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РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

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# **ОСНОВЫ ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИИ ТЕКСТА**

Учебное пособие

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В теоретической части работы даны основные параметры анализа лингвистики текста и его литературной формы. Здесь же представлен краткий словарь литературных терминов. Вторая часть пособия представляет собой комплекс художественных образцов из классической и современной англоязычной литературы, которые подобраны для интерпретации разностилевого материала на языке оригинала. Помимо этого, тексты сопровождаются лингвистическими комментариями и сведениями об их авторах.

Учебное пособие предназначено для студентов, изучающих английский язык как специальность.

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## ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Цель учебного курса интерпретации текста состоит в том, чтобы научить студентов извлекать и анализировать многоуровневую информацию дискурса, что помогает его более полному восприятию и истолкованию, а также способствует совершенствованию языковых компетенций.

Наш интерес сфокусирован в основном на художественном слове, что дает возможность познакомить обучающихся со всем спектром функциональных и стилистических языковых форм в наиболее концентрированном их выражении. Другие жанровые стили письменной и устной речи представлены лишь как образцы, которые позволяют ознакомиться с особенностями научного и публицистического стиля, а также с языком поэзии.

У истоков интерпретации стояла герменевтика (истолкование библейских и древних текстов), затем аналитическое или объяснительное чтение, основы которого разрабатывал, в частности, Л.Н. Толстой в годы увлеченной педагогической деятельности, работая с крестьянскими детьми в Яснополянской школе.

Полноценный художественный текст многослоен и многофункционален, он несет не только сюжетную, но и культурную, лингвистическую и литературно-художественную информацию, поэтому его изучение основано как на горизонтальном, так и на вертикальном прочтении. Отечественные англисты разрабатывают основные вопросы интерпретации текста в тесной взаимосвязи с проблемами стилистики, истории и теории литературы, лингвострановедения. Так, филологическому подходу к интерпретации художественных текстов посвящены работы И.В. Арнольд, И.В. Гюббенет, В.А. Кухаренко, Н.Ф. Пелевиной и других видных учёных.

Изучение их трудов, а также собственные исследования в этой области позволили нам обобщить результаты практической работы по преподаванию данной дисциплины в студенческой аудитории и представить их в рамках данного учебного пособия.

Первая часть пособия включает в себя краткий очерк по основам интерпретации текста, небольшой словарь литературоведческих терминов, а также образцы дискурсов, отражающих различные функциональные стили английского языка. Разработан и продемонстрирован образец аналитической работы с художественным текстом.

Во второй части пособия представлен ряд оригинальных художественных отрывков с комментариями для самостоятельной и аудиторной работы. В методических рекомендациях намечены разнообразные виды работы с текстами, предполагающей выстраивать систему межпредметных связей лингвистических дисциплин.

Пособие предназначено для изучающих английский язык в качестве основной или дополнительной специальности по программе высшего учебного заведения.

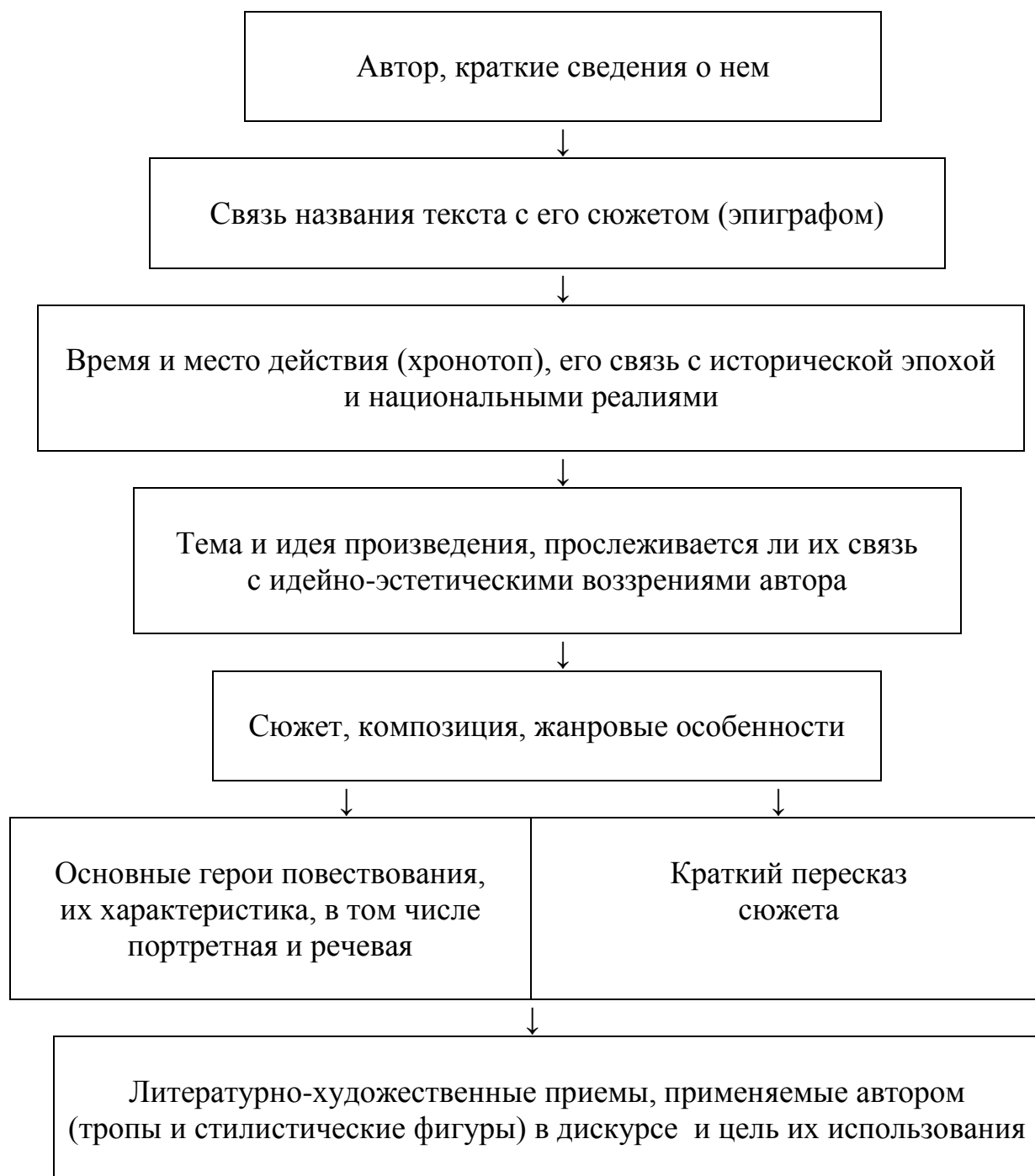
## **ЧАСТЬ I.**

### **ОСНОВНЫЕ ПАРАМЕТРЫ ИЗУЧЕНИЯ ДИСКУРСА**

Под дискурсом понимают завершённый в смысловом и структурном отношении отрывок из текста или отдельный текст. Если знакомство с ним на родном языке может идти попутно с изучением лингвостилистических особенностей, то иноязычный материал, как правило, требует двухступенчатого подхода: сначала считывание сюжетной информации, а затем обращение к анализу формы и способа ее подачи автором. Это требует не только владения иностранным языком, но и достаточно обширных теоретических знаний в области литературоведения и стилистики.

Имя автора текста обычно комментируется кратко, начиная с сообщения, какую эпоху и англоязычную страну он представляет, что еще им написано, и какое место занимает в его творчестве произведение, отрывок из которого анализируется. Переходя к анализу текста, комментируется его название (и эпиграф при его наличии), жанр литературы, который он представляет, выделяется тема и идея сочинения, кратко характеризуется сюжет, который необходимо увязать с важнейшими особенностями композиции произведения и его повествовательной формы. Характеристика главных героев должна опираться как на авторскую позицию, так и на собственные выводы, возникающие в процессе анализа действия основных персонажей. Не следует забывать об их портретных и речевых особенностях персонажей, которые присутствуют в тексте либо подразумеваются автором имплицитно, формируя у читателя определённое представление о героях анализируемого художественного дискурса.

## I. СХЕМА МАКРОАНАЛИЗА ДИСКУРСА



## II. КРАТКИЙ ОЧЕРК-СЛОВАРЬ СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИХ ФИГУР И ТРОПЕИЧЕСКИХ СРЕДСТВ ЯЗЫКА

Понятие актуализации связано с выдвижением на первый план определенных черт или особенностей описываемого объекта средствами языка. Актуализация может быть представлена на фонетическом, морфемном, лексическом, синтаксическом, а также текстовом уровне. Поэтому различают анализ макроструктуры и микроструктуры текста. Первый из них представлен схемой, приведённой в предыдущем разделе. Рассмотрим теперь второй из них. Он подразумевает несколько уровней.

**а) Фонетический уровень**, опирается на анализ таких явлений, как **аллитерация** (alliteration) – повторение в близком контексте одинаковых по способу образования согласных звуков (напр., шипящих, что свидетельствует об угрожающих явлениях); **ономатопея** (onomatopoeia) – звукоподражание, имитирующее конкретное звучание (*tik-tak, mew- mew*); **графон** (graphone) – передача звуковой оболочки речи, имеющей отклонения от языковой произносительной нормы (*all wjght, g-g-get out*); **эмфаза** (emphasis) – выделение курсивом ударного слова в предложении. Актуализация того или иного языкового явления служит конкретным целям выделения определенных смысловых оттенков повествования, закодированных автором при помощи актуализируемых элементов. Их число достаточно велико; мы перечислили лишь некоторые.

**б) Морфемный уровень** актуализации подразумевает смысловозначительную морфему, находящуюся в оппозиции к нормативной (*seaography, chickenest-hearted, зряплата, дребеденьги*).

**в) Лексический уровень** наиболее полифоничен, он опирается на использование слов, представляющих классы системно организованной лексики (например, терминов или варваризмов, синонимов или эвфемизмов), а также **тропов** – литературных приемов актуализации метафорического потенциала лексики. Наиболее распространенными среди них являются эпитеты (*epithets*), отражающие признак объекта, самый существенный для воссоздания его зримого образа. Далее мы приводим ряд важнейших лексических приёмов (тропов) с дефинициями и примерами.

1. **Сравнение** (simile) может быть выражено морфологическими средствами, т.е. самой структурой слова (*childish, troublesome*); лексическими средствами сопоставления (*fell like a stone*); фразеологически (*as dead as a door nail*); образной грамматической структурой (*...And like a dying lady, pale and lean, the moon arose up.*).

2. **Метафора** (metaphor) сравнивает аналогичные признаки разнородных объектов (*In November a cold unseen stranger whom doctors called Pnumonia, stalked about the colony...*).

3. **Аллегория** (allegory) тесно связана с метафорой, перенося признаки одного объекта или явления на другой (*to let the cat out of the bag*). Аллегоричны многие мифы, притчи, легенды, пословицы.

4. **Олицетворение** (personification) наделяет неодушевленные или уже не существующие объекты признаками и свойствами живых (...*Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and one there with icy fingers.*)

5. **Метонимия** (metonymy) основана на переносном употреблении значений слов, которые подразумевают не сходство, а смежность явлений, черт и понятий (*The wheels were carrying him away from native town further and further.*)

6. **Синекдоха** (synecdoche) – одна из разновидностей метонимии, основанной на соотношении признаков количества, когда под частью подразумевается целое или наоборот (*He remembered the minutes of their long happy life.*)

7. **Эвфемизм** (euphemism) – это замена грубого выражения более мягким по форме, но не по содержанию (*And now our duty is to see the late off to his peaceful place of eternal sleep.*)

8. **Гипербола** (hyperbole) является разновидностью метонимической актуализации, когда преувеличиваются качества или признаки объекта (*She poured out an ocean of tears.*)

9. **Литота** (litotes) противоположна гиперболе, преуменьшая качества объекта или явления (*I decided to drink a drop of wine.*)

10. **Парафраз** (periphrasis) — это замена названия объекта его описанием (*A grey beard was still chasing her, hiding his face under the hat.*)

11. **Ирония** (irony) возникает при употреблении слова в контрастном ему контексте, когда оно приобретает противоположный смысл (*Titian had lived till 99 and the plague needed to bring him to his grave.*)

12. **Аллюзия** (allusion) намекает на широко известный факт, лицо, событие, вызывающие совершенно определенные ассоциации (*It was a famous apple that he failed to award.*)

13. **Антономазия** (antonomasia) использует имя собственное в качестве нарицательного для типизации каких-то черт сравниваемых персонажей (*He tried to hide his gulliver feet under the chair.*)

14. **Антитеза** (antithesis) подразумевает противопоставление объектов или явлений на лексическом или грамматическом уровне: возможно использование слов-антонимов или антонимических синтаксических конструкций (*The young and the old rushed to him at once. He stopped running but his eyes continued to run front one face to other.*)

15. **Оксюморон** (oxymoron) использует эпитет противоположного значения к сему определяемого существительного (*Unmarried husband – that is what he has been.*)

2) Использование **тропеических средств** языка часто основано на вторичном признаке объекта и отражает субъективную оценку автора, что относится к парадигматическим явлениям. Употребление **стилистических фигур речи** связано с синтагматикой (синтаксисом). Они не создают образов, а повышают выразительность языка и относятся к функциональному уровню.

1. **Анафорой** (anaphora) называется повторение одних и тех же слов или словосочетаний в начале двух и более синтагм или предложений (*James couldn't stand her crying, he couldn't stand her merciless reproaches.*)

2. **Эпифорой** (epiphora) называется такой же прием, но повтор слов наблюдается в конце синтагм или предложений (*She cast a quick glance at him and she was happy; he dropped some meaningless words and she was happy*).

3. **Обрамление** (ring repetition) — это повтор одних и тех же слов в начале и конце синтагмы или предложения (*No wonder they were so cruel, no wonder*).

4. **Подхват** (anadiplosis) означает повторение слова или слов предыдущей фразы в начале следующей с ее дополнением или завершением (— *I felt so alone. — Alone because there was nobody to talk to*).

5. **Сцепление** (cohesion) это прием соединения двух фраз или предложений в одно смысловое или структурное целое (*It was the only way to settle the problem. — To leave him in peace forever, I mean*).

6. **Умолчание** (aposiopesis) свидетельствует о нежелании или неспособности говорящего закончить мысль или высказывание. Часто это превращается в красноречивый намек (*He couldn't realize her kiss that.....*).

7. **Инверсия** (inversion) — намеренное изменение фиксированного порядка слов в предложении, или введение в утвердительную структуру служебных слов вопросительной конструкции (*On a roof he found himself after a fall. She does hate him*).

8. **Эллипс** (ellipsis) отражает недооформленность структуры предложения, когда пропущен один или оба его главных члена (*Been home? — Have you been home? — Don't know — I don't know*).

9. **Риторический вопрос** (rhetorical question) подразумевает утверждение и не требует ответа (*Does it mean to behave properly?*)

10. **Бессоюзие** (asyndeton) или многосоюзие (polysyndeton) при перечислении служат подчеркиванию обилия перечисляемых объектов, действий или явлений (*Balls and cars, and pistols, and toy soldiers — that was a wonderful present. John, Mary, their children, parents — all of them perished*).

11. **Зевзма** (zeugma) относится к тем приемам, которые основываются на поливалентных свойствах глаголов. Это употребление одного члена предложения в функции управления по отношению к двум различным дополнениям (*Helen treated her to coffee and latest gossip. He lost his hat and his temper*).

При анализе литературного уровня текста, то есть его макроструктуры, необходимо отметить наличие в нем **афоризмов** (aphorisms), **цитат** (quotations), **каламбуров** (puns), пословиц и поговорок (**proverbs and sayings**), которые придают дополнительный смысл повествованию. Расшифровывая их, мы получаем ценную информацию, помогающую правильному восприятию текста и его интерпретации. Истолкование заголовка и (если имеется) эпиграфа также способствует лучшему пониманию авторской концепции. Заголовок может быть антропонимичным, т.е. фиксирующим имя главного героя ("Jane Eyre"), либо представляющим сжатую свертку темы или идеи произведения, становясь пружиной всего сюжета ("Gone with the Wind"). В этом состоит его прогнозирующая функция.

Развитие сюжета повествования может быть линейным, т.е. идти по традиционной схеме — завязка, развитие действия, кульминация, развязка (outset,



development of the action, climax, denouement). Но иногда автор прибегает к приему ретардации (retardation or flashbacks), обращаясь к предшествующим событиям, которые стали истоком нынешних, или забегают вперед, сообщая их развитие в будущем, что называется приемом проспекции (prospection or flash-forwards). Большую роль в повествовании имеют авторские отступления, художественные детали и пейзажные зарисовки, которые также кодируют конкретные намерения писателя. Нарушение предсказуемости развития событий называется эффектом обманутого ожидания (deceived expectancy). Выяснение причин нарушения привычного и предсказуемого развития сюжета или действия также помогает истолковать его предназначение в соответствии с авторским замыслом.

### **III. ЛИНГВИСТИЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА**

Макроанализ дискурса начинается обычно с определения его языкового стиля. Художественный прозаический текст, как правило, представляет литературно-разговорный стиль (literary-colloquial style), присущий произведениям беллетристики (fiction). Переходя к лингвистическому анализу, мы должны охарактеризовать используемую автором лексику, указав на наличие представленных в тексте классов слов:

- 1) терминов;
- 2) профессиональной лексики;
- 3) неологизмов;
- 4) архаизмов или историзмов;
- 5) диалектной лексики;
- 6) американизмов / бритаизмов;
- 7) слов с интернациональными корнями;
- 8) полисемичной лексики;
- 9) вульгаризмов;
- 10) жаргона или сленга;
- 11) эмоционально окрашенной лексики;
- 12) топонимов;
- 13) онимов (имен собственных);
- 14) аббревиатур;
- 15) ксенизмов (номинаций национальных реалий);
- 16) групп тематических или ключевых слов;
- 17) слов-слитков;
- 18) иностранных слов и варваризмов;
- 19) фразеологизмов и идиом;
- 20) эвфемизмов и т.д.

Затем можно перейти к характеристике авторского использования системной организации лексики. Для этого нужно отыскать в тексте а) синонимы; б) антонимы; в) омонимы; г) паронимы.

Определенные лексические единицы могут представлять интерес с точки зрения их морфологической структуры или необычной грамматической формы, что также подлежит анализу (bretheren, well-to-do, he-cousin и т.д.). Речь персонажей можно охарактеризовать с точки зрения ее соответствия языковой норме, индивидуальных особенностей, выразительности, прагматической направленности и прочее.

Грамматический анализ текста опирается в основном на анализ видо-временных глагольных форм, употребленных в дискурсе, с характеристикой их наклонения и залога. Как правило, к анализу привлекаются наиболее сложные в структурном отношении предложения с разнообразными видами придаточных. Основные типы грамматических явлений, которые следует выделять в тексте, это:

- 1) заменители модальных глаголов;
- 2) слова-заместители;
- 3) неличные формы глагола в комплексных структурах (Gerundial, Participial and Infinitive Constructions);
- 4) условные предложения;
- 5) примеры согласования времен в рамках сложноподчиненных предложений.

Предложения текста также могут быть рассмотрены с точки зрения характеристики их структурных особенностей, длины, лексической наполняемости, типов синтаксической связи. Если мы отмечаем ритмико-интонационный сбой в повествовании, когда за очень длинным предложением в повествовании следует короткое, то мы должны констатировать употребление такого приема, как **пуант** (point). В разговорном стиле можно отметить приемы синтаксической компрессии (syntactic compression) — **стяжения** подлежащего со вспомогательным глаголом (he'd, we'll, I'm, she's, don't, won't и др.).

Учитывая всю совокупность изложенного, можно толковать о простоте или сложности авторского языка, обилии одних или отсутствии других характерных языковых форм, его умении пользоваться национальным вокабуляром по степени его чистоты и диапазона.

Необходимо также учитывать, что для работы с иноязычным текстом следует подготовить его адекватный перевод, что является залогом грамотной и полноценной интерпретации, которую мы рассматриваем как одно из важнейших средств усвоения иностранного языка и иноязычной культуры в целом.

### **Литература, рекомендуемая для изучения по курсу интерпретации иноязычного текста**

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#### IV. ТИПЫ ДИСКУРСОВ

В соответствии с существующими в английском языке функциональными стилями отмечается наличие стилистически разных типов текста.

**1. Научно-популярный дискурс.** Попробуем отметить в нем наиболее характерные детали.

Inside the Sun, where it is much hotter than anywhere we know, the electrons fly away from even the simple hydrogen atoms, — and the protons too — and they rush to and fro in their own way.

When two particles collide, it may happen that a neutron formed. This neutron attaches itself strongly to a proton. If now another proton hits them, a stream short waves is emitted while the three particles stay together. Imagine now that another pair particles strikes these three particles: the result is a strongly-bound group of three particles plus a proton. These two repel each other and move apart at a very high speed. The faster the atoms move about, the higher the temperature becomes and the atoms collide. Maybe this happens in the Sun, which sends us light and heat. It is what happens on earth when men explode a hydrogen bomb<sup>1</sup>.

На 158 лексических единиц приходится 68 единиц синсемантической лексики (т.е. служебных и строевых слов), среди которых с высокой частотностью повторяются определённый и неопределённый артикль (21), предлоги, союзы, местоимения и локально-темпоральные наречия. Из оставшегося количества автосемантической лексики выделяется группа терминологических слов и слов, используемых в денотативном значении. Их соотношение с нейтральной нетерминологической лексикой примерно один к двум. Простота грамматических конструкций, отсутствие эмоциональной и оценочной лексики, наличие цепочки левых определений, обилие сравнительных степеней прилагательных и наречий заметно при первом же знакомстве с подобными текстами. Повторяемость основной терминологической лексики делает дискурс более легким для понимания. Ученые подсчитали, что для прослушивания курса лекций по точным дисциплинам достаточно овладеть примерно полутора сотнями английских терминов и минимумом синсемантической лексики.

**2. Публицистический стиль.** Высокая информативность стиля характерна также для публицистических литературных образцов. Приводим ниже дискурс, отражающий особенности языка средств массовой информации.

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<sup>1</sup> The Great Turmoil of Atoms in the tremendous Heat of the Sun. – The Wonder World of Nature.

## White House arranging second Trump-Kim summit<sup>2</sup>

*President Donald Trump meets with North Korea's leader Kim Jong Un at the start of their historic U.S.-North Korea summit, at the Capella Hotel on Sentosa island in Singapore on June 12, 2018.*

United States President Donald Trump has received a "very positive" letter from North Korean leader Kim Jong Un seeking a follow-up meeting after their historic summit in Singapore, the White House said Monday (Sept 10).

