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EASY READING

ХРЕСТОМАТІЯ



Міністерство освіти і науки, молоді та спорту України
Державний заклад
„Луганський національний університет
імені Тараса Шевченка”

М. А. Сперанська-Скарга

EASY READING

ХРЕСТОМАТІЯ

навчальний посібник з домашнього читання
для студентів 1 – 2 курсів факультету іноземних мов
спеціальностей „Філологія (англійська мова і література)”,
„Філологія (німецька та англійська мова і література)”,
„Філологія (французька та англійська мова і література)”

Луганськ
ДЗ „ЛНУ імені Тараса Шевченка”
2012

УДК 811. 111 (075. 8)
ББК 81. 2 Англ – 947. 3
С71

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Сперанська-Скарга М. А.

- С71 Easy Reading. Хрестоматія : навч. посіб. з дом. чит. для дисциплін „Практика усного та писемного мовлення”, „Практичний курс англійської мови” для студ. 1 – 2 курсів ф-ту інозем. мов спец. „Філологія (англійська мова і література)”, „Філологія (німецька та англійська мова і література)”, „Філологія (французька та англійська мова і література)” / М. А. Сперанська-Скарга ; ДЗ „Луган. нац. ун-т імені Тараса Шевченка”. – Луганськ : Вид-во ДЗ „ЛНУ імені Тараса Шевченка”, 2012. – 142 с.

Хрестоматія містить автентичні тексти англомовних письменників, які супроводжуються словником, контрольними вправами та завданнями для самостійного письмового виконання. Мета навчального посібника – допомогти студентам 1-2 курсів факультету іноземних мов організувати самостійну роботу під час підготовки домашнього читання для дисциплін „Практика усного та писемного мовлення”, „Практичний курс англійської мови”.

Видання призначено для студентів факультету іноземних мов.

УДК 811. 111 (075. 8)
ББК 81. 2 Англ – 947. 3

*Рекомендовано до друку навчально-методичною радою
Луганського національного університету імені Тараса Шевченка
(протокол № 5 від 05 грудня 2012 року)*

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ПЕРЕДМОВА

Вивчення іноземної мови як комплексний процес повинно бути спрямовано як на аудиторну, так і на позааудиторну види діяльності, які сприяють різнобічному розвитку мовних та мовленнєвих навичок студентів факультету іноземних мов. Покращення навичок самостійної роботи є одним з невід'ємних компонентів успішного оволодіння іноземною мовою.

Домашнє читання як форма самостійної роботи входить до робочих навчальних програм таких дисциплін, як „Практика усного та писемного мовлення” та „Практичний курс англійської мови”. Ця форма роботи передбачає вивчення текстів англомовних авторів, переклад відривків, складання словнику, аналіз тексту тощо.

Однією з головних задач викладача у процесі підготовки завдань для домашнього читання є відбір текстів. Так, головними критеріями у відборі текстів для домашнього читання повинні бути автентичність, лінгвокультурологічна насиченість та інтегрованість з літературознавчими курсами. Оволодіння іншомовною культурою, приєднання до літературної спадщини країн мови, яка вивчається, підвищення рівня гуманітарної освіти, розвиток навичок смислового згортання та розширення тексту – саме ці завдання поставлено перед сучасним посібником з домашнього читання.

У хрестоматії представлено автентичні тексти англомовних авторів – представників класичної літературної школи Великобританії та США. Текстам для читання передує коротка біографія письменників, що дає можливість уявити історичний контекст створення літературних робіт. Кожен текст супроводжується списком слів з дефініціями, завданнями для виконання.

Оцінювання виконання завдань з домашнього читання складається з наступних компонентів:

- 1) переказ тексту – від 0 до 5 балів;
- 2) виконання завдань після тексту – від 0 до 5 балів;
- 3) вивчення тематичних лексичних одиниць – від 0 до 5 балів;
- 4) складання есе за однією з визначених тем – від 1 до 10 балів;
- 5) лексико-стилістичний аналіз тексту – додатково до 10 балів;

* максимальна кількість балів – **25**;

* додаткові бали – до 10.

RAY BRADBURY (1920-2012)

*Ray Bradbury, American novelist, short story writer, essayist, playwright, screenwriter and poet, was born August 22, 1920 in Waukegan, Illinois. He graduated from a Los Angeles high school in 1938. Although his formal education ended there, he became a "student of life," selling newspapers on L. A. street corners from 1938 to 1942, spending his nights in the public library and his days at the typewriter. He became a full-time writer in 1943, and contributed numerous short stories to periodicals before publishing a collection of them, *Dark Carnival*, in 1947.*



Married since 1947, Mr. Bradbury and his wife Maggie lived in Los Angeles with their numerous cats. Together, they raised four daughters and had eight grandchildren. (Sadly, Maggie passed away in November of 2003).

*Best known for his dystopian novel *Fahrenheit 451* (1953) and for the science fiction stories gathered together as *The Martian Chronicles* (1950) and *The Illustrated Man* (1951), Bradbury is one of the most celebrated among 20th and 21st century American writers of speculative fiction. Many of Bradbury's works have been adapted into television shows or films.*

Bradbury's work has won innumerable honors and awards, including the O. Henry Memorial Award, the Benjamin Franklin Award (1954), the Aviation-Space Writer's Association Award for Best Space Article in an American Magazine (1967), the World Fantasy Award for Lifetime Achievement, and the Grand Master Award from the Science Fiction Writers of America. His work was also included in the Best American Short Stories collections for 1946, 1948 and 1952.

*Perhaps Bradbury's most unusual honor came from the Apollo astronaut who named Dandelion Crater after Bradbury's novel, *Dandelion Wine*.*

*Bradbury's lifetime love of cinema fuelled his involvement in many Hollywood productions, including *The Beast from 20,000**

Fathoms (a version of his story, "The Fog Horn"), Something Wicked This Way Comes (based on his novel,) and director John Huston's version of Moby Dick. His animated film about the history of flight, Icarus Montgolfier Wright, was nominated for an academy award.

A SOUND OF THUNDER

Summary

The year is 2055, the day after the presidential election, won by Keith, who defeated the Fascist Deutscher. Eckles expresses relief over the election results as he prepares for a time travel safari to kill a Tyrannosaurus Rex. Eckles' guides, Travis and Lesperance, warn Eckles not to leave the path. They explain how tiny changes, such as killing a mouse, could have drastic ramifications in the future.

As the T-Rex approaches, Eckles panics and leaves the path. Travis wants to kill him on the spot, but Lesperance and a whimpering Eckles convince him otherwise. When they return to the year 2055, Eckles is shocked to discover subtle changes in the air, in the room, and how words are spelled. He hears police whistles outside and learns that Deutscher has won the election. Eckles notices a dead butterfly on his boot and begs to go back in time so he can return it. Travis refuses to return and shoots Eckles in the back of the head.

A SOUND OF THUNDER

The sign on the wall seemed to quaver under a film of sliding warm water. Eckels felt his eyelids blink over his stare, and the sign burned in this momentary darkness:

TIME SAFARI, INC.
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST.
YOU NAME THE ANIMAL.
WE TAKE YOU THERE.
YOU SHOOT IT.

Warm phlegm gathered in Eckels' throat; he swallowed and pushed it down. The muscles around his mouth formed a smile as he

put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a check for ten thousand dollars to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except the dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he says no shooting, no shooting. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and humming of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now silver, now blue. There was a sound like a gigantic bonfire burning all of Time, all the years and all the parchment calendars, all the hours piled high and set aflame.

A touch of the hand and this burning would, on the instant, beautifully reverse itself. Eckels remembered the wording in the advertisements to the letter. Out of chars and ashes, out of dust and coals, like golden salamanders, the old years, the green years, might leap; roses sweeten the air, white hair turn Irish-black, wrinkles vanish; all, everything fly back to seed, flee death, rush down to their beginnings, suns rise in western skies and set in glorious east, moons eat themselves opposite to the custom, all and everything cupping one in another like Chinese boxes, rabbits into hats, all and everything returning to the fresh death, the seed death, the green death, to the time before the beginning. A touch of a hand might do it, the merest touch of a hand.

"Unbelievable." Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think, if the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Deutscher had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti everything man for you, a militarist, anti-Christ, anti-human, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Deutscher became President they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course it's not our business to conduct Escapes, but to form Safaris. Anyway, Keith's President now. All you got to worry about is-

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels finished it for him.

"A Tyrannosaurus Rex. The Tyrant Lizard, the most incredible monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six Safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. We're here to give you the severest thrill a real hunter ever asked for. Traveling you back sixty million years to bag the biggest game in all of Time. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up." Mr. Eckels looked at the check. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light.

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night. A week, a month, a year, a decade! A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine. Travis, the Safari Leader, his assistant, Lesperance, and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They sat looking at each other, and the years blazed around them.

"Can these guns get a dinosaur cold?" Eckels felt his mouth saying.

"If you hit them right," said Travis on the helmet radio. "Some dinosaurs have two brains, one in the head, another far down the spinal column. We stay away from those. That's stretching luck. Put your first two shots into the eyes, if you can, blind them, and go back into the brain."



The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two Safari Heads with their blue metal guns across their knees.

"Christ isn't born yet," said Travis, "Moses has not gone to the mountains to talk with God. The Pyramids are still in the earth, waiting to be cut out and put up. Remember that. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler-none of them exists." The man nodded.

"That" - Mr. Travis pointed - "is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into green wilderness, over streaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use. It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower, or tree. It's an anti-gravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat. Don't go off. For any reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't shoot any animal we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

They sat in the ancient wilderness. Far birds' cries blew on a wind, and the smell of tar and an old salt sea, moist grasses, and flowers the color of blood.

"We don't want to change the Future. We don't belong here in the Past. The government doesn't like us here. We have to pay big graft to keep our franchise. A Time Machine is finicky business. Not knowing it, we might kill an important animal, a small bird, a roach, a flower even, thus destroying an important link in a growing species."

"That's not clear," said Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right"

"And all the families of the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate first one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a billion possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of ten foxes a lion starves. For want of a lion, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Eventually it all boils down to this: fifty-nine million years later, a caveman, one of a dozen on the entire world, goes hunting wild boar or saber-toothed tiger for food. But you, friend, have stepped on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on one single mouse. So the caveman starves. And the caveman, please note, is not just any expendable man, no! He is an entire future nation. From his loins would have sprung ten sons. From their loins one hundred sons, and thus onward to a civilization. Destroy this one man, and you destroy a race, a people, an entire history of life. It is comparable to slaying some of Adam's grandchildren. The stomp of your foot, on one mouse, could start an earthquake, the effects of which could shake our earth and destinies down through Time, to their very foundations. With the death of that one caveman, a billion others yet unborn are throttled in the womb. Perhaps Rome never rises on its seven hills. Perhaps Europe is forever a dark forest, and only Asia waxes healthy and teeming. Step on a mouse and you crush the Pyramids. Step on a mouse and you leave your print, like a Grand Canyon, across Eternity. Queen Elizabeth might never be born, Washington might not cross the Delaware, there might never be a United States at all. So be careful. Stay on the Path. Never step off!"

"I see," said Eckels. "Then it wouldn't pay for us even to touch the grass?"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up infinitesimally. A little error here would multiply in sixty million years, all out of proportion. Of course maybe our theory is wrong. Maybe Time can't be changed by us. Or maybe it can be changed only in little subtle ways. A dead mouse here makes an insect imbalance there, a population disproportion later, a bad harvest further on, a depression, mass starvation, and finally, a change in social temperament in far-flung countries. Something much more subtle, like that. Perhaps only a soft breath, a whisper, a hair, pollen on the air, such a slight, slight change that unless you looked close you wouldn't see it. Who knows? Who really can say he knows? We don't know. We're guessing. But until we do know for certain whether our messing around in Time can

make a big roar or a little rustle in history, we're being careful. This Machine, this Path, your clothing and bodies, were sterilized, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our journey, we sent Lesperance here back with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them lives longest. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short. When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute, and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his side. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the Past so that we meet the Monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill only animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how careful we are?"

"But if you come back this morning in Time," said Eckels eagerly, you must've bumped into us, our Safari! How did it turn out? Was it successful? Did all of us get through-alive?"

Travis and Lesperance gave each other a look.

"That'd be a paradox," said the latter. "Time doesn't permit that sort of mess-a man meeting himself. When such occasions threaten, Time steps aside. Like an airplane hitting an air pocket. You felt the Machine jump just before we stopped? That was us passing ourselves on the way back to the Future. We saw nothing. There's no way of telling if this expedition was a success, if we got our monster, or whether all of us - meaning you, Mr. Eckels - got out alive."

Eckels smiled palely.

"Cut that," said Travis sharply. "Everyone on his feet!"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

The jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with cavernous gray wings, gigantic bats of delirium and night fever.

Eckels, balanced on the narrow Path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Stop that!" said Travis.
"Don't even aim for fun, blast you! If your guns should go off"

Eckels flushed. "Where's our Tyrannosaurus?"

Lesperance checked his wristwatch. "Up ahead, We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint! Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. Stay on the Path!"....



VOCABULARY:

1. to quaver – to be in a shaky or tremulous condition;
2. stare – an intent gaze,;
3. to obey – to carry out the command;
4. stiff – taut;
5. tangle – disorder;
6. humming – a continuous low droning sound;
7. to flicker – to produce inconstant or wavering light;
8. aflame – on fire;
9. leap – to jump;
10. mere – being no more than what is specified;
11. to conduct – to lead or guide;
12. incredible – astonishing;
13. to flush – to redden;
14. thrill – trembling, a source or cause of excitement;
15. to envelope – to surround;
16. to nod – to lower and raise the head quickly, as in agreement;
17. to indicate – to show the way to or point out, to serve as a sign;
18. wilderness – an unsettled, uncultivated region left in its natural condition;
19. swamp – a wetland, especially one that is forested and seasonally flooded;
20. fern – any of numerous flowerless plants having fronds;

21. blade – the flat-edged cutting part of a sharpened weapon or tool;
22. penalty – a punishment for a crime or offense;
23. tar – a dark, oily, viscous material, consisting mainly of hydrocarbons;
24. moist – slightly wet;
25. damn – used to express anger, contempt or disappointment;
26. finicky – difficult to please;
27. link – one of the connected series of units;
28. to annihilate – to destroy completely;
29. to snort – to make an abrupt noise expressive of scorn or anger;
30. to starve – to die or cause to die from prolonged lack of food;
31. insect – any of a class of small, usually winged invertebrate animals, such as flies;
32. vulture – any of various large, usually carrion-eating birds, characteristically having dark plumage and a featherless head and neck;
33. infinite – having no boundaries or limits;
34. boil down – to summarize;
35. entire – complete;
36. to spring up – to present unexpectedly, to appear;
37. onward – in a direction or toward a position that is ahead;
38. to slay – to kill violently;
39. to throttle – hard to breath;
40. teeming – overfilled;
41. to multiply – to increase in amount, number or degree;
42. harvest – gathering crops;
43. subtle – so slight as to be difficult to detect;
44. pollen – powderlike material produced by the anthers of seed plants;
45. slight – small in size, degree or amount;
46. rustle – soft fluttering or crackling sounds;
47. eagerly – having or showing keen interest or impatient expectancy;
48. permit – to allow, to afford the opportunity for sth.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. True / False?

1. The story takes place in the future.
T F
2. The Path the main heroes are moving along is the main symbol of the story.
T F
3. Mr. Travis gave an instruction not to stay off the Path.
T F
4. The main purpose of the Path was to keep the main heroes from getting lost.
T F
5. According to the text an accidental killing of the mouse could lead to the destruction of the entire civilization.
T F
6. The main thing Mr. Travis wanted to bring up to his companions was to be careful.
T F

II. Answer the questions

1. Where and when does the episode take place?
2. How did Travis explain to the hunters why they didn't have to go off the Path and touch the world of the past in any way?
3. Why did the participants of the travelling in time wear helmets and sterilized clothes?
4. What do you think the author's purpose of writing the story is?

III. For thinking

1. Think of the measures which must be taken in order to improve the ecological situation. Here are some of the ways to solve ecological problems. Add your own ones if you can and try to explain how helpful they are.

- 1) Green zones must be created.
- 2) Pollution control systems must be introduced.
- 3) Factories and plants must be removed from cities.

2. What is your opinion about the problems the Earth is facing nowadays?

IV. Fill in the appropriate word(s) from the list below. Use the words only once.

to be marked, entire, spinal, wristwatch, flushed, to give, dozen, to indicate, to introduce, to note

1. Eckels _____ angrily.
2. _____ a metal path.
3. On the _____ world.
4. _____ our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere.
5. _____ with red paint.
6. _____ the exact hour.
7. _____ each other a look.
8. He checked his _____.
9. _____ column.
10. _____ hunters.

Suggested Essay Topics

1. Explain your opinion of 'The Butterfly Effect'.
2. Bradbury gives a detailed description of the Tyrannosaurus Rex. Read the description and draw the dinosaur.
3. Write "A Sound of Thunder" summary, 100 – 200 words.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

(1866-1946)

Herbert George Wells is best remembered today as an author of several enduring science fiction classics, among them “The Time Machine”, “The War of the Worlds”, “The Invisible Man”, “The First Men in the Moon” and “The Island of Doctor Moreau”. He was also a vocal advocate of socialism and wrote a large volume of political philosophy and history in addition to his “science romances”.



Born in Bromley, Kent, on September 21, 1866, Wells was the third son of Joseph Wells, a shopkeeper, and Sarah Wells. The family's lower-middle-class status was not helped by the fact that Wells's father preferred playing cricket to working as a shopkeeper. When he was injured in Wells's childhood, Wells's mother became the primary breadwinner, working as a housekeeper. While the young Wells inherited his mother's capacity for hard work, he did not share her religious nature. Wells later commented that he found religion of little use during a period of painful convalescence after breaking his leg in 1874. What he did find useful, he said, was the opportunity to read voraciously at this time, particularly science books. Wells later identified his reading as a turning point in his life. Wells struggled to gain an education and finally succeeded in studying the natural sciences under the well-known proponent of evolution T. H. Huxley. Wells also became associated with the Science Schools Journal as a writer and editor.

In 1887 Wells and his cousin Isabel Mary Wells fell in love while he was living with her family as a student. They married in 1891, though the couple divorced by 1895 and Wells soon married another woman named Amy Catherine Robbins. Not content to write only for periodicals, Wells turned his attention to books, and a good indication of how prolific he was at this time can be seen in the fact that in 1895 he published four books, including The Time Machine. Largely on the basis of The Time Machine, which was popular during its 1895 serialization in William Ernest Henley's New Review and even more

popular when published in book form, Wells became an overnight celebrity and was compared to a host of other writers. As he notes in his autobiography, he was variously called the next Jonathan Swift, the next Jules Verne, the next Robert Louis Stevenson, the next Rudyard Kipling, the next J. M. Barrie, and so on. While his next novel, *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, was less well received than *The Time Machine*, Wells nonetheless was on his way up the literary ladder. The year 1898 was a difficult one for Wells, as several years of overwork resulted in a serious breakdown of his health, with the problem variously diagnosed as tuberculosis and kidney trouble. To recuperate, he and his wife spent much of the year in different seaside resorts on the Kentish coast. Here he met and befriended both Henry James and Joseph Conrad, who lived nearby. This year also saw the publication of Wells's novel *The War of the Worlds*, a story of the invasion of Earth by Martians.

In 1900 Wells clearly saw the need to branch out from science fiction. That year he published *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, his first successful realistic novel, which deals with the conflicts between academic ambition and sexual desires in a protagonist much like Wells during his undergraduate years and early teaching career. Wells continued to be a prolific writer, producing science fiction such as *The First Men in the Moon* (1901) and increasingly writing about politics and science's impact on society. Prior to World War I, such works as *A Modern Utopia* (1905) and *The New Machiavelli* (1911) established Wells as a leading proponent of socialism, world government, and free thought. During the period of widespread disillusionment that followed World War I, Wells revised his essentially optimistic vision of the future. For example, his volume of essays *The War That Will End War* (1914), published shortly after the outbreak of World War I, inadvertently gave the world, through its title, a cynical catchphrase for obstinate naiveté in the face of widespread corruption. But throughout the 1920s and 1930s Wells wrote social and political criticism and prognostications about the future, that were increasingly pessimistic. His last book, *Mind at the End of Its Tether* (1945), predicts the destruction of civilization and the degeneration of humanity. Wells died in 1946.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Summary

The War of the Worlds is one of the most important science fiction classics of all times. It tells us the story of Martians arriving on Earth with a plan to destroy human life and make the planet their own. The story is reported directly by a survivor of the Martian war – a writer, whose name we never learn. One summer night, at the end of the nineteenth century, a strange cylinder falls to Earth near the English town of Woking. Few people are interested at first, but then the end of the cylinder unscrews and a strange, grey creature – a Martian – emerges. Within minutes the Martians are attacking people with rays of heat, which destroy everything in their path. When the Martians start moving towards London and the news spreads, the population panics. Within days there are six million refugees fighting to escape from London. Thousands of people are killed every day and the Martians are only becoming stronger. Just when things seem most desperate, the writer discovers that the Martians are being killed by Earth's germs. Against the odds he is reunited with his wife and left to reflect upon the huge influence that the war has had upon humankind.

Chapter FOUR

THE CYLINDER OPENS

When I returned to the common the sun was setting. Scattered groups were hurrying from the direction of Woking, and one or two persons were returning. The crowd about the pit had increased, and stood out black against the lemon yellow of the sky a couple of hundred people, perhaps. There were raised voices, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on about the pit. Strange imaginings passed through my mind. As I drew nearer I heard Stent's voice:

“Keep back! Keep back!”

A boy came running towards me.

