

ANALYTICAL READING



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РОССИЙСКО - ТАДЖИКСКИЙ (СЛАВЯНСКИЙ) УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

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ANALYTICAL READING

для студентов бакалавров 3-4 курсов
направления подготовки «Лингвистика»

Душанбе 2021

CONTENTS

Introduction.....	4
Part I. List of Terms.....	5
Text interpretation	
Stylistic devices.....	8
Assignments for Stylistic Analysis.....	23
Part II. Pattern Stylistic Analysis	
Text 1. Assignments for stylistic analysis.....	24
Joice Carry «Period Piece».....	26
Text 2. Assignments for stylistic analysis.....	35
Interpretation and stylistic analysis.....	37
Herbert Ernest Bates «The Beauty of the Dead».....	39
Text 3 Katherine Mansfield «A Cup of Tea».....	50
Interpretation and stylistic analysis.....	58
Part III. Independent Stylistic Analysis	
Text 1. Assignments for stylistic analysis.....	62
Susan Hill «A Bit of Singing and Dancing».....	64
Assignments for interpretation and stylistic analysis.....	83
Text 2 John Collier «Back for Christmas».....	85
Assignments for interpretation and stylistic analysis.....	91

Analytical Reading. Учебное пособие по интерпретации текста для студентов 3-4 курсов направления подготовки «Лингвистика»
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Учебное пособие является пособием по интерпретации текста. Пособие состоит из трех частей. В первой части дается план интерпретации текста, а также стилистические термины, используемые для анализа текста во второй части. Две последующие части содержат материал для анализа текстов английских авторов.

Цель пособия – обучить студентов практике художественной интерпретации текста. Предназначено для студентов факультетов иностранных языков вузов, а также для всех тех, кто стремится усовершенствовать свои знания по английскому языку.

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Introduction

This manual is meant as a manual enabling the students to start their independent work on stylistic analysis.

The purpose of Analytical Reading is to help the students to see how through the variety of stylistic devices and their multifarious functions the message of the author is brought to the reader.

The terminology used in the manual as well as the treatment of various speech patterns and stylistic devices are given in accordance with the corresponding stories in the book.

Plan and a list of stylistic devices are given as stimulated assignments for interpreting stories.

The manual falls into three parts: part I – a supplement, presenting a list of terms, part II – Pattern Stylistic Analysis, part III – Independent Stylistic Analysis.

Part I includes theoretical material on text interpretation, a list of stylistic devices and general assignments for stylistic analysis.

Part II «Pattern Stylistic Analysis» includes three stories with stylistic analysis which serves as pattern analysis. Before each pattern analysis assignments to the analysis are offered. The students are supposed to do the assignments. All stylistic devices are shown in the text itself.

Part III «Independent Stylistic Analysis» presents two texts supplied by assignments for independent stylistic analysis. The material is arranged in such way as to enable the students 1) to study the pattern analysis; 2) to do the assignments offered for analysis according to the pattern analysis. Each section is supplied by a plan for independent stylistic analysis and a series of assignments.

The texts both for «Pattern stylistic Analysis» and «Independent Stylistic Analysis» are by English writers.

The manual may be used at seminars in style in the senior courses of faculties of foreign languages.

Part I. A List of Terms

TEXT INTERPRETATION

A **short story** is a work of fiction that is usually written in prose, often in narrative format.. **Plot** (сюжет) is all the events in a story particularly rendered toward the achievement of some particular artistic or emotional effect. In other words, it's what mostly happened in the story or novel or what the story's general theme is based on, such as the mood, characters, setting and conflicts occurring in a story.

Plot structure includes exposition, complication, climax and dénouement.



Exposition [экспəʊ'ziʃ(ə)n] (вступление) is the beginning of the plot usually concerned with introducing characters and setting. These elements may be largely presented at the beginning of the story. The purpose of exposition is to provide some background and inform the readers about the plot, character, setting, and theme of the essay/story or motion picture.

Complication [kəm'pli'keɪʃ(ə)n] (завязка) generally involves actions, though they might involve thoughts and feelings as well. As a rule, this structural component consists of several events. They become tenser as the plot moves toward the moment of decision – the climax.

The **climax** ['klaɪmæks] (кульминация) is the high point of the story, where a culmination of events create the peak of the conflict. The climax usually features the most conflict and struggle, and usually reveals any secrets or missing points in the story.

Dénouement [de'nu:ma:ŋ] (развязка) consists of a series of events that follow the climax, and thus serves as the conclusion of the story. Conflicts are resolved, creating normality for the characters, or release of tension and anxiety, for the reader. Simply put, dénouement is the unraveling or untying of the complexities of a plot. Be aware that not all stories have a resolution.

The plot of any story always involves characters. **Character** is considered one of the fundamental components of fiction (художественная литература).

Protagonist [prə'tæg(ə)nɪst] (главный герой) is the main character (the central or primary personal figure) of a literary narrative, around whom the events of the narrative's plot revolve and with whom the audience is intended to share the most empathy.

The principal opponent of the protagonist is a character known as the **antagonist** [æn'tæɡnɪst] (антагонист), who represents or creates obstacles that the protagonist(s) must overcome.

The description of the different aspects of a character is known as **characterization** [kærɪkt(ə)'raɪ'zeɪʃ(ə)n] (описание характера). There are two types of characterization: **direct** and **indirect**. When the author describes the character himself it is direct characterization. But when the author shows us the character in action, lets us hear him, watch him and evaluate him for ourselves, the author uses the indirect method of characterization.

Narrative structure ['nærətɪv] (структура повествования) is generally described as the structural framework that underlies the order and manner in which a narrative is presented to a reader, listener, or viewer.

A **narrator** [nə'reɪtə] (рассказчик) is the person who conveys the story to the audience.

First-person narrative (повествование от первого лица) is a narrative mode where a story is narrated by only one character at a time, who refers to him- or herself using words and phrases involving «I» (referred to as the first-person singular) and/or «we» (the first-person plural). This allows the reader or audience to see the point of view

(including opinions, thoughts, and feelings) only of the narrator, and no other characters. In some stories, first-person narrators may refer to information they have heard from the other characters, in order to try to deliver a larger point of view.

Third-person narration provides the greatest flexibility to the author and thus is the most commonly used narrative mode in literature. In the **third-person narrative** (повествование от третьего лица), each and every character is referred to by the narrator as «he», «she», «it», or «they», but never as «I» or «we» (first-person), or «you» (second-person). In third-person narrative, it is necessary that the narrator is merely an unspecified entity or uninvolved person that conveys the story, but *not* a character of any kind within the story being told. Third-person singular (he/she) is overwhelmingly the most common type of third-person narrative.

The plot of any story always involves conflict. **Conflict** is a necessary element of fictional literature. It is defined as the problem in any piece of literature and is often classified according to the nature of the protagonist or antagonist, as follows **internal** [ɪn'tɜ:n(ə)] (внутренний) and **external** [ɪk'stɜ:n(ə)] (внешний).

1. Character vs. Self (Person vs. Character) is when the central conflict of a story is internal to the main character, and is often portrayed as a conflict between the characters. Otherwise describes an internal conflict in which a character struggles with himself. Such as a desire, or moral dilemma.

2. Character vs. Character is when, in a novel, there is a conflict of two forms of like beings. An example is the hero's conflicts with the central villain of a work, which may play a large role in the plot and contribute to the development of both characters. There are usually several arguments/disagreements before the climax is reached. The conflict is external. person vs. Person can usually be expressed by, for example, when a child is being ridiculed by a bully.

3. Character vs Society is a theme in fiction in which a main character's, or group of main characters' main source of conflict is social traditions or concepts. In this sense, the two parties are: a) the

protagonist(s) or b) the society of which the protagonist(s) are included. Society itself is often looked at as single character, just as an opposing party would be looked at in a *Character vs. Character* conflict. **Character vs. society** conflict gives the playwright an opportunity to comment on positive/negative aspects of a whole?

4. **Character vs Nature** is the theme in literature that places a character against forces of nature. many disaster films focus on this theme, which is predominant within many survival stories. It is also strong in stories about struggling for survival in remote locales, such as the novel *Hatchet* or Jack London's short story «*To Build a Fire*». Also a separate peace is a good example with leper not wanting to jump out of the tree. some are not so remote such as banner in the sky.

5. **Character vs Supernatural character vs. a Spirit.** This could be ghosts, monsters, demons, etc. One common example is the movie *Ghostbusters*.

6. **Character vs. Machine/Technology** places a character against robot forces with "artificial intelligence". I. *Robot* and the *Terminator* series are good examples of this conflict.

7. **Character vs. Destiny** is a theme where one attempts to break free of a predetermined path chosen before him prior to his knowledge. If can also be referred to as an issue between fate and freewill. A common example is Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

Tone is a literary technique that is a part of composition, which encompasses the attitudes toward the subject and toward the audience implied in a literary work. Tone may be formal, informal, intimate, solemn, somber, playful, serious, ironic, condescending, or many other possible attitudes. ^[1] Tone and mood are *not* interchangeable.

Stylistic devices

Аллитерация - повторение однородных согласных, придающее литературному тексту, обычно стиху, особую звуковую и интонационную выразительность.

Анафора — стилистическая и риторическая фигура, состоящая в повторении сродных звуков, слова или группы слов в начале каждого параллельного ряда, то есть в повторении начальных частей двух и более относительно самостоятельных отрезков речи (полустихий, стихов, строф или прозаических отрывков).

Антитеза— стилистическая фигура контраста в художественной или ораторской речи, заключающаяся в резком противопоставлении понятий, положений, образов, состояний, связанных между собой общей конструкцией или внутренним смыслом:

- "Listen, young men, to an old man to whom old men were glad to listen when he was young."

Some other examples of antithesis are:

- Man proposes, God disposes.
- Give everyman thy ear, but few thy voice.
- Many are called, but few are chosen.

Оксюморон, - стилистическая фигура или стилистическая ошибка — сочетание слов с противоположным значением (то есть сочетание несочетаемого). Для оксюморона характерно намеренное использование противоречия для создания стилистического эффекта. С психологической точки зрения, оксюморон представляет собой способ разрешения необъяснимой ситуации:

- "And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true." The silence whistles".

Параллелизм— риторическая фигура, представляющая собой расположение тождественных или сходных по грамматической и семантической структуре элементов речи в смежных частях текста. Параллельными элементами могут быть предложения, их части, словосочетания, слова.

Умолчание — намеренный обрыв высказывания, передающий взволнованность речи и предполагающий, что читатель догадается о высказанном. Умолчание широко используется при манипулировании

сознанием, но проводится скрытно, что обусловлено особенностями манипуляции.

Хиазм — риторическая фигура, заключающаяся в крестообразном изменении последовательности элементов в двух параллельных рядах слов (например, фраза К. С. Станиславского:

- «Умейте любить искусство в себе, а не себя в искусстве»).

Эмфаза — эмоционально-экспрессивное выделение, подчёркивание в речи отдельных элементов и смысловых оттенков высказывания. Достигается различными средствами: акцентно-интонационными (повышением или понижением интонации, *эмфатическим* ударением и удлинением), использованием риторических фигур (повторение, порядок слов):

- «Я это вам говорю».

Слово понимается и в более широком смысле: как усиление общей эмоциональной выразительности речи, достигающееся сменой интонации и применением риторических фигур, или как особая риторическая фигура, которая заключается в том, что слову придаётся особая выразительность.

Эпифора — риторическая фигура, заключающаяся в повторении одних и тех же слов в конце смежных отрезков речи. Нередко эпифора используется в поэтической речи (очень часто — в фольклоре) в виде одинаковых или аналогичных окончаний строф (пример — стихотворная пьеса Александра Гладкова «Давным-давно» и одноимённая песня из кинофильма «Гусарская баллада»). Противоположностью эпифоры является анафора.

Анафора — риторическая фигура, заключающаяся в повторении одних и тех же слов в начале смежных отрезков речи.

Антономасия, — троп, выражающийся в замене названия или имени указанием какой-нибудь существенной особенности предмета или отношения его к чему-либо. Латинское по происхождению название для того же поэтического тропа или, в иной перспективе, риторической фигуры.

Гипербола — стилистическая фигура явного и намеренного преувеличения, с целью усиления выразительности и подчёркивания сказанной мысли:

- «Я говорил это тысячу раз» или «нам еды на полгода хватит».
- These books weigh a ton. (These books are heavy).
- I could sleep for a year. (I could sleep for a long time).

Литота — это образное выражение, стилистическая фигура, оборот, в котором содержится художественное преуменьшение величины, силы значения изображаемого предмета или явления. Литота в этом смысле противоположна гиперболе, поэтому по-другому её называют **обратной гиперболой**. В литоте на основании какого-либо общего признака сопоставляются два разнородных явления, но этот признак представлен в явлении-средстве сопоставления в значительно меньшей степени, нежели в явлении-объекте сопоставления.

Перифраз — в стилистике и поэтике троп, описательно выражающий одно понятие с помощью нескольких. Перифраз — косвенное упоминание объекта путем не называния, а описания (например, «ночное светило» = «луна»).

Эпитет — термин теории литературы: определение при слове, влияющее на его выразительность. Выражается преимущественно именем прилагательным, но также наречием («горячо любить»), именем существительным («веселья шум»), числительным («первый друг»), глаголом («желание забыть»). Эпитет — слово или целое выражение, которое, благодаря своей структуре и особой функции в тексте, приобретает некоторое новое значение или смысловой оттенок.

The easiest stylistic device to find is a simile, because you only have to look for the words «as» or «like». A simile is a comparison used to attract the attention of the reader and describe something in descriptive terms:

- «From up here on the fourteenth floor, my brother Charley looks like an insect scurrying among other insects» (from «Sweet Potato Pie», Eugenia Collier).

Understatement is a form of speech in which a lesser expression is used than what would be expected. This is not to be confused with euphemism, where a polite phrase is used in place of a harsher or more offensive expression.

Another syntactical devices capable of intensifying the meaning of the utterance are **syntactical figures**. They are the following:

1. **Ellipsis**. Elliptical sentences are sentences in which one or more words are omitted, leaving the full form to be understood by the reader or hearer:

• «I beg your pardon, sir. Didn't know. Sorry to have bothered you».

2. **Aposiopesis** (фигура умолчания) is found in sentences unfinished logically or structurally due to which the expression of the thought conveyed is limited to a hint:

• «If you don't give me your signature when I come back tomorrow ...» (implies threat).

3. **Zeugma** ['zju:gmə] is a figure of speech in which a verb or adjective does duty with two or sometimes more than two nouns and to only one of which it is strictly applicable. Zeugma is based on polysemy, often on the literal and figurative meanings of a word. It may be based on the meaning of a set expression as a whole and the literal meaning of the separate words – its components. It may also be based on the different meanings of homonyms. Zeugma usually, though not necessarily, produces a satiric or humorous effect:

• «Then came fish and silence».

• «He carried a strobe light and the responsibility for the lives of his men».

• «You held your breath and the door for me».

• «I like to have a tea with you and with cookies».

4. **Simple reiteration** (повторение) is limited to the repetition of the same word, phrase or sentence though not necessarily in one sentence or even paragraph, it may be found in much larger syntactical units. It plays an important role in creating a definite emotional colouring. This colouring may be different depending on the lexical meaning of the word or words repeated.

5. **The repetition of the root** is a special type of reiteration in which only the root of the word and not the full word is repeated. Depending on the context it may have different stylistic colouring:

• To live again in the youth of the young (a tinge of regret for fast passing youth).

6. **Framing** is a type of repetition, when the same word or words, standing at the beginning of the sentence or syntactical unit are repeated at the end of it. They occupy the emphatic syntactic positions in the sentence:

• Those kids were getting it all right, with busted heads and bleeding faces – those kids were getting it.