"It was a very warm, very positive letter," White House spokeswoman Sarah Sanders said, adding that the message showed Pyongyang's "continued commitment to focus on denuclearization" on the Korean Peninsula.

"The primary purpose of the letter was to schedule another meeting with the president, which we are open to and are already in the process of coordinating," she said at the first White House press briefing in nearly three weeks.

Sanders added that the letter was "further evidence of progress" in Washington's relationship with Pyongyang. She noted that the White House will not release the letter unless Kim agrees, according to CNN.

Trump and Kim held a historic summit in Singapore in June that raised prospects of a breakthrough on curtailing North Korea's nuclear program.

The likely timing of a second Trump-Kim meeting was unclear.

Тексты данного уровня часто бывают не только высокоинформативными, но и полемичными: корреспонденты нередко оспаривают официальную точку зрения и пытаются доказать правоту собственной позиции. В статьях подобного рода бывает много цитат, ссылок на чье-то мнение или на источник информации, здесь обилие антропонимической лексики, топонимов, дат, аббревиатур, популярной политической терминологии. Лексика часто включает оценочный или эмоциональный элемент семантики. Синтаксические конструкции несложные; главное предложение не содержит более двух-трех придаточных. Видременная система глагола, как правило, опирается на группу Indefinite и Perfect. Наблюдается наличие сослагательного наклонения, пассива и заменителей модальных глаголов, редко встречаются неличные глагольные формы.

Комментируя подобные тексты, следует уделять внимание способу подачи материала автором статьи, которая, как правило, имеет краткую преамбулу, заявляющую проблематику сообщения. Отдельного внимания требует заголовок, имеющий обычно особые лексико-грамматические характеристики: отсутствие артиклей, предлогов, служебных слов или вспомогательных глаголов, что мы видим в заголовке нашей статьи. Иногда в заглавие выносятся цитата из следующего ниже сообщения, или высказывание ведущих политиков, бизнесменов, экспертов по экономике.

**3. Стиль художественных произведений.** Переходя к рассмотрению особенностей языка беллетристики, мы начнем с двух отрывков, которые доставят удовольствие эстетическому вкусу ценителей литературы. Это образцы высокохудожественной поэтической формы, и принадлежат они перу авторов,

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<sup>2</sup> The Independent, Thursday 13 September 2018, abridged.

чьи имена знакомы каждому культурному человеку далеко за пределами их родины.

**Twilight** (*Lord Byron* )

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word;  
And gentle winds, and waters near  
Make music to the lonely ear.  
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leave a browner hue,  
And on the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.<sup>3</sup>

Стихотворение "Сумерки" состоит из 14 строк, где мы видим перекрестные рифмы в 1 – 3, 2 – 4 в строчках первого четверостишия и парные (смежные) рифмы в остальных строках (1 – 2, 3 – 4 и т.д.). Стихотворный размер, которым оно написано – это двустопный **ямб** (*iambus* – чередование неударного и ударного слога), он кое-где перемежается пиррихиями (перебивкой из двух неударных слогов).

Классические ритмы английской поэзии используют 5 размеров, восходящих к античным традициям – хорей, ямб, дактиль, амфибрахий, анапест (*troche, iambus, dactyl, amphibrach, anapest*). Иногда хорей и ямб могут перемежаться двумя ударными слогами – спондеями, которые, как и пиррихий, перебивают монотонность ритма. Приведем ниже общепринятую схему стихотворного размера отрывка из поэмы Байрона "Паризина", где по традиции ударный слог обозначается горизонтальной чертой, а неударный — вертикальной скобкой.

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—| —| —| —| и т. д.

К характерным особенностям композиции стихотворения относится то, что поэт не называет время дня, которое описывает, а перечисляет те изменения

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<sup>3</sup> "Parisina" by Lord Byron. - URL: <http://www.mykeep.com/lordbyron/parisina.html>

природы, когда она переходит от ярких красок к полутонам. Начальные слова "Это час, когда..." объясняются лишь в последних двух строчках, где Байрон, наконец, говорит, что опускаются сумерки. Вся атрибутика поэтического стиля присутствует в стихотворении: обилие эпитетов (*sweet, lonely, clear, deeper, browner*), метафорические обороты (*the lonely ear, twilight melts*), олицетворение (*the stars are met*).

Мы отмечаем здесь обилие поэтицизмов (*lovers' vows*). Приглушенные звуки бегущей воды, песня соловья, вздохи ветерка, шепот влюбленных под мерцанием первых звезд кажутся музыкой для очарованного наблюдателя. Погружение природы в дрему подчеркнуто обилием аспирационных звуков в стихотворных строчках (*h, p, k, t, d*). Начальная и 2 последних строки связывают произведение в единое целое как в смысловом, так и в синтаксическом отношении.

Другое поэтическое произведение – это *мадригал* – лирическое или любовное послание, воспевающее предмет поклонения.

### **A Madrigal** by William Shakespeare

(an extract from "The Passionate Pilgrim")

Grabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together:  
Youth is full of pleasure,  
Age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
Oh my Love, my Love is young.<sup>4</sup>  
Age, I do defy thee:  
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!  
For methinks thou stay'st too long!

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<sup>4</sup> A Madrigal by W. Shakespeare. – URL: <https://www.bartleby.com/331/485.html>

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| – | – | – и т.д.

Этот двустопный стихотворный размер называется *хорей* (*trochee* – чередование ударного и неударного слога); рифмы, которые мы здесь наблюдаем, перекрестные в первом четверостишии, затем две строки со смежной, или парной рифмой, потом четыре строчки с опоясывающей рифмой (1 – 4, 2 – 3); в конце шесть строк, из которых четыре зарифмованы одним словом (*thee*). И лишь две последних строки не содержат оппозиционных по смыслу слов *Age* и *Youth* (*старость* – *молодость*). В этой связи мы наблюдаем обилие антонимичных эпитетов и определений: *full of pleasure* – *of care*, *summer brave* – *winter bare*, *nimble* – *lame*, *hot* – *cold*, *wild* – *tame*. Наиболее выразительно это противопоставление выражено эмоционально окрашенной лексикой: *adore* – *abhor* (*обожаю* – *ненавижу*).

Композиция мадригала базируется на параллельных конструкциях сравнения и противопоставления, поэтому высока предсказуемость смысловой оппозиции в каждой новой строке. Перебивка ритма в заключительных строках мадригала служит дополнительным средством эмоциональной и смысловой выразительности рассуждения, подводящего итог поэтическому гимну молодости: *Oh My Love, my Love is young* (*О, моя любовь, она молода*): Шекспир противопоставляет унынию старости одухотворение влюбленного человека, которое сродни молодости.

Среди лексики, задействованной в стихотворении, мы видим поэтицизмы и архаичную лексику (*thee*, *abhor*, *morn*, *adore*). Автор использовал прием олицетворения, обращаясь к молодости и старости. Анафорическая конструкция предложений помогает соединить параллельные структуры в одно целое. Глубокий философский смысл ощущается в обобщающих заключительных строках, дважды восклицаящих о любви, скрашивающей все, даже старость.

## V. ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННАЯ ПРОЗА

А теперь обратимся собственно к цели нашего анализа – прозаическому художественному тексту, поскольку именно этот функциональный стиль позволяет использовать всю палитру языка для передачи тончайших коннотативных и стилистических нюансов семантики слова и синтаксических особенностей структуры дискурса. Мы ставим целью рассмотреть все литературно-художественные и лингвистические характеристики следующего художественного текста, чтобы продемонстрировать особенности подобной аналитической

работы. Материалом для этого послужит рассказ американской писательницы Маргарет Сен-Клер "The Perfectionist", название которого пока не будем переводить на русский язык, чтобы дать возможность самим студентам истолковать его по-своему в процессе работы.

### **THE PERFECTIONIST**

**Margaret St. Clair<sup>5</sup>**

I had nightmares about it for several years afterward—the kind where something is on your heels, and you make desperate efforts, each more futile than the last, to escape it—and always felt bad about them when I woke up. I never could decide whether I was justified in having bad dreams at all.

It began when I went to live with Aunt Muriel in 1933. I hadn't had job for six months when I got the letter of invitation from her, and I hadn't eaten much at all for two weeks.

Aunt Muriel wasn't exactly my aunt, to begin with. She was a sort of great-aunt, once removed, on my mother's side, and I hadn't seen her since I was a beady-eyed kid in knee breeches.

The invitation might have surprised me – though she explained in the letter that she was an old woman, getting lonely, and felt the need of some kindred face near her – only I was too hungry to wonder.

There was a money order in the letter, and a ticket to Downie, where she lived. After I paid the back room rent with the money order and got myself a meal with double portions of everything, I had two dollars and thirteen cents left.

I caught the afternoon train to Downie, and a little before noon the next day I was walking up the steps to Aunt Muriel's house.

Aunt Muriel herself met me at the door. She seemed glad to see me. She wrinkled up her mouth in a smile of welcome.

"So *good* of you to come, Charles!" she said. "I really can't thank you enough! So very *good* of you!" She ran to italics.<sup>6</sup>

I was beginning to warm up to the old girl. She didn't look any older to me than she had fifteen years before. She'd been held together by whalebone<sup>7</sup> and net collars then, and she still was.

I put the more flattering portion of this idea into words.

"Oh, Charles," she chirped, "you *flatterer*!" She gave me another smile and then led me into the hall.

I followed her up the stairs to my room on the second floor front. It had a high ceiling and a tall four-poster bed which should have had curtains around it to cut off

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<sup>5</sup> **Margaret St. Clair** (1911-1995) was a famous American short-story writer who published a lot of detective and mystery works. Some of them were published under other pen-names. A story "The Perfectionist" was published in 1946, we refer to its text by the book: Baker's dozen. Moscow, Vysšaya Škola, 1979, p. 52- 60.

<sup>6</sup> Italics – дополнительное логическое (интонационное) выделение слов

<sup>7</sup> She'd been held together by whalebone – её поддерживал корсет со вставками из китового уса



the draft. After she left, I put my imitation leather suitcase in the big closet and went into the bath next door to clean up.

Lunch was laid on the dining-room table when I came down, and a maid, who looked a good deal older than Aunt Muriel, was fluttering in and out with more dishes. With my aunt's encouragement, I ate enough to keep me comatose all afternoon, and then sat back with a cigarette and listened to her talk.

She began by doing a good deal of commiserating with herself on the subject of her age and loneliness, and a good deal of self-congratulation because she was going to have a young kinsman around from now on.

It developed that I was expected to make myself useful in small ways like walking the dog—an unpleasant Pomeranian<sup>8</sup> named Teddy—and taking letters to the mailbox. This was perfectly all right with me, and I told her so.

There was a short hiatus in the conversation. Then, picking Teddy up off the floor where he'd been during the meal, she installed him in her lap and launched out on an account of what she called her *hobby*. In the last year or so she'd taken up drawing and it had become, from what she said, almost an obsession.

Holding Teddy under one arm, she rose and went to the walnut sideboard and returned with a portfolio of drawings for me to look at.

"I do almost all my drawing here in the dining-room," she said, "because the light is so good. Tell me, what do you think of *these*?" She handed me fifty or sixty small sheets of drawing paper.

I spread the drawings out on the dining-room table, among the litter of dishes, and examined them carefully. They were all in pencil, though one or two had been touched up with blotches of water color, and they were all of the same subject, four apples in a low china bowl.

They had been labored over; Aunt Muriel had erased and re-erased, until the surface of the paper was gritty and miserable. I racked my brains for something nice to say about them.

"You—unh—you've really caught something of the essence of those apples," I forced out after a moment. "Very creditable".

My aunt smiled. "I'm *so* glad you like them," she replied, "Amy said – the maid, you know – that I was silly to work at them so much, but I couldn't stop, I couldn't *bear* to stop, until they were *perfect*." She paused, then added, "Do you know, Charles, I had the biggest difficulty!"

"Yes?"

"The apples kept withering! It was dreadful. I put them in the ice-box just as soon as I got through for the day, but still they went bad after two or three weeks. It wasn't until Amy thought of *dipping* them in melted wax that they lasted long enough".

"Good idea".

"Yes, wasn't it? But you know, Charles, I've gotten rather *tired* of apples lately. I'd like to try something else... I've been thinking, that little tree out on the lawn would make a good subject".

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<sup>8</sup> Pomeranian – шпиц (порода собак)

She went over to the window to show me the tree she meant. I followed her. It was a young sapling, just coming into leaf. My aunt said it was a flowering peach.

"*Don't* you think that would be a good subject, Charles? I believe I'll try it this afternoon while, you take Teddy for a little walk."

Amy helped bundle my aunt up in several layers of coats and mufflers, and I carried the stool, the easel, the box of pencils and the paper out into the garden for her.

She was rather fussy about the location of the various items, but I finally got them fixed to her satisfaction. Then, though I'd much rather have had an afterluncheon nap upstairs, I snapped the lead on Teddy's objectionable little collar and started out for a survey of the town of Downie.

I soon realized that Downie was the sort of town whose social life centers around the drugstore, but I managed to kill the next two hours by letting Teddy investigate the lamp posts which caught his fancy.

I expected to find Aunt Muriel on the lawn when I got back, hard at work on her drawing, but she had gone in and the easel and stool, were gone, too. I looked around for her, but she wasn't in sight. So I let Teddy climb into his box in the dining-room and went upstairs for that belated nap.

After all, I couldn't get to sleep. For some irrelevant reason I kept thinking of all those painstaking drawings of the bowl of apples, and I lay on the bed and counted the spots on the wall until dinner time.

The dinner was good, and plentiful. My aunt, however, was definitely snappish. After Amy had cleared away the dishes and my aunt had restored Teddy to his accustomed place on her lap, I found out what the reason was.

"My drawing went *badly*," she complained. "The wind kept whipping those leaves around until I couldn't get a *thing* done."

"I didn't notice much wind, Aunt Muriel," I said rather stupidly.

"You just don't notice things!" she flared. "Why, the leaves weren't still a single *minute*."

I hastened to make amends.

"I can see that a careful craftsman like yourself might be distracted," I placated her. "I'm sorry. I haven't been with artists much." The reference to herself as an artist pleased my aunt.

"Oh, I'm sure you didn't mean to give offense," she said. "It's just that I can't work with anything unless it's *absolutely* still. That's why I stayed with the apples so long. But I *would* like to draw that tree. I wonder..."

She went into a brown study<sup>9</sup> which lasted until she had emptied two cups of coffee.

"Charles," she said finally, "I've been thinking. I want you to chop that tree down for me tomorrow and bring it into the house. I'll put it in one of those two-quart milk bottles. That way I can draw without the wind bothering me."

"But it's such a nice little tree," I protested. "Besides: it won't last long after it's been cut down."

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<sup>9</sup> a brown study – глубокое раздумье

"Oh, it's only a tree," she replied. "I'll get another from the nursery."<sup>10</sup> And about the withering, Amy is wonderful with flowers. She puts aspirin and sugar in the water, and they last forever. Of course, I'll have to work fast. But if I put in two or three hours in the morning and four or five after lunch, I ought to get something done.

As far as she was concerned, the matter was settled.

Immediately, after breakfast next morning, Aunt Muriel led me to the tool shed in the rear of the house and gave me a rusty hatchet.

She watched with ghoulis interest while I put an edge on the hatchet and then escorted me to the scene of the execution.

Feeling like a murderer, I severed the little sapling from its trunk with a couple of chops and then carried it into the house.

I spent the rest of that day, and the next three or four days, working in the garden. I've always liked gardening, and there were some nice things in the place, though they'd been badly neglected.

I divided some perennials and fertilized the earth around them with bone meal. Somebody had stocked up the shed with Red Arrow and nicotine sulphate, and I had a good time spraying for aphides and beetles.

Friday morning at breakfast I found a five-dollar bill folded up in my napkin. I raised my eyebrows toward Aunt Muriel. She nodded, yes, it was for me, while a faint flush washed up in her flabby cheeks.

I folded it neatly and put it in my pocket, feeling a warm glow of gratitude for the old girl. It really was extraordinarily decent of her to provide me with cigarette money. I resolved to go shopping for a little present for her that afternoon.

I found that the resources of Downie were limited. After hesitating between a China fawn and a bowl of fan-tailed goldfish, I decided that the goldfish had more verve.

I went in after them, and discovered that Drake, the clerk who sold them to me, had been to California, too, and was practically a friend. I made a date with him for a gabfest<sup>11</sup> the following night.

Aunt Muriel seemed genuinely delighted with the fish. She oohed and ahed over the sinuosity and filminess of their tails and ended by installing the bowl on the little stand beside her easel.

We began to settle into a routine. In the mornings and early afternoons Aunt Muriel drew in the dining-room while I worked in the garden. Later in the day I ran errands, walked Teddy, and undertook a bunch of small repairs around the house.

About the middle of my second week with Aunt Muriel, the peach tree withered beyond any hope. She told me at dinner time, with a tone of one announcing a major disaster that she had had to throw it out.

We held a post mortem<sup>12</sup> on the batch of thirty-two drawings she had been able to complete before the catastrophe.

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<sup>10</sup> nursery – (зд.) лесопитомник

<sup>11</sup> a gabfest – болтовня, беседа (*coll.*)

<sup>12</sup> a post mortem – посмертное вскрытие; (зд.) окончательный осмотр

I picked out one of them as having more plastic value than the rest. She admitted it was her favorite, too, and everything was fine. I could see, though, that she was wondering what she could draw next.

The next day she flitted restlessly through the house looking for something to draw. She kept popping out into the yard where I was transplanting antirrhinum seedlings, to ask my opinion of this or that, as a subject for her pencil.

I noticed, when I went in to lunch, that she kept watching the goldfish bowl speculatively, but I didn't make anything of it at the time.

That night when I returned from Drake's house she met me at the door and led me to the kitchen with an air of mysterious triumph.

"I was a little nervous' about it," she said, with her hand on the handle of the refrigerator door. "But really, it came out ever so well!" She opened the refrigerator, fumbled in its depths a moment, and pulled out the goldfish bowl. Moisture began to condense on its surface. I stared at it stupidly.

"I *knew* the fish would never hold still, and yet I was just *aching* to draw them," she went on. "So I thought and I thought—and really, I *do* think it was a splendid idea, even if it was my own! I just turned the cold control way down, and put the bowl in, and came back in a couple of hours, and it was frozen solid!

"I was afraid the bowl would crack when it began to freeze, but it didn't. See, the ice is perfectly clear."

She picked up a dish towel and rubbed the moisture away until I could see the two goldfish neatly incased in transparent ice. "And now I'll be able to draw them without any trouble. Isn't it *wonderful*?"

I said yes, it was wonderful and went upstairs as soon as I decently could.

The incident left an unpleasant taste in my mouth. Not that I held any especial brief for<sup>13</sup> the continued existence of the goldfish, but somehow...

She'd seemed to enjoy watching them swimming about so much, and I'd given them to her, and – Oh, hell!

I woke up the next morning feeling faintly unhappy before I could remember what was disturbing me.

When I remembered, I decided that I was acting like a champion chump<sup>14</sup>. To let the demise of two goggle-eyed fish upset me was tops in imbecility. Whistling, I went down to breakfast.

After the meal was over, Aunt Muriel got the bowl out of the refrigerator and set to work. I went out in the shed and messed around with the spray gun for a while.

Looking up at the scaling side of the house, I had an idea. Why not repaint it? I asked my aunt and she approved.

Accordingly, after some calculation, I brought home a bucket of paint from the Store and started sloshing it on.

The work proceeded slowly. Days went by and I got to be a familiar customer at the paint store. Aunt Muriel had finished her eighty-first study of the frozen gold-

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<sup>13</sup> especial brief for ... – (зд.) решительно отстаивать

<sup>14</sup> a champion chump – дурак из дураков, круглый идиот (*coll.*)

fish before I'd given the big house its first coat, and the surface was so bad it was going to require at least two.

Spring drifted imperceptibly into early summer, and was still painting the house and Aunt Muriel was still drawing the goldfish, both of us increasingly absorbed in our tasks.

I was having a pretty good time.

Drake had introduced me to his sister, a vivid brunette with just the combination of honey and claws which attracts me most in a woman, and he'd got another girl for himself. We went out together several nights each week. My room in the city with the unpaid rent, the hopeless hunt for a job, and the hunger, seemed a long way off.

I got the painting on the house done the day before Aunt Muriel decided she had exhausted the goldfish.

I felt like celebrating. So I mixed soapsuds and nicotine sulphate, stirred up a mess of Red Arrow, and pattered among the neglected plants to my heart's content.

Aunt Muriel handed me the last of the goldfish studies at dinner the next day and I went over the entire group with her.

I was beginning to hate these inquests over the anatomy of whatever she'd been drawing, but I bore up under it as well as I could.

When we'd finished, she said, "Charles, I've been wondering. Do you suppose Teddy would be a good subject for me next?"

I looked down at the little animal where he was lying in her lap and said yes, I thought he would, but would he hold still enough?

My aunt looked thoughtful.

"I don't know," she said. "I'll have to try to think of something. Perhaps I could give him his dinner right after breakfast. Or..."

She went off into one of those periods of meditation of hers and, after a while, I left unobtrusively for my date with Drake's sister.

We sat in the porch swing in the dark and held hands while the breeze blew the smell of purple lilacs toward us. It was a sweet, sad, sentimental sort of date.

The next day was Saturday. After breakfast my aunt told me to take Teddy for a walk, and to get him thoroughly tired out. She was going to feed him when I got back and she hoped that the exercise, plus the food, might make him comatose enough to serve as a model.

Obediently, we started out. Teddy and I assessed every lamp post in Downie at least twice, and if he wasn't tired out-when I brought him back, he should have been.

My aunt took the lead from his collar and led him to the pantry where his food dish was waiting, piled high with hamburger.

Teddy ate like a little pig. When he had finished he lay down on the floor of the pantry with a resolute air. My aunt had to carry him into the dining-room and deposit him in a sunny spot near her easel. He was asleep and snoring before I left the room.

We had lunch late that day, almost two-thirty in the afternoon, so Aunt Muriel would be able to take full advantage of Teddy's lethargy.

I was hungry, and Amy had prepared a really snazzy<sup>15</sup> meal, centering around fried chicken Southern style. As a result, it wasn't until I had finished with the fresh peach mousse that I paid much attention to my aunt.

Then I saw that she was looking distracted and morose.

"Didn't the drawing go well this morning, Aunt Muriel?" I asked.

She shook her head until the pendants of her bright earrings jangled violently.

"No, Charles, it did not. Teddy – "She halted, looking very sad.

"What was the matter? Wouldn't he stay asleep?"

If my aunt had been a different type of woman she would have laughed sardonically. As it was, she gave a tiny delicate snort.