“It's a-movin'!” he said to me as he passed; “a-screwin' and a-screwin' out. I don't like it. I'm a-goin' 'ome, I am.”

I went on to the crowd. There were really, I should think, two or three hundred people elbowing and jostling one another, the one or two ladies there being by no means the least active.

“He’s fallen in the pit!” cried someone.

“Keep back!” said several.

The crowd swayed a little, and I elbowed my way through. Everyone seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit.

“I say!” said Ogilvy; “help keep these idiots back. We don’t know what’s in the confounded thing, you know!”

I saw a young man, a shop assistant in Woking I believe he was, standing on the cylinder and trying to scramble out of the hole again. The crowd had pushed him in.

The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched onto the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come out, for the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I stuck my elbow into the person behind me, and turned my head towards the Thing again. For a moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes.



I think everyone expected to see a man emerge possibly something a little unlike us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But, looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow: grayish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous disks like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me and then another.

A sudden chill came over me. There was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began

pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides. There was a general movement backwards. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring.

A big grayish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather.

Two large dark-colored eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The whole creature heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of its appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes were at once vital, intense, inhuman, crippled and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably nasty. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture.

I turned and, running madly, made for the first group of trees, perhaps a hundred yards away; but I ran slantingly and stumbling, for I could not avert my face from these things.

There, among some young pine trees and furze bushes, I stopped, panting, and waited further developments. The common round the sand pits was dotted with people, standing like myself in a half-fascinated terror, staring at these creatures, or rather at the heaped gravel at the edge of the pit in which they lay. And then, with a renewed horror, I saw a round, black object bobbing up and down on the edge of the pit. It was the head of the shopman who had fallen in, but showing as a little black object against the hot western sun. Now he got his shoulder and knee up, and again he seemed to slip back until only his head was visible. Suddenly he vanished, and I could have fancied a faint shriek had reached me. I had a momentary impulse to go back and help him that my fears overruled.

Everything was then quite invisible, hidden by the deep pit and the heap of sand that the fall of the cylinder had made. Anyone coming along the road from Chobham or Woking would have been amazed at the sight a dwindling multitude of perhaps a hundred people or more standing in a great irregular circle, in ditches, behind bushes, behind gates and hedges, saying little to one another and that in short, excited shouts, and staring, staring hard at a few heaps of sand. The barrow of ginger beer stood, a queer derelict, black against the burning sky, and in the sand pits was a row of deserted vehicles with their horses feeding out of nosebags or pawing the ground.

Chapter FIVE

THE HEAT-RAY

After the glimpse I had had of the Martians emerging from the cylinder in which they had come to the earth from their planet, a kind of fascination paralyzed my actions. I remained standing knee-deep in the heather, staring at the mound that hid them. I was a battleground of fear and curiosity.

I did not dare to go back towards the pit, but I felt a passionate longing to peer into it. I began walking, therefore, in a big curve, seeking some point of vantage and continually looking at the sand heaps that hid these new-comers to our earth. Once a leash of thin

black whips, like the arms of an octopus, flashed across the sunset and was immediately withdrawn, and afterwards a thin rod rose up, joint by joint, bearing at its apex a circular disk that spun with a wobbling motion. What could be going on there?

Most of the spectators had gathered in one or two groups one a little crowd towards Woking, the other a knot of people in the direction of Chobham. Evidently they shared my mental conflict. There were few near me. One man I approached he was, I perceived, a neighbor of mine, though I did not know his name and accosted. But it was scarcely a time for articulate conversation.

“What ugly brutes!” he said. “Good God! What ugly brutes!” He repeated this over and over again.

“Did you see a man in the pit?” I said; but he made no answer to that. We became silent, and stood watching for a time side by side, deriving, I fancy, a certain comfort in one another's company. Then I shifted my position to a little knoll that gave me the advantage of a yard or more of elevation and when I looked for him presently he was walking towards Woking.



The sunset faded to twilight before anything further happened. The crowd far away on the left, towards Woking, seemed to grow, and I heard now a faint murmur from it. The little knot of people towards Chobham dispersed. There was scarcely an intimation of movement from the pit.

It was this, as much as anything, that gave people courage, and I suppose the new arrivals from Woking also helped to restore confidence. At any rate, as the dusk came on a slow, intermittent movement upon the sand pits began, a movement that seemed to gather force as the stillness of the evening about the cylinder remained unbroken. Vertical black figures in twos and threes would advance, stop, watch, and advance again, spreading out as they did so in a thin irregular crescent that promised to enclose the pit in its attenuated horns. I, too, on my side began to move towards the pit.

Then I saw some cabmen and others had walked boldly into the sand pits, and heard the clatter of hoofs and the gride of wheels. I saw a lad trundling off the barrow of apples. And then, within thirty yards of the pit, advancing from the direction of Horsell, I noted a little black knot of men, the foremost of whom was waving a white flag.

This was the Deputation. There had been a hasty consultation, and since the Martians were evidently, in spite of their repulsive forms, intelligent creatures, it had been resolved to show them, by approaching them with signals, that we too were intelligent.

Flutter, flutter, went the flag, first to the right, then to the left. It was too far for me to recognise anyone there, but afterwards I learned that Ogilvy, Stent, and Henderson were with others in this attempt at communication. This little group had in its advance dragged inward, so to speak, the circumference of the now almost complete circle of people, and a number of dim black figures followed it at discreet distances.

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air.

This smoke (or flame, perhaps, would be the better word for it) was so bright that the deep blue sky overhead and the hazy stretches of brown



common towards Chertsey, set with black pine trees, seemed to darken abruptly as these puffs arose, and to remain the darker after their dispersal. At the same time a faint hissing sound became audible.

Beyond the pit stood the little wedge of people with the white flag at its apex, arrested by these phenomena, a little knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke arose, their faces flashed out pallid green, and faded again as it vanished. Then slowly the hissing passed into a humming, into a long, loud, droning noise. Slowly a humped shape rose out of the pit, and the ghost of a beam of light seemed to flicker out from it.

Forthwith flashes of actual flame, a bright glare leaping from one to another, sprang from the scattered group of men. It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them and flashed into white flame. It was as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire.

Then, by the light of their own destruction, I saw them staggering and falling, and their supporters turning to run.

I stood staring, not as yet realising that this was death leaping from man to man in that little distant crowd. All I felt was that it was something very strange. An almost noiseless and blinding flash of light, and a man fell headlong and lay still; and as the unseen shaft of heat passed over them, pine trees burst into fire, and every dry furze bush became with one dull thud a mass of flames. And far away towards Knaphill I saw the flashes of trees and hedges and wooden buildings suddenly set alight.

It was sweeping round swiftly and steadily, this flaming death, this invisible, inevitable sword of heat. I perceived it coming towards me by the flashing bushes it touched, and was too astounded and stupefied to stir. I heard the crackle of fire in the sand pits and the sudden squeal of a horse that was as suddenly stilled. Then it was as if an invisible yet intensely heated finger were drawn through the heather between me and the Martians, and all along a curving line beyond the sand pits the dark ground smoked and crackled. Something fell with a crash far away to the left where the road from Woking station opens out on the common. Forthwith the hissing and humming ceased, and the black, domelike object sank slowly out of sight into the pit.

All this had happened with such swiftness that I had stood motionless, dumbfounded and dazzled by the flashes of light. Had that death swept through a full circle, it must inevitably have slain me in my surprise. But it passed and spared me, and left the night about me suddenly dark and unfamiliar.

The undulating common seemed now dark almost to blackness, except where its roadways lay grey and pale under the deep blue sky of the early night. It was dark, and suddenly void of men. Overhead the stars were mustering, and in the west the sky was still a pale, bright, almost greenish blue. The tops of the pine trees and the roofs of Horsell came out sharp and black against the western afterglow. The Martians and their appliances were altogether invisible, save for that thin mast upon which their restless mirror wobbled. Patches of bush

and isolated trees here and there smoked and glowed still, and the houses towards Woking station were sending up spires of flame into the stillness of the evening air.

Nothing was changed save for that and a terrible astonishment. The little group of black specks with the flag of white had been swept out of existence, and the stillness of the evening, so it seemed to me, had scarcely been broken.

It came to me that I was upon this dark common, helpless, unprotected, and alone. Suddenly, like a thing falling upon me from without, came fear.

With an effort I turned and began a stumbling run through the heather.

The fear I felt was no rational fear, but a panic terror not only of the Martians, but of the dusk and stillness all about me. Such an extraordinary effect in unmanning me it had that I ran weeping silently as a child might do. Once I had turned, I did not dare to look back.

I remember I felt an extraordinary persuasion that I was being played with, that presently, when I was upon the very verge of safety, this mysterious death – as swift as the passage of light – would leap after me from the pit about the cylinder and strike me down.

VOCABULARY:

1. astonishment – extreme surprise; amazement;
2. attenuated – weakened; diminishing;
3. audible – perceptible to the hearing; loud enough to be heard;
4. concussion – the act or action of violently shaking or jarring;
5. destruction – the act of destroying or state of being destroyed; demolition;
6. forthwith – at once; immediately;
7. inarticulate – not fully expressed or expressible;
8. intimation – a hint or suggestion;
9. peculiar – strange or unusual; odd;
10. persuasion – the state or fact of being persuaded or convinced;
11. scattered – distributed or occurring at widely spaced and usually irregular intervals;
12. steadfast – firmly established;

13. swiftness – the quality or state of being swift; speed; quickness;
14. tedious – monotonous; long and tiresome;
15. to accost – to approach, stop, and speak to (a person);
16. to astound – to overwhelm with amazement and wonder; bewilder;
17. to dumbfound – to strike dumb with astonishment; amaze;
18. to jostle – to bump against, push, or elbow roughly or rudely;
19. to overrule – to rule against or disallow the arguments of (a person);
20. to petrify – to benumb or paralyze with astonishment, horror, or other strong emotion;
21. tumultuous – conducted with disorder; noisy; confused; boisterous; disorderly;
22. ungovernable – impossible to govern, rule, or restrain; uncontrollable;
23. vantage – a state, position, or opportunity affording superiority or advantage.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Vocabulary practice

Match the words to the definitions

| | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. ungovernable 2. attenuated 3. astonishment 4. forthwith 5. inarticulate 6. destruction | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> a) extreme surprise; amazement b) weakened; diminishing c) demolition d) at once; immediately. e) not fully expressed or expressible f) impossible to govern, rule, or |
|--|---|

| | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| | restrain; uncontrollable |
|--|-----------------------------|

II. Fill the gaps with the following words

astonishment, audible, peculiar, to overrule, persuasion, tumultuous, steadfastly, to jostle

1. Can you imagine the _____ of the doctor and the people who witnessed this?
2. She feels _____, a bit dizzy and sick and she tries to stand up but can't move her legs!
3. Is the fire alarm easily _____ above machinery noise?
4. _____ skills, together with the drive and tenacity to be a strong team player.
5. The dog followed his master _____.
6. In some cases, he even _____ decisions made by department heads.
7. We were _____ towards the exit at the concert.
8. That boy has a _____ life balancing sports, academics, and music.

III. Answer the questions

1. In this novel, where does the narrator reside?
 - a) Weybridge
 - b) Shepperton
 - c) Sheen
 - d) Woking
2. Martians first appear out of what?
 - a) Cylinder
 - b) Square
 - c) Triangle
 - d) Hexagon

3. What is the name of the first person to discover a Martian canister?
 - a) Ogilvy
 - b) Henderson
 - c) Smith
 - d) Shelby

4. What comes out of the pit after the Deputation signals the Martians?
 - a) Green smoke
 - b) A Martian
 - c) Fire
 - d) A missile

5. Why do the humans not know what the heat ray is?
 - a) It is hidden
 - b) It is made of unknown materials
 - c) It is invisible
 - d) It does not exist

6. How does the Martian invasion begin and how do people generally react?

7. How can you describe the heat-ray?

8. Describe Martians' appearance.

Suggested Essay Topics

1. What effect does the mix of Biblical and mythological references have?

2. Discuss the use of traditional and other types of symbolism in the book (ex. setting sun; street lights).

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)

Jane Austen was born in Steventon, Hampshire on 16th December 1775. She was the 7th daughter of an 8 child family. Her father, George Austen, was a vicar and lived on a reasonable income. However, although they were middle class, they were not rich; her father would have been unable to give much to help his daughters get married. Jane was brought up with her 5 brothers and her elder sister Cassandra. Jane was close to her siblings, especially Cassandra, to whom she was devoted. The two sisters shared a long correspondence throughout their lives; much of what we know about Jane comes from these letters, although, unfortunately Cassandra burnt a number of these on Jane's death.



Jane was educated at Oxford and later a boarding school in Reading. In the early 1800s two of Jane's brothers joined the navy, leaving to fight in the Napoleonic wars; they would go on to become admirals. The naval connections can be seen in novels like Mansfield Park. After the death of her father in 1805, Jane, with her mother and sister returned to Hampshire. In 1809, her brother Edward who had been brought up by the Knights, invited the family to the estate he had inherited at Chawton. It was in the country house of Chawton, that Jane was able to produce some of her greatest novels.

Her novels are a reflection of her outlook on life. The strength of Jane's novels was her ability to gain penetrating insights into the character and nature of human relationships, from even a fairly limited range of environments and characters. In particular, she helped to redefine the role and aspirations of middle class women like herself. Through providing a witty satire of social conventions, she helped to liberate contemporary ideas of what women could strive for. During her lifetime the novels were reasonably popular. One of her

strongest supporters was Walter Scott. He said of her novels: "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with."

King George IV actually requested that one novel could be dedicated to him. Emma is therefore dedicated to the King, even though Jane did not maintain any liking towards the King.

Not all were favourable to Jane. The literary critic and wit Mark Twain said: "Jane Austen? Why, I go so far as to say that any library is a good library that does not contain a volume by Jane Austen. Even if it contains no other book."

Jane died in 1816, aged only 41. She died of Addison's disease, a disorder of the adrenal glands. She was buried at Winchester Cathedral. Jane's novels reflect the world of the English country gentry of the period, as she herself had experienced it. Due to the timeless appeal of her amusing plots, and the wit and irony of her style, her works have never been out of print since they were first published, and are frequently adapted for stage, screen and television. Jane Austen is now one of the best-known and best-loved authors in the English-speaking world.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Summary

In *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen tackles a common reality in England in the early 19th century – women who lack a fortune need to marry well. By "well," we mean wealthy. So, any guy from a good family with large, steady income is fair game on the Marriage Hunt. Rich but unintelligent, unattractive, boring men? Mrs. Bennet says, "Bring it on!" To be fair, she does have five daughters who lack a fortune. When a certain (wealthy) Mr. Bingley moves into the neighborhood and is interested in her eldest daughter, Jane, Mrs. Bennet becomes deliriously happy and (to the extreme discomfort of her family and innocent spectators) tries to push them together in every way possible.

It's not all roses and champagne just yet, however. While Mr.

Bingley is easygoing and pleasant, his sisters are catty snobs whose attitude is encouraged by a certain Mr. Darcy. Good-looking, rich, and close friends with Mr. Bingley, Darcy is also insufferably proud and haughty. The Bennets are beneath him in social stature, so Mr. Darcy is proportionately disagreeable, particularly to Jane's younger sister Elizabeth. When Mr. Bingley suggests that Mr. Darcy ask Elizabeth to dance, Mr. Darcy replies that she isn't pretty enough. The two men accidentally carry on their conversation within earshot of Elizabeth.

It's clear to everyone that Mr. Bingley is falling in love with Jane, but Jane's calm temperament hides her true feelings (she loves him too). Elizabeth gossips about the situation with her close friend Charlotte Lucas, who argues that Jane needs to show affection or risk losing Mr. Bingley. Meanwhile, Mr. Darcy has finished maligning Elizabeth, and starts becoming attracted to her. In any case, Mr. Bingley's sisters extend a dinner invitation to Jane, who (based on the recommendations of her mother) rides over to the Bingley mansion in the rain, gets soaking wet, falls ill, and has to remain in the Bingley household. Elizabeth arrives to nurse her sister and engage in some witty banter with Mr. Darcy. Astonished at his attraction, he keeps staring at Elizabeth, but she assumes he's being a jerk and trying to judge her. Back at Longbourn (the Bennet home), Mr. Collins arrives for a visit. As Mr. Bennet's closest male relative, Mr. Collins will inherit the estate after Mr. Bennet's death. Mr. Collins has decided that the nice thing to do is to marry one of the Bennet girls in order to preserve their home.

As for the two youngest Bennet sisters, the militia has arrived in town and they're ready to throw themselves at any officers who wander their way. They meet a charming young man named Mr. Wickham,



who rapidly befriends Elizabeth. Wickham tells Elizabeth a sob story about how all of his life opportunities were destroyed by Mr. Darcy, convincing her that Darcy is Evil Personified. Elizabeth readily believes Wickham's story, and also learns that Lady Catherine (Mr.

Collins's boss) is Mr. Darcy's aunt.

The next day, all the Bennet girls are invited to a ball at Netherfield. Elizabeth is excited about possibly dancing with Wickham, and also excited to see Mr. Darcy and Mr. Wickham confront each other. At the ball, Wickham is absent, but Darcy asks Elizabeth to dance. So does Mr. Collins, whose dancing style is grotesquely embarrassing to Elizabeth. The rest of Elizabeth's family is no better: Mrs. Bennet brags to everyone that Bingley will likely propose to Jane, Mary shows off her non-existent musical talent, and Lydia and Kitty are embarrassingly flirty with the military officers.

The following morning, Mr. Collins proposes to Elizabeth, who has to convince him before he believes her adamant refusal. We don't feel too bad for Mr. Collins because Elizabeth's friend, Charlotte Lucas, pretends to play wingman, but is really hunting for a proposal of her own. Mr. Collins does indeed step up, and Charlotte accepts. Elizabeth is shocked when she learns of their engagement. She has difficulty believing that Charlotte's good sense would allow her to marry such a ridiculous man. Charlotte explains, however, that she's a spinster with no prospects, and she'd rather have her own home than live with her parents forever. Basically, beggars can't be choosers.

A letter arrives for Jane. It's from Miss Bingley, informing her that the entire Bingley group has left for London. Miss Bingley also sneakily implies that Mr. Bingley is really in love with Darcy's sister. Jane is heartbroken, but goes to London with her aunt and uncle in the hopes of winning Bingley back.

Elizabeth also leaves home to visit the newly married Charlotte. Charlotte seems content. During her visit, Elizabeth receives a dinner invitation to Lady Catherine's estate, Rosings Park. While there, Lady Catherine subjects Elizabeth to the third degree, but Elizabeth takes it well. She learns that a visit from Darcy is imminent.

When Darcy arrives, he and Elizabeth engage in more witty banter over the dinner table at Rosings. He frequently comes to visit at Charlotte's house, which confuses everyone since he doesn't say anything, doesn't look like he's having fun, and always stays less than ten minutes.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth learns that Bingley was going to propose to Jane but that Darcy intervened. Naturally her dislike for Darcy intensifies...which is exactly the moment Darcy chooses to propose.

Elizabeth rejects him and tells him off, saying that he isn't a gentleman. She cites both Wickham's story and Jane's broken heart as the two primary reasons for anger.

The next day, Darcy hands Elizabeth a letter, asking her to read it. It contains the full story regarding Wickham (he's a liar, a gambler, and he tried to elope with Darcy's underage sister) and the full story regarding Jane (Darcy was convinced Jane didn't love Bingley and so tried to save his friend from a woman simply attracted to his wealth). Elizabeth undergoes a huge emotional transformation and regrets her hasty actions.

Once back at home, Lydia, the youngest of the Bennet girls, is invited to follow the officers to their next station in Brighton. Elizabeth strongly disapproves of the plan, but Mr. Bennet overrules her and allows Lydia to go off.

Elizabeth's aunt and uncle ask her to accompany them on a trip to Derbyshire, which is, incidentally, where Mr. Darcy lives. They decide to visit his estate called Pemberley. Elizabeth agrees to go only after she learns that Mr. Darcy is out of town. Once at the estate, Elizabeth is impressed by its excellent taste and upkeep. Darcy's housekeeper also has nothing but compliments for her master. To Elizabeth's surprise, they run into Darcy, and, to her further surprise, he's immensely polite to her aunt and uncle. Darcy asks Elizabeth to meet his sister, who proves to be quite nice but very shy.

Before we can finally tune up the violins and the wedding toasts, disaster strikes when Elizabeth learns that Lydia has run off with Wickham. This scandal could ruin the family, so Elizabeth's uncle and father try to track the renegade couple down. Elizabeth's uncle saves the day and brings the two young back as a properly married (and unapologetic) couple. When Lydia lets slip that Darcy was at her wedding, Elizabeth realizes that there's more to the story and writes to her aunt for more information.

When her aunt replies, Elizabeth learns the full truth: Darcy was actually the one responsible for saving the Bennet family's honor. He tracked down the couple and paid off Wickham's massive debts in exchange for Wickham marrying Lydia. When Darcy arrives with Bingley for a visit at Longbourn, Elizabeth tries to talk to him but doesn't get a chance. It seems Darcy has talked to Bingley about Jane,

however, so all is well in that quarter. Bingley eventually proposes and Jane accepts.

Shortly thereafter, Lady Catherine visits Longbourn and tries to strong-arm Elizabeth into rejecting any proposal from Darcy. Elizabeth gets mad – why is this woman trying to control her? – and basically tells her to get lost. Later, Elizabeth and Darcy go for a walk and the couple says everything that needs to be said. The two couples, Jane and Bingley and Elizabeth and Darcy, are married on the same morning. Mrs. Bennet is overjoyed at having three of her daughters married, two of them to very rich young men. After a year's stay at Netherfield Park, Bingley purchases an estate in Derbyshire. His mother-in-law's tiresome company and her vulgar behavior are too much even for his calm temperament. The novel finally ends on a note of reconciliation with all of the characters trying to forgive and forget past insults.