7. **Anadiplosis** (повторение конечного слова одного предложения или стиха в начале другого) is a repetition of a word or a group of words, which come at the end of a phrase or clause and at the beginning of a new phrase or clause. It serves to emphasize the most important part of the statement:

• Especially as Mr. Spears, Mrs. Spears of all people, whose two boys were so exemplary, was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

8. **Syntactic tautology** [tɔ:'tɒlədʒi] is the repletion of a part of the sentence, usually the subject, expressed by a noun by a pronoun, sometimes vice versa. Syntactic tautology may be used for the sake of emphasis or to render low colloquial of which it is typical. It is often found in nursery rhymes, and poetry imitating the style of popular ballads:

• The Widow Douglass, she took me for her son, and allowed she would civilize me.

9. **Polysyndeton** is the repetition of the conjunction or some other formal word before each following homogeneous part of the sentence. It serves as a means of distinguishing each part by isolating them from each other and at the same time connecting them into one sense unit. The repetition of conjunctions lends a definite rhythmical quality to the statement. Polysyndeton stresses the simultaneousness of actions, or the close connection of the qualities or phenomena enumerated. When rendering colloquial speech, it may serve as a means of characterizing a personage's speech underlining its primitive construction:

• The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect.

10. Anaphora is the repetition of the same word or words at the beginning of clauses, sentences, periods, or in poetry at the beginning of lines, stanzas:

• «Why didn't you dare it before? » he asked harshly. «when I hadn't a job? When I was starving? When I was just as I am now as a man, as an artist, the same Martin Eden?»

11. Epiphora is the repetition of the same word or words at the end of two or more succeeding clauses, sentences, verses etc. Epiphora even in a greater degree than anaphora creates a rhythmic pattern of the narration. Besides that, epiphora underlines the logical connection and emotional identity of adjoining units of speech:

• It's their wealth and security that makes everything possible makes your art possible, makes literature, science, even religion possible (Galsworthy).

12. Synonymic Repetition is a peculiar type of repetition consisting in the use of synonymous means to express the same idea. The words repeated are not necessarily synonyms, but become such in the context.

13. Emphatic Constructions are sentences with the anticipatory «it» which serves to stress any part of the sentence:

• It was Winifred who went up to him.
• It was while passing through Moulsey lock that Harris told me about his maze experience.

14. Parallel Constructions – Parallelism is the repetition of the same syntactical structure in two or more succeeding sentences. Parallel arrangement serves to bring forth either the similarity or the difference between the objects in question. Parallelism lends a definite rhythm to the narration and due to its sameness, it creates a certain background to emphasize the necessary word or phrase. This word or phrase is usually repeated in the parallel constructions. Parallelism is found in literary works where it serves as an expressive means. It is also found in scientific prose and official documents:

• The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and I was whistling as I walked past the studio gates.

15. Chiasmus [ka'æzməs] – хиазм, инверсия во второй половине фразы is a type of parallelism with cross arrangement of the elements:

• «We must remember that the peoples do not belong to the governments, but that the governments belong to the peoples».

16. Detached (loose) parts of the sentence are such parts which are less closely, less intimately connected with the rest of the sentence. They have a certain independence which finds expression in the intonation and, in writing, in punctuation. Detachment is a stylistic expressive means for it serves to emphasize the loose part of the sentence. Practically any secondary part of the sentence, direct, indirect objects, and especially often adverbial modifiers, attributes and appositions may be detached.

17. Rhetoric questions is a widely used expressive means. Rhetoric questions are questions raised and answered by the author / speaker. It is an affirmative or negative statement in the form of the question. It is emotionally coloured, is distinct from an ordinary question which is asked to draw forth some information, the rhetoric question does not require any answer; it serves the purpose of calling the reader's (or hearer's) attention to a particular point in the discourse, writing, speech, etc. The appeal to the reader or hearer which the rhetoric question contains serves as a means of enhancing the expressiveness of monologue speech making it more lively, more versatile (varied):

• What will not necessity do?
• When public money brings windfalls to a few, why should the state not take a share?

• Why is it better to love than be loved? It is surer. (Sarah Guitry)
• How many countries have actually hit [...] the targets set at Rio, or in Kyoto in 1998, for cutting greenhouse-gas emissions? Precious few.

18. Inversion always brings about either change in the logical content of the sentence, or lends an additional emotional colouring to the narration. Inversion is usually found in written speech, its use in colloquial speech is rather a rare occurrence:

• Never has it been easier to learn English!

• Only then did I understand the problem.

• Only after understanding the situation does the teacher make a comment.

19. Enumeration is another expressive means which consists in naming over various qualities or recounting different objects or actions with the purpose of giving a many-sided artistic characterization to the phenomenon described. The words enumerated are homogeneous parts of a sentence.

20. Oxymoron. A juxtaposition of two unlike things to create ambiguity through contradiction:

• «They cried beautifully», «blue eyes were sternly merry», «I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves», «They only know that they don't know anything», «sensuous coldness»,

21. Alliteration is a stylistic device in which a number of words, having the same first consonant sound, occur close together in a series.

• for the greater good of ...;

• safety and security;

• share a continent but not a country;

• killer command;

• fantastic philosophy.

• A neat knot need not be re-knotted.

If neighbouring words start with the same consonant but have a different initial sound, the words are not **alliterated**:

• a Canadian child;

• honoured and humbled (the 'h' in honoured is silent).

22. Allusion - indirect reference to a person, event or piece of literature:

• the Scrooge Syndrome (allusion on the rich, grieve and mean Ebenezer Scrooge from Charles Dicken's «Christmas Carol»).

• The software included a Trojan Horse. (allusion on the Trojan horse from Greek mythology).

• Plan ahead. It was not raining when Noah ['nəuə] built the Ark. (Richard Cushing) (allusion on the biblical Ark of Noah) (Hoeb kovner).

Many allusions on historic events, mythology or the bible have become famous idioms:

• to meet one's Waterloo (allusion on Napoleons defeat in the Battle of Waterloo);

• to wash one's hands of it. (allusion on Pontius Pilatus, who sentenced Jesus to death, but washed his hands afterwards to demonstrate that he was not to blame for it.);

• to be as old as Methusalem (allusion on Joseph's grandfather, who was 969 years old according to the Old Testament);

• to guard smth. with Argus's eyes (allusion on the giant Argus from Greek mythology, who watched over Zeus' lover Io.) [zju:s].

23. Anaphora - successive clauses or sentences start with the same word(s):

• Every child must be taught these principles. Every citizen must uphold them. And every immigrant, by embracing these ideals, makes our country more, not less, American. ⁽²⁾

• If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome. (Anne Bradstreet).

• The beginning of wisdom is silence. The second step is listening. (unknown).

• A man without ambition is dead. A man with ambition but no love is dead.

• A man with ambition and love for his blessings here on earth is ever so alive. (Pearl Bailey).

Anaphora is often used in conjunction with parallelism or climax.

24. Antithesis - contrasting relationship between two ideas.

Antithesis emphasizes the contrast between two ideas. The structure of the phrases / clauses is usually similar in order to draw the reader's / listener's attention directly to the contrast:

• That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind. (Neil Armstrong).

• To err is human; to forgive, divine. (Pope)

- It is easier for a father to have children than for children to have a real father. (Pope)

25. Contrast - A literary technique in which the author examines two opposites example - the energy of youth and the infirmity of age, worldly possessions and democratic idealism, academic success and extracurricular activities, a speaker's sophistication and the student's naiveté, or a group's smug views and the speaker's implied disapproval of them) to create an attitude.

Also, a rhetorical strategy which juxtaposes two unlike words together:

- *homologous and analogous*;
- *meaningful and meaningless*;
- *intrinsic and superficial*;
- *inheritance and convergence, intuition and imagination*. (See antithesis)

26. Hyperbole - deliberate exaggeration, used sparingly, hyperbole effectively draws the attention to a message that you want to emphasize:

- I was so hungry, I could eat an elephant.
- I have told you a thousand times.

27. Litotes - form of understatement - Litotes is a form of understatement which uses the denied opposite of a word to weaken or soften a message:

- That's not bad. (instead of: That's good/great.)
- Boats aren't easy to find in the dark. (instead of: Boats are hard/difficult to find in the dark.)
- We know that poverty is unpleasant."

28. Metaphor - figurative expression. Metaphor compares two different things in a figurative sense. Unlike in a simile (A is like B.), «like» is not used in metaphor (A is B):

- Truths are first clouds, then rain, then harvest and food. (Henry Ward Beecher)

- Through much of the last century, America's faith in freedom and democracy was a rock in a raging sea. Now it is a seed upon the wind, taking root in many nations. (2)

29. Metonymy - figurative expression, closely associated with the subject. Metonymy (unlike metaphor) uses figurative expressions that are closely associated with the subject in terms of place, time or background. The figurative expression is not a physical part of the subject, however (see synecdoche):

- The White House declared ... (White House = US government / President)
- The land belongs to the crown. (crown = king / queen / royal family / monarchy)
- Empty pockets never held anyone back. Only empty heads and empty hearts can do that. (Norman Vincent Peale)
- (empty pockets = poverty; empty heads = ignorance / dullness / density; empty hearts = unkindness / coldness);
- the spit-and-polish command post (*meaning*: shiny clean).

30. Onomatopoeia - word imitating a sound. The pronunciation of the word imitates a sound. Onomatopoeia is used because it's often difficult to describe sounds. Furthermore, a story becomes more lively and interesting by the use of onomatopoeia:

- The lion roared.
- The steaks sizzled in the pan.
- The bomb went off with a bang.

31. Parallelism - parallel sentence structure. Successive clauses or sentences are similarly structured. This similarity makes it easier for the reader / listener to concentrate on the message:

- We are bound by ideals that move us beyond our backgrounds, lift us above our interest, and teach us what it means to be citizens.
- The mediocre teacher tells, The good teacher explains. The superior teacher demonstrates. The great teacher inspires. (William A. Ward)

- The mistakes of the fool are known to the world, but not to himself. The mistakes of the wise man are known to himself, but not to the world. (Charles Caleb Colton)

- Tell me and I forget. Teach me and I may remember. Involve me and I will learn. (Benjamin Franklin)

32. **Parenthesis** - additional information. The normal progression of a sentence is interrupted by extra information or explanations enclosed in commas, brackets or dashes. The extra information can be a single word, a phrase or even a sentence:

- We (myself, wife Lorraine and daughters Caroline and Joanna) boarded our boat 'Lynn', a Duchess class vessel barely a year old, at Black Prince Holidays' Chirk boatyard.

- The boats have remarkably few controls and we were given a thorough briefing about 'driving' ours-along with advice on mooring, lock operation and safety considerations-by Pauline, who even set off with us for a few minutes to ensure we were confident.

Note:

Depending on the importance attached to it, additional information can be enclosed in brackets, commas or dashes.

- **Brackets**-not important Connor (Amy's boyfriend) bought the tickets.
- **Commas**- neutral Connor, Amy's boyfriend, bought the tickets.
- **Dashes**- emphasized Connor-Amy's boyfriend-bought the tickets.

33. **Personification** - attribution of human characteristics to animals, inanimate objects or abstractions - Animals, inanimate objects or abstractions are represented as having human characteristics (behaviour, feelings, character etc.). Personification can make a narration more interesting and lively:

- Why these two countries would remain at each other's throat for so long.
- I closed the door, and my stubborn car refused to open it again.

- The flowers nodded their heads as if to greet us.
- The frogs began their concert.

- He told his friends that worry was killing him.

34. **Repetition** - repeating words or phrases. Words or phrases are repeated throughout the text to emphasize certain facts or ideas:

- Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end! »I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time? «she said aloud. Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again.

- America, at its best, matches a commitment to principle with a concern for civility. A civil society demands from each of us good will and respect, fair dealing and forgiveness. America, at its best, is also courageous. Our national courage America, at its best, is compassionate. In the quiet of American conscience, we know that deep, persistent poverty is unworthy of our nation's promise.

35. **Simile** - direct comparison. Two things are compared directly by using «like»:

- concrete box-style buildings are spreading like inkblots:
- The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel.
- Personality is to a man what perfume is to a flower. (Charles Schwab)

- My friend is as good as gold.

36. **Antonomasia** - A rhetorical term for the substitution of a title, epithet, or descriptive phrase for a proper name (or of a personal name for a common name) to designate a member of a group or class:

- I'm a myth. I'm *Beowulf*. I'm *Grendel*."
- Calling a lover *Casanova*, an office worker *Dilbert*, Elvis Presley *the King*, Bill Clinton *the Comeback Kid*, or Horace Rumpole's wife *She Who Must Be Obeyed*

37. **Asyndeton** - a rhetorical term for a writing style that omits conjunctions between words, phrases, or clauses (the opposite of *polysyndeton*):

• «Anyway, like I was saying, shrimp is the fruit of the sea. You can barbecue it, boil it, broil it, bake it, saute it. Dey's uh, shrimp-kabobs, shrimp creole, shrimp gumbo. Pan fried, deep fried, stir-fried. There's pineapple shrimp, lemon shrimp, coconut shrimp, pepper shrimp, shrimp soup, shrimp stew, shrimp salad, shrimp and potatoes, shrimp burger, shrimp sandwich. That--that's about it».

38. Epithet- Using an appropriate adjective (often habitually) to characterize a person or thing:

- «heartfelt thanks»;
- «wine-dark sea»;
- «blood-red sky»;
- «fleet-footed Achilles»;
- «stone-cold heart».

39. Irony: expression of something, which is contrary to the intended meaning; words say one thing but mean another:

- He smiled the sweet smile of an alligator.

40. Climax (Gradation) is an arrangement of sentences which secures a gradual increase in significance, importance, or emotional tension in the utterance:

- «It was a lovely city, a beautiful city, a fair city, a veritable gem of a city» (Byron).
- «Little by little, bit by bit, and day by day, and year by year the baron got the worst of some disputed question» (Dickens).

Assignments for Stylistic Analysis:

1. Explain who tells the story. In whose person is the story told – in the 1st person or 3rd person narrative? Is the narration factual/dry/emotional?
2. Analyse the plot structure of the novel. Are the elements of the text ordered chronologically? Is the action fast or slow?
3. What characters of the novel are described in the story and what does the reader learn about them? Are the characters flat or round?
4. Who are the major and minor character/s? Describe them shortly.
5. What impression do you get from the protagonist? Discuss his/her character and his/her views as they are revealed through his/her speech.
6. Point out which method of characterisation (direct or indirect or both) is employed in the story. Point out the descriptive paragraphs. What do we learn from them?
7. What kind of conflict is shown in the story? External or internal? Was it solved?
8. Does the narrator sympathise with the characters or remain aloof and detached? Is the narrator serious, humorous, ironical or sympathetic? Give your reasons.
9. On what note does the story end? Is the end clear-cut or does it leave room for suggestion?
10. Speak on the subject-matter and the idea of the story.
11. Pick out all the stylistic devices.
12. Sum up the analysis of the story.

Part II. Pattern Stylistic Analysis

Assignments for stylistic analysis

Text 1

Joice Carry

PERIOD PIECE

- I. Give a summary of the story.
- II. Get ready to interpret the story along the following lines:
 1. What kind of story is it (absorbing, captivating, involving, gripping, keeping in suspense, fascinating, exciting, dull, boring, trivial, banal, moralistic, stupid, whimsical etc.)? What genre does the story belong to?
 2. What type of fiction is it (narration, description, dialogue, interior monologue)?
 3. What is the story about? Is the theme of the story psychological, social, moral or philosophical nature? What central idea is the author trying to bring into focus? What does the title indicate about the theme of the story? Explain the metaphorical essence of the title.
 4. In whose person is the story told: in the 1st person or 3rd person or omniscient narrator? Has the narrator access to the thoughts and feelings of all the characters or just one? Is the narration told through Esme's speech or thoughts? Is the narration factual, dry or emotional? Does the narrator sympathize with any of the characters or remain aloof and detached? Can we trust the narrator's judgment?
 5. What is the setting? What is the topic sentence of the first paragraph? Is the particular setting essential or could the story have happened anywhere at any time? How does the setting help to understand the characters and the theme?
 6. In what vein does the narrator tell the story? What is the general tone of the story (formal, neutral, ironical, satirical, farcical etc.)? In what way is the atmosphere of growing suspense created?
 7. What is the plot of the story (exposition, complication, climax and dénouement)? Are the elements of the plot ordered chronologically? What are its peculiarities? Are the events credible or melodramatic?