"Oh, he *slept*," she replied. "Yes, he *slept*. But he kept twitching and jumping and panting in his sleep until – well, really, Charles, it was *quite* impossible. Like trying to draw an aspen in a high wind!"

"That's too bad. I guess you'll have to find another subject."

For a moment my aunt did not answer. Looking at her, I thought I caught a glint of tears in her eyes.

"Yes", she replied slowly, "I guess I will I think, Charles, I'll go into town this afternoon and buy a few little things for Teddy"/

For a moment something cold slid up and down my spine. Then it was gone, and I was thinking it was nice of the old girl, considering how much store she set by her drawing, not to be annoyed at the little dog...

She came up to my room just before dinner and showed me what she'd bought for Teddy. There was a bright red collar with a little bell, a chocolate-flavored rubber bone, and a box of some confection called "Dog Treat," which, according to the label, was a wholesome sweetmeat for pets.

She put the collar on Teddy while I watched and then gave him two of the dark brown lozenges out of the "Dog Treat" box. He ate them with a flurry of little growls, and seemed to relish them.

Sunday morning I sat around, nursing the old bones until my watch told me it was time to get going if I didn't want to be late for the all-day hike Drake and I had planned with the girls.

We had a fine time in the country. Drake wandered into a thicket of poison oak, and Virginia, giggling, dropped a woolly caterpillar down my neck.

It was quite dark when I returned to the house. Even before I go inside I noticed that all the lights were on and that there was a general air of confusion.

When I opened the door I found Aunt Muriel standing in the hallway, having what looked like fit. Amy was standing before her waving a bottle of smelling salts.

"It's Teddy!" my aunt gasped when she saw me. "Oh, Charles, he's–"

I put my arm around her comfortingly, and my aunt dissolved into tears. They began to trickle over the coating of talcum powder on her cheeks and drop on the high net Collar around her neck.

"It's Teddy," she whimpered. "Oh, Charles, he's dead!"

I'd been expecting it subconsciously, but all the same I jumped.

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<sup>15</sup> snazzy – привлекательный, (зд.) вкусный

"What happened?" I asked.

"I let him out in the yard for a little run about three hours ago. He was gone a *long* time, and at last I went out to look for him. I called and called and finally I found him out under the rhododendron. He was *awfully* sick".

So I came right in and called the doctor, but when he got here, poor little Teddy was – was gone. Somebody must have poisoned him."

She began to cry again.

I stroked my aunt's shoulder and murmured reassuring words while my mind was busy. Some one of the neighbors? Teddy had been a quiet little beast, but he did bark once in a while, and some people just don't like dogs.

"Dr. Jones was ever so nice and *sympathetic* about it. He took poor little Teddy away in a bag. He's going to take him to a man he knows and have him *stuffed*."

Stuffed? I felt sweat break out along my shoulder blades and under my arms. Mechanically I pulled the handkerchief out of my hip pocket and handed it to my aunt.

She took it and began to blot her eyes. "It's such a comfort to me, anyway," she said, blowing her nose, "to think that he did – enjoy his – last day – on earth."

I took her up to her room and mixed her a bromide. I stood over her while she drank and talked to her soothingly and patted her hand. After a while I got her calm enough so I could go to my room.

I lay down on the bed and stared up at the spots on the ceiling for a while. My heart was beating hard and quick. Pretty soon I reached in my coat pocket for cigarettes and began to smoke.

I emptied the pack while I lay there, looking at the ceiling, not thinking about anything, keeping my mind back, with an effort that was barely conscious, from the edge of something I didn't want to explore. About twelve I undressed and went to bed.

I felt soggy<sup>16</sup> the next day. I'd slept, but it hadn't done me any good. Aunt Muriel came in later after I'd pushed aside my toast. She was red-eyed. I said good morning and went out into the garden.

The day was muggy and overcast, and I didn't feel like doing much, anyhow. I disbudded peonies for a while and clipped off seed pods; then I decided to give the Oriental cherries a light going over with the pruning shears. It ought to have been done earlier.

When I'd finished, I went into the shed for some linseed oil and bordeaux to mix a poultice' for their wounds.

Reaching for the can of bordeaux, an unfamiliar gleam in the corner behind it caught my eyes. It was a can of arsenate of lead. The label bore the usual skull and crossbones. I opened the can. About a quarter of an inch of the poison was gone.

It might have been in the shed before, of course; I wasn't sure it hadn't been. I held on to that idea: I wasn't sure.

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<sup>16</sup> soggy – в подавленном состоянии (*coll.*)

I don't know what I did the rest of the day. I must have pottered around in the garden, trying not to think, until dinner time. Aunt Muriel came to the window once and asked me if I didn't want any lunch, and I said I wasn't hungry.

I guess she spent the day looking at Teddy's box in the living room.

Well, I got over it.

Two or three days later, when Teddy came back from the taxidermist's, I'd pushed the whole thing back so far in my mind that my reaction had begun to seem slightly comic as well as inexplicable.

Even when Aunt Muriel got her pencils and started on an endless series of sketches of the little stuffed animal, it was all right with me. If anyone had asked me, I'd have said it was only natural for her to want to draw the pet of which she'd been so fond.

While she drew Teddy over and over again, I started re-roofing the house. It was a rough job because it was full of old-fashioned turrets and cupolas, and the summer was well along before I finished.

Aunt Muriel kept urging me to relax, but I just couldn't be quiet.

After the roof I started a lath house in back for seedlings. Virginia and I were dating almost every night, and I told myself feeling fine.

I did notice a slight, steady loss of weight, but I pretended it was due to my smoking too much.

One hot night toward the end of August, my aunt got out the packet of drawings she'd made of Teddy, and I went over them with her.

"I think I'll try a few more," she said when I'd laid the last sketch aside. "And then – well, I must get something else." She looked sad.

"Yes," I said noncommittally. The subject made me uneasy, somehow. But so thoroughly had I repressed my awareness, I had no idea why.

"Charles"? she said after a minute. She was looking more depressed than ever. "You've made an old woman very happy. This Virginia you've been going around, with so much—are you *fond* of her?"

"Why—unh—yes. Yes, I am."

"Well, I've been *thinking* – Would you like it, Charles, if – if I were to advance you the money to set up a little nursery business here in Downie? You seem to have a real talent for that sort of thing."

"I'd miss you, of course, but if you *wanted* to – I'm sure you'd be happy with Virginia, and—"

She choked up and couldn't go on. The old darling! I went around to her side of the table and gave her a hug and kiss. I managed to tell her how happy it would make me and how much I'd been wanting to do just what she suggested. A business of my own, and Virginia for a wife! She was better than a fairy godmother.

We sat up late discussing plans for the nursery – location, stock, advertising, policy—items that I found fascinating, and Aunt Muriel seemed to enjoy listening to.



When I went upstairs to bed, I was feeling so elated I didn't think I could ever go to bed. I whistled while I undressed. And, despite my expectations, I corked off<sup>17</sup> almost as soon as my head hit the pillow.

I awoke about three in the morning, my mind filled with an unalterable conviction. It was as if what I'd only suspected, what I'd made myself forget, had added itself up and become, while I slept, an unyielding certainty. I sat on the edge of the bed in pajamas, shivering.

Aunt Muriel was going to kill me. Lovingly, regretfully, she was going to put poison in my food or in my drink. Lovingly, regretfully, she was going to watch my agonies or smooth my pillow.

With tears in her eyes, she would delay calling the doctor until it was too late. She'd be most unhappy over the whole thing. And, after I was dead, she'd give me to the best mortician in Downie to embalm.

A week later, after having drawn me for eighteen hours daily, she'd consign me to the earth, still regretfully, but with her regret a little alleviated by the knowledge that my last days on earth had been happy ones.

The nursery business and the marriage with Virginia Drake were, you see, to be the equivalent for me of Teddy's red collar and chocolate-flavored bone. I went over my chain of reasoning rapidly. It was flawless. But there was one thing more — I had to see for myself.

I drew on my bathrobe and tiptoed along the corridor and down the back stairs. When I got into the shed, I lighted matches and looked until I found the spot on the shelf behind the can of bordeaux where the arsenate of lead should have been. It wasn't there.

Back in my room, I dressed, threw things into my suitcase, and exited in the classical way. That is, I knotted sheets together, tied them to the four-poster bed, and slid down them to the ground. I caught the five-thirty train for the city at the station.

I never heard from Aunt Muriel again. After I got to L.A.<sup>18</sup> I wrote a few cards to Virginia, without any address, just to let her know I hadn't forgotten her. After a while I got into private employment and met a nice girl. One thing led to another, and we got married.

But there's one thing I'd give a good deal to know. What did Aunt Muriel draw next?

## **VI. МАКРОАНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА MACROANALYSIS OF THE TEXT**

The author of the story is a modern American short-story writer. She entitled her work with a mysterious word "perfectionist" and we'll not be able to interpret it until we've read the story up to the end. Only then we shall catch up with the irony of the author who described a kind of mania of an old woman.

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<sup>17</sup> corked off – отключился, провалиться в сон (*coll.*)

<sup>18</sup> L.A. – Los Angeles

The story is told in the first person who is a young man called Charles. The writer chooses a narrative form for telling the plot, but there are some dialogues. The time and the place of action have been given explicitly and exactly: a little town of Downie in the year of 1933. Later we manage to notice some American words in the text which reaffirm that the events are developing in America.

We know that those were the years of economic depression in the country, that's why the main character complains of his hard life without job and money. But M. St. Clair did not aim at penetrating in the depth of economic problems; she describes quite a strange case that took place in her hero's private life.

The plot of the story is rather simple. A young unemployed man by name Charles has not had any meal for two weeks already and is very pleased with the letter of invitation and a money-order sent to him by his distant relative — aunt Muriel, who lived in a little town of Downie.

Coming over there Charles was welcomed very heartily by his aunt who asked her nephew to stay and share a lonely life of hers. The duties of the young man did not seem a burden, so he looked forward to a cloudless life. Ordinary people, the routine of everyday errands did not predict anything extraordinary and exiting.

But there was some hint at the beginning of the story given by the author: Charles complained of long-lasting nightmares for some years after his visit to Downie that attracted our attention to the plot of the story, predicting something terrible and unusual. The author used a flashback to the previous events of story that happened before the beginning of narration. We can also mark the author's masterly composition of the short story leading the readers to its climax: the writer develops his plot using a device of suspense.

There are two main characters in the story: Charles and his aunt Muriel. The young man is of about twenty, he is eager to get any job because he can't make the ends meet. He comes to his aunt and tries to do his best to be of any help for her. The young man spends his days repairing the old house of his aunt, makes friends and plans for the future. A girl-friend of his is lovely and they think of marriage.

But the nephew is clever enough to notice something strange and callous in his aunt's behavior and her obsession to drawing. Thus vague suspicions started worrying him. And Charles doesn't want to tempt his fate and leaves his aunt in a "classical way".

Aunt Muriel is an old woman, very kind and delicate at first sight. She is old-fashioned, generous to her nephew and has only two pleasures in her life: having a dog Teddy and a hobby — drawing. This last entertainment is turning to a kind of mania^ she cannot stop ruining, spoiling or killing any object of her drawing in order to make it immovable and in this way convenient for her sketches.

The first model for her drawings was apples, then a young sapling that she ordered to chop off. Then there is a turn of the gold-fish and even her beloved little dog. Aunt Muriel didn't make much progress in her hobby but constantly pressed the nephew for his approval of her sketches. So, the gold-fish had been frozen, Teddy had been poisoned and she again was looking for a model for her drawing. The climax of the story has come.

When aunt Muriel promised Charles to help him in starting his own business he remembered how she had fed up Teddy and had bought him presents before her secret poisoning the dog. That made the young man prick up his ears and think of escape. So getting the proof of his guess after the can with poison had disappeared from its place he vanishes never to come back. That was a denouement of the story.

The author named it "The Perfectionist" due to the fact that aunt Muriel would try to have her drawings perfect making dozens of sketches but everything was in vain. The drawings were clumsy and miserable. So we should interpret this title in an ironic meaning.

"The Perfectionist" is a kind of detective story where there are not any murders but there are some victims. The writer makes you feel that something terrible is to happen. The old woman was quite close to committing a crime and only a sudden and unexpected escape of her nephew prevented it.

The language of the story is literary-colloquial. We can observe a lot of *stylistic devices* in the text.

1) **Simile**: Feeling like a murderer, I severed the little sapling from its trunk. Teddy ate like a little pig. (It was) ... like trying to draw an aspen in a high wind.

2) **Epithet**: I hadn't seen her since I was a beady-eyed kid a maid...

3) **Metaphor**: ...who was fluttering in and out with more dishes...

4) **Personification**: Two or three days later, when Teddy came back from the taxidermist... (*the dog was dead*).

5) **Metonymy**: ...to ask my opinion of this or that as a subject for her pencil (for her drawing).

6) **Synecdoche**: she was an old woman, getting lonely, and felt the need of some kindred face near her... (a nephew).

7) **Periphrasis**: I emptied the pack... (*smoked up all the cigarettes*)... she'd con-sign me to the earth... (*bury*). We held post-mortem the batch of 32 drawings... (*to examine a dead body* in the meaning of "making a verdict"). I dressed and exited in the classical way (*without saying good-bye*). I was beginning to hate this inquest over the anatomy (*the nature-mort*). She escorted me to the scene of the execution (*where we had to cut up the tree*). A vivid brunette with just a combination of honey and claws (*with a contradictory character*).

8) **Allegory**: We held a on the batch of 32 drawings... (*to examine a dead body of a man*).

9) **Euphemism**: ...poor little Teddy – was – was gone (*dead*).

10) **Emphasis**: So good of you do come, Charles... But I would like to draw that tree. Oh, Charles, you flatterer.

11) **Litotes**: Why, the leaves weren't still a single minute.

12) **Apopsiopesis**: I'd like to try something else ... not to 'be annoyed at the little dog... I guess I will... I think, Charles ...

13) **Zeugma**: ... but she had gone in and the easel and stool were gone too.

14) **Onomatopoeia**: She ooohed and ahhed over the sinuosity and filminess of their tales...

15) **Anaphora:** Lovingly, regretfully, she was going to put poison in my food or in my drink. Lovingly, regretfully she was going to watch my agonies...

16) **Parallel constructions:** She began of doing a good deal commiserating with herself on the subject of her age and loneliness, and a good deal of self-congratulation because she was going.....

17) **Ring repetition:** "So good of you to come, Charles!" – she said. "I really can't thank you enough! So very good of you!" I wasn't sure it hadn't been. I held on to that idea. I wasn't sure.

18) **Anadiplosis:** "He's going to take him to a man he knows and have him stuffed." "Stuffed?"

19) **Rhetorical question:** Isn't it wonderful? What did aunt Muriel draw next?

20) **Asyndeton:** Back to my room, I dressed threw things into my suitcase... I knotted sheets together, tied them to the four-posted bed....

21) **Polysyndeton:** But he kept twitching and jumping, and panting... and it was quite impossible. I called and called and finally I found him... I just turned the cold control way down, put the bowl in, and came back in a couple of hours, and it was frozen solid.

22) **Elliptical sentences:** Very credible. (It is very credible.) Like trying to draw an aspen... (It is like...) Someone of the neighbors? (Was it someone...)

23) **Inversion:** I do think it was a splendid idea...

24) **Irony:** I soon realized that Downie was the sort of town whose social life centers around the drug-store.

25) **Colloquial style:** I was acting like a champion chump. I was beginning to warm up to the old girl. I was having a pretty good time.

The quoted examples make the language of the story more vivid, expressive and picturesque.

## VII. ЛИНВИСТИЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА LINGUISTIC ANALYSIS OF TEXT

### a) *Studies of the author's vocabulary*

1. **Popular terms:** aspirin, bone meal, Red Arrow, nicotine sulphate, antirrhinum, comatose, lethargy, to fertilize, to transplant, a pomeranian, anatomy, bromide, to embalm, taxidermist.

2. **Topical words of art:** painting, drawing sketch, easel, water color, etc.; *plants:* perennials, sapling, tree, nursery, seed, lilac, rhododendron, peonies, cherry, to disbud; *birth relation:* aunt, great aunt once removed, kid, mother, kinsman, sister, godmother.

3. **Americanisms:** draft, closet, mailbox, gotten, drugstore, litter, neighbor (*spelling*), can (a synonym of *tin*), dollar, cent, center (*spelling*).

4. **Polisemic words:** left, to put, to pop, to bear, to draw, yard, etc.

5. **Slang words:** gabfest, tops, snazzy, cork off.

6. **Vulgarisms:** Oh, hell.

7. Toponims: California, Downie. Los Angeles.

8. Abbreviations: L. A. (*Los Angeles*).

9. Proper names (onims): Charles, Muriel, Drake, Virginia, Amy.

10. Nicknames: Teddy.

11. Words with international roots: sort, surprise, order, rent, portion, idea, hall, imitation, subject, stool, location, social, minute, coffee, protest, brunette, mousse, plan, etc.

12. Archaic words, historisms: italics, whalebone, portfolio, mortician, hiatus, fawn, turret.

13. Phraseological units and ideoms: to rack one's brains, to kill two hours, a brown study, to make a date, to make amends, to make friends, to run errands, skull and bones, etc.

14. Emotionally colored words: obsession, miserable, painstaking, ghoulish, violently, unpleasant, nightmares, giggle, whimper, desperate, chirp, etc.

15. Foreign words: lozenge (*умал.*), post-mortem (*лат.*).

16. Neologisms: filminess.

## **b) Studies of systemically organized lexis**

### **I. Synonyms**

feelings – sentiments

kind – sort

painting – drawing

batch – bunch

sketch – study

brown study – meditation

stairs – steps

portfolio – suitcase

awareness – consciousness

blotch – spot

gleam – glint

hiatus – pause

comatose – lethargy

surprise – wonder

city – town

faint – light

soggy – muggy

calm – still – quiet

silly – stupidly

clear – transparent

dreadful – awful

disbudded – clipped off

high – tall

tiny – little

to finish – to complete

to install – to settle

to escort – to go on one's heels

to murder – to kill

to delight – to enjoy – to relish

to upset – to distract

to explore – to investigate

to like – to be fond of

to knot – to tie

to set up business – to get into a private employment

to bother – to trouble – to disturb

to mess around – to potter around

to go around – to putter among  
to placate – to warm up  
to sever – to chop  
to flit – to flutter – to pop  
to reassure – to comfort – to soothe  
to exhaust – to tire out  
to pause – to stop – to halt

## 2. Antonyms

last – first	dreadful – wonderful
bad – good	rapidly – slowly
begin – finish	futile – useful
to live – to die	fussy – quiet
to buy – to sell	to dip – to pick up
back – front	to fill – to empty
to fall asleep – to wake	to bother – to comfort
to give – to take	nervous – calm
high – short, low	to end – to start
small – big	later – early
upstairs – downstairs	slightly – steadily
to walk up – to come down	to hesitate – to resolve

## 3. Homonyms

### a) homographs:

lead (*поводок*) – lead (*вести за собой*)  
kind (*добрый*) – kind (*род*)

### b) homophones:

maid (*служанка*) – made (*сделан*)  
calm (*спокойный*) – come (*приходить*)  
said (*сказал*) – sad (*грустный*)  
hour (*час*) – our (*наш*)

## 4. Paronyms (possible misleading comprehension)

morn (*утро*) – mourn (*траур*)  
drawing (*рисунок*) – drawing (*рисование*)  
accident (*несчастный случай*) – incident (*происшествие*)  
wonder (*удивляться*) – wander (*бродить*)  
creditable (*похвальный*) – credited (*аккредитованный*)  
batch (*пачка*) – bunch (*охапка*)  
lay (*лежал*) – lay (*положить*)  
genuinly (*искренне*) – ingeniously (*гениально*)  
reference (*обращение*) – referent (*референт*)  
something (*что-то*) – some thing (*какая-то вещь, дело*)  
feeling (*чувство*) – filling (*наполнение*)  
quite (*вполне*) – quiet (*тихо*)

## VIII. ЛЕКСИКОЛОГИЧЕСКИЙ И ГРАММАТИЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА LEXICOLOGIC and GRAMMATICAL STUDY OF THE TEXT

a) **The system of word derivation** is represented by different types, the basic ones are following:

1. morphological type – to disbud, murderer, snappish, surface, upstairs, depth, nervous, unpleasant, belated, thicket, flawless, selfcongratulation, wholesome;

2. syntactic type – beady-eyed, fan-tailed, painstaking, old-fashioned, dining-room, sweetmeat, cross-bones, whale-bone, afternoon, absent-mindedness, water-color;

3. other types of word-building include:

a) broadening of semantics

to catch (*поймать*) – to catch the train (успеть на поезд);

to consign (*поручать*) – to consign to earth (предать земле);

to warm up (*согревать*) – to warm up the old girl (подбадривать старую деву);

to develop (*развивать*) – it developed that... (оказалось, что);

b) conversion – to ooh, to ahh, to tiptoe, to exit;

c) abbreviation – L. A.;

d) changing of a stress:

'control – to con'trol;

'subject – to sub'ject;

'protest – to pro'test;

e) sound imitation (onomatopoeia) – giggle, to ooh, to ahh, chirp, whimper, crack;

f) clipping: midnight (the middle of the night);

g) alteration of vowels:

food – feed – fed

begin – began

run – ran

come – came

meet – met

full – fill

h) substantivation:

a drawing

a coating

perenials

the withering

the good

darling

advertising

i) functional transforming of semantics:

to study – a study (*набросок*)

to nurse – a nursery (*питомник*)

hand – a handle (*ручка*)

to lead – a lead (*поводок*)

a collar (воротник) – a collar (*ошейник*)

salt – smelling salts (*нюхательные соли*)

the date – a date (*условленная встреча, свидание*)

b) *Study of grammatical categories of the parts of speech*

**Nouns** are represented in the text by categories of *number* (dollars, depth, cupolas, etc.), *case* (mother's side, Teddy's box, taxidermist's, etc.) and *gender* (nephew – *masculine*; aunt – *feminine*; plant – *neutral*).

**Pronouns** of different types are used in the text including *absolute* forms of *possessive* (hers, ours) and *reflective* pronouns (herself, oneself).

**Adjectives** and **adverbs** are put in necessary *degrees of comparison* (older, biggest, more verve, better, least, later, most, etc.).

Universal **word-forming flexion “-s”** is represented by all the functions: sorts (*plural* of the noun); hers (*possessive pronoun* in absolute form) mother's (*possessive case* of the noun), puts (*personal flexion*: the verb in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular in Present Simple).

The most complex and diverse grammatical forms are represented by **the Verb**.

