

**МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ  
ФИЛИАЛ КУБАНСКОГО ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОГО УНИВЕРСИТЕТА  
В Г. СЛАВЯНСКЕ-НА-КУБАНИ**

**Кафедра русской и зарубежной филологии**

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# **ЛИТЕРАТУРА СТРАН ИЗУЧАЕМЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ**

**Методические материалы  
к изучению дисциплины и организации самостоятельной работы  
студентов 4-го курса бакалавриата,  
обучающихся по направлению  
44.03.05 Педагогическое образование  
(с двумя профилями подготовки – Английский язык, Немецкий язык)  
очной формы обучения**

Славянск-на-Кубани  
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**Л642**      **Литература стран изучаемых языков** : методические материалы к изучению дисциплины и организации самостоятельной работы студентов 4-го курса бакалавриата, обучающихся по направлению 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки – Английский язык, Немецкий язык) очной формы обучения / О. Н. Бакуменко. – Славянск-на-Кубани : Филиал Кубанского гос. ун-та в г. Славянске-на-Кубани, 2018. – 94 с. 1 экз.

Методические материалы составлены в соответствии с ФГОС высшего образования, учебным планом и учебной программой курса, содержат методические рекомендации к организации процессов освоения дисциплины, к изучению теоретической и практической части, самостоятельной работе студентов, а также по подготовке к зачету.

Издание адресовано студентам 4-го курса бакалавриата, обучающимся по направлению 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки – Английский язык, Немецкий язык) очной формы обучения.

Электронная версия издания размещена в электронной информационно-образовательной среде филиала и доступна обучающимся из любой точки доступа к информационно-коммуникационной сети «Интернет».

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## ЦЕЛИ И ЗАДАЧИ ОСВОЕНИЯ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

Целью освоения дисциплины «Литература стран изучаемых языков (на иностранном языке)» является формирование системы знаний, умений и навыков в области истории зарубежной литературы: обогащение представлений студентов о характере и особенностях литератур изучаемого языка от момента их зарождения до современности; снабжение обучающихся сведениями, необходимыми для полноценного восприятия и анализа произведений европейского словесного искусства; совершенствование умений и навыков литературоведческого характера, создание условий для поддержания интереса будущих педагогов к постижению общечеловеческих нравственных ценностей и повышению общей филологической культуры.

Изучение дисциплины «Литература стран изучаемых языков (на иностранном языке)» направлено на формирование у студентов компетенции ПК-1 – готовность реализовывать образовательные программы по учебным предметам в соответствии с требованиями образовательных стандартов.

В соответствие с этим ставятся следующие задачи дисциплины:

– углубление знаний обучающихся о специфических особенностях литературы как одного из важнейших надстроечных образований, о социально-исторической и эстетической природе художественного творчества;

– пробуждение интереса студентов к научным проблемам других изучаемых дисциплин (культурология, страноведение, иностранный язык); актуализация межпредметных связей, ориентированных на то, чтобы помочь обучающимся представить себе ход развития литературы в ее неразрывной связи с историей конкретной страны и становлением ее языковой культуры;

– пополнение знаний студентов о важнейших факторах социально-экономического, политического и социокультурного порядка, оказывавших первостепенное влияние на английскую и немецкую литературы на протяжении их многовекового существования в разные исторические периоды;

– формирование у студентов представлений об общих закономерностях развития искусства художественного слова в Англии и Германии от древности до настоящего времени и характерных особенностях словесности стран изучаемых языков на различных исторических этапах;

– ознакомление обучающихся с наиболее значительными памятниками литературы стран изучаемых языков, входящими в мировой культурный фонд;

– обогащение знаний студентов об отдельных деятелях европейской культуры, их жизненном и творческом пути: ознакомление обучающихся с

отдельными биографическими сведениями, знание которых необходимо для глубокого понимания изучаемых текстов;

– развитие базовых представлений о принципах рассмотрения произведений словесного искусства, созданных на различных исторических этапах; развитие у студентов умения анализировать изучаемые произведения в историко-культурном, литературном и биографическом контексте;

– обогащение студентов знаниями теоретико-литературного характера, выступающими в роли инструментария в ходе анализа и интерпретации текстов литературных произведений;

– формирование у студентов представлений о литературе как культурном феномене, о заложенном в произведениях воспитательном потенциале и возможности использования художественных текстов в процессе преподавания иностранных языков в общеобразовательной школе;

– обеспечение условий для активизации познавательной деятельности обучающихся, направленной на усвоение и переработку информации, приобретение умений, специфических для области их будущей профессиональной деятельности и формирование разноплановых компетенций.

### **КОМПЕТЕНЦИИ ОБУЧАЮЩЕГОСЯ, ФОРМИРУЕМЫЕ В РЕЗУЛЬТАТЕ ОСВОЕНИЯ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ**

В соответствии с содержанием формируемой профессиональной компетенции ПК-1 (готовность реализовывать образовательные программы по учебным предметам в соответствии с требованиями образовательных стандартов) в результате освоения дисциплины обучающийся должен

#### **знать:**

– специфические особенности литературы как одной из важных составляющих культуры и искусства слова, ее социально-эстетические функции;

– содержание основных теоретико-литературных терминов и понятий, которые могут быть использованы в ходе анализа и интерпретации литературных текстов;

– основные принципы и приемы анализа литературных текстов, созданных на различных этапах развития литератур Англии и Германии;

– важнейшие факторы социально-экономического, политического и социокультурного порядка, оказывавшие первостепенное влияние на процесс развития английской и немецкой литератур на различных исторических этапах;

– основные типологические черты и идейно-художественное своеобразие наиболее значительных литературных направлений;

– важнейшие требования к выразительному чтению текстов и различным типам пересказов;

– авторов произведений, отдельные факты из их биографий, основные этапы творческого пути;

– содержание самых известных памятников английской и немецкой литературы, их роль в истории развития национальных и мировой литературы и культуры;

– содержание учебников, учебных пособий и хрестоматий; адреса Интернет-сайтов, содержащих информацию об английской и немецкой литературе в целом и их отдельных представителях;

**уметь:**

– давать общую характеристику литературы как общественного явления и одного из видов искусства;

– пользоваться в процессе анализа и интерпретации текстов литературоведческими понятиями и терминами;

– использовать в процессе анализа художественных текстов знания, приобретенные в результате изучения других дисциплин (истории, культурологии, лингвистики);

– рассматривать изучаемые произведения, принимая во внимание эволюцию литературного процесса, в историко-культурном, биографическом и литературном контексте;

– выразительно читать фрагменты из прозаических и поэтических произведений;

– воспроизводить (в ходе краткого или подробного пересказа) содержание литературных текстов, созданных на различных этапах развития английской и немецкой литератур;

– организовывать поисковую деятельность и отбирать из учебников, учебных пособий и хрестоматий или материалов, содержащихся на Интернет-сайтах, информацию, необходимую для решения конкретной познавательной задачи;

– организовывать подгруппы студентов своей группы для овладения ими опытом взаимодействия при решении предлагаемых преподавателем учебных задач;

**владеть:**

– представлениями о специфических особенностях литературы как составной части культуры и искусства слова, о своеобразии ее социально-исторической и эстетической природы;

– профессиональными основами речевой коммуникации: знанием основных теоретико-литературных понятий, которыми квалифицированный читатель должен оперировать в процессе анализа и интерпретации литературных произведений;

– умением рассматривать изучаемые произведения с учетом эволюции художественного сознания и динамики литературного процесса, раз-

личных типов контекстов (исторического, биографического, литературного);

– способностью выразительно читать отрывки из поэтических и прозаических текстов различных родов и жанров;

– сведениями об общих закономерностях развития литератур Англии и Германии от древности до современности и характерных особенностях отдельных периодов;

– информацией о наиболее значительных писателях Англии и Германии, об отдельных этапах жизненного и творческого пути, о вкладе художников слова в развитие мировой культуры;

– знанием содержания наиболее известных произведений английской и немецкой литературы, представлениями об их месте в истории национальных и мировой литературы и культуры;

– включаться в совместную деятельность с членами своей группы, в ходе решения учебных задач

## СОДЕРЖАНИЕ И СТРУКТУРА ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

Распределение видов учебной работы и их трудоемкости по разделам дисциплины, изучаемым во 7 и 8 семестрах (*очная форма*)

Таблица 1 – Структура дисциплины «Литература стран изучаемых языков»

№	Наименование разделов (тем)	Количество часов				
		Всего	Аудиторная работа			Внеаудиторная работа
			Л	ПЗ	ЛР	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
<b>7 семестр</b>						
1.	Литература периода разложения родового строя и зарождения феодализма. Кельтский и германский эпос.	11,8	2	4		5,8
2.	Литература периода развитого феодализма. Рыцарская, клерикальная и народная литература в Англии и Германии.	19	4	6		9
3.	Литература эпохи Возрождения в Германии и Англии	7	2	2		3
4.	Английская и немецкая литература XVII столетия.	11	2	4		5

5.	Английская литература века Просвещения	20	4	8		8
6.	Немецкая литература XVIII столетия.	15	2	6		7
7.	Романтизм в Германии	10	2	2		6
8.	Английский романтизм	10	2	2		6
	<b>Итого по дисциплине в 7-ом семестре</b>	<b>103,8</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>34</b>		<b>49,8</b>
	<b>8 семестр</b>					
1.	Немецкая литература первой половины XIX века. Творчество Г. Гейне.	8	2	2		4
2.	Английская литература 1830-1870-х годов. Творчество Ш. Бронте, У. Теккерея и Ч. Диккенса	12	2	4		6
3.	Английская литература рубежа XIX – начала XX века Творчество О. Уайльда, Т. Гарди, Б. Шоу.	12	2	4		6
4.	Немецкая литература конца XIX века – первой половины XX века. Творчество Г. и Т. Маннов.	12	2	4		6
5.	Творчество Э.М. Ремарка и писателей-экспрессионистов	8	2	2		4
6.	Драматургия Г. Гауптмана, Б. Брехта и исторические романы Л. Фейхтвангера	18	2	6		10
7.	Английская литература первой половины XX века. Творчество писателей-модернистов (Дж. Джойса, Т. Элиота) и Д. Голсуорси.	8	2	2		4
8.	Английская литература первой половины XX века. Творчество Р. Олдингтона, С. Моэма, Дж. Оруэлла.	8	2	2		4
9.	Английская литература второй половины XX века. Творчество У. Голдинга, А. Мердок, Дж. Фаулза.	9	2	2		5
10.	Литература Германии во второй половине XX века. Творчество Г. Белля, П. Зюскинда	8,8	2	2		4,8
	<b>Итого по дисциплине в 8-ом семестре</b>	<b>103,8</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>30</b>		<b>53,8</b>



## TEXT I

### Plot

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

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

### **The Tigress And Her Mate**

by James Thurber

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

«Where are you going?» Sobra asked.

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

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

When he finally came home, he said to his mate, «Eeps» meaning I'm going to hit the sack, and if the kids keep me awake by yowling I'll drown them like so many common house kittens.» Sobra stalked to the front door of their house, opened it, and said to her mate, «Scat.» The fight that took place was terrible but brief. Proudfoot led with the wrong paw, was nailed with the swiftest

right cross in the jungle, and never really knew where he was after that. The next morning, when the cubs, male and female, tumbled eagerly down the stairs demanding to know what they could do, their mother said, «You can go into the parlour and play with your father. He's the tiger rug just in front of the fireplace. I hope you'll like him.»

The children loved him.

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

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

## TEXT II

### **Peter Pan (extract)**

by J. M. Barrie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

«Come on, father,» said John.

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

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

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

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

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

«Father's a cowardly custard.»

«So are you a cowardly custard.»

«I'm not frightened.»

«Neither am I frightened.»

«Well, then, take it.»

«Well, then, you take it.»

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

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

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

I. Do multiple choice questions below.

1. How many characters are involved in the incident?

a) 2

b) 3

c) 4

2. Why did the row ensue?

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

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

c) Wendy had found her father's medicine.

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

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

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

c) He wanted to impress Mrs. Darling.

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

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

b) Mr. Darling was of a suspicious nature.

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

5. How did they work out the problem?

a) They drank it at the same time.

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

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

II. Summarize your answers and give the plot of the passage.

### TEXT III

#### Return to Kansas City (extract)

by Irvin Shaw

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I. Questions:

1. What kind of relationship is there between Eddy and Arline?
2. What are they debating?
3. On what condition is Eddy prepared to make a concession and let Arline go to visit her parents?
4. Why does she insist that she should spend a lot of money on her presents and clothes?
5. Where does she suggest he should get the money from?

II. Summarize your answers and give the plot of the passage.

**TEXT IV**

**The Colonel's Lady (extract)**

by W. S. Maugham

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

if Evie hadn't been such a good woman she'd have been a better wife, but it was not the sort of thought that he welcomed and he put it away from him.

I. Questions:

1. Is the passage the author's discourse, the personages' discourse, or represented speech?
2. What does the passage deal with?
3. What does the Colonel think of his wife?
4. How does he account for his marital failure?
5. What excuse does he find for his marital infidelity?

II. Summarize your answers and give the plot of the passage.

## TEXT V

### Conflict

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

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

We can go deeper into the conflict and ask «What is the reason of the conflict?», «How does it develop?», «Does it reach its climax?», «What evidence from the text testifies to it?», «What sustains the conflict?», «Who is the

winner?», «How is the protagonist's victory (defeat) to be explained in terms of human personality and character?» A conflict may be clearly expressed as white vs. black, hero vs. villain, although in interpretive fiction the contrasts are likely to be less marked. Good may be opposed to good. There may be difficulty in determining what is the good, and internal conflict tends therefore to be more frequent than physical conflict.

### **The Claxtons (extract)**

by Aldous Huxley

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

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

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

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

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

#### I. Questions:

1. What kind of conflict is Martha, the protagonist of the story involved in?

2. What gave rise to the conflict?

3. Did Martha's ignoring her daughter's reasonable argument intensify the conflict? In what way?

4. Martha was in conflict with Sylvia and herself all at the same time. What kind of struggle was going on within her? What emotions had Martha to suppress? What expression did her face wear?

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

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

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

### Character

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

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

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

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

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

## TEXT VI

### **The Man of Property (extract)**

by J. Galsworthy

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



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

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

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

#### I. Questions:

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

## TEXT VII

### Theme

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

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

Theme exists in all interpretative fiction but only in some escape fiction. The purpose of some stories may be simply to provide suspense or to make the reader laugh or to surprise him with a sudden twist at the end. In getting at the

theme of the story it is better to ask not «What does the story teach?» but «What does this story reveal?» Sometimes the best approach is to explore the nature of the central conflict and its outcome. Sometimes the title may provide an important clue. Sometimes it may be the revelation of a human character. Theme may be explicitly stated either by the author or by one of the characters. But more often it is implied.

The theme of a story, like its plot, may be stated very briefly or at a greater length. The theme of the passage from «The Man of Property» (given in the previous chapter) may be expressed like this: «Old age is wise but rather pathetic and lonely. Some old people feel young and green at heart; they may have a wistful longing for the things they have known in their youth». With a more complex story we may feel that a paragraph – or occasionally even an essay - is needed to state it adequately. A rich story may give us many and complex insights into life.

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

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

### **Sons and Lovers (extract)**

by D. H. Lawrence

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

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

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

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

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

He was shut out from all family affairs. No one told him anything. The children, alone with their mother, told her all about the day's happenings, everything. Nothing had really taken place in them until it was told to their mother.