Is the action fast or slow? Does the end follow logically from the rest of the story or is it a surprise? On what note does the story end? Is the end clear-cut or does it leave room for suggestion?

8. What characters are described? What are the characters' names – does this have any significance? Are the characters flat or round? Are the characters credible? What are the means of characterization? Describe the protagonist's state of restraint? How are the characters introduced into the story? Give a full sketch character of Tutin and Mrs. Beer. Are the characters flat or round? Are the characters credible? How do you account for the lack of description of Tutin's appearance and the abundance of Mrs. Beer?
9. What is the main conflict of the story? Was it solved?
10. What are the symbols of the story? Note that many of them are correlated with Esme's new life and her sense of freedom.
11. What is your personal response to the story?

III. Get ready for a stylistic analysis.

PERIOD PIECE

Tutin, married sixteen year, with three children (parenthesis) had an affair when his secretary Phyllis, aged eighteen, (parenthesis) and wanted a divorce. His wife, Clare, with her usual sense, (parenthesis) was resigned. «If you feel you must make a break», she said, sadly but without bitterness, «there's no more to be said. You'd only hate me and that wouldn't help either of us».

But when her mother in remote Yorkshire heard of this arrangement, and wrote and said it was preposterous and wicked, she wouldn't allow it. Old Mrs. Beer was the widow of a canon. She was a short, stout woman with a red face and a heavy jaw – a pugnacious and indomitable face. The little faded blue eyes (epithet) especially seemed to confess that the old woman had long given up hope of any serious attention from anybody.

You see such faces in boxing booths among the seconds and backers, men who have been in the ring all their lives and lost all their fight, but still follow the game as bottle, holders, training partners, punching bags for young champions. (polysyndeton, enumeration).

Her son-in-law laughed at her when she didn't exasperate him to madness by her sudden raids and arbitrary commands. (epithet) Each time the child was born she planted herself in the household and took charge of every detail – laying down the law in an intolerable manner and flatly contradicting everybody from the doctor in the monthly nurse.

Now, at this talk of divorce, she excelled herself. When Clare wrote her explanation, she came south without any warning whatever, broke into Tutin's office and watching up to his desk, umbrella in hand as if about to beat him, (parenthesis, simile) demanded, «what's this nonsense about a divorce?»

This (emphasis) in the presence of the secretary who was taking dictation – not Phyllis, of course, - Phyllis (not xbar) was no longer a secretary. As the future Mrs. Tutin she had to think of her dignity (irony). She had a nice flat in a new building in Mayfair and spent her time shopping. The new secretary, on promotion from the general office, was a widow of fifty, Mrs. Bateman, with a dark moustache and a strong cast in

one eye. Phyllis was not chosen her as a thoroughly reliable person (irony, simile).

All the same Tutin was not anxious to have his most private affairs discussed in front of her. He open his mouth to tell her to go, but Mrs. Beer had now come between. She planted her umbrella on the desk, and shouted at him. «But there's not going to be a divorce». (understatement)

«My dear Mamma, all this has been discussed between Clare and me and we are completely agreed that it's impossible to go on».

«Of course you can go on – if you had to go on you'd go on very well». (repetition).

Mrs. Bateman was still folding up her notebook, now she dropped her pencil. Tutin, a thoroughly good natured man, (irony) hating to quarrel with anybody, answered patiently, «of course, these things are not so simple».

Frank Tutin was a humane, a kindly man. (epithet) He was extremely upset by this crisis in his family's life. He realized how his wife was suffering, how much the children were concerned. He didn't forget for a moment, he said, the danger to them of a broken home. (anaphora) Divorce was a very serious thing.

For days he had discussed it with Clare, analyzing all the complex factors involved. Clare's feelings, his feelings, the children's feelings, Phyllis's feelings and everybody's right to consideration. (repetition, enumeration, asyndeton) Sometimes he had thought that there was no way out – divorce would be as bad as the present unhappy situation. (libotes) But gradually he had found confidence; certain large principles detached themselves in the confusion – that the children of divided parents in an unhappy home were, according to a psychiatrist consulted by Frank himself, just as likely to suffer in character as those (simile) left with one or the other, alone but devoted, after divorce that the Tutin's hole life was growing every day more distracted, tense and impossible (epithet, asyndeton), that (contrast) the one guiltless person who must not be let down was poor little Phyllis, that Frank and Clare had had many years of happiness together and could not fairly expect to go on forever.

Clare in this crisis lived up to all Frank's expectations of her. Like the highly intelligent woman she was she took all his points. (inversion, simile).

And now just when the divorce had been arranged in the most civilized manner, when Clare had agreed to ask Phyllis to the house to discuss the whole affair - Clare had been charming to Phyllis, so young and so worried, so terribly in love. (irony) Phyllis was already quite devoted to her, - (detachment) and when she had agreed (parallelism) to accept to the children, Mrs. Beer comes charging in (simile) some paleolithic monster, hopelessly thick-skinned, brutal, insensitive. (epithet, asyndeton) Comes and calls him selfish. (ellipsis)

One could not blame the poor old woman. She was simply out of touch (metaphor) - she belonged to a rougher, cruder age (irony, epithet) where psychology was practically unheard of; where moral judgements were simply thrown out like packets from a slot machine, where there were only two kinds of character, bad and good, and only one kind of marriage, with no problems except the cool's temper, the drains or in extreme cases, the monthly bills. (parallelism, simile, contrast, enumeration).

He could ignore poor Mrs. Beer - suddenly he felt a strange uneasiness (epithet) in the middle of his stomach. What was this? Indigestion again. He had had a touch of indigestion for the first time during these anxious weeks - Clare had been worried about him and sent for the doctor who had warned him strongly against worry. But how could he help worrying - he wasn't made of stone. (detachment, metaphor) It was worry, a new worry (parallelism) that was working in him now. Had the woman yet seen Clare, and what would she say to her? Clare didn't take her mother too seriously, but she was fond of her. And Mrs. Beer had never before been quite so outrageous. The uneasiness grew to a climax; and suddenly he jumped up and made for home. He drove far too fast (alliteration) and beat two sets of lights. He had an extraordinary fancy that Clare could might have decided to walk out and take the children with her. He rushed into the house as if his shirt tail were on fire. (simile)

What a marvelous (epithet) relief - Clare was in usual corner of the sitting-room doing her accounts. She looked at him with mild surprise, blushed and asked, «Is anything wrong? Do you want me anything?» (epiphora)

«No, my dear, Turin caught his breath and gathered his nerve». «It's nothing - by the way, your mother is in town. She turned up just in the office». (contrast)

«Yes, she's been here too».

«Oh, I suppose she's been telling you that I'm a selfish brute». (epithet)

Clare was silent, and Turin's irritation rose. «Selfish - spoiled - a mummy's boy». (asyndeton)

«Of course, Mamma is always rather» - (understatement)

«Do you think I'm a selfish brute?»

«Of course not, Frank, you know I don't. You've been most considerate from the beginning. You've done your best to be fair to everyone». (parallelism)

«Yes, but especially to myself, the mummy' boy».

«What you mean - I never said»

«But you didn't contradict».

«Mamma is so upset».

But Frank knew his Clare. He could detect in her the least shade of criticism and he perceived very easily that she was not prepared to say that he was quite free from a certain egotism.

To himself he admitted that he had acted, partly, in his own interest. But so had Clare in hers. (inversion) He was the last to blame her. To do anything else would have been flying in the face of all the best modern opinion; everyone nowadays was bound to pay attention to his psychological make-up, quite as much as to his physical needs. A man who did not, who took no trouble to keep himself properly adjusted in mind as well as body, was not only a fool but a selfish fool. (framing) It was his plain duty, not only to himself but to his dependents, to look after himself and only he could tell exactly what was necessary to keep him in health.

They had agreed that Phyllis was the key to the problem. In fact, the matter was decided and now he could not do without Phyllis – it was impossible. She adored him. The poor kid simply lived for him. (irony) This new exciting love coming to him now in his early fifties had transformed his life.

He had simply forgotten what love and life could mean, until Phyllis came to him. Since then he had been young again – better than really young, because he knew how to appreciate this extraordinary happiness.

And he exclaimed to Clare, in a furious, even threatening voice, «She's got round you, in fact, but I don't care what you think of me. If you refuse a divorce I'll simply go away – Phyllis is ready for anything, poor child».

«Oh, but of course I'll give you the divorce. Mamma doesn't understand about – well, modern ideas».

Tutin didn't even thank her. He had been profoundly disillusioned in Clare. Apparently she took as much the same view as her mother. (simile) In his indignant mood those sixteen years of happy marriage seemed like sixteen years old deceit. (simile) He could not bear the thought that during the whole time Clare had been regarding him with her critical eye. (metaphor). He was too furious to stay in the house. He went out abruptly and then made for Phyllis's flat. It had suddenly struck him that Mrs. Beer in her rampageous mood might even attack Phyllis, and he was at the moment particularly anxious to avoid the least chance of any misunderstanding with Phyllis on account of a slight difference of opinion between them about a mink coat. Phyllis considered that, as the future Mrs. Tutin, it was absolutely necessary to her to have a mink coat. Tutin was not yet convinced of the absolute necessity. (epithet)

As he came in Mrs. Beer came out. And Phyllis was in an extraordinary state of mind. Red, tearful and extremely excited, even, as he had to admit, unreasonable. (enumeration) For she flew at him. What did he mean by letting her in for that old bitch? She'd been here half an hour – she'd been here (parallel constructions) still if he hadn't turned up, hawling her out as if she were a tart. (metaphor) She was damned if she'd make it.

«But, Phyll. I didn't even know she was coming to London».

«Where did she get my address?»

«Well. The office perhaps».

«It's never you, is it – what are you gaping at? I tell you you'd better do something. She called me a common little tart. She said I'd put my hooks on you because you were meat for a floozy». (metaphor)

«But you needn't mind her – she's only a silly old» (understatement)

«Not mind her» (simple reiteration) shouted Phyllis; she advanced on him with curled fingers. (metaphor) «Why, you fat old fool –» (aposiopesis)

For a moment he had the awful expectations (epithet) of her nail in his face. But she did now claw, perhaps she was afraid of breaking a nail; she only shrieked again and went into hysterics. (irony)

Even after Tutin gave her the mink coat she still considered that she had been cheated of her case for damages against Mrs. Beer.

Phyllis had very strong ideas about her rights. She asked Tutin several times if he didn't agree that this was a free country and he agreed at once, very warmly. (parenthesis) He could not forget those awful words, «a fat old fool». He did not wish to offend Phyllis again. He even had some gloomy doubts about his future bliss with this darling child. (epithet)

But he didn't change his plans. He was too proud to creep back to the treacherous Clare. (epithet)

And Clare was a woman of her word. (metaphor) The divorce went forward and Mrs. Beer, defeated again, trailed back to her bear's den (metaphor) in the northern wilds. (metaphor) Three weeks later, and before the case had come to court, Phyllis met a young assistant film director who promised to make her a star. They went to Italy on Tutin's furniture, and got a house within a hundred yards of the assistant director's favourite studio on the mink coat. (metaphor)

Tutin did not go back to Clare; he felt that confidence between them had been destroyed. There was no longer sufficient basis for a complete and satisfactory understanding. Without which marriage would be a farce; a patched – up thing. It was Clare who came to him and apologized. (emphatic construction) In the end she succeeded in persuading him at

least to let her look after him while he was getting over the great tragedy of his life. (irony)

He was, in fact, a broken man. He felt ridiculous and avoided his friends. He neglected to take exercise and ate too much. He went quite grey and in an incredibly short time developed the sagging figure of middle age. But under Clare's care his sleep and digestion greatly improved.

All this was seven years ago. The other day a visitor, a new acquaintance, who had stayed a week-end at the Tutin's, congratulated him on his happy family life, his charming wife, his delightful children. And in his B. and B. letter he declared that he would never forget the experience.

The young fellow, who wanted to join Tutin's firm, was obviously anxious to be well with him. Tutin was amused by his compliments. But suddenly it struck him that there was some truth in them.

After all, most of his happiness was in his home, and it was a very considerable happiness. How and when it had begun to reestablish itself he could not tell. He had not noticed its arrival. He had not noticed it at all. (parallel constructions) It was not romantic – it had nothing exciting about it. It was not in the least like that matrimonial dream of young lovers, an everlasting honeymoon agreeably variegated by large and brilliant cocktail parties for envious friends; (oxymoron) it was the exact opposite – a way of life in which everything was known and accepted, simple and ordinary (simple reiteration), where affection was a matter of course and romantic flourishes not only unnecessary but superfluous, even troublesome.

And it seems to Tutin that he has made a great success of life in its most important department, at home. How wise he had been to make all those subtle adjustments in his relation with Clare, necessary to render possible their continued life together.

As for Phyllis, he has seen her once in a film, an extra in a crowd scene. It is a night-club and she is a hostess – he is entranced – he feels his heart beat double time – he thinks, «I might be her husband now, and living just such a life as those roisterers». He shudders all down his spine

and an immense gratitude rises in his soul. He thanks his lucky stars for a notable escape. (metaphor)

Mrs. Beer is seventy-eight and has shrunk down to a little old woman with a face no bigger than a child's. The angry red of her cheeks is now the shiny russet (epithet) of a country child's, and its look of the defeated but still truculent pug has turned gradually to a look of patient surprise. The high arched eyebrows in the wrinkled forehead, the compressed lips seem to ask: «Why are the young people so blind and silly – why does the world get madder and madder?» (apostrophe, rhetoric questions)

She rarely comes south, but when she does she gives no trouble. The Tutins cosset her and keep her warm; she plays a great deal of patience. (metaphor) Once only, after her good-night kiss from the children, and possibly exhilarated by getting out two games running, she murmurs something to Frank about how things had come right again as soon as he had given up the idea of a divorce. Frank is startled – he has forgotten the old woman's excitement seven years before. But, looking at her as she lays out a new game, he detects in her expression, (metaphor) even in the way she slaps down the cards, a certain self-satisfaction. It seems that she cherishes one victory. (simile, metaphor)

For a moment Frank is astonished and irritated. Had the poor old thing really persuaded herself that her ideas had had anything to do with what no doubt she would call the salvation of his marriage? (inversion, irony) Did she really suppose that people hadn't changed in the last half-century, or realize that what might have been sense for her contemporaries in the 1890's, before psychology was even invented, was now a little out of date? Had she the faintest notion of the complex problems that he and Clare had had to face and solve, individual problems quite different from anyone else's, in which her antique rules of thumb had no more value than a screw-wrench to a watchmaker? (inversion, metaphor, irony)

The old woman is still slapping down her cards and for moment Frank is inclined to tell her how little he agrees with her on the subject of divorce. But he thinks at once, «Poor old thing, let her enjoy her little illusions». (irony)

Assignments for stylistic analysis

Text 2.