1. Indefinite Tenses, active

She puts aspirin and sugar in the water.. (Present)

It began when I went to live with Aunt Muriel in 1933. (Past)

I believe I'll try it this afternoon while you take Teddy for a little walk. (Future)

2. Continuous Tenses, active

I was still painting the house and Aunt Muriel was still drawing the gold fish... (Past)

3. Simple Perfect Tenses, active

You've really caught something of the essence of those apples. (Present)

4. Continuous Perfect Tenses, active

I 've been thinking of that little tree on the lawn... (Present)

I was beginning to hate these inquests over the anatomy of whatever she'd been drawing. (Past)

5. The Passive Voice

Lunch was laid on the dining-table. (Past Ind.)



... there were some nice things in the place, though they'd been badly neglected.  
(Past Perfect)

We are also to mention some examples which might be misunderstood as Passive forms being *Perfect forms of the verbs of movement*:  
then I was gone... ; He was gone a long time..

#### 6. *Modal Verbs and their substitutionals*

Somebody must have poisoned him.

It might have been in the shed before.

I really can't thank you enough...

... a tall four-poster bed which should have had curtains ...

Of course, I'll have to work fast.

But if I put in two or three hours in the morning and four or five after lunch I ought to get something done.

... thirty two drawings she had been able to complete before a catastrophe.

The nursery business and the marriage ... were to be the equivalent for me of Teddy's red collar ...

#### 7. *Sequence of Tenses and Reported Speech*

Aunt Muriel decided she had exhausted the gold fish ...

... my watch told me it was time to get going if I didn't want to be late for the all-day hike Drake and I had planned with the girls.

I've been thinking that little tree on the lawn would make a good subject.

... she explained in the letter that she was an old woman, getting lonely, and felt the need of some kindred face near her ...

Aunt Muriel came to the window once and asked me if I didn't want any lunch, and I said I wasn't hungry.

#### 8. *Conditional Sentences*

If you wanted to – I'm sure you'd be happy with Virginia.

If anyone had asked me, I'd have said it was only natural for her ...

But if I put in two or three hours in the morning and four or five after lunch I ought to get something done.

#### 9. *Subjunctive Mood*

I've managed to tell her how happy it would make me and how much I'd been wanting to do just what she suggested.

It was as if what I'd only suspected, what I'd made myself forget, had added it-self up and become, while I slept an unyielding certainly.

And after I was dead she'd give me to the best mortician in Downie to embalm.

Would you like it, Charles, if – if were to advance you the money to set up a little nursery business here in Downie?

## 10. The Verbals

### 10/1 **The Infinitive** and its functions in a sentence

I expected to find Aunt Muriel on the lawn ... (Object)

I was expected to make myself useful in small ways ... (Subj. Inf. Constr.)

I racked my brains for something nice to say about them. (for plus Inf. Constr.)

... so I let Teddy climb into the box... (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

I want you to chop that tree down for me tomorrow... (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

She returned with a portfolio of drawings for me to look at. (for plus Inf. Constr.)

It was really decent of her to provide me with cigarette money. (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

She seemed to enjoy watching them... (Subj. Inf. Constr.)

I was thinking it was nice of the old girl... not to be annoyed at the little dog... (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

He ate them... and seemed to relish them... (Subj. Inf. Constr.)

He is going to take him to a man he knows and have him staffed. (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

After a while I got her calm enough... (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

It was only natural for her to want to draw the pet... (for plus Inf. Constr.)

You seem to have a real talent for that sort of thing. (Subj. Inf. Constr.)

I wrote two cards to Virginia...just let her know I hadn't forgotten her. (Obj. Inf. Constr.)

I got to be a familiar customer at the paint-store... (a part of a Compound Predicate)

### 10/2 **Participle** and its functions in a sentence

... a maid... was fluttering in and out with more dishes. (a part of a Comp. Pred.)

I murmured reassuring words... (Attr.)

Holding Teddy under one arm, she rose... (Adv. Modif.)

Feeling like a murderer, I severed a little sapling. (Adv. Modif.)

I spent the rest of the day ... working in the garden. (Adv. Modif.)

She told me at dinner-time with the tone of one announcing a major disaster, that she... (Attr.)

Whistling I went down to breakfast. (Adv. Modif.)

### 10/3 **Participle II** and its functions in a sentence

... but I finally got them fixed. (Obj. Part. Constr.)

I got the painting of the house done. (Obj. Part. Constr.)

... my room in the city with the unpaid rent ... seemed a long way off. (Attr.)

... where his food dish was waiting, piled with hamburgers. (Attr.)

She had been held together by whale bone... (a part of a Compound Predicate in Passive)

#### 10/4 **The Gerund** and its functions in a sentence

I decided to give the Oriental cherries a light going over with pruning shears. (Object)

Aunt Muriel kept urging me to relax. (a part of a Comp. Pred.)

... She would delay calling the doctor... (Obj.)

The apples kept withering. (a part of a Comp. Pred.)

I managed to kill the next two hours by letting Teddy investigate the lamp posts. (Adv. Modif.)

I've always liked gardening. (Obj.)

After hesitating between a China fawn and a bowl of fan-tailed goldfish, I decided that... (Adv. Modif.)

She kept popping out into the yard, where I was... (a part of a Comp. Pred.)

I felt like celebrating. (Adv. Modif.)

... she seemed to enjoy watching them swimming. (Obj.; Complex Obj.)

10/5 There are many **ing-forms** in the text, which represent different parts of speech. Some words have paronymic forms: *drawing*, *withering*, *painting*, *feeling* and are used both as nouns, participles I, adverbs and Pronouns. Let's study some of these examples.

#### adjectives:

the following night

a flowering peach

a scaling wall

the pruning shears

#### nouns

darling

ceiling

sapling

morning

earring

seedling

#### adverbs:

accordingly

increasingly

comfortingly

soothingly

#### pronouns:

anything

something

nothing

Students have many difficulties studying Non-finite forms of the verbs. The text in question contains a lot of paragraphs with different **ing-forms**, for example in this extract.

*After the roof I started a lath house in back for seedlings (Noun). Virginia and I were dating (Part. I) almost every night, and I told myself I was feeling (Part. I) fine. I did notice a slight, steady loss of weight, but I pretended it was due to my smoking (Gerund) too much.*

What can we conclude having finished the grammatical analysis of the story? . Almost all grammatical structures and Parts of Speech categories are represented in the text including simple and complex ones. So we can resume that it is a kind of full-value belles-lettres text on the basis of which we are able to get acquaintance with nearly all linguistic phenomena and categories of English. We have met some rare language forms, for instance, the example of the verb "to want" in Continuous form: *...to tell her...how much I'd been wanting to do just what she suggested*. The writer uses all grammatical and lexical resources of the language for putting and shaping her ideas in a verbal way. They are represented in such a small literary form as a short story, which proves the artistic mastery of its author.

## **ЧАСТЬ II. ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННЫЕ ТЕКСТЫ ДЛЯ ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИИ. МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЕ РЕКОМЕНДАЦИИ**

Художественные тексты второй части пособия предназначены для аудиторной и самостоятельной работы. Сюда вошли отрывки из классической английской прозы (Ч. Диккенс), драматургии (Б. Шоу) и поэзии (В. Шекспир), но шире всего представлена литература XX века. Образцы стилевых пластов языка продемонстрированы во всем разнообразии от литературного английского (Г. Джеймс) до его разговорных (Д. Паркер), диалектных (язык кокни в пьесе "Пигмалион" Б. Шоу) и сленговых форм (Р. Даль). Довольно широко представлен американский вариант английского языка (Р. Лав, Ш. Джексон и др.)

Материал художественных текстов предусматривает широкие возможности для его использования аудиторной, домашней и самостоятельной работе в процессе интегрированного изучения различных языковых дисциплин – практики языка, лингвострановедения и культуры Британии, английской литературы и стилистики. Дискурсы, приведённые ниже, рекомендуется использовать в целях совершенствования языковых компетенций различного уровня:

- 1) для развития навыков различных видов чтения – поискового, аналитического и т.д.;
- 2) в целях изучения словообразовательных, синтаксических и грамматических форм английского языка;
- 3) для оттачивания умений структурировать текст и пересказать его;
- 4) в целях совершенствования навыков устного и письменного перевода;
- 5) для обсуждения проблем, поднятых в художественном отрывке;
- 6) в целях развития умений оперировать различными функциональными стилями английского языка;
- 7) для изучения художественных выразительных средств языка – тропов и фигур речи, в рамках стилистического анализа;
- 8) в целях развития умений выполнить макро- и микро-анализ художественного дискурса;
- 9) для совершенствования навыков интерпретации текста.

Начальная страница части первой открывалась образцом схемы для макроанализа текста, а пример лингвистического анализа дискурса можно найти в её седьмом разделе ("The Perfectionist"). При микроанализе текста рекомендуется пользоваться справочным материалом раздела два той же части, но лучше вести свой собственный словарь литературно-стилистических приёмов, иллюстрируя его примерами из изучаемых текстов. Образец пред-переводческого анализа текста "Lispeth" см. по ссылке 2 в библиографии.

## TEXT 1

Ch. Dickens<sup>19</sup>

### ***GREAT EXPECTATIONS***

*(an extract from chapter I, abridged)*

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones.

The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana Wife of the Above" I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly.

Five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, were arranged in a neat row beside their grave and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine — who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard with scattered cattle feeding on it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man, "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

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<sup>19</sup> **Чарльз Диккенс** (1812 – 1870) – выдающийся английский писатель-классик XIX века. Роман «Большие надежды» написан и опубликован в 1861 году.

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

“You young dog,” said the man, licking his lips, “what fat cheeks you ha' got.”

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized, for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with – supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir – Mrs. Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate."

"Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young than off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say, Lord strike you dead if you don't" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Coo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms clasping himself, as if to hold himself together — and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs.



## TEXT 2

*B. Shaw*<sup>20</sup>

### *PYGMALION*

*(an extract from the play, act I)*

#### ACT 1.

*Covent Garden at 11.13 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church.*

THE DAUGHTER [*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*] I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER [*on her daughter's right*] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER [*on the lady's right*] He wont get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER But we must have a cab. We cant stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER Well, it ain't my, fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER Other people got cabs. Why couldn't he?

[*Freddy rushes in*]

THE DAUGHTER Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab.

THE MOTHER You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on? You selfish pig –

FREDDY Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. [*He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strand-wards, but, comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands*].

THE FLOWER GIRL Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah.

<sup>20</sup> Джордж Бернард Шоу (1856 – 1950) – крупнейший ирландский драматург, лауреат Нобелевской премии 1925 г. Пьеса "Пигмалион" (1913) названа именем мифологического скульптора, который упросил богов оживить изваянную им статую прекрасной Галатеи, которую он страстно полюбил.

FREDDY Sorry [*he rushes off*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket*] Ther'es menners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad. [*She sits down on the plinth of die column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right*].

THE MOTHER How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wai, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mother should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyim. Will ye-oo py me f'them?

THE DAUGHTER Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOITIER Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?

TIE DAUGHTER. No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL [*hopefully*] I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

THE MOTHER [*to Clara*] Give it to me. Now. This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.

THE MOTHER Do hold your tongue, Clara [*To the girl*] You can keep the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL I didn't.

THE MOTHER I heard you call him by it. Don't try to deceive me.

THE FLOWER GIRL [*protesting*] Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant.

THE DAUGHTER Sixpence thrown away! Really mamma, you might have spared Freddy that.

[*An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into the shelter*]

THE GENTLEMAN Phew!

THE MOTHER [*to the gentleman*] Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago.

THE FLOWER GIRL If it's worse, it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN I'm sorry, I haven't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL I can give you change, Captain.

THE GENTLEMAN For a sovereign? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.

THE GENTLEMAN Now don't be troublesome: there's a good girl. [*Trying his pockets*] I really haven't any change — Stop: here's three hapence, if that's any use to you [*he retreats to the other pillar*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*disappointed*] Thank you, sir.

THE BYSTANDER [*To the girl*] You be careful: give him a flower for it. Theres a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word youre saying. [*All turn to the man who is taking notes*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*springing up terrified*] I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. [*Cries of Dont start hollerin*]

THE CROWD [*noise with question and answer*] What's the row? What-she do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What? ' him? Yes: him over-there: Took money off the gentleman...

THE FLOWER GIRL [*The flower girl, distraught and mobbed, breaks through them to the gentleman, crying wildly*] Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They —

THE NOTE TAKER [*coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him*] There, there, there, there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

### TEXT 3

*O. Wilde*<sup>21</sup>

#### **THE SELFISH GIANT**

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre<sup>22</sup>, and had stayed with him for seven years<sup>23</sup>. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing here?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

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<sup>21</sup> **Оскар Уайльд** (1856 – 1900) – английский писатель и драматург. В сборниках сказок для детей «Счастливый принц» и др. обращался к серьезным проблемам выбора между добром и злом, самопожертвованием и предательством. Рассказ «Великан-эгоист» также носит притчевый характер.

<sup>22</sup> ogre – монстр-людоед

<sup>23</sup> seven years...twelve peach-trees – мистические числа: 7, 12

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

*Trespassers  
will be Prosecuted*

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high walls when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there!" they said to each other.

The spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down's. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold, white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their

arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away; and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye. "But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children: "he gone away"

"You must tell him to be sure and come tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who *hath dared to wound thee*<sup>24</sup>?" cried the Giant, "tell me: that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay," answered the child: "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who *art thou*?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

#### TEXT 4

*R. Kipling*<sup>25</sup>

#### *LISPETH*

She was the daughter of Sonoo, a Hill-man and Jadeh his wife. One year their maize failed, and two bears spent the night in their only poppyfield just above the Sutlej<sup>26</sup> Valley on the Kotgarh side; so, next season, they turned Christian and brought their baby to the Mission to be baptized. The Kotgarh Chaplain christened her Elizabeth, and "Lispeth" is the Hill or pahari<sup>27</sup> pronunciation.

Later, cholera came into the Kotgarh Valley and carried off Sonoo and Jadeh, and Lispeth became half servant, half companion, to the wife of the then Chaplain of Kotgarh. This was after the reign of the Moravian missionaries, but before Kotgarh had quite forgotten her title of 'Mistress of the Northern Hills'.

Whether Christianity improved Lispeth, or whether the gods of her own people would have done as much for her under any circumstances, I do not know; but she grew very lovely. When a Hill girl grows lovely, she is worth travelling fifty

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<sup>24</sup> Who hath dared to wound thee?... Nay... who art thou? – Кто посмел ранить тебя? ...Нет... Кто ты? (арх.)

<sup>25</sup> Джозеф Редьярд Киплинг (1865 – 1936) – известный английский писатель, лауреат Нобелевской премии по литературе 1907 г., автор цикла произведений о природе и животном мире Африки и Индии. Широко популярна его «Книга джунглей» о Маугли

<sup>26</sup> the Sutlej Valley – долина Сатлей расположена в Гималайских горах (штат Пенджаб, Индия)

<sup>27</sup> pahari – высокогорное племя в западных Гималаях

miles over bad ground to look upon. Lispeth had a Greek face — one of those faces people paint so often, and see so seldom. She was of a pale, ivory color and, for her race, extremely tall. Also, she possessed eyes that were wonderful; and, had she not been dressed in the abominable print-cloths affected by Mission, you would, meeting her on the hill side unexpectedly, have thought her the original Diana of the Romans going out to slay.

Lispeth took to Christianity readily, and did not abandon it when she reached womanhood, as do some Hill girls. Her own people hated her because she had, they said, become a memsahib and washed herself daily; and the Chaplain's wife did not know what to do with her. Somehow, one cannot ask a stately goddess, five foot ten in her shoes, to clean plates and dishes. So she played with the Chaplain's children and took classes in the Sunday school, and read all the books in the house, and grew more and more beautiful, like the Princesses in fairy tales. The Chaplain's wife said that the girl ought to take service in Simla as a nurse or something "genteel". But Lispeth did not want to take service. She was very happy where she was.

When travellers — there were not many in those years — came in to Kotgarh, Lispeth used to lock herself into her own room for fear they might take her away to Simla, or somewhere out into the unknown world.

One day, a few months after she was seventeen years old, Lispeth went out for a walk. She did not walk in the manner of English ladies — a mile and a half out, and a ride back again. She covered between twenty and thirty miles in her little constitut- ionals, all about and about, between Kotgarh and Narkunda. This time she came back at full dusk, stepping down the breakneck descent into Kotgarh with something heavy in her arms. Lispeth put it down on the sofa, and said simply — "This is my husband. I found him on the Bagi Road. He has hurt himself. We will nurse him, and when he is well, your husband shall marry him to me".

This was the first mention Lispeth had ever made of her matrimonial views, and the Chaplain's wife shrieked with horror. However, the man on the sofa needed attention first. He was a young Englishman, and his head had been cut to the bone by something jagged. He was breathing queerly and was unconscious.

He was put to bed and tended by the Chaplain who knew something of medicine; and Lispeth waited outside the door in case she could be useful. She explained to the Chaplain that this was the man she meant to marry; and the Chaplain and his wife lectured her severely on the impropriety of her conduct. Lispeth listened quietly, and repeated her first proposition. It takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilized Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight.

After a fortnight of slight fever and inflammation, the Englishman recovered coherence and thanked the Chaplain and his wife, and Lispeth — especially Lispeth — for their kindness. He was a traveller in the East, he said, and had come from Dehra Dun to hunt for plants and butterflies among the Simla hills. He fancied he must have fallen over the cliff while stalking a fern on a rotten tree-trunk and that his coolies must have stolen his baggage and fled. He thought he would go back to Simla when he was a little stronger. He desired no more mountaineering.

He made small haste to go away, and recovered his strength slowly. Lispeth objected to being advised either by the Chaplain or his wife; so the latter spoke to the Englishman, and told him how matters stood in Lispeth's heart. He laughed a good deal, and said it was very pretty and romantic; a perfect idyll of the Himalayas; but as he was engaged to a girl at Home, he fancied that nothing would happen. Certainly he would behave with discretion. He did that. Still he found it very pleasant to talk to Lispeth, and walk with Lispeth, and say nice things to her, and call her pet names while he was getting strong enough to go away. It meant nothing at all to him, and everything in the world to Lispeth. She was happy while the fortnight lasted, because she had found a man to love.

Being a savage by birth, she took no trouble to hide her feelings, and the Englishman was amused. When he went away, Lispeth walked with him up the Hill as far as Narkunda, very troubled and very miserable. The Chaplain's wife, being a good Christian and disliking anything in the shape of fuss or scandal - Lispeth was beyond her management entirely - had told the Englishman to tell Lispeth that he was coming back to marry her. So all the twelve miles up the hill the Englishman, with his arm round Lispeth's waist, was assuring the girl that he would come back and marry her; and Lispeth made him promise over and over again. She wept on the Narkunda Ridge till he had passed out of sight along the Muttiani path.

At the end of two months, Lispeth grew impatient, and was told that the Englishman had gone over the seas to England. She knew where England was, because she had read little geography primers; but, of course, she had no conception of the nature of the sea, being a Hill girl. There was an old puzzlem<sup>28</sup> of the world in the house. Lispeth had played with it when she was a child. She unearthed it again, and put it together of evenings, and cried to herself, and tried to imagine where her Englishman was.

At the end of three months, Lispeth made daily pilgrimage to Narkunda to see if her Englishman was coming along the road. It gave her comfort, and the Chaplain's wife finding her happier thought that she was getting over her "barbarous and most indelicate folly". A little later the walks ceased to help Lispeth and her temper grew very bad. The Chaplain's wife thought this a profitable time to let her know the real state of affairs - that the Englishman had only promised his love to keep her quiet - that he had never meant anything, and that it was "wrong and improper" of Lispeth to think of marriage with an Englishman, who was of a superior clay, besides being promised in marriage to a girl of his own people.

"Then you have lied to me", said Lispeth, "you and he?"

The Chaplain's wife bowed her head, and said nothing. Lispeth was silent, too, for a little time; then she went out down the valley, and returned in the dress of a Hill girl infamously dirty, but without the nose and ear rings.

"I am going back to my own people", said she. "You have killed Lispeth. There is only left old Jadeh's daughter - the daughter of a pahari and the servant of Tarka Devi. You are all liars, you English."

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<sup>28</sup> an old puzzle-map - старая карта-мозаика (используется детьми для изучения географии)



She took to her own unclean people savagely, as if to make up the arrears of the life she had stepped out of; and, in a little time, she married a wood-cutter who beat her, after the manner of paharis, and her beauty faded soon.

Lispeth was a very old woman when she died. She always had a perfect command of English, and when she was sufficiently drunk, could sometimes be induced to tell the story of her first love-affair.

It was hard then to realize that the bleared, wrinkled creature, so like a wisp of charred rag could ever have been 'Lispeth of the Kotgarh Mission'.

## TEXT 5

*H. James*<sup>29</sup>

### ***THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY***

(an extract from the novel, chapter III)

The doorway of this apartment was presently occupied by a lady who paused there and looked very hard at our heroine. She was a plain, elderly woman, dressed in a comprehensive waterproof mantle; she had a face with a good deal of rather violent point.

"Oh," she began, "is that where you usually sit?" She looked about at the heterogeneous chairs and tables.

"Not when I have visitors," said Isabel, getting up to receive the intruder.

She directed their course back to the library while the visitor continued to look about her. "You seem to have plenty of other rooms; they're in rather better condition. But everything's immensely worn."

"Have you come to look at the house?" Isabel asked. "The servant will show it to you."

"Send her away; I don't want to buy it. She has probably gone to look for you and is wandering about upstairs; she didn't seem at all intelligent. You had better tell her it's no matter." And then, since the girl stood there hesitating and wondering, this unexpected critic said to her abruptly: "I suppose you're one of the daughters?"

Isabel thought she had very strange manners. "It depends upon whose daughters you mean."

"The late Mr. Archer's – and my poor sister's."

"Ah," said Isabel slowly, "you must be our crazy Aunt Lydia!"

"Is that what your father told you to call me? I'm your Aunt Lydia, but I'm not at all crazy: I haven't a delusion! And which of the daughters are you?"

"I'm the youngest of the three, and my name's Isabel".

"Yes; the others are Lilian and Edith. And are you the prettiest?"

"I haven't the least idea," said the girl.

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<sup>29</sup> **Генри Джеймс** (1843 – 1916) – писатель-классик, представляющий лучшие традиции американской литературной школы, автор романов "Американец", "Женский портрет" и др.

"I think you must be". And in this way the aunt and the niece made friends. The aunt had quarreled years before with her brother-in-law, after the death of her sister, taking him to task for the manner in which he brought up his three girls. Being a high-tempered man he had requested her to mind her own business, and she had taken him at his word. For many years she held no communication with him, and after his death had addressed not a word to his daughters, who had been bred in that disrespectful view of her which we have just seen Isabel betray.