Chapter ONE

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife. However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr. Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

'Do not you want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four' to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr.

Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? how can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr. Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no new comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him, if you do not.'

'You are over scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chuses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Chapter THREE

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts,' sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Not all that Mrs. Bennet, however, with the assistance of her five daughters, could ask on the subject was sufficient to draw from her husband any satisfactory description of Mr. Bingley. They attacked him in various ways; with barefaced questions, ingenious suppositions, and distant surmises; but he eluded the skill of them all; and they were at last obliged to accept the second-hand intelligence of their neighbour Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favourable. Sir William had been delighted with him. He was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and, to crown the whole,

he meant to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love; and very lively hopes of Mr. Bingley's heart were entertained.

"If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield," said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, "and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for."

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet's visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had entertained hopes of being admitted to a sight of the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father. The ladies were somewhat more fortunate, for they had the advantage of ascertaining, from an upper window, that he wore a blue coat and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was soon afterwards dispatched; and already had Mrs. Bennet planned the courses that were to do credit to her housekeeping, when an answer arrived which deferred it all. Mr. Bingley was obliged to be in town the following day, and consequently unable to accept the honour of their invitation, &c. Mrs. Bennet was quite disconcerted. She could not imagine what business he could have in town so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire; and she began to fear that he might be always flying about from one place to another, and never settled at Netherfield as he ought to be. Lady Lucas quieted her fears a little by starting the idea of his being gone to London only to get a large party for the ball; and a report soon followed that Mr. Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the assembly. The girls grieved over such a large number of ladies; but were comforted the day before the ball by hearing that, instead of twelve, he had brought only six with him from London, his five sisters and a cousin. And when the party entered the assembly room, it consisted of only five altogether; Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the oldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant countenance, and easy, unaffected manners. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien; and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year. The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the

ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his large estate in Derbyshire could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and every body hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour was sharpened into particular resentment by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes to press his friend to join it.

"Come, Darcy," said he, "I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance."

"I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."

"I would not be so fastidious as you are," cried Bingley, "for a kingdom! Upon my honour I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them, you see, uncommonly pretty."

"You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

"Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you."

"Which do you mean?" and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, "She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt me; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me."

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him. She told the story however with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in any thing ridiculous.

The evening altogether passed off pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr. Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been distinguished by his sisters. Jane was as much gratified by this as her mother could be, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure. Mary had heard herself mentioned to Miss Bingley as the most accomplished girl in the neighbourhood; and Catherine and Lydia had been fortunate enough to be never without partners, which was all that they had yet learnt to care for at a ball. They returned therefore, in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived, and of which they were the principal inhabitants. They found Mr. Bennet still up. With a book, he was regardless of time; and on the present occasion he had a good deal of curiosity as to the event of an evening which had raised such splendid expectations. He had rather hoped that all his wife's views on the stranger would be disappointed; but he soon found that he had a very different story to hear.

"Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet," as she entered the room, "we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Jane was so admired, nothing could be like it. Every body said how well she looked; and Mr. Bingley thought her quite beautiful, and danced with her twice. Only think of that my dear; he actually danced with her twice; and she was the only creature in the room that

he asked a second time. First of all, he asked Miss Lucas. I was so vexed to see him stand up with her; but, however, he did not admire her at all: indeed, nobody can, you know; and he seemed quite struck with Jane as she was going down the dance. So, he enquired who she was, and got introduced, and asked her for the two next. Then, the two third he danced with Miss King, and the two fourth with Maria Lucas, and the two fifth with Jane again, and the two sixth with Lizzy, and the Boulanger – "

"If he had had any compassion for me," cried her husband impatiently, "he would not have danced half so much! For God's sake, say no more of his partners. Oh! that he had sprained his ankle in the first dance!"

"Oh! my dear," continued Mrs. Bennet, "I am quite delighted with him. He is so excessively handsome! and his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw any thing more elegant than their dresses. I dare say the lace upon Mrs. Hurst's gown – "

Here she was interrupted again. Mr. Bennet protested against any description of finery. She was therefore obliged to seek another branch of the subject, and related, with much bitterness of spirit and some exaggeration, the shocking rudeness of Mr. Darcy.

"But I can assure you," she added, "that Lizzy does not lose much by not suiting his fancy; for he is a most disagreeable, horrid man, not at all worth pleasing. So high and so conceited that there was no enduring him! He walked here, and he walked there, fancying himself so very great! Not handsome enough to dance with! I wish you had been there, my dear, to have given him one of your set downs. I quite detest the man."

VOCABULARY:

1. amiable – having or showing pleasant, good-natured personal qualities; affable;
2. ascertain (v) – to find out definitely; learn with certainty or assurance; determine;
3. barefaced – shameless; impudent; audacious: a barefaced lie;
4. bitterness – unpleasantly sharp or pungent in taste or smell;

5. compassion – a feeling of deep sympathy and sorrow for another who is stricken by misfortune, accompanied by a strong desire to alleviate the suffering;
6. countenance – appearance, especially the look or expression of the face: a sad countenance;
7. disconcert (v) – to disturb the self-possession of; perturb; ruffle;
8. exaggeration – the act of overstatement;
9. fastidious – excessively particular, critical, or demanding; hard to please;
10. horrid – such as to cause horror; shockingly dreadful; abominable;
11. insufficient – not sufficient; lacking in what is necessary or required;
12. overhear (v) – to hear (speech or a speaker) without the speaker's intention or knowledge;
13. ridiculous – causing or worthy of ridicule or derision; absurd; preposterous; laughable;
14. scrupulous – having scruples; showing a strict regard for what one considers right; principled;
15. solace (v) – to comfort, console, or cheer (a person, oneself, the heart, etc.);
16. splendid – gorgeous; magnificent; sumptuous;
17. surmise – a matter of conjecture, догадка;
18. unaffected – free from affectation; sincere; genuine;
19. vex (v) – to irritate; annoy; provoke.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Vocabulary practice

Match the words to the definitions:

| | |
|----------------|---|
| 1) overhear | a) to comfort, console, or cheer (a person, oneself, the heart, etc.) |
| 2) horrid | b) to hear (speech or a speaker) without the speaker's intention or knowledge |
| 3) solace | |
| 4) countenance | |
| 5) ridiculous | |

| | |
|--|---|
| | <p>c) causing or worthy of ridicule or derision; absurd; preposterous; laughable</p> <p>d) such as to cause horror; shockingly dreadful; abominable</p> <p>e) appearance, especially the look or expression of the face: a sad countenance.</p> |
|--|---|

II. Fill the gaps with following words

ascertain, barefaced, compassion, scrupulous, vex

1. Are you telling me you have no _____ for these people?
2. He is a _____ businessman and always acts in the best interest of his company.
3. She _____ that fraud had been committed.
4. This silly chatter would _____ a saint.
5. It wasn't difficult to see through his _____ lies; but no one had the guts to challenge his words.

III. Answer the questions

- 1) The Bennet family lives in the village of...
 - a) Pemberley
 - b) Longbourn
 - c) Rosings
 - d) London

- 2) How many daughters does Mrs. Bennett have?
 - a) 3
 - b) 5
 - c) 4
 - d) 6

- 3) Where do Darcy and Elizabeth first meet?
 - a) At a local ball
 - b) At Netherfield
 - c) At Pemberley
 - d) In a shop in Meryton

- 4) What feature initially attracts Darcy to Elizabeth?
 - a) her cheerfulness
 - b) her intelligence
 - c) her smile
 - d) her eyes

- 5) How does Mr. Darcy offend Elizabeth at the first ball?
 - a) He insults her father.
 - b) He dances with Jane too often.
 - c) He slaps her.
 - d) He refuses to dance with her.

- 6) What does Darcy say about Elizabeth just after meeting her that wounds her pride?

- 7) Describe the personalities of Elizabeth and Mr. Darcy, based on what you have already read.

- 8) Discuss the social background of *Pride and Prejudice*. Explain how this background is important to the novel.

Suggested Essay Topics

1. Jane Austen's original title for the novel was *First Impressions*. What role do first impressions play in *Pride and Prejudice*?

2. Discuss the importance of dialogue to character development in the novel

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

Charles John Huffam Dickens (7 February 1812 – 9 June 1870) was an English writer and social critic who is generally regarded as the greatest novelist of the Victorian period.

Born in Portsmouth, England, Dickens left school to work in a factory after his father was thrown into debtors' prison. Though he had little formal education, he was driven to succeed because of his impoverished early life. He edited a weekly journal for 20 years, wrote 15 novels and hundreds of short stories and non-fiction articles, lectured and performed extensively, and campaigned for children's rights, education, and other social reforms.



*Dickens is often described as using 'idealised' characters and highly sentimental scenes to contrast with his caricatures and the ugly social truths he reveals. The story of Nell Trent in *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1841) was received as extraordinarily moving by contemporary readers but viewed as ludicrously sentimental by Oscar Wilde. "You would need to have a heart of stone", he declared in one of his famous witticisms, "not to laugh at the death of little Nell." G. K. Chesterton, stating that "It is not the death of little Nell, but the life of little Nell, that I object to", argued that the maudlin effect of his description of her life owed much to the gregarious nature of Dickens's grief, his 'despotic' use of people's feelings to move them to tears in works like this.*

*Dickens was regarded as the 'literary colossus' of his age. His 1843 novel, *A Christmas Carol*, is one of the most influential works ever written, and it remains popular and continues to inspire adaptations in every artistic genre. His creative genius has been praised by fellow writers – from Leo Tolstoy to G. Chesterton and George Orwell – for its realism, comedy, prose style, unique characterisations, and social criticism.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The tale begins on a Christmas Eve in 1843 exactly seven years after the death of Ebenezer Scrooge's business partner, Jacob Marley. Scrooge is established within the first stave as "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner!" who has no place in his life for kindness, compassion, charity or benevolence. He hates Christmas, calling it "humbug". Returning home one evening, Scrooge is visited by Marley's ghost. Marley warns Scrooge to change his ways lest he undergo the same miserable afterlife as himself. Scrooge is then visited by three additional ghosts – each in its turn, and each visit detailed in a separate stave – who accompany him to various scenes with the hope of achieving his transformation.

The first of the spirits, the Ghost of Christmas Past, takes Scrooge to Christmas scenes of his youth. The second spirit, the Ghost of Christmas Present, takes Scrooge to several differing scenes. The third spirit, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, harrows Scrooge with dire visions of the future if he does not learn and act upon what he has witnessed. In the fifth and final stave, Scrooge awakens on Christmas morning with joy and love in his heart.

Chapter ONE

Marley's Ghost

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own.

“You see this toothpick?” said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

“I do,” replied the Ghost.

“You are not looking at it,” said Scrooge.

“But I see it,” said the Ghost, “notwithstanding.”

“Well!” returned Scrooge, “I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you; humbug!”

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

“Mercy!” he said. “Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?”

“Man of the worldly mind!” replied the Ghost, “do you believe in me or not?”

“I do,” said Scrooge. “I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?”

And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world - oh, woe is me! - and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!”

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

“You are fettered,” said Scrooge, trembling. “Tell me why?”

“I wear the chain I forged in life,” replied the Ghost. “I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?”

Scrooge trembled more and more.

“Or would you know,” pursued the Ghost, “the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!”

“Jacob,” he said, imploringly. “Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob.”

“I have none to give,” the Ghost replied. “It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house – mark me! – in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!”

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

“You must have been very slow about it, Jacob,” Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

“Slow!” the Ghost repeated.

“Seven years dead,” mused Scrooge. “And travelling all the time?”

“The whole time,” said the Ghost. “No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.”

“You travel fast?” said Scrooge.

“On the wings of the wind,” replied the Ghost.

“You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years,” said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

“Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed,” cried the phantom, “not to know, that ages of incessant labour by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Such was I!”

“But you were always a good man of business, Jacob,” faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

“At this time of the rolling year,” the spectre said, “I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me!”

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

“Hear me!” cried the Ghost. “My time is nearly gone.”

“I will,” said Scrooge. “But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!”

“How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day.”

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

“That is no light part of my penance,” pursued the Ghost. “I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.”

“You were always a good friend to me,” said Scrooge. “Thank'ee!”

“You will be haunted,” resumed the Ghost, “by Three Spirits.”

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

“Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?” he demanded, in a faltering voice.

“It is.”

“I -- I think I'd rather not,” said Scrooge.

“Without their visits,” said the Ghost, “you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One.”

“Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?” hinted Scrooge.

“Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.”

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open.

It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear: for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power for ever.

VOCABULARY:

1. carol – a religious folk song or popular hymn, particularly one associated with Christmas;
2. evidence – the available body of facts or information indicating whether a belief or proposition is true or valid;
3. undigested – (of food) not digested;
4. beef – the flesh of a cow, bull, or ox, used as food;
5. blot – a dark mark or stain made by ink, paint, dirt, etc;
6. mustard – a hot-tasting yellow or brown paste made from the crushed seeds of certain plants, typically eaten with meat or used as a cooking ingredient;
7. crumb – a small fragment of bread, cake, or biscuit;
8. cracking jokes – make jokes; talk humorously or flippantly;
9. waggish – humorous in a playful, mischievous, or facetious manner;
10. distracting – preventing concentration or diverting attention; disturbing;
11. to keep down – stay hidden by crouching or lying down;
12. to stare – look fixedly or vacantly at someone or something with one's eyes wide open;
13. infernal – relating to or characteristic of hell or the underworld;
14. toothpick – a short pointed piece of wood or plastic used for removing bits of food lodged between the teeth;
15. to divert – distract (someone) from something;
16. notwithstanding – in spite of;
17. to swallow – cause or allow (something, especially food or drink) to pass down the throat;
18. humbug – deceive; trick;
19. dismal – causing a mood of gloom or depression;
20. swoon – literary faint, especially from extreme emotion;
21. take off – remove clothing from one's or another's body;
22. breast – organ on the upper front of body;
23. apparition – a remarkable or unexpected appearance of someone or something;
24. condemned – sentence (someone) to a particular punishment, especially death;

25. coil – a length of something wound in a joined sequence of concentric rings;
26. invisible – unable to be seen;
27. perspiration – the process of sweating;
28. penance – punishment inflicted on oneself as an outward expression of repentance for wrongdoing.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Answer the questions

1. How can you describe the character of Scrooge?
2. Who was the Ghost?
3. Why did the Ghost visit Scrooge?
4. What did the Ghost promise to Scrooge?

II. Translate the sentences using the new words from the list above

1. Видите вы эту зубочистку? – спросил Скрудж, переходя со страху в наступление и пытаясь хотя бы на миг отвлечь от себя каменно-неподвижный взгляд призрака.
2. Скрудж был не мастер травить шутки.
3. Быть может, - продолжал призрак, - тебе хочется узнать вес и длину цепи, которую таскаешь ты сам?
4. При этих словах призрак испустил вдруг такой страшный вопль и принялся так неистово и жутко гремять цепями, что Скрудж вцепился в стул, боясь свалиться без чувств.
5. Открытие было не из приятных. Скруджа опять затрясло как в лихорадке, и он отер выступавший на лбу холодный пот.

III. True / False?

1. At the beginning Scrooge didn't believe in ghosts.

T F

2. The name of the Ghost was Jacob Ebenezer.

T F

3. The Ghost died 6 years ago.

T F

4. Scrooge will be visited by 3 ghosts.

T F

IV. Match the idioms about Christmas with the definitions

1. Cancel someone's Christmas.

2. Christmas comes but once a year.

3. Like turkeys voting for (an early) Christmas.

4. Light up like a Christmas tree.

5. Christmas chub.

A. a few extra pounds one packs on during the holidays from excessive eating.

B. to be drunk.

C. to kill someone; to destroy someone.

D. since Christmas only happens once a year, we should treat it as a special time by being good to others or by indulging children.

E. if people are like turkeys voting for Christmas, they choose to accept a situation which will have very bad results for them.

Suggested Essay Topics

1. In what way is A Christmas Carol an allegory? What are the symbolic meanings of the main characters?

2. How is the holiday of Christmas portrayed in the story? (Think of the moral, social, aesthetic, and religious aspects of the holiday.) In what way does A Christmas Carol help to define the modern idea of Christmas?

THEODORE DREISER (1871-1945)

Theodore Herman Albert Dreiser was an American novelist and journalist of the naturalist school. His novels often featured main characters who succeeded at their objectives despite a lack of a firm moral code, and literary situations that more closely resemble studies of nature than tales of choice and agency. Dreiser's best known novels include Sister Carrie (1900) and An American Tragedy (1925). His first novel, Sister Carrie, published in 1900, tells the story of a woman who flees her country life for the city (Chicago) and there lives a life far from a Victorian ideal. It sold poorly and was not widely promoted largely because of moral objections to the depiction of a country girl who pursues her dreams of fame and fortune through relationships to men. The book has since acquired a considerable reputation. It has been called the "greatest of all American urban novels." (It was made into a 1952 film by William Wyler, which starred Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones.)



He witnessed a lynching in 1893 and wrote the short story, Nigger Jeff, which appeared in Ainslee's Magazine in 1901. His second novel, Jennie Gerhardt, was published in 1911. His first commercial success was An American Tragedy, published in 1925, which was made into a film in 1931 and again in 1951 (as A Place in the Sun). Already in 1892, when Dreiser began work as a newspaperman he had begun to observe a certain type of crime in the United States that proved very common. It seemed to spring from the fact that almost every young person was possessed of an ingrown ambition to be somebody financially and socially. "Fortune hunting became a disease" with the frequent result of a peculiarly American kind of crime, a form of "murder for money", when "the young ambitious lover of some poorer girl" found "a more attractive girl with money or position" but could not get rid of the first girl, usually because of pregnancy. Dreiser claimed to have collected such stories every year between 1895 and 1935. The 1906 murder of Grace Brown

by Chester Gillette eventually became the basis for *An American Tragedy*.

Though primarily known as a novelist, Dreiser published his first collection of short stories, *Free and Other Stories* in 1918. The collection contained 11 stories. Another story, "My Brother Paul", was a brief biography of his older brother, Paul Dreiser, who was a famous songwriter in the 1890s. This story was the basis for the 1942 romantic movie, "My Gal Sal". Dreiser also wrote poetry. His poem, "The Aspirant," continues his theme of poverty and ambition, as a young man in a shabby furnished room describes his own and the other tenants' dreams, and asks "why? why?" The poem appeared in *The Poetry Quartos*, collected and printed by Paul Johnston, and published by Random House in 1929. Other works include *Trilogy of Desire*, which was based on the life of the Chicago streetcar tycoon Charles Tyson Yerkes and composed of *The Financier* (1912), *The Titan* (1914), and *The Stoic*. The last was published posthumously in 1947. Dreiser was often forced to battle against censorship because his depiction of some aspects of life, such as sexual promiscuity, offended authorities and challenged popular opinion.

SISTER CARRIE

Summary

Sister Carrie tells the story of two characters: Carrie Meeber, an ordinary girl who rises from a low-paid wage earner to a high-paid actress, and George Hurstwood, a member of the upper middle class who falls from his comfortable lifestyle to a life on the streets. Neither Carrie nor Hurstwood earn their fates through virtue or vice, but rather through random circumstance. Their successes and failures have no moral value; this stance marks Sister Carrie as a departure from the conventional literature of the period.

Dreiser touches upon a wide range of themes and experiences in *Sister Carrie*, from grinding poverty to upper-middle class comfort. The novel dwells on the moment as it is experienced; the characters are plunged into the narrative without the reader being told much, if any, of their histories. Their identities are constantly subject to change, reflecting the modern American experience that had been ushered in

by the developing capitalist economy. In the process of this development, thousands of rural Americans rushed to the cities to find jobs and to build themselves new lives and identities. Sister Carrie captures the excitement of that experience.

Characters

Carrie Meeber – Caroline (Carrie) Meeber, the protagonist of the novel, travels to Chicago to stay with her sister and her brother-in-law. The cosmopolitan consumer world of Chicago enralls her, and she constantly wants to buy things. Her first job is a low-paid, arduous position in a factory. When she loses her job, her sister and brother-in-law cannot support her, so she becomes Charlie Drouet's mistress. Afterward, she becomes infatuated with another man, George Hurstwood. Carrie and Hurstwood run to New York, where they discover that married life is far less exciting than their affair. Carrie leaves Hurstwood because he fails to provide her with the lavish life she wants. She becomes a famous, high-paid actress in New York City.

Charlie Drouet – Charlie Drouet is a charming, flashy salesman with a strong appetite for romance. Although he is warm-hearted, he never takes any of his romantic affairs seriously. He provides Carrie with a place to stay after she is forced to stop living with her sister; he also promises to marry her, but he never really intends on following through. He loses Carrie to Hurstwood and then, years later, after she has become a famous actress, tries unsuccessfully to win her back.

George Hurstwood – George Hurstwood is the manager of Fitzgerald and Moy's, a saloon in Chicago. At the beginning of the novel, he is a wealthy, important man. He falls in love with Carrie after meeting her through Drouet. He tells Carrie that he loves her, but he fails to mention that he is married. After his wife discovers his affair with Carrie and files for divorce, he steals ten thousand dollars from Fitzgerald and Moy's and flees with Carrie to Montreal. There, he marries her before his divorce with Julia is complete. Although he keeps his theft a secret from Carrie, he is discovered by an investigator and required to return most of the money in order to protect his reputation. In New York, Hurstwood slowly descends into apathy and poverty. After Carrie leaves him, he becomes a homeless beggar and eventually commits suicide.

George Hurstwood, Jr. – George Hurstwood, Jr., is Hurstwood's son. He works for a real estate firm. After his mother sues his father for divorce, he refuses to have anything to do with Hurstwood.