Herbert Ernest Bates

THE BEAUTY OF THE DEAD

Mrs. Beer puts a red on black jack, gets out an ace, looks up and catches Frank's eye. (metaphor) She gives a smile and a nod. (metaphor) quite openly triumphant. (epithet)

Frank smiles as at a child who dwells in a world of phantasms. (metaphor)

- I. Give a summary of the story
- II. Get ready to interpret the story along the following lines:
 1. What kind of story is it (absorbing, captivating, involving, gripping, keeping in suspense, fascinating, exciting, dull, boring, trivial, banal, moralistic, stupid, whimsical etc.)? What genre does the story belong to?
 2. What type of fiction is it (narration, description, dialogue, interior monologue)?
 3. What is the story about? Frame the **theme**. Is the theme explicit or implicit? Is the theme of the story psychological, social, moral or philosophical nature? What central idea is the author trying to bring into focus? What does the title indicate about the theme of the story? Explain the essence of the title.
 4. In whose person is the story told: in the 1st person or 3rd person or omniscient narrator? Has the narrator access to the thoughts and feelings of all the characters or just one? Does the narrator comment on thoughts and actions of the characters or does he only report them? Why? Is the narration factual, dry or emotional? Does the narrator sympathize with any of the characters or remain aloof and detached? Can we trust the narrator's judgment? Is he telling the story at the time of the action or is he looking back at a past event?
 5. What is the setting? Where and when is the scene laid? Is the particular setting essential or could the story have happened anywhere at any time? How does the setting help to understand the characters and the theme?
 6. In what vein does the narrator tell the story? What is the general tone of the story (formal, neutral, ironical, satirical, farcical etc)? In what way is the atmosphere of growing suspense created?

7. What is the plot of the story (exposition, complication, climax and dénouement)? Are the elements of the plot ordered chronologically? Are the events credible or melodramatic? Is the action fast or slow? On what note does the story end? Is the end clear-cut or does it leave room for suggestion?

8. What characters are described? What are the characters' names – does this have any significance? How are the characters introduced into the story? Give a full sketch character of Grimshaw and his wife (Her). Are the characters flat or round? Are the characters credible? What are the means of characterization? How do you account for the lack of description of Grimshaw's appearance? Are the secondary personages of vital importance too?

9. What is the main conflict of the story? Was it solved?

10. What are the symbols of the story?

11. What is your personal response to the story?

III. Get ready for a stylistic analysis.

Interpretation and Stylistic Analysis

This story is a unit of literary fiction. The text of the story is not homogeneous: the author's narration is interrupted by the dialogues of the characters; inner thoughts of some characters are imperceptibly interwoven with the narration. The author describes the conditions of life truthfully, realistically. The narration in the story is done in the third person. The story consists of the exposition, setting, complication, climax, and dénouement. In analyzing this story we must point out its three main features: 1) The effect of striking concreteness and simplicity 2) the impression of a melancholy meditating tone; 3) the implication suggested by the author as the ultimate stylistic effect. These three peculiarities are linked and interwoven to produce a joint impression the expressive means and stylistic devices of the story are aimed at achieving the desired effect. The story «The Beauty of the dead» by Herbert Ernest Bates is casual in its subject-matter, describing a particular place at a particular time. The story consists of exposition, complication, climax, and dénouement. The narrator describes the bedroom, where Grimshaw's wife lay in a large and beautiful mahogany four-poster without hangings, its canopy looking over her like a dark attendant angel with covered strolls for hands. His wife was a small week-eyed woman with high blood-pressure that showed in her sharp colour of her face and the root like veins of her hands.

In the exposition the author introduces the characters and the circumstances to the readers. His wife lay dying on the bed, Grimshaw asked her if she felt any different. If she was warm and if she felt like anything to eat. She asked him to hot that cold rice pudding. Grimshaw scratching his thin, grey hair began going towards the door, feeling his way between tables and chairs and a carved commode that were crowded together between the four-poster and the wall.

The complication starts when Grimshaw went out of bedroom along the dark landing. He worked at the eleven until it was impossible to see any longer.

It starts when Grimshaw comes back to the house. It was very dark on the stars and almost dark in the bedroom. He went into the room quietly greeting her with a whisper if he was all right, but she did not answer.

The climax occurs when Grimshaw comes to the workshop to make coffee. There was the grave too.

The denouement starts when the next morning at about eight o'clock he looked up and saw that the show had ceased and it lay thick and frozen.

The end of the story the emotions that he had kept back during the night gradually flooded over him. With tears in his eyes he stood like that for a long time, talking in the beauty of the snow-light and the beauty of the dead.

The setting of the story can:

1) provide a realistic background- if can help describe the characters indirectly.

- They had lived in the house now for forty years and gradually the furniture had accumulated round them like a silent family of children.

- ... and unopened cupboards like rows of everlasting flowers.

- The tops of the tables, the chair-seats, the face of the bureau... to the end of the passage.

- outside it was already snowing, in sharp wind -scurried bursts, with particular office, that bounced like grains of rice on the black dry pavements.

2) if can evoke the necessary atmosphere.

- Snow was falling faster and more softly now, setting everywhere in a crust of inch or so.

The protagonist of the story is Mr. Grimshaw. This is a complex character, reticent, gloomy. His surname is rather significant. The adjective «grim» means harsh, merciless, severe: ghastly, joyless, sinister; unpleasant, unattractive-express here the impression to be made by him on a reader. We can see his mercilessness from the following phrase: «He turned with satisfaction to look at his wife, who lay dying on the bed».

From his with the minor character it occurs that though his relative consider him another, he is so a man that his name gives out an impression. The most important action of the protagonist is his inner thought his choice in using sudden circumstances, his impulse to go

through all the events happened. The minor character is his wife. We do not know and the author does not let us know her name and it is significant because her name is of no account as her character is weak-willed, dull and infirm. That's why he doesn't care about her inner world doesn't interpret her as a person.

The flashbacks occurs. - Grimshaw remembers his life with Her

The conflict is internal.

The author uses indirect method of characterization of the characters because he shows the character in action and lets the reader judge for himself. The author uses a lot of stylistic devices in order to emphasize the narration of the story.

Stylistic analysis

The main idea of the story is:

1. Different ways of life.
2. Unemotional people.
3. Loneliness.

THE BEAUTY OF THE DEAD

Grimshaw finished stopping up the cracks of the bedroom window with the putty-knife and the scraps of dirty rug. Outside it was already snowing, in sharp wind-scurried bursts, with particles of ice that bounces like grains of rice (simile, metaphor) on the black dry pavements. But it seemed warmer in the bedroom now, so Grimshaw thought, the east wind deadened (metaphor) by the rag in the cracks, and at last he turned with satisfaction to look at his wife, who lay dying on the bed.

«Feel any different?» he asked (inversion)

«No. No different» (ellipsis)

«Warmer now, ain't it?» (ellipsis)

«Yes, bit warmer», she said.

«Doctor said I gotta got a fire», Grimshaw said, but you don't want a fire, do you? Have one if you want one, he added quickly. (epiphora)

«No, I'm warm enough».

«Never had a fire in this room», Grimshaw said. (inversion) «Don't see why we should start now do you». (ellipsis)

«No», she said. (ellipsis)

Grimshaw's wife lay on a large and beautiful mahogany four-poster (epithet) without hangings, its canopy looming over her like a dark attendant angel (simile) with carved scrolls for hands. As Grimshaw looked at her a small week-eyed woman, with high blood-pressure that showed in the sharp colour of her face and her rootlike veins of her hands, his eyes dwelt on the bed too. To Grimshaw's way of thinking the mahogany itself, deep as burgundy, gave out enough fire to keep the room warm. It was a very beautiful piece: one of the finest pieces he had. Yes, it was very beautiful. Over the small figure in the bed was laid a brown horse – blanket with a yellow scorch-hole in it, and over that a tessellated white quilt that had been darned along edges. Lower down the bed Grimshaw had laid and old Inverary cloak, and there was a bucket for slops under the bed.

«Feel like anything t'eat?» Grimshaw said. (inversion) «It's goin' uphill for twelve». (ellipsis)

«I don't fancy much», she said.

«I got that cold rice pudding», Grimshaw said. «I could hot that up».

«All right. Hot that up for mé». (inversion)

«I could go out and git a bit o' pig's fry. On'y it's snowing. I could go out though».

«No», she said, «hot me the rice pudding».

Scratching his thin grey hair, Grimshaw began to go towards the door, feeling his way between several Hepplewhite chairs and a William and Mary occasional table (allusion) and a carved commode that were crowded together between the four-poster and the wall. At the door he stopped and peered back at her over string-tied glasses.

«How shall I hot it?» he said.

«Just stand it over the kettle», she said. «It'll hot itself like that».

«Ah. All right», he said «A bit of warm pudding 'll do you good».

Grimshaw went out of the bedroom and a long dark landing and downstairs between the rows of pictures and the many pieces of china (metonymy) suspended by wires from the frieze rail. He went through the living-room, fireless too and crowded like the bedroom and the passages

and the passages of many pieces of furniture, and, so through to the kitchen. The kitchen was dirty, with the day's unwashed crockery in the sink, and in the range a small acrid fire of leather bits that Grimshaw caged twice a week from the shoemaker round the corner. In the middle of the floor stood a Pembroke-table, not a good specimen, that Grimshaw once got for two shillings and had repaired in the workshop up the yard. On the table were spread sheets of newspaper, (inversion) for a tablecloth (parenthesis), and on the newspaper stood a dirty cup and plate and a broken eggshell (inversion, polysyndeton), the remains of Grimshaw's breakfast. (parenthesis) A brown teapot was stewing on the hob, the kettle simmering (metonymy) on the trivet beside it.

Grimshaw cleared the table of the dirty crocks. He put the crocks in the sink and the eggshell in the fire and then, in the pantry cupboard, (parenthesis) found the remains of the rice pudding, a chunk of solid brown – skinned substance in an enamel dish scorched at the rim. He put this on the kettle after taking off the kettle – lid, swinging the trivet across the fire.

While waiting for the rice pudding to warm Grimshaw fell into a kind of trance. The door from the kitchen to the living-room stood open, and from where he sat Grimshaw could see the little room crowded with furniture. His eyes, grey – yellow, rheumily protuberant and almost lidless, were the focal points of his scraggy face. He was wearing several dirty waistcoats, and now that the weather had turned bitter again, he had wrapped a dirty scarf round his chest, taking the ends into his armpits. In this trance-like attitude, his scarf giving him the appearance of a man who is waiting to go out somewhere, he sat for some time and gazed at the furniture. The tops of the table, the chair – seats, the face of bureau (asyndeton) seemed, like the bed upstairs, (simile) to give out an indefinable air of warmth. They seemed very beautiful. The sight of them, touched Grimshaw's senses, colouring his acute and jealous sense of possession with a remotely poetic feeling. From his eyes, still protuberant but softer now, it was possible to see that the shape and tone of antique wood affected him like words and music. He seemed to be listening to its

beauty in the semi — dark silence of the house (oxymoron) round which the snow was now beating (metaphor) in thicker waves.

After some moments he remembered the rice pudding. He found the enamel dish warm to his touch. He took it off the kettle and poured a little hot water into the pudding, stirring and mashing up with a spoon. Then he poured water into the teapot, stirring the stale stewed leaves with his finger. Finally he poured out a cup of tea, giving it a look of the milk and a half spoonful of sugar. The cup of tea, with half the pudding on a plate, he took upstairs.

His wife was lying just as he had left her. On this side of the house the snow was beating in thick white flakes at the windows. It was setting untouched on the roofs and the street trees, and the reflection of it in the mahogany was like a soft solution of silver. (oxymoron, simile)

Grimshaw, moving to set the pudding and the tea on a table, a Georgian pedestal, (allusion) thought better of it, and set it on the floor. His wife began to struggle feebly up in bed, her lips pale and exhausted, and Grimshaw helped her into an upright position, giving her the tea and the pudding a moment later:

«You manage?» he said. (inversion)

«Yes», she said, (ellipsis) «I can manage. You do down and have yours store it gets cold».

«Doctor'll be here soon, without the snow holds him up»— Grimshaw said. He felt his way among the chairs and table again, and went downstairs. In the kitchen he sat and ate his dinner off the newspaper, eating the same as his wife, the now lukewarm stewed ree. What was good enough for her, he thought, was good enough for him. (parallel constructions) Yes, they shared and shared alike. They always had shared and shared alike. They always would. (repetition)

He bolted the food quickly, staring outside at the now rapidly falling snow. The food did not mean anything to him. He had forgotten what good food was like. She never had been able to cook and now it didn't matter. You didn't eat so much, when you got old anyway, didn't need so much. (framing) They had lived in the house now for forty years, after marrying fairly late, and gradually the furniture had accumulated them like a silent

family of children. (oxymoron) All their money had gone into it, had been made out of it. (metaphor) At first Grimshaw was a carpenter repairing bits of furniture in the evenings for other people. Then gradually the furniture had bitten into him, (metaphor) and got hold of him like drink, (simile) until it had become a sort of single-minded passion. Now he went about the house touching and the mahogany and walnut and oak and fruit-wood (polysyndeton) with trembling fingers; he stared at it for long periods with jealous, protuberant, poetic (polysyndeton) eyes. He was mad when a piece got chipped or scratched.

The jealousy and madness had got into her too (metaphor) — her upstairs, (parenthesis) who was never anything to him but simply Her, (metonymy) She was passionately mad on the china and glass. (metonymy) In the front room and the hall and in some of the never-used bedrooms there were cupboards and cabinets of china (metonymy) to which no one had ever had the key. And now no one would ever have the key, because no one except the doctor came into the house. (simple reiteration) Grimshaw and Her were alone in the house. They wanted to be alone. They were quite happy to be like that, all alone, (parenthesis) living on bread and tea and rice pudding, (polysyndeton) with the silent family of furniture (oxymoron) about them and the countless pieces of china (metonymy) blooming in the dark and unopened cupboards (litotes) like rows of everlasting flowers.

As he sat there finishing the pudding and the tea, Grimshaw heard the heavy front door open and swing to, and then quick feet mounting the stairs.

He knew that it was the doctor. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and went upstairs too, following the diminishing chips of snow (metaphor) on the newspapers that covered the turkey-red carpet on the stairs.

In the bedroom the doctor was sitting on the edge of the bed with a stethoscope in his ears. He took off the stethoscope and turned to look at he came in.

«You ought to have a fire in here. I distinctly said you yesterday».

«She says she's warm enough».

«Never mind what she says. It's ten degrees colder today and it looks like being colder», the doctor said. «You must get a fire in here this afternoon».

Grimshaw did not speak.

«There's another thing. It's more than time your wife had proper nursing».

«She doesn't like strange people about».

«Never mind that. What about relatives?»

«She ain't got none. Only a sister. And she never comes near».

«Wouldn't she come if she knew about this?»

«She might». (understatement)

«Then get her to come. If she can't come you must tell me. I'll get a trained nurse instead. Of course, I can't force you but» – (aposiopesis)

The doctor got up from the bed and packed away the stethoscope into his bag.

The woman on the bed did not stir and Grimshaw, looking at her for a sigh of acquaintance or denial, did not speak.

As he went out of the door the doctor made a sign to Grimshaw, and Grimshaw followed him downstairs.

«Now listen», the doctor said. «The fire and the nurse both very essential. If you don't give your consent to a nurse I am afraid I can't be responsible for what happens. Do you understand?»

«Yes». (ellipsis)

«How is she sleeping?»

«Says she sleeps all right, doctor». (ellipsis)

«Well, keen on with the medicine, I'll give another injection».

When the doctor had gone Grimshaw went upstairs again. He'd slowly, aggrieved and resentful of the idea of a stranger intruding in the house; a young woman, with fresh, bright hands scratching like pins in the virgin skin (simile) the furniture, a woman breaking it with new and regular routine on the old sanctified system of the house. He did not want that. And what about her? (rhetoric question)

If he knew anything about her she didn't want it either.

Still he was troubled., and was greatly relieved, on going into the bedroom, to hear her voice from the bed, gentle, and small and scared (polysyndeton) entreating him:

«You ain't goin' to get Emma in, are you»

«She wouldn't come here», Grimshaw said, «You know that».

«You ain't goin' to get a nurse or nobody in? I am all right, I don't was nobody. (litotes)

«I'll do just as you like», he said. «You want somebody. I'll get 'hem in. You don't want nobody (litotes) You needn't have nobody».

«I don't want nobody».

