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Данное учебно-методическое пособие предназначено для обучающихся по направлению «Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)». Пособие составлено на английском языке согласно требованиям профиля подготовки «История и иностранный (английский) язык» и имеет практическую профессиональную направленность: учебно-методическое пособие готовит студентов к самостоятельному чтению, пониманию и интерпретации литературы на языке оригинала. В пособии использованы материалы энциклопедий, словарей и справочников. Специфика пособия заключается в комплексном подходе к изложению материала: в нем подробно разъяснены не только теоретические основы лингвистического анализа художественного текста, но и основные термины и понятия данного предмета, представлен ход анализа на примере литературных произведений и предложены аутентичные тексты произведений для самостоятельного анализа.

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ОТ АВТОРОВ

Учебно-методическое пособие “Linguistic Analysis of English Fiction” по чтению и интерпретации художественного текста составлено на материале оригинальных художественных произведений. Пособие представлено на английском языке согласно требованиям профиля подготовки «История и иностранный (английский) язык». Цель пособия – усовершенствовать навыки самостоятельной работы студентов над художественным текстом. В результате обучения с использованием материалов пособия студенты должны развить навыки чтения, понимания и интерпретации текста на языке оригинала.

Пособие состоит трех разделов. В первой главе излагаются теоретические основы лингвистического анализа художественного текста и приведен ход анализа. Во второй главе предложены аутентичные тексты, которые дополнены примерами анализов, представленных в приложении (Appendix 4). Перед текстом каждого произведения приводится краткое биографическое описание. Рассказы сопровождаются упражнениями, которые обеспечивают формирование лексико-грамматических навыков, а также контролируют знание студентами материала текстов. В третьей главе даны тексты для самостоятельного анализа. В приложении представлены развернутая схема анализа и общие рекомендации (Appendix 1), определения основных терминов и понятий (Appendix 2), лексические единицы для лингвистического анализа текста (Appendix 3).

Данное пособие может быть использовано на занятиях по чтению оригинальной художественной литературы на английском языке. Авторы пособия выражают благодарность научным редакторам за оказанную методическую помощь и консультации по вопросам языкового оформления пособия.

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Chapter 1. Linguistic analysis of a literary text: theory

1. Introduction

Literature is language in which the various elements and components of the text are brought into a complex relation [5, c. 29]. When language is removed from other contexts, detached from other purposes, it can be interpreted as literature [5, c. 25]. Literary text is created by a peculiar use of language, a language that evokes rich imagery. Literary language is ordinary language "deformed" in various ways [8, c. 3]. The artistic language and aesthetic properties of a literary text are the subject matter of its analysis. Among the most significant notions we distinguish literariness, fictionality, aesthetic function of language, and intertextuality.

Literariness is a set of linguistic and formal properties that distinguish literary texts from non-literary texts, according to the theories of Russian Formalism. Literariness was understood in terms of defamiliarization, as a series of deviations from 'ordinary' language (R. Jakobson). It thus appears as a relation between different uses of language, in which the contrasted uses are liable to shift according to changed contexts [1, c. 141].

In terms of **fictionality,** a work of literature can be defined as a verbal text modeled upon the real physical and social world to which meanings in the text are related. Literary works refer to imaginary rather than historical individuals (Emma Bovary, Huckleberry Finn). The fictionality of literature separates language from other contexts in which it might be used and leaves the work's relation to the world open to interpretation [5, c. 31].

The features of literature discussed so far, literature as fiction and literature as the integration of language, may be brought together under the general heading of the **aesthetic function of language**. Aesthetics is historically the name for the theory of art and has involved debates about whether beauty is an objective property of works of art or a subjective response of viewers, and about the relation of the beautiful to the true and the good [5, c. 32]. A literary work is an aesthetic object because, with other communicative functions initially bracketed or suspended, it engages readers to consider the interrelation between form and content [5, c. 33].

Literature is also regarded as intertextual or self-reflexive construct [5, c. 33]. **Intertextuality** is the name often given to the manner in which texts

of all sorts (oral, visual, literary, virtual) contain references to other texts that have, in some way, contributed to their production and signification. The notion was initially introduced by Julia Kristeva who envisaged texts as functioning along two axes: the horizontal axis determines the relationship between the reader and the text whilst the vertical axis contains the complex set of relations of the text to other texts [4, c. 121].

There are five main approaches to literature:

1. Text-oriented approach is primarily concerned with questions of language and style, and the formal structure of literary works.
2. Author-oriented approach tries to establish connections between the work of art and the biography of its creator.
3. Reader-oriented approach focuses on the reception of texts and the texts' general impact on their audiences.
4. Context-oriented approach tries to place literary texts against the background of historical, social, or political developments at the same time attempting to classify texts according to genres as well as historical periods.
5. Literary critique or evaluation [16].

Not less important notions of literary text analysis are message, theme, verbal means, and rhetoric.

Message is the underlying thought content or idea of the text. Message can be conveyed explicitly (openly, directly) or implicitly. The sense of analysis is to find the author's implications. It is necessary to find out how each element of the work contributes to the general message [17].

Theme is defined as a main idea or an underlying meaning of a literary work, which may be stated directly or indirectly. Major and minor themes are two types of themes that appear in literary works. A major theme is an idea that a writer repeats in his literary work, making it the most significant idea in the work. A minor theme, on the other hand, refers to an idea that appears in a work briefly, giving way to another minor theme. A theme provides a unifying point around which the plot, characters, setting, point of view, symbols, and other elements of a work are organized. Themes often explore timeless and universal ideas [17].

Verbal means are the choice of words. The arrangement of words makes up the style. In the context words acquire connotations in different contexts (additional meaning). The work of art is based on the interaction of elements and works to cause, provoke the emotional and intellectual response

of the reader. One more important notion is **rhetoric**. Since classical times rhetoric has been the study of the persuasive and expressive resources of language: the techniques of language and thought that can be used to construct effective discourses [5, c. 69].

In fiction, the relation of what speakers say to what authors think is always a matter of interpretation. Non-fictional discourse is usually embedded in a context that tells you how to take it: an instruction manual, a newspaper report, a letter from a charity. The context of fiction, though, explicitly leaves open the question of what the fiction is really about [5, c. 31]. The features of literature discussed may be brought together under the general heading of the aesthetic function of language. According to Wolfgang Iser, a literary work has two poles: the aesthetic and the artistic. The artistic pole is the author's text, and the aesthetic is the realisation accomplished by the reader [5, c. 32].

2. Plot and narrative structure

Plot is a complex of events and a compositional whole. Plot is the main events of a play, novel, or similar work, devised and presented by the writer as an interrelated sequence. Plot or story is the material that is presented, ordered from a certain point of view by discourse (different versions of 'the same story') [4, c. 178].

There are five main elements in a plot:

1. The first is the exposition or the introduction. This is known as the beginning of the story where characters and setting are established. The conflict or main problem is introduced as well.

Setting is often given at the beginning of the story or a novel – in this case it becomes a part of the **exposition**. Exposition is introduction, preliminary information about characters or events: time, place, etc. Setting can provide the atmosphere of the text. The scenery can be the reflection of the character's feelings and a part of characterization. The term setting is also used to refer to the social milieu in which the events of a story occur. Setting of a story can be understood better by looking at the following factors:

1) Time: When is the story taking place? (Present, Past, Future, year, date, etc.);

2) Place: Where is the story taking place? (palace, village, city, urban, rural, suburban);

3) Culture: What are the social characteristics of the characters? (speech, dress, mannerisms, customs);

4) Mood/Atmosphere – What feeling is created at the beginning of the story? (tragic, comic, thrilling, etc.).

2. The second element of a plot is known as the **rising action** which occurs when a series of events build up to the conflict. The main characters are established by the time the rising action of a plot occurs and at the same time, events begin to get complicated. It is during this part of a story that excitement, tension or crisis is encountered.

The pivot of every plot is a conflict. **Conflict** is an opposition or struggle between people or forces. 2 major types of conflict are external (between a man and outside world, society) and internal (inside a character, i.e. feelings and duty). Any conflict depends on the author. Conflict often reflects extratextual elements. The development of a conflict after exposition is called **complications**. The conflict develops gradually, and each step brings us further to understanding.

3. The third element of a plot is known as the **climax** or the main point of the plot. This is the turning point of the story and is meant to be the moment of highest interest and emotion. The reader wonders what is going to happen next. Climax is the point when the conflict becomes clear.

4. The fourth element of a plot is known as **falling action** or the winding up of the story. Events and complications begin to resolve and the result of actions of the main characters are put forward.

5. The last element of a plot is the resolution or the conclusion (denouement). It is the end of a story and ends with either a happy or a tragic ending. **Denouement** is the unwinding of events, their outcome which usually follows the climax. It is the neat end of a plot, the final resolution of all conflicts in a play, the tying up of loose ends, usually in the last act or even scene. If there is no denouement, the end of the book is open [17].

Narrative structure can be defined as the structural framework that establishes the order and manner in which a narrative is presented to a reader, viewer, or a listener. Since structure is a matter of arrangement, it includes the formal ordering of the content in time. We distinguish such temporal forms as linear and fugal (non-linear narrative) [4, c. 92].

A non-linear narrative (fugal form) does not proceed in a straight-line fashion. Fugal form is characteristic of modernist experimental writing, which takes liberties with chronology on the grounds that literature need not present life in a linear form. Linear works, of course, may give more or less reading-time to similar periods of narrative time, but fugal works, in addition, rearrange temporal sequence so that first and last things come not in order but where they will make most impact (usually by standing in juxtaposition) [4, c. 92]. **Linear narrative** is not broken up. A character would go through the entire journey only to end up right back where they started.

One of the ways to break chronology are frame story and digression. **Frame story** is a story within a story. A **digression** is a stylistic device authors employ to create a temporary departure from the main subject of the narrative, to focus on apparently unrelated topics, explaining background details. However, after this temporary shift, authors return to the main topic at the end of the narrative. When the chronological order is broken, the author gives the important information at the end. This device is called **retardation** [17].

The position from which the story is told is called "point of view". Two are common: first- and third-person narration. In a story with **the first-person narration**, the story is usually told by one of the characters, and is narrated from the "I" point of view. Narration from the first-person point of view has obvious advantages: it enables the author to enter the intimacy of the protagonist's mind, in a "stream of consciousness" manner or otherwise. But there are also limitations to this form of narration: if access to the hero is privileged and extensive, the thoughts and feelings of the other characters remain a matter of conjecture to hero, author and reader alike.

The **third-person narrative**: the narrator only describes the events and characters not as a participant in the story but as an unspecified entity that conveys the story without being involved in it. The narrator refers to the character as narrative 'he', 'she', 'it', or 'they'. A third person narrator can be: objective or subjective, omniscient or limited [4, c. 182]. **Omniscient (all-knowing) narrator** plays no part in the story, but can tell us the innermost thoughts and feelings of all the characters. The narrator is aware of the past, the present, and the future of the characters. He also has knowledge about events occurring simultaneously in different places. The omniscient narrator has a full knowledge of the story's events and of the motives and

unspoken thoughts of the various characters. He or she will also be capable of describing events happening simultaneously in different places – a capacity not normally available to the limited "point of view" of "first-person narratives" [4, c. 178].

We can also define the **second-person narrative** where the narrator uses the pronoun 'You' (few authors attempt the second-person: John Fowles, Lewis Grassic Gibbon, Michel Butor) [4, c. 182].

3. System of images and means of characterization

Image is the subjective reflection of reality, the way the author sees it. Images are always emotively coloured [17]. There are macro- and micro-images: micro-image in the text is a word and macro-image is the text as a whole. Main images are characters.

A **character** is the representation of a person in a narrative work of art. A character can be any person, a figure, an inanimate object, or animal. There are different types of characters, and each serves its unique function in a story or a piece of literature. There are many types of the characters that include:

1) **Confidante**: a confidante is someone in whom the main character confides. He reveals the central character's thoughts, intentions, and personality traits. However, a confidante need not necessarily be a person.

2) **Dynamic character**: a dynamic character changes during the course of a novel or a story. This change in character or his/her outlook is permanent.

3) **Static character**: a static character remains the same throughout the whole story. Even the events in a story or novel do not change character's outlook, perceptions, habits, personality, or motivations.

4) **Antagonist**: an antagonist is a bad guy, or an opponent of the protagonist or the main character. The action in the story arises from a conflict between the protagonist and the antagonist. The antagonist can be a person, an inanimate object, an animal, or nature itself.

5) **Protagonist**: every story has a protagonist, the main character, who creates the action of the plot and engages readers, arousing their empathy and interest. The protagonist is often a hero or heroine of the story, as the whole plot moves around him or her.

6) **Round character**: the round characters are well-developed and complex figures in a story. They are more realistic, and demonstrate more depth in their personalities. They can make surprising or puzzling decisions, and attract readers' attention. There are many factors that may affect them, and round characters react to such factors realistically.

7) **Flat character**: a flat character does not change during a story. He or she usually only reveals one or two personality traits.

8) **Stock character**: a stock character is a flat character that is instantly recognizable by readers. Like a flat character, the stock character does not undergo any development throughout the story [17].

Many characters have **prototypes** – real people on whom the character is based. Some characters may have many prototypes; in this case, we speak about **composite image**. The characters can be major (central) and minor (or secondary). We may have a character that reflects the author's biographical experience (**an autobiographical hero**). Sometimes the main character may not exactly reflect the author's life story but may convey thoughts and feelings (**lyrical hero**). There can also be a character that directly formulates the author's ideas. Such character is called **author's mouthpiece**. If a character possesses features, which are common to the big groups, such characters are called **types** [1, c. 265].

Means of characterization can be **direct** and **indirect**. Direct characterization tells the readers what the personality of the character is [1, c. 37]. Indirect characterization reveals the personality of a character through different methods: speech; thoughts; actions; looks.

4. Stages of analysis

1) Write an introduction, which contains information about the author of a literary work. There should be included some facts of the writer's biography and his or her creativity. Apart from this data, the student is encouraged to provide information about a short story or a novel from which the excerpt under analysis is taken.

2) Give a summary of the extract that must be concise and logically structured.

3) Dwell on the structure of the text: identify exposition, complications, climax and denouement, if possible. Define the narrative

structure, identify whether the text is the first- or the third-person narration. Say what forms of subject matter presentation are main in the text and in what parts (this could be the author's narration, description, dialogue, psychological portraiture of the characters).

4) Analyze the general atmosphere of the text: it may be dry, bright, unemotional, emotional, tense, vivid, dramatic, humorous, tragic, ironical, satirical, etc.) Exemplify how the author creates this or that kind of atmosphere by selecting words and stylistic devices that help him or her to do it.

5) Give the general characteristics of the style of the extract under analysis. Say which vocabulary and syntax the author uses. Provide the examples of any instances when colloquial or/and bookish vocabulary is employed; give a reason why the author uses it. Say if the author uses literary devices sparingly or amply.

6) Provide analysis of the means of characterization. Tell about the characters of the extract, whether they are described directly or indirectly through their actions, speech, thoughts, appearance. Say if the author's attitude to the characters is expressed clearly enough or is it not expressed. Exemplify from the text.

7) Explain the main idea (or message) of the text. To clarify, answer the following questions: what did the author of the extract (short story) want to tell the reader, what were the underlying thoughts and ideas of the author?

8) Give your own evaluation of the text (extract) under analysis. Express your own attitude to the main message of the given text as well as other ideas communicated by the writer. State whether these ideas are significant and meaningful.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101)

Chapter 2. Analysis of fiction literature: practice

1. The Model Millionaire by Oscar Wilde

Biography

Oscar Wilde (born October 16, 1854, Dublin, Ireland—died November 30, 1900, Paris, France), Irish wit, poet, and dramatist whose reputation rests on his only novel, The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891), and on his comic masterpieces Lady Windermere's Fan (1892) and The Importance of Being Earnest (1895). He was a spokesman for the late 19th-century Aesthetic movement in England, which advocated art for art's sake, and he was the object of celebrated civil and criminal suits ending in his imprisonment (1895–97).

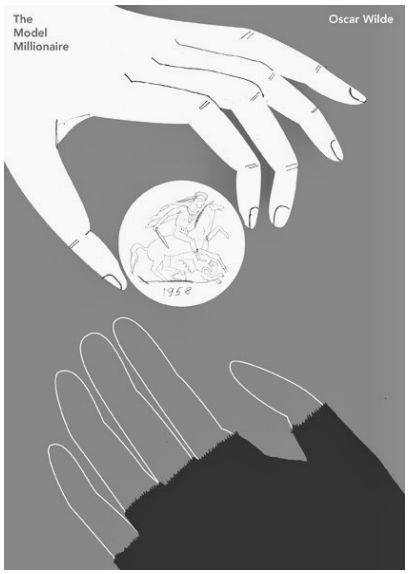
After attending Portora Royal School, Enniskillen (1864–71), Wilde went, on successive scholarships, to Trinity College, Dublin (1871–74), and Magdalen College, Oxford (1874–78), which awarded him a degree with honours. During these four years, he distinguished himself not only as a Classical scholar, a poseur, and a wit but also as a poet by winning the coveted Newdigate Prize in 1878 with a long poem, Ravenna. He was deeply impressed by the teachings of the English writers John Ruskin and Walter Pater on the central importance of art in life and particularly by the latter's stress on the aesthetic intensity by which life should be lived.

Wilde's greatest successes were his society comedies. Within the conventions of the French "well-made play" (with its social intrigues and artificial devices to resolve conflict), he employed his paradoxical, epigrammatic wit to create a form of comedy new to the 19th-century English theatre. In many of his works, exposure of a secret sin or indiscretion and consequent disgrace is a central design.

Wilde was released from prison on 18 May 1887 and immediately left for France, never to return to England. Very soon, he wrote 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol', his last major work. Sometime around 25 November 1900, Wilde developed meningitis, stemming from the ear wound he had developed

in prison and died from it on 30 November 1900. Initially he was buried in the Cimetière de Bagneux outside Paris. In 1900, he had Wilde's remains transferred to Père Lachaise Cemetery. The tomb, which took around ten months to complete, was built by sculptor Jacob Epstein while the plinth was built by Charles Holden. The inscription on it was carved by Joseph Cribb [20].

Read the short story The Model Millionaire



Unless one is wealthy there is no use in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realised. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said a brilliant or even an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a History of the Peninsular War in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking-glass, put the second on a shelf between Ruff's Guide and Bailey's Magazine, and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea-merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of pekoe and souchong. Then he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer; the sherry was a little too dry. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoe-strings. They were the handsomest

couple in London, and had not a penny-piece between them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

'Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it,' he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum in those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.

One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with a freckled face and a red ragged beard. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his personal charm. 'The only people a painter should know,' he used to say, 'are people who are bête and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Men who are dandies and women who are darlings rule the world, at least they should do so.' However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirits and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent entrée to his studio.

When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life-size picture of a beggar-man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression.

Over his shoulders was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leant on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

'What an amazing model!' whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

'An amazing model?' shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; 'I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. A trouvaille, mon cher; a living Velasquez! My stars! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!'

'Poor old chap!' said Hughie, 'how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?'

'Certainly,' replied Trevor, 'you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?'

‘How much does a model get for sitting?’ asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

‘A shilling an hour.’

‘And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?’

‘Oh, for this I get two thousand!’

‘Pounds?’

‘Guineas. Painters, poets, and physicians always get guineas.’

‘Well, I think the model should have a percentage,’ cried Hughie, laughing; ‘they work quite as hard as you do.’

‘Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one’s easel! It’s all very well, Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments when Art almost attains to the dignity of manual labour. But you mustn’t chatter; I’m very busy. Smoke a cigarette, and keep quiet.’

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the framemaker wanted to speak to him.

‘Don’t run away, Hughie,’ he said, as he went out, ‘I will be back in a moment.’

The old beggar-man took advantage of Trevor’s absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. ‘Poor old fellow,’ he thought to himself, ‘he wants it more than I do, but it means no hansoms for a fortnight’; and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar’s hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. ‘Thank you, sir,’ he said, ‘thank you.’

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.

That night he strolled into the Palette Club about eleven o’clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking-room drinking hock and seltzer.

‘Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?’ he said, as he lit his cigarette.

‘Finished and framed, my boy!’ answered Trevor; ‘and, by the bye, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you - who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have.’

‘My dear Alan,’ cried Hughie, ‘I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old wretch! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home - do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits.’

‘But he looks splendid in them,’ said Trevor. ‘I wouldn’t paint him in a frock coat for anything.

What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I’ll tell him of your offer.’

‘Alan,’ said Hughie seriously, ‘you painters are a heartless lot.’

‘An artist’s heart is his head,’ replied Trevor; ‘and besides, our business is to realise the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. À chacun son métier. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her.’ ‘You don’t mean to say you talked to him about her?’ said Hughie.

‘Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless colonel, the lovely Laura, and the £10,000.’

‘You told that old beggar all my private affairs?’ cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

‘My dear boy,’ said Trevor, smiling, ‘that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London to-morrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plate, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses.’

‘What on earth do you mean?’ exclaimed Hughie.

‘What I say,’ said Trevor. ‘The old man you saw today in the studio was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar. Que voulez-vous? La fantaisie d’un millionnaire! And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags, or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain.’

‘Baron Hausberg!’ cried Hughie. ‘Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!’ and he sank into an armchair the picture of dismay.

‘Gave him a sovereign!’ shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. ‘My dear boy, you’ll never see it again. Son affaire c’est l’argent des autres.’

‘I think you might have told me, Alan,’ said Hughie sulkily, ‘and not have let me make such a fool of myself.’

‘Well, to begin with, Hughie,’ said Trevor, ‘it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one - by Jove, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was not at home to-day to any one; and when you came in I didn’t know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn’t in full dress.’

‘What a duffer he must think me!’ said Hughie.

‘Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn’t make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He’ll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner.’

‘I am an unlucky devil,’ growled Hughie. ‘The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn’t tell any one. I shouldn’t dare show my face in the Row.’

‘Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie. And don’t run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like.’

However, Hughie wouldn’t stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card on which was written, ‘Monsieur Gustave Naudin, de la part de M. le Baron Hausberg.

‘I suppose he has come for an apology,’ said Hughie to himself; and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and grey hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, ‘Have I the honour of addressing Monsieur Erskine?’

Hughie bowed.

‘I have come from Baron Hausberg,’ he continued. ‘The Baron - ’

‘I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincerest apologies,’ stammered Hughie.