Jessica Hurstwood – Jessica is Hurstwood's daughter. She is a vain girl who hopes to enter elite social circles by marrying rich.

Julia Hurstwood – Julia Hurstwood is Hurstwood's first wife. She is vindictive and extremely jealous, and she files for divorce after discovering Hurstwood's infatuation with Carrie.

Fitzgerald and Moy – Fitzgerald and Moy are joint owners of a popular saloon in Chicago. The saloon is named, appropriately enough, Fitzgerald and Moy's, and it serves as a gathering place for Chicago's glitterati. Fitzgerald and Moy are good to Hurstwood, the saloon's manager, first providing him with gainful employment and then choosing not to prosecute when he steals thousands of dollars from them.

Hanson – Hanson and his wife Minnie are Carrie's first hosts in Chicago. Hanson is a quiet, stern man who disapproves of Carrie's whimsical nature.

Minnie – Minnie is Carrie's older sister. She and her husband, Hanson, believe in hard work and frugal spending, mostly because they are too poor to do otherwise.

Mr. Hale – Mr. Hale, a theater manager, is Carrie and Drouet's neighbor in Chicago.

Mrs. Hale – Mrs. Hale is one of Carrie's friends in Chicago. She fills Carrie in on all of the gossip surrounding the Chicago theater scene, strengthening Carrie's fascination with the theater and the wealth associated with it.

Mrs. Vance – Mrs. Vance is, for a time, Carrie's neighbor in New York City. She and Carrie become friends, and Carrie notices that she is a wealthy, well-kept wife. She is the catalyst for Carrie's dissatisfaction with Hurstwood's modest income.

The, to Carrie, very important theatrical performance was to take place at the Avery on conditions which were to make it more noteworthy than was at first anticipated. The little dramatic student

had written to Hurstwood the very morning her part was brought her that she was going to take part in a play.

"I really am," she wrote, feeling that he might take it as a jest; "I have my part now, honest, truly."

Hurstwood smiled in an indulgent way as he read this.

"I wonder what it is going to be? I must see that."

He answered at once, making a pleasant reference to her ability. "I haven't the slightest doubt you will make a success. You must come to the park to-morrow morning and tell me all about it."

Carrie gladly complied, and revealed all the details of the undertaking as she understood it.

"Well," he said, "that's fine. I'm glad to hear it. Of course, you will do well, you're so clever."

He had truly never seen so much spirit in the girl before. Her tendency to discover a touch of sadness had for the nonce disappeared. As she spoke her eyes were bright, her cheeks red. She radiated much of the pleasure which her undertakings gave her. For all her misgivings—and they were as plentiful as the moments of the day—she was still happy. She could not repress her delight in doing this little thing which, to an ordinary observer, had no importance at all.

Hurstwood was charmed by the development of the fact that the girl had capabilities. There is nothing so inspiring in life as the sight of a legitimate ambition, no matter how incipient. It gives colour, force, and beauty to the possessor.

Carrie was now lightened by a touch of this divine afflatus. She drew to herself commendation from her two admirers which she had not earned. Their affection for her naturally heightened their perception of what she was trying to do and their approval of what she did. Her inexperience conserved her own exuberant fancy, which ran riot with every straw of opportunity, making of it a golden divining rod whereby the treasure of life was to be discovered.

"Let's see," said Hurstwood, "I ought to know some of the boys in the lodge. I'm an Elk myself."

"Oh, you mustn't let him know I told you."

"That's so," said the manager.

"I'd like for you to be there, if you want to come, but I don't see how you can unless he asks you."

"I'll be there," said Hurstwood affectionately. "I can fix it so he won't know you told me. You leave it to me."

This interest of the manager was a large thing in itself for the performance, for his standing among the Elks was something worth talking about. Already he was thinking of a box with some friends, and flowers for Carrie. He would make it a dress-suit affair and give the little girl a chance.

Within a day or two, Drouet dropped into the Adams Street resort, and he was at once spied by Hurstwood. It was at five in the afternoon and the place was crowded with merchants, actors, managers, politicians, a goodly company of rotund, rosy figures, silk-hatted, starchy-bosomed, beringed and bescarfpinned to the queen's taste. John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, was at one end of the glittering bar, surrounded by a company of loudly dressed sports, who were holding a most animated conversation. Drouet came across the floor with a festive stride, a new pair of tan shoes squeaking audibly at his progress.

"Well, sir," said Hurstwood, "I was wondering what had become of you. I thought you had gone out of town again."

Drouet laughed.

"If you don't report more regularly we'll have to cut you off the list."

"Couldn't help it," said the drummer, "I've been busy."

They strolled over toward the bar amid the noisy, shifting company of notables. The dressy manager was shaken by the hand three times in as many minutes.

"I hear your lodge is going to give a performance," observed Hurstwood, in the most offhand manner.

"Yes, who told you?"

"No one," said Hurstwood. "They just sent me a couple of tickets, which I can have for two dollars. Is it going to be any good?"

"I don't know," replied the drummer. "They've been trying to get me to get some woman to take a part."

"I wasn't intending to go," said the manager easily. "I'll subscribe, of course. How are things over there?"

"All right. They're going to fit things up out of the proceeds."

"Well," said the manager, "I hope they make a success of it. Have another?"

He did not intend to say any more. Now, if he should appear on the scene with a few friends, he could say that he had been urged to come along. Drouet had a desire to wipe out the possibility of confusion.

"I think the girl is going to take a part in it," he said abruptly, after thinking it over.

"You don't say so! How did that happen?"

"Well, they were short and wanted me to find them some one. I told Carrie, and she seems to want to try."

"Good for her," said the manager. "It'll be a real nice affair. Do her good, too. Has she ever had any experience?"

"Not a bit."

"Oh, well, it isn't anything very serious."

"She's clever, though," said Drouet, casting off any imputation against Carrie's ability. "She picks up her part quick enough."

"You don't say so!" said the manager.

"Yes, sir; she surprised me the other night. By George, if she didn't."

"We must give her a nice little send-off," said the manager. "I'll look after the flowers."

Drouet smiled at his good-nature.

"After the show you must come with me and we'll have a little supper."

"I think she'll do all right," said Drouet.

"I want to see her. She's got to do all right. We'll make her," and the manager gave one of his quick, steely half-smiles, which was a compound of good-nature and shrewdness.

Carrie, meanwhile, attended the first rehearsal. At this performance Mr. Quincel presided, aided by Mr. Millice, a young man who had some qualifications of past experience, which were not exactly understood by any one. He was so experienced and so business-like, however, that he came very near being rude—failing to remember, as he did, that the individuals he was trying to instruct were volunteer players and not salaried underlings.

"Now, Miss Madenda," he said, addressing Carrie, who stood in one part uncertain as to what move to make, "you don't want to stand like that. Put expression in your face. Remember, you are troubled

over the intrusion of the stranger. Walk so," and he struck out across the Avery stage in almost drooping manner.

Carrie did not exactly fancy the suggestion, but the novelty of the situation, the presence of strangers, all more or less nervous, and the desire to do anything rather than make a failure, made her timid. She walked in imitation of her mentor as requested, inwardly feeling that there was something strangely lacking.

"Now, Mrs. Morgan," said the director to one young married woman who was to take the part of Pearl, "you sit here. Now, Mr. Bamberger, you stand here, so. Now, what is it you say?"

"Explain," said Mr. Bamberger feebly. He had the part of Ray, Laura's lover, the society individual who was to waver in his thoughts of marrying her, upon finding that she was a waif and a nobody by birth.

"How is that—what does your text say?"

"Explain," repeated Mr. Bamberger, looking intently at his part.

"Yes, but it also says," the director remarked, "that you are to look shocked. Now, say it again, and see if you can't look shocked."

"Explain!" demanded Mr. Bamberger vigorously.

"No, no, that won't do! Say it this way—EXPLAIN."

"Explain," said Mr. Bamberger, giving a modified imitation.

"That's better. Now go on."

"One night," resumed Mrs. Morgan, whose lines came next, "father and mother were going to the opera. When they were crossing Broadway, the usual crowd of children accosted them for alms—"

"Hold on," said the director, rushing forward, his arm extended. "Put more feeling into what you are saying."

Mrs. Morgan looked at him as if she feared a personal assault. Her eye lightened with resentment.

"Remember, Mrs. Morgan," he added, ignoring the gleam, but modifying his manner, "that you're detailing a pathetic story. You are now supposed to be telling something that is a grief to you. It requires feeling, repression, thus: "The usual crowd of children accosted them for alms.""

"All right," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Now, go on."

"As mother felt in her pocket for some change, her fingers touched a cold and trembling hand which had clutched her purse."

"Very good," interrupted the director, nodding his head significantly.

"A pickpocket! Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bamberger, speaking the lines that here fell to him.

"No, no, Mr. Bamberger," said the director, approaching, "not that way. 'A pickpocket, well?' so. That's the idea."

"Don't you think," said Carrie weakly, noticing that it had not been proved yet whether the members of the company knew their lines, let alone the details of expression, "that it would be better if we just went through our lines once to see if we know them? We might pick up some points."

"A very good idea, Miss Madenda," said Mr. Quincel, who sat at the side of the stage, looking serenely on and volunteering opinions which the director did not heed.

"All right," said the latter, somewhat abashed, "it might be well to do it." Then brightening, with a show of authority, "Suppose we run right through, putting in as much expression as we can."

"Good," said Mr. Quincel.

"This hand," resumed Mrs. Morgan, glancing up at Mr. Bamberger and down at her book, as the lines proceeded, "my mother grasped in her own, and so tight that a small, feeble voice uttered an exclamation of pain. Mother looked down, and there beside her was a little ragged girl."

"Very good," observed the director, now hopelessly idle.

"The thief!" exclaimed Mr. Bamberger.

"Louder," put in the director, finding it almost impossible to keep his hands off.

"The thief!" roared poor Bamberger.

"Yes, but a thief hardly six years old, with a face like an angel's. 'Stop,' said my mother. 'What are you doing?'

'''Trying to steal,' said the child.

'''Don't you know that it is wicked to do so?' asked my father.

'''No,' said the girl, 'but it is dreadful to be hungry.'

'''Who told you to steal?' asked my mother.

'''She - there,' said the child, pointing to a squalid woman in a doorway opposite, who fled suddenly down the street. 'That is old Judas,' said the girl."

Mrs. Morgan read this rather flatly, and the director was in despair. He fidgeted around, and then went over to Mr. Quincel.

"What do you think of them?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess we'll be able to whip them into shape," said the latter, with an air of strength under difficulties.

"I don't know," said the director. "That fellow Bamberger strikes me as being a pretty poor shift for a lover."

"He's all we've got," said Quincel, rolling up his eyes. "Harrison went back on me at the last minute. Who else can we get?"

"I don't know," said the director. "I'm afraid he'll never pick up."

At this moment Bamberger was exclaiming, "Pearl, you are joking with me." "Look at that now," said the director, whispering behind his hand. "My Lord! what can you do with a man who drawls out a sentence like that?"

"Do the best you can," said Quincel consolingly.

The rendition ran on in this wise until it came to where Carrie, as Laura, comes into the room to explain to Ray, who, after hearing Pearl's statement about her birth, had written the letter repudiating her, which, however, he did not deliver. Bamberger was just concluding the words of Ray, "I must go before she returns. Her step! Too late," and was cramming the letter in his pocket, when she began sweetly with:

"Ray!"

"Miss, Miss Courtland," Bamberger faltered weakly.

Carrie looked at him a moment and forgot all about the company present. She began to feel the part, and summoned an indifferent smile to her lips, turning as the lines directed and going to a window, as if he were not present. She did it with a grace which was fascinating to look upon.

"Who is that woman?" asked the director, watching Carrie in her little scene with Bamberger.

"Miss Madenda," said Quincel.

"I know her name," said the director, "but what does she do?"

"I don't know," said Quincel. "She's a friend of one of our members."

"Well, she's got more gumption than any one I've seen here so far - seems to take an interest in what she's doing."

"Pretty, too, isn't she?" said Quincel.

The director strolled away without answering.

In the second scene, where she was supposed to face the company in the ball-room, she did even better, winning the smile of the director, who volunteered, because of her fascination for him, to come over and speak with her.

"Were you ever on the stage?" he asked insinuatingly.

"No," said Carrie.

"You do so well, I thought you might have had some experience."

Carrie only smiled consciously.

He walked away to listen to Bamberger, who was feebly spouting some ardent line.

Mrs. Morgan saw the drift of things and gleamed at Carrie with envious and snapping black eyes.

"She's some cheap professional," she gave herself the satisfaction of thinking, and scorned and hated her accordingly.

The rehearsal ended for one day, and Carrie went home feeling that she had acquitted herself satisfactorily. The words of the director were ringing in her ears, and she longed for an opportunity to tell Hurstwood. She wanted him to know just how well she was doing. Drouet, too, was an object for her confidences. She could hardly wait until he should ask her, and yet she did not have the vanity to bring it up. The drummer, however, had another line of thought to-night, and her little experience did not appeal to him as important. He let the conversation drop, save for what she chose to recite without solicitation, and Carrie was not good at that. He took it for granted that she was doing very well and he was relieved of further worry. Consequently he threw Carrie into repression, which was irritating. She felt his indifference keenly and longed to see Hurstwood. It was as if he were now the only friend she had on earth. The next morning Drouet was interested again, but the damage had been done.

She got a pretty letter from the manager, saying that by the time she got it he would be waiting for her in the park. When she came, he shone upon her as the morning sun.

"Well, my dear," he asked, "how did you come out?"

"Well enough," she said, still somewhat reduced after Drouet.

"Now, tell me just what you did. Was it pleasant?"

Carrie related the incidents of the rehearsal, warming up as she proceeded.

"Well, that's delightful," said Hurstwood. "I'm so glad. I must get over there to see you. When is the next rehearsal?"

"Tuesday," said Carrie, "but they don't allow visitors."

"I imagine I could get in," said Hurstwood significantly.

She was completely restored and delighted by his consideration, but she made him promise not to come around.

"Now, you must do your best to please me," he said encouragingly. "Just remember that I want you to succeed. We will make the performance worth while. You do that now."

"I'll try," said Carrie, brimming with affection and enthusiasm.

"That's the girl," said Hurstwood fondly. "Now, remember," shaking an affectionate finger at her, "your best."

"I will," she answered, looking back.

The whole earth was brimming sunshine that morning. She tripped along, the clear sky pouring liquid blue into her soul. Oh, blessed are the children of endeavour in this, that they try and are hopeful. And blessed also are they who, knowing, smile and approve.

VOCABULARY:

1. rehearsal – a practice or trial performance of a play or other work for later public performance: rehearsals for the opera season;
2. liquid – a substance that flows freely but is of constant volume, having a consistency like that of water or oil;
3. approve – officially agree to or accept as satisfactory;
4. endeavour – try hard to do or achieve something;
5. brim – the projecting edge around the bottom of a hat;
6. consideration – careful thought, typically over a period of time;
7. affection – a gentle feeling of fondness or liking;
8. indifference – lack of interest, concern, or sympathy;
9. solicitation – the act of asking someone for money, help, support, or an opinion;
10. recite – repeat aloud or declaim (a poem or passage) from memory before an audience;
11. repression – the action of subduing someone or something by force;

12. fascination – the state of being greatly interested in or delighted by something;
13. volunteer – a person who freely offers to take part in an enterprise or undertake a task;
14. gumption – shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness;
15. accordingly – in a way that is appropriate to the particular circumstances;
16. doorway – an entrance to a room or building through a door;
17. grief – intense sorrow, especially caused by someone's death;
18. accost – approach and address (someone) boldly or aggressively;
19. rush – act with great haste;
20. assault – make a physical attack on;
21. novelty – the quality of being new, original, or unusual;
22. shrewdness – the capacity to gain an accurate and deep understanding of someone or something;
23. intrusion – the action of intruding;
24. wipe – clean or dry (something) by rubbing with a cloth, a piece of paper, or one's hand;
25. offhand – ungraciously or offensively nonchalant or cool in manner;
26. stride – walk with long, decisive steps in a specified direction;
27. amid – surrounded by; in the middle of;
28. perception – the ability to see, hear, or become aware of something through the senses;
29. observer – a person who watches or notices something;
30. commendation – formal or official praise.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|----------|----|---|
| 1. | gumption | A. | одобрять |
| 2. | approve | B. | большой шаг; расстояние, преодолеваемое за один шаг |
| 3. | novelty | C. | здравый смысл, практический ум; находчивость; сообразительность |

| | | | |
|----|--------|----|----------------------------------|
| 4. | stride | D. | новизна, инновация, нововведение |
|----|--------|----|----------------------------------|

II. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|--------------|----|---|
| 1. | shrewdness | A. | formal or official praise |
| 2. | amid | B. | is the act of asking someone for money, help, support, or an opinion |
| 3. | commendation | C. | the state of being greatly interested in or delighted by something |
| 4. | fascination | D. | the capacity to gain an accurate and deep understanding of someone or something |
| 5. | recite | E. | in the middle of |
| | | F. | repeat aloud or declaim (a poem or passage) from memory before an audience |

III. Answer the questions

1. What role does imitation play in feminine identity in *Sister Carrie*? Consider Carrie's relationship with Drouet, Carrie's fascination with theatre.

2. How does economic class govern the individual's relationship to money in *Sister Carrie*? Consider Carrie's early obsession with prices and Hurstwood's slow decline. Why is not having to think about money the true luxury of the rich?

3. What is the relationship between power and performance in the novel?

4. How do the men of the novel – Hurstwood and Drouet, in particular – gain power over Carrie by performing certain roles? How does playing a role allow Carrie to assert her own power?

5. What is the connection between role-playing and lying? How are they both connected to the satisfaction of desire? Consider Drouet's lie about his intent to marry Carrie, Hurstwood's lie to Carrie about his

own intent to marry her, and Hurstwood's lie to Carrie about Drouet's "injury."

6. Why does Carrie like Hurstwood more than Drouet? Consider the difference between gaudy conspicuous consumption and tasteful conspicuous consumption. Consider also the function of role-playing and the distinction between imitation and the genuine.

7. How is Carrie's identity developed over the course of the novel? Consider the role of masculine desire, the role of imitation, and Carrie's lack of history.

8. How does consumer society turn people into commodities or objects? Discuss the role of "the captain" as a symbol for the commodification of people.

9. Why does Hurstwood fail? Why does Carrie succeed?

10. Can any moral lessons be drawn from either of their fates? Why or why not? Consider Carrie's skill at imitation and her strong consumer drive, and Hurstwood's failure to perform his role as Julia's husband.

IV. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|-------------------|----|--|
| 1. | Carrie Meeber | A. | a theater manager, is Carrie and Drouet's neighbor in Chicago |
| 2. | Julia Hurstwood | B. | He and his wife Minnie are Carrie's first hosts in Chicago. He is a quiet, stern man who disapproves of Carrie's whimsical nature |
| 3. | Mr. Hale | C. | She becomes a famous, high-paid actress in New York City |
| 4. | Hanson | D. | She is a vain girl who hopes to enter elite social circles by marrying rich |
| 5. | Jessica Hurstwood | E. | Hurstwood's first wife. She is vindictive and extremely jealous, and she files for divorce after discovering Hurstwood's infatuation with Carrie |

| | | | |
|----|--------------------|----|---|
| 6. | George Hurstwood | F. | He is a charming, flashy salesman with a strong appetite for romance. Although he is warm-hearted, he never takes any of his romantic affairs seriously |
| 7. | Charlie Drouet | G. | He is the manager of Fitzgerald and Moy's, a saloon in Chicago. At the beginning of the novel, he is a wealthy, important man |
| 8. | Fitzgerald and Moy | | |

V. True / False?

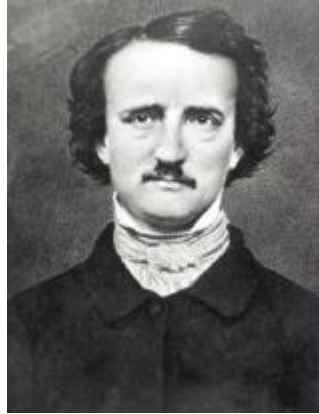
- Sister Carrie tells the story of three characters.
T F
- Carrie Meeber, an ordinary girl who rises from a low-paid wage earner to a high-paid actress.
T F
- Hurstwood, who is a member of another Elk lodge, hasn't considerable influence among the Elks.
T F
- Carrie meets Hurstwood, and he urges her to leave Drouet.
T F
- The captain is a rich man who lives in New York.
T F

Suggested Essay Topics

- How was this title significant to the course of this plot, and what kind of things did the title foreshadow?
- Carrie and Mrs. Vance are very similar in nature although very different in many other areas. What are some of these intrinsic differences and similarities, and what message(s) was Dreiser trying to send with these two characters?

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

Edgar Allan Poe (born Edgar Poe; January 19, 1809 – October 7, 1849) was an American author, poet, editor and literary critic, considered part of the American Romantic Movement. Best known for his tales of mystery and the macabre, Poe was one of the earliest American practitioners of the short story and is considered the inventor of the detective fiction genre. He is further credited with contributing to the emerging genre of science fiction. He was the first well-known American



writer to try to earn a living through writing alone, resulting in a financially difficult life and career.