Mrs. Touchett's behavior was, as usual, perfectly deliberate. She intended to go to America to look after her investments (with which her husband, in spite of his great financial position, had nothing to do) and would take advantage of this opportunity to enquire into the condition of her nieces. There was no need of writing, for she should attach no importance to any account of them she should elicit by letter; she believed, always, in seeing for one's self.

Isabel found, however, that she knew a good deal about them, and knew about the marriage of the two elder girls; knew that their poor father had left very little money, but that the house in Albany, which had passed into his hands, was to be sold for their benefit; knew, finally, that Edmund Ludlow, Lilian's husband, had taken upon himself to attend to this matter, in consideration of which the young couple, who had come to Albany during Mr. Archer's illness, were remaining there for the present and, as well as Isabel herself, occupying the old place.

"How much money do you expect for it?" Mrs. Touchett asked of her companion, who had brought her to sit in the front parlor, which she had inspected without enthusiasm.

"I haven't the least idea", said the girl.

"That's the second time you have said that to me," her aunt rejoined. "And yet you don't look at all stupid".

"I'm not stupid; but I don't know anything about money."

"Yes, that's the way you were brought up – as if you were to inherit a million. What have you in point of fact inherited?"

"I really can't tell you. You must ask Edmund and Lilian; they'll be back in half an hour".

"In Florence we should call it a very bad house," said Mrs. Touchett; "but here, I dare say it will bring a high price. It ought to make a considerable sum for each of you. In addition to that you *must* have something else; it's most extraordinary your not knowing. The position's of value, and they'll probably pull it down and make a row of shops. I wonder you don't do that yourself; you might let the shops to great advantage".

Isabel stared; the idea of letting shops was new to her. "I hope they won't pull it down," she said; "I'm extremely fond of it".

"I don't see what makes you fond of it; your father died here".

"Yes; but I don't dislike it for that", the girl rather strangely returned. "I like places in which things have happened – even if they're sad things. A great many people have died here; the place has been full of life".

"Is that what you call being full of life?"

"I mean full of experience – of people's feelings and sorrows. And not of their sorrows only, for I've been very happy here as a child".

"You should go to Florence if you like houses in which things have happened – especially deaths. I live in an old palace in which three people have been murdered; three that were known and I don't know how many more besides".

"In an old palace?" Isabel repeated.

"Yes, my dear; a very different affair from this. This is very bourgeois".

Isabel felt some emotion, for she had always thought highly of her grandmother's house. But the emotion was of a kind which led her to say: "I should like very much to go to Florence".

## TEXT 6

*G. Greene*<sup>30</sup>

### *THE INVISIBLE JAPANESE GENTLEMEN*

There were eight Japanese gentlemen having a fish dinner at Bentley's<sup>31</sup>. They spoke to each other rarely in their incomprehensible tongue, but always with a courteous smile and often with a small bow. All but one of them wore glasses. Sometimes the pretty girl who sat in the window beyond gave them a passing glance, but her own problem seemed too serious for her to pay real attention to anyone in the world except herself and her companion.

She had thin blonde hair and her face was pretty oval like a miniature, though she had a harsh way of speaking – perhaps the accent of the school, Roedean or Cheltenham Ladies' College<sup>32</sup>, which she had not long ago left. She wore a man's signet-ring on her engagement finger, and as I sat down at my table, with the Japanese gentlemen between us, she said, "So you see we could marry next week".

"Yes?"

Her companion appeared a little distraught. He refilled their glasses with Chablis<sup>33</sup> and said, "Of course, but Mother...". I missed some of the conversation then, because the eldest Japanese gentleman leant across the table, with a smile and a little bow, and uttered a whole paragraph like a mutter from an aviary, while everyone bent towards him and smiled and listened, and I couldn't help attending to him myself.

The girl's fiancée resembled her physically. I could see them as two miniatures hanging side by side on white wood panels. He should have been a young officer in Nelson's navy in the days when a certain weakness and sensitivity were no bar to promotion.

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<sup>30</sup> Грэм Грин (1904 – 1991) – английский писатель-реалист, автор романов «Тихий американец», «Комедианты» и др.

<sup>31</sup> Bentley's – ресторан на Бейкер-стрит с традиционной английской кухней

<sup>32</sup> Roedean or Cheltenham Ladies' College – привилегированные частные школы для девочек

<sup>33</sup> Chablis – шабли, сорт французского белого вина

She said, "They are giving me an advance of five hundred pounds, and they've sold the paperback rights already". The hard commercial declaration came as a shock to me; it was a shock too that she was one of my own profession. She couldn't have been more than twenty. She deserved better of life.

He said, "But my uncle..."

"You know you don't get on with him. This way we shall be quite independent".

"You will be independent", he said grudgingly.

"The wine-trade wouldn't really suit you, would it? I spoke to my publisher about you and there's a very good chance... if you began with some reading..."

"But I don't know a thing about books".

"I would help you at the start".

"My mother says that writing is a good crutch..."

"Five hundred pounds and half the paperback rights is a pretty solid crutch", she said.

"This Chablis is good, isn't it?"

"I dare say".

I began to change my opinion of him – had not the Nelson touch. He was doomed to defeat.

"Do you know what Mr. Dwight said?"

"Who's Dwight?"

"Darling, you don't listen, do you? My publisher. He said he hadn't read a first novel in the last ten years which showed such powers of observation".

"That's wonderful", he said sadly, "wonderful".

"Only he wants me to change the title".

"Yes?"

"He doesn't like *The Ever-Rolling Stream*. He wants to call it *The Chelsea Set*".

"What did you say?"

"I agreed. I do think that with a first novel one should try to keep one's publisher happy. Especially when really he's going to pay for our marriage, isn't he?"

"I see what you mean". Absent-mindedly he stirred his Chablis with a fork — perhaps before the engagement he had always bought champagne. The Japanese gentlemen had finished their fish and with very little English but elaborate courtesy they were ordering from the middle-aged waitress a fresh fruit salad.

The girl looked at them, and then she looked at me, but I think she saw only the future. I wanted very much to warn her against any future based on a first novel called *The Chelsea Set*. I was on the side of his mother. It was a humiliating thought, but I was probably about her mother's age.

I wanted to say to her, Are you certain your publisher is telling you the truth? Publishers are human, they may sometimes exaggerate the virtues of the young and the pretty. Will *The Chelsea Set* be read in five years? Are you prepared for the years of effort, "the long defeat of doing nothing well"?

As the years pass writing will not become any easier, the daily effort will grow harder to endure, those "powers of observation" will become enfeebled; you will be judged, when you reach your forties, by performance and not by promise.

"My next novel is going to be about St. Tropez".

"I didn't know you'd ever been there".

"I haven't. A fresh eye's terribly important. I thought we might settle down there for six months".

"There wouldn't be much left of the advance by that time".

"The advance is only an advance. I get fifteen per cent after five thousand copies and twenty per cent after ten. And of course another advance will be due, darling, when the next book's finished. A bigger one if *The Chelsea Set* sells well".

"Suppose it doesn't"

"Mr. Dwight says it will. He ought to know".

"My uncle would start me at twelve hundred<sup>34</sup>".

"But, darling, how could you come then to St Tropez?" "

"Perhaps we'd do better to marry when you come back".

She said harshly, "I mightn't come back if *The Chelsea Set* sells enough."

"Oh".

She looked at me and the party of Japanese gentlemen. She finished her wine. She said, "Is this a quarrel?"

"No".

"I've got the title for the next book – *The Azure Blue*".

"I thought azure *was* blue".

She looked at him with disappointment. "You don't really want to be married to a novelist, do you?"

"You aren't one yet".

"I was born one – Mr. Dwight says. My powers of observation..."

"Yes. You told me that, but, dear, couldn't you observe a bit nearer home? Here in London".

"I've done that in *The Chelsea Set*. I don't want to repeat myself.

The bill had been lying beside them for some time now. He took out his wallet to pay, but she snatched the paper out of his reach. She said, "This is my celebration".

"What of?"

"*The Chelsea Set*, of course. Darling, you're awfully decorative, but sometimes — well, you simply don't connect".

"I'd rather... if you don't mind...".

"No, darling, this is on me. And Mr. Dwight, of course".

He submitted just as two of the Japanese gentlemen gave tongue simultaneously, then stopped abruptly and bowed to each other, as though they were blocked in a doorway.

I had thought the two young people matching miniatures, but what a contrast in fact there was. The same type of prettiness could contain weakness and strength. Her

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<sup>34</sup> start me at – положил мне начальный заработок

Regency counterpart, I suppose, would have borne a dozen children without the aid of anesthetics, while he would have fallen an easy victim to the first dark eyes in Naples. Would there one day be a dozen books on her shelf? They have to be born without an anesthetic too.

I found myself hoping that *The Chelsea Set* would prove to be a disaster and that eventually she would take up photographic modeling while he established himself solidly in the wine-trade in St James's. I didn't like to think of her as the Mrs. Humphrey Ward<sup>35</sup> of her generation – not that I would live so long. Old age saves us from the realization of a great many fears.

I wondered to which publishing firm Dwight belonged. I could imagine the blurb<sup>36</sup> he would have already written about her abrasive powers of observation. There would be a photo, if he was wise, on the back of the jacket, for reviewers, as well as publishers, are human, and she didn't look like Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

I could hear them talking while they found their coats at the back of the restaurant. He said, "I wonder what all those Japanese are doing here?"

"Japanese?" she said. "What Japanese, darling? Sometimes you are so evasive I think you don't want to marry me at all".

## TEXT 7

*S. Maugham*<sup>37</sup>

### MABEL

I was at Pagan in Burma, and from there I took a steamer to Mandalay. But a couple of days before I got there, when the boat tied up for the night at a riverside village, I made up my mind to go ashore. The skipper told me that there was a pleasant little club in which I had only to make myself at home; they were quite used to having strangers drop off like that from the steamer, and the secretary was a decent chap; I might even get a game of bridge.

I had nothing in the world to do, so I got into one of the bullock-carts that were waiting at the landing stage and was driven to the club. There was a man sitting on the veranda and as I walked up he nodded to me and asked whether I would have a whisky and soda or a gin and bitters. The possibility that I would have nothing at all did not even occur to him. I chose the longer drink and sat down. He was a tall, thin, bronzed man, with a big moustache, and he wore khaki shorts and a khaki shirt. I

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<sup>35</sup> Mrs. Humphrey Ward – британская романистка, вызвавшая сенсацию своим романом «Роберт Элсмер»

<sup>36</sup> blurb – краткое содержание книги на суперобложке

<sup>37</sup> **Сомерсет Моэм** (1874 – 1965) – английский писатель XX века, представляющий реалистическое направление в британской литературе. В основном прославился как автор психологически тонких и глубоких новелл и рассказов, но также является автором нескольких романов.

never knew his name, but when he had been chatting a little while, another man came in who told me he was the secretary, and he addressed my friend as George.

"Have you heard from your wife yet?" he asked.

The other's eyes brightened.

"Yes, I had letters by this mail. She's having no end of a time."

"Did she tell you not to fret?"

George gave a little chuckle, but was I mistaken in thinking that there was in it the shadow of a sob?

"In point of fact she did. But that's easier said than done. Of course I know she wants a holiday, and I'm glad she should have it, but it's devilish hard on a chap." He turned to me. "You see, this is the first time I've ever been separated from my missus, and I'm like a lost dog without her".

"How long have you been married?"

"Five minutes".

The secretary of the club laughed.

"Don't be a fool, George. You've been married eight years."

After we had talked for a while, George, looking at his watch, said he must go and change his clothes for dinner and left us. The secretary watched him disappear into the night with a smile of not unkindly irony.

"We all ask him as much as we can now that he is alone," he told me. "He mopes so terribly since his wife went home".

"It must be very pleasant for her to know that her husband is as devoted to her as all that".

"Mabel is a remarkable woman".

He called the boy and ordered more drinks. In this hospitable place they did not ask you if you would have anything: they took it for granted. Then he settled himself in his long chair and lit a cheroot. He told me the story of George and Mabel.

They became engaged when he was home on leave; and when he returned to Burma it was arranged that she should join him in six months. But one difficulty cropped up after another, Mabel's father died, the war came, George was sent to a district unsuitable for a white woman; so that in the end it was seven years before she was able to start. He made all arrangements for the marriage, which was to take place on the day of her arrival, and went down to Rangoon to meet her. On the morning on which the ship was due he borrowed a motor-car and drove along to the dock. He paced the quay.

Then, suddenly, without warning, his nerve failed him. He had not seen Mabel for seven years. He had forgotten what she was like. She was a total stranger. He felt a terrible sinking in the pit of his stomach and his knees began to wobble. He couldn't go through with it. He must tell Mabel that he was very sorry, but he couldn't, he really couldn't marry her. But how could a man tell a girl a thing like that when she had been engaged to him for seven years and had come six thousand miles to marry him? He hadn't the nerve for that either. George was seized with the courage of despair. There was a boat on the quay on the very point of starting for Singapore; he wrote a

hurried letter to Mabel, and without any luggage, just in the clothes he stood up in, leaped on board.

The letter Mabel received ran as follows:

*Dearest Mabel, I have been suddenly called away on business and do not know when I shall be back. I think it would be much wiser if you returned to England. My plans are very uncertain.*

*Your loving George.*

But when he arrived at Singapore he found a cable waiting for him.

*Quite understand. Don't worry.*

*Love. Mabel.*

Terror made him quick-witted, "By Jove, I believe she's following me".

He telegraphed to the shipping-office at Rangoon and, sure enough, her name was on the passenger list of the ship that was now on its way to Singapore. There was not a moment to be lost. He jumped on the train to Bangkok. But he was uneasy; she would have no difficulty in finding out that he had gone to Bangkok and it was just as simple for her to take the train as it had been for him. Fortunately there was a French tramp sailing next day for Saigon. He took it. At Saigon he would be safe; it would never occur to her that he had gone there; and if it did, surely by now she would have taken the hint. It is a five days' journey from Bangkok to Saigon and the boat is dirty, cramped and uncomfortable. He was glad to arrive and took a rickshaw to the hotel. He signed his name in the visitors' book and a telegram was immediately handed to him. It contained but two words: *Love. Mabel.* They were enough to make him break into a cold sweat.

"When is the next boat for Hong Kong?" he asked.

Now his flight grew serious. He sailed to Hong Kong, but dared not stay there; he went to Manila; Manila was ominous; he went on to Shanghai; Shanghai was nerve-racking; every time he went out of the hotel he expected to run straight into Mabel's arms; no, Shanghai would never do. The only thing was to go to Yokohama. At the Grand Hotel at Yokohama a cable awaited him.

*So sorry to have missed you at Manila.*

*Love. Mabel.*

No, no, he was not so easy to catch as all that. He had already made his plans. The Yangtze is a long river and the Yangtze was falling. He could just about catch the last steamer that could get up to Chungking and then no one could travel till the following spring except by junk. Such a journey was out of the question for a woman alone. He went to Hankow and from Hankow to Ichang; he changed boats here and from Ichang through the rapids went to Chungking. But he was desperate now, he was not going to take any risks: there was a place called Chang-tu, the capital of Szechuan, and it was four hundred miles away. It could only be reached by road, and the road was infested with brigands. A man would be safe there.

George collected chair-bearers and coolies and set out. It was with a sigh of relief that he saw at last the crenellated walls of the lonely Chinese city. From those walls at sunset you could see the snowy mountains of Tibet.



He could rest at last: Mabel would never find him there. The consul happened to be a friend of his and he stayed with him. He enjoyed the comfort of a luxurious house, he enjoyed his idleness after that strenuous escape from Asia, and above all he enjoyed his divine security. The weeks passed lazily one after the other.

One morning George and the consul were in the courtyard looking at some curios that had been brought for their inspection when there was a loud knocking at the great door of the Consulate. The door-man flung it open. A chair borne by four coolies entered, advanced, and was set down. Mabel stepped out. She was neat and cool and fresh. There was nothing in her appearance to suggest that she had just come in after a fortnight on the road. George was petrified. He was as pale as death. She went up to him.

"Hulloa, George, was so afraid I'd missed you again."

"Hulloa, Mabel," he faltered.

He did not know what to say. He looked this way and that.

She stood between him and the doorway. She looked at him with a smile in her blue eyes.

"You haven't altered at all," she said. "Men can go off so dreadfully<sup>38</sup> in seven years and I was afraid you'd go fat and bald. I've been so nervous. It would have been so terrible if after all these years I simply hadn't been able to bring myself to marry you after all."

She turned to George's host: "Are you the Consul?"

"I am."

"That's all right. I'm ready to marry him as soon as I've had a bath," And she did.

## TEXT 8

*S. Maugham*

### ***THE PAINTED VEIL*** (an extract from the novel)

Kitty found the work a refreshment to her spirit. She went to the convent every morning soon after sunrise and did not return to the bungalow till the westering sun flooded the narrow river and its crowded junks<sup>39</sup> with gold. The Mother Superior gave into her care the smaller children.

Kitty's mother had brought to London from her native Liverpool a practical sense of house-wifery and Kitty, notwithstanding her air of frivolity, had always had certain gifts to which she referred only in bantering tones. Thus she could cook quite well and she sewed beautifully.

When she disclosed this talent she was set to supervise the stitching and hemming of the younger girls. They knew a little French and every day she picked up a

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<sup>38</sup> Men can go off so dreadfully – мужчины способны изменяться так ужасающе

<sup>39</sup> junks – китайские лодки плоскодонки

few words of Chinese so that it was not difficult for her to manage. At other times she had to see that the smaller children did not get into mischief; she had to dress and undress them and take care that they rested when rest was needed. There were a good many babies and these were in charge of amahs, but she was bidden to keep an eye on them. None of the work was very important and she would have liked to do something which was more arduous; but the Mother Superior paid no attention to her entreaties and Kitty stood sufficiently in awe of her not to be importunate.

For the first few days she had to make something of an effort to overcome the faint distaste she felt for these little girls, in their ugly uniforms, with their stiff black hair, their round yellow faces, and their staring, sloe-black eyes. But she remembered the soft-look which had transfigured so beautifully the countenance of the Mother Superior when on Kitty's first visit to the convent she had stood surrounded by those ugly little things, and she would not allow herself to surrender to her instinct. And presently, taking in her arms one or other of the tiny creatures, crying because of a fall or a cutting tooth, when Kitty found that a few soft words, though in a language the child could not understand, the pressure of her arms and the softness of her cheek against the weeping yellow face, could comfort and console, she began to lose all her feeling of strangeness. The small children, without any fear of her, came to her in their childish troubles and it gave her a peculiar happiness to discern their confidence. It was the same with the older girls, those to whom she taught sewing; their bright, clever smiles, and the pleasure she could give them by a word of praise, touched her. She felt that they liked her and, flattered and proud, she liked them in return.

But there was one child that she could not grow used to. It was a little girl of six, and idiot with a huge hydro-cephalic head that swayed top-heavily on a small, squat body, large vacant eyes and a drooling mouth; the creature spoke hoarsely a few mumbled words; it was revolting and horrible; and for some reason it conceived an idiot attachment for Kitty so that it followed her about as she changed her place from one part of the large room to another. It clung to her skirt and rubbed its face against her knees. It sought to fondle her hands. She shivered with disgust. She knew it yearned for caresses and she could not bring herself to touch it.

Once, speaking of it to Sister St Joseph, she said that it was a pity it lived. Sister St Joseph smiled and stretched out her hand to the misformed thing. It came and rubbed its bulging forehead against it.

"Poor little mite," said the nun. "She was brought here positively dying. By the mercy of Providence I was at the door just as she came. I thought there was not a moment to lose so I baptized her at once. You would not believe what trouble we have had to keep her with us. Three or four times we thought that her little soul would escape to heaven."

Kitty was silent. Sister St Joseph in her loquacious way began to gossip of other things. And next day when the idiot child came to her and touched her hand Kitty nerved herself to place it in a caress on the great bare skull. She forced her lips into a smile. But suddenly the child, with an idiot perversity, left her; it seemed to lose interest in her, and that day and the following days paid her no attention. Kitty did not

know what she had done and tried to lure it to her with smiles and gestures, but it turned away and pretended not to see her.

## TEXT 9

*S. Maugham*

### *THE ESCAPE*

I have always been convinced that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that; for once a friend of mine, seeing the inevitable loom menacingly before him, took ship from a certain port (with a tooth-brush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year travelling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me) he landed at the selfsame port, the first person he saw gaily waving to him from the quay was the little lady from whom he had fled. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself.

His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift (or should I call it a quality?) that renders most men defenseless, and it was this that dispossessed Roger of his commonsense, his prudence, and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of ninepins. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested, that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear.

If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the hazards of life and this helpless little thing; oh, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness out of those big and lovely eyes! I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs. Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a little lamb but it was sure to die<sup>40</sup>.

When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy.

"I hope you'll be good friends", he said. "She's a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you're so callous".

"Upon my word I don't know why she should think that".

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<sup>40</sup> Аллюзия на цитаты из детской рифмовки «Mary had a little lamb» и стихотворение Т. Мура «Lalla-Rookh»; здесь: что бы хорошее у неё ни появлялось, оно всегда становилось негодным

"You do like her, don't you?"

"Very much".

"She's had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so dreadfully sorry for her".

"Yes", I said.

I couldn't say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails<sup>41</sup>.

The first time I met her we had played bridge together and when she was my partner she twice trumped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody's eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a cheque and never did, I could not but think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met.

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there, and everywhere. "Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was very happy. He was committing a good action and at the same time doing something he had very much a mind to do. It is an uncommon situation and it is not surprising if he was a trifle more pleased with himself than was altogether becoming.

Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heart-strings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly.

Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither by word nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers<sup>42</sup> and she in furnished rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory.

Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the center of things and sometimes they were too close;

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<sup>41</sup> she was as hard as nails – здесь: эгоистична, безжалостна по отношению к другим

<sup>42</sup> chambers – сдающиеся внаём меблированные комнаты

sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak.

Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper.

"If you don't find a house soon," she said, "I shall have to reconsider my position. Why, if you go on like this we shan't be married for years".

"Don't say that," he answered, "I beseech you to have patience. I've just received some entirely new lists from agents I've only just heard of. There must be at sixty houses on them".

They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful: her pathetic, beautiful eyes acquired an expression that was almost sullen. There are limits to human endurance. Mrs. Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him.

There was an unaccustomed hardness in her voice, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house. By the way, I've just heard of something that might suit us".

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet".

"Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired".

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to inquire and sending her flowers. He was as ever assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter.