‘The Baron,’ said the old gentleman with a smile, ‘has commissioned me to bring you this letter’; and he extended a sealed envelope.

On the outside was written, ‘A wedding present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar,’ and inside was a cheque for £10,000.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast.

‘Millionaire models,’ remarked Alan, ‘are rare enough; but, by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still!’ [27]

Glossary:

Accomplishment – достижение;
Apology – прощение;
Battered – изношенный;
Bequeath – завещать;
Best-man – друг жениха;
Buoyant – веселый;
Cavalry – кавалерия;
Chuckling – (тихо) смеяться, посмеиваться;
Cobbled – грубо отремонтированный;
Commission – поручение, заказ;
Conquest – победа;
Consolation – утешение;
Coppers – сдача, медные монеты;
Duffer – бестолковый;
Extravagance – расточительный;
Forlorn – одинокий;
Freckled – покрытый веснушками;
Frock-coat – сюртук;
Ineffectual – безрезультатный, бесплодный, напрасный;
Magnificent – великолепный, величественный;
Parchment – рукопись на пергаменте;
Prosaic – неинтересный, прозаичный, скучный;
Sherry – херес;

Sovereign – соверен (золотая монета в один фунт стерлингов);
Stammer – заикаться;
Stroll – прогулка;
Sulkily – неодобрительно;
Withered – иссохший, сморщенный, изнурённый;
Wizened – иссохший, морщинистый;
Wretched – бедный, несчастный.

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Find the following phrases in the text and translate them:

to be no use in doing smth.; to bequeath smb.; bulls and bears; to be on one's way; drop in to do smth.; bright buoyant spirits; to slip into; take one's leave; overdraw one's account; to sink into smth.; to enter one's mind; to make out; to distribute alms; in a reckless way; to offer apologies to smb. for smth.

2) Use the phrases from ex. 1 to fill in the gaps (some words will require modifications):

1) There's _____ asking me about it, because I don't know anything.
2) Her father _____ her the family fortune in his will.
3) I'll _____ in to bring you the book someday.
4) She was in _____ spirits and they were looking forward to their new life.
5) Nancy _____ into her pajamas.
6) He stayed on after most of the guests had taken their _____.
7) It never _____ my mind to leave the tent and live in a house.
8) Alms were _____ to those in need.

3) Match the words (1-15) with their definitions (A-O):

1. prosaic	A. a casual visit or brief stop
2. ill-natured	B. a frame for supporting something (such as an artist's

	canvas)
3. crisp	C. a period of two weeks
4. clear-cut	D. a stiff, flat, thin material made from the prepared skin of an animal and used as a durable writing surface in ancient and medieval times
5. to bequeath	E. being in poor condition: miserable, wretched
6. ineffectual	F. having a bad disposition
7. consolation	G. having close stiff or wiry curls or waves
8. to drop in	H. not producing the proper or intended effect
9. parchment	I. ordinary and not especially interesting or unusual
10. cobbled	J. paved with cobblestones
11. alms	K. sharply outlined
12. etching	L. something (such as money or food) given freely to relieve the poor
13. easel	M. the act or an instance of comforting
14. forlorn	N. the art of producing pictures or designs by printing from an etched metal plate
15. fortnight	O. to give or leave by will

4) Find the English equivalents from the text:

привлечь внимание; грубый; вьющиеся волосы; растрачивать; зарабатывать деньги; классовое сознание; что ещё хуже; ухудшать положение; убегать; золотая монета; прощаться; между прочим; сюртук (пальто); явить (показать кого-либо); шафер.

5) Complete the given table by explaining the phrasal verbs from the story:

Phrasal Verb	Explanation
1. burst into	to start producing something suddenly with great force
2. care for	
3. crop in	
4. go about	
5. take up	
6. look up	
7. see about	
8. show up	
9. sink into	
10. on account of	
11. hold out	

Comprehension exercises:

1) Read the text and provide the proper sequence of events that take place in the story from the sentences given below:

1) Laura scolded him for his recklessness.
2) Alan Trevor was the best man at their wedding.
3) Hughie Erskine had tried every profession but ultimately he had to give up.
4) The Baron gave him ten thousand pounds as a wedding gift.
5) Taking pity on him, he gave the beggar the one pound he had in his pocket.
6) The Baron called Hughie a model millionaire.
7) He visited Alan's studio and found him busy painting a portrait of a beggar.
8) When Hughie found out the truth about the beggar, he felt very unhappy while Alan laughed at him.

9) He was in love with Laura Merton but he could not marry her because her father wanted him to earn ten thousand pounds.
10) The beggar was, in fact, Baron Hausberg, who was one of the richest men in the country [30].

2) Read the text and find the most suitable answers to the questions:

1) Hughie was unable to make money because:
A) his father did not leave him any inheritance;
B) the young man did not find a good business to start;
C) he did not possess the abilities to make money;
D) he was too honest to trade.

2) What was Trevor's attitude towards Hughie:
A) He liked Hughie because of his charming manners;
B) He felt sorry for Hughie;
C) He felt it was right for a painter to know such people as Hughie;
D) He liked Hughie's personality.

3) Which of the following sentences is true?
A) Hughie understood that he did not need that money as much as the beggar did;
B) Hughie thought that a sovereign was too much to give away and wished he had some change;
C) At first Hughie did not want to give the money as it was going to cause troubles to him;
D) Hughie did not need the sovereign anyway.

4) What did Alan Trevor really think about Hughie's gesture to the Baron?
A) Hughie should apologize to the Baron;
B) It showed him as a good and generous man;
C) It was funny;
D) Hughie should hope for some profit [30].

3) What characteristics of Hughie have been described in the story? Pick out the describing words and attribute them to Hughie, Alan and the Baron:

magnificent; wealthy; forlorn; model; charming; real; master; duffer; wizened old man; clear-cut profile; unlucky devil; miserable; unemployed; grey eyes; popular; delightful; rough fellow; freckled face; reckless; piteous [30].

Character	Describing words
1. Hughie Erskine	
2. Alan Trever	
3. Baron Hausberg	

4) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix 2. p. 104)

1. 'Finished and framed, my boy!' answered Trevor; 'and, by the bye, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you – who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have.'

2. 'The only people a painter should know,' he used to say, 'are people who are bête and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Men who are dandies and women who are darlings rule the world, at least they should do so.'

3. Over his shoulders was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he

leant on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

4. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea-merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of pekoe and souchong. Then he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer; the sherry was a little too dry.

5) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

6) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 124); pay your attention to "Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text" section (Appendix 3. p. 133) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

7) Study the sample analysis

Note: sample analyses can be found in the last section of the textbook (Appendix 4. p. 136).

2. The Verger by W. Somerset Maugham

Biography

William Somerset Maugham (January 25, 1874 – December 16, 1965) was an English playwright, novelist, and short story writer. He was one of the most popular authors of his era, and although he did not receive the same critical acclaim as did his modernist contemporaries with their more experimental prose styles, he was reputedly the highest paid of his profession during the 1930s. Maugham's modernism expressed itself not in his literary style, but in the themes of his stories, which demonstrated the disaffection of his characters with the modern world.

His reputation as a novelist rests primarily on four books: Of Human Bondage (1915), a semi-autobiographical account of a young medical student's painful progress toward maturity; The Moon and Sixpence (1919), an account of an unconventional artist, suggested by the life of Paul Gauguin; Cakes and Ale (1930), the story of a famous novelist, which is thought to contain caricatures of Thomas Hardy and Hugh Walpole; and The Razor's Edge (1944), the story of a young American war veteran's quest for a satisfying way of life. Maugham's plays, mainly Edwardian social comedies, soon became dated, but his short stories have increased in popularity. Many portray the conflict of Europeans in alien surroundings that provoke strong emotions, and Maugham's skill in handling plot, in the manner of Guy de Maupassant, is distinguished by economy and suspense. In The Summing Up (1938) and A Writer's Notebook (1949) Maugham explains his philosophy of life as a resigned atheism and a certain skepticism about the extent of man's innate goodness and intelligence; it is this that gives his work its astringent cynicism [34].

Read the short story The Verger

There had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's, Neville Square, and Albert Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He kept his new one, its folds as full and stiff though it were made not of alpaca but of

perennial bronze, for funerals and weddings (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church much favoured by the fashionable for these ceremonies) and now he wore only his second-best. He wore it with complacence for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and without it (when he took it off to go home) he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad. He took pains with it; he pressed it and ironed it himself. During the sixteen years he had been verger of this church he had had a succession of such gowns, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out and the complete series, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawers of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

The verger busied himself quietly, replacing the painted wooden cover on the marble font, taking away a chair that had been brought for an infirm old lady, and waited for the vicar to have finished in the vestry so that he could tidy up in there and go home. Presently he saw him walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar and come down the aisle; but he still wore his cassock.

"What's he 'anging about for?" the verger said to himself "Don't 'e know I want my tea?"

The vicar had been but recently appointed, a red-faced energetic man in the early forties, and Albert Edward still regretted his predecessor, a clergyman of the old school who preached leisurely sermons in a silvery voice and dined out a great deal with his more aristocratic parishioners. He liked things in church to be just so, but he never fussed; he was not like this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie. But Albert Edward was tolerant. St. Peter's was in a very good neighbourhood and the parishioners were a very nice class of people. The new vicar had come from the East End and he couldn't be expected to fall in all at once with the discreet ways of his fashionable congregation.

"All this 'ustle," said Albert Edward. "But give 'im time, he'll learn."

When the vicar had walked down the aisle so far that he could address the verger without raising his voice more than was becoming in a place of worship he stopped.

"Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute. I have something to say to you."

"Very good, sir."

The vicar waited for him to come up and they walked up the church together.

"A very nice christening, I thought sir. Funny 'ow the baby stopped cryin' the moment you took him."

"I've noticed they very often do," said the vicar, with a little smile. "After all I've had a good deal of practice with them."

It was a source of subdued pride to him that he could nearly always quiet a whimpering infant by the manner in which he held it and he was not unconscious of the amused admiration with which mothers and nurses watched him settle the baby in the crook of his surpliced arm. The verger knew that it pleased him to be complimented on his talent.

The vicar preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was a trifle surprised to find the two churchwardens there. He had not seen them come in. They gave him pleasant nods.

"Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir," he said to one after the other.

They were elderly men, both of them and they had been churchwardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been verger. They were sitting now at a handsome refectory table that the old vicar had brought many years before from Italy and the vicar sat down in the vacant chair between them. Albert Edward faced them, the table between him and them and wondered with slight uneasiness what was the matter. He remembered still the occasion on which the organist had got in trouble and the bother they had all had to hush things up. In a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, they couldn't afford scandal. On the vicar's red face was a look of resolute benignity but the others bore an expression that was slightly troubled.

"He's been naggin' them he 'as," said the verger to himself. "He's jockeyed them into doin' something, but they don't like it. That's what it is, you mark my words."

But his thoughts did not appear on Albert Edward's clean cut and distinguished features. He stood in a respectful but not obsequious attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed to his ecclesiastical office, but only in very good houses, and his deportment was irreproachable. Starting as a page-boy in the household of a merchant-prince he had risen by due degrees from the position of fourth to first footman, for a year he had been single-handed butler to a widowed peeress and, till the vacancy

occurred at St. Peter's, butler with two men under him in the house of a retired ambassador. He was tall, spare, grave and dignified. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialised in dukes' parts. He had tact, firmness and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

The vicar began briskly.

"Foreman, we've got something rather unpleasant to say to you. You've been here a great many years and I think his lordship and the general agree with me that you've fulfilled the duties of your office to the satisfaction of everybody concerned."

The two churchwardens nodded.

"But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The verger's face betrayed no sign of embarrassment.

"The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. "He said it didn't make no difference. He always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for 'is taste."

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard," cried the general. "Do you mean to say that you've been verger of this church for sixteen years and never learned to read or write?"

"I went into service when I was twelve sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to 'ave the knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to 'ave the time. I've never really found the want of it. I think a lot of these young fellows waste a rare lot of time readin' when they might be doin' something useful."

"But don't you want to know the news?" said the other churchwarden. "Don't you ever want to write a letter?"

"No, me lord, I seem to manage very well without. And of late years now they've all these pictures in the papers I get to know what's goin' on pretty well. Me wife's quite a scholar and if I want to write a letter she writes it for me. It's not as if I was a bettin' man."

The two churchwardens gave the vicar a troubled glance and then looked down at the table.

"Well, Foreman, I've talked the matter over with these gentlemen and they quite agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St.

Peter's Neville Square, we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write."

Albert Edward's thin, sallow face reddened and he moved uneasily on his feet, but he made no reply.

"Understand me, Foreman, I have no complaint to make against you. You do your work quite satisfactorily; I have the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity; but we haven't the right to take the risk of some accident that might happen owing to your lamentable ignorance. It's a matter of prudence as well as of principle."

"But couldn't you learn, Foreman?" asked the general.

"No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't, not now. You see, I'm not as young as I was and if I couldn't seem able to get the letters in me 'ead when I was a nipper I don't think there's much chance of it now."

"We don't want to be harsh with you, Foreman," said the vicar. "But the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We'll give you three months and if at the end of that time you cannot read and write I'm afraid you'll have to go."

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. He wasn't the type of man they wanted with a classy congregation like that. And now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

"I'm very sorry sir, I'm afraid it's no good. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. I've lived a good many years without knowin' 'ow to read and write, and without wishin' to praise myself, self-praise is no recommendation, I don't mind sayin' I've done my duty in that state of life in which it 'as pleased a merciful providence to place me, and if I could learn now I don't know as I'd want to."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes sir, I quite understand. I shall be 'appy to 'and in my resignation as soon as you've found somebody to take my place."

But when Albert Edward with his usual politeness had closed the church door behind the vicar and the two churchwardens he could not sustain the air of unruffled dignity with which he bad borne the blow inflicted upon him and his lips quivered. He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung up on its proper peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he thought of all the grand

funerals and smart weddings it had seen. He tidied everything up, put on his coat, and hat in hand walked down the aisle. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square, but deep in his sad thoughts he did not take the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited; he took the wrong turning. He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself. He did not fancy the notion of going back to domestic service; after being his own master for so many years, for the vicar and churchwardens could say what they liked, it was he that had run St. Peter's, Neville Square, he could scarcely demean himself by accepting a situation. He had saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something, and life seemed to cost more every year. He had never thought to be troubled with such questions. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the popes Rome, were there for life. He had often thought of the pleasant reference the vicar would make in his sermon at evensong the first Sunday after his death to the long and faithful service, and the exemplary character of their late verger, Albert Edward Foreman. He sighed deeply. Albert Edward was a non-smoker and a total abstainer, but with a certain latitude; that is to say he liked a glass of beer with his dinner and when he was tired he enjoyed a cigarette. It occurred to him now that one would comfort him and since he did not carry them he looked about him for a shop where he could buy a packet of Gold Flakes. He did not at once see one and walked on a little. It was a long street with all sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Albert Edward.

To make sure he walked right up the street again. No, there was no doubt about it. He stopped and looked reflectively up and down.

"I can't be the only man as walks along this street and wants a fag," he said. "I shouldn't wonder but what a fellow might do very well with a little shop here. Tobacco and sweets, you know."

He gave a sudden start.

"That's an idea," he said. "Strange 'ow things come to you when you least expect it."

He turned, walked home, and had his tea.

"You're very silent this afternoon, Albert," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinkin'," he said.

He considered the matter from every point of view and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a little shop to let that looked as though it would exactly suit him. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it and when a month after that he left St. Peter's, Neville Square, for ever, Albert Edward Foreman set up in business as a tobacconist and newsagent. His wife said it was a dreadful come-down after being verger of St. Peter's, but he answered that you had to move with the times, the church wasn't what it was, and 'enceforward he was going to render unto Caesar what was Caesar's. Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so it struck him that he might take a second shop and put a manager in. He looked for another long street that hadn't got a tobacconist in it and when he found it and a shop to let, took it and stocked it. This was a success too. Then it occurred to him that if he could run two he could run half a dozen, so he began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist and a shop to let he took it. In the course of ten years he had acquired no less than ten shops and he was making money hand over fist. He went round to all of them himself every Monday, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there paying in a bundle of notes and a heavy bag of silver the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Foreman, I wanted to have a talk to you about the money you've got on deposit with us. D'you know exactly how much it is?"

"Not within a pound or two, sir; but I've got a pretty rough idea."

"Apart from what you paid in this morning it's a little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and I should have thought you'd do better to invest it."

"I wouldn't want to take no risk, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."

"You needn't have the least anxiety. We'll make you out a list of absolutely gilt-edged securities. They'll bring you in a better rate of interest than we can possibly afford to give you."

A troubled look settled on Mr. Foreman's distinguished face. "I've never 'ad anything to do with stocks and shares and I'd 'ave to leave it all in your 'ands," he said.

The manager smiled. "We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is just to sign the transfers."

"I could do that all right, said Albert uncertainly. "But 'ow should I know what I was signin'?"

"I suppose you can read," said the manager a trifle sharply.

Mr. Foreman gave him a disarming smile.

"Well, sir, that's just it. I can't. I know it sounds funny-like but there it is, I can't read or write, only me name, an' I only learnt to do that when I went into business."

The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his chair.

"That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"You see it's like this, sir, I never 'ad the opportunity until it was too late and then some'ow I wouldn't. I got obstinate-like."

The manager stared at him as though he were a prehistoric monster.

"And do you mean to say that you've built up this important business and amassed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?"

"I can tell you that sir," said Mr. Foreman, a little smile on his still aristocratic features. "I'd be verger of St. Peter's, Neville Square." [35]

Glossary:

Aisle – проход (между рядами в церкви);
Be of perennial bronze – отлито из бронзы;
Be worn out – стать изношенным;
Bottom drawers of the wardrobe – нижние ящики гардероба;
Cassock – ряса, сутана (долгополая повседневная одежда католических и англиканских священнослужителей);
Christening – крещение;
Disconcerting sensation – неприятное чувство;
Ecclesiastical – церковный;
Evensong – вечерня (вечерняя церковная служба, часто с пением);
Folds – складки;
Gown – одеяние, платье, мантия;
He took pains with it – не жалея сил;
Insufficiently clad – недостаточно одет;
Marble font – мраморная купель;

Now he wore only his second-best – сейчас он был облачен в одеяние попроще;
Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. — библ. Отдавайте кесарево кесарю;
Surplice – стихарь (длинное облачение с широкими рукавами);
Verger – церковный служитель;
Vestry – ризница (в церкви), помещение для молитвенных и других собраний;
Vicar – приходский священник, викарий;
With complacence – с удовольствием.

Vocabulary exercises

1) Find the English equivalents from the text:

убирать, немного, второсортный, благоволить, сообщать, ответ, прилагать усилия, невежество, увольняться, обманывать, чуть старше сорока, умалчивать, попасть в беду, подавлять, не осознающий чего-либо, смыслить в чем-либо, необыкновенный, поступить низко, терпимость, быстро и легко, преуспевать, кесарево кесарю [35].

2) Complete the sentences with words and expressions from the glossary:

1) He wore it with _____ for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and without it (when he took it off to go home) he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad.
2) (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church much favoured by the fashionable for these ceremonies) and now he wore only his _____-best.
3) During the sixteen years he had been verger of this church he had had a succession of such _____, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out and the complete series, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawers of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

4) He kept his new one, its _____ as full and stiff though it were made not of alpaca but of perennial bronze, for funerals and weddings
5) Presently he saw him walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar and come down the _____; but he still wore his cassock.

3) Make up conditional sentences:

Example: (if/she/continue to favor him) ...
If she continues to favor him, I will leave the house.

1) (when/you/tidy up/apartment)...
2) (if/your child/have knack in languages)...
3) (if/you/get into trouble)...
4) (if/you/resign)...
5) (when/you/start to do well in your business)...
6) (if/he/make money hand over fist)...
7) (when/you/reply to my messages)...

4) Find other examples of conditional sentences in the text.

Comprehension exercises

1) Comment on the main character of the short story:

1) Who was Albert Edward? What can you say about him?
2) Did he like the newly appointed vicar? How was he different from the previous one?
3) What did the Albert think about the church and its parishioners? Why does he repeat that their congregation was "fashionable" and "aristocratic"?
4) What do you know about Albert's career? What did the vicar want to talk with Albert about? What did the verger reply to it?
5) Did the verger regret his resignation? What was he worried about after receiving the news? Was Albert an abstainer?

6) How does Albert's attitude towards drinking and smoking characterize him? Why did Albert succeed in business as a tobacconist and newsagent? What traits of character made him successful?
7) Why did he have to go to the bank? How did the manager find out about Albert's story? What happened in the end? [35]

2) Discuss the following questions with your partners:

1) Why were gowns so important for the verger? Why was he never able to throw the old gowns away?
2) What was the peculiarity of the verger's speech? Why does the author emphasize it?
3) Why was it important for the church to have a verger who could read and write? What was the true reason behind it?
4) Do you have any prejudices about people who don't have proper education? Can it really say something about a person? Does it immediately make them "ignorant"? Is diploma a guarantee of success in life?
5) Do you believe that people's misfortunes are their own fault? Do you think that when one door closes, another opens? [35]

3) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix 2. p. 104)

1) Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. He wasn't the type of man they wanted with a classy congregation like that. And now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

2) He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung up on its proper peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he thought of all the grand funerals and smart weddings it had seen. He tidied everything up, put on his coat, and hat in hand walked down the aisle. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square, but deep in his sad thoughts

he did not take the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited; he took the wrong turning. He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself.

3) His wife said it was a dreadful come-down after being verger of St. Peter's, but he answered that you had to move with the times, the church wasn't what it was, and 'enceforward he was going to render unto Caesar what was Caesar's.

4) The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to 'ave the knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to 'ave the time.

4) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

5) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

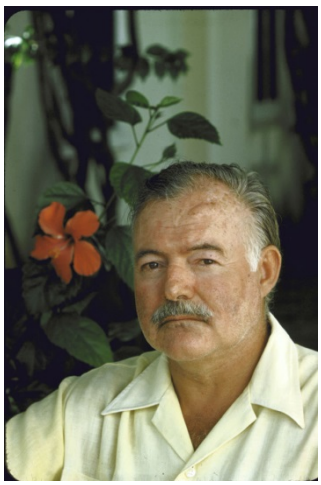
Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to “Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text” section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

6) Study the sample analysis

Note: sample analyses can be found in the last section of the textbook (Appendix 4. p. 113).