*He was born as Edgar Poe in Boston, Massachusetts; he was orphaned young when his mother died shortly after his father abandoned the family. Poe was taken in by John and Frances Allan, of Richmond, Virginia, but they never formally adopted him. He attended the University of Virginia for one semester but left due to lack of money. After enlisting in the Army and later failing as an officer's cadet at West Point, Poe parted ways with the Allans. His publishing career began humbly, with an anonymous collection of poems, *Tamerlane and Other Poems* (1827), credited only to "a Bostonian".*

*Poe switched his focus to prose and spent the next several years working for literary journals and periodicals, becoming known for his own style of literary criticism. His work forced him to move among several cities, including Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York City. In Baltimore in 1835, he married Virginia Clemm, his 13-year-old cousin. In January 1845 Poe published his poem, "The Raven", to instant success. His wife died of tuberculosis two years after its publication. He began planning to produce his own journal, *The Penn* (later renamed *The Stylus*), though he died before it could be produced. On October 7, 1849, at age 40, Poe died in Baltimore; the cause of his death is unknown and has been variously attributed to*

alcohol, brain congestion, cholera, drugs, heart disease, rabies, suicide, tuberculosis, and other agents.

Poe and his works influenced literature in the United States and around the world, as well as in specialized fields, such as cosmology and cryptography. Poe and his work appear throughout popular culture in literature, music, films, and television. A number of his homes are dedicated museums today.

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE

Character List

Unnamed narrator – A world traveler and survivor of two hurricanes at sea. After a mishap on the South Seas, the narrator embarks on a journey of self-discovery to regions beyond human exploration and rational knowledge.

Old Swede – Along with the narrator, the only survivor of the tale's first hurricane. The Old Swede's experience of the tragic voyage is purely physical, not intellectual like the narrator's. His death signals the metaphoric importance of the voyage as a quest for knowledge.

Summary

An unnamed narrator frames his story by disclaiming connection to his family and country. He says that he prefers the company of the German moralist writers, whose flights of fancy he can detect and repudiate. He admits having a rigidly rational mindset, dedicated to the truth and impervious to superstition.

The narrator then recounts a voyage from the island of Java upon a vessel containing cotton-wool, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. Soon after departure, the narrator observes a large, ominous cloud in the distance and fears the signs of an approaching Simoon, or typhoon. The captain of the ship, however, dismisses the narrator's fears. As he retreats below deck, the narrator hears a loud noise and feels the ship capsizing. When the ship bobs back up, the narrator realizes that he and an old Swede are the only survivors. However, the ship remains engulfed in a whirlpool, which threatens to suck the vessel into the depths of the sea. For five days, the two men float on the shattered ship, escaping the pull of the whirlpool. They find their

surroundings have grown cold, and soon complete darkness overwhelms them.

Another hurricane erupts amid this darkness, and the men observe a gigantic black ship riding on the crest of a large wave. The force of this ship's descent into the water rocks the narrator's ship and hurls him onto the unknown vessel. He quickly hides in the hold, where he observes the ancient mariners on the ship speaking an unrecognizable language. Growing braver, he explores the captain's private cabin, in which he finds the paper for the present manuscript. He proposes to enclose the manuscript in a bottle and toss it to sea.

The narrator then recounts a chance event in which he playfully dabbles with a tar brush on a folded sail. When spread out, the sail reads DISCOVERY. This event causes the narrator to examine the ship more closely. He is unsure of the ship's purpose, and its timber is oddly porous. Moreover, the members of the crew seem incapable of seeing the narrator. Even the aged captain pays him no attention. The narrator continues on the ship in eternal darkness and soon discovers that it is heading due south, perhaps destined for the South Pole. As the excitement of discovery fills the crew and the narrator, the ice suddenly breaks apart to reveal a powerful whirlpool. The pull of the vortex is too powerful for the ship to resist, and it is sucked into the sea's black hole.

Qui n'a plus qu'un moment a vivre
N'a plus rien a dissimuler.
- Quinault -Atys.

Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study very diligently garnered up. - Beyond all things, the study of the German moralists gave me great delight; not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius; a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime; and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me

notorious. Indeed, a strong relish for physical philosophy has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age - I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to the principles of that science. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the ignes fatui of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much, lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the raving of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18 - , from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands. I went as passenger - having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool and oil, from the Lachadive islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small grabs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the N.W. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girding in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from

heat iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, an more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below - not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoom. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. - As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard; - the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at

first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The frame-work of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury; but to our extreme Joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no great shifting of our ballast. The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay; well believing, that, in our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights - during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the fore-castle - the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the Simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S.E. and by S.; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. - On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the northward. - The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon - emitting no decisive light. - There were no clouds apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow without reflection, as if all its rays were polarized. Just before sinking within the turgid sea, its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, sliver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day - that day to me has not arrived - to the Swede, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in patchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliance to which

we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony. - Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves, as well as possible, to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware of having made farther to the southward than any previous navigators, and felt great amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last - every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship; but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross - at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See! see!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! see! see!" As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship of, perhaps, four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of

brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and - came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was already under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible violence, upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about; and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. An indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards, in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work, when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burthen. He muttered to himself, in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner

among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood, and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

* * * * *

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul - a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of bygone times are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never - I know that I shall never - be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense - a new entity is added to my soul.

* * * * *

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people will not see. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate - it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this Journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fall to make the endeavour. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it within the sea.

* * * * *

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operation of ungoverned Chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly-folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word DISCOVERY.

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her

rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind. What she is not, I can easily perceive - what she is I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvas, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such indistinct shadows of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

* * * * *

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme porousness, considered independently by the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood would have every characteristic of Spanish oak, if Spanish oak were distended by any unnatural means.

In reading the above sentence a curious apothegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. "It is as sure," he was wont to say, when any doubt was entertained of his veracity, "as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman."

* * * * *

About an hour ago, I made bold to thrust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity; their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude; their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind; their voices were low, tremulous and broken; their eyes glistened with the rheum of years; and their gray hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them, on every part of the deck, lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

* * * * *

I mentioned some time ago the bending of a studding-sail. From that period the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has continued her

terrific course due south, with every rag of canvas packed upon her, from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water which it can enter into the mind of a man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed up at once and forever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of Eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull; and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. - I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow.

* * * * *

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin - but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man-still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height; that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face - it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age, so utter, so extreme, which excites within my spirit a sense - a sentiment ineffable. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years. - His gray hairs are records of the past, and his gray eyes are Sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored, with a fiery unquiet eye, over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself, as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold, some low peevish syllables of a foreign tongue, and although the

speaker was close at my elbow, his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile.

* * * * *

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their fingers fall athwart

my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin.

* * * * *

When I look around me I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and simoom are trivial and ineffective? All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe.

* * * * *

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current; if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

* * * * *

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions, predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge - some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor.

* * * * *

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; but there is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and, as we carry a crowd of canvas, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea - Oh, horror upon horror! the ice opens suddenly to the right, and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny - the circles rapidly grow small - we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool - and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering, oh God! and - going down.

VOCABULARY:

1. hereditary – conferred by or based on inheritance;
2. contemplative – expressing or involving prolonged thought;
3. aridity – lack of water;
4. liable – responsible by law; legally answerable;
5. immense – extremely large or great, especially in scale or degree;
6. dizzily – having or involving a sensation of spinning around and losing one's balance;
7. cessation – the fact or process of ending or being brought to an end;
8. dismay – concern and distress caused by something unexpected;
9. thenceforward – from that time, place, or point onward;
10. neglect – fail to care for properly;
11. innumerable – too many to be counted (often used hyperbolically);
12. giddy – having a sensation of whirling and a tendency to fall or stagger;
13. pinnacle – the most successful point; the culmination;
14. inevitable – certain to happen; unavoidable;
15. hurl – throw or impel (someone or something) with great force;
16. concealment – the state of being hidden or the act of hiding something;
17. athwart – from side to side of; across;
18. scrutinize – examine or inspect closely and thoroughly;
19. veracity – conformity to facts; accuracy;

20. recollection – the action or faculty of remembering or recollecting something;
21. utterly – used to emphasize that something is great in extent, degree, or amount;
22. unconscious – not awake and aware of and responding to one's environment;
23. rattle – make or cause to make a rapid succession of short, sharp knocking sounds;
24. obsolete – no longer produced or used; out of date;
25. rag – a piece of old cloth, especially one torn from a larger piece, used typically for cleaning things;
26. irrepressible – not able to be controlled or restrained;
27. otherwise – in circumstances different from those present or considered; or else;
28. stamp – bring down (one's foot) heavily on the ground or on something on the ground;
29. myriad – a countless or extremely great number of people and things;
30. path – a way or track laid down for walking or made by continual treading.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Answer the questions

1. How does Poe use black and white color imagery in “MS. Found in a Bottle”?
2. Along with the narrator, who survives the first hurricane in “MS. Found in a Bottle”?
 - a) A young Frenchman
 - b) An old Swede
 - c) A bitter Italian
 - d) A smart American
3. What travelling experience did Old Swede have?

4. What connection does an unnamed narrator disclaim?

II. True / False?

1. "MS. Found in a Bottle" initially appeared in the October 19, 1833 edition of a Baltimore newspaper.

T F

2. An unnamed narrator says that he prefers the company of the English moralist writers, whose flights of fancy he can detect and repudiate.

T F

3. The narrator recounts a voyage from the island of Java upon a vessel containing cotton-wool, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium.

T F

4. Another hurricane erupts amid this darkness, and the men observe a gigantic white ship riding on the crest of a large wave.

T F

5. An old Swede then recounts a chance event in which he playfully dabbles with a tar brush on a folded sail.

T F

III. Find the endings of the phrases in the text

1. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from_____.

2. Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about_____.

3. We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other_____.

4. A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul – a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons_____.

IV. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|--------|----|--|
| 1. | dismay | A. | наклонно, косо; поперёк; перпендикулярно |
|----|--------|----|--|

| | | | |
|----|---------------|----|--|
| 2. | neglect | B. | скрывание, утаивание; маскировка |
| 3. | athwart | C. | пренебрежение, игнорирование |
| 4. | concealment | D. | неугомонный |
| 5. | utterly | E. | испуг, беспокойство, волнение, смятение |
| 6. | irrepressible | F. | внимательно всматриваться, пристально разглядывать |
| | | G. | весьма, крайне, очень, чрезвычайно |

V. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|--------------|----|---|
| 1. | recollection | A. | concern and distress caused by something unexpected |
| 2. | pinnacle | B. | responsible by law; legally answerable |
| 3. | dismay | C. | the most successful point; the culmination |
| 4. | giddy | D. | make or cause to make a rapid succession of short, sharp knocking sounds |
| 5. | liable | E. | having a sensation of whirling and a tendency to fall or stagger |
| 6. | dizzily | F. | the action or faculty of remembering or recollecting something |
| 7. | myriad | G. | having or involving a sensation of spinning around and losing one's balance |
| | | H. | a countless or extremely great number of people and things |

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

Character List

C. Auguste Dupin – A Parisian crime solver. Dupin discovers the truth behind the violent murders of two women after the Paris police arrest the wrong man. He employs psychological analysis and intuition and considers possibilities not imagined by the police to conclude that the murders were committed by an Ourang-Outang.

Madame L’Espanaye – The older of the two Parisian murder victims. Violently beaten with a club, Madame L’Espanaye dies from

a cut throat and is thrown through the window to a courtyard below her apartment.

Mademoiselle Camille – Daughter of Madame L’Espanaye. Mademoiselle Camille is choked to death by the murderer and then stuffed into the chimney.

Adolphe Le Bon – A bank clerk and the first suspect in the two murders.

Unnamed narrator – A friend and housemate of Dupin. The narrator attempts to provide an objective chronicle of the crime, but his tone celebrates Dupin’s brilliance.

Sailor – The owner of the Ourang-Outang. The sailor witnesses the two murders but is unable to interfere. His inability to restrain the Ourang-Outang also represents the limits of the Paris police to imagine a nonhuman explanation for the vicious murders.

Summary

An unnamed narrator begins this tale of murder and criminal detection with a discussion of the analytic mind. He describes the analyst as driven paradoxically by both intuition and the moral inclination to disentangle what confuses his peers. He adds that the analyst takes delight in mathematical study and in the game of checkers, which allows the calculating individual to practice the art of detection not only of the moves integral to the game, but also the demeanor of his opponent. The narrator argues, however, that analysis is not merely ingenuity. He states that while the ingenious man may, at times, be analytic, the calculating man is, without fail, always imaginative.

The narrator then describes the circumstances in which he met a man named C. Auguste Dupin. Both men were searching for the same book at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, in Paris, and began to converse. Soon, they became friends and decided to share the expenses of a residence together. The narrator then relays an anecdote illustrating Dupin’s brilliant powers of analysis: one night, while walking together, Dupin describes an actor whom the narrator is pondering. Amazed, the narrator asks Dupin to explain his method, and we witness Dupin’s capacity to work backward and observe the

importance of seemingly insignificant details in order to reach ingenious conclusions.

Soon thereafter, the narrator and Dupin read newspaper headlines about a horrible murder in the Rue Morgue. One night at three a.m., eight or ten neighbors of Madame L'Españaye and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille, wake to shrieks from their fourth-floor apartment. The neighbors hear two voices, then silence. The neighbors and two policemen finally break into the locked apartment to find utter disorder and multiple pieces of evidence of a crime, including a blood-smeared razor, locks of gray human hair, bags of money, and an opened safe. They find no traces of the older woman. However, the noticeable traces of soot in the room lead them to the chimney, where they find the corpse of Mademoiselle Camille. They reason that the murderer must have choked Camille to death and then thrust her body up into the chimney. Expanding the search, the neighbors and police discover the body of Madame L'Españaye in a courtyard in the rear of the building. They find her badly beaten, with her throat severely cut. When the police move the body, in fact, her head falls off. The 4,000 francs that Madame L'Españaye had just withdrawn from the bank are still in the apartment, ruling out robbery as a motive for the grisly crime.

The newspaper then recounts the depositions of witnesses concerning the voices they heard. They all agree that they heard two voices: one, a deep Frenchman's voice; and the other, a higher voice of uncertain ethnic origin, though speculated to be Spanish. The gender of the second speaker is uncertain. The same newspaper reports the findings of the medical examiner, who confirms that Camille died from choking and that Madame L'Españaye was beaten to death with immense violence, most likely by a club. The evening edition of the paper reports a new development. The police have arrested Adolphe Le Bon, a bank clerk who once did Dupin a favor.

With the arrest of Le Bon, Dupin becomes interested in pursuing the investigation and obtains permission to search the crime scene. Dupin is eager to survey the setting because the newspaper reports portray the apartment as impossible to escape from the inside, which makes the case so mysterious. Dupin suggests that the police have been so distracted by the atrocity of the murder and the apparent lack of motive that, while they have been attentive to what has occurred,

they have failed to consider that the present crime could be something that has never occurred before. Producing two pistols, Dupin reveals that he awaits the arrival of a person who will prove his solution to the crime.

Dupin also names those elements of the crime scene that he believes the police have mishandled. For example, the shrill voice remains unidentifiable in its gender and its nationality, but it also cannot be identified as emitting words at all, just sounds. He also explains that the police have overlooked the windows in the apartment, which operate by springs and can be opened from the inside. Though the police believe the windows to be nailed shut, Dupin discovers a broken nail in one window, which only seemed to be intact. Dupin surmises that someone could have opened the window, exited the apartment, and closed the window from the outside without raising suspicion.

Dupin also addresses the mode of entry through the windows. The police imagine that no suspect could climb up the walls to the point of entry. Dupin hypothesizes that a person or thing of great agility could leap from the lightning rod outside the window to the shutters of the window. Dupin surmises that no ordinary human could inflict the beating that Madame L'Espanaye suffered. The murderer would have to possess superhuman strength and inhuman ferocity. To satisfy the confusion of the narrator, Dupin points out that the hair removed from Madame L'Espanaye's fingers was not human hair. After drawing a picture of the size and shape of the hand that killed the two women, Dupin reveals his solution. The hand matches the paw of an Ourang-Outang.

Dupin has advertised the safe capture of the animal, news that he believes will draw out its owner. Dupin adds that the owner must be a sailor, since, at the base of the lightning rod, he found a ribbon knotted in a way unique to naval training.

When the sailor arrives, Dupin draws his pistol and demands all the information he knows about the murders. He assures the sailor that he believes him to be innocent. The sailor describes how the animal, grasping a razor, escaped from its closet one night and disappeared from his apartment. The sailor followed the Ourang-Outang and watched him climb the lightning rod and leap into the window. Because he does not possess the animal's agility, the sailor could only

watch the animal as it slashed Madame L'Espanaye and choked Camille. Before escaping the apartment, the animal threw Madame L'Espanaye's body to the courtyard below. The sailor thus confirms the identity of the mysterious voices—the deep voice was his own, and the shrill shrieks were that of the Ourang-Outang.

When informed of Dupin's solution, the police release Le Bon. The prefect is unable to conceal his chagrin at being outwitted by Dupin. He is happy to have the crime solved, but he is sarcastic, rather than grateful, about Dupin's assistance. Dupin comments, in conclusion, that the prefect is a man of ingenuity, not analysis.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.

Sir Thomas Browne.

The mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which disentangles. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension natural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of resolution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if par excellence, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the

higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by a the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The attention is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen. To be less abstract - Let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some recherche movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometime indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the

game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of what to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognises what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation - all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own...

The analytical power should not be confounded with ample ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater,

indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is his theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor, and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake; and into this bizarrerie, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the messy shutters of our old building; lighting a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise if not exactly in its display and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin - the creative and the resolute...

VOCABULARY:

1. conjecture – an opinion or conclusion formed on the basis of incomplete information;
2. inordinately – unusually or disproportionately large; excessive;
3. disentangle – free (something or someone) from something that they are entangled with;
4. conundrum – a confusing and difficult problem or question;
5. acumen – the ability to make good judgements and take quick decisions;
6. apprehension – anxiety or fear that something bad or unpleasant will happen;
7. essence – the intrinsic nature or indispensable quality of something, especially something abstract, which determines its character;
8. merely – just; only;
9. treatise – a written work dealing formally and systematically with a subject;
10. unostentatious – not ostentatious or pretentious;
11. elaborate – involving many carefully arranged parts or details; detailed and complicated in design and planning;
12. bizarre – very strange or unusual;
13. injury – an instance of being injured;
14. acute – (of an unpleasant or unwelcome situation or phenomenon) present or experienced to a severe or intense degree;
15. inadvertence – if you are careless, you do not pay enough attention to what you are doing, and so you make mistakes, or cause harm or damage;
16. apparently – as far as one knows or can see;
17. unaccountable – unable to be explained;
18. proficiency – if you show proficiency in something, you show ability or skill at it;
19. legitimate – conforming to the law or to rules;
20. derive – obtain something from (a specified source);
21. manifold – a pipe or chamber branching into several openings;
22. altogether – completely; totally;
23. inaccessible – unable to be reached;

24. honor (honour) – doing what you believe to be right and being confident that you have done what is right;
25. possession – the state of having, owning, or controlling something;
26. idiocy – extremely stupid behaviour;
27. remnant – a part or quantity that is left after the greater part has been used, removed, or destroyed;
28. circumstance – a fact or condition connected with or relevant to an event or action.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Answer the questions

1. How does Dupin demonstrate his mathematical mind in “The Murders in the Rue Morgue”?
2. Why does Poe have Dupin attempt to solve such drastically different crimes in “The Murders in the Rue Morgue”?
3. In “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” what piece of evidence indicates to Dupin that the owner of the Ourang-Outang is a sailor?
 - a) Flippers
 - b) Naval stationery
 - c) A knotted ribbon
 - d) An embroidered handkerchief
4. In “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” whom do the police originally arrest?
 - a) The narrator
 - b) Henri Cuvier
 - c) Adolpe Le Bon
 - d) Alexander von Humboldt
5. In “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” where does the narrator first meet Dupin?
 - a) In a coffee shop
 - b) At a party
 - c) At a convention

d) In a library

II. True / False?

1. C. Auguste Dupin – a crime Roman solver.

T F

2. An unnamed narrator begins this tale of murder and criminal detection with a discussion of the analytic mind.

T F

3. “The Murders in the Rue Morgue” introduces a new genre of short fiction to American literature: the love story.

T F

4. Poe’s life isn’t relevant to “The Murders in the Rue Morgue”.

T F

5. The deaths of women resonate with Poe’s early childhood experience of watching his mother die and Francis Allan suffer.

T F

III. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|---------------|----|---|
| 1. | acumen | A. | вполне, всецело, совершенно |
| 2. | treatise | B. | необъяснимый; непонятный, непостижимый, странный |
| 3. | elaborate | C. | проницательность, сообразительность |
| 4. | unaccountable | D. | слава, почёт, честь |
| 5. | manifold | E. | трубопровод; коллектор; a pipe or chamber branching into several openings |
| 6. | honor | F. | тщательно, детально разработанный; продуманный; законченный; скрупулёзный, доскональный |
| 7. | altogether | G. | невнимательность; небрежность, нерадивость, халатность; недосмотр |
| | | H. | трактат; научный труд; курс (учебник) |

IV. Join the numbers with the correct letters

| | | | |
|----|--------------|----|---|
| 1. | legitimate | A. | the state of having, owning, or controlling something |
| 2. | extent | B. | a part or quantity that is left after the greater part has been used, removed, or destroyed |
| 3. | remnant | C. | anxiety or fear that something bad or unpleasant will happen |
| 4. | bizarre | D. | if you show proficiency in something, you show ability or skill at it |
| 5. | proficiency | E. | conforming to the law or to rules |
| 6. | possession | F. | free (something or someone) from something that they are entangled with |
| 7. | inordinately | G. | the area covered by something |
| 8. | disentangle | H. | very strange or unusual |
| | | I. | unusually or disproportionately large; excessive |

Suggested Essay Topics

1. How does Poe's use of unreliable first-person narrators affect our reception of his stories (refer to at least 2-3 stories)?
2. What effect does the fear of death have on Poe's characters (refer to at least 2-3 stories)?
3. Poe often uses the idea of the double self in his writings. Using at least 2-3 of his stories, discuss how split and doubled personalities shape the identities of his characters.
4. How does Poe establish an atmosphere of fear or horror in his short stories (use at least 2-3 sources)?
5. How does Poe develop the idea of the rational, analytical being in such characters as C. Auguste Dupin and William Legrand?