But as soon as the father came in, everything stopped. He was like the scotch in the smooth, happy machinery of the home. And he was always aware of this fall of silence on his entry, the shutting off of life, the unwelcome. But now it was gone too far to alter.

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

'You ought to tell your father.'

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

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

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

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

Morel turned round to him.

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

'Oh, nothing – about famous women.'

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

'It's a book.'

'Oh, indeed!'

'About birds.'

'Hm-hm!'

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

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

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

'Out of my road – out of my road !'

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

sers, which he would often do, considering them too dirty, and the stuff too hard, for his wife to mend.

I. Questions:

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

## **MY OEDIPUS COMPLEX**

by Frank O'Connor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One morning, I got into the big bed, and there, sure enough, was Father in his usual Santa Claus manner, but later, instead of uniform, he put on his best blue suit, and Mother was as pleased as anything. I saw nothing to be pleased about, because, out of uniform, Father was altogether less interesting, but she only

beamed, and explained that our prayers had been answered, and off we went to Mass to thank God for having brought Father safely home.

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

«Just a moment, Larry!» she said gently.

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

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

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

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

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

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

At tea time, «talking to Daddy» began again, complicated this time by the fact that he had an evening paper, and every few minutes he put it down and told Mother something new out of it. I felt this was foul play. Man for man, I was prepared to compete with him any time for Mother's attention, but when he had

it all made up for him by other people it left me no chance. Several times I tried to change the subject without success.

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

It was clear that she either genuinely liked talking to Father better than talking to me, or else that he had some terrible hold on her which made her afraid to admit the truth.

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

She seemed to think about that for a moment.

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

«Why wouldn't He, Mummy?»

«Because there isn't a war – any longer, dear.»

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

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

«Oh!» I said.

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

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

«Mummy!» I hummed, loudly and contentedly.

«Sssh! dear,» she whispered, «Don't wake Daddy!»

This was a new development, which threatened to be even more serious than «talking to Daddy.» Life without my early morning conferences was unthinkable.

«Why?» I asked severely.

«Because poor Daddy is tired.»

This seemed to me a quite inadequate reason, and I was sickened by the sentimentality of her «poor Daddy». I never liked that sort of gush,<sup>7</sup> it always struck me as insincere.

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

«No, dear,» she sighed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

«Mummy ,» I shouted, «I want a cup of tea, too.»

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

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

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

«Larry, I want you to promise me something.»

«What is it?» I asked.

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

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

«Why?» I asked.

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

«Why doesn't he, Mummy?»



«Well, you know, don't you, that while he was at the war Mummy got the pennies from the Post Office?»<sup>9</sup>

«From Miss MacCarthy?»

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

«No,» I said, «tell us.»

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

«No,» I agreed. «We wouldn't.»

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

«Promise.»

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

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

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

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

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

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

«But I want to talk, Mummy,» I wailed.

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

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

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

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

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

The injustice of it got me down. I had convicted her out of her own mouth of inconsistency and unreasonableness, and she hadn't even attempted to re-

ply. Full of spite, I gave Father a kick, which she didn't notice but which made him grunt and open his eyes in alarm.

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

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

This time, for all her quiet air, I knew she meant it, and knew that my principal rights and privileges were as good as lost unless I asserted them at once. As she lifted me, I gave a screech, enough to wake the dead, not to mind Father. He groaned.

«That damn child! Doesn't he ever sleep?»

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

«I see he's better fed than taught,» «snarled Father, waving his arms wildly. «He wants his bottom smacked.»

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

«Smack your own!» I screamed hysterically. «Smack your own! Shut up! Shut up!»

At this he lost his patience and let fly at me. He did it with the lack of conviction you'd expect of a man under Mother's horrified eyes, and it ended up as a mere lap, but the sheer indignity of being struck at all by a stranger, a total stranger who had cajoled his way back from the war into our big bed as a result of my innocent intercession, made me completely dotty.<sup>1</sup> I shrieked, and shrieked, and shrieked, and danced in my bare feet, and Father, looking awkward and hairy in nothing but a short grey army shirt, glared down at me like a mountain out for murder. I think it must have been then that I realized he was

jealous too. And there stood Mother in her nightdress, looking as if her heart was broken between us. I hoped she felt as she looked. It seemed to me that she deserved it all.

From that morning on my life was a hell. Father and I were enemies, open and avowed. We conducted a series of skirmishes against one another, he trying to steal my time with Mother and I his. When she was sitting on my bed, telling me a story, he took to looking for some pair of old boots which he alleged he had left behind at the beginning of the war. While he talked to Mother I played loudly with my toys to show my total lack of concern. He created a terrible scene one evening when he came in from work and found me at his box, playing with his regimental badges, Gurkha knives, and button-sticks. Mother got up and took the box from me.

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

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

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

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

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

«No, dear,» she replied. «What?»

«I'm going to marry you,» I said quietly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Father stopped dead and looked at me over his shoulder.

«What's that you said?» he asked sternly.

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

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

attractive, but he had a fine intelligence. He saw through Sonny, and now he knew that I saw through him as well.

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

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

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

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

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

## PRELIMINARIES

I. Watch and practise the pronunciation of these words:

souvenirs	schemes
uniform	extraordinary
inadequate	demonstrative
exclusive	

II. Study the notes below:

1. Oedipus [4:dip s] complex - a term used in psychiatry to indicate an exaggerated attachment of a son to his mother with a strong antagonism toward the father. This strong attachment is regarded as a normal stage in the development of children (the female analog of the Oedipus complex is the Electra complex – a strong attachment of the daughter to her father).

2. Gurkha knife ['gu k ] – a knife or sword with a short blade slightly curved. Gurkha – one of the famous independent fighting people of Hindu religion in Nepal. The hired troops employed by British colonialists in Asia consisted mostly of Gurkhas.

3. There was a bit of the magpie about Father (metaph. periphrasis') Father liked to collect and stow away all sorts of things, in this resembling a magpie known for its thievishness (in a magpie's nest you may find all kind of things, especially bright and glittering ones); the word «magpie» is also

used figuratively to indicate a noisy person who talks a lot.

4. petrified – stiff with cold (turned into stone); petrified may also mean paralyzed with fear, amazement, etc., e.g. He was petrified with horror.

5. to get into a wax (slang) – to become furious, to fly into a rage.

6. feeling like a bottle of champagne (simile) – ready to burst with excitement, emotion, schemes, etc.

7. gush – an extravagant display of sentiment.

8. like burying a family from the cradle (simile) – like destroying something cruelly at the very start before it has had a chance to develop.

9. pennies from the Post Office – an allusion to the allowance of a British service man's wife allotted by the Government and collected at the Post Office once a month.

10. to cod (colloq.) – to cheat, to deceive

11. better fed than taught – ill-mannered, badly brought-up

12. dotty (colloq.) – crazy

13. he didn't take me in – didn't deceive me

14. There! There! (colloq.) – words said soothingly (Russ. Ну, ну. Успокойся. Не плачь. Тише, тише.)

## COMPREHENSION

I. Answer the following questions.

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

II. Complete the following sentences in your own words.

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

in the front garden ...

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

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

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

## TEXT INTERPRETATION

### INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

II. Give detailed answers to the following questions.

1. How did the boy perceive his father at the age of five?
2. How does he describe that period of his life? Comment on the author's choice of words.
3. What were the thoughts that bothered Larry in the morning? What do they contribute to our better understanding of the boy's character?
4. What was the boy's first disappointment?

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

III. Analyze Larry's conflict with his father. Characterize Larry, his mother, his father.

IV. Comment on the problems raised by the author.

V. Formulate the theme of the story.



## THE IDEALIST

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

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

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

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

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

Even so, I couldn't help being disgusted at the bad way things were run in our school. Our «venerable pile» was a red brick building without tower or pinnacle a fellow could climb, and no ghost at all; we had no team, so a fellow, no matter how hard he worked, could never play for the school, and, instead of giving you «lines», La.in or any other sort, Murderer Moloney either lifted you by the ears or bashed you with a cane. When he got tired of bashing you on the hands he bashed you on the legs.

But these were only superficial things. What was really wrong was ourselves. The fellows sucked up to the masters and told them all that went on. If

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

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

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

One morning I came in very late and rather frightened.

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

I wanted to say I had been at Mass, but I couldn't. The invisible presences<sup>3</sup> were all about me.

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

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

«Oh, indeed,» he said, politely enough. «And what delayed you?»

«I was watching the soldiers drilling, sir,» I said.

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

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

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

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

«Delaney, why did you say that about the barrack?» «Because 'twas true,» I replied firmly. «I wasn't going to tell him a lie.»

«What lie?» «That I was at Mass.»

«Then couldn't you say you had to go on a message?» «That would be a lie too.»

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

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

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

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

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

«Go on!» they shouted truculently. «Shaping as usual!»

«I was not shaping.»

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

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

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

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

So I did, all through that year. But one day an awful thing happened. I was coming in from the yard, and in the porch outside pur schoolroom I saw a fellow called Gorman taking something from a coat on the rack. I always de-

scribed Gorman to myself as «the black sheep of the school». He was a fellow I disliked and feared, a handsome, sulky, spoiled, and sneering lout. I paid no attention to him because I had escaped for a few moments into my dream world in which fathers never gave less than fivers and the honour of the school was always saved by some quiet, unassuming fellow like myself- «a dark horse,» as the stories called him.

«Who are you looking at?» Gorman asked threateningly.

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

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

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

«You'd better not, either,» he snarled. «You can mind your own business.»

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

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

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

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

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

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

«Me, sir?» Gorman exclaimed innocently. «No, sir.» «Did you see anyone else doing it?» «No, sir.»

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

«You?» he asked me, and his big red face was close to mine, his blue eyes were only a few inches away, and the smell of his toilet soap was in my nostrils. My panic made me say the wrong thing as though I had planned it.

«I didn't take anything, sir,» I said in a low voice. «Did you see someone else do it?» he asked raising his brows and showing quite plainly that he had noticed my evasion. «Have you a tongue in your head?» he shouted suddenly, and the whole class, electrified, stared at me. «You?» he added curtly to the next boy as though he had lost interest in me.

«No, sir.»

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

He waited till everyone was seated again before going on.

«Turn out your pockets.»

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

«Oh,» he said disdainfully,<sup>5</sup> «so this is how you waste your time! What do you do with this rubbish - eat it?»

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

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

«Money?» I repeated in confusion. «What money?»

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

«Because it wouldn't be right,» I sobbed.

«Why wouldn't it be right?»

«Because Gorman should have told the truth himself,» I said. «And if this was a proper school he'd be sent to Coventry.» '

«He'd be sent where?»

«Coventry. No one would ever speak to him again.»

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

Suddenly Gorman came lumbering up, red and angry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

«Who were you fighting?»

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

«Who was he fighting with?» he asked lightly, resting his hands on the desk and studying the ceiling.

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

«Did Gorman hit him first?»

«No, sir. He hit Gorman first.»

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

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

«Hold out your hand,» he said to me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After that I was the hero of the school for the whole afternoon. Gorman tried to resume the fight, but Spillane ordered him away contemptuously – a fellow who had taken the master's cane to another had no status. But that wasn't the sort of hero I wanted to be. I preferred something less sensational.

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

«What kept you, Delaney?» the Murderer asked quietly.

I knew it was no good.

«I was at Mass, sir.»

«All right. Take your seat.»

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

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

### PRELIMINARIES

I. Watch and practice the pronunciation of these words

1. ordeal [ɔ:'di:l]
2. alternate (v) ['ɔ:lteneit] alternative (n) [ɔ:l't ə:n ətiv ]
3. idealist [ai'diə list]
4. barrack ['bærək]
5. model ['mɒdl]
6. hysteria [his'tiəriə]
7. exultation [egzəl'teɪʃn]

II. Study the notes below:

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

### COMPREHENSION

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

II. Find and read out the sentences proving that:

1. Larry Delaney was favourably impressed by the characters of school stories.
2. Moloney's «teaching methods» were oppressive.
3. Delaney kept a stiff upper lip and went through the ordeal with dignity.
4. The boys considered Delaney's behaviour abnormal.

III. Choose the right answer and prove your point of view:

Why do you think Delaney told a lie about the reason of his being late for school at the end of the story?

1. He was afraid of the Murderer.
2. The boy had a lame excuse and didn't want to get into trouble.
3. Delaney didn't want the boys to laugh at him.
4. The boy was defeated and gave up his new principles.
5. Delaney knew it was no good and felt guilty.



IV. Paraphrase and comment on the following:

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

TEXT INTERPRETATION

INTRODUCTION

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

I. Comment on the atmosphere that reigned at the school considering:

1. the conditions in which the children studied;
2. the role of religion;
3. the relations between the pupils;
4. corporal punishment.

Make use of the following vocabulary:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VII. What is your impression of Larry Delaney?

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

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

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

XI. Interpret the story in a lengthy monologue.

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

### **SONS AND LOVERS (extract)**

by H. D. Lawrence

«It is no trouble. Annie will take you. Walter, carry up this box.»

«And don't be an hour dressing yourself up,» said William to his betrothed.

Annie took a brass candlestick, and, too shy almost to speak, preceded the young lady to the front bedroom, which Mr. and Mrs. Morel had vacated for her. It, too, was small and cold by candle-light. The colliers' wives only lit fires in bedrooms in case of extreme illness.

«Shall I unstrap the box?» asked Annie.

«Oh, thank you very much!»

Annie played the part of maid, then went downstairs for hot water.

«I think she's rather tired, mother,» said William. «It's a beastly journey, and we had such a rush.»

«Is there anything I can give her?» asked Mrs. Morel.

«Oh no, she'll be all right.»

But there was a chill in the atmosphere. After half an hour Miss Western came down, having put on a purplish-coloured dress, very fine for the collier's kitchen.

«I told you you'd no need to change,» said William to her.

«Oh, Chubby!» Then she turned with that sweetish smile to Mrs. Morel.

«Don't you think he's always grumbling, Mrs. Morel?»

«Is he?» said Mrs. Morel. «That's not very nice of him.»

«It isn't, really!»

«You are cold,» said the mother. «Won't you come near the fire?»

Morel jumped out of his arm-chair.

«Come and sit you here!» he cried. «Come and sit you here!»

«No, dad, keep your own chair. Sit on the sofa, Gyp,» said William.

«No, no!» cried Morel. «This cheer's warmest. Come and sit here, Miss Wesson.»

«Thank you so much,» said the girl, seating herself in the collier's arm-chair, the place of honour. She shivered, feeling the warmth of the kitchen penetrate her.

«Fetch me a hanky. Chubby dear!» she said, putting up her mouth to him, and using the same intimate tone as if they were alone; which made the rest of the family feel as if they ought not to be present. The young lady evidently did not realise them as people: they were creatures to her for the present. William winced.

In such a household, in Streatham, Miss Western would have been a lady condescending to her inferiors. These people were to her, certainly clownish—in short, the working classes. How was she to adjust herself?

«I'll go,» said Annie.

Miss Western took no notice, as if a servant had spoken. But when the girl came downstairs again with the handkerchief, she said: «Oh, thank you!» in a gracious way.

She sat and talked about the dinner on the train, which had been so poor; about London, about dances. She was really very nervous, and chattered from fear. Morel sat all the time smoking his thick twist tobacco, watching her, and listening to her glib London speech, as he puffed. Mrs. Morel, dressed up in her best black silk blouse, answered quietly and rather briefly. The three children sat round in silence and admiration. Miss Western was the princess. Everything of the best was got out for her:

the best cups, the best spoons, the best table cloth, the best coffee-jug. The children thought she must find it quite grand. She felt strange, not able to realize the people, not knowing how to treat them. William joked, and was slightly uncomfortable.