He was relieved, almost glad. He stood by the bed, over her. She was so small and frail and tired-looking, (polysyndeton) in spite of her high color and the large veins on her hands, that he experienced a moment of tender anxiety (epithet) for her, a spasmodic flutter of gentleness (oxymoron) that had nothing to do with the starved cold remains of the rice pudding, the rags with which he had stopped up the window, (metaphor) the miserliness that in her eyes and after so many years did not seem like miserliness (simile) at all. The emotion fluttered his heart and he made a vague gesture or two of restlessness across the unshaven face (litotes) with his yellow, dirt-clotted hands. (epithet) «You have somebody in if you want somebody», he said. (epiphora)

«No. I don't want nobody here», she said desperately. «I don't want nobody traipsing all over the place». (parallel constructions)

«All right», he said. He picked up the dirty rice-pudding plate and the dirty cup. «You goin' to git some sleep now?» (inversion)

«I'll try», she said. «Where are you going to be?»

«I'm going to be up in the workshop». He shuffled his way among the crowded snow-gleaming (epithet) period pieces (metaphor) towards the door. «Shall you be all right?»

«I shall be all right», she said.

Grimshaw went downstairs again, put the dirty crocks into the sink and then went out across the asphalt yard behind the house and into the workshop at the end of it. Snow was falling faster and more softly now, setting everywhere in a crust of an inch or so, so that he made no noise as

he walked. The big door of the workshop soundlessly pushed back an arc of snow (metaphor) as he opened it, and when he shut it again behind him the whole world seemed to dissolve into a great calmness.

Falling softly into the dead air (metaphor) and catching itself now and then on the dead twigs (metaphor) of the plum tree growing on the wall of the workshop, by the window, (parenthesis) the snow seemed to be the only living thing in the world. (metaphor)

On a set of three trestles, in the middle of the workshop, (parenthesis) lay several planks of elm covered with sacking. Grimshaw took off the sacking and stood looking at the new, smooth wood. Presently he ran one flat crude hand along the surface of the uppermost plank. The wood had a beautiful living response, which smoother things, like glass and steel (simile), could never give. Under the slight pulsation of pleasure that the wood gave him he put his other hand on the plank and ran that too backwards and forwards. The wood was smooth, but he knew that he could get it smoother than that yet. He had spent all yesterday afternoon planning it. Now he could spend all afternoon rubbing it down. In time he would get it as smooth as ebony. It had been several years since Grimshaw had made a coffin. In his day as a carpenter there were always a hurry for a coffin, but now he did not want to hurry. Even though he knows she was dying, he wanted to make this coffin with care, with his own hands: he wanted to make it lovingly. (parallel constructions) He wanted to put a little decent scroll-work on it and silver handles, and make it as smooth as ebony. He had had the handles for a long time, put away in the box on the top shelf at the end of the shop. They didn't eat anything. (litotes) The elm was the best he could get. It would be a beautiful coffin and there was another thing: because he was making it himself it would come out cheaper.

There was the grave too. He thought about it at intervals as he worked on at the job of rubbing down the elm throughout the afternoon, with the snow falling more quickly than ever outside and the snow - light falling more and more brightly on the wood shavings, the tools and the elm, the snow at last standing like flowers of coral on the black branches of the plum-tree. In the silence he could think of the grave without interruption, and gradually it took shape in his mind as a beautiful thing.

He had long since decided that the grave was going to be something more than a hole in the ground. Every inch of it was going to be lined with painted tiles. There were three or four hundred of these tiles packed away in a chest upstairs: flowers, birds, bits of scenery. (polysyndeton) He had watched her collect them over a period of years. He had watched her gradually collect her own grave together, and now no one in the world was going to be buried more beautifully. (parallel constructions).

He worked at the elm until, even with the snow - light (parenthesis), it was impossible (litotes) to see any longer. He packed up at last and went back into the house, not realizing until he crossed the yard in the three or four of snow how bitterly cold (oxymoron) it still was. When he realized it he went back into the workshop and scraped up a handful of shavings and wood-chips and took them into the kitchen. The fire was dead (metaphor), and he put a match to the shavings and the wood, piling a handful of leather-bits on top. He swung the kettle over the trivet, and then went upstairs again.

It was very dark on the stairs and almost dark in the bedroom. He went into the room very quietly, greeting her with a whisper. «You all right? You bin to sleep?» (inversion) which she did not answer.

He stood by the bed and looked down at her. She lay exactly as he had left her, but he knew that there was something different about her. At last he put down his hand and touched her face. Her eyes were cold and closed and he realized that she had gone to sleep and had died without waking up again.

For some moments he stood looking at her, perfectly motionless. Then his thought went back (metaphor) to the workshop. Then gradually he came to himself and began to move with the gentle deliberation of a man who has for a long time had something deeply planned in his mind. He pulled back the horse - blanket and the quilt and began to lay out her body.

It was quite dark when he had finished, and downstairs in the kitchen he lit the tin lamp that stood on the mantelpiece. The kettle was boiling (metonymy) and he poured some water on to the stale tea-leaves for the third time that day, adding half a spoonful of fresh leaf in the pot. He

poured out a cup of tea and spread himself a slice of bread and shop-lard, salting the lard, eating it standing up.

When he had finished the tea he took the lamp and walked across the yard into the workshop. It was still snowing and again an enormous calmness (epithet, hyperbola) closed in behind him as he shut the door, the calmness of snow and darkness and the thought of death. (polysyndeton, oxymoron)

He turned up the lamp and set it on the bench and began to work straight away at the coffin. From that moment, and on through the night he did not know whether it snowed or not. He did not know anything except that the conception of the coffin took shape under his hands. (parallel constructions) He kept his emotions (metaphor) as a policeman keeps back (simile) the crowd from the scene of a disaster.

It was about eight o'clock next morning when he really looked up and saw that the snow had ceased, that it lay thick and frozen like years of coral-flower (simile) on the bowed branches of the plum tree. When he blew out the lamp, the strong snow-light came in (metaphor) at the windows, turning the almost completed coffin quite white. He worked on for just over another hour, not hungry, (parenthesis) still not feeling any emotions, fixing the silver handles at last; and then soon after nine o'clock he slid the coffin on to his shoulders and took it into the house.

When he moved across the yard in the foot-deep snow he heard the sound of shovels scraping on pavements as people moved the snow up and down the street. The sound whipped up in him a realization of the outside world. It died almost (metaphor) immediately as he went into the house. He had stopped thinking what the outside world felt or did or thought. (polysyndeton) He was alone in the house, with her, the coffin and the tiles with their flowers and the birds, but he did not feel alone (antithesis). They had lived alone together for a long time. The furniture and the glass had taken the place (metaphor) gradually (parenthesis) of people and fields, friends and outside things. No one could understand how they felt, how he himself felt (parallel constructions), about the beauty of the things for which they have starved and cheated themselves. There are different ideas of how to live, and he did not expect anybody to understand. That

was why she had not wanted a strange person in the house. That was why he wanted to be alone now. (parallel constructions)

And so he went upstairs, very slowly, bending himself almost horizontal so as to take the coffin, he felt the presence of the things about him acutely, more real than anything of the outside world had ever been. He felt the beauty of the polished wood as he steadied himself between the tables and chairs with a sudden outstretched hand.

In the bedroom the blinds were still undrawn and the room was filled with the strong light of the snow. It melted in the shining surfaces of walnut and mahogany and hung on the ceiling like a cotton sheet. (simile) It struck brightly in his eyes after the gloom of the stars, filling him with momentary tiredness. But he did not stop. He laid the coffin on the bed and after a time succeeded in laying her in it.

When it was all finished, he stood away from the bed, with his back to the snow, and looked at her as she lay in the new bright coffin. As he stood there the emotions, he had during the night gradually flooded over him. (metaphor) The light of the snow was very white on her face and he stood looking at her with his ugly stained hands loose at his sides and his ugly tired face sunk on his shoulders.

With tears in his eyes he stood like that for a long time, taking in the beauty of the snow-light that was growing stronger every moment, and the beauty of the dead.

Text 3.

Katherine Mansfield

A Cup of Tea

Rosemary Fell was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces... But why be so cruel as to take anyone to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and... artists - quaint creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy. No, not Peter - Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop, she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street. If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: «I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape». The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. «Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones». And she was followed to the car by a thin shop-girl staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes...

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of course. All the same, there was something...

«You see, madam», he would explain in his low respectful tones, «I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so

rare...» And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale finger-tips.

Today it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a minute creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms round his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub floating above their heads. Rosemary took her hands out of her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it; it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet. The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leant over the counter, and his pale, bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently: «If I may venture to point out to madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice».

«Charming!» Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her. «Twenty-eight guineas, madam».

«Twenty-eight guineas». Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again. Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one is' rich... She looked vague. She stared at a plump tea-kettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: «Well, keep it for me - will you? I'll...»

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her forever.

The discreet door shut with a click. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon. Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people

hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff against her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course, the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy - where had she come from? - was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: «Madam, may I speak to you a moment?»

«Speak to me?» Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, someone quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat-collar with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

«M-madam, stammered the voice. Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?»

«A cup of tea?» There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar.

«Then have you no money at all?» asked Rosemary.

«None, madam,» came the answer.

«How extraordinary!» Rosemary peered through the dusk and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky, this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did do one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: «I simply took her home with me», as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: «Come home to tea with me».

The girl drew back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched her arm. «I mean it», she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. «Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea».

"You - you don't mean it, madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice.

«But I do», cried Rosemary. «I want you to. To please me. Come along».

The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary.

«You're - you're not taking me to the police station?» she stammered.

«The police station!» Rosemary laughed out.

«Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear - anything you care to tell me».

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

«There!» said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, «Now I've got you», as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course, she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that - wonderful things did happen in life, that - fairy godmothers were real, that - rich people had hearts, and that women were sisters. She turned impulsively, saying: «Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect...».

But happily, at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the rich little girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

«Come, come upstairs», said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. «Come up to my room». And, besides, she wanted to spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs, she would not even ring to Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great things were to be natural!

And «There! » cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that.

«Come and sit down», she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold».

«I daren't, madam», said the girl, and she edged backwards.

«Oh, please», - Rosemary ran forward - «you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really. Sit down, when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cozy. Why are you afraid?» And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle.

But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leant over her, saying:

«Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?»

There was a whisper that sounded like "Very good, madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

«And let me help you off with your coat, too», said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping, they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat too. She was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: «I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, madam, if I don't have something».

«Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!» Rosemary rushed to the bell.

«Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!»

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out:

«No, I don't want no brandy. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, madam.» And she burst into tears.

It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary knelt beside her chair.

«Don't cry, poor little thing», she said. «Don't cry». And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, bird-like shoulders.

Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and gasped out: «I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more».

«You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall arrange something. I promise. Do stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!»

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty, she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvelous. When the tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature with tangled hair, dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

«And when did you have your last meal?» she asked softly.

But at that moment the door-handle turned.

«Rosemary, may I come in?» It was Philip.

«Of course».

He came in. «Oh, I'm so sorry», he said, and stopped and stared.

«It's quite all right», said Rosemary, smiling. «This is my friend, Miss _»

«Smith, madam,» said the languid figure, who was strangely still and unafraid.

«Smith», said Rosemary. «We are going to have a little talk».

«Oh yes», said Philip. «Quite», and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. «It's a beastly afternoon», he said curiously, still looking at that listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again.

«Yes, isn't it?» said Rosemary enthusiastically. «Vile».

Philip smiled his charming smile. «As a matter of fact», said he, «I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?»

The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her: «Of course she will». And they went out of the room together.

«I say», said Philip, when they were alone. «Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?»

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: «I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me».

«But what on earth are you going to do with her?» cried Philip.

«Be nice to her», said Rosemary quickly. «Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her - treat her - make her feel -»

«My darling girl,» said Philip, «you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done».

«I knew you'd say that», retorted Rosemary. Why not? I want to. Isn't that a reason? And besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided -»

«But», said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, «she's so astonishingly pretty».

«Pretty?» Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. «Do you think so? I - I hadn't thought about it».

«Good Lord!» Philip struck a match. «She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over when I came into your room just now. However... I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm

crude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up The Milliner's Gazette».

«You absurd creature!» said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her check-book towards her. But no, checks would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

«I only wanted to tell you», said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze, «Miss Smith won't dine with us to-night».

Philip put down the paper. «Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?»

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. «She insisted on going», said she, «so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?» she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

«Do you like me?» said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

«I like you awfully», he said, and he held her tighter. «Kiss me».

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily: «I saw a fascinating little box to-day. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?»

Philip jumped her on his knee. «You may, little wasteful one», said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

«Philip,» she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, «am I pretty?»

Interpretation and Stylistic Analysis

A CUP OF TEA

The story under the title «A cup of tea» is written by **Katherine Mansfield**.

The story is told in the 3^d person narrative. So here is the author who tells the story, as the narrator.

The narration is rather emotional, because there are many beautiful descriptions of nature and characters. The language of the story is very expressive; the author has an original manner of presentation of events.

The elements of the story ordered chronologically. The story consists of four parts exposition, complication, climax and denouement.

The story starts with exposition. The exposition begins with the moment when the author introduces some facts of Rosemary's biography. Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy. The boy's name was Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop, she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street. If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: «I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape». The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. «Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones». And she was followed to the car by a thin shop-girl staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes.... One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of

course. All the same, there was something... When she was outside the shop, she gazed the winter afternoon. The author is extremely clever at depicting nature. He describes autumn saying that rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new lighted lamps looked sad.

Then the complication of the story follows. Rosemary met a young girl, a little battered creature with enormous eyes. She was quite young, not older than Rosemary herself. That little girl shivered as though she had just come out of the water. She asked Rosemary to have the price of a cup of tea. For Rosemary that was so extraordinary, it seemed to her like an adventure, like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky. The girl was so frightened and asked Rosemary not to take her to the police station. Rosemary promised and invited the girl for a cup of tea at her home, saying that they were both women. When they came home the girl seemed to stagger like a child. Seeing it Rosemary ordered to bring tea and brandy immediately. The girl burst into tears. For Rosemary that moment was terrible and fascinating. She gave her a handkerchief and put her arm round those thin birdlike shoulders. Rosemary wanted to begin the conversation with the girl, but suddenly her husband entered the room. Rosemary introduced the little girl as her friend, but then explained Phillip what that girl was. He was so surprised hearing it, and guessed what she was going to do with that girl. Rosemary got angry hearing of prettiness of that girl, she became very jealous. Her husband asked if the girl would stay and dine with them. Rosemary disliked this idea and she became very jealous.

The denouement starts with the moment when Rosemary entered the library telling Phillip that the girl insisted on going and she gave her a present of money. He was not surprised with that answer but guessed that Rosemary wanted something more. That was the expensive box to buy. Of course, he allowed Rosemary to buy that box, saying that he loved her awfully. But that was not that question Rosemary wanted to put her husband. She was eager to ask whether she was pretty or not. While reading we were taken up by the story.

The problem raised in the story is the problem of rich and poor people. It is an internal conflict. It is very difficult for rich people to understand poor ones. For them the fact of asking money for something is like an adventure, but for poor people it is the way of life. They understand problems raised before people, know the cost of living. And poor people help other people more often than rich people. But there one clever proverb — от тюрьмы и от сумы не зарекайся. Therefore, at one moment rich man can become poor or vice versa.

The characters described in the story are round, for example, the character of Rosemary Fell, she is the minor character. The author describes the Rosemary's appearance very vividly, using many epithets that arouse the reader's admiration.

The author uses many stylistic devices for emphasizing events and characters:

Simile:

- She shivered as though she had just come out of the water.
- No older than herself.
- She seemed to stagger like a child.
- Her heart beat like a heavy bell.

Hyperbola:

Poor little creature.

Enumeration:

- The tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature, with tangled hair, dark lips, deep lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair.
- Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over!
- She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand; she went back to her bedroom.

Epithet:

- Extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed.
- Enormous eyes.

Metaphor:

- A real pick-up.

Repetition:

- Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely!

Oxymoron:

- A ghastly mistake.

Part III. Independent Stylistic Analysis Assignments for stylistic analysis

Text 1.