3. Cat in the Rain by Ernest Hemingway

Biography



Ernest Miller Hemingway was born on July 21, 1899, in Cicero (now in Oak Park), Illinois. Clarence and Grace Hemingway raised their son in this conservative suburb of Chicago, but the family also spent a great deal of time in northern Michigan, where they had a cabin. It was there that the future sportsman learned to hunt, fish and appreciate the outdoors.

In high school, Hemingway worked on his school newspaper, Trapeze and Tabula, writing primarily about sports. Immediately after graduation, the budding journalist went to work for the Kansas City Star, gaining experience that would later influence his distinctively stripped-down prose style.

Hemingway left behind an impressive body of work and an iconic style that still influences writers today. His personality and constant pursuit of adventure loomed almost as large as his creative talent.

When asked by George Plimpton about the function of his art, Hemingway proved once again to be a master of the "one true sentence": "From things that have happened and from things as they exist and from all things that you know and all those you cannot know, you make something through your invention that is not a representation but a whole new thing truer than anything true and alive, and you make it alive, and if you make it well enough, you give it immortality."

In August 2018, a 62-year-old short story by Hemingway, "A Room on the Garden Side," was published for the first time in The Strand Magazine. Set in Paris shortly after the liberation of the city from Nazi forces in 1944, the story was one of five composed by the writer in 1956 about his World War II experiences. It became the second story from the series to earn posthumous publication [10].

Read the short story Cat in the Rain

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Don't get wet,' he said.

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

'Il piove,' the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

'Si, Si, Signora, brutto tempo. It is very bad weather.'

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

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

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

'You must not get wet,' she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

'Ha perduto qualque cosa, Signora?'

'There was a cat,' said the American girl.

'A cat?'

'Si, il gatto.'

'A cat?' the maid laughed. 'A cat in the rain?'

'Yes, –' she said, 'under the table.' Then, 'Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty.'

When she talked English the maid's face tightened.

'Come, Signora,' she said. 'We must get back inside. You will be wet.'

'I suppose so,' said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs.

She opened the door of the room.

George was on the bed, reading.

'Did you get the cat?' he asked, putting the book down.

'It was gone.'

'Wonder where it went to,' he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

'I wanted it so much,' she said. 'I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain.'

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

'Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?' she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

'I like it the way it is.'

'I get so tired of it,' she said. 'I get so tired of looking like a boy.'

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

'You look pretty darn nice,' he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out.

It was getting dark.

'I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel,' she said. 'I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her.'

'Yeah?' George said from the bed.

'And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.'

'Oh, shut up and get something to read,' George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

'Anyway, I want a cat,' she said, 'I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat.'

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

'Avanti,' George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoiseshell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

‘Excuse me,’ she said, ‘the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora.’ [11]

Glossary:

Easel – мольберт;
Eaves – карниз;
Gravel paths – дорожки, покрытые гравием;
Momentary – мгновенный, молниеносный, моментальный;
To glisten – искриться; сиять; блестеть, сверкать
To pass on – продолжать, передавать;
To swing down – свисать.

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Define the following words and word combinations. Make up your own sentences with them.

1. to face
2. to glisten
3. easel
4. compact
5. dignity
6. to bow
7. supreme importance
8. to shift one's position
9. clipped

2) Give derivatives to the following words.

1. face
2. compact
3. dry
4. dignity
5. dead
6. complain
7. disappoint
8. supreme
9. tight [11]

3) Fill in the gaps using the expressions from the glossary:

1. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his _____.
2. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the _____ paths.
3. She had a _____ feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs.
4. It was made of bronze and _____ in the rain.
5. They did not know any of the people they _____ the stairs on their way to and from their room.

Comprehension exercises

1) Answer the questions:

1. Where was the couple staying? Did they know anybody there?
2. Who usually visited the public garden near the hotel? Why?
3. What was the weather like that day?
4. Was there anybody on the square?
5. What did the American wife see outside?
6. How did her husband react to it? And what did the girl reply?
7. Who did she see when she went downstairs?
8. What did she like about the hotel-keeper?
9. Who opened the umbrella in the doorway for her? Why?
10. Was the cat outside?
11. What did the girl feel when she was going back to her room?
12. What did she say about her hair in the room? What did her husband think about her hair?
13. What else did she want?
14. Who knocked at their door? Why?

2) Discussion points:

1. Give the description of the setting of the short story. Describe the place and time. Why does the author mention both the artists and the colours in the garden and the war monument? Does it tell anything about the time of the narration?

2. Why doesn't the author set his story on a typical sunny day on vacation? Why rain?
3. Describe the writing style of Hemingway. What is his tone in the story? Do you think the simplicity of his writing helps and adds to the meaning of the story? Do you like his style?
4. Explain the title of the story. Why is it called "Cat in the Rain" not "The Cat in the Rain"? Why is this cat so important to the American wife? Why does the woman sympathize it so much?
5. What can you guess about the background of this couple? Why did Hemingway choose the American couple in the Italian village? Can you guess: Why are they there in this Italian town? How long have they been there? How long have they been married? What do they feel and think about each other?
6. Why does she have all these different desires? Do you think she is happy? Is he interested in her desires?
7. What was this feeling of "great importance"? How does she feel about the padrone?
8. Do you think it is the same cat? Why did the padrone send the maid with the cat? What kind of a gesture is it?
9. What do you think is going to happen next? [11]

3) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix 2. p. 104)

1. There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel.
2. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain.
3. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

4. ‘And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.’

4) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

7) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to “Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text” section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

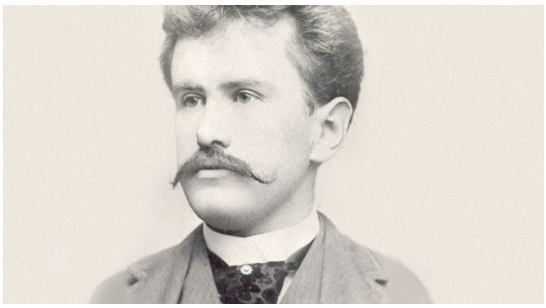
8) Study the sample analysis

Note: sample analyses can be found in the last section of the textbook (Appendix 4. p. 113).

Chapter 3. Literary works for analysis

1. While the Auto Waits by O. Henry

Biography



O. Henry, pseudonym of William Sydney Porter, original name William Sidney Porter, (born Sept. 11, 1862, Greensboro, N.C., U.S. – died June 5, 1910, New York, N.Y.), American short-story writer whose tales romanticized the commonplace — in particular the life of ordinary people in New York City. His stories expressed the effect of coincidence on character through humour, grim or ironic, and often had surprise endings, a device that became identified with his name and cost him critical favour when its vogue had passed.

Porter attended a school taught by his aunt, then clerked in his uncle's drugstore. In 1882 he went to Texas, where he worked on a ranch, in a general land office, and later as teller in the First National Bank in Austin. He began writing sketches at about the time of his marriage to Athol Estes in 1887, and in 1894 he started a humorous weekly, The Rolling Stone. When that venture failed, Porter joined the Houston Post as reporter, columnist, and occasional cartoonist.

In February 1896 he was indicted for embezzlement of bank funds. Friends aided his flight to Honduras. News of his wife's fatal illness, however, took him back to Austin, and lenient authorities did not press his case until after her death. When convicted, Porter received the lightest sentence possible, and in 1898 he entered the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; his sentence was shortened to three years and three months for good behaviour. As night druggist in the prison hospital, he could write to earn money for support of his daughter Margaret. His stories of adventure in the southwest U.S. and Central America were immediately popular with magazine readers, and when he emerged from prison W.S. Porter had become O. Henry.

In 1902 O. Henry arrived in New York—his "Bagdad on the Subway." From December 1903 to January 1906 he produced a story a week for the New York World, writing also for magazines. His first book, Cabbages and Kings (1904), depicted fantastic characters against exotic

Honduran backgrounds. Both The Four Million (1906) and The Trimmed Lamp (1907) explored the lives of the multitude of New York in their daily routines and searchings for romance and adventure. Heart of the West (1907) presented accurate and fascinating tales of the Texas range. Then in rapid succession came The Voice of the City (1908), The Gentle Grafter (1908), Roads of Destiny (1909), Options (1909), Strictly Business (1910), and Whirligigs (1910). Whirligigs contains perhaps Porter's funniest story, "The Ransom of Red Chief."

Despite his popularity, O. Henry's final years were marred by ill health, a desperate financial struggle, and alcoholism. A second marriage in 1907 was unhappy. After his death three more collected volumes appeared: Sixes and Sevens (1911), Rolling Stones (1912), and Waifs and Strays (1917). Later seven fugitive stories and poems, O. Henryana (1920), Letters to Lithopolis (1922), and two collections of his early work on the Houston Post, Postscripts (1923) and O. Henry Encore (1939), were published. Foreign translations and adaptations for other art forms, including films and television, attest his universal application and appeal [18].

While the Auto Waits

Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half-hour in which print could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impeccancy of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that; and there was one who knew it.

The young man who knew it hovered near, relying upon burnt sacrifices to the great joss, Luck. His piety was rewarded, for, in turning a page, her book slipped from her fingers and bounded from the bench a full yard away.

The young man pounced upon it with instant avidity, returning it to its owner with that air that seems to flourish in parks and public places - a compound of gallantry and hope, tempered with respect for the policeman on the beat. In a pleasant voice, be risked an inconsequent remark upon the

weather that introductory topic responsible for so much of the world's unhappiness-and stood poised for a moment, awaiting his fate.

The girl looked him over leisurely; at his ordinary, neat dress and his features distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression.

"You may sit down, if you like," she said, in a full, deliberate contralto. "Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk."

The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance.

"Do you know," he said, speaking the formula with which park chairmen open their meetings, "that you are quite the stunningest girl I have seen in a long time? I had my eye on you yesterday. Didn't know somebody was bowled over by those pretty lamps of yours, did you, honeysuckle?"

"Whoever you are," said the girl, in icy tones, "you must remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one - in your circle. I asked you to sit down; if the invitation must constitute me your honeysuckle, consider it withdrawn."

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young ran. His expression of satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. It was my fault, you know - I mean, there are girls in parks, you know - that is, of course, you don't know, but -".

"Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? Are they happy?"

The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry. His cue was now for a waiting part; he could not guess the role be would be expected to play.

"It is interesting to watch them," he replied, postulating her mood. "It is the wonderful drama of life. Some are going to supper and some to other places. One wonders what their histories are."

"I do not," said the girl; "I am not so inquisitive. I come here to sit because here, only, can I be tear the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr.?"

"Parkenstacker," supplied the young man. Then be looked eager and hopeful.

"No," said the girl, holding up a slender finger, and smiling slightly. "You would recognize it immediately. It is impossible to keep one's name out of print. Or even one's portrait. This veil and this hat of my maid furnish me with an incog. You should have seen the chauffeur stare at it when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I spoke to you, Mr. Stackenpot"

"Parkenstacker," corrected the young man, modestly.

"Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man one unspoiled by the despicable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! You do not know how weary I am of it -- money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds."

"I always had an idea," ventured the young man, hesitatingly, "that money must be a pretty good thing."

"A competence is to be desired. But when you leave so many millions that!" She concluded the sentence with a gesture of despair. "It is the monotony of it" she continued, "that palls. Drives, dinners, theatres, balls, suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad."

Mr. Parkenstacker looked ingenuously interested.

"I have always liked," he said, "to read and hear about the ways of wealthy and fashionable folks. I suppose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagne is cooled in the bottle and not by placing ice in the glass."

The girl gave a musical laugh of genuine amusement.

"You should know," she explained, in an indulgent tone, "that we of the non-useful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. Just now it is a fad to put ice in champagne. The idea was originated by a visiting Prince of Tartary while dining at the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some other whim. Just as at a dinner party this week on Madison Avenue a green kid glove was laid by the plate of each guest to be put on and used while eating olives."

"I see," admitted the young man, humbly.

"These special diversions of the inner circle do not become familiar to the common public."

"Sometimes," continued the girl, acknowledging his confession of error by a slight bow, "I have thought that if I ever should love a man it would be one of lowly station. One who is a worker and not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two. One is a Grand Duke of a German principality. I think he has, or has bad, a wife, somewhere, driven mad by his intemperance and cruelty. The other is an English Marquis, so cold and mercenary that I even prefer the diabolism of the Duke. What is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. Packenstacker?

"Parkenstacker," breathed the young man. "Indeed, you cannot know how much I appreciate your confidences."

The girl contemplated him with the calm, impersonal regard that befitted the difference in their stations.

"What is your line of business, Mr. Parkenstacker?" she asked.

"A very humble one. But I hope to rise in the world. Were you really in earnest when you said that you could love a man of lowly position?"

"Indeed I was. But I said 'might.' There is the Grand Duke and the Marquis, you know. Yes; no calling could be too humble were the man what I would wish him to be."

"I work," declared Mr. Parkenstacker, "in a restaurant." The girl shrank slightly.

"Not as a waiter?" she said, a little imploringly. "Labor is noble, but personal attendance, you know – valets and I am not a waiter. I am cashier in" - on the street they faced that bounded the opposite side of the park was the brilliant electric sign "RESTAURANT" - "I am cashier in that restaurant you see there."

The girl consulted a tiny watch set in a bracelet of rich design upon her left wrist, and rose, hurriedly. She thrust her book into a glittering reticule suspended from her waist, for which, however, the book was too large.

"Why are you not at work?" she asked.

"I am on the night turn," said the young man; it is yet an hour before my period begins. May I not hope to see you again?"

"I do not know. Perhaps - but the whim may not seize me again. I must go quickly now. There is a dinner, and a box at the play - and, oh! the same old round. Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body

"And red running gear?" asked the young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

"Yes. I always come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. Good-night."

"But it is dark now," said Mr. Parkenstacker, "and the park is full of rude men. May I not walk".

"If you have the slightest regard for my wishes," said the girl, firmly, "you will remain at this bench for ten minutes after I have left. I do not mean to accuse you, but you are probably aware that autos generally bear the monogram of their owner. Again, good-night"

Swift and stately she moved away through the dusk. The young man watched her graceful form as she reached the pavement at the park's edge, and turned up along it toward the corner where stood the automobile. Then he treacherously and unhesitatingly began to dodge and skim among the park trees and shrubbery in a course parallel to her route, keeping her well in sight.

When she reached the corner she turned her head to glance at the motor car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a convenient standing cab, the young man followed her movements closely with his eyes. Passing down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered the restaurant with the blazing sign.

The place was one of those frankly glaring establishments, all white, paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and conspicuously. The girl penetrated the restaurant to some retreat at its rear, whence she quickly emerged without her bat and veil.

The cashier's desk was well to the front. A red-head girl the stool climbed down, glancing pointedly at the clock as she did so. The girl in gray mounted in her place.

The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly back along the sidewalk. At the corner his foot struck a small, paper-covered volume lying there, sending it sliding to the edge of the turf. By its picturesque cover he recognized it as the book the girl had been reading. He picked it up carelessly, and saw that its title was "New Arabian Nights," the author being of the name of Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a minute. Then he stepped into the automobile, reclined upon the cushions, and said two words to the chauffeur: "Club, Henri." [43]

Glossary:

A large-meshed veil – огромная вуаль;
Avidity – энтузиазм;
Gallantry – доблесть, галантность;
Impeccable – безупречный;
Promptly – немедленно;
Tinkle – звон, звяканье;
To be tempered with – выходить из себя;
To befit – приличествовать;
To contemplate – обдумывать, рассматривать;
To hover – застыть в ожидании;
To pounce upon – цепляться, придираться.

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Complete the sentences using the glossary.

1. In her _____ to express her opinions, she frequently and unthinkingly interrupts people.
2. He _____ the meaning of the poem for a long time.
3. I _____ the children's behavior.
4. A waiter _____ at the table, ready to take our order.
5. He was awarded a _____ medal for saving life at sea.

2) Make a translation of the given passage.

Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half-hour in which print could be accomplished. To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impeccancy of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that; and there was one who knew it.

3) Find the equivalents to the following words and phrases.

1. безупречность стиля;
2. оставить какую-либо тему, перестать говорить о чем-либо;
3. пребывать в состоянии неопределенности;
4. снисходительным тоном;
5. сожаление, раскаяние;
6. социальное превосходство;
7. трепещущее сердце. [43]

4) Translate into English.

1. Девушка отличалась безупречным чувством стиля.
2. Лучше оставим тему политики и поговорим о чем-нибудь другом.
3. Молодой человек видел эту девушку не в первый раз, но раньше он стеснялся подойти в ней, а потом сожалел об этом.
4. Снисходительный тон не показывает социального превосходства, а является признаком высокомерия.
5. Состояние неопределенности заставляло сердце девушки трепетать. [43]

Comprehension exercises

1) Comment on the following questions:

1. Why does the author repeat the words about the girl's gray dress?
2. Who is the girl? What does the author tell about her directly, and what is implied?
3. Comment on the details of her outfit and the book she is reading.
4. Who is the young man? What does the author tell about him directly, and what is implied?
5. Comment on the young man's name. Do you think it is his real name?
6. What are the girl and the young man speaking about?

7. Comment on the following phrases: Prince of Tartar, Grand Duke of a German principality, an English Marquis. What do they mean, and why does the author put them into the conversation?
8. Tell about the automobile and its role in the plot of the story.
9. What are the true stories of the characters? Why don't they confess to each other?

2) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix 2. p. 104)

10. Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half-hour in which print could be accomplished.
11. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty.
12. He picked it up carelessly, and saw that its title was "New Arabian Nights," the author being of the name of Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a minute.
13. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds."

3) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

4) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to

"Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text" section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

2. School and Schools by O. Henry

I

Old Jerome Warren lived in a hundred-thousand-dollar house in East Fifteenth Street. He was so rich that he could allow himself to walk to his office for his health.

His wife was dead and he had no children. But his wife`s niece Barbara lived in his house. He also had an adopted son, - the son of old friend – named Gilbert. Gilbert was an artist and had a studio a little way from old Jerome`s house.

Gilbert and Barbara were friends. People hoped that someday they would marry and spend the old man`s money together. But here I have to introduce some difficulties.

Thirty years ago when old Jerome was young, he had a brother named Dick. Dick went west hoping to find gold. Nothing was heard of him for many years. Then one day old Jerome got a letter from his brother. It was clear that the man who wrote it was very ill. In fact, Dick wrote that he was dying and was writing with great difficulty. In his letter he asked his brother to take care of Nevada, his nineteen-year old daughter, the only child he had. He was going to send her to Jerome at once. Old Jerome could not say "no" to his dying brother. So he said "yes".

Old Jerome, Barbara and Gilbert met Nevada Warren at the station. She was not a very big girl, but strong and good-looking.

"I`m sure we shall be the best of friends," said Barbara, kissing Nevada.

"I hope so," said Nevada.

"Dear little niece," said old Jerome, "You are welcome to my house. It is your house now."

II

When we hear about any difficulties between one man and two women, or one woman and two men, - we call such situations – triangles.

Very soon Nevada, Barbara and Gilbert formed such a triangle. And Barbara formed the hypotenuse of this triangle.

One morning old Jerome sat a long time after breakfast, reading his newspaper. A servant brought in a note for Miss Nevada.

"A messenger has brought it," she said. "He is waiting for the answer".

Nevada took the letter. She knew it was from Gilbert before she opened it because of the little gold palette in the left-hand corner of the envelope. All of Gilbert`s envelopes had such palettes. Nevada opened the envelope and looked at the note attentively. She looked at it for some time and then went up to her uncle.

"Uncle Jerome," she said. "Is Gilbert a nice boy?"

"Oh, yes, of cause, he is," said old Jerome, who was very fond of both Gilbert and Nevada.

"He is a very nice boy. I raised him myself. Why do you ask?"

"Are you sure, Uncle Jerome, that Gilbert will never write anything that is not nice?"

"Of cause I am, my dear," said old Jerome. "I am sure that Gilbert cannot write anything that is not nice. But I don`t understand why you ask me that."

"Read this note and see for yourself," said Nevada. "Do you think that everything in it is all right? I don`t know much about city people and their manners. That`s why I am asking you."

Old Jerome took Gilbert`s note and looked at it attentively. He read it twice, and then a third time.

"Why, child," he said at last, "I was sure of the boy and I have not made mistake. There is nothing bad in the note. He only asks you and Barbara to be ready at four o`clock this afternoon for an automobile drive. I don`t see anything bad in it. I hope you will have a good time."

"Will it be all right to go?" asked Nevada.

"Yes, yes, yes, child, of cause. Why not? Go and have a good time!"

"Will you come with us, uncle?" said Nevada.

"I? No, no, no! I`ve gone once in a car that Gilbert was driving. Never again! But never mind me! You and Barbara go. Yes, yes. But I will not. No, no, no, no!"

Nevada run to the door and said to the servant:

"Of cause, we`ll go! I`m sure Miss Barbara will be glad to go too. Tell the messenger-boy to tell Mr. Warren that we will go."

“I`m sorry, Nevada my dear,” said the old man, “but are you not going to send Gilbert a note? Only line or two.”

“No,” said Nevada, “it will take me too much time to write a note, and the boy is waiting for an answer. Gilbert will understand, I`m sure. I have never ridden in automobile in my life, but, uncle, I used to paddle a canoe down Little Devil River and it was not easy!”

III

Two months passed. Barbara was sitting in the study of her uncle`s house. She was alone. Uncle Jerome and Nevada had gone to the theatre. Barbara had not wanted to go. She wanted to stay at home. I`ve told you before that Barbara was the hypotenuse of the triangle. It usually takes a hypotenuse a long time to discover that it is the longest side of the triangle. But at last Barbara began to understand that the beautiful Western Witch was getting a lasso on the young man she herself wanted.

Barbara set at the writing table holding a letter in her hand. The letter was not addressed to her. It was addressed to Nevada Warren. In the left-hand corner of the envelope was Gilbert`s gold palette. The letter had been brought at nine o`clock, after Nevada had left. What was in the letter? Barbara could not guess. But, oh, how she wanted to know!

She could not open the envelope by means of stream, or by any other method. She was a lady and ladies do not do such things. We all know that. She had held the envelope up to strong light in order to read the lines. But no – she could not read a word.