At about ten o'clock he said to her:

«Aren't you tired. Gyp?»

«Rather, Chubby,» she answered, at once in the intimate tones and putting her head slightly on one side.

«I'll light her the candle, mother,» he said. «Very well,» replied the mother.

Miss Western stood up, held out her hand to Mrs. Morel.

«Good-night, Mrs. Morel,» she said.

Paul sat at the boiler, letting the water run from the tap into a stone beer-bottle. Annie swathed the bottle in an old flannel pit-singlet, and kissed her mother good-night. She was to share the room with the lady, because the house was full.

«You wait a minute,» said Mrs. Morel to Annie. And Annie sat nursing the hot-water bottle. Miss Western shook hands all round, to everybody's discomfort, and took her departure, preceded by William. In five minutes he was downstairs again. His heart was rather sore; he did not know why. He talked very little till everybody had gone to bed, but himself and his mother. Then he stood with his legs apart, in his old attitude on the hearth-rug, and, said hesitatingly: «Well, mother?» «W'ell, my son?»

She sat in the rocking-chair, feeling somehow hurt and humiliated, for his sake. «Do you like her?» «Yes,» came the slow answer.

«She's shy yet, mother. She's not used to it. It's different from her aunt's house, you know,»

«Of course it is, my boy; and she must find it difficult.» «She does.» Then he frowned swiftly. «If only she wouldn't put on her blessed airs!»

«It's only her first awkwardness, my boy. She'll be all right.»

«That's it, mother,» he replied gratefully. But his brow was gloomy. «You know, she's not like you, mother. She's not serious, and she can't think.»

«She's young, my boy.»

«Yes; and she's had no sort of show. Her mother died when she was a child. Since then she's lived with her aunt, whom she can't bear. And her father was a rake. She's had no love.»

«No! Well, you must make up to her.»

«And so—you have to forgive her a lot of things.»

«What do you have to forgive her, my boy?»

«I dunno. When she seems shallow, you have to remember she's never had anybody to bring her deeper side out. And she's fearfully fond of me.»

«Anybody can see that.»

«But you know, mother – she's – she's different from us. Those sort of people, like those she lives amongst, they don't seem to have the same principles.»

«You mustn't judge too hastily,» said Mrs. Morel.

But he seemed uneasy within himself.

In the morning, however, he was up singing and larking round the house.

«Hello!» he called, sitting on the stairs. «Are you getting up?»

«Yes,» her voice called faintly.

«Merry Christmas!» he shouted to her.

Her laugh, pretty and tinkling, was heard in the bedroom. She did not come down in half an hour.

«Was she really getting up when she said she was?» he asked of Annie.

«Yes, she was,» replied Annie.

He waited a while, then went to the stairs again.

«Happy New Year,» he called.

«Thank you. Chubby dear!» came the laughing voice, far away.

«Buck up!» he implored.

It was nearly an hour, and still he was waiting for her. Morel, who always rose before six, looked at the clock.

«Well, it's a winder!» he exclaimed.

The family had breakfasted, all but William. He went to the foot of the stairs.

«Shall I have to send you an Easter egg up there?» he called, rather crossly. She only laughed. The family expected, after that time of preparation, something like magic. At last she came, looking very nice in a blouse and skirt.

«Have you really been all this time getting ready?» he asked.

«Chubby dear! That question is not permitted, is it, Mrs. Morel?»

She played the grand lady at first. When she went with William to chapel, he in his frock-coat and silk hat, she in her furs and London-made costume, Paul and Arthur and Annie expected everybody to bow to the ground in admiration. And Morel, standing in his Sunday suit at the end of the road, watching the gallant pair go, felt he was the father of princes and princesses.

And yet she was not so grand. For a year now she had been a sort of secretary or clerk in a London office. But while she was with the Morels she queened it. She sat and let Annie or Paul wait on her as if they were her servants. She treated Mrs. Morel with a certain glibness and Morel with patronage. But after a day or so she began to change her tune.

William always wanted Paul or Annie to go along with them on their walks. It was so much more interesting. And Paul really did admire «Gipsy» whole-heartedly; in fact, his mother scarcely forgave the boy for the adulation with which he treated the girl.

On the second day, when Lily said: «Oh, Annie, do you know where I left my muff?» William replied:

«You know it is in your bedroom. Why do you ask Annie?»

And Lily went upstairs with a cross, shut mouth. But it angered the young man that she made a servant of his sister.

On the third evening William and Lily were sitting together in the parlour by the fire in the dark. At a quarter to eleven Mrs. Morel was heard raking the fire. William came out to the kitchen, followed by his beloved.

«Is it as late as that, mother?» he said. She had been sitting alone.

«It is not late, my boy, but it is as late as I usually sit up.»

«Won't you go to bed, then?» he asked.

«And leave you two? No, my boy, I don't believe in it.»

«Can't you trust us, mother?»

«Whether I can or not, I won't do it. You can stay till eleven if you like, and I can read.»

«Go to bed. Gyp,» he said to his girl. «We won't keep mater waiting.»

«Annie has left the candle burning. Lily,» said Mrs. Morel; «I think you will see.»

«Yes, thank you. Good-night, Mrs. Morel.»

William kissed his sweetheart at the foot of the stairs, and she went. He returned to the kitchen.

«Can't you trust us, mother?» he repeated, rather offended.

«My boy, I tell you I don't believe in leaving two young things like you alone downstairs when everyone else is in bed.»

And he was forced to take this answer. He kissed his mother goodnight.

At Easter he came over alone. And then he discussed his sweetheart endlessly with his mother.

«You know, mother, when I'm away from her I don't care for her a bit. I shouldn't care if I never saw her again. But, then, when I'm with her in the evenings I am awfully fond of her.»

«It's a queer sort of love to marry on,» said Mrs. Morel, «if she holds you no more than that!»

«It is funny!» he exclaimed. It worried and perplexed him. «But yet – there's so much between us now I couldn't give her up.»

«You know best,» said Mrs. Morel. «But if it is as you say, I wouldn't call it love – at any rate, it doesn't look much like it.»

«Oh, I don't know, mother. She's an orphan, and «

They never came to any sort of conclusion. He seemed puzzled and rather fretted. She was rather reserved. All his strength and money went in keeping this girl. He could scarcely afford to take his mother to Nottingham when he came over.

## PRELIMINARIES

I . Watch and practise the pronunciation of these words:

costume

gallant

princess

patronage

clownish

clerk

discomfort

II. Study the notes below:

1 . collier - coal-miner

2.adulation - excessive praise or respect, esp. to win favour.

3.betrothed - person engaged to be married.

4.glib -ready and smooth but not sincere.

5.condescend - behave graciously but in a way that shows one's feeling of superiority.

## COMPREHENSION

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

1. How did the Morels accept their son's sweetheart?
  - a) They did their best to please Lily and make her feel comfortable in their home.
  - b) Their attitude to the girl was cold and resentful.
  - c) They treated the girl as if she were their inferior.
2. What was Lily's attitude towards William's family?
  - a) She made much of William's parents but detested his brother and sister.
  - b) She behaved as if the Morels were second-rate people unworthy of her respect.
  - c) She put on airs and treated her fiance's family in a condescending manner.
3. What was William's attitude that worried and perplexed him?
  - a) He couldn't make out Lily's attitude to him.
  - b) He wasn't sure he loved Lily wholeheartedly as he wasn't eager to see much of her.
  - c) Despite his good relationship with his sweetheart he didn't feel like marrying her.
4. What was Mrs. Morel's opinion of the relationship between Lily and her son?
  - a) She thought it could hardly be called' love for her son didn't look happy.
  - b) Mrs. Morel was sure her son loved the girl but she didn't return the sentiment.
  - c) She considered their relationship rather strange because though they wanted to be together they were not tender or caring toward each other.

## TEXT INTERPRETATION

1. Give your introduction to the story.
2. Formulate the problems tackled in the story.
3. Summarize the plot.
4. Analyse the conflicts between:
  - a) William and his sweetheart,
  - b) William and his own nature.
5. Characterize the main personages:
  - a) William Morel
  - b) Lily Western
  - c) Mrs. Morel.
6. Consider the relations between Mrs. Morel and her son.
7. State the theme of the story.

## THE SUTTON PLACE STORY

by John Cheever

Deborah Tennyson waited in her nursery on Sunday morning for a signal from her father that would mean she could enter her parents' bedroom. The signal came late, for her parents had been up the night before with a business friend from Minneapolis and they both had had a good deal to drink, but when Deborah was given the signal she ran clumsily down the dark hall, screaming with pleasure. Her father took her in his arms and kissed her good morning, and then she went to where her mother lay in bed. «Hello, my sweet, my love,» her mother said. «Did Ruby give you your breakfast? Did you have a good breakfast?»

«The weather is lovely out,» Deborah said. «Weather is divine.»

«Be kind to poor Mummy,» Robert said «Mummy has a terrible hangover.»

«Mummy has a terrible hangover,» Deborah repeated, and she patted her mother's face lightly.

Deborah was not quite three years old. She was a beautiful girl with wonderful, heavy hair that had lights of silver and gold. She was a city child and she knew about cocktails and hangovers. Both her parents worked and she most often saw them in the early evening, when she was brought in to say good night. Katherine and Robert Tennyson would be drinking with friends, and Deborah would be allowed to pass the smoked salmon, and she had naturally come to assume that cocktails were the axis of the adult world. She made Martinis in the sand pile and thought all the illustrations of cups, goblets, and glasses in her nursery books were filled with Old-Fashioneds.

While the Tennysons waited for breakfast that morning, they read the Times. Deborah spread the second news section on the floor and began an elaborate fantasy that her parents had seen performed so often they hardly-noticed it. She pretended to pick clothing and jewelry from the advertisements in the paper and to dress herself with these things. Her taste, Katherine thought, was avaricious and vulgar, but there was such clarity and innocence in her monologue that it seemed like a wonderful part of the bright summer morning. «Put on the shoes,» she said, and pretended to put on shoes. «Put on the mink coat,» she said.

«It's too hot for a mink coat, dear,» Katherine told her. «Why don't you wear a mink scarf?»

«Put on the mink scarf,» Deborah said. Then the cook came into the bedroom with the coffee and orange juice, and said that Mrs. Harley was there. Robert and Katherine kissed Deborah goodbye and told her to enjoy herself in the park.

The Tennysons had no room for a sleep-in nurse, so Mrs. Harley came to the house every morning and took care of Deborah during the day. Mrs. Harley



was a widow. She had lived a hearty and comfortable life until her husband's death, but he had left her with no money and she had been reduced to working as a nursemaid. She said that she loved children and had always wanted children herself, but this was not true. Children bored and irritated her. She was a kind and ignorant woman, and this, more than any bitterness, showed in her face when she took Deborah downstairs. She was full of old-country blessings for the elevator man and the doorman. She said that it was a lovely morning, wasn't it, a morning for the gods.

Mrs. Harley and Deborah walked to a little park at the edge of the river. The child's beauty was bright, and the old woman was dressed in black, and they walked hand in hand, like some amiable representation of winter and spring. Many people wished them good morning. «Where did you get that enchanting child?» someone asked. Mrs. Harley enjoyed these compliments. She was sometimes proud of Deborah, but she had been taking care of her for four months, and the little girl and the old woman had established a relationship that was not as simple as it appeared.

They quarrelled a good deal when they were alone, and they quarrelled like adults, with a cunning knowledge of each other's frailties. The child had never complained about Mrs. Harley; it was as though she already understood the evil importance of appearances. Deborah was taciturn about the way in which she spent her days. She would tell no one where she had been or what she had done. Mrs. Harley had found that she could count on this trait, and so the child and the old woman had come to share a number of secrets.

On several late-winter afternoons when the weather had been bitter and dark and Mrs. Harley had been ordered to keep Deborah out until five, she had taken the child to the movies. Deborah had sat beside her in the dark theatre and never complained or cried. Now and then she craned her neck to look at the screen, but most of the time she just sat quiet, listening to the voices and the music. A second secret — and one much less sinful, in Mrs. Harley's opinion — was that on Sunday mornings, sometimes, and sometimes on weekday afternoons, Mrs. Harley had left the little girl with a friend of the Tennysons. This was a woman named Renee Hall, and there was no harm in it, Mrs. Harley thought. She had never told the Tennysons, but what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them. When Renee took Deborah on Sundays, Mrs. Harley went to the eleven-o'clock Mass, and there was nothing wrong, surely, with an old woman's going into the house of God to pray for her dead.

## PRELIMINARIES

I. Watch and practise the pronunciation of these words:

fantasy

illustration

cocktails

vulgar  
ignorant

II. Study the notes below:

1. hangover – unpleasant after-effects of excessive drinking.
2. frailties – moral weakness; fault.
3. taciturn – in the habit of saying very little.

### COMPREHENSION

I. Find and read out the sentences proving that

1. The Tennisons' communication with their daughter was reduced to a minimum.

2. Mrs. Harley's way of rearing the child affected her character

II. Answer the following questions:

1. Where is the scene of the story laid?
2. Who are the characters of the story?
3. Why couldn't the parents spend enough time with their daughter?
4. In what way did Deborah amuse herself?
5. What kind of woman was Mrs. Harley?
6. What were the secrets the old woman and the child had come to share?

### TEXT INTERPRETATION

#### INTRODUCTION

From early childhood parents' lives should be regulated according to the needs of their child. The child's happiness is all important. But what about the parents' problems and lifestyle? Can a child be entrusted to somebody to be taken care of? What happens if he is in the charge of a person who is ignorant and irresponsible?

1. What do we learn from the exposition of the story?

2. Comment on the way Deborah was brought up by her parents. Do you think they really cared about the daughter?

3. Analyse Deborah's relationship with Mrs. Harley. Consider the author's metaphoric simile: «... they walked hand in hand, like some amiable representation of winter and spring».

4. Characterize Mrs. Harley. Do you think she was the right person to be entrusted with a child's upbringing?

5. Characterize Deborah. How did her character change under the influence of Mrs. Harley?

6. State the theme of the story.

## A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

by M. Spark

'You must,' said Richard suddenly, one day in November, 'come and meet my mother.'

Trudy, who had been waiting a long time for this invitation, after all was amazed.

'I should like you,' said Richard, 'to meet my mother. She's looking forward to it.'

'Oh, does she know about me?' 'Rather,' Richard said.

'Oh!' 'No need to be nervous,' Richard said. 'She's awfully sweet.' 'Oh, I'm sure she is. Yes, of course, I'd love—' 'Come to tea on Sunday,' he said.

They had met the previous June in a lake town in Southern Austria. Trudy had gone with a young woman who had a bed-sitting-room in 15 Kensington just below Trudy's room. This young woman could speak German, whereas Trudy couldn't.

Bleilach was one of the cheaper lake towns; in fact, cheaper was a way of putting it: it was cheap.

'Gwen, I didn't realize it ever rained here,' Trudy said on their third day. 'It's all rather like Wales,' she said, standing by the closed double windows of their room regarding the downpour and imagining the mountains which indeed were there, but invisible.

'You said that yesterday,' Gwen said, 'and it was quite fine yesterday. Yesterday you said it was like Wales.' 'Well, it rained a bit yesterday.'