*"Roger -*

*I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.*

*Ruth"*

He sent back his reply by special messenger:

*"Ruth -*

*Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning's post and am quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you.*

*Roger"*

## TEXT 10

*K. Mansfield*<sup>43</sup>

### *MISS BRILL*

Although it was so brilliantly fine – the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques – Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting — from nowhere, from the sky.

Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown!

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round, on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like someone playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present.

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

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

Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and — Miss Brill had often noticed — there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even — even cupboards!

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<sup>43</sup> Кэтрин Мэнсфилд (1888 – 1923) – известная английская писательница, родившаяся в Новой Зеландии; известность ей принёс сборник рассказов "Немецкий пансион".

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-colored donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! The band played more quickly, more gaily than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theater" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week — so as not to be late for the performance — and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage.

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

And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought — though what they understood she didn't know.

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

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

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all – who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug<sup>44</sup> at home?"

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

"Ah, be off with you<sup>45</sup> !" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chere".

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

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

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

## TEXT 11

*W. Saroyan*<sup>46</sup>

### *HARRY*

This boy was a world-beater. Everything he touched turned to money; and at the age of fourteen he had over six hundred dollars in the Valley Bank, money he had made by himself. He was born to sell things.

At eight or nine he was ringing door bells and showing housewives beautiful colored pictures of Jesus Christ and other holy people – from the Novelty Manufacturing Company (Toledo, Ohio) – fifteen cents each, four for a half dollar. "Lady," he was saying at that early age, "this Jesus. Look. Isn't it a pretty picture? And only fifteen cents. This is Paul, I think. Maybe Moses<sup>47</sup>. You know. From the Bible". He had all the houses in the foreign district full of these pictures, and many of the houses still have them, so you can see that he exerted a pretty good influence, after all.

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<sup>44</sup> mug – морда, рыло (vulg.)

<sup>45</sup> be off with you – чтоб ты провалилась!

<sup>46</sup> **Уильям Сароян** (1908 – 1981) – английский писатель, лауреат *Пулитцеровской премии* (1940, "Лучшие годы вашей жизни")

<sup>47</sup> Moses – Моисей



After a while he went around getting subscriptions for *True Stories Magazine*. He would stand on a front porch and open a copy of the magazine, showing pictures. "Here is a lady", he would say, "who married a man thirty years older than her, and then fell in love with the man's sixteen-year-old son. Lady, what would *you* have done in such a fix? Read what this lady did. All true stories, fifteen of them every month. Romance, mystery, passion, violent lust, everything from 'A' to 'Z'. Also editorials on dreams. They explain what your dreams mean, if you are going on a voyage, if money is coming to you, who you are going to marry, all true meanings, scientific. Also beauty secrets, how to look young all the time".

In less than two months he had over sixty married women reading the magazine. Maybe he wasn't responsible, but after a while a lot of unconventional things began to happen. One or two wives had secret love affairs with other men and were found out by their husbands, who beat them or kicked them out of their houses, and a half dozen women began to send away for eye-lash beautifiers, bath salts, cold creams and things of that sort. The whole foreign neighborhood was getting to be slightly immoral. All the ladies began to rouge their lips and powder their faces and wear silk stockings and tight sweaters.

When he was a little older, Harry began to buy used cars, Fords, Maxwells, Saxons, Chevrolets<sup>48</sup> and other small cars. He used to buy them a half dozens at a time in order to get them cheap, fifteen or twenty dollars each. He would have them slightly repaired, he would paint them red or blue or some other bright color, and he would sell them to high school boys for three and four times as much as he had paid for them.

He filled the town with red and blue and green used automobiles, and the whole countryside was full of them, high school boys taking their girls to the country at night and on Sunday afternoons, and anybody knows what that means. In a way, it was a pretty good thing for the boys, only a lot of them had to get married a long time before they had found jobs for themselves, and a number of other things happened, only worse. Two or three girls had babies and didn't know who the other parent was, because two or three fellows with used cars had been involved. In a haphazard way, though, a lot of girls got husbands for themselves.

Harry himself was too busy to fool around with girls. All he wanted was to keep on making money. By the time he was seventeen he had earned a small fortune, and he looked to be one of the best-dressed young men in town. He got his suits wholesale because he wouldn't think of letting anyone make a profit on him. It was his business to make the profits. If a suit was marked twenty-seven fifty, Harry would offer the merchant twelve dollars.

"Don't tell *me*", he would say. "I know what these rags cost. At twelve dollars you will be making a clean profit of two dollars and fifty cents, and that's enough for anybody. You can take it or leave it".

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<sup>48</sup> Fords, Maxwells, Saxons, Chevrolets – марки автомашин

He generally got the suit for fifteen dollars, alterations included. He would argue an hour about the alterations. If the coat was a perfect fit and the merchant told him so, Harry would think he was being taken for a sucker, so he would insist that the sleeves were too long or that the shoulders were too loose. The only reason merchants tolerated him at all was that he had the reputation of being well-dressed, and to sell him a suit was to get a lot of good free advertising. It would bring a lot of other young fellows to the store, fellows who would buy suits at regular prices.

Otherwise, Harry was a nuisance. Not only that, the moment he made a purchase he would begin to talk about reciprocity, how it was the basis of American business, and he would begin to sell the merchant earthquake insurance or a brand new Studebaker<sup>49</sup>. And most of the time he would succeed. All sorts of business people bought earthquake insurance just to stop Harry talking. He chiseled and he took for granted chiseling in others, so he always quoted chisel-proof prices, and then came down to the regular prices. It made his customers feel good. It pleased them to think that they had put one over on Harry, but he always had a quiet laugh to himself.

## TEXT 12

*D. Parker*<sup>50</sup>

### *YOU WERE PERFECTLY FINE*

The pale young man eased himself carefully into the low chair, and rolled his head to the side, so that the cool chintz comforted his cheek and temple.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh."

The clear-eyed girl, sitting light and erect on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

"Not feeling so well today?" she said.

"Oh. I'm great," he said. "Corking<sup>51</sup>, I am. Know what time I got up? Four o'clock this afternoon, sharp. I kept trying to make it, and every time I took my head off the pillow, it would roll under the bed. This isn't my head I've got on now. Oh, dear."

"Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?" she said.

"The hair of the mastiff that bit me<sup>52</sup>?" he said. "Oh, no, thank you. Please never speak of anything like that again. I'm through. Look at that hand; steady as a hummingbird. Tell me, was I very terrible last night?"

"Oh, goodness", she said, "everybody was feeling pretty high. You were all right".

"Yeah", he said. "I must have been dandy. Is everybody sore at me?"

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<sup>49</sup> Studebaker – марка автомобиля

<sup>50</sup> Дороти Паркер (1893 – 1967) – американская новеллистка и поэт, славившаяся своим остроумием

<sup>51</sup> corking – потрясающе (coll.)

<sup>52</sup> the hair of the mastiff that bit me? – клин вышибать тем же клином? (coll.)

"Good heavens, no", she said. "Everyone thought you were terribly funny. Of course, Jim Pierson was a little stuffy, there, for a minute at dinner. I don't think anybody at the other tables noticed it at all.

"He was going to sock me<sup>53</sup>?" he said. "Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?"

"Why, you didn't do a thing", she said. But you know how silly Jim gets when he thinks anybody is making too much fuss over Elinor?" she said. "Was I making a pass at Elinor<sup>4</sup>?" he said. "Did I do that?"

"Of course you didn't," she said. "You were only fooling that's all. She thought you were awfully amusing. She only got a little bit annoyed just once, when you poured the clam-juice down her back.

"My God", he said. "Clam-juice down that back. And every vertebra a little Cabot<sup>54</sup>. Dear God".

"Oh, she'll be all right," she said. "Just send her some flowers, or something. Don't worry about it".

"No, I won't worry", he said. "I haven't got a care in the world. I'm sitting pretty. Oh, dear. Did I do any other fascinating tricks at dinner ?".

"You were fine," she said. "Don't be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maître d'hotel was a little worried because you wouldn't stop singing, but he really didn't mind. All he said was he was afraid they'd close the place again, if there was so much noise.

"So I sang", he said. "That must have been a treat. I sang".

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You just sang one song after another. We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, and eat something, but you wouldn't hear of it. My, you were funny".

"Didn't I eat any dinner?" he said.

"Oh, not a thing", she said.

"And what happened then?"

"Why, nothing much", she said. "You took a sort of dislike to some old man with white hair, sitting across the room, because you didn't like his necktie and you wanted to tell him about it. But we got you out, before he got really mad."

"Oh, we got out", he said. "Did I walk?"

"Walk! Of course you did", she said. "You were absolutely all right. There was that nasty stretch of ice on the sidewalk, and you did sit down awfully hard, you poor dear. But good heavens, that might have happened to anybody.

"Oh, sure," he said. So I fell down on the sidewalk. That would explain what's the matter with my – Yes. I see. And then what, if you don't mind?"

"Oh, Peter, I just couldn't bear it, if you didn't remember that lovely long ride we took together in the taxi!"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Riding in the taxi. Oh, yes, sure. Pretty long ride, hmm?"

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<sup>53</sup> going to sock me – собирался вмазать мне? (*coll.*)

<sup>54</sup> every vertebra a little Cabot – каждой косточкой она демонстрирует свою принадлежность к благородной фамилии Кэботов (*метаф.*)

"Round and round and round the park", she said. "Oh, and the trees were shining so in the moonlight. And you said you never knew before that you really had a soul".

"Yes", he said. "I said that. That was me".

"You said such lovely, lovely things", she said. "And I'd never known, all this time, how you had been feeling about me, and I'd never dared to let you see how I felt about you. And then last night – oh, Peter dear, I think that taxi ride was the most important thing that ever happened to us in our lives".

"Yes," he said. "I guess it must have been".

"Look here", he said, "do you mind if I have a drink? I mean, just medicinally, you know. I'm off the stuff for life<sup>55</sup>, so help me. But I think I feel a collapse coming on".

"Oh, I think it would do you good", she said. "You poor boy, it's a shame you feel so awful. I'll go make you a whisky and soda".

"Honestly", he said, "I don't see how you could ever want to speak to me again, after I made such a fool of myself, last night. I think I'd better go join a monastery in Tibet".

"You crazy idiot!" she said. "As if I could ever let you go away now! Stop talking like that. You were perfectly fine".

She jumped up from the couch, kissed him quickly on the forehead, and ran out of the room.

The pale young man looked after her and shook his head long and slowly, then dropped it in his damp and trembling hands. "Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh dear".

### TEXT 13

*M. Walker*<sup>56</sup>

#### *Mrs. CONFEDRINGTON*

In the narrow street behind the church was a cafe with lace curtains and glass-topped tables where Mrs. Confedrington drank coffee on market days between her shopping.

It was Friday morning and she stood at the counter waiting for the girl to finish her row of knitting and take the four-pence. An impressive row of bottled fruits filled the shelf high on the wall behind the counter. The jars were arranged in careful order, the tallest at the ends and the shortest in the middle, like a platoon drawn up for inspection. Mrs. Confedrington inspected them. The last loop of wool slipped over the points and joined the other stitches, leaving one long green needle bare.

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<sup>55</sup> I'm off the staff for life – я вообще-то с этим завязал навсегда

<sup>56</sup> Мэри Уокер – американская писательница XX в., автор новелл и рассказов

"Yes?" said the girl. She had curly blond hair (the bleach that Hollywood prefers) and wide eyes and a soft little mouth for draping round chocolates and popular songs about love.

Mrs. Confedrington caught a refreshing glimpse of her own face in the mirror under the gooseberry jars. "Ha!" she said. "One coffee, miss." She swept four pennies across the counter with a thin, rather dirty hand, and noted with further refreshment the interesting length of her nicotine-soaked fingers.

The vicar overtook her at the door. "Your umbrella, Mrs. Confedrington".

"Thank you." She saw his eyes lingering over her and wondered what were his conclusions.

She strode into the street, though it was not her custom to stride, for she thought it the duty of women to be beautiful.

"What a hat!" said the young vicar cautiously, under his breath, as he returned to his coffee, and, pianissimo, "What a face!"

As she turned the corner into the main street a child tugging on her mother's hand paused in mid-blow at her celluloid windmill. "Mummy!" said her awed clear voice. "Look!"

Mrs. Confedrington passed superbly on to the butcher's.

'Ere comes' Elen of Troy<sup>57</sup>," said the young assistant to Mr. Flaxman. Flaxman grunted, moving his hands, themselves like lumps of frozen meat, among the bloody carvings on the slab.

Protective coloration, Mrs. Confedrington thought, remembering botany lessons of thirty years ago. Not so protective, though. Suppose he should suddenly hack one of them off in mistake for a chop?

If he had sold it to her she would certainly have cooked it and she and Leopold would have eaten it unaware. It was no great matter what dish appeared at that table where Leopold sat hunched over the composition of his daily crossword puzzle with a dictionary of quotations propped on the vinegar and mustard half of an old-fashioned cruet.

Four glass cherries and a lone marguerite flourished on her black straw hat.

"'Ighly unsuitable," said Mr. Flaxman, shaking his head, between two hanging strings of sausage, as he watched her approach. No need to make people look when she had a nose that size to start with, and a mouth going all ways at once and eyes like a fish that has been dead a long time.

"Well, mum, what will it be?"

She knew what he was thinking and it still amused her, after all the years he had been thinking it. Poor Flaxman! Year in, year out at his grisly trade, what would he know of beauty?

Her turn for liver. He wrapped it roughly and finished the parcel with an outer sheet of newspaper.

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<sup>57</sup> 'Ere comes 'Elen of Troy – вот идёт Елена Троянская (*говорящий теряет звук /л/ перед гласными*)

She remembered Leopold, peevish at the breakfast table. "I do like a paper with some guts in it," he'd said. She gave a shout of laughter, and the cherries battered on the daisy petals.

"Is she cracked as well, Mr. Flaxman?" asked the assistant in a hushed voice when she had left the shop.

"Absolutely dotty, 'Erbert".

"I wouldn't like to be 'er old man," said Herbert, sniggering.

Mr. Flaxman took up a long knife and wiped the blade across his white apron.

"Don't matter to 'im. 'E's as cracked as she is".

Swinging her basket, Mrs. Confedrington passed serenely down High Street. Serenely conscious she was of the impact of her surrealist beauty that withered the passers-by.

They're not ready for me, she told herself. Any more than they were ready for the great artists – the nearsighted, conventional minds. She likened herself to a picture by Picasso, a masterpiece that had beauty only for the initiated few. And then, of course, she began to think of Leopold.

At that moment Leopold was on his way to the spare room to look at his silkworms. He had finished his puzzle early and was prowling about the house disconsolately in his black velvet smoking jacket waiting for Mrs. Confedrington to come home.

The silkworms were in a large shoe box with a pattern of holes pierced in the lid. He let a little extra light into the box and peered under the raised lid at the soft yellow cocoons inside. "Nearly had your sleep out now," he told them. "You'll be glad to wake up – catching your heart up at the feel of June," he added. Leopold's solvers were literary types who thrived on quotation and allusion, so that he could hardly open his mouth any more without someone else's words coming out of it. "They'll have caught their hearts up long before June, anyway," he muttered irritably, and closed the lid and wandered into the front bedroom. He stared out of the window, wishing for her to come.

Suddenly she was there, inside the gate, under the monkey puzzle tree<sup>58</sup>. He waved and she brandished her basket at him.

" 'She walks in beauty like the night'<sup>59</sup>" he whispered as he ran downstairs to meet her. "I missed you", he said.

"That was nice of you. Let's sit down for a minute".

They sat side by side on the stairs and stretched their legs out comfortably.

She pointed to the parcel of liver. "A paper with some guts in it," she said, and he laughed delightfully.

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<sup>58</sup> The monkey puzzle tree – чилийская сосна араукария

<sup>59</sup> She walks in beauty like the night – цитата из стихотворения Байрона ("Она идёт во всей красе").

"Leopold", she said a moment later, "there is no one else like us in the world; we are the same one. I walk in your sleep and you talk in my dreams. Leopold, do you think we have invented each other?"

"If we have, you are most talented – and I am a genius".

"I can't remember any life before you".

"I wonder, by my troth<sup>60</sup>, what thou and I did till we loved?" Leopold mused trying to think far back, then he looked up at her quickly. "That's a fine hat. A completely esoteric<sup>61</sup> hat. Other women never wear hats like that".

"No," she said, "no". And she took off the hat and held it on her lap, cuddling the glass fruit with her interesting fingers.

Leopold sprang up briskly. "Beans on toast and coffee for lunch. I'll make it."

When he had gone Mrs. Confedrington took the esoteric hat into her bedroom and laid it carefully on the bed. She went to the mirror and began to comb her hair. Out of the tail of her eye she saw the window cleaner outside on his ladder, polishing the panes with a wash leather. It was best to ignore him. She went on calmly with her combing.

With the single exception of Leopold, Mrs. Confedrington had always avoided the chance encounter. There was, alas, so little appreciation in the world. But sometimes she misjudged. As in the case of Sammy Cohen out there on the ladder, for instance.

Sammy gave up all pretense of polishing when he saw her and leaned one elbow on the top rung and gazed in, watching the vigorous movement of the comb through her thick hair.

Lunch with Leopold, Mrs. Confedrington was saying to herself. He was burning the toast, she realized, but what did it matter? What mattered was the oneness, the aloneness, the savoring of beauty that was only for the two of them.

But Leopold, stirring the coffee, had a sudden glimpse of catastrophe and rushed to the bottom of the stairs. Supposing their alone-togetherness should end, supposing people should begin to know better and popular taste should crowd him out? "Rachel! Rachel!" he cried.

She smiled a little at the panic in his voice. What should he fear? None but he would ever have an eye for her secrets.

And yet the encroaching waves were already lapping around their walls. Sammy Cohen, outside on the ladder, was nobody's fool<sup>62</sup>. He went to W.E.A.<sup>63</sup> classes and could read novels in Esperanto.

As Mrs. Confedrington ran out of the room and down the stairs to the unique Leopold, "Ah!" said Sammy Cohen, "what a beautiful woman!"

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<sup>60</sup> I wonder by my troth – цитата из сонета Дж. Донна ("Клянусь, мне интересно")

<sup>61</sup> Esoteric – эзотерический, т.е. тайный, *здесь*: немыслимая, невероятная

<sup>62</sup> (he) was nobody's fool – отнюдь не дурак

<sup>63</sup> W.E.A. – аббревиатура названия организации (The Worker's Educational Association), обеспечивающая проведение заочных и вечерних курсов для рабочих, желающих повысить квалификацию по научным и профессиональным дисциплинам

## TEXT 14

R. Dahl<sup>64</sup>

### THE BUTLER

As soon as George Cleaver had made his first million, he and Mrs. Cleaver moved out of their small suburban villa into an elegant London house. They acquired a French chef called Monsieur Estragon and an English butler called Tibbs, both wildly expensive. With the help of these two experts, the Cleavers set out to climb the social ladder and began to give dinner parties several times a week on a lavish scale.

But these dinners never seemed quite to come off. There was no animation, no spark to set the conversation alight, no style at all. Yet the food was superb and the service faultless.

"What the heck's wrong<sup>65</sup> with our parties, Tibbs?" Mr. Cleaver said to the butler. "Why don't nobody never loosen up<sup>66</sup> and let themselves go?"

Tibbs inclined his head to one side and looked at the ceiling. "I hope, sir, you will not be offended if I offer a small suggestion."

"What is it?"

"It's the wine, sir."

"What about the wine?"

"Well, sir. Monsieur Estragon serves superb food. Superb food should be accompanied by superb wine. But you serve them a cheap and very odious Spanish red."

"Then why in heaven's name didn't you say so before, you twit?" cried Mr. Cleaver. "I'm not short of money. I'll give them the best flipping wine in the world if that's what they want! What is the best wine in the world?"

"Claret, sir," the butler replied, "from the greatest *châteaux*<sup>67</sup> in Bordeaux — Lafite, Latour, Haut-Brion, Margaux, Mouton-Rothschild and Cheval Blanc. And from only the very greatest vintage years, which are, in my opinion, 1906, 1914, 1929 and 1945. Cheval Blanc was also magnificent in 1895 and 1921, and Haut-Brion in 1906."

"Buy them all!" said Mr. Cleaver. "Fill the flipping cellar from top to bottom!?"

"I can try, sir," the butler said. "But wines like these are extremely rare and cost a fortune."

"I don't give a hoot<sup>68</sup> what they cost!" said Mr. Cleaver. "Just go out and get them!"

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<sup>64</sup> Роальд Даль (1916 – 1990) – британский автор рассказов для детей и «ужастиков» для взрослых. Знаменитой стала его книга «Гремлина» после экранизации её студией Уолта Диснея.

<sup>65</sup> what the heck's wrong? – какого лешего ему не хватает? (coll.)

<sup>66</sup> why don't nobody never loosen up? – почему никто по-настоящему не расслабляется / не «кайфует»? (coll.)

<sup>67</sup> châteaux – замки с прилегающими землями; а тж. шато – сорт сухого французского вина

<sup>68</sup> I don't give a hoot... – плевать мне (vulg.)



That was easier said than done. Nowhere in England or in France could Tibbs find any wine from 1895, 1906, 1914 or 1921. But he did manage to get hold of some twenty-nines and forty-fives. The bills for these wines were astronomical. They were in fact so huge that even Mr. Cleaver began to sit up and take notice. And his interest quickly turned into outright enthusiasm when the butler suggested to him that a knowledge of wine was a very considerable social asset. Mr. Cleaver bought books on the subject and read them from cover to cover.

He also learned a great deal from Tibbs himself, who taught him, among other things, just how wine should be properly tasted. "First, sir, you sniff it long and deep, with your nose right inside the top of the glass, like this. Then you take a mouthful and you open your lips a tiny bit and suck in air, letting the air bubble through the wine. Watch me do it. Then you roll it vigorously around your mouth. And finally you swallow it".

In due course, Mr. Cleaver came to regard himself as an expert on wine, and inevitably he turned into a colossal bore. "Ladies and gentlemen," he would announce at dinner, holding up his glass, "this is a Margaux '29! The greatest, year of the century! Fantastic bouquet! Smells of cowslips! And notice especially the after taste and how the tiny trace of tannin gives it that glorious astringent quality! Terrific, ain't it?"

The guests would nod and sip and mumble a few praises, but that was all.

"What's the matter with the silly twerps?" Mr. Cleaver said to Tibbs after this had gone on for some time. "Don't none of them appreciate a great wine?"

The butler laid his head to one side and gazed upward. "I think they would appreciate it, sir," he said, "if they were able to taste it. But they can't."

"What the heck d'you mean, they can't taste it?"

"I believe, sir, that you have instructed Monsieur Estragon to put liberal quantities of vinegar in the salad-dressing."

"What's wrong with that? I like vinegar."