Susan Hill

A BIT OF SINGING AND DANCING

1. Give a summary of the story
2. Get ready to interpret the story along the following lines:
3. What kind of story is it (absorbing, captivating, involving, gripping, keeping in suspense, fascinating, exciting, dull, boring, trivial, banal, moralistic, stupid, whimsical etc.)? What genre does the story belong to?
4. What type of fiction is it (narration, description, dialogue, interior monologue)?
5. What is the story about? Is the theme of the story psychological, social, moral or philosophical nature? What central idea is the author trying to bring into focus? What does the title indicate about the theme of the story? Explain the metaphorical essence of the title.
6. In whose person is the story told: in the 1st person or 3rd person or omniscient narrator? Has the narrator access to the thoughts and feelings of all the characters or just one? Is the narration told through Esme's speech or thoughts? Is the narration factual, dry or emotional? Does the narrator sympathize with any of the characters or remain aloof and detached? Can we trust the narrator's judgment?
7. What is the setting? What is the topic sentence of the first paragraph? Is the particular setting essential or could the story have happened anywhere at any time? How does the setting help to understand the characters and the theme?
8. In what vein does the narrator tell the story? What is the general tone of the story (formal, neutral, ironical, satirical, farical, etc.)? In what way is the atmosphere of growing suspense created?
9. What is the plot of the story (exposition, complication, climax and dénouement)? Are the elements of the plot ordered chronologically? What are its peculiarities? Are the events credible or melodramatic? Is the action fast or slow? Does the end follow logically from the rest of the story or is

it a surprise? On what note does the story end? Is the end clear-cut or does it leave room for suggestion?

10. What characters are described? What are the characters' names – does this have any significance? Are the characters flat or round? Are the characters credible? What are the means of characterization? Describe the protagonist's state of restraint? Is Esme strained and full of hidden apprehension and suppressed emotions? Describe Esme's mother, give the examples how despotic she was and how she is alive in Esme's mind. Give a full sketch character of Mr. Curry. Why did Esme make up her mind to take a risk and encourage her friendship with Mr. Curry?
11. What is the main conflict of the story? Was it solved?
12. What are the symbols of the story? Note that many of them are correlated with Esme's new life and her sense of freedom.
13. What is your personal response to the story?
14. Get ready for a stylistic analysis.

TEXT 1.

A Bit of Singing and Dancing by Susan Hill

There was no one else on the beach so late in the afternoon. She walked very close to the water, where there was a rim of hard, flat sand, easier on her feet than the loose shelves of shingle, which folded one on top of the other, up to the storm wall. She thought, I can stay out here just as long as I like. I can do anything I choose, anything at all, for now I am answerable only to myself.

But it was an unpromising afternoon, already half dark, an afternoon for early tea and banked-up fires and entertainment on television. And a small thrill went through her as she realized that that, too, was entirely up to her, she could watch whichever programme she chose, or not watch any at all. There had not been an evening for the past eleven years when the television had stayed off and there was silence to hear the ticking of the clock and the central heating pipes.

'It is her only pleasure,' she used to say, 'She sees things she would otherwise be quite unable to see; the television has given her a new lease of life. You're never too old to learn.' But in truth her mother had watched variety shows, Morecambe and Wise and the Black and White Minstrels", whereas she herself would have chosen BBC 2 and something cultural or educational.

«I like a bit of singing and dancing, it cheers you up, Esme, it takes you out of yourself. I like a bit of spectacular».

But tonight, there might be a play or a film about Arabia or the Archipelagoes, or a master class for cellists, tonight she would please herself for the first time. Because it was two weeks now, since her mother's death, a decent interval.

It was February. It was a cold evening. As far as she could see, the beach and the sea and the sky were all grey, merging into one another in the distance. On the day of her mother's funeral it had been blowing a gale, with sleet, she had looked round at all their lifeless, pinched faces under the black hats and thought, this is right, this is fitting, that we should all of us seem bowed and old and disconsolate. Her mother had a right to a proper grief, a proper mourning.

She had wanted to leave the beach and walk back, her hands were stiff with cold inside the pockets of her navy-blue coat -navy, she thought, was the correct first step away from black. She wanted to go back and toast scones and eat them with too much butter, of which her mother would have strongly disapproved. «We never had it, we were never allowed to indulge ourselves in rich foods, and besides, they've been discovering more about heart disease in relation to butter, haven't you read that in the newspapers, Esme? I'm surprised you don't pay attention to these things. I pay attention. I don't believe in butter at every meal -butter on this, butter with that».

Every morning her mother had read two newspapers from cover to cover - the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mirror*, and marked out with a green ball point pen news items in which she thought that her daughter ought to take an interest. She said, «I like to see both sides of every question». And so, whichever side her daughter or some visitor took, on some issue of the day, she was informed enough by both her newspapers to take the opposing view. An argument, she had said, sharpened the mind.

«I do not intend to become a cabbage, Esme, just because I am forced to be bedridden».

She had reached the breakwater. A few gulls circled, bleating, in the gunmetal sky, and the waterline was strewn with fishheads, the flesh all picked away. She thought, I am free, I may go on or go back, or else stand here for an hour, I am mistress of myself. It was a long time since she had been out for so long, she could not quite get used to it, this absence of the need to look at her watch, to scurry home. But after a while, because it was really very damp and there was so little to see, she did turn, and then the thought of tomorrow, and the outing she had promised herself to buy new clothes. It would take some months for her mother's will to be proven, the solicitor had explained to her, things were generally delayed; but there was no doubt that they would be settled to her advantage and really, Mrs. Fanshaw had been very careful, very prudent, and so she would not be in want. Meanwhile, perhaps an advance for immediate expenses? Perhaps a hundred pounds?

When the will was read, her first reaction had been one of admiration, she had said, «The cunning old woman» under her breath, and then put her hand up to her mouth, afraid of being overheard. «The cunning old woman». For Mildred Fanshaw had saved up £6,000, scattered about in bank and savings accounts. Yet they had always apparently depended upon Esme's salary and the old age pension, they had had to be careful, she said, about electricity and extra cream and joints of beef. «Extravagance», Mrs. Fanshaw said, «it is a cardinal sin. That is where all other evils stem from, Esme. Extravagance. We should all live within our means».

And now here was £6,000. For a moment or two it had gone to her head, she had been quite giddy with plans, she would buy a car and learn to drive, buy a washing machine and a television set, she would have a holiday abroad and get properly fitting underwear and eat out in a restaurant now and again, she would...

But she was over fifty, she should be putting money on one side herself now, saving for her own old age, and besides, even the idea of spending made her feel guilty, as though her mother could hear, now, what was going on inside her head, just as, in life, she had known her thoughts from the expression on her face.

She had reached the steps leading up from the heath. It was almost dark.

She shivered, then, in a moment of fear and bewilderment at her new freedom, for there was nothing she had to do, she could please herself about everything, anything, and this she could not get used to. Perhaps she ought not to stay here, perhaps she could try and sell the house, which was really far too big for her, perhaps she ought to get a job and a small flat in London. London was the city of opportunity...

She felt flushed and a little drunk then, she felt that all things were possible, the future was in her power, and she wanted to shout and sing and dance, standing alone in the February twilight, looking at the deserted beach. All the houses along the seafront promenade had blank, black windows, for this was a summer place, in February it was only half alive.

She said, «And that is what I have been. But I am fifty-one years old and look at the chances before me».

Far out on the shingle bank the green warning light flashed on-on-off, on-on-off. It had been flashing the night of her mother's stroke, she had gone to the window and watched it and felt comforted at three a.m. in the aftermath of death. Now, the shock of that death came to her again like a hand slapped across her face, she thought, my mother is not here, my mother is in a box in the earth, and she began to shiver violently, her mind crawling with images of corruption, she started to walk very quickly along the promenade and up the hill towards home.

When she opened the front door she listened, and everything was quite silent, quite still. There had always been the voice from upstairs, «Esme?» and each time she had wanted to say, «Who else would it be?» and bitten back the words, only said, «Hello, it's me». Now, again, she called, «It's me. Hello», and her voice echoed softly up the dark stair well, when she heard it, it was a shock, for what kind of woman was it who talked to herself and was afraid of an empty house? What kind of woman?

She went quickly into the sitting-room and drew the curtains and then poured herself a small glass of sherry, the kind her mother had preferred. It was shock, of course, they had told her, all of them, her brother-in-law and her Uncle Cecil and cousin George Golightly, when they had come back for tea and ham sandwiches after the funeral.

«You will feel the real shock later. Shock is always delayed». Because she had been so calm and self-possessed, she had made all the arrangements so neatly, they were very surprised.

«If you ever feel the need of company, Esme — and you will — of course you must come to us. Just a telephone call, that's all we need, just a little warning in advance. You are sure to feel strange».

Strange. Yes. She sat by the electric fire. Well, the truth was she had got herself thoroughly chilled, walking on the beach like that, so late in the afternoon. It had been her own fault.

After a while, the silence of the house oppressed her, so that when she had taken a second glass of sherry and made herself a poached egg on toast, she turned on the television and watched a variety show, because it was something cheerful, and she needed taking out of herself. There would be time enough for the educational programmes when she was used to this

new life. But a thought went through her head, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, it was as though she were reading from a tape.

«She is upstairs. She is still in her room. If you go upstairs you will see her. Your mother». The words danced across the television screen, intermingling with the limbs of dancers, issuing like spume out of the mouths of comedians and crooners, they took on the rhythm of the drums and the double basses.

«Upstairs. In her room. Upstairs. In her room.

Your mother. Your mother. Your mother.

Upstairs...».

She jabbed at the push button on top of the set and the pictures shrank and died, there was silence, and then she heard her own heart beating and the breath coming out of her in little gasps. She scolded herself for being morbid, neurotic. Very well then, she said, go upstairs and see for yourself.

Very deliberately and calmly she went out of the room and climbed the stairs, and went into her mother's bedroom. The light from the street lamp immediately outside the window shone a pale triangle of light down onto the white runner on the dressing table, the white lining of the curtains and the smooth white cover of the bed. Everything had gone. Her mother might never have been here. Esme had been very anxious not to hoard reminders and so, the very day after the funeral, she had cleared out and packed up clothes, linen, medicine, papers, spectacles, she had ruthlessly emptied the room of her mother.

Now, standing in the doorway, smelling lavender polish and dust, she felt ashamed, as though she wanted to be rid of all memory, as though she had wanted her mother to die. She said, but that is what I did want, to be rid of the person who bound me to her for fifty years. She spoke aloud into the bedroom, «I wanted you dead». She felt her hands trembling and held them tightly together, she thought, I am a wicked woman. But the sherry she had drunk began to have some effect now, her heart was beating more quietly, and she was able to walk out into the room and draw the curtains, even though it was now unnecessary to scold herself for being so hysterical.

In the living room, she sat beside the fire reading a historical biography until eleven o'clock — when her mother was alive, she had always been in bed by ten — and the fears had quite left her, she felt entirely calm. She thought, it is only natural, you have had a shock, you are bound to be affected. That night she slept extremely well.

When she answered the front doorbell at eleven fifteen the following morning and found Mr. Amos Curry, hat in hand, upon the step, inquiring about a room, she remembered a remark her Uncle Cecil had made to her on the day of the funeral. «You will surely not want to be here all on your own, Esme, in this great house. You should take a lodger».

Mr. Amos Curry rubbed his left eyebrow with a nervous finger, a gesture of his because he was habitually shy. «A room to let», he said, and she noticed that he wore gold cuff links and very well-polished shoes. «To understand from the agency ... a room to let with breakfast».

«I know nothing of any agency. I think you have the wrong address».

He took out a small loose-leaf notebook. «Number 23, Park Close».

«Oh no, I'm so sorry, we are...», she corrected herself, «I am twenty-three Park Walk».

A flush of embarrassment began to seep up over his face and neck like an ink stain, he loosened his collar a little until she felt quite sorry for him, quite upset.

«An easy mistake, a perfectly understandable mistake. Mr... Please do not feel at all...»

«... Curry. Amos Curry».

«... embarrassed».

«I am looking for a quiet room with breakfast. It seemed so hopeful. Park Close. Such a comfortable address».

She thought, he is a very clean man, very neat and spruce, he has a gold incisor tooth and he wear gloves. Her mother had always approved of men who wore gloves. «So, few do, nowadays. Gloves and hats. It is easy to pick out a gentleman».

Mr. Curry also wore a hat.

«I do apologize, Madam, I feel so ... I would not have troubled ...».

«No ... no, please ...»

«I must look for Park Close, Number 23».

«It is just around the bend, to the left, a few hundred yards. A very secluded road».

«Like this. This road is secluded. I thought as I approached this house, how suitable, I should ... I feel one can tell, a house has a certain ... But I am so sorry».

He settled his hat upon his neat grey hair, and then raised it again politely, turning away.

She took in a quick breath. She said, «What exactly ... that is to say, if you are looking for a room with breakfast, I wonder if I...»

Mr. Amos Curry turned back.

He held a small pickled onion delicately on the end of his fork. «There is,» he said, «the question of my equipment».

Esme Fanshaw heard his voice as though it issued from the wireless — there was a distortion about it, a curious echo. She shook her head. He is not real, she thought... But he was here, Mr. Curry, in a navy-blue pin stripe suit and with a small neat darn just below his shirt collar. He was sitting at her kitchen table — for she had hesitated to ask him into the dining room, which in any case was rarely used, the kitchen had seemed a proper compromise. He was here. She had made a pot of coffee, and then, after an hour, a cold snack of beef and pickles, bread and butter, her hands were a little moist with excitement. She thought again how rash she had been, she said, he is a total stranger, someone from the street, a casual caller, I know nothing at all about him. But she recognized the voice of her mother, then, and rebelled against it. Besides, it was not true, for Mr. Curry had told her a great deal. She thought, this is how life should be, I should be daring. I should allow myself to be constantly surprised. Each day I should be ready for some new encounter. That is how to stay young. She was most anxious to stay young.

In his youth, Mr. Curry had been abroad a great deal, had lived, he said, in Ceylon, Singapore and India. «I always keep an open mind, Miss Fanshaw, I believe in the principle of tolerance, live and let live. Nation shall speak peace unto nation».

«Oh, I do agree».

«I have seen the world and its ways. I have no prejudices. The customs of others may be quite different from our own but human beings are human beings the world over. We learn from one another every day. By keeping an open mind, Miss Fanshaw».

«Oh yes».

«You have travelled?»

«I — I have visited Europe. Not too far afield, I'm afraid».

«I have journeyed on foot through most of the European countries, I have earned my passage at all times».

She did not like to ask how, but she was impressed, having only been abroad once herself, to France.

Mr. Curry had been an orphan, he said, life for him had begun in a children's home. «But it was a more than adequate start, Miss Fanshaw, we were all happy together. I do not think memory deceives me. We were one big family. Never let it be said that the Society* did not do its best by me. I see how lucky I am. Well, you have only to look about you, Miss Fanshaw — how many people do you see from broken families, unhappy homes? I know nothing of that: I count myself fortunate. I like to think I have made the best of my circumstances».

His education, he said, had been rather elementary, he had a good brain which had never been taxed to the full.

«Untapped resources», he said, pointing to his forehead.

They talked so easily, she thought she had never found conversation flowing along with any other stranger, any other man. Mr. Curry had exactly the right amount of formal politeness, mixed with informal ease, and she decided that he was destined to live here, he had style and he seemed so much at home.

He had an ordinary face, for which she was grateful, but there was something slightly unreal about it, as though she were seeing it on a cinema screen. All the same, it was very easy to picture him sitting in this kitchen, eating breakfast, before putting on his hat, which had a small feather in the band, each morning and going off to work.

«I do have some rather bulky equipment».

«What exactly...»

«I have two jobs, Miss Fanshaw, two strings to my bow, as it were. That surprises you? But I have always been anxious to fill up every hour of the day, I have boundless energy».

She noticed that he had some tufts of pepper coloured hair sprouting from his ears and nostrils and wondered if, when he visited the barber for a haircut, he also had these trimmed. She knew nothing about the habits of men.