At eleven-thirty old Jerome and Nevada returned from the theatre. Old Jerome was tired and went to bed at once. Nevada came into the study where Barbara was still sitting. She sat down in an armchair trying to unbutton her long gloves. She began telling Barbara about the play she had just seen.

Here is a letter for you, dear,” said Barbara. “It came just after you had gone.”

“Who is it from?” asked Nevada struggling with a button on her glove.

“I don`t know,” said Barbara with a smile. “I think it is from Gilbert because the envelope has a little gold palette in the corner. You can see it for yourself.”

“What he can write to me about?” said Nevada.

“We are all alike,” said Barbara. “All women try to guess what is in a letter before they open it. So they study the envelope. And it is not of great help. Open it and read it, dear. Here it is!” She was going to throw the letter to Nevada but the girl said:

“I can`t take this gloves off. It is always so difficult. Oh, Barbara, open the envelope and read the letter, please!”

“Why, dear, the letter is for you! How can you ask other people to read Gilbert`s letters?”

Nevada raised her beautiful blue eyes from her gloves and said:

“Nobody writes me anything that everybody can`t read. Read it, Barbara! Maybe Gilbert wants to take us for a drive again tomorrow.”

“All right, dear,” said Barbara, “I`ll read it if you like!”

She opened the envelope and quickly read the letter. Then she read it again and looked at Nevada who was still looking at her gloves.

Suddenly she smiled. “Nevada,” she said, “Why did you ask me to read this letter? I am sure it was written for your eyes only, and not for mine!”

Nevada forgot her gloves for a moment.

“Read it aloud,” she said, “you have already read it, so you can read it again. If Mr. Warren has written something bad to me, - everybody should know it.”

“Well,” said Barbara, “this is what the letter says: ‘Dearest Nevada, come to my studio at twelve o’clock to-night. Do not be late. I shall be waiting for you!’”

Barbara rose and gave the letter to Nevada.

“I`m very sorry that I have read it,” she said. “It isn`t like Gilbert. There must be some mistake. I don`t understand how he could write such a letter. I hope he will explain everything. Let`s forget it. And now I must go to bed. Good night.”

IV

Nevada looked at her watch. It said a quarter to twelve. She went out of the room and run quietly to the front door. She went out into the snowstorm. Gilbert Warren`s studio was only a little way from old Jerome`s house. The snow lay a foot deep in the street and she walked with difficulty.

“Hello, little girl,” a policeman called to her, “it`s too late for such a little girl to be out.”

Nevada took no notice of him and went on.

There was a light in Gilbert`s window. He was waiting for her. She knew his window because she had been in his studio before, with Barbara and Uncle Jerome.

On the eighth floor she found room 89 and knocked at the door. Gilbert opened the door. He had a pencil in his hand and a pipe in his mouth. The pipe fell to the floor.

“Am I late?” asked Nevada. “I came as quickly as I could. Uncle and I have been to the theatre this evening. Here I am, Gilbert!”

Gilbert was standing in the door with his mouth open.

“You asked me to come,” said Nevada simply, “and I came. You said so in your latter.

Why did you send for me?”

“Did you read my letter?” asked Gilbert.

“No, I didn`t,” said Nevada. “Barbara read it to me. Your letter said: ‘Come to my studio at twelve o`clock to-night. Do not be late. I shall be waiting for you.’ I thought you were ill. But you look quite well.”

“Aha,” cried Gilbert. “I`ll tell you why I asked you to come, Nevada. I wanted to ask you to marry me… at once… to-night! That is why I asked you come. Will you?”

“Of cause I will,” answered Nevada. “You knew long ago that I would marry you! I am sure, you knew it. And it will be nice to be married in a snowstorm at night. In fact I don`t like rich wedding ceremonies in a church full of guests.”

“Wait a minute,” said Gilbert, “I want to do a little `phoning.” He went to his bedroom and closed the door behind him. Then he began to telephone.

“Is that you, Jack? Wake up, I need you at once. I am going to be married right away! So I want two witnesses. Wake up and bring your sister too. You must! Nevada is here waiting. We are both waiting for you! What? You will? Good, old boy! I knew you were a good friend.”

Gilbert returned to the room where Nevada was waiting. He said: “I had to telephone Jack Peyton, an old friend of mine. I asked him and his sister to be our witnesses. They had promised to be here at a quarter to twelve. But they are late. I have ‘phoned them to hurry. They will be here

in a few minutes. Oh, Nevada, I am the happiest man in the world. Nevada, dear, what did you do with the letter I sent you this evening?"

"I have it with me," said Nevada and gave him the letter.

Gilbert took the letter out of the envelope and looked at it attentively. Then he looked at Nevada thoughtfully.

"Where you angry with me because I asked you to come to my studio at midnight?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Nevada. "How could I be angry if you needed me? Out West, when a friend sends for you and asks you to hurry – you get there first and talk about it after. And we are not afraid of snowstorm."

"Nevada," said Gilbert, Jack and his sister will be here in a few minutes. I shall try to find a raincoat for you to put on. It will take me some time, so you can look through the evening paper on the table. There is an article on the front page. It`s about your section of the West. I know it will interest you."

He went to his bedroom and returned in a minute or two. Nevada was not reading when he came in. She had not moved. She looked at him nervously.

"I was going to tell you something," she said, "before you… before we… before You must know that Father never sent me to school. I have never learned to read or write… So if you…"

At this very moment the door opened and Jack and his sister came in.

V

When Mr. and Mrs. Warren were riding home after the wedding ceremony, Gilbert said:

"Nevada, do you want to know what I really wrote in the letter you received last night?"

"Yes, of cause," said Nevada, "what was it?"

"Word for word, it was this," said her husband: "My dear Miss Warren, you were right about the name of that flower yesterday. It was a hydrangea, and not a lilac, as I thought."

"All right," said Nevada. "But let`s forget it. The joke is on Barbara, anyway." [19]

Glossary:

A little way from – недалеко от;
At this very moment – в этот самый момент;
Barbara formed the hypotenuse of this triangle – в этом треугольнике Барбара была гипотенузой;
Gilbert will never write anything that is not nice – Гилберт не может написать что-нибудь неподходящее, нехорошее;
Good, old boy! – молодец, старина!;
Here I am – вот она я;
I used to paddle a canoe down Little Devil River – я не раз спускалась на каноэ по Чёртовой Речке;
I want to do a little ‘phoning. – мне нужно позвонить;
It is not of great help – в этом мало толку;
It isn`t like Gilbert – это не похоже на Гилберта;
It will take me too much time – это займет у меня слишком много времени;
It`s too late… to be out – слишком поздно для прогулок;
Never mind me – не обращай на меня внимания;
Nothing was heard of him – от него не было никаких известий;
Out West – у нас на Западе;
Right away (ам.) – немедленно, сейчас же;
School and Schools – зд. Школы бывают разные;
The joke is on Barbara, anyway. – шутка получилась над самой Барбарой;
The snow lay a foot deep – снег лежал высотой в фут;
There must be some mistake – здесь, должно быть, какая-то ошибка (здесь что-то не так);
To have a good time – хорошо провести время;
Will it be all right to go? – будет ли прилично поехать?;
Word for word – слово в слово;
You can see it for yourself. – можешь посмотреть сама;
You get there first and talk about it after – сначала спешишь к нему, а уж в разговоры пускаешься потом.

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Study the words and complete the sentences.

triangle; palette; a little way from; witnesses; raincoat; lilac.

1. Matisse's _____ typically consists of bright blues, greens and oranges.
2. They were married a year after they first met, with two friends acting as _____.
3. There are boots, a _____, and an umbrella in the hallway.
4. The blooming _____ at the end of spring are popular in the central garden.
5. She plays a French woman in a love _____ with Jonathan Pryce and Christopher Walken.
6. Some might say it's _____ from the city centre but the Metro is very nearby.

2) Translate the sentences from the text using the glossary.

1. I`ve gone once in a car that Gilbert was driving. Never again! But never mind me! You and Barbara go.
2. All women try to guess what is in a letter before they open it. So they study the envelope. And it is not of great help.
3. The snow lay a foot deep in the street and she walked with difficulty.
4. There must be some mistake. I don`t understand how he could write such a letter. I hope he will explain everything.
5. “Hello, little girl,” a policeman called to her, “it`s too late for such a little girl to be out.”
6. “No,” said Nevada, “it will take me too much time to write a note, and the boy is waiting for an answer. Gilbert will understand, I`m sure.

3) Give the Russian translation of the following excerpts.

1. Гилберт и Барбара жили в полном согласии. Все окружающие молчаливо порешили, что недалек тот счастливый день, когда эта пара станет перед алтарем и пообещает священнику порастрясти денежки старого Джерома. Но в этом месте в ход событий следует внести некоторые осложнения.

2. Барбара отдала бы свое жемчужное колье, только бы знать, что в нем написано. Но вскрыть конверт с помощью пара, ручки, шпильки или каким-нибудь иным из общепринятых способов она не решалась - не позволяло ее положение в обществе. Она смотрела письмо на свет и изо всех сил сжимала конверт, пытаясь прочесть хотя бы несколько строк, но ничего у нее не вышло – Гилберт знал толк в канцелярских принадлежностях.
3. Она бросила конверт и торопливо пробежала письмо глазами; прочитала его еще раз и бросила быстрый, хитрый взгляд на Неваду, для которой весь мир в эту минуту, казалось, свелся к перчаткам, а письма молодых, но идущих в гору художников имели не больше значения, чем послания с Марса.
4. Барбара сидела за дубовым письменным столом. Ее правая рука покоилась на столе, а пальцы этой руки беспокойно теребили запечатанное письмо. Письмо было адресовано Неваде Уоррен; в левом верхнем углу конверта помещалась маленькая золотая палитра Гилберта. Письмо доставили в девять часов, когда Невада уже уехала.

4) Find the equivalents to the following words and phrases.

торопливо пробежать письмо глазами; уронить записку; вынуть записку из конверта и внимательно прочитать ее; не обращай на меня внимания; слишком поздно для прогулок; в этом мало толку; слово в слово; в этот самый момент.

Comprehension exercises:

1) Comment on the following questions:

1. Who is Jerome Warren? Where does he live?
2. Provide characteristics of Barbara.
3. Who is Gilbert? What are their relations with Barbara?
4. What happened when old Jerome got a letter from his brother?
5. Describe the character of Nevada Warren.
6. Comment on the quote: “Very soon Nevada, Barbara and Gilbert formed such a triangle. And Barbara formed the hypotenuse of this triangle.”
7. What is the role of the letter, which Barbara read to Nevada?

2) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix 2. p. 104)

1. When we hear about any difficulties between one man and two women, or one woman and two men, - we call such situations – triangles. Very soon Nevada, Barbara and Gilbert formed such a triangle. And Barbara formed the hypotenuse of this triangle.
2. Two months passed. Barbara was sitting in the study of her uncle`s house. She was alone. Uncle Jerome and Nevada had gone to the theatre. Barbara had not wanted to go. She wanted to stay at home. I`ve told you before that Barbara was the hypotenuse of the triangle. It usually takes a hypotenuse a long time to discover that it is the longest side of the triangle. But at last Barbara began to understand that the beautiful Western Witch was getting a lasso on the young man she herself wanted.
3. Barbara set at the writing table holding a letter in her hand. The letter was not addressed to her. It was addressed to Nevada Warren. In the left-hand corner of the envelope was Gilbert`s gold palette. The letter had been brought at nine o`clock, after Nevada had left. What was in the letter? Barbara could not guess. But, oh, how she wanted to know!
4. He went to his bedroom and returned in a minute or two. Nevada was not reading when he came in. She had not moved. She looked at him nervously.

3) Answer the following questions:

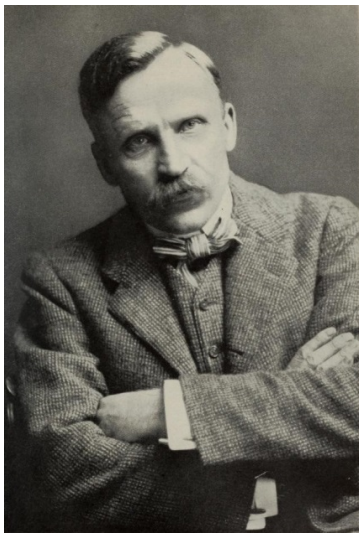
1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. What is the climax of the story?
6. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

4) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to "Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text" section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

3. Hunting for a Job by S.S. McClure

Biography



Samuel Sidney McClure (1857–1949) was an American publisher who became known as a key figure in investigative, or muckraking, journalism. He co-founded and ran McClure's Magazine from 1893 to 1911.

He was born in County Antrim, Ireland, and emigrated with his widowed mother to Indiana when he was nine years old. He grew up nearly impoverished on a farm and graduated from Valparaiso High School in 1875. He worked his way through Knox College, where he co-founded its student newspaper, and later moved to New York City. In 1884, he established the McClure Syndicate, the first U.S. newspaper syndicate, which serialized books.

McClure created a whole new form of writing for his journalists that we still use today. Instead of demanding that his writers give him articles for his paper immediately, he would give them all the time they needed to do extensive research on their topics.

He founded and ran the widely circulated McClure's Magazine from June 1893 to 1911, when poor health and financial reorganization forced him out and many of his writers had defected to form their own magazine. McClure's Magazine published influential pieces by respected journalists and authors including Ida Tarbell, Upton Sinclair, Burton J. Hendrick, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Robert Louis Stevenson, Willa Cather, and Lincoln Steffens.

Through his magazine, he introduced Dr. Maria Montessori's new teaching methods to North America in 1911. McClure was a business

partner of Frank Nelson Doubleday in Doubleday & McClure, ancestor to today's Doubleday imprint. After he was ousted in 1911, McClure's Magazine serialized his ghost-written autobiography. He died in 1949 in New York City, U.S.A [21].

Hunting for a Job

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself established in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me.

My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company.

"Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk.

I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."

I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.

He said he was sorry, but they were laying of hands. I still hung on. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me, if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply.

"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.

I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks.

"Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown rink?" he asked.

The clerk said he thought not.

"Very well", said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."

The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.

Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I would be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown rink.

Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at '96 that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along'. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.

This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything [45].

Glossary:

Downtown – деловая часть города;
Earnestness – серьезность;
Everything would be all up with me – для меня все будет кончено;
Hang on – настаивать;
Laying off hands – увольняя рабочих;
Sommerville – окраина Бостона;
To get oneself established – найти работу;
Uptown – жилая часть города.

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Give Russian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

got out at, to make me comfortable, in some way, application for a job, wanted it badly, scrub floors, in a couple of hours, kept an eye on us, it flasbed through my mind, be ready for anything [45].

2) Paraphrase the sentences using phrases from the text:

1. Miss Bennet and her family received him very warmly.
2. Everybody tried to help him to find some kind of job.
3. Their concern and hospitality were very important to him.
4. He told Colonel Pope that he was unemployed and needed any job very much.
5. The man thought that everything would be lost for him if he didn't find a job.
6. He had never ridden a bicycle in his life.
7. Mr. Wilmot neither employed the journalist nor dismissed him.
8. The boss made him responsible for the uptown rink.
9. It suddenly occurred to him that his willingness to do any job had helped him to get his first job [45].

Comprehension exercises

1) Comment on the questions:

1. Who was the only person the author knew in Boston?
2. In what way was he received? Why was it of great importance to him?
3. What made the young man apply for a job to the Pope Company?
4. Describe Colonel Pope. What was his answer to the young man's story?
5. Why did the man still hang on though he found out that the company was laying off hands?
6. What question did the Colonel ask him?
7. Describe the young man's job and say whether he coped with it.

8. Why did the man continue to work for Mr. Wilmot though he hadn't engaged him?
9. What happened at the end of the week?
10. What job was the young man offered in the long run?
11. What idea flashed through his mind?
12. What helped the man to get his first job? [45].

2) Discuss the statements:

1. Do you agree with the following statement "water would find its level". Provide examples to prove your viewpoint.
2. Provide detailed characteristics of the main hero. Make comparison with other characters of the short story.
3. How the problem of unemployment is revealed in the story?
4. To which extent is the problem topical nowadays?
5. Comment on the quote: “This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything”.

3) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix2. p. 104)

1. The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.
2. I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.
3. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.

4) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. What is the climax of the story?
6. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

5) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to "Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text" section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

4. The Reticence of Lady Anne by H.H. Munro (Saki)

Biography

Hector Hugh Munro (Dec 18, 1870 - Nov 14, 1916) was a witty British author who published under the pen name Saki or H.H. Munro. As a writer, Munro (Saki) was a master of the short story form and is often compared to O. Henry and Dorothy Parker. Munro was born in Akyab, Burma (now known as Myanmar) in 1870. In his early career, Munro became a police officer in India and was posted to Burma where he contracted malaria before returning to England in 1895.When the war broke out, Munro refused a commission joined the British armed forces as a regular trooper where he was certain to see battle.

H.H. Munro (SAKI) had a penchant for mocking the popular customs and manners of Edwardian England. He often did so by depicting characters in a setting and manner that would contrast their behavior with

that of the natural world; often demonstrating that the simple and straightforward rules of nature would always trump the vanities of men. This is demonstrated gently in The Toys of Peace where parents from Edwardian England are taught a lesson that is still familiar to modern parents. He demonstrates it with striking clarity in The Interlopers and The Open Window, both of which we recommend as two of his best stories. Munro uses drama, humor, and surprise to parody both manners and marriage during the Edwardian era in England.

Munro died in France during World War I, on November 13, 1916, by German sniper fire during the Battle of Ancre [12].

The Reticence of Lady Anne

Egbert came into the large, dimly lit drawing-room with the air of a man who is not certain whether he is entering a dovecote or a bomb factory, and is prepared for either eventuality. The little domestic quarrel over the luncheon-table had not been fought to a definite finish, and the question was how far Lady Anne was in a mood to renew or forgo hostilities. Her pose in the arm-chair by the tea-table was rather elaborately rigid; in the gloom of a December afternoon Egbert's pince-nez did not materially help him to discern the expression of her face.

By way of breaking whatever ice might be floating on the surface he made a remark about a dim religious light. He or Lady Anne were accustomed to make that remark between 4.30 and 6 on winter and late autumn evenings; it was a part of their married life. There was no recognised rejoinder to it, and Lady Anne made none.

Don Tarquinio lay astretch on the Persian rug, basking in the firelight with superb indifference to the possible ill-humour of Lady Anne. His pedigree was as flawlessly Persian as the rug, and his ruff was coming into the glory of its second winter. The page-boy, who had Renaissance tendencies, had christened him Don Tarquinio. Left to themselves, Egbert and Lady Anne would unfailingly have called him Fluff, but they were not obstinate.

Egbert poured himself out some tea. As the silence gave no sign of breaking on Lady Anne's initiative, he braced himself for another Yermak effort.

"My remark at lunch had a purely academic application," he announced; "you seem to put an unnecessarily personal significance into it."

Lady Anne maintained her defensive barrier of silence. The bullfinch lazily filled in the interval with an air from Iphigenie en Tauride. Egbert recognised it immediately, because it was the only air the bullfinch whistled, and he had come to them with the reputation for whistling it. Both Egbert and Lady Anne would have preferred something from The Yeomen of the Guard, which was their favourite opera. In matters artistic they had a similarity of taste. They leaned towards the honest and explicit in art, a picture, for instance, that told its own story, with generous assistance from its title. A riderless warhorse with harness in obvious disarray, staggering into a courtyard full of pale swooning women, and marginally noted "Bad News", suggested to their minds a distinct interpretation of some military catastrophe. They could see what it was meant to convey, and explain it to friends of duller intelligence.

The silence continued. As a rule Lady Anne's displeasure became articulate and markedly voluble after four minutes of introductory muteness. Egbert seized the milk jug and poured some of its contents into Don Tarquinio's saucer; as the saucer was already full to the brim an unsightly overflow was the result. Don Tarquinio looked on with a surprised interest that evanesced into elaborate unconsciousness when he was appealed to by Egbert to come and drink up some of the spilt matter.

Don Tarquinio was prepared to play many roles in life, but a vacuum carpet-cleaner was not one of them.

"Don't you think we're being rather foolish?" said Egbert cheerfully.

If Lady Anne thought so she didn't say so.

"I dare say the fault has been partly on my side," continued Egbert, with evaporating cheerfulness. "After all, I'm only human, you know. You seem to forget that I'm only human."

He insisted on the point, as if there had been unfounded suggestions that he was built on Satyr lines, with goat continuations where the human left off.

The bullfinch recommenced its air from Iphigenie en Tauride. Egbert began to feel depressed. Lady Anne was not drinking her tea. Perhaps she was feeling unwell. But when Lady Anne felt unwell she was not wont to be reticent on the subject. "No one knows what I suffer from indigestion" was one of her favourite statements; but the lack of knowledge can only have been caused by defective listening; the amount of information available on the subject would have supplied material for a monograph.

Evidently Lady Anne was not feeling unwell.

Egbert began to think he was being unreasonably dealt with; naturally he began to make concessions.

"I dare say," he observed, taking as central a position on the hearth-rug as Don Tarquinio could be persuaded to concede him, "I may have been to blame. I am willing, if I can thereby restore things to a happier standpoint, to undertake to lead a better life."

He wondered vaguely how it would be possible. Temptations came to him, in middle age, tentatively and without insistence, like a neglected butcher-boy who asks for a Christmas box in February for no more hopeful reason that than he didn't get one in December. He had no more idea of succumbing to them than he had of purchasing the fish-knives and fur boas that ladies are impelled to sacrifice through the medium of advertisement columns during twelve months of the year. Still, there was something impressive in this unasked-for renunciation of possibly latent enormities.

Lady Anne showed no sign of being impressed.

Egbert looked at her nervously through his glasses. To get the worst of an argument with her was no new experience. To get the worst of a monologue was a humiliating novelty.

"I shall go and dress for dinner," he announced in a voice into which he intended some shade of sternness to creep.

At the door a final access of weakness impelled him to make a further appeal.

"Aren't we being very silly?"

"A fool" was Don Tarquinio's mental comment as the door closed on Egbert's retreat. Then he lifted his velvet forepaws in the air and leapt lightly on to a bookshelf immediately under the bullfinch's cage. It was the first time he had seemed to notice the bird's existence, but he was carrying out a long-formed theory of action with the precision of mature deliberation. The bullfinch, who had fancied himself something of a despot, depressed himself of a sudden into a third of his normal displacement; then he fell to a helpless wing-beating and shrill cheeping. He had cost twenty-seven shillings without the cage, but Lady Anne made no sign of interfering. She had been dead for two hours [13].