'But the sun was shining when you said it was like Wales.' 'Well, so it is.'

'On a much larger scale, I should say.' Gwen said. 'I didn't realize it would be so wet.' Then Trudy could almost hear Gwen counting twenty.

'You have to take your chance,' Gwen said. This is an unfortunate summer.'

The pelting of the rain increased as if in confirmation. Trudy thought, I'd better shut up. But suicidally: 'Wouldn't it be better if we moved to a slightly more expensive place?' she said.

The rain falls on the expensive places too. It falls on the just and the unjust alike.'

Gwen was thirty-five, a schoolteacher. She wore her hair and her clothes and her bit of lipstick in such a way that, standing by the window-looking out at the rain, it occurred to Trudy like a revelation that Gwen had given up all thoughts of marriage. 'On the just and the unjust alike,' said Gwen, turning her maddening imperturbable eyes upon Trudy, as if to say, you are the unjust and I'm the just.

Next day was fine. They swam in the lake. They sat drinking apple juice under the red and yellow awnings on the terrace of their guesthouse and gazed at the innocent smiling mountain. They paraded – Gwen in her navy-blue shorts

and Trudy in her puffy sun-suit -along the lake-side where marched also the lean brown camping youths from all over the globe, the fat print-frocked mothers and double-chinned fathers from Germany followed by their blonde sedate young, and the English women with their perms.

There aren't any men about,' Trudy said.

There are hundreds of men,' Gwen said, in a voice which meant, whatever do you mean?

I really must try out my phrase-book,' Trudy said, for she had the feeling that if she were independent of Gwen as interpreter she might, as she expressed it to herself, have more of a chance.

'You might have more of a chance of meeting someone interesting that way,' Gwen said, for their close confinement by the rain had seemed to -make her psychic, and she was continually putting Trudy's thoughts into words.

'Oh, I'm not here for that. I only wanted a rest, as I told you. I'm not—'

'Goodness, Richard!'

Gwen was actually speaking English to a man who was not apparently accompanied by a wife or aunt or sister.

He kissed Gwen on the cheek. She laughed and so did he. 'Well, well,' he said. He was not much taller than Gwen. He had dark crinkly hair and a small moustache of a light brown. He wore bathing trunks and his large chest was impressively bronze. 'What brings you here?' he said to Gwen, looking meanwhile at Trudy.

He was staying at an hotel on the other side of the lake. Each day for the rest of the fortnight he rowed over to meet them at ten in the morning, sometimes spending the whole day with them. Trudy was charmed, she could hardly believe in Owen's friendly indifference to him, notwithstanding he was a teacher at the same grammar school as Gwen, who therefore, saw him every day.

Every time he met them he kissed Gwen on the cheek. 'You seem to be on very good terms with him,' Trudy said. 'Oh. Richard's an old friend. I've known him for years.'

The second week, Gwen went off on various expeditions of her own and left them together.

This is quite a connoisseur's place,' Richard informed Trudy, and he pointed out why, and in what choice way, it was so, and Trudy, charmed, saw in the peeling pastel stucco of the little town, the unnecessary floral balconies, the bulbous Slovene spires, something special after all. She felt she saw, through his eyes, a precious Tightness in the women with their grey skirts and well-filled blouses who trod beside their husbands and their clean children. 'Are they all Austrians?' Trudy asked.

'No, some of them are German and French. But this place attracts the same type.'

Richard's eyes rested with appreciation on the young noisy campers whose tents were pitched in the lake-side field. The campers were long-limbed and animal, brightly and briefly dressed. They romped like galvanized goats, yet looked surprisingly virtuous.

'What are they saying to each other?' She enquired of Richard when a group of them passed by, shouting some words and laughing at each other through glistening red lips and very white teeth. They are talking about their fast M.G. racing cars.' 'Oh, have they got racing cars?'

'No, the racing cars they are talking about don't exist. Sometimes they talk about their film contracts which don't exist. That's why they laugh.' 'Not much of a sense of humour, have they?'

They are of mixed nationalities, so they have to limit their humour to jokes which everyone can understand, and so they talk about racing cars which aren't there.'

Trudy giggled a little, to show willing. Richard told her he was thirty-five, which she thought feasible. She volunteered that she was not quite twenty-two. Whereupon Richard looked at her and looked away, and looked again and took her hand. For, as he told Gwen afterwards, this remarkable statement was almost an invitation to a love affair.

Their love affair began that afternoon, in a boat on the lake, when, bare-foot, they had a game of placing sole to sole, heel to heel. Trudy squealed, and leaned back hard, pressing her feet against Richard's.

She squealed at Gwen when they met in their room later on. 'I'm having a heavenly time with Richard. I do so much like an older man.' Gwen sat on her bed and gave Trudy a look of wonder. Then she said, 'He's not much older than you. 'I've knocked a bit off my age,' Trudy said. 'Do you mind not letting on?'

'How much have you knocked off?' 'Seven years.'

'Very courageous,' Gwen said.

'What do you mean?'

That you are brave.'

'Don't you think you're being a bit nasty?'

'No. It takes courage to start again and again. That's all I mean. Some women would find it boring.'

'Oh, I'm not an experienced girl at all,' Trudy said. 'Whatever made you think I was experienced?'

'It's true,' Gwen said, 'you show no signs of having profited by experience. Have you ever found it a successful tactic to remain twenty-two?'

'I believe you're jealous,' Trudy said, 'One expects this sort of thing from most older women, but somehow I didn't expect it from you.'

'One is always learning,' Gwen said.

Trudy fingered her curls. 'Yes, I have got a lot to learn from life,' she said, looking out of the window.

'God,' said Gwen, 'you haven't begun to believe that you're still twenty-two, have you?'

'Not quite twenty-two is how I put it to Richard,' Trudy said, 'and yes, I do feel it. That's my point. I don't feel a day older.'

The last day of their holidays Richard took Trudy rowing on the lake, which reflected a gray low sky.

'It looks like Windermere today, doesn't it?' he said. Trudy had not seen Windermere, but she said, yes it did, and gazed at him with shining twenty-two-year-old eyes. 'Sometimes this place,' he said, 'is very like Yorkshire, but only when the weather's bad. Or, over on the mountain side, Wales.'

'Exactly what I told Gwen,' Trudy said. 'I said Wales, I said, it's like Wales.'

'Well, of course, there's quite a difference, really. It—'

'But Gwen simply squashed the idea. You see, she's an older woman, and being a schoolmistress - it's so much different when a man's a teacher -being a woman teacher, she feels she can treat me like a kid. I suppose I must expect it.'

'Oh well—'

'How long have you known Gwen?'

'Several years,' he said. 'Owen's all right, darling. A great friend of my mother, is Gwen. Quite a member of the family.'

Trudy wanted to move her lodgings in London but she was prevented from doing so by a desire to be near Gwen, who saw Richard daily at school, and who knew his mother so well. And therefore Gwen's experience of Richard filled in the gaps in his life which were unknown to Trudy and which intrigued her.

She would fling herself into Gwen's room. 'Gwen, what d'you think? There he was waiting outside the office and he drove me home, and he's calling for me at seven, and next weekend ...'

Gwen frequently replied, 'You are out of breath. Have you got heart trouble?' – for Owen's room was only on the first floor. And Trudy was furious with Gwen on these occasions for seeming not to understand that the breathlessness was all part of her only being twenty-two, and excited by the boyfriend. 'I think Richard's so exciting,' Trudy said. 'It's difficult to believe I've only known him a month.'

'Has he invited you home to meet his mother?' Gwen enquired. 'No – not yet. Oh, do you think he will?' 'Yes, I think so. One day I'm sure he will.'

'Oh, do you mean it?' Trudy flung her arms girlishly round Gwen's impassive neck. 'When is your father coming up?' Gwen said. 'Not for ages, if at all. He can't leave Leicester just now, and he hates London.»You must get him to come and ask Richard what his intentions are. A young girl like you needs protection.' 'Gwen, don't be silly.'

Often Trudy would question Gwen about Richard and his mother. 'Are they well off? Is she a well-bred woman? What's the house like? How long have you known Richard? Why hasn't he married before? The mother, is she—'

'Lucy is a marvel in her way,' Gwen said. 'Oh, do you call her Lucy? You must know her awfully well.' 'I'm quite,' said Gwen, 'a member of the family in my way.' 'Richard has often told me that. Do you go there every Sunday?' 'Most Sundays,' Gwen said. 'It is often very amusing, and one sometimes sees a fresh face.'

'Why,' Trudy said, as the summer passed and she had already been away for several weekends with Richard, 'doesn't he ask me to meet his mother? If my mother were alive and living in London I know I would have asked him home to meet her.'

Trudy threw out hints to Richard. 'How I wish you could meet my father. You simply must come up to Leicester in the Christmas holidays and stay with him. He's rather tied up in Leicester and never leaves it. He's an insurance manager. The successful kind.'

'I can't very well leave Mother at Christmas,' Richard said, 'but I'd love to meet your father some other time.' His tan had worn off, and Trudy thought him more distinguished and at the same time more unattainable than ever. 'I think it only right,' Trudy said in her young way, 'that one should introduce the man one loves to one's parents' - for it was agreed between them that they were in love.

But still, by the end of October, Richard had not asked her to meet his mother.

'Does it matter all that much?' Gwen said.

'Well, it would be a definite step forward.' Trudy said. 'We can't go on being just friends like this. I'd like to know where I stand with him. After all, we're in love and we're both free. Do you know, I'm beginning to think he hasn't any serious intentions after all. But if he asked me to meet his mother it would be a sort of sign, wouldn't it?' 'It certainly would,' Gwen said.

'I don't even feel I can ring him up at home until I've met his mother. I'd feel shy of talking to her on the phone. I must meet her. It's becoming a sort of obsession.<sup>1</sup>

'It certainly is.' Gwen said. 'Why don't you just say to him, «I'd like to meet your mother»?'

'Well, Gwen, there are some things a girl can't say.' 'No, but a woman can.'<sup>1</sup>

'Are you going on about my age again? I tell you, Gwen, I feel twenty-two. I think twenty-two. I am twenty-two so far as Richard's concerned. I don't think really you can help me much. After all, you haven't been successful with men yourself, have you?'

'No,' Gwen said, 'I haven't. I've always been on the old side.' That's just my point. It doesn't get you anywhere to feel old and think old. If you want to be

successful with men you have to hang on to your youth.' 'It wouldn't be worth it at the price,' Gwen said, 'to judge by the state you're in.'

Trudy started to cry and ran to her room, presently returning to ask Gwen questions about Richard's mother. She could rarely keep away from Gwen when she was not out with Richard. 'What's his mother really like? Do you think I'd get on with her?' 'If you wish I'll take you to see his mother on Sunday.' 'No, no,' Trudy said. 'It's got to come from him if it has any meaning. The invitation must come from Richard.'

Trudy had almost lost her confidence, and in fact had come to wonder if Richard was getting tired of her, since he had less and less time to spare for her, when unexpectedly and yet so inevitably, in November, he said, 'You must come and meet my mother.' 'Oh!' Trudy said. - 'I should like you to meet my mother. She's looking forward to it.' 'Oh, does she know about me?' 'Rather.' 'Oh!' 'It's happened. Everything's all right,' Trudy said breathlessly.

'He has asked you home to meet his mother,' Gwen said without looking up from the exercise book she was correcting. 'It's important to me, Owen.'

'Yes, yes,' Gwen said. 'I'm going on Sunday afternoon.' Trudy said. 'Will you be there?'

'Not till supper time,' Gwen said. 'Don't worry.'

'He said, «I want you to meet Mother. I've told her all about you.» 'All about you?'

That's what he said, and it means so much to me, Gwen. So much.' Gwen said, 'It's a beginning.'

'Oh, it's the beginning of everything. I'm sure of that.' Richard picked her up in his Singer at four on Sunday. He seemed preoccupied. He did not, as usual, open the car door for her, but slid into the driver's seat and waited for her to get in beside him. She fancied he was perhaps nervous about her meeting his mother for the first time.

The house on Champion Hill was delightful. They must be very comfortable, Trudy thought. Mrs Seeton was a tall, stooping woman, well dressed and preserved, with thick steel-grey hair and large light eyes. 'I hope you'll call me Lucy,' she said. 'Do you smoke?' 'I don't,' said Trudy.

'Helps the nerves,» said Mrs Seeton, 'when one is getting on in life. You don't need to smoke yet awhile.'

«No,' Trudy said. 'What a lovely room, Mrs Seeton.' «Lucy, said Mrs Seeton.

'Lucy,' Trudy said, very shyly, and looked at Richard for support. But he was drinking the last of his tea and looking out of the window as if to see whether the sky, had cleared.

'Richard has to go out for supper,' Mrs Seeton said, waving her cigarette holder very prettily. 'Don't forget to watch the time, Richard. But Trudy will stay



to supper with me, I hope. Trudy and I have a lot to talk about, I'm sure. She looked at Trudy and very faintly, with no more than a butterfly-flick, winked.

Trudy accepted the invitation with a conspiratorial nod and a slight squirm in her chair, she looked at Richard to see if he would say where he was going for supper, but he was gazing up at the top pane of the window, his fingers tapping on the arm of the shining Old Windsor chair on which he sat.

Richard left at half past six, very much more cheerful in his going than he had been in his coming.

'Richard gets restless on a Sunday,' said his mother. 'Yes, so I've noticed,»- Trudy said, so that there should be no mistake about who had been, occupying his recent Sundays.

'I dare say now you want to hear all about Richard,' said his mother in a secretive whisper, although no one was in earshot. Mrs Seeton giggled through her nose and raised her shoulders all the way up her long neck till they almost touched her ear-rings.

Trudy vaguely copied her gesture. 'Oh yes,' she said, 'Mrs Seeton.'

'Lucy. You must call me Lucy, now, you know. I want you and me to be friends. I want you to feel like a member of the family. Would you like to see the house?'

She led the way upstairs and displayed her affluent bedroom, one wall of which was entirely covered by mirror, so that, for every photograph on her dressing-table of Richard and Richard's late father, there were virtually two photographs in the room.

'This is Richard on his pony, Lob. He adored Lob. We all adored Lob. Of course, we were in the country then. This is Richard with Nana. And 'this is Richard's father at the outbreak of war. What did you do in the war, dear?»

'I was at school,' Trudy said, quite truthfully. 'Oh, then you're a teacher, too?'

'No, I'm a secretary. I didn't leave school till after the war.' Mrs Seeton said, looking at Trudy from two angles, 'Good gracious me, how deceiving. I thought you were about Richard's age, like Gwen. Gwen is such a dear. This is Richard as a graduate. Why he went into school mastering I don't know. Still, he's a very good master. Gwen always says so, quite definitely. Don't you adore Gwen?' 'Gwen is a good bit older than me,' Trudy said, being still upset on the subject of age.

'She ought to be here any moment. She usually comes for supper. Now I'll show you the other rooms and Richard's room.'

When they came to Richard's room his mother stood on the threshold and, with her finger to her lips for no apparent reason, swung the door open. Compared with the rest of the house this was a bleak, untidy, almost schoolboy's room. Richard's green pajama trousers lay on the floor where he had stepped out

of them. This was a sight familiar to Trudy from her several weekend excursions with Richard, of late months, to hotels up the Thames valley.