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
(1859-1930)

Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. Doyle's family (Conan was his middle name, and it was only later in life that he began to use it as his surname) sent him to Jesuit boarding schools to be educated, and he later entered the University of Edinburgh Medical School in 1881.



One of his professors at the university was Dr. Joseph Bell, who became the model for Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. It was Bell who drummed into Doyle's head the importance of using his innate powers of observation to help him deduce the nature of a patient's affliction.

*While in school, Conan Doyle began writing to earn a little extra money. His first story, *The Mystery of the Sasassa Valley* was published in the *Chambers' Journal* in 1879.*

Shortly after, his father fell ill, and Doyle was forced to become the breadwinner for the family. He worked for a time as a ship's doctor, then opened his own medical practice near Portsmouth. In his spare time he did more writing.

In 1885 Conan Doyle married Louise Hawkins, and had two children with her, before she died after a protracted illness in 1900. In 1907 he remarried, to Jeanne Leckie, and had three more children with her.

*His third attempt at a novel was *A Study in Scarlet*, the story which introduced Sherlock Holmes to the world. Study was published in Mrs. Beeton's Christmas annual, in 1887. Encouraged by publishers to keep writing, Conan Doyle wrote his second Holmes mystery, *The Sign of the Four*, in 1890.*

So successful were these novels, and the stories which followed, that Conan Doyle could afford to give up his medical practice and devote himself to writing full time.

*The first Sherlock Holmes short story, *A Scandal in Bohemia*, appeared in *The Strand Magazine* in 1891, to be followed by two dozen more stories over the next several years.*

*The stories proved enormously successful, but Conan Doyle tired of his own creation, and in 1894 he killed Holmes off in *The Final Problem*.*

He underestimated the popularity of his creation. So great was the hold that the character of Sherlock Holmes had taken on the public imagination that Conan Doyle found himself at the centre of a storm of controversy.

He was inundated with letters of protest, including one from a female reader who addressed him simply as "You Brute!". He bowed to the inevitable, and revived the character of Holmes, who appeared in numerous short stories over the next 23 years.

*But Conan Doyle did not confine himself to Sherlock Holmes; he wrote several popular works of historic fiction, including *Micah Clarke* (1888), *The White Company* (1890), *Rodney Stone* (1896), and *Sir Nigel* (1906)*

Conan Doyle served as a doctor in the Boer War, and on his return he wrote two books defending England's participation in that conflict. It was for these books that he received his knighthood in 1902.

After the death of his son in World War I, Conan Doyle became interested in spiritualism. He was convinced that it was possible to communicate with the dead, and his views led to a certain amount of ridicule from more mainstream society.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died on July 7, 1930, and is buried in the churchyard at Minstead Hampshire. He can rightly be credited with helping create the literary genre of the detective story. Though Edgar Allen Poe's Dupin predates Sherlock Holmes, it was the Holmes' stories that solidified in the public mind what a good detective should be.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

The Hound of the Baskervilles is the third of four crime novels by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle featuring the detective Sherlock Holmes. Originally serialised in *The Strand Magazine* from August 1901 to April 1902, it is set largely on Dartmoor in Devon in England's West Country and tells the story of an attempted murder inspired by the legend of a fearsome, diabolical hound.

Main characters

Sherlock Holmes – Holmes is the famed 221B Baker Street detective with a keen eye, a cute intelligence and a logical mind. He is observation and deduction personified, and although he takes a back seat to Watson for much of this particular adventure, we always feel his presence. In the end, it takes all of his crime-solving powers to identify an ingenious killer, save the life of his next intended victim, and solve the Baskerville mystery.

Dr John Watson – The novel's narrator, Watson is Holmes's stalwart assistant at Baker Street and the chronicler of his triumphs as a private investigator. He steps for a while into Holmes's boots, expressing his eagerness to impress his colleague by cracking this most baffling of cases before Holmes returns to the fray.



Sir Hugo Baskerville – The 17th-century Baskerville who spawned the legend of the family curse. Sir Hugo was a picture of aristocratic excess, drunkenness and debauchery until, one night, he was reputedly killed near Baskerville Hall, in the wilds of Dartmoor, by a demonic hound sent to punish his wickedness.

Sir Charles Baskerville – The recently deceased owner of the Baskerville estates in Devon, Sir Charles was a superstitious bachelor in waning health. Long terrified by the Baskerville legend, his footprints show that he must have been fleeing from something at the time of his death in the grounds of Baskerville Hall. Furthermore, the paw-prints of a large dog marked the soil near his corpse. Sir Charles had been a philanthropist. His enlightened plans to invest funds in the isolated district surrounding Baskerville Hall prompt his heir, Sir Henry, to want to move there and continue his uncle's good works.

Sir Henry Baskerville – The late Sir Charles's nephew and closest known relative, Henry Baskerville inherits the baronetcy. He is described as "a small, alert, dark-eyed man about thirty years of age, very sturdily built." Sir Henry is introduced by his doctor to Holmes and Watson, who travel to Devon in order protect him from what may be a plot to kill him and thus eliminate the last of the Baskervilles. At

the climax of the story, Sir Henry is almost killed, like his uncle, by a ferocious hound, kept hidden among the mires of Dartmoor and trained by the villain of the story to prey on selected victims.

Dr Mortimer – A medical practitioner and friend of the Baskervilles. Mortimer is tall, thin and good-natured with rather eccentric habits. He is, nonetheless, a competent country doctor who was made the executor of Sir Charles's will. He sets the book's plot in train by travelling to London to inform Holmes and Watson about the strange events surrounding Sir Charles's demise, and alerting them to the dangerous situation that Sir Henry now faces as Sir Charles's heir. Mortimer continues to assist Holmes and Watson in their twin roles as investigators and bodyguards until the conclusion of the case.

Jack Stapleton – A bookish former schoolmaster, Stapleton chases butterflies on the moors and pursues antiquarian interests. Outwardly a polished gentleman, he inwardly possesses a hot temper which reveals itself at key moments. It transpires that Stapleton – in reality a long-lost relative of Sir Henry's who stands to inherit the Baskerville fortune – is a scheming, manipulative and money-hungry criminal.

Miss Beryl Stapleton – Allegedly Stapleton's sister, this dusky beauty turns out to be his wife. Eager to prevent another death, but terrified of her violent spouse, she provides enigmatic warnings to Sir Henry and Watson.

John and Eliza Barrymore – The longtime domestic servants of the Baskervilles. Earnest and eager to please, Mrs Barrymore and her husband harbour a dark family secret, however, which temporarily misleads Watson about what is happening out on the moors.

Laura Lyons – The attractive daughter of a local crank who disowned her when she married against his wishes. Subsequently abandoned by her husband, she turns to Stapleton and Sir Charles Baskerville for help, with fatal consequences for the latter.

Selden – A dangerous criminal hiding from the police on the moors. He has a link to the Barrymores, who clandestinely supply him with food and clothing at night. Selden is inadvertently killed by the hound while dressed in a discarded suit of Sir Henry's clothes.

Summary

The Hound of the Baskervilles opens with a mini mystery – Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson speculate on the identity of the owner of a cane that has been left in their office by an unknown visitor. Wowing Watson with his fabulous powers of observation, Holmes predicts the appearance of James Mortimer, owner of the found object.

Entering the office and unveiling an 18th century manuscript, Mortimer recounts the myth of the lecherous Hugo Baskerville. Hugo captured and imprisoned a young country lass at his estate in Devonshire, only to fall victim to a marauding hound of hell as he pursued her along the lonesome moors late one night. Ever since, Mortimer reports, the Baskerville line has been plagued by a mysterious and supernatural black hound. The recent death of Sir Charles Baskerville has rekindled suspicions and fears. The next of kin, the duo finds out, has arrived in London to take up his post at Baskerville Hall, but he has already been intimidated by an anonymous note of warning and, strangely enough, the theft of a shoe.

Agreeing to take the case, Holmes and Watson quickly discover that Sir Henry Baskerville is being trailed in London by a mysterious bearded stranger, and they speculate as to whether the ghost be friend or foe. Holmes, however, announces that he is too busy in London to accompany Mortimer and Sir Henry to Devonshire to get to the bottom of the case, and he sends Dr. Watson to be his eyes and ears, insisting that he report back regularly.

Once in Devonshire, Watson discovers a state of emergency, with armed guards on the watch for an escaped convict roaming the moors. He meets potential suspects in Mr. Barrymore and Mrs. Barrymore, the domestic help, and Mr. Jack Stapleton and his sister Beryl, Baskerville neighbors.

A series of mysteries arrive in rapid succession: Barrymore is caught skulking around the mansion at night; Watson spies a lonely figure keeping watch over the moors; and the doctor hears what sounds like a dog's howling. Beryl Stapleton provides an enigmatic warning and Watson learns of a secret encounter between Sir Charles and a local woman named Laura Lyons on the night of his death.

Doing his best to unravel these threads of the mystery, Watson discovers that Barrymore's nightly jaunts are just his attempt to aid the escaped con, who turns out to be Mrs. Barrymore's brother. The doctor

interviews Laura Lyons to assess her involvement, and discovers that the lonely figure surveying the moors is none other than Sherlock Holmes himself. It takes Holmes – hidden so as not to tip off the villain as to his involvement – to piece together the mystery.

Mr. Stapleton, Holmes has discovered, is actually in line to inherit the Baskerville fortune, and as such is the prime suspect. Laura Lyons was only a pawn in Stapleton's game, a Baskerville beneficiary whom Stapleton convinced to request and then miss a late night appointment with Sir Charles. Having lured Charles onto the moors, Stapleton released his ferocious pet pooch, which frightened the superstitious nobleman and caused a heart attack.

In a dramatic final scene, Holmes and Watson use the younger Baskerville as bait to catch Stapleton red-handed. After a late supper at the Stapletons', Sir Henry heads home across the moors, only to be waylaid by the enormous Stapleton pet. Despite a dense fog, Holmes and Watson are able to subdue the beast, and Stapleton, in his panicked flight from the scene, drowns in a marshland on the moors. Beryl Stapleton, who turns out to be Jack's harried wife and not his sister, is discovered tied up in his house, having refused to participate in his dastardly scheme.

Back in London, Holmes ties up the loose ends, announcing that the stolen shoe was used to give the hound Henry's scent, and that mysterious warning note came from Beryl Stapleton, whose philandering husband had denied their marriage so as to seduce and use Laura Lyons. Watson files the case closed.

Chapter TWELVE

DEATH ON THE MOOR

For a moment or two I sat breathless, hardly able to believe my ears. Then my senses and my voice came back to me, while a crushing weight of responsibility seemed in an instant to be lifted from my soul. That cold, incisive, ironical voice could belong to but one man in all the world.

"Holmes!" I cried - "Holmes!"

"Come out," said he, "and please be careful with the revolver."

I stooped under the rude lintel, and there he sat upon a stone outside, his gray eyes dancing with amusement as they fell upon my astonished features. He was thin and worn, but clear and alert, his keen face bronzed by the sun and roughened by the wind. In his tweed suit and cloth cap he looked like any other tourist upon the moor, and he had contrived, with that catlike love of personal cleanliness which was one of his characteristics, that his chin should be as smooth and his linen as perfect as if he were in Baker Street.

"I never was more glad to see anyone in my life," said I as I wrung him by the hand.

"Or more astonished, eh?"

"Well, I must confess to it."

"The surprise was not all on one side, I assure you. I had no idea that you had found my occasional retreat, still less that you were inside it, until I was within twenty paces of the door."

"My footprint, I presume?"

"No, Watson, I fear that I could not undertake to recognize your footprint amid all the footprints of the world. If you seriously desire to deceive me you must change your tobacconist; for when I see the stub of a cigarette marked Bradley, Oxford Street, I know that my friend Watson is in the neighbourhood. You will see it there beside the path. You threw it down, no doubt, at that supreme moment when you charged into the empty hut."

"Exactly."

"I thought as much – and knowing your admirable tenacity I was convinced that you were sitting in ambush, a weapon within reach, waiting for the tenant to return. So you actually thought that I was the criminal?"

"I did not know who you were, but I was determined to find out."

"Excellent, Watson! And how did you localize me? You saw me, perhaps, on the night of the convict hunt, when I was so imprudent as to allow the moon to rise behind me?"

"Yes, I saw you then." "And have no doubt searched all the huts until you came to this one?"

"No, your boy had been observed, and that gave me a guide where to look."

"The old gentleman with the telescope, no doubt. I could not make it out when first I saw the light flashing upon the lens." He rose and peeped into the hut. "Ha, I see that Cartwright has brought up some supplies. What's this paper? So you have been to Coombe Tracey, have you?"

"Yes."

"To see Mrs. Laura Lyons?"

"Exactly."

"Well done! Our researches have evidently been running on parallel lines, and when we unite our results I expect we shall have a fairly full knowledge of the case."

"Well, I am glad from my heart that you are here, for indeed the responsibility and the mystery were both becoming too much for my nerves. But how in the name of wonder did you come here, and what have you been doing? I thought that you were in Baker Street working out that case of blackmailing."

"That was what I wished you to think."

"Then you use me, and yet do not trust me!" I cried with some bitterness. "I think that I have deserved better at your hands, Holmes."

"My dear fellow, you have been invaluable to me in this as in many other cases, and I beg that you will forgive me if I have seemed to play a trick upon you. In truth, it was partly for your own sake that I did it, and it was my appreciation of the danger which you ran which led me to come down and examine the matter for myself. Had I been with Sir Henry and you it is confident that my point of view would have been the same as yours, and my presence would have warned our very formidable opponents to be on their guard. As it is, I have been able to get about as I could not possibly have done had I been living in the Hall, and I remain an unknown factor in the business, ready to throw in all my weight at a critical moment."

"But why keep me in the dark?"

"For you to know could not have helped us and might possibly have led to my discovery. You would have wished to tell me something, or in your kindness you would have brought me out some comfort or other, and so an unnecessary risk would be run. I brought Cartwright down with me – you remember the little chap at the express office – and he has seen after my simple wants: a loaf of bread and a clean collar. What does man want more? He has given me an

extra pair of eyes upon a very active pair of feet, and both have been invaluable."

"Then my reports have all been wasted!" – My voice trembled as I recalled the pains and the pride with which I had composed them.

Holmes took a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"Here are your reports, my dear fellow, and very well thumbed, I assure you. I made excellent arrangements, and they are only delayed one day upon their way. I must compliment you exceedingly upon the zeal and the intelligence which you have shown over an extraordinarily difficult case."

I was still rather raw over the deception which had been practised upon me, but the warmth of Holmes's praise drove my anger from my mind. I felt also in my heart that he was right in what he said and that it was really best for our purpose that I should not have known that he was upon the moor.

"That's better," said he, seeing the shadow rise from my face. "And now tell me the result of your visit to Mrs. Laura Lyons – it was not difficult for me to guess that it was to see her that you had gone, for I am already aware that she is the one person in Coombe Tracey who might be of service to us in the matter. In fact, if you had not gone today it is exceedingly probable that I should have gone tomorrow."

The sun had set and dusk was settling over the moor. The air had turned chill and we withdrew into the hut for warmth. There sitting together in the twilight, I told Holmes of my conversation with the lady. So interested was he that I had to repeat some of it twice before he was satisfied.

"This is most important," said he when I had concluded. "It fills up a gap which I had been unable to bridge in this most complex affair. You are aware, perhaps, that a close intimacy exists between this lady and the man Stapleton?"

"I did not know of a close intimacy."

There can be no doubt about the matter. They meet, they write, there is a complete understanding between them. Now, this puts a very powerful weapon into our hands. If I could only use it to detach his wife "

"His wife?"

"I am giving you some information now, in return for all that you have given me. The lady who has passed here as Miss Stapleton is in reality his wife."

"Good heavens, Holmes! Are you sure of what you say? How could he have permitted Sir Henry to fall in love with her?"

"Sir Henry's falling in love could do no harm to anyone except Sir Henry. He took particular care that Sir Henry did not make love to her, as you have yourself observed. I repeat that the lady is his wife and not his sister."

"But why this elaborate deception?"

"Because he foresaw that she would be very much more useful to him in the character of a free woman."

All my unspoken instincts, my vague suspicions, suddenly took shape and centred upon the naturalist. In that impassive colourless man, with his straw hat and his butterfly-net, I seemed to see something terrible – a creature of infinite patience and craft, with a smiling face and a murderous heart.

"It is he, then, who is our enemy – it is he who dogged us in London?"

"So I read the riddle."

"And the warning – it must have come from her!"

"Exactly."

The shape of some monstrous villainy, half seen, half guessed, loomed through the darkness which had girt me so long.

"But are you sure of this, Holmes? How do you know that the woman is his wife?"

"Because he so far forgot himself as to tell you a true piece of autobiography upon the occasion when he first met you, and I dare say



he has many a time regretted it since. He was once a schoolmaster in the north of England. Now, there is no one more easy to trace than a schoolmaster. There are scholastic agencies by which one may identify any man who has been in the profession. A little investigation showed me that a school had come to grief under atrocious circumstances, and that the man who had owned it – the name was different – had disappeared with his wife. The descriptions agreed. When I learned that the missing man was devoted to entomology the identification was complete."

The darkness was rising, but much was still hidden by the shadows.

VOCABULARY:

1. elaborate – planned or carried out with great care;
2. foresee – to see (as a development) beforehand;
3. vague – not clearly expressed;
4. impassive – devoid of or not subject to emotion;
5. straw hat – a stiff hat made of straw with a flat crown;
6. dogged – stubbornly persevering; tenacious;
7. villainy – the actions or conduct of a villain; outrageous wickedness;
8. scholastic – of or pertaining to schools, scholars, or education: scholastic attainments;
9. atrocious – extremely or shockingly wicked, cruel, or brutal: an atrocious crime;
10. bundle – several objects or a quantity of material gathered or bound together: a bundle of hay;
11. exceedingly – to an unusual degree; very; extremely;
12. withdraw – to draw back, away, or aside; take back; remove;
13. chill – coldness, especially a moderate but uncomfortably penetrating coldness;
14. twilight – nightfall;
15. to detach – to unfasten and separate; disengage; disunite;
16. crushing – to press or squeeze with a force that destroys or deforms;

17. incisive – penetrating; cutting; biting; trenchant: an incisive tone of voice;
18. amusement – anything that amuses; pastime; entertainment;
19. worn – diminished in value or usefulness through wear, use, handling;
20. alert – fully aware and attentive; wide-awake; keen;
21. roughened – to make or become rough or rougher;
22. zeal – fervor for a person, cause, or object; eager desire or endeavor; enthusiastic diligence; ardor;
23. deception – the act of deceiving; the state of being deceived;
24. tweed – a coarse wool cloth in a variety of weaves and colors;
25. moor – a tract of open, peaty, wasteland, often overgrown with heath, common in high latitudes and altitudes where drainage is poor; heath;
26. cleanliness – personally neat; careful to keep or make clean;
27. retreat – to treat again;
28. stub – a short remaining piece, as of a pencil, candle, or cigar;
29. tenacity – the quality or property of being tenacious;
30. tenant – a person or group that rents and occupies land, a house, an office etc.;
31. ambush – an act or instance of lying concealed so as to attack by surprise;
32. imprudent – not prudent; lacking discretion; incautious; rash;
33. fairly – in a fair manner; justly or honestly; impartially;
34. blackmailing – any payment extorted by intimidation, as by threats of injurious revelations or accusations;
35. bitterness – having a harsh, disagreeably acrid taste, like that of aspirin, quinine, wormwood, or aloes;
36. formidable – causing fear, apprehension, or dread: a formidable opponent.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. True / False?

1. Mr. Holmes found out the presence of Watson with the help of 20 steps.
T F

2. Mr Holmes wished people thought he was working with the case of blackmailing in Baker street.
T F
3. In reality Mrs Stapleton was a wife of Mr Stapleton but he was trying to hide this fact.
T F
4. Mr Stapleton didn't regret telling his biography to Watson at the time of their first appointment.
T F

II. Answer the questions

1. Mr Dixon took a _____ of papers from his pocket.
a) pile b) bundle c) package d) sheaf
2. His costume is made of patches but he likes this _____ costume.
a) worn b) modern c) thin d) dirty
3. The _____ is a very dangerous place. Be carefull because viceous liquid can make you get into the swamp.
a) desert b) puddle c) moor
4. The troops had to _____ cause forces were not equal.
a) assault b) share c) retreat d) back away
5. Because of the _____ he had to give the criminal 10 000 dollars.
a) racket b) blackmail c) robbery d)murder

Suggested Essay Topics

1. Compare and contrast The Hound of the Baskervilles with other mystery / suspense novels and works, such as Poe's poems, Hitchcock's movies etc.
2. What is the role of the setting in the novel (a contrast between urban London and rural Devonshire, internal contrast between the modern and the ancient)?

OSCAR WILDE (1854-1900)

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (16 October 1854 – 30 November 1900) was an Irish writer and poet. After writing in different forms throughout the 1880s, he became one of London's most popular playwrights in the early 1890s. Today he is remembered for his epigrams, plays and the circumstances of his imprisonment, followed by his early death.