Glossary:

Astretch – простираться, растянуться;

Braced himself – собрался с духом;

Bullfinch – снегирь;
Dimly lit – тускло освещенный;
Disarray – беспорядок, замешательство;
Dovecote – голубятня;
Elaborately – тщательно, детально разработанный, продуманный;
Evaporating – испаряющийся, исчезающий;
Eventuality – возможность, случайность;
Harness – упряжь, сбруя;
Hearth-rug – коврик перед камином;
Muteness – немота;
Obstinate – упрямый, своевольный;
Pince-nez – пенсне;
Rejoinder – возражение, ответ;
Reticent – молчаливый, немногословный, неразговорчивый;
Standpoint – позиция, точка зрения;
Sternness – суровость, аскетизм, жестокость;
Succumbing – уступчивый, поддающийся;
To creep – ползти, стлаться;
To discern – распознавать, различать.

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Fill in the gaps in the sentences using the words from the glossary.

1. A) He directed the agency with the _____ of a military officer.
   B) Her concern began to turn to _____.
2. A) He can be very _____ at times.
   B) Invading troops were met with _____ resistance by guerrilla forces.
3. A) Ever since the oil crisis, the industry has been in a state of _____.
   B) The news had thrown his plans into _____.
4. A) It was the most _____ decorated cake – all sugar flowers and bows.
   B) An _____ decorated dining room.

5. A) The passengers were told to _____ themselves for a crash landing.

B) She told me she had some bad news for me and I _____ myself for a shock.

2) Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. "I shall go and dress for dinner," he announced in a voice into which he intended some shade of sternness to creep.
2. It was the first time he had seemed to notice the bird's existence, but he was carrying out a long-formed theory of action with the precision of mature deliberation.
3. Still, there was something impressive in this unasked-for renunciation of possibly latent enormities.
4. "No one knows what I suffer from indigestion" was one of her favourite statements; but the lack of knowledge can only have been caused by defective listening; the amount of information available on the subject would have supplied material for a monograph.
5. They leaned towards the honest and explicit in art, a picture, for instance, that told its own story, with generous assistance from its title.

3) Translate into English with the reference to the short story.

1. Эгберт вошел в большую, тускло освещенную гостиную с видом человека, который не уверен, окажется ли он сейчас на голубятне или на заводе по производству бомб, и потому был готов ко всяким неожиданностям.
2. Он обнаруживал полнейшее равнодушие к возможным проявлениям дурного настроения со стороны леди Энн.
3. Родословная его была столь же безупречной, как и происхождение персидского ковра, а кольцо шерсти вокруг шеи указывало на то, что он вступил во вторую зиму своего земного существования.
4. Леди Энн по-прежнему занимала оборонительный рубеж молчания.
5. Молчание продолжалось. Как правило, после четырехминутной вступительной немоты недовольство леди Энн становилось членораздельным и весьма многословным.

Comprehension exercises:

1) Discuss the given statements:

1. Describe the atmosphere at the beginning of the short story.
2. Provide characteristics of Egbert.
3. What are his relationships with Lady Anne?
4. What is called Don Tarquinio?
5. How the displeasure of Lady Anne was revealed?
6. Comment on the quote: “ "A fool" was Don Tarquinio's mental comment as the door closed on Egbert's retreat. Then he lifted his velvet forepaws in the air and leapt lightly on to a bookshelf immediately under the bullfinch's cage. It was the first time he had seemed to notice the bird's existence, but he was carrying out a long-formed theory of action with the precision of mature deliberation.”

2) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix2. p. 104)

1. By way of breaking whatever ice might be floating on the surface he made a remark about a dim religious light.
2. Don Tarquinio lay astretch on the Persian rug, basking in the firelight with superb indifference to the possible ill-humour of Lady Anne. His pedigree was as flawlessly Persian as the rug, and his ruff was coming into the glory of its second winter.
3. Lady Anne maintained her defensive barrier of silence.
4. Egbert looked at her nervously through his glasses. To get the worst of an argument with her was no new experience. To get the worst of a monologue was a humiliating novelty.

3) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
3. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.

4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. What is the climax of the story?
6. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

4) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story.

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to "Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text" section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

5. The Scorn of Women by Jack London

Biography

Jack London (Jan 12, 1876 - Nov 22, 1916) was an American author best known for writing The Call of the Wild. Jack London was his pen name, likely born in San Francisco, California as John Griffith Chaney. Like the restive characters in his works, London sought a variety of experiences as a young man including sailor, hobo and an agitator for jobs during the depression. He also wrote some of the earliest Dystopian Fiction, including The Iron Heel.

Jack London became a well-known writer and was one of the first to achieve true financial success from his writings. His success brought controversy as well. He was prodigious writer producing over 500 works and was often accused of plagiarism. The manner in which he chose to work contributed to those accusations; he bought plots for stories and novels from a young Sinclair Lewis and he used incidents read in newspapers as material for his stories.

London's most famous short story, particularly popular in both middle- and high school language arts classes, is To Build a Fire. His best-selling book during his lifetime was his 1910 novel Burning Daylight.

A couple of favorite Jack London quotes: "Life is not always a matter of holding good cards, but sometimes, playing a poor hand well."; "The most beautiful stories always start with wreckage."; "A bone to the dog is not charity. Charity is the bone shared with the dog, when you are just as hungry as the dog." [14]

The Scorn of Women

I

Once Freda and Mrs. Eppingwell clashed.

Now Freda was a Greek girl and a dancer. At least she purported to be Greek; but this was doubted by many, for her classic face had over-much strength in it, and the tides of hell which rose in her eyes made at rare moments her ethnology the more dubious. To a few men this sight had been vouchsafed, and though long years may have passed, they have not forgotten, nor will they ever forget. She never talked of herself, so that it were well to let it go down that when in repose, expurgated, Greek she certainly was. Her furs were the most magnificent in all the country from Chilcoot to St. Michael's, and her name was common on the lips of men. But Mrs. Eppingwell was the wife of a captain; also a social constellation of the first magnitude, the path of her orbit marking the most select coterie in Dawson, - a coterie captioned by the profane as the "official clique." Sitka Charley had travelled trail with her once, when famine drew tight and a man's life was less than a cup of flour, and his judgment placed her above all women. Sitka Charley was an Indian; his criteria were primitive; but his word was flat, and his verdict a hall-mark in every camp under the circle.

These two women were man-conquering, man-subduing machines, each in her own way, and their ways were different. Mrs. Eppingwell ruled in her own house, and at the Barracks, where were younger sons galore, to say nothing of the chiefs of the police, the executive, and the judiciary. Freda ruled down in the town; but the men she ruled were the same who functioned socially at the Barracks or were fed tea and canned preserves at the hand of Mrs. Eppingwell in her hillside cabin of rough-hewn logs. Each knew the other existed; but their lives were apart as the Poles, and while they must have heard stray bits of news and were curious, they were never known to ask a question. And there would have been no trouble had not a free lance in the shape of the model-woman come into the land on

the first ice, with a spanking dog-team and a cosmopolitan reputation. Loraine Lisznayi - alliterative, dramatic, and Hungarian--precipitated the strife, and because of her Mrs. Eppingwell left her hillside and invaded Freda's domain, and Freda likewise went up from the town to spread confusion and embarrassment at the Governor's ball.

All of which may be ancient history so far as the Klondike is concerned, but very few, even in Dawson, know the inner truth of the matter; nor beyond those few are there any fit to measure the wife of the captain or the Greek dancer. And that all are now permitted to understand, let honor be accorded Sitka Charley. From his lips fell the main facts in the screed herewith presented. It ill befits that Freda herself should have waxed confidential to a mere scribbler of words, or that Mrs. Eppingwell made mention of the things which happened. They may have spoken, but it is unlikely.

II

Floyd Vanderlip was a strong man, apparently. Hard work and hard grub had no terrors for him, as his early history in the country attested. In danger he was a lion, and when he held in check half a thousand starving men, as he once did, it was remarked that no cooler eye ever took the glint of sunshine on a rifle-sight. He had but one weakness, and even that, rising from out his strength, was of a negative sort. His parts were strong, but they lacked co-ordination. Now it happened that while his centre of amativeness was pronounced, it had lain mute and passive during the years he lived on moose and salmon and chased glowing Eldorados over chill divides. But when he finally blazed the corner-post and centre-stakes on one of the richest Klondike claims, it began to quicken; and when he took his place in society, a full-fledged Bonanza King, it awoke and took charge of him. He suddenly recollected a girl in the States, and it came to him quite forcibly, not only that she might be waiting for him, but that a wife was a very pleasant acquisition for a man who lived some several degrees north of 53. So he wrote an appropriate note, enclosed a letter of credit generous enough to cover all expenses, including trousseau and chaperon, and addressed it to one Flossie. Flossie? One could imagine the rest. However, after that he built a comfortable cabin on his claim, bought another in Dawson, and broke the news to his friends.

And just here is where the lack of co-ordination came into play. The waiting was tedious, and having been long denied, the amative element

could not brook further delay. Flossie was coming; but Loraine Lisznayi was here. And not only was Loraine Lisznayi here, but her cosmopolitan reputation was somewhat the worse for wear, and she was not exactly so young as when she posed in the studios of artist queens and received at her door the cards of cardinals and princes. Also, her finances were unhealthy. Having run the gamut in her time, she was now not averse to trying conclusions with a Bonanza King whose wealth was such that he could not guess it within six figures. Like a wise soldier casting about after years of service for a comfortable billet, she had come into the Northland to be married. So, one day, her eyes flashed up into Floyd Vanderlip's as he was buying table linen for Flossie in the P.C. Company's store, and the thing was settled out of hand.

When a man is free much may go unquestioned, which, should he be rash enough to cumber himself with domestic ties, society will instantly challenge. Thus it was with Floyd Vanderlip. Flossie was coming, and a low buzz went up when Loraine Lisznayi rode down the main street behind his wolf-dogs. She accompanied the lady reporter of the "Kansas City Star" when photographs were taken of his Bonanza properties, and watched the genesis of a six-column article. At that time they were dined royally in Flossie's cabin, on Flossie's table linen. Likewise there were comings and goings, and junketings, all perfectly proper, by the way, which caused the men to say sharp things and the women to be spiteful. Only Mrs. Eppingwell did not hear. The distant hum of wagging tongues rose faintly, but she was prone to believe good of people and to close her ears to evil; so she paid no heed.

Not so with Freda. She had no cause to love men, but, by some strange alchemy of her nature, her heart went out to women, - to women whom she had less cause to love. And her heart went out to Flossie, even then travelling the Long Trail and facing into the bitter North to meet a man who might not wait for her. A shrinking, clinging sort of a girl, Freda pictured her, with weak mouth and pretty pouting lips, blow-away sun-kissed hair, and eyes full of the merry shallows and the lesser joys of life. But she also pictured Flossie, face nose-strapped and frost-rimed, stumbling wearily behind the dogs. Wherefore she smiled, dancing one night, upon Floyd Vanderlip.

Few men are so constituted that they may receive the smile of Freda unmoved; nor among them can Floyd Vanderlip be accounted. The grace he had found with the model-woman had caused him to re- measure himself, and by the favor in which he now stood with the Greek dancer he

felt himself doubly a man. There were unknown qualities and depths in him, evidently, which they perceived. He did not know exactly what those qualities and depths were, but he had a hazy idea that they were there somewhere, and of them was bred a great pride in himself. A man who could force two women such as these to look upon him a second time, was certainly a most remarkable man. Some day, when he had the time, he would sit down and analyze his strength; but now, just now, he would take what the gods had given him. And a thin little thought began to lift itself, and he fell to wondering whatever under the sun he had seen in Flossie, and to regret exceedingly that he had sent for her. Of course, Freda was out of the running. His dumps were the richest on Bonanza Creek, and they were many, while he was a man of responsibility and position. But Loraine Lisznayi – she was just the woman. Her life had been large; she could do the honors of his establishment and give tone to his dollars.

But Freda smiled, and continued to smile, till he came to spend much time with her. When she, too, rode down the street behind his wolf-dogs, the model-woman found food for thought, and the next time they were together dazzled him with her princes and cardinals and personal little anecdotes of courts and kings. She also showed him dainty missives, superscribed, "My dear Loraine," and ended "Most affectionately yours," and signed by the given name of a real live queen on a throne. And he marvelled in his heart that the great woman should deign to waste so much as a moment upon him. But she played him cleverly, making flattering contrasts and comparisons between him and the noble phantoms she drew mainly from her fancy, till he went away dizzy with self- delight and sorrowing for the world which had been denied him so long. Freda was a more masterful woman. If she flattered, no one knew it. Should she stoop, the stoop was unobserved. If a man felt she thought well of him, so subtly was the feeling conveyed that he could not for the life of him say why or how. So she tightened her grip upon Floyd Vanderlip and rode daily behind his dogs.

And just here is where the mistake occurred. The buzz rose loudly and more definitely, coupled now with the name of the dancer, and Mrs. Eppingwell heard. She, too, thought of Flossie lifting her moccasined feet through the endless hours, and Floyd Vanderlip was invited up the hillside to tea, and invited often. This quite took his breath away, and he became drunken with appreciation of himself. Never was man so maltreated. His soul had become a thing for which three women struggled, while a fourth was on the way to claim it. And three such women!

But Mrs. Eppingwell and the mistake she made. She spoke of the affair, tentatively, to Sitka Charley, who had sold dogs to the Greek girl. But no names were mentioned. The nearest approach to it was when Mrs. Eppingwell said, "This-er-horrid woman," and Sitka Charley, with the model-woman strong in his thoughts, had echoed, "-er-horrid woman." And he agreed with her, that it was a wicked thing for a woman to come between a man and the girl he was to marry. "A mere girl, Charley," she said, "I am sure she is. And she is coming into a strange country without a friend when she gets here. We must do something." Sitka Charley promised his help, and went away thinking what a wicked woman this Loraine Lisznayi must be, also what noble women Mrs. Eppingwell and Freda were to interest themselves in the welfare of the unknown Flossie.

Now Mrs. Eppingwell was open as the day. To Sitka Charley, who took her once past the Hills of Silence, belongs the glory of having memorialized her clear-searching eyes, her clear-ringing voice, and her utter downright frankness. Her lips had a way of stiffening to command, and she was used to coming straight to the point. Having taken Floyd Vanderlip's measurement, she did not dare this with him; but she was not afraid to go down into the town to Freda. And down she went, in the bright light of day, to the house of the dancer. She was above silly tongues, as was her husband, the captain. She wished to see this woman and to speak with her, nor was she aware of any reason why she should not. So she stood in the snow at the Greek girl's door, with the frost at sixty below, and parleyed with the waiting-maid for a full five minutes. She had also the pleasure of being turned away from that door, and of going back up the hill, wroth at heart for the indignity which had been put upon her. "Who was this woman that she should refuse to see her?" she asked herself. One would think it the other way around, and she herself but a dancing girl denied at the door of the wife of a captain. As it was, she knew, had Freda come up the hill to her, - no matter what the errand, - she would have made her welcome at her fire, and they would have sat there as two women, and talked, merely as two women. She had overstepped convention and lowered herself, but she had thought it different with the women down in the town. And she was ashamed that she had laid herself open to such dishonor, and her thoughts of Freda were unkind.

Not that Freda deserved this. Mrs. Eppingwell had descended to meet her who was without caste, while she, strong in the traditions of her own earlier status, had not permitted it. She could worship such a woman, and she would have asked no greater joy than to have had her into the cabin

and sat with her, just sat with her, for an hour. But her respect for Mrs. Eppingwell, and her respect for herself, who was beyond respect, had prevented her doing that which she most desired. Though not quite recovered from the recent visit of Mrs. McFee, the wife of the minister, who had descended upon her in a whirlwind of exhortation and brimstone, she could not imagine what had prompted the present visit. She was not aware of any particular wrong she had done, and surely this woman who waited at the door was not concerned with the welfare of her soul. Why had she come? For all the curiosity she could not help but feel, she steeled herself in the pride of those who are without pride, and trembled in the inner room like a maid on the first caress of a lover. If Mrs. Eppingwell suffered going up the hill, she too suffered, lying face downward on the bed, dry-eyed, dry-mouthed, dumb.

Mrs. Eppingwell's knowledge of human nature was great. She aimed at universality. She had found it easy to step from the civilized and contemplate things from the barbaric aspect. She could comprehend certain primal and analogous characteristics in a hungry wolf-dog or a starving man, and predicate lines of action to be pursued by either under like conditions. To her, a woman was a woman, whether garbed in purple or the rags of the gutter; Freda was a woman. She would not have been surprised had she been taken into the dancer's cabin and encountered on common ground; nor surprised had she been taken in and flaunted in prideless arrogance. But to be treated as she had been treated, was unexpected and disappointing. Ergo, she had not caught Freda's point of view. And this was good. There are some points of view which cannot be gained save through much travail and personal crucifixion, and it were well for the world that its Mrs. Eppingwells should, in certain ways, fall short of universality. One cannot understand defilement without laying hands to pitch, which is very sticky, while there be plenty willing to undertake the experiment. All of which is of small concern, beyond the fact that it gave Mrs. Eppingwell ground for grievance, and bred for her a greater love in the Greek girl's heart.

III

And in this way things went along for a month, - Mrs. Eppingwell striving to withhold the man from the Greek dancer's blandishments against the time of Flossie's coming; Flossie lessening the miles each day on the dreary trail; Freda pitting her strength against the model-woman;

the model-woman straining every nerve to land the prize; and the man moving through it all like a flying shuttle, very proud of himself, whom he believed to be a second Don Juan.

It was nobody's fault except the man's that Loraine Lisznayi at last landed him. The way of a man with a maid may be too wonderful to know, but the way of a woman with a man passeth all conception; whence the prophet were indeed unwise who would dare forecast Floyd Vanderlip's course twenty-four hours in advance. Perhaps the model-woman's attraction lay in that to the eye she was a handsome animal; perhaps she fascinated him with her old- world talk of palaces and princes; leastwise she dazzled him whose life had been worked out in uncultured roughness, and he at last agreed to her suggestion of a run down the river and a marriage at Forty Mile. In token of his intention he bought dogs from Sitka Charley,--more than one sled is necessary when a woman like Loraine Lisznayi takes to the trail, and then went up the creek to give orders for the superintendence of his Bonanza mines during his absence.

He had given it out, rather vaguely, that he needed the animals for sledding lumber from the mill to his sluices, and right here is where Sitka Charley demonstrated his fitness. He agreed to furnish dogs on a given date, but no sooner had Floyd Vanderlip turned his toes up-creek, than Charley hied himself away in perturbation to Loraine Lisznayi. Did she know where Mr. Vanderlip had gone? He had agreed to supply that gentleman with a big string of dogs by a certain time; but that shameless one, the German trader Meyers, had been buying up the brutes and skimped the market. It was very necessary he should see Mr. Vanderlip, because of the shameless one he would be all of a week behindhand in filling the contract. She did know where he had gone? Up – creek? Good! He would strike out after him at once and inform him of the unhappy delay. Did he understand her to say that Mr. Vanderlip needed the dogs on Friday night? that he must have them by that time? It was too bad, but it was the fault of the shameless one who had bid up the prices. They had jumped fifty dollars per head, and should he buy on the rising market he would lose by the contract. He wondered if Mr. Vanderlip would be willing to meet the advance. She knew he would? Being Mr. Vanderlip's friend, she would even meet the difference herself? And he was to say nothing about it? She was kind to so look to his interests. Friday night, did she say? Good! The dogs would be on hand.

An hour later, Freda knew the elopement was to be pulled off on Friday night; also, that Floyd Vanderlip had gone up-creek, and her hands

were tied. On Friday morning, Devereaux, the official courier, bearing despatches from the Governor, arrived over the ice. Besides the despatches, he brought news of Flossie. He had passed her camp at Sixty Mile; humans and dogs were in good condition; and she would doubtless be in on the morrow. Mrs. Eppingwell experienced a great relief on hearing this; Floyd Vanderlip was safe up-creek, and ere the Greek girl could again lay hands upon him, his bride would be on the ground. But that afternoon her big St. Bernard, valiantly defending her front stoop, was downed by a foraging party of trail-starved Malemutes. He was buried beneath the hirsute mass for about thirty seconds, when rescued by a couple of axes and as many stout men. Had he remained down two minutes, the chances were large that he would have been roughly apportioned and carried away in the respective bellies of the attacking party; but as it was, it was a mere case of neat and expeditious mangling. Sitka Charley came to repair the damages, especially a right fore-paw which had inadvertently been left a fraction of a second too long in some other dog's mouth. As he put on his mittens to go, the talk turned upon Flossie and in natural sequence passed on to the - "er horrid woman." Sitka Charley remarked incidentally that she intended jumping out down river that night with Floyd Vanderlip, and further ventured the information that accidents were very likely at that time of year.

So Mrs. Eppingwell's thoughts of Freda were unkinder than ever. She wrote a note, addressed it to the man in question, and intrusted it to a messenger who lay in wait at the mouth of Bonanza Creek. Another man, bearing a note from Freda, also waited at that strategic point. So it happened that Floyd Vanderlip, riding his sled merrily down with the last daylight, received the notes together. He tore Freda's across. No, he would not go to see her. There were greater things afoot that night. Besides, she was out of the running. But Mrs. Eppingwell! He would observe her last wish,--or rather, the last wish it would be possible for him to observe,--and meet her at the Governor's ball to hear what she had to say. From the tone of the writing it was evidently important; perhaps-- He smiled fondly, but failed to shape the thought. Confound it all, what a lucky fellow he was with the women any way! Scattering her letter to the frost, he mushed the dogs into a swinging lope and headed for his cabin. It was to be a masquerade, and he had to dig up the costume used at the Opera House a couple of months before. Also, he had to shave and to eat. Thus it was that he, alone of all interested, was unaware of Flossie's proximity.

"Have them down to the water-hole off the hospital, at midnight, sharp. Don't fail me," he said to Sitka Charley, who dropped in with the advice that only one dog was lacking to fill the bill, and that that one would be forthcoming in an hour or so. "Here's the sack. There's the scales. Weigh out your own dust and don't bother me. I've got to get ready for the ball."