'So untidy,' said Richard's mother, shaking her head woefully. 'So untidy. One day, Trudy, dear, we must have a real chat.'<sup>1</sup>

Gwen arrived presently, and made herself plainly at home by going straight into the kitchen to prepare a salad. Mrs Seeton carved slices of cold meat while Trudy stood and watched them both, listening to a conversation between them which indicated a long intimacy. Richard's mother seemed anxious to please Gwen. 'Expecting Grace tonight?' Gwen said. . 'No, darling, I thought perhaps not tonight. Was I right?'<sup>1</sup>

'Oh, of course, yes. Expecting Joanna?'

'Well, as it's Trudy's first visit, I thought perhaps not—'

'Would you,' Gwen said to Trudy, 'lay the table, my dear. Here are the knives and forks.'

Trudy bore these knives and forks into the dining-room with a sense of having been got rid of with a view to being talked about.

At supper, Mrs Seeton said, 'It seems a bit odd, there only being the three of us. We usually have such jolly Sunday suppers. Next week, Trudy, you must come and meet the whole crowd - mustn't she, Gwen?'

'Oh yes,' Gwen said, 'Trudy must do that.'

Towards half past ten Richard's mother said, '! doubt if Richard will be back in time to run you home. Naughty boy, I dare not think what he gets up to.'

On the way to the bus stop Gwen said, 'Are you happy now that you've met Lucy?'

'Yes, I think so. But I think Richard might have stayed. It would have been nice. I dare say he wanted me to get to know his mother by myself. But in fact I felt the need of his support.'

'Didn't you have a talk with Lucy?'

'Well yes, but not much really. Richard probably didn't realize you were coming to supper. Richard probably thought his mother and I could have a heart-to-heart—' 'I usually go to Lucy's on Sunday,' Gwen said. 'Why?' 'Well, she's a friend of mine. I know her ways. She amuses me.'

During the week Trudy saw Richard only once, for a quick drink. 'Exams,' he said. 'I'm rather busy, darling.' Exams in November? I thought they started in December. «Preparation for exams,' he said. 'Preliminaries. Lots of work.' He took her home, kissed her on the cheek and drove off.

She looked after the car, and for a moment hated his moustache. But she pulled herself together and, recalling her youthfulness, decided she was too young really to judge the fine shades and moods of a man like Richard. He picked her up at four o'clock on Sunday.

'Mother's looking forward to seeing you,' he said. 'She hopes you will stay for supper.'

'You won't have to go out, will you, Richard?'

'Not tonight, no.'

But he did have to go out to keep an appointment of which his mother reminded him immediately after tea. He had smiled at his mother and said, 'Thanks.'

„ Trudy saw the photograph album, then she heard how Mrs Seeton had met Richard's father in Switzerland, and what Mrs Seeton had been wearing at the time. At half past six the supper party arrived. These were three women, including Gwen. The one called Grace was quite pretty, with a bewildered air. The one called Iris was well over forty and rather loud in her manner, 'Where's Richard tonight, the old cad?' said Iris. 'How do I know?' said his mother. 'Who am I to ask?'

'Well, at least he's a hard worker during the week. A brilliant teacher,' said doe-eyed Grace. 'Middling as a schoolmaster,' Gwen said. 'Oh, Gwen! Look how long he's held down the job,' his mother said. 'I should think,' Grace said, 'he's wonderful with the boys.' Those Shakespearean productions at the end of the summer term are regally magnificent,' Iris bawled. 'Til hand him that', the old devil.' 'Magnificent,' said his mother. 'You must admit, Gwen—'

'Very middling performances,' Gwen said.

'I suppose you are right, but, after all, they are only schoolboys. You .can't do much with untrained actors, Gwen,' said Mrs Seeton very sadly. 'I adore Richard,' Iris said, 'when he's in his busy, occupied mood. He's so – 'Oh yes,' Grace said. 'Richard is wonderful when he's got a lot on his mind.'

'I know.' said his mother. There was one time when Richard had just started teaching – I must tell you this story – he . . . ' Before they left Mrs Seeton said to Trudy, 'You will come with Gwen next week, won't you? I want you to regard yourself as one of us. There are two other friends of Richard's I do want you to meet. Old friends.' On the way to the bus Trudy said to Gwen, 'Don't you find it dull going to Mrs Seeton's every Sunday?' 'Well, yes, my dear young thing, and no. From time to time one sees a fresh face, and then it's quite amusing.' 'Doesn't Richard ever stay at home on Sunday evening?' 'No, I can't say he does. In fact, he's very often away for the whole weekend. As you know.'

'Who are these women?' Trudy said, stopping in the street. 'Oh, just old friends of Richard's.' 'Do they see him often?' 'Not now. They've become members of the family.'

## PRELIMINARIES

**Muriel Spark** was born in 1918 and educated in Edinburgh. Her works include critical biographies of nineteenth-century writers, poetry and novels. Among her novels are *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1961), *The Girls of Slender Means* (1963) and *The Mandelbaum Gate* (1965).

I. Look up the pronunciation of these words:

revelation      row (v)  
imperturbable      stucco  
awnings      conspiratorial  
terrace      intimacy  
parade      doe-eyed  
psychic      middling

II. Study the notes below:

1. Windermere - lake in the Lake District of north-western England.

2. She would fling herself- she used to rush.

3. He is calling for me - he is coming to fetch me.

4. Young young - ironical, pretending to be very young.

5. Where I stand with him - what my position is.

6. On the old side - rather old.

7. Singer - make of sports car.

8. Old Windsor chair - all wood chair with curved support for back and

arms.

9. I'll hand him that -I must say that about him

10. Comfortable - quite rich.

## COMPREHENSION

I. Complete the sentences in the following :

1. Trudy thought Southern Austria was like Wales because

a) it rained so much.

b) the sun shone so much.

c) it didn't rain much.

d) because the sun hardly ever shone.

2. Gwen acted as if

a) she wanted to find a husband.

b) she had stopped thinking about marriage.

c) she was very interested in Richard.

d) she was trying to stop Trudy from becoming interested in Richard.

3. Trudy wanted to try out her phrase-book alone because

- a) she wanted to try out her German.
- b) Gwen told her to do so.
- c) she didn't want Gwen to hear her mistakes.
- d) it might help her to meet a young man.

4. Gwen was speaking English to a man who was

- a) accompanied by an aunt.
- b) not accompanied by his wife.
- c) accompanied by his brother.
- d) accompanied by a sister!

II Choose the words from the list below which fit into the following sentences:

confinement, crinkly, revelation, suicidal, virtuous, imperturbable, appreciation, awning, indifference, invisible

- 1 It would be quite ... to climb to the top of that mountain.
- 2 Trudy could not understand Gwen's ... to Richard.
- 3 Gwen never seemed to worry about anything; she was quite ....
- 4 It was a ... to Trudy when Richard showed her the town of Bleilach.
- 5 They sat under the ... in the sun.

III. Answer the following questions:

- 1 How old did Richard say he was?
- 2 Where were Trudy and Richard when their love affair began?
- 3 How many years had Trudy knocked off her age?
- 4 While Richard and Trudy were rowing on the lake, what did Richard say the lake looked like?
- 5 What was Gwen's occupation?
- 6 Where was Gwen's room?
- 7 What made Trudy think that Richard was getting tired of her?
- 8 Who took Trudy to the bus stop after she had left Richard's home?
- 9 Where had Richard's mother and father first met?
- 10 Name one of the other visitors Trudy met at Richard's home.
- 11 Who were these women visitors, according to Richard's mother?

## TEXT INTERPRETATION

### INTRODUCTION

I. A Member of the Family is about Trudy and Richard, who meet on holiday, but turn out to have rather different ideas about marriage.

1. Give your first impressions of the story. What did you feel about the characters? What was the point of the title?

2. Where do Trudy and Richard first meet? Describe the place, Bleilach.

3. Describe Trudy. In what way does she change her personality when she meets Richard? Why does she lie to Richard about her age?

4. What part does Gwen play in the story?

5. Why does Trudy want Richard to ask her to meet his mother?

6. When he finally takes her to meet his mother, what does it mean for Richard?

7. What kind of woman is Richard's mother? How does she regard Richard?

8. What do you think of Richard's behaviour? Does anyone see Richard as he really is?

9. What would you have done at the end of the story if you had been Trudy?

II. While reading the story, think about the following:

(a) details of appearance and dress.

(b) the contrast between Trudy and Gwen, the main women characters.

(c) the development of the relationship between Trudy and Richard.

III. Who do you think the author's sympathy lies with? Do you share her attitude to the personages?

IV. State the theme of the story.

V. Interpret the story in a lengthy monologue.

## **ENOCH'S TWO LETTERS**

by Alan Sillitoe

Enoch's parents parted in a singular way. He was eight years of age at the time.

It happened one morning after he had gone to school, so that he didn't know anything about it till coming home in the evening.

Jack Boden got up as usual at seven o'clock, and his wife, who was Enoch's mother, set a breakfast of bacon and egg before him. They never said much, and spoke even less on this particular morning because both were solidly locked in their separate thoughts which, unknown to each other, they were at last intending to act on.<sup>11</sup>

Instead of getting a bus to his foundry, Jack boarded one for the city centre. He sought out a public lavatory where, for the price of a penny, he was able to draw off his overalls, and emerge with them under his arm. They were wrapped in the brown paper which he had put into his pocket before leaving the

house, a sly and unobtrusive movement as he called from the scullery: 'So long, love. See you this afternoon.'

Now wearing a reasonable suit, he walked to the railway station. There he met Rene, who had in her two suitcases a few of his possessions that he had fed to her during clandestine meetings over the past fortnight. Having worked in the same factory, they had, as many others who were employed there saw, 'fallen for each other'. Rene wasn't married, so there seemed nothing to stop her going away with him. And Jack's dull toothache of a conscience had, in the six months since knowing her, cured itself at last.

Yet they got on the train to London feeling somewhat alarmed at the step they had taken, though neither liked to say anything in case the other should think they wanted to back out. Hardly a word was spoken the whole way. Rene wondered what her parents would say when they saw she'd gone. Jack thought mostly about Enoch, but he knew he'd be safe enough with his mother, and that she'd bring him up right. He would send her a letter from London to explain that he had gone-in case she hadn't it.

No sooner had Jack left for his normal daylight stint at the foundry than his wife, Edna, attended to Enoch. She watched him eat, standing by the mantelshelf for a good view of him during her stare. He looked up, half out of his sleep, and didn't smile back at her.

She kissed him, pushed sixpence into his pocket, and sent him up the street to school, then went upstairs to decide what things to take with her. It wasn't a hard choice, for though they had plenty of possessions, little of it was movable. So it turned out that two suitcases and a handbag held all she wanted.

There was ample time, and she went downstairs to more tea and a proper breakfast. They'd been married ten years, and for seven at least she'd had enough. The trouble with Jack was that he'd let nothing worry him. He was so trustworthy and easy-going he got on her nerves. He didn't even seem interested in other women, and the worst thing about such a man was that he hardly ever noticed when you were upset. When he did, he accused you of upsetting him.

There were so many things wrong, that now she was about to leave she couldn't bring them to mind, and this irritated her, and made her think that it had been even worse than it was, rather than the other way round. As a couple they had given up tackling any differences between them by the human method of talking, it was as if the sight of each other struck them dumb. On first meeting, a dozen years ago, they had been unable to say much -which, in their mutual attraction, they had confused with love at first sight. And nowadays they didn't try to talk to each other about the way they felt any more because neither of them thought it would do any good. Having come this far, the only thing left was to act. It wasn't that life was dull exactly, but they had nothing in common. If they had, maybe she could have put up with him, no matter how bad he was.

For a week she'd been trying to write a letter, to be posted from where she was going, but she couldn't get beyond: 'I'm leaving you for good, so stop bothering about me any more. Just look-after Enoch, because I've had my belly-ful and I'm off After re-reading it she put it back and clipped her handbag shut.

Having decided to act after years of thinking about it, she was now uncertain as to what she would do. A sister lived in Hull, so her first plan was to stay there till she found a job and a room. This was something to hang on to, and beyond it she didn't think. She'd just have to act again, and that was that. Once you started there was probably no stopping, she thought, not feeling too good about it now that the time had come.

An hour later she turned the clock to the wall, and walked out of the house for good, safe in knowing that shortly after Enoch came in from school his father would be home to feed him. They had lavished a lot of love on Enoch – she knew that – maybe too much, some of which they should have given to each other but had grown too mean and shy to.

She left the door unlocked so that he could just walk in. He was an intelligent lad, who'd be able to turn on the gas fire if he felt cold. When Mrs Mackley called from her back door to ask if she was going on her holidays, Edna laughed and said she was only off to see Jack's mother at Neisherfield, to take some old rags that she needed to cut up and use for rug-clippings.

Mam,' Enoch cried, going in by the back door. 'Mam, where's my tea?'

He'd come running down the road with a pocketful of marbles. His head in fact looked like one of the more psychedelic ones with a pale round face, a lick of brilliant ginger hair down over his forehead and a streak of red toffee-stain across his mouth.

Gossiping again, he thought scornfully, seeing the kitchen empty. He threw his coat, still with the sleeves twisted, over to the settee. The house did have more quiet than usual, he didn't, know why. He turned the clock to face the right way, then went into the scullery and put the kettle on.

The tea wasn't like his mother made it. It was too weak. But it was hot, so he put a lot of sugar in to make up for it, then sat at the table to read a comic.

It was early spring, and as soon as it began to get dark he switched the light on and went to draw the curtains. One half came over easily, but the other only part of the way, leaving a foot-wide gap of dusk, like a long, open mouth going up instead of across. This bothered him for a while, until it got dark, when he decided to ignore it and switch the television on.

From hoping to see his mother, he began to wonder where his father was. If his mother had gone to Aunt Jenny's and missed the bus home, maybe his father at the foundry had had an accident and fallen into one of the moulds - from which it was impossible to get out alive, except as a skeleton.

Jam pot, butter dish, knife, and crumbs were spread over the kitchen table when he got himself something to eat. Not that it bothered him, that his father



might have been killed, because when they had left him for an hour on his own a few months ago he had wondered what he would do if they never came back. Before he'd had time to decide, though, they had opened the door to tell him to get a sandwich and he off to bed sharp, otherwise he'd be too tired to get up for school in the morning. So he knew they'd be back sooner than he expected. When Johnny Bootle's father had been killed in a lorry last year he'd envied him, but Johnny Bootle himself hadn't liked it very much.

Whether they came back or not, it was nice being in the house on his own. He was boss of it, could mash another pot of tea if he felt like it, and keep the gas fire burning as long as he liked. The telly was flickering but he didn't want to switch it off, even though heads kept rolling up and up. so that when he looked at it continually for half a minute it seemed as if j they were going round in a circle. He turned to scoop a spoonful of raspberry jam from the pot, and swallow some more cold tea.

He sat in his father's chair by the fire, legs stretched across the rug, but ready to jump at the click of the outdoor latch, and be back at the table before they could get into the room. His father wouldn't like him being in his chair, unless he were sitting on his knee. All he needed was a cigarette, and though he looked on the sideboard and along the shelf there were none in sight. He had to content himself with trying to whistle in a thick manly style. Johnny Bootle had been lucky in his loss, because he'd had a sister.