Wilde's parents were successful Dublin intellectuals. Their son became fluent in French and German early in life. At university Wilde read Greats; he proved himself to be an outstanding classicist, first at Dublin, then at Oxford. He became known for his involvement in the rising philosophy of aestheticism, led by two of his tutors, Walter Pater and John Ruskin. After university, Wilde moved to London into fashionable cultural and social circles. As a spokesman for aestheticism, he tried his hand at various literary activities: he published a book of poems, lectured in the United States of America and Canada on the new "English Renaissance in Art", and then returned to London where he worked prolifically as a journalist. Known for his biting wit, flamboyant dress, and glittering conversation, Wilde had become one of the most well-known personalities of his day.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Summary

The novel begins on a beautiful summer day with Lord Henry Wotton, a strongly-opinionated man, observing the sensitive artist Basil Hallward painting the portrait of a handsome young man named Dorian Gray, who is Basil's ultimate muse. After hearing Lord Henry's world view, Dorian begins to think beauty is the only worthwhile aspect of life. He wishes that the portrait Basil painted would grow old in his place. Under the influence of Lord Henry (who

relishes the hedonic lifestyle and is a major exponent thereof), Dorian begins to explore his senses. He discovers amazing actress Sibyl Vane, who performs Shakespeare plays in a dingy theatre. Dorian approaches her and soon proposes marriage. Sibyl, who refers to him as "Prince Charming", swoons with happiness, but her protective brother James tells her that if "Prince Charming" harms her, he will certainly kill him.

Dorian invites Basil and Lord Henry to see Sibyl perform in *Romeo and Juliet*. Sibyl, whose only knowledge of love was love of theatre, casts aside her acting abilities through the experience of true love with Dorian. Disheartened, Dorian rejects her, saying her beauty was in her acting, and he is no longer interested in her. When he returns home, he notices that his portrait has changed. Dorian realizes his wish has come true – the portrait now bears a subtle sneer and will age with each sin he commits, while his own appearance remains unchanged.

He decides to reconcile with Sibyl, but Lord Henry later informs him that she has killed herself by swallowing prussic acid. Dorian realizes that lust and looks are where his life is headed and he needs nothing else. Over the next 18 years, he experiments with every vice, mostly under the influence of a "poisonous" French decadence novel, a present from Lord Henry. The title is never revealed in the novel, but at Oscar Wilde's trial he admitted that he had 'had in mind' Joris-Karl Huysmans's *Rebours* (*Against Nature*).

One night, before he leaves for Paris, Basil arrives to question Dorian about rumours of his indulgences. Dorian does not deny his debauchery. He takes Basil to the portrait, which is as hideous as Dorian's sins. In anger, Dorian blames Basil for his fate and stabs Basil to death. He then blackmails an old friend named Alan Campbell, a chemist, into destroying Basil's body. Wishing to escape the guilt of his crime, Dorian travels to an opium den. James Vane is present there and attempts to shoot Dorian after he hears someone refer to Dorian as "Prince Charming". However, he is deceived when Dorian fools James into thinking he is too young to have been involved with Sibyl 18 years earlier. James releases Dorian but is approached by a woman from the opium den who chastises him for not killing Dorian, revealing Dorian has not aged for 18 years. James attempts to run after him, only to find Dorian long gone.

While at dinner, Dorian sees James stalking the grounds and fears for his life. However, during a game-shooting party a few days later, a lurking James is accidentally shot and killed by one of the hunters. After returning to London, Dorian tells Lord Henry that he will be good from now on, and has started by not breaking the heart of his latest innocent conquest named Hetty Merton. Dorian wonders if the portrait has begun to change back, now that he has given up his immoral ways. He unveils the portrait to find it has become worse. Seeing this, he realizes that the motives behind his "self-sacrifice" was merely vanity, curiosity, and the quest for new emotional experiences.

Deciding that only full confession will absolve him, he decides to destroy the last vestige of his conscience. In a rage, he picks up the knife that killed Basil Hallward and plunges it into the painting. His servants hear a cry from inside the locked room and send for the police. They find Dorian's body, stabbed in the heart and suddenly aged, withered and horrible. It is only through the rings on his hand that the corpse can be identified. Beside him, however, the portrait reverted to its original form.

Chapter TWENTY

It was a lovely night, so warm that he threw his coat over his arm and did not even put his silk scarf round his throat. As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the other, "That is Dorian Gray." He remembered how pleased he used to be when he was pointed out, or stared at, or talked about. He was tired of hearing his own name now. Half the charm of the little village where he had been so often lately was that no one knew who he was. He had often told the girl whom he had lured to love him that he was poor, and she had believed him. He had told her once that he was wicked, and she had laughed at him and answered that wicked people were always very old and very ugly. What a laugh she had! – just like a thrush singing. And how pretty she had been in her cotton dresses and her large hats! She knew nothing, but she had everything that he had lost.

When he reached home, he found his servant waiting up for him. He sent him to bed, and threw himself down on the sofa in the

library, and began to think over some of the things that Lord Henry had said to him.

Was it really true that one could never change? He felt a wild longing for the unstained purity of his boyhood—his rose white boyhood, as Lord Henry had once called it. He knew that he had tarnished himself, filled his mind with corruption and given horror to his fancy; that he had been an evil influence to others, and had experienced a terrible joy in being so; and that of the lives that had crossed his own, it had been the fairest and the most full of promise that he had brought to shame. But was it all irretrievable? Was there no hope for him?

Ah! In what a monstrous moment of pride and passion he had prayed that the portrait should bear the burden of his days, and he keep the unsullied splendour of eternal youth! All his failure had been due to that. Better for him that each sin of his life had brought its sure swift penalty along with it. There was purification in punishment. Not "Forgive us our sins" but "Smite us for our iniquities" should be the prayer of man to a most just God.

The curiously carved mirror that Lord Henry had given to him, so many years ago now, was standing on the table, and the white-limbed Cupids laughed round it as of old. He took it up, as he had done on that night of horror when he had first noted the change in the fatal picture, and with wild, tear-dimmed eyes looked into its polished shield. Once, some one who had terribly loved him had written to him a mad letter, ending with these idolatrous words: "The world is changed because you are made of ivory and gold. The curves of your lips rewrite history." The phrases came back to his memory, and he repeated them over and over to himself. Then he loathed his own beauty, and flinging the mirror on the floor, crushed it into silver splinters beneath his heel. It was his beauty that had ruined him, his beauty and the youth that he had prayed for. But for those two things, his life might have been free from stain. His beauty had been to him but a mask, his youth but a mockery. What was youth at best? A green, an unripe time, a time of shallow moods, and sickly thoughts. Why had he worn its livery? Youth had spoiled him.

It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could alter that. It was of himself, and of his own future, that he had to think. James Vane was hidden in a nameless grave in Selby churchyard. Alan

Campbell had shot himself one night in his laboratory, but had not revealed the secret that he had been forced to know. The excitement, such as it was, over Basil Hallward's disappearance would soon pass away. It was already waning. He was perfectly safe there. Nor, indeed, was it the death of Basil Hallward that weighed most upon his mind. It was the living death of his own soul that troubled him. Basil had painted the portrait that had marred his life. He could not forgive him that. It was the portrait that had done everything. Basil had said things to him that were unbearable, and that he had yet borne with patience. The murder had been simply the madness of a moment. As for Alan Campbell, his suicide had been his own act. He had chosen to do it. It was nothing to him.

A new life! That was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already. He had spared one innocent thing, at any rate. He would never again tempt innocence. He would be good.

As he thought of Hetty Merton, he began to wonder if the portrait in the locked room had changed. Surely it was not still so horrible as it had been? Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expel every sign of evil passion from the face. Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look.

He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door, a smile of joy flitted across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome -- more loathsome, if possible, than before and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilled. Then he trembled. Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire for a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted, with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or,

perhaps, all these? And why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped blood even on the hand that had not held the knife. Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up and be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he did confess, who would believe him? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The world would simply say that he was mad. They would shut him up if he persisted in his story. Yet it was his duty to confess, to suffer public shame,



and to make public atonement. There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven. Nothing that he could do would cleanse him till he had told his own sin. His sin? He shrugged his shoulders. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. He was thinking of Hetty Merton. For it was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell? . . . No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now.

But this murder – was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be burdened by his past? Was he really to confess? Never. There was only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should

look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened.

As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead, he would be free. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and without its hideous warnings, he would be at peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture with it.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants woke and crept out of their rooms. Two gentlemen, who were passing in the square below, stopped and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. Except for a light in one of the top windows, the house was all dark. After a time, he went away and stood in an adjoining portico and watched.

"Whose house is that, Constable?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Dorian Gray's, sir," answered the policeman.

They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of them was Sir Henry Ashton's uncle.

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half-clad domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leaf was crying and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily their bolts were old.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

VOCABULARY:

1. to stroll – go for a leisurely walk;
2. longing – a yearning desire;
3. to tarnish – make or become less valuable or respected;
4. horror – an intense feeling of fear, shock, or disgust;
5. irretrievable – not able to be retrieved or put right;
6. burden – a load, typically a heavy one. A duty or misfortune that causes worry, hardship, or distress;
7. splendour – magnificent and splendid appearance; grandeur;
8. eternal – lasting or existing forever; without end;
9. shield – a broad piece of metal or another suitable material, held by straps or a handle attached on one side, used as a protection against blows or missiles;
10. ivory – a hard creamy-white substance composing the main part of the tusks of an elephant, walrus, or narwhal, often (especially formerly) used to make ornaments and other articles;
11. splinters – a small, thin, sharp piece of wood, glass, or similar material broken off from a larger piece;
12. mockery – derision; ridicule;
13. grave – a hole dug in the ground to receive a coffin or corpse, typically marked by a stone or mound;
14. unbearable – not able to be endured or tolerated;
15. innocence – the state, quality, or fact of being innocent of a crime or offence;
16. hideous – extremely ugly, extremely unpleasant;
17. hanging – a decorative piece of fabric or curtain hung on the wall of a room or around a bed;
18. wrinkle – a slight line or fold in something, especially fabric or the skin of the face;
19. vanity – excessive pride in or admiration of one's own appearance or achievements;
20. to persist – continue to exist; be prolonged;
21. to shrug – raise (one's shoulders) slightly and momentarily to express doubt, ignorance, or indifference;
22. curiosity – a strong desire to know or learn something;

23. adjoining – (of a building, room, or piece of land) next to or joined with;
24. to sneer – smile or speak in a contemptuous or mocking manner;
25. coachman – a driver of a horse-drawn carriage;
26. splendid – magnificent; very impressive;
27. exquisite – extremely beautiful and delicate, highly sensitive or discriminating;
28. loathsome – causing hatred or disgust; repulsive.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Fill in the blanks using the words from the list above

He 1) _____ himself 2) _____ on the sofa in the library, and began 3) _____ some of the things that Lord Henry 4) _____ to him.

The curiously carved mirror that Lord Henry had given to him, so many years ago now, was standing on the table, and the white-limbed Cupids 5) _____ it as of old. He 6) _____ it _____, as he had done on that night of horror when he had first noted the change in the fatal picture, and with wild, tear-dimmed eyes 7) _____ its polished shield. Once, some one who had terribly loved him had written to him a mad letter, ending with these idolatrous words: "The world is changed because you are made of 8) _____ and 9) _____. The curves of your lips 10) _____ history."

II. Answer the questions

1. Where did the girl who loved and believed Dorian live?
 - a) in the Royal Palace
 - b) in a little village
 - c) in the capital of the country
 - d) in a town

2. Who was waiting for the main hero at home?
 - a) his wife
 - b) his friend Henry
 - c) his servant
 - d) the creator of the portrait

3. What was the mirror made of?

- a) gold
- b) silver
- c) bronze
- d) a mix of silver and bronze

4. What was the equivalent to the word 'beauty' according to Dorian?

- a) mockery
- b) fun
- c) joy
- d) mask

5. What happened to Allan Campbell?

- a) he killed Dorian
- b) he killed himself
- c) he shot his mother
- d) he died of plague

6. Who discovered the dead body of Dorian?

- a) coachman
- b) coachman, footman and Francis
- c) Mrs. Leaf and Francis
- d) Francis, coachman

Suggested Essay Topics

1. Lord Henry and Dorian claim to be artists in the way they live their lives. Is this true, based on Wilde's definition of the artist, as expressed in the preface? Is this true based on your own definition?

2. At the time of its publication, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* sparked countless debates about the role of morality in art. What is your contribution to this debate? Do artists have the responsibility to convey good morals to their audience?

WILLIAM SAROYAN (1908 – 1981)

William Saroyan (1908 – 1981) an American writer of Armenian descent. Highly original stories made him one of the most talked about writers in America. These were followed by plays and short stories that were even more enthusiastically received.

Saroyan's stories are richly funny and humane. He is a very honest writer. He wrote clearly, without pose about what could happen to people. Saroyan had a real love and compassion for common people, and a deep understanding of their dignity. He always tried to make his reader sympathize with them and shared in their sufferings.

Saroyan had little schooling, but he was a keen observer of life, and almost all the episodes described in his works are taken either from his own life or from the life of the people who came in touch with him. Saroyan persuades his readers to accept his characters like they are, namely, to accept the comic and pathetic nature which exists in us all.

Saroyan published essays and memoirs, in which he depicted the people he had met on travels, such as the playwright George Bernard Shaw, the Finnish composer Jean Sibelius, and Charlie Chaplin. Saroyan's stories celebrated optimism in the midst of the trials and tribulations of the Depression. Several of Saroyan's works were drawn from his own experiences, although his approach to autobiographical fact contained a fair bit of poetic license.

His advice to a young writer was: "Try to learn to breathe deeply; really to taste food when you eat, and when you sleep really to sleep. Try as much as possible to be wholly alive with all your might, and when you laugh, laugh like hell." Saroyan endeavored to create a prose style full of zest for life and seemingly impressionistic.

He published more than thirty books and plays. His best-known novel is "The Human Comedy". Among his most popular works are "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson", "Rock Wagram", "The



Laughing Matter”, “Boys and Girls Together”, and “ One Day in the Afternoon of the World”.

OUT OF ORDER

Summary

An autobiographical story written by William Saroyan tells us about his first day of studying in Longfellow High School.

It was in Ancient History lesson when he first made his class feel he had a truly original mind...

William was too much surprised to hear from Miss Shenstone, the teacher, that being given the textbooks students were already supposed to open the page 192 for the first lesson. Thus, he remarked it would seem more in order to turn to page one. Subsequently such kind of remark caused a negative reaction from the teacher’s side.

On page 192 was a photograph of two rather common-looking stones which Miss Shenstone said were twenty thousand years old. William was interested to find out how she knew it. So, without hesitating he asked her this question. Such kind of behavior was something quite new to the Old School of thought. Namely, because only teachers asked the questions and the students tried to answer them. The reason was simple. Namely, neither Miss Shenstone, nor Mr. Monsoon, the principal, had a satisfactory answer to any questions of the sort William asked. The only thing they knew was the information written in the textbooks. That’s why instead of giving William the answer Miss Shenstone made him demonstrate the behavior of the New School – she made him run as she was going to punish him.

William decided to present his case to Mr. Monsoon. His aim was to restore the justice. But how was he astonished to find that Mr. Monsoon’s sympathies were with Miss Shenstone...

The only way out was to go to William’s Uncle Aleksander, who was studying law at the University of Southern California, and to tell him the story.

Uncle talked to the principal and Miss Shenstone. After a while the problem was solved, but the process of its solution remained a secret for William.

Anyway, the outcome of the story was the following: Miss Shenstone taught in Longfellow another four days after the incident and during that time she didn't allow herself to look at the main hero or to ask him a question; Mr. Monsoon left the school after a month. He was succeeded by a man who was famous for his exploits in the First World War. It was expected of this man to quickly put down the new school and to restore the old. As for William himself, he transferred to Tech High in order to learn typing.

OUT OF ORDER

Longfellow High was not strictly speaking a high school at all. It was the seventh and eighth grades of grammar school, and its full name was Longfellow Junior High School.

It was in Ancient History that I first astonished my class into an awareness that here was a truly original mind-happened that this was the first class of the very first day. The teacher was a woman of forty or so. She smoked cigarettes, laughed loudly with other teachers during the lunch hour, and had frequently been seen by the students running suddenly, pushing, and acting gay. She was called Miss Shenstone by the students and Harriet or Harry by the other teachers. Ancient-history books were distributed to the class, and Miss Shenstone asked us to turn to page 192 for the first lesson.

I remarked that it would seem more in order to turn to page one for the first lesson.

I was asked my name, whereupon I was only too glad to say honestly "William Saroyan".

"Well, William Saroyan," Miss Shenstone said, "I might say, Mister William Saroyan, just shut up and let me do the teaching of ancient history in this class"

Quite a blow.

On page 192, I remember it quite clearly, was a photograph of two rather common-looking stones which Miss Shenstone said were

called Stonehenge. She then said that these stones were twenty thousand years old.

It was at this point that my school of thought and behavior was started.

“How do you know?” I said.

This was a fresh twist to the old school of thought in which the teachers asked arid questions and the students tried to answer them. The entire class expressed its approval of the new school. The truth of the matter is that neither Miss Shenstone, nor Mr. Monsoon himself, the principal, had a satisfactory answer to any question of this sort, for they (and all the other teachers) had always accepted what they had found in the textbooks.

Instead of trying to answer the question, Miss Shenstone compelled me to demonstrate the behavior of the new school. That is she compelled me to run. She flung herself at me with such speed that I was hardly able to get away. For half a moment she clung to my home knit sweater, and damaged it before I got away. The chase was an exciting one, but I got out of the room safely. Five minutes later, believing that the woman had calmed down, I opened the door to step and return to my seat, but again herself at me and again I got away.

Rather than wait for the consequences, I decided to present myself to Mr. Monsoon himself, but when I did so, I was amazed to find that his sympathies were with Miss Shenstone and that he looked upon me with loathing.

“She said the rocks were twenty thousand years old,” I said. “All I said was ‘How do you know?’ I didn’t mean that they weren’t that old. I meant that maybe they were older, maybe thirty thousand years old. How old is the earth? Several million years old, isn’t it? If the book can say the rocks are twenty thousand years old, somebody ought to be able to say how the book got that figure. I came here to learn. I came here to learn. I don’t expect to be punished because I want to learn.”

“Your name again, please?” Mr. Monsoon said.

“William Saroyan”, I said as humbly as possible, although I must confess it was not easy to do.

“You are?” Mr. Monsoon said.

“Eleven.” I said.

“No, I don’t mean that.”

“One hundred and three pounds.”

“No, no. The name, I’m thinking of.”

“And nationality,” Mr. Monsoon said.

“Armenian,” I said proudly.

“Just as I thought,” the principal said.

“Just as you thought what?”

“Nobody but the Armenian would have asked a question like that.”

“How do you know?” I said, giving the new school another whirl.

“Nobody did,” the principal said. “ Does that answer your question?”

“Only partly,” I said. “ How do you know somebody else would not have asked it if I hadn’t?”

“In all the years that I have been connected with the public school system of California,” Mr. Monsoon said, “ no one has ever asked such a question.”

“Yes.” I said quickly, “ and in all the years before Newton wanted to know what made the apple fall, nobody wanted to know what made it fall.”

I was brilliant. It’s not my fault nobody else was.

Mr. Monsoon chose not to continue the discussion. He just sat and looked at his shoes.

“How about that?” I said.

“Well,” he said rather wearily. “ I must give you a thrashing about that?”

“For what?” I said.

I got to my feet, watching the stenographer, whose desk was beside the door. This was a rather pretty girl, and I hoped to make a favourable impression on her, although I can’t imagine what I expected to come of it.

“Miss Slifo”, Mr. Monsoon said, but that was all I needed to hear, and before Miss Slifo was able to block my way, I was at the door, out of the room, and about halfway across the school grounds.

Once again, the behavior of the new school had been tested and found true .

I went home and found my Uncle Aleksander, who was studying law at the University of Southern California, on a visit at our

house, drinking coffee I told him the story. He invited me into his car and we took off for Longfellow Junior High School.

“That’s the story, just as you’ve told me?” he said as we rode.

“That’s exactly how it happened.”

“All right,” my Uncle Alecksander said. “You wait in the car.”

I don’t know what my Uncle Alecksander and Mr. Monsoon said to one another, but after a few minutes Miss Slifo came out to the car and said, “Your uncle and Mr. Monsoon and Miss Shenstone would like to see you in the office.”

I went in and my uncle said, “There are men who know how to determine the approximate age of different things in the world and on the earth. Who these men are and how they determine these things, Mr. Monsoon does not know, and neither does Miss Shenstone. Miss Shenstone has promised to look into the matter. On your part, you may ask any question you like, but in a more co-operative and polite tone of voice.” He turned to the principal. “Is that in accordance with our understanding?”

“Quite,” the principal said.

“It was with admiration that Mr. Monsoon remarked that only an Armenian would have asked a question like that, “My uncle Alecksander went on, “Is that correct, Mr. Monsoon?” “It is,” Mr. Monsoon said. “In a city with a population of “n or fifteen thousand of them, I could hardly...”

“With admiration, then,” my Uncle Alecksander said. He turned to me.

“You will spend the rest of the day away from school, but tomorrow you will return to you classes as though nothing had happened.”

“Is that also in accordance with our understanding?”, uncle asked the principal.

“I was wondering if he might not be transferred to another school,” the principal said, but my uncle said quickly, “He lives in this district. His friends come to this school. I shall be interested in his progress.”

“We all shall,” the principal said.

I could not have been more ill at ease, or more angry at my uncle. The very thing I had always despised had just taken place, that

is to say , a brilliant man had come to my defense a circumstance I could hardly be expected to enjoy.

A brilliant man who happened to be my mother's younger brother, had stepped in among the great figures of the school, belittled and threatened them; and they, instead of fighting back, had let him get away with it. Well, I didn't want him to get away with it.

The following day I presented myself to Mr. Monsoon, who, when he saw me, appeared to want to close his eyes and to go to sleep.