Sitka Charley weighed out his pay and departed, carrying with him a letter to Loraine Lisznayi, the contents of which he correctly imagined to refer to a meeting at the water-hole of the hospital, at midnight, sharp.

IV

Twice Freda sent messengers up to the Barracks, where the dance was in full swing, and as often they came back without answers. Then she did what only Freda could do--put on her furs, masked her face, and went up herself to the Governor's ball. Now there happened to be a custom--not an original one by any means--to which the official clique had long since become addicted. It was a very wise custom, for it furnished protection to the womankind of the officials and gave greater selectness to their revels. Whenever a masquerade was given, a committee was chosen, the sole function of which was to stand by the door and peep beneath each and every mask. Most men did not clamor to be placed upon this committee, while the very ones who least desired the honor were the ones whose services were most required. The chaplain was not well enough acquainted with the faces and places of the townspeople to know whom to admit and whom to turn away. In like condition were the several other worthy gentlemen who would have asked nothing better than to so serve. To fill the coveted place, Mrs. McFee would have risked her chance of salvation, and did, one night, when a certain trio passed in under her guns and muddled things considerably before their identity was discovered. Thereafter only the fit were chosen, and very ungracefully did they respond.

On this particular night Prince was at the door. Pressure had been brought to bear, and he had not yet recovered from amaze at his having consented to undertake a task which bid fair to lose him half his friends, merely for the sake of pleasing the other half. Three or four of the men he had refused were men whom he had known on creek and trail, - good comrades, but not exactly eligible for so select an affair. He was canvassing the expediency of resigning the post there and then, when a

woman tripped in under the light. Freda! He could swear it by the furs, did he not know that poise of head so well. The last one to expect in all the world. He had given her better judgment than to thus venture the ignominy of refusal, or, if she passed, the scorn of women. He shook his head, without scrutiny; he knew her too well to be mistaken. But she pressed closer. She lifted the black silk ribbon and as quickly lowered it again. For one flashing, eternal second he looked upon her face. It was not for nothing, the saying which had arisen in the country, that Freda played with men as a child with bubbles. Not a word was spoken. Prince stepped aside, and a few moments later might have been seen resigning, with warm incoherence, the post to which he had been unfaithful.

A woman, flexible of form, slender, yet rhythmic of strength in every movement, now pausing with this group, now scanning that, urged a restless and devious course among the revellers. Men recognized the furs, and marvelled, - men who should have served upon the door committee; but they were not prone to speech. Not so with the women. They had better eyes for the lines of figure and tricks of carriage, and they knew this form to be one with which they were unfamiliar; likewise the furs. Mrs. McFee, emerging from the supper-room where all was in readiness, caught one flash of the blazing, questing eyes through the silken mask- slits, and received a start. She tried to recollect where she had seen the like, and a vivid picture was recalled of a certain proud and rebellious sinner whom she had once encountered on a fruitless errand for the Lord.

So it was that the good woman took the trail in hot and righteous wrath, a trail which brought her ultimately into the company of Mrs. Eppingwell and Floyd Vanderlip. Mrs. Eppingwell had just found the opportunity to talk with the man. She had determined, now that Flossie was so near at hand, to proceed directly to the point, and an incisive little ethical discourse was titillating on the end of her tongue, when the couple became three. She noted, and pleasurably, the faintly foreign accent of the "Beg pardon" with which the furred woman prefaced her immediate appropriation of Floyd Vanderlip; and she courteously bowed her permission for them to draw a little apart.

Then it was that Mrs. McFee's righteous hand descended, and accompanying it in its descent was a black mask torn from a startled woman. A wonderful face and brilliant eyes were exposed to the quiet curiosity of those who looked that way, and they were everybody. Floyd Vanderlip was rather confused. The situation demanded instant action on the part of a man who was not beyond his depth, while he hardly knew

where he was. He stared helplessly about him. Mrs. Eppingwell was perplexed. She could not comprehend. An explanation was forthcoming, somewhere, and Mrs. McFee was equal to it.

"Mrs. Eppingwell," and her Celtic voice rose shrilly, "it is with great pleasure I make you acquainted with Freda Moloof, Miss Freda Moloof, as I understand."

Freda involuntarily turned. With her own face bared, she felt as in a dream, naked, upon her turned the clothed features and gleaming eyes of the masked circle. It seemed, almost, as though a hungry wolf-pack girdled her, ready to drag her down. It might chance that some felt pity for her, she thought, and at the thought, hardened. She would by far prefer their scorn. Strong of heart was she, this woman, and though she had hunted the prey into the midst of the pack, Mrs. Eppingwell or no Mrs. Eppingwell, she could not forego the kill.

But here Mrs. Eppingwell did a strange thing. So this, at last, was Freda, she mused, the dancer and the destroyer of men; the woman from whose door she had been turned. And she, too, felt the imperious creature's nakedness as though it were her own. Perhaps it was this, her Saxon disinclination to meet a disadvantaged foe, perhaps, forsooth, that it might give her greater strength in the struggle for the man, and it might have been a little of both; but be that as it may, she did do this strange thing. When Mrs. McFee's thin voice, vibrant with malice, had raised, and Freda turned involuntarily, Mrs. Eppingwell also turned, removed her mask, and inclined her head in acknowledgment.

It was another flashing, eternal second, during which these two women regarded each other. The one, eyes blazing, meteoric; at bay, aggressive; suffering in advance and resenting in advance the scorn and ridicule and insult she had thrown herself open to; a beautiful, burning, bubbling lava cone of flesh and spirit. And the other, calm-eyed, cool-browed, serene; strong in her own integrity, with faith in herself, thoroughly at ease; dispassionate, imperturbable; a figure chiselled from some cold marble quarry. Whatever gulf there might exist, she recognized it not. No bridging, no descending; her attitude was that of perfect equality. She stood tranquilly on the ground of their common womanhood. And this maddened Freda. Not so, had she been of lesser breed; but her soul's plummet knew not the bottomless, and she could follow the other into the deeps of her deepest depths and read her aright. "Why do you not draw back your garment's hem?" she was fain to cry out, all in that flashing, dazzling second. "Spit upon me, revile me, and it were greater

mercy than this!" She trembled. Her nostrils distended and quivered. But she drew herself in check, returned the inclination of head, and turned to the man.

"Come with me, Floyd," she said simply. "I want you now."

"What the-" he began explosively, and quit as suddenly, discreet enough to not round it off. Where the deuce had his wits gone, anyway? Was ever a man more foolishly placed? He gurgled deep down in his throat and high up in the roof of his mouth, heaved as one his big shoulders and his indecision, and glared appealingly at the two women.

"I beg pardon, just a moment, but may I speak first with Mr. Vanderlip?"

Mrs. Eppingwell's voice, though flute-like and low, predicated will in its every cadence.

The man looked his gratitude. He, at least, was willing enough.

"I'm very sorry," from Freda. "There isn't time. He must come at once." The conventional phrases dropped easily from her lips, but she could not forbear to smile inwardly at their inadequacy and weakness. She would much rather have shrieked.

"But, Miss Moloof, who are you that you may possess yourself of Mr. Vanderlip and command his actions?"

Whereupon relief brightened his face, and the man beamed his approval. Trust Mrs. Eppingwell to drag him clear. Freda had met her match this time.

"I – I –" Freda hesitated, and then her feminine mind putting on its harness--"and who are you to ask this question?"

"I? I am Mrs. Eppingwell, and –"

"There!" the other broke in sharply. "You are the wife of a captain, who is therefore your husband. I am only a dancing girl. What do you with this man?"

"Such unprecedented behavior!" Mrs. McFee ruffled herself and cleared for action, but Mrs. Eppingwell shut her mouth with a look and developed a new attack.

"Since Miss Moloof appears to hold claims upon you, Mr. Vanderlip, and is in too great haste to grant me a few seconds of your time, I am forced to appeal directly to you. May I speak with you, alone, and now?"

Mrs. McFee's jaws brought together with a snap. That settled the disgraceful situation.

"Why, er – that is, certainly," the man stammered. "Of course, of course," growing more effusive at the prospect of deliverance.

Men are only gregarious vertebrates, domesticated and evolved, and the chances are large that it was because the Greek girl had in her time dealt with wilder masculine beasts of the human sort; for she turned upon the man with hell's tides aflood in her blazing eyes, much as a bespangled lady upon a lion which has suddenly imbibed the pernicious theory that he is a free agent. The beast in him fawned to the lash.

"That is to say, ah, afterward. Tomorrow, Mrs. Eppingwell; yes, to-morrow. That is what I meant." He solaced himself with the fact, should he remain, that more embarrassment awaited. Also, he had an engagement which he must keep shortly, down by the water- hole off the hospital. Ye gods! he had never given Freda credit! Wasn't she magnificent!

"I'll thank you for my mask, Mrs. McFee."

That lady, for the nonce speechless, turned over the article in question.

"Good-night, Miss Moloof." Mrs. Eppingwell was royal even in defeat.

Freda reciprocated, though barely downing the impulse to clasp the other's knees and beg forgiveness,--no, not forgiveness, but something, she knew not what, but which she none the less greatly desired.

The man was for her taking his arm; but she had made her kill in the midst of the pack, and that which led kings to drag their vanquished at the chariot-tail, led her toward the door alone, Floyd Vanderlip close at heel and striving to re-establish his mental equilibrium.

V

It was bitter cold. As the trail wound, a quarter of a mile brought them to the dancer's cabin, by which time her moist breath had coated her face frostily, while his had massed his heavy mustache till conversation was painful. By the greenish light of the aurora borealis, the quicksilver showed itself frozen hard in the bulb of the thermometer which hung outside the door. A thousand dogs, in pitiful chorus, wailed their ancient wrongs and claimed mercy from the unheeding stars. Not a breath of air was moving. For them there was no shelter from the cold, no shrewd crawling to leeward in snug nooks. The frost was everywhere, and they lay in the open, ever and anon stretching their trail-stiffened muscles and lifting the long wolf-howl.

They did not talk at first, the man and the woman. While the maid helped Freda off with her wraps, Floyd Vanderlip replenished the fire; and

by the time the maid had withdrawn to an inner room, his head over the stove, he was busily thawing out his burdened upper lip. After that he rolled a cigarette and watched her lazily through the fragrant eddies. She stole a glance at the clock. It lacked half an hour of midnight. How was she to hold him? Was he angry for that which she had done? What was his mood? What mood of hers could meet his best? Not that she doubted herself. No, no. Hold him she could, if need be at pistol point, till Sitka Charley's work was done, and Devereaux's too.

There were many ways, and with her knowledge of this her contempt for the man increased. As she leaned her head on her hand, a fleeting vision of her own girlhood, with its mournful climacteric and tragic ebb, was vouchsafed her, and for the moment she was minded to read him a lesson from it. God! it must be less than human brute who could not be held by such a tale, told as she could tell it, but--bah! He was not worth it, nor worth the pain to her. The candle was positioned just right, and even as she thought of these things sacredly shameful to her, he was pleasuring in the transparent pinkiness of her ear. She noted his eye, took the cue, and turned her head till the clean profile of the face was presented. Not the least was that profile among her virtues. She could not help the lines upon which she had been builded, and they were very good; but she had long since learned those lines, and though little they needed, was not above advantaging them to the best of her ability. The candle began to flicker. She could not do anything ungracefully, but that did not prevent her improving upon nature a bit, when she reached forth and deftly snuffed the red wick from the midst of the yellow flame. Again she rested head on hand, this time regarding the man thoughtfully, and any man is pleased when thus regarded by a pretty woman.

She was in little haste to begin. If dalliance were to his liking, it was to hers. To him it was very comfortable, soothing his lungs with nicotine and gazing upon her. It was snug and warm here, while down by the water-hole began a trail which he would soon be hitting through the chilly hours. He felt he ought to be angry with Freda for the scene she had created, but somehow he didn't feel a bit wrathful. Like as not there wouldn't have been any scene if it hadn't been for that McFee woman. If he were the Governor, he would put a poll tax of a hundred ounces a quarter upon her and her kind and all gospel sharks and sky pilots. And certainly Freda had behaved very ladylike, held her own with Mrs. Eppingwell besides. Never gave the girl credit for the grit. He looked lingeringly over her, coming back now and again to the eyes, behind the

deep earnestness of which he could not guess lay concealed a deeper sneer. And, Jove, wasn't she well put up! Wonder why she looked at him so? Did she want to marry him, too? Like as not; but she wasn't the only one. Her looks were in her favor, weren't they? And young--younger than Loraine Lisznayi. She couldn't be more than twenty-three or four, twenty-five at most. And she'd never get stout. Anybody could guess that the first time. He couldn't say it of Loraine, though. She certainly had put on flesh since the day she served as model. Huh! once he got her on trail he'd take it off. Put her on the snowshoes to break ahead of the dogs. Never knew it to fail, yet. But his thought leaped ahead to the palace under the lazy Mediterranean sky--and how would it be with Loraine then? No frost, no trail, no famine now and again to cheer the monotony, and she getting older and piling it on with every sunrise. While this girl Freda- -he sighed his unconscious regret that he had missed being born under the flag of the Turk, and came back to Alaska.

"Well?" Both hands of the clock pointed perpendicularly to midnight, and it was high time he was getting down to the water-hole.

"Oh!" Freda started, and she did it prettily, delighting him as his fellows have ever been delighted by their womankind. When a man is made to believe that a woman, looking upon him thoughtfully, has lost herself in meditation over him, that man needs be an extremely cold-blooded individual in order to trim his sheets, set a lookout, and steer clear.

"I was just wondering what you wanted to see me about," he explained, drawing his chair up to hers by the table.

"Floyd," she looked him steadily in the eyes, "I am tired of the whole business. I want to go away. I can't live it out here till the river breaks. If I try, I'll die. I am sure of it. I want to quit it all and go away, and I want to do it at once."

She laid her hand in mute appeal upon the back of his, which turned over and became a prison. Another one, he thought, just throwing herself at him. Guess it wouldn't hurt Loraine to cool her feet by the water-hole a little longer.

"Well?" This time from Freda, but softly and anxiously.

"I don't know what to say," he hastened to answer, adding to himself that it was coming along quicker than he had expected. "Nothing I'd like better, Freda. You know that well enough." He pressed her hand, palm to palm. She nodded. Could she wonder that she despised the breed?

"But you see, I – I'm engaged. Of course you know that. And the girl's coming into the country to marry me. Don't know what was up with me when I asked her, but it was a long while back, and I was all-fired young-"

"I want to go away, out of the land, anywhere," she went on, disregarding the obstacle he had reared up and apologized for. "I have been running over the men I know and reached the conclusion that – that – ."

"I was the likeliest of the lot?"

She smiled her gratitude for his having saved her the embarrassment of confession. He drew her head against his shoulder with the free hand, and somehow the scent of her hair got into his nostrils. Then he discovered that a common pulse throbbed, throbbed, throbbed, where their palms were in contact. This phenomenon is easily comprehensible from a physiological standpoint, but to the man who makes the discovery for the first time, it is a most wonderful thing. Floyd Vanderlip had caressed more shovel-handles than women's hands in his time, so this was an experience quite new and delightfully strange. And when Freda turned her head against his shoulder, her hair brushing his cheek till his eyes met hers, full and at close range, luminously soft, ay, and tender--why, whose fault was it that he lost his grip utterly? False to Flossie, why not to Loraine? Even if the women did keep bothering him, that was no reason he should make up his mind in a hurry. Why, he had slathers of money, and Freda was just the girl to grace it. A wife she'd make him for other men to envy. But go slow. He must be cautious.

"You don't happen to care for palaces, do you?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Well, I had a hankering after them myself, till I got to thinking, a while back, and I've about sized it up that one'd get fat living in palaces, and soft and lazy."

"Yes, it's nice for a time, but you soon grow tired of it, I imagine," she hastened to reassure him. "The world is good, but life should be many-sided. Rough and knock about for a while, and then rest up somewhere. Off to the South Seas on a yacht, then a nibble of Paris; a winter in South America and a summer in Norway; a few months in England-"

"Good society?"

"Most certainly – the best; and then, heigho! for the dogs and sleds and the Hudson Bay Country. Change, you know. A strong man like you, full of vitality and go, could not possibly stand a palace for a year. It is all

very well for effeminate men, but you weren't made for such a life. You are masculine, intensely masculine."

"Think so?"

"It does not require thinking. I know. Have you ever noticed that it was easy to make women care for you?"

His dubious innocence was superb.

"It is very easy. And why? Because you are masculine. You strike the deepest chords of a woman's heart. You are something to cling to,--big-muscled, strong, and brave. In short, because you are a man."

She shot a glance at the clock. It was half after the hour. She had given a margin of thirty minutes to Sitka Charley; and it did not matter, now, when Devereaux arrived. Her work was done. She lifted her head, laughed her genuine mirth, slipped her hand clear, and rising to her feet called the maid.

"Alice, help Mr. Vanderlip on with his parka. His mittens are on the sill by the stove."

The man could not understand.

"Let me thank you for your kindness, Floyd. Your time was invaluable to me, and it was indeed good of you. The turning to the left, as you leave the cabin, leads the quickest to the water- hole. Good-night. I am going to bed."

Floyd Vanderlip employed strong words to express his perplexity and disappointment. Alice did not like to hear men swear, so dropped his parka on the floor and tossed his mittens on top of it. Then he made a break for Freda, and she ruined her retreat to the inner room by tripping over the parka. He brought her up standing with a rude grip on the wrist. But she only laughed. She was not afraid of men. Had they not wrought their worst with her, and did she not still endure?

"Don't be rough," she said finally. "On second thought," here she looked at his detaining hand, "I've decided not to go to bed yet a while. Do sit down and be comfortable instead of ridiculous. Any questions?"

"Yes, my lady, and reckoning, too." He still kept his hold. "What do you know about the water-hole? What did you mean by--no, never mind. One question at a time."

"Oh, nothing much. Sitka Charley had an appointment there with somebody you may know, and not being anxious for a man of your known charm to be present, fell back upon me to kindly help him. That's all. They're off now, and a good half hour ago."

"Where? Down river and without me? And he an Indian!"

"There's no accounting for taste, you know, especially in a woman."

"But how do I stand in this deal? I've lost four thousand dollars' worth of dogs and a tidy bit of a woman, and nothing to show for it. Except you," he added as an afterthought, "and cheap you are at the price."

Freda shrugged her shoulders.

"You might as well get ready. I'm going out to borrow a couple of teams of dogs, and we'll start in as many hours."

"I am very sorry, but I'm going to bed."

"You'll pack if you know what's good for you. Go to bed, or not, when I get my dogs outside, so help me, onto the sled you go. Mebbe you fooled with me, but I'll just see your bluff and take you in earnest. Hear me?"

He closed on her wrist till it hurt, but on her lips a smile was growing, and she seemed to listen intently to some outside sound. There was a jingle of dog bells, and a man's voice crying "Haw!" as a sled took the turning and drew up at the cabin.

"Now will you let me go to bed?"

As Freda spoke she threw open the door. Into the warm room rushed the frost, and on the threshold, garbed in trail-worn furs, knee- deep in the swirling vapor, against a background of flaming borealis, a woman hesitated. She removed her nose-trap and stood blinking blindly in the white candlelight. Floyd Vanderlip stumbled forward.

"Floyd!" she cried, relieved and glad, and met him with a tired bound.

What could he but kiss the armful of furs? And a pretty armful it was, nestling against him wearily, but happy.

"It was good of you," spoke the armful, "to send Mr. Devereaux with fresh dogs after me, else I would not have been in till to- morrow."

The man looked blankly across at Freda, then the light breaking in upon him.

"And wasn't it good of Devereaux to go?"

"Couldn't wait a bit longer, could you, dear?" Flossie snuggled closer.

"Well, I was getting sort of impatient," he confessed glibly, at the same time drawing her up till her feet left the floor, and getting outside the door.

That same night an inexplicable thing happened to the Reverend James Brown, missionary, who lived among the natives several miles down the Yukon and saw to it that the trails they trod led to the white

man's paradise. He was roused from his sleep by a strange Indian, who gave into his charge not only the soul but the body of a woman, and having done this drove quickly away. This woman was heavy, and handsome, and angry, and in her wrath unclean words fell from her mouth. This shocked the worthy man, but he was yet young and her presence would have been pernicious (in the simple eyes of his flock), had she not struck out on foot for Dawson with the first gray of dawn.

The shock to Dawson came many days later, when the summer had come and the population honored a certain royal lady at Windsor by lining the Yukon's bank and watching Sitka Charley rise up with flashing paddle and drive the first canoe across the line. On this day of the races, Mrs. Eppingwell, who had learned and unlearned numerous things, saw Freda for the first time since the night of the ball. "Publicly, mind you," as Mrs. McFee expressed it, "without regard or respect for the morals of the community," she went up to the dancer and held out her hand. At first, it is remembered by those who saw, the girl shrank back, then words passed between the two, and Freda, great Freda, broke down and wept on the shoulder of the captain's wife. It was not given to Dawson to know why Mrs. Eppingwell should crave forgiveness of a Greek dancing girl, but she did it publicly, and it was unseemly.

It was well not to forget Mrs. McFee. She took a cabin passage on the first steamer going out. She also took with her a theory which she had achieved in the silent watches of the long dark nights; and it is her conviction that the Northland is unregenerate because it is so cold there. Fear of hell-fire cannot be bred in an ice-box. This may appear dogmatic, but it is Mrs. McFee's theory [15].

Glossary:

A social constellation of the first magnitude – звезда первой величины;
Canned preserves – консервы;
Coterie – круг лиц, объединённых общими интересами;
Dubious – сомнительный; неопределенный, неясный; неоднозначный;
Expurgated – и вправду казалось;
Famine – голод;
Full-fledged – полноценный;
Galore – изобилие, большое количество;

Hall-mark – неоспоримый критерий;
In repose – когда она была спокойна;
Scribbler of words – бумагомаратель;
Spanking – резвый;
Straining every nerve – приложить все усилия;
Tedious – монотонный;
The scorn of women – женское презрение;
To clash – сходиться (пути сошлись);
To purport – значить, означать, претендовать, заявлять;
To vouchsafe – соизволить, удостаивать;
Official clique – "службисты".

Vocabulary exercises:

1) Fill in the gaps in the sentences using the words from the glossary.