If they didn't come back tonight he wouldn't go to school in the morning. They'd shout at him when they found out, but that didn't matter. If they were dead. It was eight o'clock, and he wondered where they were. They ought to be back by now and he began to regret that he'd hoped they never would be, as if God's punishment for thinking this might be that. He'd never let them. |

He yawned, and picked up the clock to wind it. That was what you did when you yawned after eight in the evening. If they didn't come soon he would have to go upstairs to bed, but he thought he would get some coats and sleep on the sofa down here, with the gas fire shining bright, rather than venture to his bedroom alone. They'd really gone for a night out, and that was a fact. Maybe they were late, coming back because they'd gone for a divorce. When the same thing had happened to Tom Brunt it was because his mam had gone to fetch a baby, though he was taken into a neighbour's house next door before he'd been alone as long as this.

He looked along the shelf to see if he had missed a cigarette that he could put into his mouth and play at smoking with. He had good eyes and no need of glasses, that was true, because he'd been right first time. In spite of the bread and jam he still felt hungry, and went into the scullery for some cheese.

When the light went, taking the flickering telly with it, he found a torch at the back of the dresser drawer, then looked for a shilling to put in the meter. Fortunately the gas fire gave off enough pink glow for him to see, the borders of the

room, especially when he shone the torch beam continually around the walls as if it were a searchlight looking for enemy planes.

'It was a long wait to Tipperary'- as he had sometimes heard his father sing while drunk, but his eyes closed, with the piece of cheese still in his hands, and he hoped he would drop off before they came in so that they'd be sorry for staying out so late, and wouldn't be able to be mad at him for not having gone to bed.

He walked across the room to the coat hooks in the recess, but his mother's and father's coats had gone, as he should have known they would be, since neither of them was in. There was nothing to put over himself when he went to sleep, but he still wouldn't go upstairs for a blanket. It would be as bad as going into a wood at night. He had run across the road when a bus was coming, and seen Frankenstein once on the telly, but he wouldn't go into a wood at night, even though lying Jimmy Kemp claimed to have done so.

Pushing one corner at a time, he got the table back against the sideboard. There was an oval mirror above the mantelshelf, and he leaned both elbows on it to get as good a look at himself as he could in the wavering pink light - his round face and small ears, chin in shadow, and eyes popping forward. He distorted his mouth with two fingers, and curled a tongue hideously up to his nose to try and frighten himself away from the bigger fear of the house that was threatening him with tears.

It was hard to remember what they'd done at school today, and when he tried to imagine his father walking into the house and switching on the Bght it was difficult to make out his face very clearly. He hated him for that, and hoped one day to kill him with an axe. Even his mother's face wasn't easy to bring back, but he didn't want to kill her. He felt his knee caps burning, being too close to the gas bars, so he stood away to let them go cool.

When he was busy rolling up the carpet in front of the fire, and being away from the mirror, his parents suddenly appeared to him properly, their faces side by side with absolute clarity, and he wished they'd come back. If they did, and asked what the bloody hell he thought he was doing rolling up the carpet, he'd say well what else do you expect me to do? I've got to use something for a blanket when I go to sleep on the settee, haven't I?

If there was one skill he was glad of, it was that he could tell the time. He'd only learned it properly six months ago, so it had come just right. You didn't have to put a shilling in the clock, so that was still ticking at least, except that it made him feel tired.

He heaved at the settee, to swivel it round in front of the fire, a feat which convinced him that one day he'd be as strong as his father -wherever he was. There was certainly no hope of the gas keeping on till the morning, so he turned it down to number two. Then he lay on the settee and pulled the carpet over him. It smelled of stone and pumice, and of soap that had gone bad.

He sniffed the cold air, and sensed there was daylight in it, though he couldn't open his eyes. Weaving his hand as far as it would go, he felt that the gas fire had gone out, meaning that the cooking stove wouldn't work. He wondered why his eyelids were stuck together, then thought of chopping up a chair to make a blaze, but the grate was blocked by the gas fire. This disappointed him, because it would have been nice to lean over it, warming himself as the bottom of the kettle got blacker and blacker till it boiled at the top.

When his eyes mysteriously opened, old Tinface the clock said it was half past-seven. In any case there were no matches left to light anything. He went into the scullery-to wash his face.

He had to be content with a cup of milk, and a spoon of sugar in it, with more bread and cheese. People were walking along the backyards on their way to work. If they've gone for good, he thought, I shall go to my grandma's, and I'll have to change schools because she lives at Netherfield, miles away.

His mother had given him sixpence for sweets the morning before, and he already had twopence, so he knew that this was enough to get him half fare to Netherfield.

That's all I can do, he thought, turning the clock to the wall, and wondering whether he ought to put the furniture right in case his parents came in and got mad that it was all over the place, though he hoped they wouldn't care, since they'd left him all night on his own.

Apart from not wanting to spend the sixpence his mother had given him till she came back, he was sorry at having to go to his grandma's because now he wouldn't be able to go to school and tell his mates that he'd been all night in a house on his own. He pushed a way to the upper deck of the bus, from which height he could look down on the roofs of cars, and see level into the top seats of other buses passing them through the town. You never know, he thought, I might see 'em - going home to put a shilling each in the light and gas for me. He gave his money to the conductor.

It took a long time to get clear of traffic at Canning Circus, and he wished he'd packed up some bread and cheese before leaving the house. Men were smoking foul fags all around, and a gang of boys going to Peoples' College made a big noise until the conductor told them to stop it or he'd put them off.

He knew the name of his grandmother's street, but not how to get there from the bus stop. A postman pointed the direction for him. Netherfield was on the edge of Nottingham, and huge black cauliflower clouds with the sun locked inside came over on the wind from Colwick Woods.

When his grandmother opened the back door he was turning the handle of the old mangle outside. She told him to stop it, and then asked in a tone of surprise what had brought him there at that time of the morning. 'Dad and Mom have gone,' he said.

'Gone?' she cried, pulling him into the scullery. 'What do you mean?' He saw the big coal fire, and smelled the remains of bacon that she must have done for Tom's breakfast -the last of her sons living there. His face was distorted with pain. 'No,' she said, 'nay, you mustn't cry. Whatever's the matter for you to cry like that?'

The tea she poured was hot, strong, sweet, and he was sorry at having cried in front of her. 'All right, now?' she said, drawing back to watch him and see if it was. He nodded. 'I slept on the couch.' The whole night! And where can they be?'

He saw she was worried. «They had an accident,» he told her, poring his tea into the saucer to cool it. She fried him an egg, and gave him some bread and butter.

'Our Jack's never had an accident,' she said grimly. 'If they're dead, grandma, can I live with you?' 'Aye, you can. But they're not, so you needn't worry your little eyes.' They must be,' he told her, feeling certain about it. 'We'll see,' she said. 'When I've cleaned up a bit, we'll go and find out what got into 'em.' He watched her sweeping the room, then stood in the doorway as she knelt down to scrub the scullery floor, a smell of cold water and pumice when she reached the doorstep. 'I've got to keep the place spotless,' she said with a laugh. 'Standing up, 'or your Uncle Tom would leave home. He's bound to get married one day though, and that's a fact. His three brothers did, one of 'em being your daft father. 'She held his hand back to the bus stop. If Uncle Tom does clear off it looks like she'll have me to look after. It seemed years already since he'd last seen his mother and father, and he was growing to like the adventure of it, provided they didn't stay away too long. It was rare going twice across town in one day.

It started to rain, so they stood in a shop doorway to wait for the bus. There wasn't so many people on it this time, and they sat on the bottom deck because his grandma didn't feel like climbing all them steps. 'Did you lock the door behind you?'

'I forgot.'

'Let's hope nobody goes in.'

There was no light left,' he said. 'Nor any gas, I was cold when I woke up.'

'I'm sure you was,' she said. 'But you're a big lad now. You should have gone to a neighbour's house. They'd have given you some tea. Mrs Upton would, I'm sure. Or Mrs Mackley.'

'I kept thinking they'd be back any minute.'

'You always have to go to the neighbours,' she told him, when they got off the bus and walked across Ilkeston Road. Her hand had wanned up now from the pumice and cold water. 'Don't kick your feet like that.››

If it happened again, he would take her advice. He hoped it wouldn't, though next time he'd sleep in his bed and not be frightened.

They walked down the yard, and in by the back door. Nothing was missing, he could have told anybody that, though he didn't speak. The empty house seemed dead, and he didn't like that. He couldn't stay on his own, so followed his grandmother upstairs and into every room, half expecting her to find them in some secret place he'd never known of.

The beds were made, and wardrobe doors closed. One of the windows was open a few inches, so she slammed it shut and locked it. 'Come on down. There's nowt up here.'

She put a shilling in the gas meter, and set a kettle on the stove. 'Might as well have a cup of tea while I think this one out. A bloody big one it is, as well.'

It was the first time he'd heard her swear, but then, he'd never seen her worried, either. It made him feel better. She thought about the front room, and he followed her.

They kept the house clean, any road up,' she said, touching the curtains and chair covers. That's summat to be said for 'em. But it ain't everything.'

'It ain't,' he agreed, and saw two letters lying on the mat just inside the front door. He watched her broad back as she bent to pick them up, thinking now that they were both dead for sure.

## PRELIMINARIES

Alan Sillitoe was born in Nottingham in 1928. His novels and short stories deal mainly with the lives of the industrial working classes. His first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, was published in 1958. His collections of short stories include *The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner* (1959) and *Men, Women and Children* (1973).

I. Practise pronunciation of these words. Look it up in the dictionary:  
foundry - a workshop or factory for casting metal  
overalls (Br) - a loose fitting coat or pair of dungarees worn over ordinary clothes for protection  
clandestine - surreptitious  
unobtrusive - not conspicuous or attracting attention  
crumb - small fragment of bread, cake or biscuit  
scullery - a small kitchen or room at the back of the house used for washing dishes and other dirty household work  
hideous - extremely ugly, extremely unpleasant  
settee - a long upholstered seat for more than one person, typically with a back and arms

II. Study the notes below:

a reasonable suit: quite a good suit.

he had fed to her. . . ; he had given to her one at a time.

fallen for each other: come to love each other.

she couldn't bring them to mind: she couldn't remember them.

no matter how bad he was: however bad he was.

I've had my bellyful: I've had enough.

Hull: large city and port on the River Humber in north-east England.

This was something to hang on to: something to hope for.

safe in knowing: happy because she knew.

rug-clippings: pieces of old clothes, etc.; cut up and used to make a rug for the floor.

one of the more psychedelic ones: of an unusual appearance because of the odd combination of colours.

mash another pot of tea: make, brew another pot of tea, (in the north of England).

the telly was flickering: the picture was unsteady.

when the light went: when the light went out.

meter: box which measures gas or electricity used in a household and into which one puts money at regular intervals.

It was a long wait to Tipperary: the real words of the song are 'It's a long way to Tipperary'.

drop off: go to sleep.

Frankenstein: the Frankenstein monster was the main character in a very popular horror film.

eyes popping forward: eyes very wide open.

gas bars: long pieces of metal or fire-clay used in gas-fires. number two: low measure of gas used in gas-fire. Weaving his hand: feeling with his hand from side to side. half fare: what a child pays on buses or trains. the upper deck: upstairs on a bus with two floors (a double decker). see level: see without having to look up or down. Peoples' Colleges: places for further education. cauliflower clouds: clouds with the shape of a cauliflower. find out what got into 'em: find out what has made them do whatever they have done.

## COMPREHENSION

I. Complete the sentences in the following:

1. When Jack left home that morning,
  - a) he got a bus to the foundry,
  - b) he called at a cafe and took off his overalls.
  - c) he went into the city centre.
  - d) he went for a walk in the country.
2. After Jack and Rene got on the train,
  - a) they were not very talkative.
  - b) they were both very happy about going to London.

- c) Jack thought mostly about his wife Edna.
  - d) they talked a lot to each other.
3. When Jack had left the house,
- a) Edna sat down to breakfast with Enoch.
  - b) Edna went up the street with Enoch.
  - c) Edna went upstairs and packed one suitcase.
  - d) Edna sent Enoch off to school.
4. Edna left the house intending
- a) to return in a month.
  - b) to visit Jack's mother.
  - c) not to come back.
  - d) to stay away for a few days.

II. Read the text carefully and then complete the following sentences in your own words:

1. When Jack came down at seven o'clock,...
2. Before leaving the house, Jack ...
3. After saying goodbye to Enoch, Edna ...
4. Edna was fed up with Jack because ...
5. If it was cold when Enoch came home, he ...

III. Answer the following questions:

1. What did Enoch do with the clock when he first came into the house?
2. Whose chair did he sit on by the fire?
3. Where did he look, hoping to find a cigarette?
4. Why might his parents be mad at him when they came home?
5. How did he get the table against the sideboard?
6. What had Enoch learned to do only six months before?
7. Why was he sorry at having to go to his grandma's?
8. What did the empty house seem like to Enoch?
9. Where did Enoch see the two letters?

## TEXT INTERPRETATION

### INTRODUCTION

Enoch's Two Letters is a story about a boy whose parents leave him -both on the same day. It is also a story about relationships; between a man and a woman, between parents and their child, between a child and his grandmother.

I. While reading the text find sentences that describe Jack's character, sentences that describe Edna leaving the place, sentences that show how Enoch feels about the situation, sentences that describe the characters' habits.

II. Enoch's grandmother speaks with many touches of local dialect which the author has reproduced in the dialogue. See if you can spot these and discuss what you think they mean.

III. While you read the story, think carefully about Enoch and the way he acts in every situation, also about his relationship with the different characters.

IV. Answer the questions:

1. How did you enjoy the story? Did you find it interesting? Did you believe in the characters? What did you think of the way it started and ended? What was the story really about?

2. What kind of man is Jack? Does his wife really know him? What has she always thought about him?

3. Describe Edna. What sort of person is she? As a wife? As a mother?

4. Why did these two people decide to leave each other? What were their reasons? Were they valid reasons, do you think?

5. What does Enoch seem to think of his parents?

6. How do we realize that Enoch is still very much a child?

7. Describe Enoch's reaction when he thinks that his parents might have gone for good.

8. Why is the story called Enoch's Two Letters? Were the letters in fact written to Enoch?

V. State the theme of the story.

VI. Interpret the story in a lengthy monologue.

#### DISCUSSION

1. What might have happened next to Enoch, Edna and Jack? Write a continuation of the story.

2. Write the letters that were written by Jack and Edna to each other.

3. Imagine that you are Enoch. Write a letter to your mother/father, telling them what you think of the situation.

#### ROLE-PLAY

Divide up into pairs. Act the following scenes:

1 Jack meets Rene at the station and tells her what he did from the time he got up that morning. If you are acting the part of Rene, you must help Jack by asking him questions.

2 Edna arrives in Hull and tells her sister what she did from the time she got up that morning.

3 Enoch meets his best friend at school and tells him what happened.



Today in many countries, divorce is becoming more and more common. How can this affect children? Should parents stay together even if they do not get on, for the sake of the children? Or is it better for children not to live with parents who are always quarrelling?

### **THURSDAY EVENING (extract)**

by Ch. Morley

Christopher Morley (1890-1957), an American author, received unusual recognition early in his career. Among his widely known novels are «Kitty Foyle» and «The Trojan Horse». In his popular short play «Thursday Evening», Christopher Morley opposes the common mother-in-law stereotype with two very likable and charming women.

The scene is set in the small kitchen of the modest suburban home of Mr and Mrs Gordon, Johns. A meal has recently been cooked, as is shown by a general confusion of pots and pans and dishcloths.

Laura, who is an attractive little woman aged about twenty-three, is in that slightly tense condition of a young hostess who has had a long and trying day with house and baby, and has also cooked and served a dinner for four as both the grandmothers are visiting. .