"Vinegar," the butler said, "is the enemy of wine. It destroys the palate," The dressing should be made of pure olive oil and a little lemon juice. Nothing else. "

"Hogwash<sup>69</sup>!" said Mr. Cleaver.

"As you wish, sir."

"I'll say it again, Tibbs. You're talking hogwash. The vinegar don't spoil my palate one bit."

"You are very fortunate, sir," the butler murmured, backing out of the room.

That night at dinner, the host began to mock his butler in front of the guests. "Mister Tibbs," he said, "has been trying to tell me I can't taste my wine if I put vinegar in the salad-dressing. Right, Tibbs?"

"Yes, sir," Tibbs replied gravely.

"And I told him hogwash. Didn't I, Tibbs?"

"Yes, sir."

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<sup>69</sup> Hogwash! – дерьмо / чушь собачья (vulg.)

"This wine," Mr. Cleaver went on, raising his glass, "tastes to me exactly like a Chateau Lafite '45, and what's more it is a Chateau Lafite '45".

Tibbs, the butler, stood very still and erect near the sideboard, his face pale. "If you'll forgive me, sir," he said, "that's not a Lafite '45".

Mr. Cleaver swung round in his chair and stared at the butler. "What the heck d'you mean?" he said. "There's the empty bottles beside you to prove it!"

These great clarets, being old and full of sediment, were always decanted by Tibbs before dinner. They were served in cut-glass decanters, while the empty bottles, as is the custom, were placed on the sideboard.

Right now, two empty bottles of Lafite '45 were standing on the sideboard for all to see.

"The wine you are drinking, sir", the butler said quietly, "happens to be that cheap and rather odious Spanish red."

Mr. Cleaver looked at the wine in his glass, then at the butler. The blood was coming to his face now, his skin was turning scarlet. "You're lying, Tibbs!" he said.

"No, sir, I'm not lying", the butler said. "As a matter of fact, I have never served you any other wine but Spanish red since I've been here. It seemed to suit you very well."

"I don't believe him!" Mr. Cleaver cried out to his guests. "The man's gone mad."

"Great wines", the butler said, "should be treated with reverence. It is bad enough to destroy the palate with three or four cocktails before dinner, as you people do, but when you slosh vinegar over your food into the bargain, then you might just as well be drinking dishwater".

Ten outraged faces around the table stared at the butler. He had caught them off balance. They were speechless.

"This", the butler said, reaching out and touching one of the empty bottles lovingly with his fingers, "this is the last of the forty-fives. The twenty-nines have already been finished. But they were glorious wines. Monsieur Estragon and I enjoyed them immensely".

The butler bowed and walked quite slowly from the room. He crossed the hall and went out of the front door of the house into the street where Monsieur Estragon was already loading their suitcases into the boot of the small car which they owned together.

*THE STORY OF HERMIONE*

When Richard Armstrong, explorer and mountaineer, disappeared in a blizzard in the Karakoram, his only daughter Hermione was just turned twenty. He bequeathed her a good deal of unusual experience gathered in remote parts of the world, but very little else. For more tangible aids to living she had to look to her Uncle Paul, who was in a position to supply them on a very lavish scale<sup>71</sup>. Paul Armstrong had confined his explorations to the square mile of the earth's surface lying east of Temple Bar<sup>72</sup> and found them extremely fruitful.

Hermione was a slender, fragile-creature, with observant blue eyes, a determined chin and a small mouth that remained closed unless speech was absolutely necessary. She gave her uncle and aunt no sort of trouble, submitted quietly to the horse-play<sup>73</sup> which passed for humor with her tall, athletic cousins Johnny and Susan, and kept her own counsel. In that cheerful, noisy household she passed almost unobserved.

In the following winter Susan Armstrong was killed by a fall in the hunting field. Six months later, Johnny, playing a ridiculous game of leapfrog with Hermione on the springboard of his parents' swimming-bath, slipped, crashed into the side of the bath and broke his neck. Paul and his wife had worshipped their children with uncritical adoration. The double blow deprived them of all motive for living, and when shortly afterwards they fell victims to an influenza epidemic they made not the slightest resistance.

Even with death duties at the present level, Hermione was a considerable heiress. With the calm deliberation that had always characterized her she set out to look for a husband suitable to her station in life. After carefully considering the many applicants for the post, she finally selected Freddy Fitzhugh. It was an altogether admirable choice. Freddy was well-to-do, well connected<sup>74</sup>, good-looking and no fool. Their courtship was unexciting but satisfactory, the engagement was announced and on a fine spring morning they went together to Bond Street<sup>75</sup> to choose a ring.

Freddy took her to Garland's, those aristocrats among jewelers, and the great Mr. Garland himself received them in his private room behind the shop. Hermione examined the gems which he showed her with dispassionate care and discussed them

<sup>70</sup> **Сирил Хейр/Хэйр** (1900-1958) – английский писатель XX века. Имя главного персонажа (Гермиона – Hermione /hɜːrˈmaɪəni/) отсылает нас к героине греческого мифа, прославившейся своим коварством

<sup>71</sup> on a very lavish scale – с большой щедростью

<sup>72</sup> The square mile of the earth's surface lying east of Temple Bar – территория в квадратную милю, прилегающая к бару Тэмпль: другими словами, это лондонский Сити

<sup>73</sup> horse-play – дурачества, шалости, подвижные игры

<sup>74</sup> well-connected – с хорошими связями

<sup>75</sup> Bond-Street – торговая улица с дорогими модными магазинами

with an expertise that astonished Freddy as much as it delighted Mr. Garland. She ended by choosing a diamond as superior to the rest as Freddy had been to his rival suitors, and they took their leave.

Meanwhile, the shop outside had not been idle. Shortly after the door of Mr. Garland's room closed on Freddy and his beloved, two thick-set men entered and asked the assistant at the counter to show them some diamond bracelets. They proved to be almost as difficult to please as Hermione, without displaying her knowledge of precious stones, and before long there were some thousands of pounds worth of brilliants on the counter for their inspection.

To the bored assistant it began to seem as though they would never come to a decision. Then, just as Mr. Garland was bowing Freddy and Hermione out of the shop, everything began to happen at once. A large saloon car slowed down in the street outside, and paused with its engine running. At the same moment one of the men with lightning speed scooped up half a dozen bracelets and made for the door, while his companion sent the doorkeeper flying with a vicious blow to the stomach.

Freddy, who had stopped to exchange a few words with Mr. Garland, looked round and saw to his horror that Hermione was standing alone in front of the doorway, directly in the path of the man. She made no attempt to avoid him as he bore down upon her. It flashed across Freddy's mind that she was too paralyzed by fear to move. Hopelessly, he started to run forward as the man crashed an enormous fist into Hermione's face.

The blow never reached its mark. With a faintly superior smile, Hermione shifted her position slightly at the last moment. An instant later the raider was flying through the air to land with a splintering of glass head first against the show case. The whole affair had only occupied a few seconds of time.

"You never told me you could do Ju-Jitsu, Hermione," said Freddy, when they eventually left the shop.

"Judo," Hermione corrected him. "My father had me taught by an expert. It comes in handy sometimes<sup>76</sup>. Of course, I'm rather out of practice. "

"I see," said Freddy. "You know, Hermione, there are quite a few things about you I didn't know."

They parted: Hermione had an appointment with her hairdresser. Freddy went for a quiet stroll in the park. Then he took a taxi to Fleet Street, where he spent most of the afternoon browsing in the files<sup>77</sup> of various newspapers.

They met again at dinner that evening. Freddy came straight to the point.

"I've been looking at the reports of the inquest on your cousin Johnny," he said.

"Yes?" said Hermione with polite interest.

"It was very odd the way he shot off the spring-board on to the edge of the bath. How exactly did it happen?"

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<sup>76</sup> It comes in handy sometimes – это иногда оказывается полезным

<sup>77</sup> Browsing in its files – неторопливо копаясь в газетных подшивках

"I explained it all to the coroner. I just happened to move at the critical moment and he cannoned off me. "

"Hard luck on Johnny".

"Very".

"Hard luck on that chap this morning that you just happened to move at the critical moment. I don't think you told the coroner that you could do this Judo stuff?"

"Of course not".

"Hard luck on Susan, too, taking that fall out hunting".

"That," said Hermione flatly, "was pure accident. I told her she couldn't hold the horse".

Freddy sighed.

"I'll have to give you the benefit of the doubt<sup>78</sup> over that one," he said. "But I'm afraid the engagement's off".

Hermione looked at the diamond on her finger and screwed her hand into a tight little fist.

"I can't stop you breaking it off, Freddy," she said. "But you'll find it very expensive".

He did. Very expensive indeed. But he thought it well worth the money. As has been said, Freddy was no fool.

## TEXT 16

*K. Chopin*<sup>79</sup>

### *THE UNEXPECTED*

When Randall, for a brief absence, left his Dorothea, whom he was to marry after a time, the parting was bitter; the enforced separation seemed to them too cruel an ordeal to bear. Their good-bye dragged with lingering kisses and sighs, and more kisses and more clinging till the last wrench came.

He was to return at the close of the month. Daily letters, impassioned and interminable, passed between them.

He did not return at the close of the month; he was delayed by illness. A heavy cold, accompanied by fever, contracted in some unaccountable way, held him to his bed. He hoped it would be over and that he would rejoin her in a week. But this was a stubborn cold, that seemed not to yield to familiar treatment; yet the physician was not discouraged, and promised to have him on his feet in a fortnight.

All this was torture to the impatient Dorothea; and if her parents had permitted, she surely would have hastened to the bedside of her beloved.

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<sup>78</sup> the benefit of the doubt – толковать криминальный случай в пользу обвиняемого за недоказанностью улик.

<sup>79</sup> Кейт Шопен (1851 – 1904) – американская писательница, создавшая ряд романов и несколько сборников рассказов

For a long interval he could not write himself. One day he seemed better; another day a "fresh cold" seized him with relentless clutch; and so a second month went by, and Dorothea had reached the limit of her endurance.

Then a tremulous scrawl came from him, saying he would be obliged to pass a season at the south; but he would first revisit his home, if only for a day, to clasp his dearest one to his heart, to appease the hunger for her presence, the craving for her lips that had been devouring him through all the fever and pain of this detestable illness.

Dorothea had read his impassioned letters almost to tatters<sup>80</sup>. She had sat daily gazing for hours upon his portrait, which showed him to be an almost perfect specimen of youthful health, strength and manly beauty.

She knew he would be altered in appearance – he had prepared her, and had even written that she would hardly know him. She expected to see him ill and wasted; she would not seem shocked; she would not let him see astonishment or pain, in her face. She was in a quiver of anticipation, a sensuous fever of expectancy till he came.

She sat beside him on the sofa, for after the first delirious embrace he had been unable to hold himself upon his tottering feet, and had sunk exhausted in a corner of the sofa. He threw his head back upon the cushions and stayed, with closed eyes, panting; all the strength of his body had concentrated in the clasp – the grasp with which he clung to her hand.

She stared at him as one might look upon a curious apparition which inspired wonder and mistrust rather than fear. This was not the man who had gone away from her; the man she loved and had promised to marry. What hideous transformation had he undergone, or what devilish transformation was she undergoing in contemplating him? His skin was waxy and hectic, red upon the cheekbones. His eyes were sunken; his features pinched and prominent; and his clothing hung loosely upon his wasted frame. The lips with which he had kissed her so hungrily, and with which he was kissing her now, were dry and parched, and his breath was feverish and tainted.

At the sight and the touch of him something within her seemed to be shuddering, shrinking, shriveling together, losing all semblance of what had been. She felt as if it was her heart; but it was only her love

"This is the way my Uncle Archibald went – in a gallop<sup>81</sup> – you know." He spoke with a certain derision and in little gasps, as if breath were failing him. "There's no danger of that for me, of course, once get south; but the doctors won't answer for me if I stay here during the coming fall and winter."

Then he held her in his arms with what seemed to be a frenzy of passion; a keen and quickened desire beside which his former and healthful transports were tempered and lukewarm<sup>82</sup> by comparison.

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<sup>80</sup> to tatters – здесь: до дыр

<sup>81</sup> the way my Uncle Archibald went — in a gallop – так же ушёл из жизни мой дядя Арчибальд – раз-два и конец.

<sup>82</sup> his... transports were ... lukewarm – его ... объятья были ... вялыми

"We need not wait, Dorothea he whispered. We must not put it off. Let the marriage be at once, and you will come with me and be with me. Oh, God! I feel as if I would never let you go; as if I must hold you in my arms forever, night and day and always! "

She attempted to withdraw from his embrace, she begged him not to think of it, and tried to convince him that it was impossible.

"I would only be a hindrance, Randall. You will come back well and strong; it will be time enough then," and to herself she was saying: "never, never, never!" There was a long silence, and he had closed his eyes again.

"For another reason, my Dorothea," and then he waited again, as one hesitates through shame or through fear, to speak. "I am quite — almost sure I shall get well; but the strongest of us cannot count upon life. If the worst should come I want you to have all I possess; what fortune I have must be yours, and marriage will make my wish secure. Now I'm getting morbid." He ended with a laugh that died away in a cough which threatened to wrench the breath from his body, and which brought the attendant, who had waited without, quickly to his side.

Dorothea watched, him from the window descend the steps, leaning upon the man's arm, and saw him enter his carriage and fall helpless and exhausted as he had sunk an hour before in the corner of her sofa.

She was glad there was no one present to compel her to speak. She stayed at the window as if dazed looking fixedly at the spot where the carriage had stood. A clock on the mantel striking the hour finally roused her, and she realized that there would soon be people appearing whom she would be forced to face and speak to.

Fifteen minutes later Dorothea had changed her house gown, had mounted her "wheel"<sup>83</sup> and was fleeing as if Death himself pursued her.

She sped along the familiar roadway; seemingly borne on by some force other than mechanical — some unwonted energy — a stubborn impulse that lighted her eyes, set her cheeks aflame, bent her supple body to one purpose — that was, swiftest flight.

How far, and how long did she go? She did not know; she did not care. The country about her grew unfamiliar. She was on a rough, unfrequented road, where the birds in the wayside bushes seemed unafraid. She could perceive no human habitation; and old fallow field, a stretch of wood, great trees bending thick-leaved branches, languidly, and flinging long, inviting shadows aslant the road; the weedy smell of summer; the drone of insects; the sky and the clouds, and the quivering lambent air. She was alone with nature; her pulses beating in unison with its sensuous throb, as she stopped and stretched herself upon the sward<sup>84</sup>. Every muscle, nerve, fiber abandoned itself to the delicious sensation of rest that overtook and crept tingling through the whole length of her body.

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<sup>83</sup> had mounted her "wheel" — оседлала свой «велик» (coll.)

<sup>84</sup> the sward — зелёная лужайка

She had never spoken a word after bidding him good-bye; but now she seemed disposed to make confidants<sup>85</sup> of the tremulous leaves, of the crawling and hopping insects, of the big sky into which she was staring.

"Never!" she whispered, "not for all his thousands! Never, never! not for millions!"

## TEXT 17

A. Weed<sup>86</sup>

### A MATTER OF MONTHS

Joseph and Maria Romeriz were the parents of eleven healthy, robust children. Now mamma Maria was content and happy with her fine family, but not so papa Joe. He was as disappointed as a ball player miffing his last strike<sup>87</sup>, and all because there were only eleven and not twelve *niños*<sup>88</sup>.

Papa Joe's and mamma Maria's first three children had been girls. Being good American citizens they decided their off-springs must have fine American names, so they called these first little-ones May, June, and April in that order. When the next baby arrived, papa Joe suggested they call him August. Now they had four little months.

It was beginning to be a game with papa Joe. He worked hard in his little fruit-stand and delicatessen and grinned whenever he thought of his splendid family. Eagerly, he awaited for the next arrival, and in due time he was rewarded. Another boy. January, or Jan, for short.

As the years went by the number grew to eleven, each one named after a month of the year. And then, without rhyme or reason<sup>89</sup>, a strange thing happened, or so thought papa Joe. There wasn't any little mite on the way to call December.

It was going on seven years now and papa Joe was getting a bit desperate. The older children were helping him in his delicatessen. His business had prospered. He and Maria could well afford a new baby, but the good Lord hadn't seen fit to bless them with another month. That was why papa Joe's usual good natured grin was missing from the newspaper picture.

A reporter had heard about the Romeriz family with the eleven little months. He had called on them early that spring and asked if he might take a picture and run a human interest story.

It was a good likeness of everyone, except papa Joe. His rugged face looked as somber as a Quaker lady's Easter bonnet<sup>90</sup>. The picture appeared on the front page of the daily paper, and there were lots of letters and phone calls, afterwards, offering

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<sup>85</sup> disposed to make confidants – намерена поделиться своими чувствами

<sup>86</sup> Альберта Вид – американская писательница XX века.

<sup>87</sup> as a ball player miffing his last strike – как игрок, промазавший последний удар по мячу

<sup>88</sup> niños – дети (испанск.)

<sup>89</sup> without rhyme or reason – без всякой видимой причины

<sup>90</sup> as somber as a Quaker lady's Easter bonnet – унылый как пасхальный / праздничный чепец квакерши (религиозная община, отличавшаяся строгим воздержанием и простотой одежды)



congratulations, but nearly everyone asked the same question, "What's the matter, no December?"

And then one day, out of a clear blue sky, papa Joe got a brilliant idea. The more he thought about it, the more creditable it seemed. He had only to tell his plan to mamma Maria, and everything would again be as he had always dreamed.

"Now you listen to me, Joe", mamma Maria said after she had heard papa Joe out. "We will not adopt the child".

"*Dios mio*<sup>91</sup>," said Maria. Sometimes she forgot to speak her proper English. "This is a silly idea of yours, papa. If it is meant for us to have a December, we will.

Papa Joe was as hard hit as a prize fighter down for the count. He felt his life would never be quite complete without one more month. Every day now he took a lot of good-natured kidding from his friends. It was, 'Hi, Joe, when are you going to get a Whole year,' or 'It's a long time from November till December.'

The morning papa Joe drove the truck to El Pairo, for the shipment of fruit, he got back, late that evening, the old grin adorned his face.

All week he wore his happy face, and on Sunday, with a gust of good humor, he took mamma Maria for a drive in the country. It was a beautiful day. Papa Joe drove for miles and miles, and then a little later, without any warning, he quite suddenly ran out of gas<sup>92</sup>.

"You sit right here, mamma," he told Maria in a matter of fact way, "and I'll see if I can get some gas at this big house.

When Joe came back with the can of gasoline, a small boy was trotting at his heels. He was a thin child of about six years, with big pensive, brown eyes.

"Got it," Joe called cheerfully. "This young fellow will take the can back.

"Do you live here, sonny? Maria asked, smiling.

The little boy nodded shyly, shifting from one foot to the other.

It was then Maria saw the lettering over the arch-way 'St. Joseph Home for Children.' "Oh!" she said suddenly, her smile fading. "Do you like it here, little-one?"

"They are real good to me," the boy said, "but I don't like it." "I've always wanted a papa and mamma of my own," he confessed.

His eyes were very bright now, just about ready to spill over.

Papa Joe had finished putting the gas in the tank. He handed it to the child. Papa Joe took plenty of time getting in the car and starting the motor. Maria put her head out of the window and called to the boy. "You haven't told me your name, little-one."

His eyes came to hers, soft and warm. On his lips a shy smile appeared. "It's December," he said very clearly.

Weeks later the papers were all in order. Papa Joe and mamma Maria had adopted the little boy. They were, all three, in the car heading for home. Papa Joe was grinning from ear to ear, but mamma Maria's eyes held a big question.

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<sup>91</sup> *Dios mio* – бог мой (испанск.)

<sup>92</sup> (they)... run out of gas – (у них) ... кончился бензин («весь вышел»)

"Tell me," she hesitated, her gaze searched papa Joe's face, "who told you to say your name was December?"

"I've been December for a long time now."

"How long?" Maria asked gently.

"I don't know for sure," the boy replied, "but one day I saw a picture in the paper. It was of a bunch of kids, and papa and mamma, only I guess one of the kids was missing. His name was December, so right away I named myself December and pretended I was the missing boy. Can I still keep the name?" he added eagerly.

"Yes, dear," said Maria softly, "you may keep the name." She glanced at papa Joe who blew his nose vigorously, but his beautiful grin was wider than Maria had seen it before.

"Well, papa," Maria said, "at last you have your December and we now have twelve months, but what in the world will call the thirteenth one?"

Papa Joe gave a start. "Mamma, you don't mean - ?"

Maria's laugh was clear and musical. "Yes, Joe, I do mean," she said.

## TEXT 18

*J. Thurber*<sup>93</sup>

### *THE KERB IN THE SKY*

When Charlie Deshler announced that he was going to marry Dorothy, someone said he would lose his mind posthaste. Dorothy had begun, when she was quite young, to finish sentences for people. Sometimes she finished them wrongly, which annoyed the person who was speaking, and sometimes she finished them correctly, which annoyed the speaker even more.

'When William Howard Taft was - 'some guest in Dorothy's family's home would begin.

'President!' Dorothy would pipe up<sup>94</sup>. The speaker may have meant to say 'President' or he may have meant to say 'young', or 'Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States'. In any case, he would shortly put on his hat and go home. Like most parents, Dorothy's parents did not seem to be conscious that her mannerism was a nuisance. Very likely they thought that it was cute<sup>95</sup>, or even bright. It is even probable that when Dorothy's mother first said 'Come, Dorothy, eat your - 'and Dorothy said 'Spinach, dear,' the former telephoned Dorothy's father at the office and told him about it.

When Dorothy grew up she became quite pretty and so even more of a menace. Gentlemen became attracted to her and then attached to her. Emotionally she stirred them, but mentally she soon began to wear them down. 'Not "was", Arthur,' she

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<sup>93</sup> Джеймс Тербер (1894 – 1961) – американский писатель и художник

<sup>94</sup> would pipe up – бывало звучал тонкий голосок

<sup>95</sup> it was cute – это было очаровательно

would say, "were" "Were prepared". See?' Most of her admirers tolerated this habit but as time went on they slowly drifted away to less captious, if dumber, girls.

Charlie Deshler, however, was an impetuous man, of the sweep-them-off-their-feet persuasions<sup>96</sup>, and he became engaged to Dorothy so quickly and married her in so short a time that, being deaf to the warnings of friends, whose concern he regarded as mere jealousy.

Dorothy as a wife came, of course into her great flowering: she took to correcting Charlie's stories. He had traveled widely and experienced greatly, and was a truly excellent raconteur. Dorothy was interested in him and in his stories, and since she had never shared any of the adventures he told about, she could not know when he made mistakes in time or in place or in identities. Beyond suggesting a change here and there in the number of verb, she more or less let him alone. Charlie spoke rather good English, and this was another reason he didn't find Dorothy out.