1. He was received enthusiastically by affluent _____, by high officials, and by music and drama circles.
2. Your face is so beautiful in _____.
3. The study _____ to show an increase in the incidence of the disease.
4. Those who make and produce the news think that they are as important as the news, but they are only _____.
5. She's straining every _____ to get the work finished on time.
6. The policies pursued by one colony's merchants sometimes _____ with the interests of another.
7. The film moves along at a _____ pace.
8. Within months the student had become a _____ instructor.
9. These claims are _____ and not scientifically proven.
10. And to satisfy your sweet tooth, this café has desserts _____.

2) Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. She shot a glance at the clock. It was half after the hour.
2. This woman was heavy, and handsome, and angry, and in her wrath unclean words fell from her mouth.

3. It was bitter cold. As the trail wound, a quarter of a mile brought them to the dancer's cabin, by which time her moist breath had coated her face frostily, while his had massed his heavy mustache till conversation was painful.
4. She never talked of herself, so that it were well to let it go down that when in repose, expurgated, Greek she certainly was.
5. She smiled her gratitude for his having saved her the embarrassment of confession.

3) Translate into English with the reference to the short story.

1. По-видимому, Флойд Вандерлип был сильным человеком; судя по рассказам о первых годах его жизни, его не смущали ни тяжелая работа, ни грубая пища.
2. Ситка Чарли однажды шел с ней через Горы Молчания и потом прославил ее своими рассказами об ее ясном, испытующем взгляде, ясном, звучном голосе и совершенной искренности и прямоте.
3. Миссис Эпингуэлл снизошла до встречи с ней, отщепенкой, а Фреда, строго соблюдавшая традиции своего прежнего положения, не допустила этой встречи.
4. Миссис Эпингуэлл хорошо знала человеческую природу. Она стремилась понять все. Ей было нетрудно отойти от мироощущения цивилизованных людей и посмотреть на вещи с точки зрения дикаря.
5. Час спустя Фреда узнала, что бегство влюбленных назначено на пятницу; узнала также, что Флойд Вандерлип уехал в верховья Бонанзы, а значит, руки у нее связаны.

Comprehension exercises:

1) Discuss the given questions:

1. What is the setting of the story? Dwell on time and place of the action.
2. What are the relations between Freda and Mrs. Eppingwell?
3. Provide detailed characteristics of both characters.

4. Who is Floyd Vanderlip? Provide a description of his personality.
5. What is the role of Sitka Charley in the short story?

2) Find stylistic devices in the paragraphs given:

Note: study the list of stylistic devices (Appendix 2. p. 104)

1. Floyd Vanderlip was a strong man, apparently. Hard work and hard grub had no terrors for him, as his early history in the country attested. In danger he was a lion, and when he held in check half a thousand starving men, as he once did, it was remarked that no cooler eye ever took the glint of sunshine on a rifle-sight.
2. There were unknown qualities and depths in him, evidently, which they perceived. He did not know exactly what those qualities and depths were, but he had a hazy idea that they were there somewhere, and of them was bred a great pride in himself.
3. She shot a glance at the clock. It was half after the hour. She had given a margin of thirty minutes to Sitka Charley; and it did not matter, now, when Devereaux arrived. Her work was done. She lifted her head, laughed her genuine mirth, slipped her hand clear, and rising to her feet called the maid.
4. It was well not to forget Mrs. McFee. She took a cabin passage on the first steamer going out. She also took with her a theory which she had achieved in the silent watches of the long dark nights; and it is her conviction that the Northland is unregenerate because it is so cold there.

3) Answer the following questions:

1. Give the summary of the story.
2. Comment on the atmosphere of the story.
4. What are the characters in the story? What means of characterization are used?
5. What is the climax of the story?
6. Explain the main themes of the story. What is the main message of it?

4) Provide a linguistic analysis of the short story

Note: study the schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations (Appendix 1. p. 101); pay your attention to "Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text" section (Appendix 3. p. 109) and incorporate these vocabulary units into your analysis.

Appendix 1. Schematic outline of text analysis and some general recommendations

1. Give a brief personality sketch of the author of the literary text under analysis. Tips: Enlarge on the innovatory aspects of the writer's literary work in the line of content (problems, characters) and form (composition, style). (The text / excerpt / passage under review / consideration is taken from the novel / short story composed / written by...).

2. Define the subject matter and the theme and make a summary of the analyzed text. Tips: Skim the original text with a regard to its the main idea. Divide the text into sections. Write a one-sentence summary of each section choosing the words and expressions synonymous to those used by the author of the summarized text. Avoid any evaluation or comments. (In the given extract, the author tells a story ... The gist of the story is the delineation / depiction / description / portrayal / presentation of...).

3. Comment on the narrative method. The type of narrative: subjectivized – in the 1st person; objectivized – in the 3rd person. Tips: Explain the stylistic role and value of the chosen type of narrative for text evaluation. Supply the language material to prove your point of view. (The … type of narrative makes the text sound more personal; it shortens the distance between the author and the reader; it gives a reliable and first-hand information; it makes the text more vivid and emotional; it creates the effect of authenticity / questions the authenticity of the events presented in the text; a reader becomes a participant of the events etc.).

The type of the narrator. Tips: Outline the character of the narrator. Think about the effect the author’s choice of the narrator creates.

1) the first-person narrator. Decide whether the first-person narrator is reliable or unreliable (has biases and prejudices that may influence how he tells the story);

2) the third-person narrator. Decide whether the third-person narrator is omniscient (unlimited, all-knowing) or limited (concentrated). Support your opinion referring to the text. (It gives the reader a greater insight into the minds of characters; allows readers to form their own opinion about the characters and their motives).

The form of presentation. Tips: Decide what the passage / story presents: direct speech; reported / indirect speech (the author's narrative); monologue (inner or unuttered, outer or uttered); dialogue; narration;

description (static, dynamic, panoramic, general view, close-up); stream of consciousness.

Prove your point of view with the examples from the text. Identify the prevailing narrative form. Think what effect is created by the combination of different forms of presentation. (In form it is a narration / description … intermingled with reported speech; it helps avoid monotony of the narrative; adds vividness to the excerpt; helps in character drawing).

4. Define the slant / stylistic tone of the text. Tips: The slant may be: ironical; humorous; tragic; sarcastic; lyrical; optimistic; pessimistic; melodramatic; sentimental; emotional/unemotional; pathetic; dry and matter-of-fact; gloomy; bitter; cheerful (The general slant of the narration is… The text is written in … tone).

5. Dwell upon the setting of the text. Tips: Define the type of setting of the analyzed text and state its function. The setting can be: temporal; geographical/local; social; briefly sketched; detailed. It may function as: a mirror; an antagonist; a means of reinforcing theme; a way of revealing character (The setting contributes towards creating mood and atmosphere of the narration; The setting is seen through the eyes of…).

6. Give an account on the plot structure of the analyzed text. Tips: Define whether the text has a straight line (chronological) or a complex narrative? The classical plot structure consists of:

1) the exposition;
2) the complications;
3) the climax;
4) the denouement;
5) the closing part/ending.

However, the author may employ such techniques as:

1) in medias res (In medias res or medias in res is a Latin phrase for the literary and artistic narrative technique where the relating of a story begins at the midpoint, rather than at the beginning, establishing setting, character, and conflict via flashback or expository conversations relating the pertinent past);
2) flashback (to the past);
3) foreshadowing (towards the future);
4) retardation (a compositional technique of holding back the development of the plot; it is accomplished by such means as lyric digressions, descriptions of landscapes or interiors, and the repetition of episodes of the same type).

The plot structure may undergo some transformations – some parts can be omitted, or repeated, or inverted. If necessary, each part should be divided into smaller logical parts or episodes. Some stories may have subplots. (The extract may be subdivided into 2 (5, etc.) logically complete fragments).

7. Methods for conveying characters: direct (through the author's or another personage's description); indirect (through the character's speech and actions).

8. Formulate the message of the analyzed text. The theme of the book implies the problem, which the writer raises. His view and attitude to this problem is revealed in the way he develops the theme of the story. The most important idea that the author expresses in the process of developing the theme is the message of the book. The theme is therefore organically connected with the author’s message.

The message is generally expressed implicitly, i.e. indirectly, and has a complex analytical character, being created by the interaction of numerous implications, which the different elements of the literary work have. It is only by analysis of those implications that one may reveal the message of a literary work. Therefore, the message of a literary is not something that is stated in a particular sentence and easily located; it is something that is comprehended upon reflection.

Appendix 2. Terms and stylistic devices

1. **Allusion** – a brief and indirect reference to a person, place, thing or idea of historical, cultural, literary or political significance. E.g. The rise in poverty will unlock the Pandora's box of crimes. This is an allusion to one of Greek Mythology's origin myth, "Pandora's box".
2. **Anaphora** – in writing or speech, the deliberate repetition of the first part of the sentence in order to achieve an artistic effect. E.g. "Every day, every night, in every way, I am getting better and better."
3. **Antagonist** – an antagonist is a character, or a group of characters, which stands in opposition to the protagonist, which is the main character.
4. **Antithesis** – a rhetorical device in which two opposite ideas are put together in a sentence to achieve a contrasting effect. E.g. "Setting foot on the moon may be a small step for a man but a giant step for mankind."; Man proposes, God disposes.
5. **Asyndeton** – a stylistic device used in literature and poetry to intentionally eliminate conjunctions between the phrases, and in the sentence, yet maintain grammatical accuracy. E.g. "I came, I saw, I conquered."
6. **Biography** – an account or detailed description about the life of a person.
7. **Caricature** – a device used in descriptive writing and visual arts, in which particular aspects of a subject are exaggerated, to create a silly or comic effect.
8. **Climax** – is that particular point in a narrative at which the conflict or tension hits the highest point. Climax is a structural part of a plot, and is at times referred to as a "crisis."
9. **Complex character** – well-developed and complex figures in a story. They are more realistic, and demonstrate more depth in their personalities.
10. **Conflict** – a literary element that involves a struggle between two opposing forces, usually a protagonist and an antagonist.
11. **Context** – the background, environment, setting, framework, or surroundings of events or occurrences.
12. **Denouement** - a literary device that can be defined as the resolution of the issue of a complicated plot in fiction.

13. **Digression** – a stylistic device authors employ to create a temporary departure from the main subject of the narrative, to focus on apparently unrelated topics, explaining background details.
14. **Direct characterization** – the way an author or another character within the story describes or reveals a character, through the use of descriptive adjectives, epithets, or phrases.
15. **Epiphora** – a stylistic device in which a word or a phrase is repeated at the ends of successive clauses. E.g. When I was a child, // I reasoned like a child, // I talked like a child, // I thought like a child.
16. **Explicit** – directly stated and leaves no room for uncertainty.
17. **Exposition** – a literary device used to introduce background information about events, settings, characters, or other elements of a work to the audience or readers.
18. **Flashback** – interruption that writers do to insert past events, in order to provide background or context to the current events of a narrative.
19. **Foreshadowing** – literary device in which a writer gives an advance hint of what is to come later in the story. Foreshadowing often appears at the beginning of a story, or a chapter, and helps the reader develop expectations about the coming events in a story.
20. **Framing** – a kind of repetition in which the opening word is repeated at the end of a sense-group or a sentence. E.g. “No wonder his father wanted to know what Bosinney meant, no wonder.” (G. Galsworthy)
21. **Hyperbole** – a figure of speech that involves an exaggeration of ideas for the sake of emphasis. E.g. “She is as heavy as an elephant!”
22. **Idiolect** – an individual's distinctive and unique use of language, including speech.
23. **Image** – a mental picture or idea that forms in a reader's or listener's mind from the words that they read or hear.
24. **Imagery** – means to use figurative language to represent objects, actions, and ideas in such a way that it appeals to our physical senses. E.g. “The starry night sky looked so beautiful that it begged him to linger, but he reluctantly left for home.”
25. **Implication** – a suggestion of something that is made without saying it directly.
26. **Implicit** – suggested but not communicated directly.
27. **Indirect characterization** – the writer reveals information about a character and his personality through that character’s thoughts,

words, and actions, along with how other characters respond to that character, including what they think and say about him.

28. **Internal conflict** – an internal or psychological conflict arises as soon as a character experiences two opposite emotions or desires – usually virtue and vice, or good and evil – inside him. This disagreement causes the character to suffer mental agony, and it develops a unique tension in a storyline, marked by a lack of action.
29. **Inversion** – a literary technique in which the normal order of words is reversed, in order to achieve a particular effect of emphasis. E.g. "Where in the world were you!"
30. **Irony** – a figure of speech in which words are used in such a way that their intended meaning is different from the actual meaning of the words. E.g. The doctor is as kind hearted as a wolf.
31. **Landscape (also: seascape)** – a view or picture of the countryside (sea), or the art of making such pictures.
32. **Literary technique** – structure, usually a word or phrase in literary texts, that writers employ to achieve not merely artistic ends but also give readers a greater understanding and appreciation of their literary works. Examples are: metaphor, simile, alliteration, hyperbole, allegory etc.
33. **Litotes** – a figure of speech that employs an understatement by using double negatives or, in other words, a positive statement expressed by negating its opposite expressions. E.g. "The ice cream was not too bad."
34. **Main character** – a character in a story, who has the most importance in it and does the most to support the plot.
35. **Means of characterization** – a literary device that is used step-by-step in literature to highlight and explain the details about a character in a story. An author can use two approaches to deliver information about a character and build an image of it. There are two approaches to characterization: direct or explicit and indirect or implicit characterization.
36. **Message** – the main idea of a piece of literature carried indirectly through the characters, events and the author's conceptions.
37. **Metaphor** – an implied comparison between two seemingly different things. E.g. "All the world's a stage, // And all the men and women merely players."
38. **Metonymy** – a figure of speech consisting in the use of one word for another denoting a thing of which it is part or with which it is

associated (the effect for the cause; the instrument for the action; the container for the contained). E.g. “The pen is mightier than the sword.” (Pen refers to written words, and sword to military force.)

39. **Motif** – a motif can be seen as an image, sound, action, or other figure that has a symbolic significance, and contributes toward the development of a theme.
40. **Novel** – a long, printed story about imaginary characters and events.
41. **Omniscient author** – one who takes an omniscient point of view – can see and report everything.
42. **Oxymoron** – a figure of speech consisting in the use of an epithet or attributive phrase (a modifier) in contradiction to the noun it defines. E.g. “speaking silence” (G. Byron).
43. **Parallelism** – the use of components in a sentence that are grammatically the same; or similar in their construction, sound, meaning, or meter. E.g. “Like father, like son.” “Easy come, easy go.”
44. **Plot** – a literary term used to describe the events that make up a story, or the main part of a story. These events relate to each other in a pattern or a sequence. The structure of a novel depends on the organization of events in the plot of the story.
45. **Polysyndeton** – repetition of conjunction(s) in close succession as one of the homogeneous parts, or clauses, or sentences, opposed to asyndeton. E.g. “They were all three from Milan and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier...” (E. Hemingway).
46. **Portrait, portraiture** – a written description or analysis of a person (or thing).
47. **Protagonist** – the main character in any story, such as a literary work or drama.
48. **Pun –** play upon words. E.g. “Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.”
49. **Repetition** – a reiteration of the same word or phrase with the view of expressiveness.
50. **Rhetorical questions** – asked just for effect, or to lay emphasis on some point being discussed, when no real answer is expected. E.g. “Who knows?”
51. **Setting** – an environment or surrounding in which an event or story takes place. It may provide particular information about placement and timing, such as New York, America, in the year 1820.

52. **Short story** – brief fictional prose narrative that is shorter than a novel and that usually deals with only a few characters.
53. **Simile** – A simile is a figure of speech that makes a comparison, showing similarities between two different things. Unlike a metaphor, a simile draws resemblance with the help of the words "like" or "as." E.g. "Our soldiers are as brave as lions."
54. **Simple character (also: flat character)** –a type of character in fiction that does not change too much from the start of the narrative to its end. Flat characters are often said not to have any emotional depth.
55. **Stylistic device** – see: Literary technique.
56. **Stylistic diversity** – the variety of use of stylictic devices.
57. **Suspense** – a literary device that authors use to keep their readers' interest alive throughout the work. It is a feeling of anticipation that something risky or dangerous is about to happen.
58. **Symbol** – is used to signify ideas and qualities, by giving them symbolic meanings that are different from their literal sense. E.g. "The dove is a symbol of peace."
59. **The author's mouthpiece** – one that expresses or interprets author's views.
60. **Theme** – a main idea or an underlying meaning of a literary work, which may be stated directly or indirectly.
61. **Tone** – in written composition, is an attitude of a writer toward a subject or an audience. Tone is generally conveyed through the choice of words, or the viewpoint of a writer on a particular subject: humorous, gloomy, sarcastic, ironic, etc.
62. **Types of narrative –** a narrative, or story, is told by a narrator who may be a direct part of that experience, and he or she often shares the experience as a first-person narrator. Sometimes he or she may only observe the events as a third-person narrator, and gives his or her summation.
63. **Viewpoint** – a point of view.
64. **Words of the literary/neutral layer** – serve to satisfy communicative demands of official, scientific, high poetry and poetic messages, authorial speech of creative prose.

Appendix 3. Useful phrases for linguistic analysis of a literary text

1. Introductory phrases

The text under analysis/study is taken from the novel ... belonging to the pen of ..., the famous/ well-known/ celebrated/ popular writer. He belongs to the brilliant school of critical realism/romanticism/modernism, etc. The author is the master of psychological analysis. His works are marked by a deep penetration into the soul of man/keen observation of characters In his work the author provided the best portrait of... His novels are written with power and brilliance. His novels and short stories are heavy with satire/sarcasm. The author treats the existing reality negatively and attacks the most common vices of man: cruelty, hypocrisy, greediness, money-worship, etc, The author viewed human nature from all sides What we value most in N's works is his brilliant/vivid style/ refined treatment of characters/ deep insight into human nature/ powers of psychological analysis/ fine sense of humor/ humanism and optimism/belief in human nature, etc. The author gained his popularity as a short-story writer/playwright/essayist. N's manner of writing is characterized by the sincerity of intonation and spontaneity of presentation N's numerous novels have conquered the world by their intricate and absorbing plots. The author manages to hold the reader's undivided attention from start to finish. His success should be attributed to the fact that... The author portrays the man against his social background class/ middle class and its responsibilities towards society. Economy of expressive means and simplicity are typical of N. The author's accuracy is most convincing. The author possessed a keen and observant eye and in his best works he ridiculed Philistinism, narrow-mindedness, hypocrisy, egotism, utilitarian approach to art, etc. N's work is marred by cynicism and disbelief in human nature. N. was a prolific writer. N. is an incomparable story-teller. He writes with lucidity and almost ostentatious simplicity.

2. Presenting the summary of the text

At (in) the beginning of the text the author describes (depicts, dwells on, touches upon, explains, introduces, mentions, characterizes, analyses, comments on, points out, reveals), etc. The extract opens with ... The matter stood like this (stood thus). The action (scene) is laid in. The

opening scene shows (reveals)... Then (after that, further (on), next) the author passes on to ... (goes on from to, goes on to say that..., gives a detailed (thorough) description (analysis, etc.) of..., digresses from the subject, etc. This is what followed next. As the story unfolds (as the action develops) we obtain further information about the characters. From (in) the next paragraph we learn that... Here the extract reaches its culminating point (climax). In conclusion the author describes (touches upon, etc.) The author concludes with the description (explanation, mentioning the fact that ...) The extract (story, text) ends with... To finish with, the author describes... At the end of the extract (story, text) the author draws the 'conclusion that ... (comes to the conclusion that...) At the end of the story (extract, text) the author sums it all up by saying that .., etc. The concluding words are...

3. Other patterns

The extract is permeated with deep concern and sympathy towards... The extract can be subdivided into ... logically complete parts. The extract is practically wholly a narrative (a dialogue, a description), mostly a dialogue and partially a narrative, mostly a description and partially a dialogue, etc. The general atmosphere (tone, slant) of the extract is... As the action develops (unfolds) the general atmosphere changes. The choice of words, syntactical patterns, some expressive means and stylistic devices help the author to create this atmosphere, to enhance the effect of gloom (dramatic tension, irony, to express his sympathetic /scornful, ironical/ attitude to the characters, to show the misery /wretchedness, blissful happiness, etc./ of the main characters, to accentuate tense relations between the characters, to make the description more vivid, to make the narration and characters more creditable and true-to-life.) The author's sympathy lies with... The writer depicts his characters through their speech, actions, feelings, attitude towards each other, etc. There are also some instances of direct characterization in the text. The speech of the characters is (unemotional, (inexpressive, etc. As far as my attitude to the characters is concerned I want to say (to stress, to underline the fact that...), 1 think, 1 consider, I'm sure that, there is no doubt (no denying) that... I am on the side of... I sympathize with..., 1 fully support and understand... My attitude to this character can't be expressed in a couple of words, because it is a very complex character. On the one hand, he seems to me..., on the other hand, I think that... The author’s treatment of his

characters seems to me brilliant (superb, perfect, unsurpassed, poor, /un/convincing, true-to-life, realistic), etc. The author lets the reader form his notion (opinion, judgment) of the characters by himself. To my mind (in my opinion) the message (main idea) of the extract is the following... It seems to me that by this extract (story) the author wanted to convey to the reader the following message (ideas, thoughts): I fully /dis/agree with the author in that... As far as my evaluation of the text is concerned 1 want to say that (it seems to me that..., I found the text interesting, not very interesting, gripping/thrilling, entertaining, merely amusing, sparkling with brilliant humor and wit, thought-provocative, too far-fetched and not very true-to-life, dull, boring, slow-moving), etc. The ideas expressed by the author are very close to me because... His ideas concerning ... are still important, vital and urgent. In this extract the author touches upon the most burning problems of mankind, the eternal problems.

4. Describing characters

Virtuous characteristics: amiable; good-natured; kind; kind-hearted; communicative; sociable; discreet; generous; considerate; attentive; thoughtful; earnest; calm; quiet; self-possessed; honest; just; patient; sympathetic; cordial; witty; benevolent; scrupulous; devoted; loyal; courageous; persevering; sweet; gentle; proud.

Evil characteristics: ill-natured; unkind; hard-hearted; reserved; unsociable; hostile; haughty; arrogant; indiscreet; unscrupulous; greedy; tactless; insincere; hypocritical; false; vulgar; double-faced; indifferent; dishonest; cruel; intolerant; conceited; self-willed; presumptuous; deceitful; harsh; sulky; sullen; obstinate; coarse; rude; vain; impertinent; revengeful; willful; capricious.