Both husband and wife are washing up. They are in good humour at first but every time one or the other refers to his or her mother the atmosphere becomes tense. Gordon, more than his wife Laura, takes pains, to avoid a quarrel and changes the subject whenever he is aware of danger.

While scraping portions of food off the soiled plates Gordon picks out several large pieces of meat, lettuce, butter, etc., which he puts on one plate at one side. Later his wife sees the plate of odds and ends and scrapes its contents into the garbage pail. Among other things Gordon says that he's a little worried about his mother as she hardly ate any of her salad. This time, it is Laura who tries honourably to avert the gathering storm by mentioning that Junior drank out of a cup the first time. But even this seemingly encouraging event puts the two on the break of a quarrel. Gordon feels slighted because the cup used was the one Laura's mother had used, not his mother's.

Though he's been trying to tide over the mutually realized danger point, when Gordon begins hunting for the plate with «a lot of perfectly good stuff he saved, a fierce quarrel breaks out.

Laura: Well, if you think I'm going to keep a lot of half-eaten salad your mother picked over -

Gordon (seizes garbage pail, lifts it up to the sink and begins to explore its contents. His fuse also is rapidly shortening): My Lord, it's no wonder we never have any money to spend if we chuck half of it away in waste. (Picking out various selections.) Waste! Look at that piece of cheese, and those potatoes. You

could take those things, and some of this meat, and make a nice economical hash, for lunch -

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

Gordon (blows up): Do you know what the one unforgivable sin is? It's waste! It makes me wild to think of working and working like a dog, and half of what I earn just thrown away. Look at this, just look at it! (Displays grisly object.) There's enough meat on that bone to make soup. Oh, ye gods, about half a dozen slices of bread. What's the matter with them, I'd like to know?

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

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

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

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

Laura: I wish you had been. Then I wouldn't have married you.

Gordon: I suppose you think that if you'd married Jack Davis or some other of those jokers you'd never have had to see the inside of a kitchen -

Laura: If Junior grows up with your disposition, all I can say is I hope he'll never get married.

Gordon: If he gets married, I hope it'll be to some girl who understands something about economy -

Laura: If he gets married, I hope he'll be man enough not to be always finding fault -

Gordon: Well, he won't get married! I'll put him wise to what marriage means, fussing like this all the time -

Laura: Yes, he will get married. He shall get married!

Gordon: Oh, this is too absurd -

Laura: He shall get married, just to be a humiliating example to his father. I'll bring him up the way a husband ought to be.

Gordon: In handcuffs, I suppose -

Laura: And his wife won't have to sit and listen to perpetual criticism from his mother -

Gordon: If you're so down on mothers-in-law, it's queer you're anxious to be one yourself. The expectant mother-in-law!

Laura: All right, be vulgar, I dare say you can't help it

Gordon: Great Scott, what did you think marriage was like, anyway? Did you expect to go through life having everything done for you, without a little hard work to make it interesting?

Laura: Is it necessary to shout?

Gordon: Now let me tell you something. Let's see if you can ratify it from your extensive, observation of life. Is there anything in the world so cruel as bringing up a girl in absolute ignorance of housework? Marriage ought not to be performed before-an altar, but before a kitchen sink.

Laura (furiously): I ought to have known that oil and water won't mix. I ought to have known that a vulgar, selfish, conceited man couldn't make a girl happy who was brought up in a refined family. You're too common, too ordinary, to know when you're lucky. You get a charming, aristocratic wife and expect her to grub along like a washerwoman. You try-to crush all the life and spirit out of her. You ought to have married an icebox-that's the only thing in this house you're really attentive to. Gordon: Now listen -

Laura (will not be checked): Talk about being spoiled-why, your mother babies you so, you think you're the only man on earth. (Sarcastically) Her poor, overworked boy, who tries so hard and gets all fagged out in the office and struggles so nobly to support his family! I wonder how you'd like to run this house and bear a child and take care of it and cook a big dinner and be sneered at and never a word of praise. All you can think of is picking over the garbage pail and finding fault -

Gordon (like a fool): I didn't find fault! I found some good food being wasted.

Laura: All right, if you love the garbage pail better than you do your wife, you can live with it (Flings her dish towel on the floor and exits into dining-room.)

(Gordon stands irresolutely at the sink, and makes a few gloomy motions among the unfinished dishes. He glares at the garbage can. Then he carefully gathers those portions of food that he has chosen as being still usable, then puts them on a plate and, after some hesitation, puts the plate in the icebox. He is about to do some other things but then a sudden fit of anger seizes him, he tears off apron, throws it on the floor, and goes out, slamming door.

After a brief pause, Mrs Sheffield and later Mrs Johns enter the kitchen. They begin putting things to rights. They work like automatons. For perhaps two minutes not a word is said, and the two seem, by searching side glances, to be probing each other's mood.)

Mrs Johns: If it wasn't so tragic I'd laugh (A pause, during which they work busily.

Mrs Sheffield: If it wasn't so comic I'd cry. (Another pause.) I guess it's my fault. Poor Laura, I'm afraid I have spoiled her.

Mrs Johns: My fault, I think. Two mothers-in-law at once is too much for any young couple. I didn't know you were here, or I wouldn't have come.

Mrs Sheffield: Laura is so dreadfully sensitive, poor child-

Mrs Johns: Gordon works so hard at the office. You know he's trying to get promoted to the sales department, and I suppose it tells on his nerves -

Mrs Sheffield: If Laura could afford to have a nurse to help her with the baby, she wouldn't get so exhausted-

Mrs Johns: Gordon says he wants to take out some more insurance, that's why he worries so about economy. It isn't for himself; he's really very unselfish -

Mrs Sheffield (a little tartly): Still, I do think that sometimes -(They pause and look at each other quickly.) My gracious, we'll be at it ourselves if we don't look out! (She goes to the clothes-horse and rearranges the garments on it. She holds up a Lilliputian shirt, and they both smile.)

Mrs Johns: That darling baby! I hope he won't have poor Gordon's quick temper. It runs in the Johns family,

I'm afraid. You know Gordon's father used to say that Adam and Eve didn't know when they were well off. He said that was why they called it the Garden of Eden. Because there was no mother-in-law there.

Mrs Sheffield: Poor children, they have such a lot to learn! I really feel ashamed, Mrs Johns, because Laura is an undisciplined little thing, and I'm afraid I've always petted her too much. She had such a lot of attention before she met Gordon, and was made so much of, it gave her wrong ideas.

Mrs Johns: I wish Gordon was a little younger; I'd like to turn him up and spank him. He's dreadfully stubborn and tactless -

Mrs Sheffield: But I'm afraid I did make a mistake. Laura was having such a good time as a girl, I was always afraid she'd have a hard awakening when she married. But Mr Sheffield had a good deal of money at that time, and he used to say, «She's only young once. Let her enjoy herself!»

Mrs Johns: My husband was shortsighted, too. He had had to skimp so that he brought up Gordon to have a terror of wasting a nickel!

Mrs Sheffield: Very sensible. I wish Mr Sheffield had had a little more of that terror. I shall have to tell him what his policy has resulted in. But really, you know, when I heard them at it, I could hardly help admiring them. It brings back old times!

Mrs Johns: So it does! (A pause.) But we can't let them go on like this. A little vigorous quarrelling is good for everybody. It's a kind of spiritual laxative. But they carry it too far.

Mrs Sheffield: They're awfully ingenious. They were even bickering about Junior's future mother-in-law. I suppose she's still in school, whoever she may be!

Mrs Johns: Being a mother-in-law is almost as painful as being a mother.

Mrs Sheffield: I think, every marriage ought to be preceded by a treaty of peace between the two mothers. If they understand each other,

Laura: Even if they did say atrocious things, I think they really love us -  
 Gordon: We'll be a bit cold and standoffish until things blow over.  
 Laura (complacently): If I'm ever a mother-in-law, I shall try to be very understanding -  
 Gordon: Yes, Creature. Do you remember why I call you Creature?  
 Laura: Do I not?  
 Gordon: There was an adjective omitted, you remember.  
 Laura: Oh, Gordie, that's one of the troubles of married life. So many of the nice adjectives seem to get omitted.  
 Gordon: Motto for married men: Don't get short of adjectives! You remember what the adjective was?  
 Laura: Tell me.  
 Gordon: Adorable. It was an abbreviation for Adorable Creature. (Holds her. They are both perfectly happy.) I love our little Thursday evenings.  
 Laura (partly breaks from his embrace): Sssh! (Listens.) Was that the baby?

### РЕЙТИНГОВАЯ СИСТЕМА ОЦЕНКИ УСПЕВАЕМОСТИ ОБУЧАЮЩИХСЯ

№	Наименование темы	Виды оцениваемых работ	Максимальное кол-во баллов
1	2	3	4
<b>7 семестр</b>			
1	Практическое занятие № 1 Англо-саксонский эпос. Поэма «Беовульф»	Устный опрос Пересказ текста Выразительное чтение текста	1 0,5 0,5
2	Практическое занятие № 2 Героический эпос в Германии. «Песнь о Нибелунгах»	Устный опрос Пересказ текста Написание эссе	1 0,5 1
3	Практическое занятие № 3 Английская литература периода развитого феодализма. «Видение о Петре Пахаре» У. Ленгленда и «Кентерберийские рассказы» Д.Чосера.	Устный опрос Подготовка и презентация творческого проекта	1 2
4	Практические занятия № 4 – 5	Устный опрос Выразительное чтение текста	1 0,5

	Немецкая литература периода развитого феодализма	Подготовка сообщения (в составе группы)	1
		Подготовка сообщения (в составе группы) Выразительно чтение текстов Участие в ролевой игре	1 0,5 1
5	Практическое занятие № 6 Трагедии Шекспира.	Устный опрос Чтение текстов Участие в дискуссии	1 0,5 1
6	Практическое занятие № 7 Поэма Дж. Мильтона «Потерянный рай»	Устный опрос Составление тестовых заданий Составление плана	1 1 1
7	Практическое занятие № 8 Немецкая поэзия в XVII веке	Устный опрос Устный опрос (групповые задания)	1 1
8	Контрольный тест по разделам 1–4	Количество правильных ответов	4
9	Контрольная работа № 1	Написание и оформление работы	5
10	Практические занятия № 9-10 Английская литература века Просвещения. Романы Д. Дефо «Приключения Робинзона Крузо» и Д. Свифта «Путешествия Гулливера»	Устный опрос	1
		Пересказ текста	0,5
		Устный опрос Участие в ролевой игре	1 1
11	Практическое занятие № 11 Английская проза середины XVIII века. Роман Г. Филдинга «История Тома Джонса, найденыша»	Устный опрос Выразительное чтение текстов Составление тезисов	1 0,5 1
12	Практическое занятие № 12 Английская и немецкая драматургия второй половины XVIII века. Трагедия Г. Э. Лессинга «Эмилия Галотти» и комедия Р. Б. Шеридана «Школа злословия»	Устный опрос Подготовка сообщения (в составе группы) Выразительное чтение текстов	1 1 0,5

13	Практическое занятие № 13 Драматургия Ф. Шиллера	Устный опрос Подготовка сообщения (в составе группы) Выразительное чтение текстов Участие в ролевой игре	1 1 0,5 1
14	Практическое занятие № 14 Творчество И. В. Гете. Лирика и роман «История юного Вертера»	Устный опрос Подготовка сообщения (в составе группы)	1 1
15	Практическое занятие № 15 Трагедия И. В. Гете «Фауст»	Устный опрос Выразительное чтение текста Участие в дискуссии	1 1 1
16	Практическое занятие № 16 Романтизм в Германии. Сказки и новеллы Э. Т. А. Гофмана.	Устный опрос Подготовка сообщения и презентации	1 1,5
17	Практическое занятие № 17 Романтизм в английской литературе. Творчество Д. Г. Байрона	Устный опрос Выразительное чтение текстов Составление тезисов	1 0,5 1
18	Контрольный тест по разделам 5–8	Количество правильных ответов	4
19	Контрольная работа № 2	Написание и оформление работы	5
20		Компьютерное тестирование (текущая аттестация)	40
ВСЕГО			100

№	Наименование раздела	Виды оцениваемых работ	Максимальное кол-во баллов
1	2	3	4
<b>8 семестр</b>			
1	Практическое занятие № 1 Немецкая литература первой половины XIX века. Творчество Г. Гейне.	Устный опрос Устный опрос (групповые задания) Выразительное чтение текстов	1 1 1
2	Практическое занятие № 2 Английская литература	Устный опрос Устный опрос (групповые	1 1

	1830–1870-х годов. Роман У. Теккерея «Ярмарка тщеславия»	задания)	
3	Практическое занятие № 3 Английская литература 1830–1870-х годов. Роман Ч. Диккенса «Домби и сын»	Устный опрос Мини-сочинение	1 1
4	Практическое занятие № 4 Английская литература рубежа XIX–начала XX века. Творчество О. Уайльда	Устный опрос Пересказ текста	1 1
5	Практическое занятие № 5 Английская литература рубежа XIX – начала XX века. Роман Т. Гарди «Тэсс из рода Д'Эрбервиллей».	Устный опрос Участие в ролевой игре	1 2
6	Практическое занятие № 6 Немецкая литература конца XIX века – первой половины XX века. Роман Г. Манна «Молодые годы короля Генриха IV»	Устный опрос Пересказ текста	1 1
7	Практическое занятие № 7 Немецкая литература конца XIX века – первой половины XX века. Творчество Т. Манна	Устный опрос Подготовка сообщения	1 2
8	Практическое занятие № 8 Творчество Э. М. Ремарка. Роман «Три товарища»	Устный опрос Пересказ текста	1 1
9	Контрольный тест по разделам 1–5	Количество правильных ответов	5
10	Контрольная работа № 1	Написание и оформление работы	5
11	Практическое занятие № 9 Драматургия Г. Гауптмана	Устный опрос Подготовка и презентация проекта	1 2,5
12	Практическое занятие № 10 Драматургия Б. Брехта	Устный опрос Подготовка и презентация проекта	1 2,5
13	Практическое занятие № 11 Исторический роман в	Устный опрос Пересказ текста	1



	немецкой литературе первой половины XX столетия. Роман Л. Фейхтвангера «Безобразная герцогиня»		1
14	Практическое занятие № 12 Критический реализм в английской литературе рубежа XIX–XX века. «Сага о Форсайтах» Д. Голсуорси	Устный опрос Устный опрос (индивидуальные задания) Участие в ролевой игре	1 1 2
15	Практическое занятие № 13 Английская литература первой половины XX века. Роман Дж. Оруэлла «1984».	Устный опрос Участие в дискуссии	1 2
16	Практическое занятие № 14 Английская литература второй половины XX века. Роман У. Голдинга «Повелитель мух»	Устный опрос Написание мини-сочинения	1 1
17	Практическое занятие № 15 Литература Германии во второй половине XX века. Роман Г. Белля «Где ты был, Адам?»	Устный опрос Участие в дискуссии	1 2
18	Контрольный тест по разделам 6–10	Количество правильных ответов	5
19	Контрольная работа № 2	Написание и оформление работы	5
20		Компьютерное тестирование (текущая аттестация)	40
ВСЕГО			100

**МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЕ МАТЕРИАЛЫ, ОПРЕДЕЛЯЮЩИЕ  
ПРОЦЕДУРЫ ОЦЕНИВАНИЯ ЗНАНИЙ, УМЕНИЙ И НАВЫКОВ И  
(ИЛИ) ОПЫТА ДЕЯТЕЛЬНОСТИ, ХАРАКТЕРИЗУЮЩИХ ЭТАПЫ  
ФОРМИРОВАНИЯ КОМПЕТЕНЦИЙ**

Устный опрос

Одной из форм текущего контроля является устный опрос, позволяющий оценить освоение лекционного материала.