I didn't call on them for quite a while after they were married. Charlie began to tell, at dinner, about a motor trip the two had made to this town and that — I never found out for sure what towns, because Dorothy denied almost everything that Charlie said.

'Anyway, when we got to Fairview — Charlie would go on. But Dorothy would stop him. 'Was it Fairview that day, darling?' she would ask. 'But it wasn't, darling,' and then go on with the story herself.

Once or twice, when I called on them or they called on me, Dorothy would let Charlie get almost to the climax of some interesting account of a happening and then, like a tackler from behind, throw him just as he was about to cross the goal-line<sup>97</sup>. There is nothing in life more shocking to the nerves and to the mind than this. Some husbands will sit back amiably but these are beaten husbands. Charlie did not become beaten. But his wife's tackles knocked the wind out of him, and he began to realize that he would have to do something. What he did was rather ingenious. At the end of the second year of their marriage, Charlie would begin some outlandish story about a dream he had had, knowing that Dorothy could not correct him on his own dreams.

'I thought I was running an airplane,' he would say. I was trying to make it fly to the moon, taking off from my bedroom. About halfway up to the moon, however, a man who looked like Santa Claus, waved at me to stop. "Here," he said to me, "you can't go to the moon, if you are the man who invented these wedding cookies<sup>98</sup>". Then he showed me a cookie made in the shape of a man and woman being married — made of dough and fastened firmly to a cookie base.'

Any psychiatrist will tell you that at the end of the way Charlie was going lies madness in the form of monomania. You can't live in a fantastic dream world, night and night put and then day in and day out and remain sane, Charlie's invention began

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<sup>96</sup> of the sweep-them-off-their-feet persuasion — непоколебимых убеждений

<sup>97</sup> like a tackler from behind, throw him just as he was about to cross the goal line — как футболист, делая подсечку как раз в тот момент, когда игрок соперников готов пересечь линию штрафной площадки.

<sup>98</sup> Wedding-cookies — праздничное свадебное печенье

to grow thin and he eventually took to telling, over and over again, the first dream he had even described.

After a month or two, Charlie finally had to be sent to an asylum. I was out of town when they took him away.

It was a couple of weeks later that I drove up to the asylum to see Charlie. He was lying on a cot on a big screened-in porch, looking wan and thin. Dorothy was sitting on a chair beside his bed, bright-eyed and eager.

He looked quite mad and began at once to tell me the story of his trip to the moon. He got to the part where the man who looked like Santa Claus waved him to stop.

'So pulled over to a kerb — '

'No. You pulled over to a cloud,' said Dorothy. 'There aren't any kerbs in the sky. There couldn't be. You pulled over to a cloud.'

Charlie sighed and turned slightly in his bed and looked at me. Dorothy looked at me, too, with her pretty smile.

'He always gets that story wrong,' she said. .

## TEXT 19

*A. Bierce*<sup>99</sup>

### *THE BOARDED WINDOW*

In 1830, only a few miles away from what is now the great city of Cincinnati lay an immense and almost unbroken forest. The whole region was sparsely settled by people of the frontier<sup>100</sup>. Many of them had already forsaken that region for the remoter settlements, but among those remaining was one who had been of those first arriving. He lived alone in a house of logs surrounded on all sides by the great forest, of whose gloom and silence he seemed a part, for no one had ever known him to smile nor speak a needless word. His simple wants were supplied by the sale or barter of skins of wild animals in the river town, for not a thing did he grow upon the land which, if needful, he might have claimed by right of undisturbed possession<sup>101</sup>.

The little log house, with its chimney of sticks, had a single door and, directly opposite, a window. The latter, however, was boarded up – nobody could remember a time when it was not.

I fancy there are few persons living today who ever knew the secret of that window, but I am one, as you shall see.

The man's name was said to be Murlock. He was apparently seventy years old, actually about fifty. Something besides years had had a hand in his ageing<sup>102</sup>. His hair

<sup>99</sup> Амброз Бирс (1842 – 1914) – американский писатель, журналист, автор юмористических и «хоррор» рассказов

<sup>100</sup> the frontier – граница между освоенными и девственными землями в США

<sup>101</sup> undisturbed possession – отсутствие притязаний со стороны других претендентов

<sup>102</sup> had a hand in his ageing – сыграло роль в его преждевременном старении

and long, full beard were white, his gray, lusterless eyes sunken, his face singularly seamed with wrinkles.

In figure he was tall and spare, with a stoop of the shoulders – a burden bearer. I never saw him; these particulars I learned from my grandfather, from whom also I got the man's story when I was a lad. He had known him when living near by in that early day.

One day Murlock was found in his cabin, dead. It was not a time and place for coroners and newspapers, and I suppose it was agreed that he had died from natural causes; the body was buried near the cabin, alongside the grave of his wife, who had preceded him by so many years that local tradition had retained hardly a hint of her existence. That closes the final chapter of this true story – excepting, indeed, the circumstances that many years afterward, in company with an equally intrepid spirit, I penetrated into the ruined cabin and ran away to avoid the ghost which every well-informed boy thereabout knew haunted the spot. But there is an earlier chapter – that was supplied by my grandfather.

When Murlock built his cabin he was young, strong and full of hope. In that eastern country whence he came he had married, as was the fashion, a young woman in all ways worthy of his honest devotion, who shared the dangers and privations of his lot with a willing spirit and fight heart. There is no known record of her name, of her charms of mind and person tradition. Of their affection and happiness there is abundant assurance in the man's widowed life; for what but the magnetism of a blessed memory could have chained that venturesome spirit to a lot like that?

One day Murlock returned from gunning in a distant part of the forest to find his wife prostrate with fever, and delirious. There was no physician within miles, no neighbor; nor was she in a condition to be left, to summon help. So he set about the task of nursing her back to health, but at the end of the third day she fell into unconsciousness and so passed away, apparently, with never a gleam of returning reason.

When convinced that she was dead, Murlock had sense enough to remember that the dead must be prepared for burial. In performance of this sacred duty he blundered now and again, did certain things incorrectly, and others which he did correctly were done over and over.

He was surprised, too, that he did not weep — surprised and a little ashamed; surely it is unkind not to weep for the dead. "Tomorrow," he said aloud, "I shall have to make the coffin and dig the grave; and then I shall miss her.

He stood over the body in the fading light, adjusting the hair and putting the finishing touches to the simple toilet, doing all mechanically, with soulless care. And still through his consciousness ran an undersense of conviction that all was right. He had had no experience in grief. His heart could not contain it all, nor his imagination rightly conceive it. Some natures it startles; some it stupefies. To one it comes like the stroke of an arrow, stinging all the sensibilities to a keener life; to another as the blow of a bludgeon, which in crushing benumbs. We may conceive Murlock to have been that way affected, he laid his arms upon the table's edge, and dropped his face into them, tearless yet and unutterably weary. Murlock was asleep.

Some hours later as it afterward appeared, he awoke and lifting his head from his arms intently listened to the black darkness by the side of the dead, he strained his eyes to see — he knew not what. His senses were all alert, his breath suspended, his blood had stilled its tides as if to assist the silence. Who — what had waked him, and where was it?

Suddenly he heard a light soft step, sounds of bare feet upon the floor!

He was terrified beyond the power to cry out or move, he waited — waited there in the darkness through seeming centuries of such dread as one may know, yet live to tell. He tried vainly to speak the dead woman's name, vainly to stretch forth his hand across the table to learn if she was there. Then occurred something most frightful. Some heavy body seemed hurled against the table with an impetus that pushed it against his breast so sharply as nearly to overthrow him, and at the same instant he heard and felt the fall of something upon the floor with so violent a thump that the whole house was shaken by the impact. Murlock had risen to his feet.

There is a point at which terror may turn to madness; and madness incites to action.

Murlock sprang to the wall, with a little groping seized his loaded rifle, and discharged it. By the flash which lit up the room with a vivid illumination, he saw an enormous panther dragging the dead woman, toward the window, its teeth fixed in her throat! Then there was darkness blacker than before, and silence; and when he returned to consciousness the sun was high and the wood vocal with songs of birds.

The body lay near the window, where the beast had left it when frightened away by the flash and report of the rifle. The clothing was deranged, the long hair in disorder. From the throat, dreadfully lacerated, had issued a pool of blood not yet entirely coagulated. The ribbon with which he had bound the wrists was broken; the hands were tightly clenched. Between the teeth was a fragment of the animal's car.

## TEXT 20

*R. Love*<sup>103</sup>

### LOVE

What is *up* with Kristen? I mean, is she going out of her way to dis me<sup>104</sup>, or is it just my overly active imagination? The facts are: We went out for nine months, and then we broke up. The sad truth is that we actually just kind of drifted apart while she was away all summer. But there were no harsh words, no dramatic scenes. No big deal, I thought. So why does she have to turn the other way so obviously, when she sees me coming? And what does she whisper to her friends when I'm around that cracks them up<sup>105</sup>? No kidding<sup>106</sup>, I'm really looking for help here: What is up with that kind of behavior?

---

<sup>103</sup> Роберт Лав (р.1981) – современный американский писатель

<sup>104</sup> go out of one's way to dis smb. – очень уж стараться отделаться от кого-то

<sup>105</sup> cracks up – вынуждает рассмеяться

<sup>106</sup> No kidding – кроме шуток

Sometimes I think (like the typical guy that I am) that I understand girls. When Kris and I were going out, we were so close there seemed to be no air between us. If we had played tennis, we would have been a great doubles team. Instant communication. Now she seems like... I was going to say another person, but it's much worse than that – it's like she's an alien or something.

Let me give you a good example. A few weeks ago, as my summer job at the office-supplies warehouse<sup>107</sup> was winding down<sup>108</sup>, I got another part-time job at the ice-cream place near here. Compared to the warehouse job, it's a cruise. Twenty hours a week, bright lights, no big sweat<sup>109</sup>. But it just so happens that it's the same place Kris and I used to go to on a regular basis, sit and talk and hold hands.

Last Friday night I'm working – they call me Bob the Scoop<sup>110</sup> when I see Kris walk in with the captain of the guys' swim team. My heart starts beating a little faster, and my mouth goes dry. Tommy's a great guy, but he's so sure of himself that it makes me cringe<sup>111</sup> a little to be around him.

Anyway, so the two of them walk up to the counter and give me a little "Hi, Bob" small talk and all, and then Kris says, matter-of-factly<sup>112</sup>: "We'll have a rum-raisin and double-mocha-chip sundae<sup>113</sup> with chocolate sauce, no nuts, whipped cream".

I'm sure my eyes were bugging<sup>114</sup>. That's what we ordered when we came here as a couple. We'd sit on the bench outside if it was warm or take it to one of those little marble tables in the back of the store and look into each other's eyes while we worked our way from each end toward the middle of the sundae.

At that point, inside, my heart was breaking, but I forced myself to ask the question: "What will you have, Tom?"

"Uh, just give us two spoons, I guess," he said.

I grabbed the scoop and started to make the sundae, and my hand was shaking as I dug into the cardboard canisters of rock-hard ice cream. My face was suddenly so hot that I was relieved to feel the coldness rise out of the freezer and hit my cheeks. When the sundae was finally done, I pushed it across the counter and looked up.

"Anything else, Kris?"

What I wanted to say was, "How cold do you want to make it, Kris?"

I'm happy to report that they took the sundae out of the store and into the night while I turned to the next customer and tried not to show what I was feeling.

---

<sup>107</sup> warehouse – большой магазин с подсобным складским помещением

<sup>108</sup> wind down – завершиться

<sup>109</sup> no big sweat – нетяжелый труд

<sup>110</sup> scoop – черпачок, мерная ложка

<sup>111</sup> cringe – съёжиться

<sup>112</sup> matter-of-factly – сухо, сдержанно

<sup>113</sup> a rum-raisin and double-mocha-chip sundae – мороженное, политое ромовым сиропом с изюмом и двойной порцией шоколадной крошки (присыпки)

<sup>114</sup> bug – выражать удивление (sl.)

After that, I felt something coming over me. 'It was like a fever that spread outward from the pit of my stomach<sup>115</sup> and made my arms and legs feel hot. It was a kind of rage that I hadn't felt since I was a little kid. It took the form of regret — regret that I didn't spit into the rum raisin when I was bent down and scooping it out of the canister.

"Are you feeling all right, young man?" The voice shook my vision back to the store. It was another customer, a nice lady with a furrowed brow<sup>116</sup>, checking me out like I was sick. I said, "Yes, ma'am, I'm fine," but I thought to myself. No, I do not feel fine. In fact, far from it, but what else could I feel? Did you see her? That girl who just left was the girl I loved.

## TEXT 21

*Sh. Jackson*<sup>117</sup>

### CHARLES

The day my son Laurie started kindergarten, he gave up his little-boy clothes and began wearing blue jeans with a belt. I watched him go off that first morning with the older girl next door, looking as though he were going off to a fight.

He came home the same way at lunch-time. "Isn't anybody here?" he yelled. At table, he knocked over his little sister's milk.

"How was school today?" I asked. "Did you learn anything?"

"I didn't learn nothing", he said.

"Anything," I said. "Didn't learn anything."

"But the teacher spanked<sup>118</sup> a boy," Laurie said, "for being fresh<sup>119</sup>".

"What did he do?" I asked. "Who was it?"

Laurie thought. "It was Charles", he said. "The teacher spanked him and made him stand in the corner. He was really fresh".

"What did he do?" I asked. But Laurie slid off his chair, took a cookie, and left.

"The next day, Laurie remarked at lunch, "Charles was bad again today." He grinned. "Today Charles hit the teacher", he said.

"Good heavens," I said. "I suppose he got spanked again?"

"He sure did", Laurie said.

"Why did Charles hit the teacher?" I asked.

"Because he tried to make him color with red crayons<sup>120</sup>. Charles wanted to color with green crayons, so hit the teacher. She spanked him and said nobody play with Charles, but everybody did".

---

<sup>115</sup> pit of the stomach – под ложечкой (в желудке)

<sup>116</sup> a furrowed brows – морщинистое чело (*поэтич., устар.*)

<sup>117</sup> **Ширли Джексон** (1916-1965) – американская писательница, прославившаяся сюжетами в духе саспенс

<sup>118</sup> spank – шлепнуть.

<sup>119</sup> fresh – дерзкий (coll.)

<sup>120</sup> crayon – цветной карандаш



The third day, Charles bounced a seesaw<sup>121</sup> onto the head of a little girl and made her bleed. The teacher made him stay inside during recess<sup>122</sup>.

On Thursday, Charles had to stand in a corner, because he was pounding<sup>123</sup> his feet on the floor during story time. Friday, Charles could not use the blackboard because he threw chalk.

On Saturday, I talked to my husband about it. "Do you think kindergarten is too disturbing for Laurie?" I asked him. "This Charles boy sounds like a bad influence".

"It will be all right," my husband said. "There are bound<sup>124</sup> to be people like Charles in the world. He might as well meet them now as later".

I could hardly wait for the first Parent-Teacher meeting. I wanted very much to meet Charles's mother. The meeting was still a week away.

On Tuesday Laurie said, "Our teacher had a friend come to see her in school today," Laurie said, noticing his father. "Hi, Pop, you old dust mop".

My husband and I said together, "Was it Charles's mother?".

"Naah," Laurie said. "It was a man who came and made us do exercises, like this." He jumped off his chair and touched his toes. Then he sat down again. "Charles didn't even do exercises".

"Didn't he want to?" I asked.

"Naah", Laurie said. "Charles was so fresh to the teacher's friend, they wouldn't let him do exercises".

"Fresh again?" I asked.

"He kicked the teacher's friend", Laurie said. "The teacher's friend told Charles to touch his toes, and Charles kicked him.

"What do you think they'll do about Charles?" my husband asked.

"I don't know", Laurie said. "Throw him out of school, I guess".

Wednesday and Tuesday were routine<sup>125</sup>. Charles yelled during story time and hit a boy in the stomach and made him cry. On Friday, Charles stayed after school again, and so did all the other children.

On Monday of the third week, Laurie came home with another report. "You know what Charles did today?" he demanded. He told a girl to say a word, and she said it. The teacher washed her mouth out with a piece of soap, and Charles laughed".

"What word?" his father asked.

"It's so bad, I'll have to whisper it to you", Laurie said and whispered into my husband's ear.

"Charles told the little girl to say that?" he said, his eyes widening.

"She said it twice", Laurie said. "Charles told her to say it twice".

---

<sup>121</sup> seesaw – детские качели

<sup>122</sup> recess – большая перемена в школе (амер.)

<sup>123</sup> pound – топтать (ногами)

<sup>124</sup> bound – здесь: обязательно

<sup>125</sup> routine – обычный по распорядку, такой же как обычно

"What happened to Charles?" my husband asked.

"Nothing", Laurie said.

The next day, Charles said the evil word himself three or four times and got his mouth washed out with soap each time. He also threw chalk.

My husband came to the door that night as I was leaving for the Parent-Teacher meeting. "Invite her over after the meeting", he said "I want to have a look at the mother of that kid".

"I hope she is there", I said.

"She'll be there", my husband said. "How can they hold a Parent-Teacher meeting without Charles's mother?"

At the meeting, I looked over the faces of all the mothers. None of them looked unhappy enough to be the mother of Charles. No one stood up and apologized for the way her son had been acting. No one mentioned Charles.

After the meeting, I found Laurie's teacher, "I've been so anxious to meet you," I said. "I am Laurie's mother".

"Oh, yes", she said. "We are all so interested in Laurie".

"He certainly likes kindergarten," I said. "He talks about it all the time".

"He's had some trouble getting used to school," she said, "but he'll be all right".

"Laurie usually adjusts<sup>126</sup> quickly", I said. "I suppose his trouble might be from Charles's influence".

"Charles?" the teacher said.

"Yes". I said, laughing. "You must have your hands full with Charles.

"Charles?" she said. "We don't have any Charles in the kindergarten.

## TEXT 22

*W. Shakespeare*<sup>127</sup>

### *ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE*

All the World's a Stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
And then the whining school boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like fire-place, with a woeful ballad

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<sup>126</sup> adjust – приспособливаться, привыкать

<sup>127</sup> Уильям Шекспир (1564 – 1616) – гениальный английский поэт и драматург. Для анализа предлагается отрывок из пьесы «Сон в летнюю ночь».

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a 'pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice  
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, —  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Ввиду сложности языка этого поэтического абзаца ниже приводим его перевод:

**В. Шекспир «Весь мир – театр ...»**

*(перевод Т. Щепктовой-Куперник)*

Весь мир – театр,  
В нем женщины, мужчины – все актеры.  
У них свои есть выходы, уходы,  
И каждый не одну играет роль.  
Семь действий в пьесе той. Сперва младенец,  
Ревущий горько на руках у мамки ...  
Потом плаксивый школьник с книжной сумкой,  
С лицом румяным, нехотя, улиткой  
Ползущий в школу. А затем любовник,  
Вздыхающий как печь, с балладой грустной  
В честь брови милой. А затем солдат,  
Чья речь всегда проклятьями полна,  
Обросший бородой, как леопард,  
Ревнивый к чести, забияка в ссоре,  
Готовый славу бранную искать  
Хоть в пушечном жерле. Затем судья  
С брюшком округлым, где каплун запрятан,  
Со строгим взором, стриженной бородкой,

Шаблонных правил и сентенций кладезь, –  
Так он играет роль. Шестой же возраст –  
Уж это будет толстый Панталоне,  
В очках, в туфлях, у пояса – кошель,  
В штанах, что с юности берег, широких  
Для ног иссохших, мужественный голос  
Сменяется опять дискантом детским:  
Пищит, как флейта ... А последний акт,  
Конец всей этой странной сложной пьесы –  
Второе детство, полузабытье:  
Без глаз, без чувств, без вкуса, без всего.

### TEXT 23

W.B. Yeats<sup>128</sup>

#### *WHEN YOU ARE OLD ...*

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace<sup>129</sup>,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul<sup>130</sup> in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And being down beside the growing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid<sup>131</sup> a crowd of stars.

Это стихотворение написано в традиционной форме обращения поэта к своей возлюбленной в надежде, что она будет гордиться тем, что он воспел её в своих стихах. Переключка между французским поэтом Пьером Ронсаром и Уильямом Йитсом отчётливо слышится в оригинале, а мы предлагаем вам познакомиться с переводами этих двух маленьких поэтических шедевров.

<sup>128</sup> Уильям Батлер Йитс (1865 – 1939) – поэт, драматург, классик англо-ирландской литературы, лауреат Нобелевской премии по литературе 1923 года

<sup>129</sup> glad grace – веселая грация

<sup>130</sup> pilgrim soul – мятущаяся, (неспокойная) душа

<sup>131</sup> amid – среди (арх., поэт.)

**У.Б. Йитс \*\*\***

*(перевод Е. Линецкой)*

Когда старухой будешь греть колени,  
Клонясь к огню седую головой,  
Возьми вот эту книжку и открой  
В ней глаз твоих тех, прежних, свет и тени

И вспышки беззаботной красоты,  
И как её любили – впрямь и ложно,  
Но лишь один, паломницы тревожной,  
Твоей души любил и знал черты.

И, загрузив, шепни, что легкокрыло  
Любовь земли взлетела на простор  
И, проскользнув, меж острых гребней гор,  
В толпе светил лицо своё укрыла.

***Quand vous serez bien vieille....***

*P. de Ronsard (1524-1585)*

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,  
Assise auprès du feu, devidant et filant,  
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:  
Ronsard me celebroit du temps que j'estois belle.  
Lors, vous n'aurez servante oyant telle nouvelle,  
Desja sous le labeur à demy sommeillant,  
Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aille resveillant,  
Benissant vostre nom de louange immortelle.

Je seray sous la terre et fantume sans os:

Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos:

Vous serez au fouyer une vieille accroupie,

Regrettant mon amour et vostre fier desdain.

Viver, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain:

Cueillez dès aujourd'huy les roses de la vie.

**П. Ронсар** \*\*\*  
(перевод Вильгельма Левика)

Когда старушкою, ты будешь прясть одна,  
В тиши у камелька свой вечер коротая,  
Мою строфу споёшь, и молвишь ты, мечтая:  
«Ронсар меня воспел в былые времена».

И гордым именем моим поражена,  
Тебя благословит прислужница любая, –  
Страхнув вечерний сон, усталость забывая,  
Бессмертную хвалу провозгласит она.

Я буду средь долин, где нежатся поэты  
Страстей забвенье пить из волн холодной Леты,  
Ты будешь у огня, в бессоннице ночной,

Тоскуя, вспоминать любви моей моления.  
Не презирай любовь! Живи, лови мгновенья  
И розы бытия спеши срывать весной.

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