who had taken the master's cane to another had no

status. But that wasn't the sort of hero I wanted to be. I preferred something less sensational.

Next morning Iwas in such a state of panic that I didn't know how I should face school at all. I dawdled, between two minds as to whether or not I should mitch. The silence of the school lane and yard awed me. I had made myself late as well.

"What kept you, Delaney?" the Murderer asked quietly.

I knew it was no good.

"I was at Mass, sir."

"All right. Take your seat."

He seemed a bit surprised. What I had not realized was the incidental advantage of our system over the English one. By this time half a dozen of his pets had brought the Murderer the true story of Flanagan's shilling, and if he didn't feel a monster he probably felt a fool.

But by that time I didn't care. In my school sack I had another story. Not a school story this time, though. School stories were a washout: "Bang! Bang!" – that was the only way to deal with men like the Murderer.

PRELIMINARIES

I. Watch and practice the pronunciation of these words

1. ordeal [:'di:l]
   alternate (v) [' :lteneit]
2. idealist [ai'di list]
   barrack ['b r k]
   hysteria [his'ti ri]
   alternative (n) [:l't :n tiv]
   model ['m dl]
   exultation [egz l'tei n]

II. Study the notes below:

1. venerable pile - a large ancient building or a group of buildings
2. to be flogged - to be caned
3. invisible presences - Russ. «незримые свидетели»
4. guile [gail] - deceit; cunning
5. disdainfully - contemptuously, scornfully
6. «I wouldn't put it past you» (col) - Russ. «Я подумал на тебя».
7. to send to Coventry - Russ. бойкотировать.

COMPREHENSION

I. Make up a list of words and phrases to describe the boy's behaviour at school.

II. Find and read out the sentences proving that:

1. Larry Delaney was favourably impressed by the characters of school stories.
2. Moloney's «teaching methods» were oppressive.

3. Delaney kept a stiff upper lip and went through the ordeal with dignity.
4. The boys considered Delaney's behaviour abnormal.

III. Choose the right answer and prove your point of view:
Why do you think Delaney told a lie about the reason of his being late for school at the end of the story ?
1. He was afraid of the Murderer.
2. The boy had a lame excuse and didn't want to get into trouble.
3. Delaney didn't want the boys to laugh at him.
4. The boy was defeated and gave up his new principles.
5. Delaney knew it was no good and felt guilty.

IV. Paraphrase and comment on the following:
1. I couldn't help being disgusted at the bad way things were run in our school.
2. They couldn't believe but that I was deliberately trailing my coat.
3. I realized that if I was to keep on terms with the invisible presences I should have to watch my step at school.
4. «Dirty, filthy English rubbish.»

TEXT INTERPRETATION

Introduction

The story under consideration provides a deep insight into the educational system of Ireland before the first world war. It is told in the name of the main personage. By using this form the author gives a more effective description of the protagonist and theme and creates a sincere and truthful tone of the narration. At the same time he offers an indirect interpretation of his material. It is up to the reader to judge the characters from what they think, say or do.

I. Comment on the atmosphere that reigned at the school considering:
1. the conditions in which the children studied;
2. the role of religion;
3. the relations between the pupils;
4. corporal punishment.

Make use of the following vocabulary:
frustrating, discouraging, to encourage smb. to do smth, wrong doing, to be in the habit of doing smth, to spy on, to flatter, to report on smb, to cultivate, sneaks, cowards (cowardly, cowardice), to forbid to do smth, to use corporal punishment (caning), wicked, ill-mannered, distrustful, hostile, to provoke smb to do smth/into doing smth, to put the blame on someone else, to hurt, to do smb harm, not to be concerned with.

II. Speak on the way Delaney took the punishment. What did he suffer from: physical pain or humiliation ?

III. The main character (the protagonist) in involved in conflicts with a) Murderer Moloney; b) the class; c) his own nature. Analyse Delaney's conflict with Murderer Moloney as suggested by the following questions:

Is it the central conflict of the story ? What gave rise to the conflict between the boy and the Murderer ? Why was the Murderer's «professional pride» wounded ? Did the Murderer take it out on the boy ? Did the boy give in ? What sustained Delaney in his conflict with Moloney ? What episode intensified the conflict and brought it to a climax (the point of greatest intensity)? What emotional reversal took place in Delaney's soul ? What made Delaney the hero of the school for the whole afternoon? Was the Murderer defeated ? Why ?

IV. Analyse Delaney's conflict with the class. Give the necessary evidence from the text.

V. Consider the conflict between Delaney and his own nature. Do you think he gave in ? Why /Why not ? Comment on the title of the story.

VI. Is Delaney a static or developing character ? If the latter, how does he change in the course of the story and why ?

VII. What is your impression of Larry Delaney ?

VIII. Characterize Moloney. He is never referred to as a teacher, but as a murderer. Why?

IX. Is Gormon an unsympathetic character ? His direct characteristics are: handsome, sulky, spoiled and sneering. What does his indirect characterization imply ?

X. State the theme. What personal qualities may prevent one from making a teacher ?

XI. Interpret the story in a lengthy monologue.

XII. Illustrate the proverb «Like teacher, like pupil» on the basis of the story you have read.

ОБУЧЕНИЕ СМЫСЛОВОМУ АНАЛИЗУ
ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

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