"I've come to apologize," I said. "I don't want any special privileges."

"Just ask your questions in a polite tone of voice," the man said. "You may go now."

He refused to open his eyes.

I went straight to the ancient-history class, where I found Miss Shenstone at her desk.

"I'm sorry about the trouble I made." I said. "I won't do it again."

For a moment I thought she was about to fling herself at me again, but without looking up from her work, she said very dryly, "They have a way of determining such things. You may go now."

I felt sure the principal and the teacher would one day remember how wonderfully I behaved in this unfortunate affair, but as I've said, they didn't, and so I have had to.

Miss Shenstone taught at Longfellow only another four days. A series of substitute teachers took over the teaching of the ancient-history class, but now the new school was in full operation throughout Longfellow High, and the substitutes always eager to finish out a day or a week and be gone forever.

Mr. Monsoon left the school too and he was succeeded by a man who tried the method of brute force at first, thrashing as many as three dozen boys a day, and then he tried the method of taking the worst boys into his confidence, going for walks with them through the school grounds, being friendly and so on: but neither of these methods worked, and after the first semester, the man accepted a post at a small country school with only forty or fifty students.

As for myself, I transferred to another school in order to learn typing.

VOCABULARY:

1. astonish – to fill with sudden wonder or amazement;
2. awareness – knowledge of sth;
3. gay – cheerful;
4. to distribute – to deliver or hand out sth;
5. whereupon – following which;
6. honestly – frankly;
7. blow – strike;
8. twist – turn;
9. arid – dry;
10. entire – whole, complete;
11. a pproval – agreement;
12. accurately – exactly;
13. legitimate – being in accordance with accepted standards;
14. to compel – to oblige, to force smb to do sth;
15. to fling – to throw oneself into an activity with energy;
16. to cling – to hold fast to sth or smb;
17. to knit – to make a fabric by intertwining yarn or thread in a series of connected loops;
18. to damage – to cause harm to sth;
19. chase – to follow rapidly in order to catch, to hunt;
20. loathing – dislike;
21. humbly – respectfully;
22. to confess – to recognize the reality or truth of sth;
23. whirl – a state of confusion;
24. wearily – tiredly;
25. thrashing – punishment;
26. approximate – almost exact or correct;
27. cooperative – engaged in joint economic activity;
28. to transfer – to change one place to another;
29. district – a region having a distinguishing feature;
30. ill at ease – to feel uncomfortable;
31. despise – to dislike intensely;
32. defense – a means or method of protecting;
33. to belittle – to speak of as small or unimportant;
34. unfortunate – unlucky, a victim of bad luck;
35. affair – something done or to be done;

36. substitute – one that takes the place of another;
37. to eager – having or showing keen interest to sth;
38. exploit – an act or deed, especially a heroic one;
39. confidence – trust or faith in a person or thing.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. True / False?

1. Miss Shenstone was a teacher of History of Our Times.
T F
2. When the ancient-books were distributed to the class for the first time Miss Shenstone asked to turn to the last pages.
T F
3. William couldn't remember exactly the photograph he saw on page 192.
T F
4. Miss Shenstone's reaction to William's question was aggressive.
T F
5. When Miss Shenstone asked William to say his name he was too scared to do that.
T F
6. After the incident that occurred Miss Shenstone neither looked at William in class nor asked him any questions.
T F
7. The day after William's uncle talked with Mr. Monsoon and Miss Shenstone, he went in and apologized to them.
T F

II. Answer the questions:

1. What made the teacher of Ancient History angry when her first lesson of the school year began?
2. Did the class approve of Saroyan's curiosity and his eagerness to find out the accuracy of the teacher's words?
3. In what way did the teacher behave?
4. Did Saroyan hope to find understanding and sympathy in Mr. Monsoon, the principal? What couldn't he expect?
5. How did William escape punishment?

III. Fill in the correct word from the list below:

legitimated, astonished, defense, loathing, eager, accurate

1. He pushed her hands and walked away, and it seemed that his face showed _____ and annoyance. (feeling of disgust)
2. Parliament _____ his accession to the throne. (in accordance with established rules)
3. Two more regiments were needed for the _____ of the city. (protection)
4. Having bought a new book she was _____ to get started to read it without leaving the bookstore. (showing keen interest)
5. I am _____ of the fact that she still hasn't sent me a letter-response. Is she ignoring me? (to fill with sudden wonder)
6. A history book full of up to date and true facts is an example of _____ reading material. (exact)

Suggested Essay Topics

1. For every force there is another force. Does this law work in your life?
2. The ideal teacher. What does he / she look like?

ERNEST HEMINGWAY (1899-1961)

Ernest Hemingway was born in 1899 in Oak Park, Illinois. He commenced his career as a writer at the age of 17 in a newspaper office situated at Kansas City. Here is a brief Ernest Hemingway biography that will give you a better insight into this famous writer's professional life.

Hemingway wished to join the US Army during the First World War. Since he failed the medical examination, he joined the Red Cross Ambulance Corps. When he arrived at the Italian Front, he was shaken since this was the first time he witnessed the brutal realities of the war. When an ammunition factory blew up near Milan, he was assigned the tough duty of picking up the remains. This first deadly encounter with death led him to write a short story titled "A Natural History of the Dead".

In 1926, he published his work "The Sun Also Rises". This was followed by another equally successful contribution in 1929 named "A Farewell to Arms". This portrays the disillusionment of an ambulance officer in America during the war. His most ambitious novel was written in 1940 titled "For Whom the Bell Tolls", which described his journalistic experiences during the Spanish Civil War. In 1952, he published an outstanding short novel, "The Old Man and the Sea" which illustrated a fisherman's struggle with a fish in a sea.

Hemingway – himself a great sportsman – liked to portray soldiers, hunters, bullfighters – tough, at times primitive people whose courage and honesty are set against the brutal ways of modern society, and who in this confrontation lose hope and faith. His straightforward prose, his spare dialogue, and his predilection for understatement are particularly effective in his short stories.

In 1938, he published the popular work "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories" which included a full-length play and 49 short stories. Some of the famous stories include "Men Without Women", "One Reader Writes", "The Snows of Kilimanjaro", "Old



Man at the Bridge”, “In Our Time”, “A Clean, Well-Lighted Place”, “Hills Like White Elephants” and “Winner Take Nothing”

Hemingway died in Idaho in 1961.

Hemingway left behind an impressive body of work and an iconic style that still influences writers today. His personality and constant pursuit of adventure loomed almost as large as his creative talent. When asked about the function of his art, Hemingway proved once again to be a master of the "one true sentence": "From things that have happened and from things as they exist and from all things that you know and all those you cannot know, you make something through your invention that is not a representation but a whole new thing truer than anything true and alive, and you make it alive, and if you make it well enough, you give it immortality."

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Summary

The novel is divided into five books. In the first book, Rinaldi introduces Henry to Catherine Barkley; Henry attempts to seduce her, and their relationship begins. While on the Italian front, Henry is wounded in the knee by a mortar shell and sent to a hospital in Milan. The second book shows the growth of Henry and Catherine's relationship as they spend time together in Milan over the summer. Henry falls in love with Catherine and, by the time he is healed, Catherine is three months pregnant. In the third book, Henry returns to his unit, but not long afterwards the Austro-Germans break through the Italian lines in the Battle of Caporetto, and the Italians retreat. Henry kills an engineering sergeant for insubordination. After falling behind and catching up again, Henry is taken to a place by the "battle police", where officers are being interrogated and executed for the "treachery" that supposedly led to the Italian defeat. However, after seeing and hearing that everyone interrogated is killed, Henry escapes by jumping into a river. In the fourth book, Catherine and Henry reunite and flee to Switzerland in a rowboat. In the final book, Henry and Catherine live a quiet life in the mountains until she goes into labor. After a long and painful birth, their son is stillborn. Catherine

begins to hemorrhage and soon dies, leaving Henry to return to their hotel in the rain.

Chapter SIX

The next afternoon I went to call on Miss Barkley again. She was not in the garden and I went to the side door of the villa where the ambulances drove up. Inside I saw the head nurse, who said Miss Barkley was on duty – "here's a war on, you know." I said I knew. "You're the American in the Italian army?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you happen to do that? Why didn't you join up with us?"

"I don't know," I said. "Could I join now?"

"I'm afraid not now. Tell me. Why did you join up with the Italians?"

"I was in Italy," I said, "and I spoke Italian."

"Oh," she said. "I'm learning it. It's beautiful language."

"Somebody said you should be able to learn it in two weeks."

"Oh, I'll not learn it in two weeks. I've studied it for months now. You may come and see her after seven o'clock if you wish. She'll be off then. But don't bring a lot of Italians."

"Not even for the beautiful language?"

"No. Nor for the beautiful uniforms."

"Good evening," I said.

"A rivederci, Tenente."

"A rivederla." I saluted and went out. It was impossible to salute foreigners as an Italian, without embarrassment. The Italian salute never seemed made for export.

The day had been hot. I had been up the river to the bridgehead at Plava. It was there that the offensive was to begin. It had been impossible to advance on the far side the year before because there was only one road leading down from the pass to the pontoon bridge and it was under machine-gun and shell fire for nearly a mile. It was not wide enough either to carry all the transport for an offensive and the Austrians could make a shambles out of it. But the Italians had crossed and spread out a little way on the far side to hold about a mile and a half on the Austrian side of the river. It was a nasty place and

the Austrians should not have let them hold it. I suppose it was mutual tolerance because the Austrians still kept a bridgehead further down the river.

The Austrian trenches were above on the hillside only a few yards from the Italian lines.

There had been a little town but it was all rubble. There was what was left of a railway station and a smashed permanent bridge that could not be repaired and used because it was in plain sight.

I went along the narrow road down toward the river, left the car at the dressing station under the hill, crossed the pontoon bridge, which was protected by a shoulder of the mountain, and went through the trenches in the smashed-down town and along the edge of the slope. Everybody was in the dugouts. There were racks of rockets standing to be touched off to call for help from the artillery or to signal with if the telephone wires were cut. It was quiet, hot and dirty. I looked across the wire at the Austrian lines.

Nobody was in sight. I had a drink with a captain that I knew in one of the dugouts and went back across the bridge.

A new wide road was being finished that would go over the mountain and zig-zag down to the bridge. When this road was finished the offensive would start. It came down through the forest in sharp turns. The system was to bring everything down the new road and take the empty trucks, carts and loaded ambulances and all returning traffic up the old narrow road. The dressing station was on the Austrian side of the river under the edge of the hill and stretcher-bearers would bring the wounded back across the pontoon bridge. It would be the same when the offensive started. As far as I could make out the last mile or so of the new road where it started to level out would be able to be shelled steadily by the Austrians. It looked as though it might be a mess. But I found a place where the cars would be sheltered after they passed that last bad-looking bit and could wait for the wounded to be brought across the pontoon bridge. I would have liked to drive over the new road but it was not yet finished. It looked wide and well made with a good



grade and the turns looked very impressive where you could see them through openings in the forest on the mountain side. The cars would be all right with their good metal-to-metal brakes and anyway, coming down, they would not be loaded. I drove back up the narrow road.

Two carabinieri held the car up. A shell had fallen and while we waited three others fell up the road. They were seventy-sevens and came with a whishing rush of air, a hard bright burst and flash and then gray smoke that blew across the road. The carabinieri waved us to go on. Passing where the shells had landed I avoided the small broken places and smelled the high explosive and the smell of blasted clay and stone and freshly shattered flint. I drove back to Gorizia and our villa and, as I said, went to call on Miss Barkley, who was on duty.

At dinner I ate very quickly and left for the villa where the British had their hospital. It was really very large and beautiful and there were fine trees in the grounds. Miss Barkley was sitting on a bench in the garden. Miss Ferguson was with her. They seemed glad to see me and in a little while Miss Ferguson excused herself and went away.

"I'll leave you two," she said. "You get along very well without me."

"Don't go, Helen," Miss Barkley said.

"I'd really rather. I must write some letters."

"Good-night," I said.

"Good-night, Mr. Henry."

"Don't write anything that will bother the censor."

"Don't worry. I only write about what a beautiful place we live in and how brave the Italians are."

"That way you'll be decorated."

"That will be nice. Good-night, Catherine."

"I'll see you in a little while," Miss Barkley said. Miss Ferguson walked away in the dark.

"She's nice," I said.

"Oh, yes, she's very nice. She's a nurse."

"Aren't you a nurse?"

"Oh, no. I'm something called a V. A. D. We work very hard but no one trusts us."

"Why not?"

“They don’t trust us when there’s nothing going on. When there is really work they trust us.”

“What is the difference?”

“A nurse is like a doctor. It takes a long time to be. A V. A. D. is a short cut.”

“I see.”

“The Italians didn’t want women so near the front. So we’re all on very special behavior. We don’t go out.”

“I can come here though.”

“Oh, yes. We’re not cloistered.”

“Let’s drop the war.”

“It’s very hard. There’s no place to drop it.”

“Let’s drop it anyway.”

“All right.”

We looked at each other in the dark. I thought she was very beautiful and I took her hand. She let me take it and I held it and put my arm around under her arm.

“No,” she said. I kept my arm where it was.

“Why not?”

“No.”

“Yes,” I said. “Please.” I leaned forward in the dark to kiss her and there was a sharp stinging flash. She had slapped my face hard. Her hand had hit my nose and eyes, and tears came in my eyes from the reflex.

“I’m so sorry,” she said. I felt I had a certain advantage.

“You were quite right.”

“I’m dreadfully sorry,” she said. “I just couldn’t stand the nurse’s-evening off aspect of it. I didn’t mean to hurt you. I did hurt you, didn’t I?”

She was looking at me in the dark. I was angry and yet certain, seeing it all ahead like the moves in a chess game.

“You did exactly right,” I said. “I don’t mind at all.”

“Poor man.”

“You see I’ve been leading a sort of a funny life. And I never even talk English. And then you are so very beautiful.” I looked at her.

“You don’t need to say a lot of nonsense. I said I was sorry. We do get along.”

“Yes,” I said. “And we have gotten away from the war.”

She laughed. It was the first time I had ever heard her laugh. I watched her face.

“You are sweet,” she said.

“No, I’m not.”

“Yes. You are a dear. I’d be glad to kiss you if you don’t mind.”

I looked in her eyes and put my arm around her as I had before and kissed her. I kissed her hard and held her tight and tried to open her lips; they were closed tight. I was still angry and as I held her suddenly she shivered. I held her close against me and could feel her heart beating and her lips opened and her head went back against my hand and then she was crying on my shoulder.

“Oh, darling,” she said. “You will be good to me, won’t you?”

What the hell, I thought. I stroked her hair and patted her shoulder. She was crying.

“You will, won’t you?” She looked up at me. “Because we’re going to have a strange life.”

After a while I walked with her to the door of the villa and she went in and I walked home. Back at the villa I went upstairs to the room. Rinaldi was lying on his bed. He looked at me.

“So you make progress with Miss Barkley?”

“We are friends.”

“You have that pleasant air of a dog in heat.”

I did not understand the word.

“Of a what?”

He explained.

“You,” I said, “have that pleasant air of a dog who—”

“Stop it,” he said. “In a little while we would say insulting things.” He laughed.

“Good-night,” I said.

“Good-night, little puppy.”

I knocked over his candle with the pillow and got into bed in the dark.

Rinaldi picked up the candle, lit it and went on reading

VOCABULARY:

1. dispense – to apply, as laws to particular cases; to administer; to execute; to manage; to direct;

2. congeal – become gelatinous;
3. stride – a step in walking or running;
4. execute – kill as a means of socially sanctioned punishment;
affirm – validate, confirm;
5. fall upon – to attack;
6. skinflint – a person who would save, gain, or extort money by any means;
7. steep – making a large angle with the plane of the horizon;
8. influx – a coming in;
9. by sight – visually;
10. inputs – something that is put in;
11. vaguely – not having a precise meaning;
12. strive – to devote serious effort or energy;
13. weary – exhausted in strength, endurance, vigor, or freshness;
14. vengeful – seeking to avenge;
15. dense – having high or relatively high opacity;
16. gang – a group of persons working to unlawful or antisocial ends;
17. patio – an inner court open to the sky;
18. disposal – a device used to reduce waste matter;
19. durable – able to exist for a long time without significant deterioration;
20. deflate – to reduce in size, importance, or effectiveness;
21. comprehend – to grasp the nature, significance, or meaning of;
22. flush – to fly away suddenly;
23. strain – to stretch to maximum extension and tautness;
24. trick – a crafty procedure or practice meant to deceive or defraud;
25. abandon – a thorough yielding to natural impulses;
26. linger – to be slow in parting or in quitting something;
27. stray – to wander from company, restraint, or proper limits;
28. weird – strange;
29. inflict – to give by or as if by striking;
30. timidity – lacking in courage or self-confidence.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING TASKS

I. Answer the questions

1. What was the military rank of Henry?

- a) Captain
- b) Lieutenant
- c) Colonel
- d) Major
- e) Brigadier

2. What was the country where they were?

- a) France
- b) Germany
- c) USA
- d) Italy
- e) Canada

3. Who was Frederic Henry before war?

- a) a doctor
- b) an architect
- c) a major
- d) a teacher
- e) a captain

4. Where did Cathrine Barkley come from?

- a) England
- b) France
- c) USA
- d) the Netherlands
- e) Spain

5. Rinaldi was

- a) a driver
- b) an Italian military doctor
- c) the best friend of Frederic
- d) a major
- e) a priest

II. True / False?

1. Frederik Henry was an American volunteer.
T F
2. Catherine Barkley loved her ex-boyfriend, that is why she rejected Henry.
T F
3. Frederick Henry ran away because he was suspected of espionage.
T F
4. Rinaldi also loved Catherine and wanted to kill Frederick.
T F
5. Catherine wanted Henry to stay. That is why she said that she was pregnant.
T F

Suggested Essay Topics

1. A Farewell to Arms is a love story as well as a war novel. Discuss the role of love in the novel: how does love affect the characters' perceptions of war? How does the war shape the characters' love story?

2. F. Scott Fitzgerald considered Catherine's character the weak link in A Farewell to Arms. With attention to Catherine's values and motivations and to the way Hemingway portrays her character, do you agree with Fitzgerald's opinion? Why or why not?

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Сперанська-Скарга М. А. Easy Reading. Хрестоматія : навчальний посібник з домашнього читання для дисциплін “Практика усного та писемного мовлення”, “Практичний курс англійської мови” для студентів 1 – 2 курсів факультету іноземних мов спеціальностей “Філологія (англійська мова і література)”, “Філологія (німецька та англійська мова і література)”, Філологія (французька та англійська мова і література)”.

Хрестоматія містить автентичні тексти англомовних письменників, які супроводжуються словником, контрольними вправами та завданнями для самостійного письмового виконання. Мета навчального посібника – допомогти студентам 1 – 2 курсів факультету іноземних мов організувати самостійну роботу під час підготовки домашнього читання для дисциплін “Практика усного та писемного мовлення”, “Практичний курс англійської мови”. Навчальний посібник дозволяє інтегрувати домашнє читання з літературознавчими курсами та надає можливість уявити історичний контекст створення літературних робіт завдяки представленим біографіям авторів.

Ключові слова: домашнє читання, автентичність, лінгвокультурологічна насиченість, іношомовна культура, історичний контекст, аналіз тексту.

Сперанская-Скарга М. А. Easy Reading. Хрестоматія : учебное пособие по домашнему чтению для дисциплин “Практика устной и письменной речи”, “Практический курс английского языка” для студентов 1 – 2 курсов факультета иностранных языков специальностей “Филология (английский язык и литература)”, “Филология (немецкий и английский язык и литература)”, “Филология (французский и английский язык и литература)”. Хрестоматія содержит аутентичные тексты англоязычных писателей, которые сопровождаются словарем, контрольными упражнениями и заданиями для самостоятельного выполнения. Цель учебного пособия – помочь студентам 1 – 2 курсов факультета иностранных языков организовать самостоятельную работу во время подготовки домашнего чтения для дисциплин “Практика устной и письменной речи”, “Практический курс английского языка”. Учебное пособие позволяет интегрировать домашнее чтение с литературоведческими курсами и дает возможность представить исторический контекст создания литературных произведений благодаря представленным биографиям авторов.

Ключевые слова: домашнее чтение, аутентичность, лингвокультурологическая насыщенность, иноязычная культура, исторический контекст, анализ текста.

Speranska-Skarga M. A. Easy Reading. Reading book : book for home reading for disciplines “Oral and Written Speech Practice”, “Practical Course of English” for the 1st and 2nd year students of the faculty of foreign languages whose major is “Philology (the English language and literature)”, “Philology (the German and English languages and literature)”, “Philology (the French and English languages and literature)”. The reading book contains authentic texts of English-speaking authors, which are followed by the vocabulary list, text-related exercises, and analytical tasks. The objective of the book is to help the 1st and 2nd year students of the faculty of foreign languages to organize their independent preparation of home reading for the disciplines “Oral and Written Speech Practice”, “Practical Course of English”. The book allows to integrate home reading with studies of literature and to understand the historic context of the creation of the literary works due to the authors’ biographies presented.

Key words: home reading, authenticity, linguistic and cultural intensity, foreign language culture, historic context, text analysis.

Навчальне видання

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EASY READING

Хрестоматія

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мова і література)”

За редакцією автора
Комп’ютерне макетування – М. А. Сперанська-Скарга

Здано до склад. 05.11.2012 р. Підп. до друку 05.12.2012 р.
Формат 60x84 1/16. Папір офсет. Гарнітура Times New Roman
Друк ризографічний. Ум. друк. арк. 8,25 Наклад 300 прим. Зам № 223.

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свідоцтво суб’єкта видавничої справи ДК 3459 від 09.04.2009 р.