«Of course, it is to some extent seasonal work».

«Seasonal?»

«Yes. For those odd wet and windy days which always come upon us at the English seaside, and of course during the winter, I travel in cleaning utensils».

He looked around him quickly, as though to see where she kept her polish and dusters and brooms, to make note of any requirements.

«Perhaps you would require some extra storage space? Other than the room itself».

Mr. Curry got up from the table and began to clear away dishes, she watched him in astonishment. The man on the doorstep with a note of the wrong address had become the luncheon visitor, the friend who helped with the washing up.

«There is quite a large loft».

«Inaccessible».

«Oh».

«And I do have to be a little careful. No strain on the back. Not that I am a sick man, Miss Fanshaw, I hasten to reassure you, you will not have an invalid on your hands. Oh no. I am extremely healthy for my age. It is because I lead such an active life».

She thought of him, knocking upon all the doors, walking back down so many front paths. Though this was not what he did in the summer.

«Sound in wind and limb, as you might say». She thought of racehorses, and tried to decide whether he had ever been married. She said,

«Or else, perhaps, the large cupboard under the stairs, where the gas meter...»

«Perfect».

He poured just the right amount of washing up liquid into the bowl; his sleeves were already unbuttoned and rolled up to the elbows, his jacket hung on the hook behind the back door. She saw the hairs lying like that on his sinewy arms, and a dozen questions sprang up into her mind, then, for although he seemed to have told her a great deal about himself, there were many gaps. He had visited the town previously, he told her, in the course of his work, and fell for it. «I never forgot it, Miss Fanshaw. I should be very happy here, I told myself. It is my kind of place. Do you see?»

«And so, you came back».

«Certainly. I know when I am meant to do something. I never ignore that feeling. I was intended to return here».

«It is rather a small town».

«But select».

«I was only wondering – we do have a very short season, really only July and August...»

«Yes?»

«Perhaps it would not be suitable for your – er – summer work?»

«Oh, I think it would, Miss Fanshaw, I think so, I size these things up rather carefully, you know, rather carefully».

She did not question him further, only said, 'Well, it is winter now.'

«Indeed. I shall, to coin a phrase, be plying my other trade. In a town like this, full of ladies such as yourself, in nice houses with comfortable circumstances, the possibilities are endless, endless».

«For – er – cleaning materials?»

«Quite so».

«I do see that».

«Now you take a pride, don't you? Anyone can see that for himself».

He waved a hand around the small kitchen, scattering little drops of foamy water, and she saw the room through his eyes, the clean windows, the shining taps, the immaculate sinks. Yes, she took a pride, that was true. Her mother had insisted upon it. Now, she heard herself saying, «My mother died only a fortnight ago», forgetting that she had told him already

and the shock of the fact overcame her again, she could not believe in the empty room, which she was planning to give to Mr. Curry, and her eyes filled up with tears of guilt. And what would her mother have said about a strange man washing up in their kitchen, about this new, daring friendship.

«You should have consulted me, Esme, you take far too much on trust. You never think. You should have consulted me».

Two days after her mother's funeral, Mrs. Bickerdike, from The Lilacs, had met her in the pharmacy, and mentioned, in lowered voice, that she 'did work for the bereaved', which, Esme gathered, meant that she conducted seances. She implied that contact might be established with the deceased Mrs. Fanshaw. Esme had been shocked, most of all by the thought of that contact, and a continuing relationship with her mother, though she had only said that she believed in letting the dead have their rest. «I think, if you will forgive me, and with respect, that we are not meant to inquire about them, or to follow them on».

Now, she heard her mother talking about Mr. Curry. «You should always take particular notice of the eyes, Esme, never trust anyone with eyes set too closely together».

She tried to see his eyes, but he was turned sideways to her.

«Or else too widely apart. That indicates idleness».

She was ashamed of what she had just said about her mother's recent death, for she did not at all wish to embarrass him, or to appear hysterical. Mr. Curry had finished washing up and was resting his reddened wet hands upon the rim of the sink. When he spoke, his voice was a little changed and rather solemn. «I do not believe in shutting away the dead, Miss Fanshaw, I believe in the sacredness of memory. I am only glad that you feel able to talk to me about the good lady».

She felt suddenly glad to have him here in the kitchen, for his presence took the edge off the emptiness and silence which lately had seemed to fill up every corner of the house.

She said, it was not always easy ... «My mother was a very ... forthright woman».

«Say no more. I understand only too well. The older generation believed in speaking their minds».

She thought, he is obviously a very sensitive man, he can read between the lines: and she wanted to laugh with relief, for there was no need to go into details about how dominating her mother had been and how taxing were the last years of her illness — he knew, he understood.

Mr. Curry dried his hands, smoothing the towel down one finger at a time, as though he were drawing on gloves. He rolled down his shirt-sleeves and fastened them and put on his jacket. His movements were neat and deliberate. He coughed. «Regarding the room — there is just the question of payment, Miss Fanshaw, I believe in having these matters out at once. There is nothing to be embarrassed about in speaking of money, I hope you agree».

«Oh no, certainly, I ...»

«Shall we say four pounds a week?»

Her head swam. She had no idea at all how much a lodger should pay, how much his breakfasts would cost, and she was anxious to be both business-like and fair. Well, he had suggested what seemed to him a most suitable sum, he was more experienced in these matters than herself.

«For the time being I am staying at a commercial guest house in Cedars Road. I have only linoleum covering the floor of my room, there is nothing cooked at breakfast. I am not accustomed to luxury, Miss Fanshaw, you will understand that from what I have told you of my life, but I think I am entitled to comfort at the end of the working day».

«Oh, you will be more than comfortable here, I shall see to that, I shall do my very best. I feel ...»

«Yes?»

She was suddenly nervous of how she appeared in his eyes.

«I do feel that the mistake you made in the address was somehow

...»

«Fortuitous».

«Yes, oh yes».

Mr. Curry gave a little bow.

«When would you wish to move in, Mr. Curry? There are one or two things»

«Tomorrow evening, say?»

«Tomorrow is Friday».

«Perhaps that is inconvenient».

«No ... no ... certainly ... our week could begin on a Friday, as it were».

«I shall greatly look forward to having you as a landlady, Miss Fanshaw».

Landlady. She wanted to say, «I hope I shall be a friend, Mr. Curry», but it sounded presumptuous.

When he had gone, she made herself a pot of tea, and sat quietly at the kitchen table, a little dazed. She thought, this is a new phase of my life. But she was still a little alarmed. She had acted out of character and against what she would normally have called her better judgement. Her mother would have warned her against inviting strangers into the house, just as, when she was a child, she had warned her about speaking to them in the street. 'You can never be sure, Esme, there are some very peculiar people about.' For she was a great reader of the crime reports in her newspapers, and of books about famous trials. The life of Doctor Crippen had particularly impressed her.

Esme shook her head. Now, all the plans she had made for selling the house and moving to London and going abroad were necessarily curtailed, and for the moment she felt depressed, as though the old life were going to continue, and she wondered, too, what neighbours and friends might say, and whether anyone had seen Mr. Curry standing on her doorstep, paper in hand, whether, when he went from house to house selling cleaning utensils, they would recognize him as Miss Fanshaw's lodger and disapprove. There was no doubt that her mother would have disapproved, and not only because he was a «stranger off the streets».

«He is a salesman, Esme, a doorstep pedlar, and you do not *know* what his employment in the summer months may turn out to be».

«He has impeccable manners, mother, quite old-fashioned ones, and a most genteel way of speaking». She remembered the gloves and the raised hat, the little bow, and also the way he had quietly and confidently done the washing up, as though he were already living here.

«How do you know where things will lead, Esme?»

«I am prepared to take a risk. I have taken too few risks in my life so

She saw her mother purse her lips and fold her hands together, refusing to argue further, only certain that she was in the right. Well, it was her own life now, and she was mistress of it, she would follow her instincts for once. And she went and got a sheet of paper, on which to write a list of things that were needed to make her mother's old bedroom quite comfortable for him. After that, she would buy cereal and bacon and kidneys for the week's breakfasts.

She was surprised at how little time it took for her to grow quite accustomed to having Mr. Curry in the house. It helped, of course, that he was a man of very regular habits and neat, too, when she had first gone into his room to clean it, she could have believed that no one was using it at all. The bed was neatly made, clothes hung out of sight in drawers - he had locked the wardrobe, she discovered, and taken away the key. Only two pairs of shoes side by side, below the washbasin, and a shaving brush and razor on the shelf above it, gave the lodger away.

Mr. Curry got up promptly at eight - she heard his alarm clock and then the pips of the radio news. At eight twenty he came down to the kitchen for his breakfast, smelling of shaving soap and shoe polish. Always, he said, «Ah, good morning, Miss Fanshaw, good morning to you», and then commented briefly upon the weather. It was «a bit nippy» or «a touch of sunshine», I see or «bleak». He ate a cooked breakfast, followed by toast and two cups of strong tea.

Esme took a pride in her breakfasts, in the neat way she laid the table and the freshness of the cloth, she warmed his plate under the grill and waited until the last minute before doing the toast so that it should still be crisp and hot. She thought, it is a very bad thing for a woman such as myself to live alone and become entirely selfish. I am the sort of person who needs to give service.

At ten minutes to nine, Mr. Curry got his suitcase from the downstairs cupboard, wished her good morning again, and left the house. After that she was free for the rest of the day, to live as she had always lived, or else to make changes - though much of her time was taken with

cleaning the house and especially Mr. Curry's room, and shopping for something unusual for Mr. Curry's breakfasts.

She had hoped to enroll for lampshade-making classes at the evening institute but it was too late for that year, they had told her she must apply again after the summer, so she borrowed a book upon the subject from the public library and bought frames and card and fringing, and taught herself. She went to one or two bring-and-buy sales and planned to hold a coffee morning and do a little voluntary work for old people. Her life was full. She enjoyed having Mr. Curry in the house. Easter came, and she began to wonder when he would change to his summer work, and what that work might be. He never spoke of it.

To begin with he had come in between five thirty and six every evening, and gone straight to his room. Sometimes he went out again for an hour, she presumed to buy a meal somewhere and perhaps drink a glass of beer, but more often he stayed in, and Esme did not see him again until the following morning. Once or twice she heard music coming from his room — presumably from the radio, and she thought how nice it was to hear that the house was alive, a home for someone else.

One Friday evening, Mr. Curry came down into the kitchen to give her the four pounds rent, just as she was serving up lamb casserole, and when she invited him to stay and share it with her, he accepted so quickly that she felt guilty, for perhaps, he went without an evening meal altogether. She decided to offer him the use of the kitchen, when a moment should arise which seemed suitable.

But a moment did not arise. Instead, Mr. Curry came down two or three evenings a week and shared her meal, she got used to shopping for two, and when he offered her an extra pound a week, she accepted, it was so nice to have company, though she felt a little daring, a little carefree. She heard her mother telling her that the meals cost more than a pound a week. «Well, I do not mind, they give me pleasure, it is worth it for that».

One evening, Mr. Curry asked her if she were good at figures, and when she told him that she had studied book-keeping, asked her help with the accounts for the kitchen utensil customers. After that, two or three times a month, she helped him regularly, they set up a temporary office on

the dining-room table, and she remembered how good she had been at this kind of work, she began to feel useful, to enjoy herself.

He said, «Well, it will not be for much longer, Miss Fanshaw, the summer is almost upon us, and in the summer, of course, I am self-employed».

But when she opened her mouth to question him more closely, he changed the subject. Nor did she like to inquire whether the firm who supplied him with the cleaning utensils to sell, objected to the dearth of summer orders.

Mr. Curry was an avid reader, «in the winter», he said, when he had the time. He read not novels or biographies or war memoirs, but his encyclopedia, of which he had a handsome set, bound in cream mock-leather and paid for by monthly instalments. In the evenings, he took to bringing a volume down to the sitting-room, at her invitation, and keeping her company, she grew used to the sight of him in the opposite armchair. From time to time he would read out to her some curious or entertaining piece of information. His mind soaked up everything, but particularly of a zoological, geographical or anthropological nature, he said that he never forgot a fact, and that you never knew when something might prove of use. And Esme Fanshaw listened, her hands deftly fringing a lampshade — it was a skill she had acquired easily — and continued her education.

«One is never too old to learn, Mr. Curry».

«How splendid that we are of like mind! How nice!»

She thought, yes, it is nice, as she was washing up the dishes the next morning, and she flushed a little with pleasure and a curious kind of excitement. She wished that she had some woman friend whom she could telephone and invite round for coffee, in order to say, «How nice it is to have a man about the house, really, I had no idea what a difference it could make». But she had no close friends, she and her mother had always kept themselves to themselves. She would have said, «I feel younger, and it is all thanks to Mr. Curry. I see now that I was only half-alive».

Then, it was summer. Mr. Curry was out until half past nine or ten o'clock at night, the suitcase full of brooms and brushes and polish was put away under the stairs and he had changed his clothing. He wore a cream

linen jacket and a straw hat with a black band, a rose or carnation in his buttonhole. He looked very dapper, very smart, and she had no idea at all what work he was doing. Each morning he left the house carrying a black case, quite large and square. She thought, I shall follow him. But she did not do so. Then, one evening in July, she decided to explore, to discover what she could from other people in the town, for someone must know Mr. Curry, he was a distinctive sight, now, in the fresh summer clothes. She had, at the back of her mind, some idea that he might be a beach photographer.

She herself put on a quite different outfit — a white pique dress she had bought fifteen years ago, but which still not only fitted, but suited her, and a straw boater, edged with ribbon, not unlike Mr. Curry's own hat. When she went smartly down the front path, she hardly dared to look about her, certain that she was observed and spoken about by the neighbours. For it was well known now that Miss Fanshaw had a lodger.

She almost never went on to the promenade in the summer. She had told Mr. Curry so. «I keep to the residential streets, to the shops near home, I do so dislike the summer crowds». And besides, her mother had impressed on her that the summer visitors were «quite common». But tonight, walking along in the warm evening air, smelling the sea, she felt ashamed of that opinion, she would not like anyone to think that she had been brought up a snob — live and let live, as Mr. Curry would tell her. And the people sitting in the deckchairs and walking in couples along the seafront looked perfectly nice, perfectly respectable, there were a number of older women and families with well-behaved children, this was a small, select resort, and charabancs were discouraged.

But Mr. Curry was not to be seen. There were no beach photographers. She walked quite slowly along the promenade, looking all about her. There was a pool, in which children could sail boats, beside the War Memorial, and a putting green alongside the gardens of the Raincliffe Hotel. Really, she thought, I should come out more often, really it is very pleasant here in the summer, I have been missing a good deal.

When she reached the putting green she paused, not wanting to go back, for her sitting-room was rather dark, and she had no real inclination

to make lampshades in the middle of July. She was going to sit down, next to an elderly couple on one of the green benches, she was going to enjoy the balm of the evening. Then, she heard music. After a moment, she recognized it. The tune had come quite often through the closed door of Mr. Curry's bedroom.

And there, on a corner opposite the hotel, and the putting green, she saw Mr. Curry. The black case contained a portable gramophone, the old-fashioned kind, with a horn, and this was set on the pavement. Beside it was Mr. Curry, straw hat tipped a little to one side, cane beneath his arm, and doing an elaborate little tap dance on the spot, his rather small feet moving swiftly and daintily in time with the music.

Esme Fanshaw put her hand to her face, feeling herself flush, and wishing to conceal herself from him: she turned her head away and looked out to sea, her ears full of the sentimental music. But Mr. Curry was paying attention only to the small crowd which had gathered about him. One or two passersby, on the opposite side of the road, crossed over to watch, as Mr. Curry danced, a fixed smile on his elderly face. At his feet was an upturned bowler hat, into which people dropped coins, and when the record ended, he bent down, turned it over neatly, and began to dance again. At the end of the second tune, he packed the gramophone up and moved on, farther down the promenade, to begin his performance all over again.