Критерии оценки устного ответа:

– степень осознанности, понимания изученного;

- полнота и правильность ответа;
- логичность, связность и последовательность изложения материала;
- языковое оформление ответа (соответствие языковым нормам и требованиям книжного стиля).

За индивидуальный устный ответ обучающийся может получить 1 балл.

Результат ответа при устном опросе засчитывается обучающемуся, если он понимает суть вопроса, дает правильный и развернутый ответ, который представляет собой связное, логически последовательное сообщение на заданную тему, свидетельствующее об умении применять полученные знания (использовать определения, литературоведческие термины, подкреплять теоретические положения примерами из литературных текстов и др.); излагать свои мысли грамотным литературным языком.

Результат ответа не засчитывается, если обучающийся не понимает сути вопроса, обнаруживает незнание большей части программного материала, допускает грубые ошибки при формулировке определений, искажающие их смысл, излагает материал беспорядочно и неуверенно, допускает значительное количество речевых ошибок, препятствующих пониманию смысла высказываний.

#### Практическая работа

Практическая работа представляет собой перечень заданий, которые охватывают основные разделы дисциплины. Практическая работа предназначена для контроля теоретических знаний обучающихся, приобретенных ими умений и навыков.

Практические задания, указанные в планах практических занятий, должны быть выполнены своевременно. Проверка выполнения заданий осуществляется в устной форме в ходе занятий.

Критерии оценки практических заданий:

- степень понимания сути задания;
- полнота и правильность ответа;
- логичность, последовательность и связность изложения материала;
- языковое оформление ответа (соответствие нормам и требованиям литературного языка).

Оценивание заданий производится с учетом баллов, указанной в рейтинговой системе (за отдельные задания обучающийся может получить 0,5 балла или 1 балл).

Баллы начисляются в том случае, если обучающийся справился с заданием, продемонстрировал достаточно высокий уровень подготовки (знание теоретического материала и текстов изучаемых произведений); логично и связно излагал свои мысли, не допускал речевых ошибок, выразительно читал текст или пересказывал его; участвовал в подготовке группового сообщения, в ролевой игре или дискуссии.

Баллы не начисляются, если обучающийся не выполнил задание или не справился с ним: допускал в ходе ответа грубые ошибки, свидетельствующие о непонимании им сути вопроса или продемонстрировал полное незнание программного материала и текстов изучаемых произведений, не принимал участие в подготовке группового сообщения и ролевой игре; не был подготовлен к выразительному чтению текста или его пересказу.

#### Контрольная работа

Контрольные работы предназначены для контроля теоретических знаний обучающихся, приобретенных ими умений и навыков.

Каждая практическая работа должна быть выполнена в письменной форме и сдана на проверку в установленные сроки. В период экзаменационной сессии работы на проверку не принимаются.

Оценивание контрольных работ производится с учетом баллов, указанных в рейтинговой системе (от 0 до 5-х баллов).

#### 7 семестр

Критерии оценки заданий контрольных работах № 1–2:

- степень понимания сути задания;
- правильность ответа: способность самостоятельно выделить в подобранных материалах главные факты (в соответствии с темой работы), выделить фрагменты из стихотворных текстов, иллюстрирующие теоретические положения;
- логичность и последовательность изложения материала;
- языковое оформление письменного задания (соответствие нормам и требованиям литературного языка).

Оценка «отлично» (5 баллов – 4 балла) ставится, если обучающийся справился с заданием, продемонстрировал высокий уровень подготовки (умение подобрать необходимые материалы, выделить в них основную информацию и составить связный письменный текст), не допускал в написанной им работе ошибок.

Количество баллов (5 или 4) зависит от степени соответствия представленной на проверку работы критериям оценивания.

Оценка «хорошо» (3 балла – 2 балла) ставится при наличии отдельных недочетов: обучающийся допустил отдельные незначительные ошибки, свидетельствующие о наличии пробелов в его знаниях, не совсем верно выделил основную информацию в изученном им материале и включил в свою работу отдельные несущественные факты; написал работу слишком краткую или чересчур объемную; недостаточно связно и логично изложил свои мысли; в созданном им письменном тексте встречаются отдельные ошибки (лексические или стилистически).

Количество баллов (3 или 2) зависит от степени соответствия представленной на проверку работы критериям оценивания.

Оценка «удовлетворительно» (1 балл) ставится при наличии серьезных недочетов: обучающийся допустил ошибки, свидетельствующие о неумении подобрать необходимые материалы; неверно выделил основную информацию и включил в свою работу значительное количество несущественных фактов; сделал работу очень краткой или значительно превысил рекомендуемый объем (5 страниц); недостаточно связно и нелогично изложил свои мысли; в созданном им письменном тексте встречается более 5-ти лексических или стилистических ошибок.

Оценка «неудовлетворительно» (0 баллов) ставится, если обучающийся своевременно не выполнил задание или не справился с ним: допустил грубые ошибки, свидетельствующие о непонимании им сути задания или продемонстрировал полное незнание программного материала и неумение найти нужную информацию; в созданном им письменном тексте встречается много лексических или стилистических ошибок, препятствующих пониманию педагогом смысла написанного.

#### 8 семестр

Критерии оценки контрольной работы № 1:

- степень понимания сути задания;
- полнота и правильность ответа: способность самостоятельно подобрать материалы и выделить в них главные факты;
- логичность, последовательность и связность составленных вопросов;
- правильность составления тестовых заданий;
- языковое оформление письменного задания (соответствие языковым нормам и требованиям книжного стиля).

За выполнение задания студент может получить от 0 до 5-ти баллов.

Оценка «отлично» (5 баллов – 4 балла) выставляется обучающемуся, если он ставится, если обучающийся справился с заданием, продемонстрировал высокий уровень подготовки (умение подобрать необходимые материалы, выделить в них основную информацию и составить правильные с литературоведческой точки зрения вопросы и тестовые задания), не допускал при составлении вопросов и составлении тестовых заданий ошибок.

Количество баллов (5 или 4) зависит от степени соответствия представленной на проверку работы критериям оценивания.

Оценка «хорошо» (3 балла–2 балла) ставится при наличии отдельных недочетов: обучающийся допустил отдельные незначительные ошибки, свидетельствующие о наличии пробелов в его знаниях, не совсем верно выделил основную информацию в изученном им материале и, составляя вопросы или тестовые задания, ориентировался на отдельные несущественные факты; сделал вопросы и задания чересчур объемными; недостаточно связно, последовательно и логично изложил свои мысли; в созданном им письменном тексте встречаются отдельные ошибки (лексические или стилистически).

Количество баллов (3 или 2) зависит от степени соответствия представленной на проверку работы критериям оценивания.

Оценка «удовлетворительно» (1 балл) ставится при наличии серьезных недочетов: обучающийся допустил ошибки, свидетельствующие о неумении подобрать необходимые материалы; неверно выделил основную информацию и включил в свою работу значительное количество несущественных фактов; сделал вопросы или тестовые задания неоправданно краткими или очень объемными; недостаточно связно и нелогично изложил свои мысли; в созданном им письменном тексте встречается более 5-ти лексических или стилистических ошибок.

Оценка «неудовлетворительно» (0 баллов) ставится, если обучающийся своевременно не выполнил задание или не справился с ним: допустил грубые ошибки, свидетельствующие о непонимании им сути задания или продемонстрировал полное незнание программного материала и неумение найти нужную информацию; в созданном им письменном тексте встречается много лексических или стилистических ошибок, препятствующих пониманию педагогом смысла написанного.

Критерии оценки контрольной работы № 2:

Задание:

1) ознакомиться с материалами лекции и соответствующими разделами из учебников и учебных пособий, входящих в рекомендованный преподавателем список литературы;

2) в изученном материале выделить основные факты;

3) составить тезисы докладов, логично и последовательно изложив материал;

4) создать письменный текст, соответствующий нормам и требованиям литературного языка.

Оценка «отлично» (5 баллов – 4 балла) ставится, если обучающийся справился с заданием, продемонстрировал высокий уровень подготовки (знание теоретического материала, умение выделить основную информацию и составить тезисы), не допускал в письменном тексте ошибок.

Оценка «хорошо» (3 балла – 2 балла) ставится при наличии отдельных недочетов: обучающийся допустил отдельные незначительные ошибки, свидетельствующие о наличии пробелов в его теоретических знаниях, не совсем верно выделил основную информацию и включил в свою работу отдельные несущественные факты; сделал тезисы недостаточно краткими; недостаточно связно и логично изложил свои мысли; в созданном им письменном тексте встречаются отдельные ошибки (лексические или стилистические).

Оценка «удовлетворительно» (1 балл) ставится при наличии серьезных недочетов: обучающийся допустил серьезные ошибки, свидетельствующие о слабом знании им теоретического материала; неверно выделил

основную информацию и включил в свою работу значительное количество несущественных фактов; сделал тезисы чрезмерно объемными; недостаточно связно и нелогично изложил свои мысли; в созданном им письменном тексте встречается до 5-ти лексических или стилистических ошибок.

Оценка «неудовлетворительно» (0 баллов) ставится, если обучающийся своевременно не выполнил задание или не справился с ним: допустил грубые ошибки, свидетельствующие о непонимании им сути задания или продемонстрировал полное незнание программного материала; в созданном им письменном тексте встречается много лексических или стилистических ошибок, препятствующих пониманию педагогом смысла написанного.

Начисляемые баллы могут быть снижены, если работа, представленная обучающимся на проверку, выполнена небрежно и неаккуратно.

#### Тестовые задания

Тест представляет собой набор тестовых заданий, отражающих вопросы по отдельным разделам или в целом по учебной дисциплине. Из предложенных вариантов ответов необходимо отметить правильный (один или более в зависимости от поставленного вопроса). Отметки о правильных вариантах ответов в тестовых заданиях делаются разборчиво. Не разборчивые ответы не оцениваются, тестовое задание считается не выполненным.

В ходе тестирования, которое проводится после изучения отдельных разделов в 7 семестре, обучающимся дается 32 тестовых задания; за одно правильно выполненное задание начисляется 0,125 балла, максимальное количество баллов за правильное выполнение всех заданий – 4. В 8-ом семестре обучающимся дается 33 тестовых задания, максимальное количество баллов за одно задание – 0,15, максимальное количество баллов за правильное выполнение всех заданий – 5.

Компьютерное тестирование (текущая аттестация) включает в себя 50 тестовых заданий.

При тестировании используется 100-процентная шкала оценки. Исходя из полученной, оценки студенту начисляются рейтинговые баллы (в процентах от максимально возможного количества баллов).

Оценка «отлично» ставится, если выполнено более 90% тестовых заданий.

Оценка «хорошо» ставится, если выполнено от 65% до 90% тестовых заданий.

Оценка «удовлетворительно» ставится, если выполнено 50% -64% тестовых заданий.

Оценка «неудовлетворительно» ставится, если выполнено менее 50% тестовых заданий (баллы при этом не начисляются).

## Зачет

Согласно учебному плану, по дисциплине «Литература стран изучаемых языков (на иностранном языке)» предусмотрена сдача обучающимися зачетов в 7 и 8 семестрах.

Студенты обязаны сдать зачет в соответствии с расписанием и учебным планом. Зачет по дисциплине преследует цель оценить сформированность требуемых компетенций, работу студента за курс, получение теоретических знаний, их прочность, развитие творческого мышления, приобретение навыков самостоятельной работы, умение применять полученные знания для решения практических задач.

Время проведения зачета устанавливается нормами времени. Результат сдачи зачет заносится преподавателем в экзаменационную ведомость и зачетную книжку.

Оценка «зачтено» выставляется, если студент:

- раскрыл содержание материала в пределах, предусмотренных учебной программой курса;
- имеет общие представления о процессе развития литератур Англии и Германии на отдельных этапах их истории;
- знает содержание конкретных литературных произведения и умеет воспроизвести его в ходе пересказа текстов или их отдельных фрагментов;
- правильно и уместно использовал литературоведческую терминологию;
- изложил материал на иностранном языке грамотно в определенной логической последовательности,
- показал умения иллюстрировать теоретические положения конкретными примерами из литературных текстов;
- в ходе выполнения практических заданий продемонстрировал достаточный уровень владения базовыми литературоведческими умениями;
- отвечал самостоятельно без наводящих вопросов, как на основной, так и на дополнительные вопросы.

При этом:

- при изложении материала обучающимся могли быть допущены небольшие ошибки, не исказившие содержания ответа;
- содержание материала может быть раскрыто неполно или непоследовательно, но при этом обучающимся должно быть показано общее понимание вопроса и продемонстрированы умения, достаточные для дальнейшего усвоения программного материала;
- обучающимся могут быть допущены один-два недочета при освещении основного содержания ответа, исправление по замечанию преподавателя;

– обучающимся допущены ошибки или более двух недочетов при освещении второстепенных вопросов, легко исправленных по замечанию преподавателя;

Оценка «не зачтено» выставляется, если обучающимся:

- не раскрыто основное содержание учебного материала;
- допущены серьезные ошибки в освещении основополагающих вопросов дисциплины;
- обнаружено незнание и непонимание большей или наиболее важной части изученной дисциплины;
- при использовании литературоведческих терминов в высказываниях допускаются грубые ошибки, которые не исправлены после нескольких наводящих вопросов преподавателя;
- допускается значительное количество речевых ошибок (лексических, грамматических, стилистических и др.) материал излагается бессвязно настолько, что это препятствует его пониманию.

Примерные задания на зачет

7 – 8 семестры

1. Выразительное чтение на иностранном языке фрагмента прозаического текста.
2. Выразительное чтение на иностранном языке стихотворного текста.
3. Краткий пересказ на иностранном языке сюжета одного из текстов, рассмотренных на практических занятиях.
4. Подробный пересказ на иностранном языке фрагмента одного из текстов, которые анализировались на практических занятиях.
5. Составление вопросов на иностранном языке (на материале одной из изученных тем).
6. Составление тестовых заданий на иностранном языке (на материале одной из изученных тем).
7. Составление аннотации на иностранном языке одного из произведений, которые рассматривались на практических занятиях.

## **УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ И ИНФОРМАЦИОННОЕ ОБЕСПЕЧЕНИЕ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ**

### **Основная литература:**

#### **7 семестр**

1 Исаева, Е. В. Зарубежная литература эпохи Романтизма : учебное пособие для студентов стационара и ОЗО филологического факультета и факультета журналистики / Е.В. Исаева. – Москва ; Берлин : Директ-Медиа, 2014. – 293 с. : ил. – Библиогр. в кн. - ISBN 978-5-4475-3720-3 ; То же [Электронный ресурс]. – URL:<http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=271775>



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5 Осьмухина, О. Ю. От античности к XIX столетию: История зарубежной литературы [Электронный ресурс] : учебное пособие / О. Ю. Осьмухина, Е.А. Казеева. — Электрон. дан. — Москва : ФЛИНТА, 2016. — 320 с. — Режим доступа: <https://e.lanbook.com/book/84601>

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## **Дополнительная литература:**

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## ЛИТЕРАТУРА СТРАН ИЗУЧАЕМЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ

Методические материалы  
к изучению дисциплины и организации самостоятельной работы  
студентов 4-го курса бакалавриата,  
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