Adjectives applied to literary characters: well-drawn; vividly-drawn; true-to-life; convincing; complex; subtle; poorly-drawn; superficial, flat; lacking in depth; unconvincing, lifeless.

Speaking about the way the characters treat each other: to offend smb.; to adore smb. for smth.; to insult smb. with smth; to despise smb. for smth.; to treat smb. well (badly, with respect, unjustly, etc.); to be indifferent to smb; to feel (have) contempt for smb; to hate smb for smth.; to praise smb. for smth.; to blame smb. for smth. / doing smth.; to condemn smb. for smth / doing smth.; to humiliate smb. with smth.; to betray smb; to find fault with; to make fun of smb.; to annoy smb. by smth.; to frighten (scare) smb. by smth.; to cringe before smb.; to reproach

smb. for smth. / doing smth.; to flatter smb.; to worship; to admire; to let smb. down; to bore; to feel pity for smb.; to threaten smb. with smth; to jeer at smb.; to sneer at smb.; to mock at smb.; to poke fun at smb. [25].

Appendix 4. Sample text analyses

1. The Model Millionaire by Oscar Wilde

1) Introduction

The writer of this story, Oscar Wilde, was an Irish playwright, novelist, poet, and author of short stories. While studying in Trinity, Dublin, he was influenced by the aesthetic movement, which advocated that art must be practiced only for the sake of art and soon became one of its ardent followers. He is well-known for being witty and humorous. Some of his plays are still being performed broadly, e.g. "The Importance of Being Earnest".

"The Model Millionaire" is a short story written by the Irish author Oscar Wilde. It first appeared in print in the newspaper The World in June 1887. In 1891 it was published again as part of the anthology "Lord Arthur Saville's Crime and Other Stories" [20].

2) Plot summary

The main character of the story, Hughie Erskine, is a gorgeous and well-known man. He has every accomplishment except earning money. He tries everything; from being an investor, a tea merchant, to selling dry sherry. Nothing works and what makes thing worse that he is in love. The girl is Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel. Both are madly in love and adoring each other. Hughie had no idea how he could manage to get ten thousand pounds to get her hand in marriage, as her father has demand. One day, Hughie's benevolent nature leads him to a wonderful consequence. Given ten thousand by a 'beggar' as a wedding present, Hughie could marry Laura instantly with no doubt [23].

3) Structure of the text

"The Model Millionaire" by Oscar Wilde is set in Victorian England, most likely in London, which is mentioned in the text. Though we do not know the exact city or the exact time, we can imagine that the story was meant to be read as a contemporary one. The main action takes place over two days. The story is structured in three main scenes. The first takes place at the painter's studio when Hughie meets the baron who looks like a

beggar and gives him money. The second takes place at the club, where Hughie finds out the beggar is, in fact, a baron. The third is set at Hughie's place, where he receives the envelope with the 10,000 pounds check from the baron, necessary for him to get married. The text is written mixing narrative passages with direct speech and very short descriptions.

"The Model Millionaire" is a third-person narration which focuses on the point of view of the protagonist: "He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and felt in his pockets to see what money he had." The story is presented from an omniscient point of view. Everyone in the story is being exposed to the reader without prejudice. The narrator knows the entire events that happen. What makes this story more significant is that the narrator shows how a certain character feels and comment about another person, establishing his personal view. For instance, Alan Trevor, the painter, is introduced as a strange rough fellow, yet he feels free to allow Hughie to enter his studio. This is because he believes Hughie is not only charming, but he got the sense of optimistic spirits and charitable nature [29].

4) The stylistic tone of the text

Other than that, the tone of this story is familiar. It is being told straight to the point, not like other stories which require us to read with so much confusion and critical thinking. The author makes it understandable, at ease so as not to forget; he also includes the sense of didacticism [23].

The story "The Model Millionaire" by Oscar Wilde respects the classical style of Oscar Wilde's writings. It is humorous, light-hearted and sympathetic. The story starts and ends with maxims which make the message of the author very clear to the readers.

The language reflects the background of the characters and the style of speaking in the Victorian age. Notice, for instance, the difference between Hughie's language and that of the baron's employee: "'Poor old chap! said Hughie, 'how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?'"; "An old gentleman with gold spectacles and grey hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, 'Have I the honour of addressing Monsieur Erskine?'"

Literary works are usually composed using certain stylistic devices which make them more appealing to the readership. "The Model Millionaire" makes no exception. Here are some of the most important

stylistic devices employed in the text: imagery, metaphors, overstatements/hyperboles, antithesis, and repetition [28].

5) Methods for conveying characters

In “The Model Millionaire” by Oscar Wilde, we can identify several characters: Hughie Erskine – the protagonist, Alan Trevor, Baron Hausberg, Colonel Merton, the baron’s employee and Laura. The characters are quite well-developed and presented. There is adequate description about every single character; certainly it’s according to their level of contribution in the story. However, Laura is more like an absent character; apart from being beautiful and in love with Hughie we do not know much about her.

The story is permeated with deep concern and sympathy towards Hughie, who is the main character in the story. The narrator paints a detailed portrait of him and occasionally adopts his perspective on the events. Physically, Hughie is attractive and charming. His looks and attitude get him a lot of friends even if he is neither wealthy nor very intelligent: “But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his grey eyes.”

Alan Trevor is a painter and Hughie’s friend. He is depicted antithetically. While he is a master of his art, he is a strange person. This is very typical of artists who are many times misunderstood by society and have a different lifestyle from the majority: “Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with a freckled face and a ragged red beard. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after.” Baron Hausberg is an eccentric millionaire, as we see him posing and looking like a beggar. He is also a good actor, as he manages to deceive Hughie and plays the role of the beggar. Colonel Merton is the father of Laura, the woman Hughie loves. He comes across as a more traditional person. Even if he likes Hughie, he does not approve of the couple getting engaged unless Hughie has a stable 10,000 pounds fortune.

Moreover, speech and actions included has brought the readers closer to the story. Sometimes it seems that we can get into the characters’ head and figure out his thought. At the same time, the characters’ values are to be exposed this way. For example, Hughie’s generosity is portrayed within a conversation with Alan in the Palette Club: ‘My dear Alan,’ cried Hughie, ‘I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old wretch! I wish I could do something

for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits.' [28]

6) The message and themes of the analyzed text

The main themes of the short story "The Model Millionaire" by Oscar Wilde are: wealth, morality and beauty, and class consciousness.

The short story is clearly focused on the importance of wealth in Victorian England. All the characters illustrate class stratification. The beggar represents the poor; Hughie, Laura, the Colonel and Alan represent the middle class, and the baron the upper class. The title and the opening sentence draw attention to this point: "Unless one is wealthy there is no use in being a charming fellow." However, wealth seems to be important for men and not necessarily for women. In the narrative, we see the protagonist has failed to adapt to a materialistic, mercantile society and, as a result, he cannot marry the woman he loves: "Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession." His affair with Laura is at a stake as he has failed to raise a fund of ten thousand pounds as demanded by Laura's father who welcomes Hughie as a person but is not ready to accept him as his son-in-law. Hence the second sentence of the story becomes significant: "Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed." In the end, had Baron not provided Hughie the money, the latter's marriage with Laura would not have materialized.

The story presents morality and beauty as important as wealth. The narrator clearly emphasizes that wealth alone is not enough to make friends, to be accepted in society and to be considered a good person. While Hughie has no fortune of his own, he compensates through charm, good nature, and kindness. Kindness shown to others pays in the end. There is no doubt that had Hughie not offered the sovereign to Baron, the latter would not have shown his generosity to sponsor the money Hughie required. Tender qualities are not to be totally dispensed with even in a thoroughly materialistic world.

The above two themes are undoubtedly opposed to each other. Many readers object to the very fact that this story has a fairytale quality. There are many chance factors in this story. Hughie accidentally meets the disguised Baron at Trevor's studio. Then he gets the chance to have an intimate exchange of feelings with the latter. Accidentally there is a

sovereign in his pocket. Strangely enough the beggar turns out to be a millionaire. But we must not discard the story as based only on chance factors because we know that truth is stranger than fiction. Such chance factors are common in our life too.

However, one question remains in the end: What ultimately wins the value system that Laura's father believes or the cordial qualities that Hughie possesses? There is no doubt that without ten thousand pounds the marriage would not have taken place. On the other hand, it is also true that Hughie would not have got the prize from Baron had Hughie not shown his kindness to the beggar, the disguised Baron. Wilde is not an extremist. He believes that one must have a solid financial base to build the successful married life. On the other hand, he maintains that while following the ways of the world, one must not discard his cordial qualities completely. We must maintain a steady balance between the two.

Lastly, a rich man must know the proper ways to expand his wealth. Monetary gains do not salve one's soul unless he expends that money to help others. By helping Hughie to marry Laura, Baron exemplifies the ideal way to spend money. That is why he raises himself to the status of a model millionaire from the status of a millionaire model [31].

2. The Verger by W. Somerset Maugham

1) Introduction

William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965) is a well-known English novelist, short-story writer, playwright and essayist. He is famous for his clear and precise style of writing.

The themes of his stories demonstrate the disaffection of his characters with the modern world. Four books come to particular prominence: Of Human Bondage (1915), a semi-autobiographical account of a young medical student's painful progress toward maturity; The Moon and Sixpence (1919), an account of an unconventional artist, suggested by the life of Paul Gauguin; Cakes and Ale (1930), the story of a famous novelist, which is thought to contain caricatures of Thomas Hardy and Hugh Walpole; and The Razor's Edge (1944), the story of a young American war veteran's quest for a satisfying way of life.

The short story "The Verger" is an example of how a person can be successful in life even though he is illiterate. He makes a good use of his creativity. What is more important is how to use our knowledge correctly.

The aurhor's aim is to show that being illiteracy is not equal to intelligence [35].

2) Plot summary

The new vicar of St. Peter's Church is astonished to learn that the long-serving verger, Albert Foreman, is illiterate. When Foreman refuses to learn to read, the vicar feels he has no choice but to fire him.

On the way back home, Foreman notices that there is not a tobacconist shop in the area. Needing work, he decides to open one. He also takes the opportunity to propose to his landlady, Emma. Their business is very successful, and Foreman soon sets up another shop, run by his stepdaughter and her husband. Over the next decade, Foreman starts up more and more shops, becoming a wealthy man in the process and depositing his profits at the bank. The bank manager recommends that he invest his savings in order to get a better return on his money, forcing Foreman to reveal that he has not been able to because he cannot read. When the stunned manager asks (rhetorically) if he knew where he would be if he could, Foreman replies that he would be the verger of St. Peter's.

The verger, like many other stories by Maugham, has a very lucid plot. The story is set in London. The type of the conflict is external, because the character struggles against the circumstances that he faces. By the end of this story we can find irony, when our character realized what would have happened in his life if he had accepted the proposal of the new vicar; he would not be the man he had become [24].

3) Structure of the text

The author uses the mode of omniscient third person narration; he has free access to feelings and thoughts of each character in the story and does not interfere. “The Verger” has an introduction in which we meet Albert himself and the new vicar, a succession of actions shows us Forman’s dismissal, his idea to open tobacco shop, his becoming a successful businessman, and his visit to the bank. The climax comes in the moment he is proved to be unable to read when he is proposed to sign the agreement in order to invest his money. The denoument is the Forman’s reply that he would be the verger of St. Peter’s, Naville Square to manager’s question about what he would be now if he could read. In “The Verger” S. Maugham put the art of utilizing irony to the top degree with

the reply of Foreman the protagonist to the bank manager at the end of the story.

4) Stylistic tone of the text

The style in which the short story is written is belles-lettres. The text is riddled with bookish words (e.g. vacant, complacence, dignified) and church terms (e.g. verger's gown, vicar, vestry, font, chancel, etc.). Analyzing Albert's speech, simple words and contractions are employed to show his unsophisticated character. Albert uses either garbled or wrong words; he doesn't know grammar and it is obvious from the way he speaks. (e.g. in me head, don't he know I want my tea?, all this hustle). Tenses which are primarily used are the past simple and past perfect.

The author conveys meanings through the use of metaphors. Firstly, they are introduced to highlight the degree of Foreman's concern when he loses and is deprived of his favourite work (e.g. the blow inflicted upon him; his heart was heavy; he sighed as he thought of all ceremonies his gown had seen). Secondly, at the beginning of the story the author draws the reader's attention to how much Albert is proud of his gowns. The character keeps them in tidy and pleasant condition, can't throw them, holds them neatly in the wardrobe, and even personifies garments. Exaggeration is used in the vicar's speech (e.g. the most amazing thing I ever heard, the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity).

5) The message and themes of the analyzed text

"The Verger" by W. Somerset Maugham discloses the themes of appearance, independence, opportunity, and humility.

Firstly, the author explores the theme of appearance as he suggests it is significant for Albert. Likewise, the vicar seems to consider appearance and formalities as important, too. The ability to read and write sets a standard that the vicar believes everyone should attain. Since Albert can't read or write, this occasion goes against what the vicar thinks is good for St. Peter's. It also doesn't help Albert Edward that he has never been in trouble with the authorities of the church, and that he has an impeccable record. As a representative of St. Peter's, the vicar doesn't believe that Albert Edward is good enough. He does not have the skills that the vicar thinks a verger must have.

Secondly, Maugham reveals the theme of opportunity. Rather than being downcast about the fact that he has lost his job, Albert turns his loss into an opportunity by deciding to set up a tobacconists. From his defeat Forman manages to grasp victory and finally owns ten shops. It highlights the dedication that Albert Edward has. It is this same dedication that had previously made him a successful verger. Once focused, Albert Edward appears to throw all his energies into whatever effort (verger or shop owner) he is undertaking. It is as though Albert is driven not by profit but by a desire to be the best that he can be, even if he can't read and write. It may also be a case that Maugham is attempting through Albert Edward's success to ridicule the vicar. What the vicar considers to be important is not necessarily the same for others.

Thirdly, although being a verger is an important role in the church as it has an element of prestige, it is still not the same as being self-sufficient. Therefore, the author discovers the theme of independence. Albert Edward has become his own boss being answerable to nobody but himself. It is a dramatic change in circumstances for Albert Edward who was able neither to read or nor write.

Finally, Forman does not allow the success go to his head. If anything he remains as humble as he was when he was a verger. How humble Albert might actually be is noticeable by his reply to the bank manager when the bank manger wonders how successful Albert could have been if he did know how to read or write. By telling the bank manager that he would be the verger of St. Peter's Albert Edward manages to show humility. He has not forgotten where he came from nor does he wish to change his past. It is as though Albert despite having to resign from a position he enjoyed holds no animosity towards anybody (the vicar). Albert is living a satisfied life whereas others may not be as fortunate as he is. He has shown ingenuity and flexibility in his life. The vicar lived by a set of rigid rules that Forman did not comply with nor did he wish to comply with. Albert has made a success out of his life and remained humble throughout, whereas the vicar may have been driven by his own inflated ego [24].

3. Cat in the Rain by Ernest Hemingway

1) Introduction

Born on July 21, 1899, in Cicero (now in Oak Park), Illinois, Ernest Hemingway served in World War I and worked in journalism before publishing his story collection In Our Time. He was renowned for novels like The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls, and The Old Man and the Sea, which won the 1953 Pulitzer. In 1954, Hemingway won the Nobel Prize. He committed suicide on July 2, 1961, in Ketchum, Idaho.

The short story "Cat in the Rain" was written by Ernest Hemingway in the 1920´s. It is about an American couple that spends their holidays in an Italian hotel [11].

2) Plot summary

It is a rainy day and the American woman sees a cat in the rain, which she wants to protect from the raindrops. When she goes out of the hotel, which is kept by an old Italian who really seems to do everything to please that woman, and wants to get the cat, it is gone. After returning to the hotel room, she starts a conversation with her husband George, who is reading all the time, telling him how much she wants to have a cat and other things, for instance her own silver to eat with. Her husband seems to be annoyed by that and not interested at all. At the end of the story there is a knock on the door, and the maid stands there holding a cat for the American woman in her hands [22].

3) Structure of the text

The short story “Cat in the Rain” is narrated from the perspective of the omniscient author and is set in a small, coastal Italian village. There is a long description given at the beginning of the story under analysis. Firstly, the author describes good weather: “In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea”.).

Later on, this description is superseded by the momentary situation in the rain, which creates the atmosphere of sadness, coldness and unfriendliness. In order to generate this atmosphere Hemingway uses special lexis, such as “empty” or “the motorcars were gone”: “It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back

down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the café a waiter stood looking out at the empty square."

By looking at the relationship of the two Americans, it turns out that the description given preliminary was a foreshadowing of the state of the couple´s relationship: at first it was the spring-time of their love, and now there is only rain, their relationship got cold and unfriendly. Another symbolic hint in the setting of the short story is the war monument mentioned three times to tell the reader that a conflict is to be expected. The War Monument in the public garden commemorates the citizens of that particular town who were lost to the violence of the war. The fact that the story was written in 1925 prompts that the story must take place near 1918, the year the war ended.

The rising action in the story is when we get acquainted with the American lady: "The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on. The conflict is established when the author provides us with a short remark of hers: 'I'm going down and get that kitty,' the American wife said." The short story reaches its climax at the point when the American wife, whose name is not mentioned throughout the story, give way to her feelings and needs: 'I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel,' she said. 'I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her.'; 'And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.' The reader faces the denouement when, in the end, there is a knock on the door, the maid stands there with a cat for the American wife.

4) Stylistic tone of the text

The town in the story is on the seaside, which suggests it's as a place for vacationers – those people who want to get away and forget. Hemingway doesn't set this story on a typical sunny day on vacation. The relentless rain and the way it envelops the whole scene – gardens, sea, squar – conveys a feeling of imprisonment. Rainy days in vacation towns also have a more disappointing feeling: it hints that things aren't what

they're supposed to be, or they're not what people hoped for when they set out on holiday.

The husband and wife in the story are unhappy with one another, stll they don't talk about it. Instead, the tension lies in their lack of real interaction. There's an unhappiness that they are studiously avoiding, but trapped as they are in their room on this rainy day, as each other's only company and as the only Americans at the hotel, the awkwardness becomes pretty concentrated. Hemingway's sentences, both in the dialogue and the descriptions, are terse.

The title of the story is symbolic. In many ways, the cat that the American wife sees underneath the table in the rain mirrors the American wife herself. She too feels helpless throughout the story. She is as vulnerable as the cat in the rain reliant on her husband to provide for her. If anything she is as trapped as the cat [3].

5) Methods for conveying characters

The author uses both direct and indirect methods of characterization. American wife’s relationship with George is the focal point; they may be going nowhere or may actually lack any type of change. Something that is symbolically noticeable by the lack of movement made by George throughout the story. He remains in the same place, lying on the bed.

George also doesn’t appear to take his wife’s needs or wants seriously. Something that is noticeable when he tells her to ‘shut up and get something to read.’ This line may be important as it suggests that the wife is being controlled by George or at least he views his wife’s wishes or desires to be impractical, unrealistic or unimportant.

It may also be possible that George is being selfish and not giving his wife any consideration at all. Hemingway mentions the square outside the hotel as being empty. In many ways this emptiness mirrors how the American wife feels. Also the fact that it is raining adds a further sense of isolation or loneliness to the story.

The fact that Hemingway doesn’t introduce any other visitors to the hotel also serves to further heighten or highlight the sense of loneliness that the American wife feels. Though there are other guests in the hotel neither the American wife nor George know any of them which would also suggest an isolation from others [3].

6) The message and themes of the analyzed text

The first theme which is disclosed in the short story is the transition of the American lady from girl to wife. Firstly, the reader observes the spontaneous reaction of the woman after she saw that cat. Usually it's children who want to protect cats or dogs from the rain. At this point one can find an interpretation which is quite complex: on the one hand, the woman wants to protect that little cat, which now stands for something innocent and vulnerable, like a baby. So she wants to protect that vulnerable thing, which is more the behaviour of an adult. On the other hand, she acts like a little child by having this wish for a cat. Another hint for that is that the woman is referred to as "girl" in the following paragraph, not as "wife" as it was before.

The sequence in which we get to know that she likes the hotelkeeper a lot is next. She likes the way he wants to serve her because it gives her the feeling to be grown up, to be treated like a lady. But the other reasons for fancying him originate from a more childish thinking, like the fact that she likes him because of his big hands. To underline this childish behaviour, all sentences in this part begin with "She liked …", which is the typical way of a child to want something. When she talks about the cat in this situation, she does not say "cat" but "kitty", which is usually a childish expression as well.

The next sentence "The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time very important. She had a momentary feeling of being of great importance." shows the two parts of her personality. The child in her feels very timid because of the presence of this tall, old, serious man, the woman in her feels flattered by the way he cares for her. She seems to be like a girl of about fourteen, still being a child and now slowly noticing the woman inside her.

The second theme is marriage problems. When the American wife returns back to the hotel room, her husband is still reading. She tells him that she does not know why she wanted that cat so much, but we know it: she feels the need for something to care for, to be responsible for, that makes her grow up, for example having a baby. George does not need all that anymore, because he already is grown up, which is shown by his serious behaviour and that he treats his wife like a child. The couple cannot find a mutual base for their relationship, and that makes her bored by him and him annoyed by her. But George does not understand the problem of his wife and therefore of their relationship, because when she

talks about letting her hair grow to make her become more female, he just tells her with disinterest that he likes it the way it is.

Her wish for longer hair is only the beginning. She tells him that she wants her own silver to eat with and candles and that cat, standing again for something to be responsible for and new clothes. I am sure that her new clothes would be very female, because all these things stand for the world of a grown-ups. So she utters, without really recognizing it herself, the immense wish to be an adult at last – as quickly as possible. And that is why she is now referred to as "wife" again.

The sentence that she wants it to be spring again stands for her huge wish for a new spring in her relationship, now that the process of her growing up has started and she might attempt to find a way to be level with her husband, which maybe will help them to finally find a mutual basis. In the end she gets a cat, brought by the maid on request of the padrone. It is not important if it is the same cat she saw on the street or not, the only thing that matters is that she finally gets something to take responsibility for and that symbolizes the first step in the direction of a grown-up life.

Overall, the problems that a relationship has are the focal point of the story. If the couple is aware of their problems, they might be able to save their marriage; but if they do not recognize that their relationship will become more and more like the depressive weather in this short story, until there will be winter when their love will die [3].

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