She sat on the green bench feeling a little faint and giddy, her heart pounding. She thought of her mother, and what she would have said, she thought of how foolish she had been made to look, for surely someone knew, surely half the town had seen Mr. Curry? The strains of his music drifted up the promenade on the evening air. It was almost dark now, the sea was creeping back up the shingle.

She thought of going home, of turning the contents of Mr. Curry's room out onto the pavement and locking the front door, she thought of calling the police, or her Uncle Cecil, of going to a neighbor. She had been humiliated, taken in, disgraced, and almost wept for the shame of it.

Assignments for Interpretation and Stylistic Analysis

I. Give a summary of the story.

II. Get ready to interpret the story along the following lines:

- What kind of story is it?
- What is the story about? Is the theme of the story of psychological, social, moral, philosophical nature?
- What is the setting? What is the topical sentence of the first paragraph? Does it contain any hidden implication? Follow the author's method of gradual unfolding of Esme's life story and interpret the facts you learn:

E.g.

- Esme is finally free of something.
- The past eleven years her mother dictated her tastes.
- Her mother died two weeks ago.
- Her mother was bedridden.
-

Why do you think the author fixed too much attention to them?

- Name the characters. Is Esme's mother a flat or round character? Give examples how despotic she was with Esme and how she is alive in her daughters mind, dictating things in a most authoritarian manner. Who is the protagonist? The antagonist?
- Why did Esme make up her mind and risk to encourage her friendship with Mr. Curry? Prove that it was not an easy decision. Did her heart or her head prevail in it? Analyze how Esme gradually become alive.
- What are the many contrasts between the dear Mrs. Fanshaw and Mr. Curry? Which of them really enjoyed "a bit of singing and dancing in life. The antagonist and the protagonist are characterized through musical tones they are fond of. How is Esme subconsciously:
 - killed her mother's TV variety shows.
 - revived by Mr. Curry's tune he whistles in the morning?
- Can you call Esme's mother hypocrite? Illustrate the contrasts Between Esme old and new life. Why was she "half-alive" before?
- What is the plot of the story? In what way is the atmosphere of growing suspense created?

And then, presently, she wondered what it was she had meant by «shame». Mr. Curry was not dishonest. He had not told her what he did in the summer months, he had not lied. Perhaps he had simply kept it from her because she might disapprove. It was his own business. And certainly, there was no doubt at all that in the winter months he sold cleaning utensils from door to door. He paid his rent. He was neat and tidy and a pleasant companion. What was there to fear?

All at once, then, she felt sorry for him, and at the same time, he became a romantic figure in her eyes, for he had danced well and his singing had not been without a certain style, perhaps he had a fascinating past as a music hall performer, and who was she, Esme Fanshaw, to despise him, what talent had she? Did she earn her living by giving entertainment to others?

«I told you so, Esme. What did I tell you?»

«Told me what, mother? What is it you have to say to me? Why do you not leave me alone?»

Her mother was silent.

Quietly then, she picked up her handbag and left the green bench and the promenade and walked up through the dark residential streets, past the gardens sweet with stocks and roses, past open windows, towards Park Walk, and when she reached her own house, she put away the straw hat, though she kept on the dress of white pique, because it was such a warm night. She went down into the kitchen and made coffee and set it, with a plate of sandwiches and a plate of biscuits, on a tray, and presently Mr. Curry came in, and she called out to him, she said, «Do come and have a little snack with me, I am quite sure you can do with it, I'm quite sure you are tired».

And she saw from his face that he knew that she knew. But nothing was said that evening, or until some weeks later, when Mr. Curry was sitting opposite her, on a cold, windy August night, reading from the volume COW to DIN. Esme Fanshaw said, looking at him, «My mother used to say, Mr. Curry», «I always like a bit of singing and dancing, some variety. It takes you out of yourself, singing and dancing». Mr. Curry gave a little bow.

- Analyze the composition of the story. What are its peculiarities?
- What are the symbols in the story? Note that many of them are correlated with Esme's new life and her sense of freedom.
- Explain the metaphorical essence of the title. Is it a musical metaphor? There are many examples of them in the story. What for does the author use them?
- III. Get ready for a stylistic analysis of the story.
- How do you account for the abundant use of unuttered represented speech? Whose voices can you hear through it? What effect does the constant repetition of «she thought...» bring?
- The author repeats some words many times, some of them forming chain repetition: e.g. proper, butter, extravagance, shock... Why do you think the author fixes too much attention to them?
- What effect does the repetition of the advice of Esme's mother produce?
- it cheers you up, Esme, it takes you out of yourself.
- ...it was something cheerful, and she needed taking out of herself.
- Which thought haunts Esme after her mother's death? How does this thought verbalize due to the SD of chain - repetition.
- Sum up your literary and stylistic observations and say what makes the author's style individual.

Text 2.

John Collier

BACK FOR CHRISTMAS

«Doctor», said Major Sinclair, «we certainly must have you with us for Christmas». Tea was being poured, and the Carpenters' living - room was filled with friends who had come to say last - minute farewell to the Doctor and his wife.

«He shall be back», said Mrs. Carpenter. «I promise you».

«It's hardly certain», said Dr. Carpenter. «I'd like nothing better, of course.»

«After all», said Mr. Hewitt, «You've contracted to lecture only for three months».

«Anything may happen», said Dr. Carpenter.

«Whenever happens», said Mrs. Carpenter, beaming at them, «he shall be back in England for Christmas. You may all believe me».

They all believed her. The Doctor himself almost believed her. For ten tears she had been promising him for dinner parties, garden parties, committees, heaven knows what, and the promises had always been kept.

The farewell began. There was the fluting of compliments on dear Hermione's marvelous arrangements. She and her husband would drive to Southampton that evening. They would embark the following day. No trains, no bustle, no last-minute worries. Certain the Doctor was marvelously looked after. He would be a great success in America. Especially with Hermione to see to everything. She would have a wonderful time, too. She would see the skyscrapers. Nothing like that in Little Godwearing. But she must be very sure to bring him back. «Yes, I will bring him back. You may rely upon it». «He mustn't be persuaded. Our expectations. No wonderful post at some super-American hospital. Our infirmity needs him. And he must be back by Christmas». «Yes», Mrs. Carpenter called to the last departing guest. «I shall see to it. He shall be back by Christmas».

The final arrangements for closing the house were very well managed. The maids soon had the tea things washed up; they came in, said goodbye, and were in time to catch the afternoon bus to Devizes.

Nothing remained but odds and ends, locking doors, seeing that everything was tidy. «Go upstairs, said Hermione, and change into your brown tweeds. Empty the pockets of that suit before you put it in your bag. I'll see to everything else. All you have to do is not to get in the way».

The Doctor went upstairs and took off the suit he was wearing, but instead of the brown tweeds, he put on an old, dirty bath gown, which he took from the back of his wardrobe. Then after making one or two little arrangements, he leaned over the head of the stairs and called to his wife, «Hermione! Have a moment to spare?»

«Of course, dear. I'm just finishes».

«Just come here for moment. There's something rather extraordinary up here».

Hermione immediately came up. «Good heavens, my dear man!», she saw her husband. «What are you lounging about in that filthy old thing for? I told you to have it burned long ago».

«Who in the world», said the Doctor, «has dropped a gold chain down the bathtub drain?»

«Nobody has, of course», said Hermione. «Nobody wears such a thing».

«Then what is it doing there?» said the Doctor. «Take this flashlight. If you lean right over, you can see it shining, deep down».

Some Woolworth's bangle of one of the maids, said Hermione. «It can be nothing else». However, she took the flashlight and leaned over, squinting into the drain. The Doctor raising a short length of lead pipe, struck two or three times with great force and precision, and tilting the body by the knees, tumbled it into the tub.

He then slipped off the bathrobe and, standing completely naked, unwrapped a towel full of implements and put them into the washbasin. He spread several sheets of newspaper on the floor and turned once more to his victim.

She was dead, of course, - horribly doubled up, like a somersaulter, at one end of the tub. He stood looking at her for a long time, thinking of

absolutely nothing at all. Then he saw how much blood there was and his mind began to move again.

First, he pushed and pulled until she lay straight in the bath, then he remembered her clothing, in a narrow bathtub this was an extremely clumsy business, but he managed it at last and then turned on the taps. The water rushed into the tub, then dwindled, then died away, and the last of it gurgled down the drain.

«Good God!» he said. «She turned it off at the main».

There was only thing to do: the Doctor hastily wiped his hands on a towel, opened the bathroom door with a clean corner of the towel, threw it back onto the bath stool, and ran downstairs, barefoot, light as a cat. The cellar door was in a corner of the entrance hall, under the stairs. He knew just where the cut-off was. He had reason to: he had been pottering about down there for some time past trying to scrape out a bin of wine, he had told Hermione. He pushed open the velar door, went down the steep stairs, and just before the closing door plunged the cellar into pitch darkness, he put his hand on the tap and turned it on. Then he felt his way back along the grimy wall till he came to the steps. He was about to ascent them when the bell rang.

The Doctor was scarcely aware of the ringing as a sound. It was like a spike of iron pushed slowly up through his stomach. It went on until it reached his brain. Then something broke. He threw himself down in the coal dust on the floor and said: «I'm through. I'm, though».

«They've got no right to come», he said. Then he heard himself panting. «None of this, he said to himself». «None of this».

He began to revive. He got to his feet, and when the bell rang again, the sound passed through him almost painlessly. «Let them go away», he said. Then he heard the front door open. He said «I don't care». His shoulder came up, like that of a boxer, to shield his face. «I give up», he said.

He heard people calling. «Herbert!» «Hermione!» It was the Wallingfords. «Damn them! They come butting in. People anxious to get off. All naked. And blood and coal and dust! I'm done! I'm through! I can't do it!».

«Herbert!»

«Hermione!»

«Where the dickens can they be?»

«The car's there».

«Maybe they've popped round to Mrs. Liddle's»

«We must see the...»

«Or to the shops, maybe. Something at the last minute».

«Not Hermione. I say, listen! Isn't that someone having a bath? Shall

I shout? What about whanging on the door?»

«Sh-h-h' Don't it might not be tactful».

«No harm in a shout».

«Look, dear. Let's come in on our way back. Hermione said they wouldn't be leaving before seven. They're dining on the way in Salisbury».

«Think so. All right. Only I want a last drink with old Herbert. He'd be hurt».

«Let's hurry. We can be back by half-past six».

The Doctor heard them walk out and the front door close quietly behind them. He thought, «Half-past six. I can do it».

He crossed the hall, sprang the latch of the front door, went upstairs, and taking his instruments from the washbasin, finished what he had to do. He came down again, clad in his gown, carrying parcel after parcel of toweling or newspaper neatly secured with safety pins. These he packed carefully into the narrow, deep hole he had made in the corner of the cellar, shoveled in the soil, spread coal dust over all, satisfied himself that everything was in order, and went upstairs again. He then thoroughly cleansed the bath, and himself, and the bath again, dressed, and took his wife's clothing and his bath gown to the incinerator.

One or two more little touches and everything was in order. It was only quarter past six. The Wallingfords were always late, he had only to get into the car and drove off. It was a pity he couldn't wait till after dusk, but he could make a detour to avoid passing through the main street, and even if he was seen driving alone, people would only think Hermione had gone on ahead for some reason and they would forget about it.

Still, he was glad when he had finally got away, entirely unobserved, on the open road, driving into the gathering dusk. He had to drive very carefully: he found himself unable to judge distances, his reactions were abnormally delayed, but that was a detail. When it was quite dark, he allowed himself to stop the car on the top of the downs, in order to think.

The stars were superb. He could see the light of one or two little towns far away on the plain below him. He was exultant. Everything that was to follow was perfectly simple. Marion was waiting in Chicago. She already believed him to be a widower. The lecture people could be put off with a word. He had nothing to do but establish himself in some thriving out-of-the-way town in America and he was safe for ever. There were Hermione's clothes' of course, in the suitcases; they could be disposed of through the pothole. Thanks heaven she wrote her letters on the typewriter – a little thing like handwriting might have prevented everything. «But there you are», he said. «She was up-to-date, efficient, all along the line Managed everything. Managed herself to death, damn her!»

«There's no reason to get excited», he thought. «I'll write a few letters for her, then fewer and fewer. Write myself – always expecting to get back, never quite able to. Keep the house one year, then another, then another; they'll get used to it. Might even come back alone in a year or two and clear it up properly. Nothing easier. But not for Christmas!» He started up the engine and was off.

In New York he felt free at last, really free. He was safe. He could look back with pleasure – at least after a meal, lightening his cigarette, he could look back with a sort of pleasure – to the minute he had passed in the cellar listening to the bell, and the voices. He could look forward to Marion.

As he strolled through the lobby of his hotel, the clerk, smiling, held up letters for him. It was the first batch from England. Well, what did that matter? It would be fun dashing off the typewritten sheets in Hermione's downright style, signing them with her squiggle, telling everyone what a success his first lecture had been, how thrilled he was with America but now certainly she'd bring him back for Christmas. Doubts could creep in later.

He glanced over the letters. Most were for Hermione. From the Sinclairs, the Wallingfords, the vicar and a business letter from Hold & Sons, Builders and Decorators.

He stood in the lounge, people brushing by him. He opened the letters with his thumbs, reading here and there, smiling. They all seemed very confident he would be back for Christmas. They relied on Hermione. «That's where they make a big mistake», said the Doctor, who had taken to American phrases. The builder's letter he kept to the last. Some bill, probably. It was.

Dear Madam.

We are in receipt of your kind acceptance of estimate as below and also a key.

We beg to repeat you may have same being ready in ample time for Christmas present as stated. We are setting men to work this week.

We are, Madam.

Yours faithfully

PAUL HOLT & SONS

To excavating, building up, suitably lining one sunken wine bin in cellar as indicated, using best materials, making good, etc.

.....L 18 / 0 / 0

Assignments for Interpretation and Stylistic Analysis

1. Give a summary of the story.

2. Get ready to interpret the story along the following lines:

- What kind of story is it?
- What is the theme of the story?
- Who is the narrator? Is the author's presence noncommittal or direct in his attitude towards his characters and their actions? What is the general tone of the story? (formal, neutral, ironical, farcical, satirical)
- Where is the scene set? The juxtaposition of "Little Godwearing" and New York leads to lots of others. What are they?
- Who are the main characters? Are their names significant? Does the author present a direct description of their appearance, main traits, actions, relationships? For this comment on the following:
 1. The Doctor was marvelously looked after.
 2. The final arrangements for closing the house were very well managed.
 3. All you have to do is not to get in the way.
 4. He stood looking at her for a very long time, thinking of absolutely nothing.
 5. She was up-to-date efficient, all along the line. Managed everything. Managed herself to death.

Give a one-sentence character sketch of Herbert and Hermione Carpenter.

- What is the plot of the story? Entitle each part.
- How can you characterize the ending (tricky, twisted, open, etc.)
- Is the presentation scenic or panoramic. At which point of the story is the reader given the delayed information?
- Analyze the composition of that story and determine its predominant components. What is so unusual about the opening dialogue? Do the Doctor and his wife speak to each other or to someone else?
- Why is the author prefer the use of the stylistic devices of outer represented speech?
- Speak on the title and the message of the story. Note that there six cases of distant repetition of this title.

IV. Get ready for a stylistic analysis of the story.

- Find the most prominent repetitions of the story

Note that these repetitions belong to Hermione and together with her imperative to characterize her directly, while the Doctor's evasive answers are misleading and contain hidden implication.

- Find the crucial point in the story since the author sticks to the «telegraphic» style. Give examples. Keep in mind that the characteristic features of it is: lack of epithets, metaphors or any words containing emotive coloring, domination of verbs of action. Which similes are used by the author in the description of the Doctor's haste spasm of fear, despair?

- Find the form of the letter received by the Doctor in New York and express you opinion on its role in the surprised ending of the story.

- Sum up all the literary and stylistic observations and say what makes the author's style individual.

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