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**READ AND ANALYSE  
BOOK I**

Grigol Robakidze University

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**შემდგენლები:** ასოცირებული პროფესორი რუსუდან ბერიძე და სრული პროფესორი ნინო ქემერტელიძე

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This book is intended for English programme students. It will help students improve their education and gain the knowledge in analytical reading and stylistic analysis.

The aim of the book is to develop spoken and written skills in students, to enlarge their knowledge in literature and further understanding as well as in perceiving any literary work in a proper way, to enable them to hold a dialogue. It will motivate each member of the group to be competitive and different from others.

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## INTRODUCTION

The book is intended for English programme students. It will help students improve their education and gain their knowledge in analytical reading and stylistic analysis.

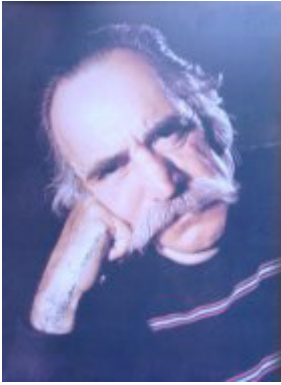
The aim of the book is to develop in students spoken and written skills, to enlarge their knowledge in literature and further understanding as well as in perceiving this or that literary work in a proper way, to enable them to hold the dialogue. It will motivate each member of the group to be competitive and different from others.

The book consists of 14 short stories of 11 XIX-XX cc. British and American writers. Each text has bibliographical notes, authors' photos and comments on the stories. After each text comes discussion which consists of multiple questions. These inferential questions will help students to clarify their understanding of a text as well as give them a chance to express their viewpoints which may be approved or disapproved by others. After a student answers the questions independently, all of them should be involved in public discussion. The discussion is followed by the short analysis of the given text the aim of which is to give students some hints about the story (it means that the authors of the book try to put young learners in right direction of proper analysis). The compilers of the book were not confined to the inferential analysis; they also offer students vocabulary studies: confusing words are explained on different examples which vividly show similarities and differences of synonymous pairs. To put the obtained knowledge in practice students have to do corresponding exercises which are given at the end of each text.

In order to give students the opportunity to work even more individually, the book contains the addition part called "Extra Reading" consisting of eight short stories which are waiting for students' independent analysis.

The short stories given in this book have been selected with great attention. The main priority while looking for American and British writers' works was the individuality of content. Neither of them is banal and boring. Each has its peculiar plot which gives soil for very interesting linguo-stylistic analysis.

The compilers of the book think that their goal is achieved.



A handwritten signature of William Saroyan in cursive script.

*William Saroyan was born in 1908 in California, USA in a family of poor American immigrants. He was compelled to start earning his bread at the age of eight and dropped school at sixteen. Saroyan decided to become a writer after his mother showed him some of his father's writings. A few of his early short articles were published in *The Overland Monthly*. His first stories appeared in the 1930s. Among these was "The Broken Wheel", written under the name Sirak "Goryan" and published in the Armenian journal *Hairenik* in 1933. Many of Saroyan's stories were based on his childhood experiences among the Armenian-American fruit growers of the San Joaquin Valley, or dealt with the rootlessness of the immigrant. The short story collection *My Name is Aram* (1940), an international bestseller, was about a young boy and the colorful characters of his immigrant family. It has been translated into many languages.*

*Saroyan was the son of Armenian immigrants from Bitlis, Turkey. His father, a small vineyard owner who had been educated as a Presbyterian minister, was eventually forced to take farm-laboring work. He moved to New Jersey in 1905 and died in 1911. At the age of four, William Saroyan was placed in the Fred Finch Orphanage in Oakland, California, together with his brother and sister, an experience he later described in his writing. Five years later, the family reunited in Fresno, where his mother, Takoohi, had obtained work in a cannery.*

*W. Saroyan was twenty six when he published his first collection of stories. "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeeze" (1934), which was hailed by the critics as an original book of great promise. Since then he wrote many novels, plays, scripts and short stories. He traveled and studied modern American life. His works reveal some of the sores of the American society and there is a very appealing truthfulness in them. Most of W. Saroyan's books are widely admired for their realism, humanism, compassion for the poor, and a sincere, firm belief in man. Of course, he does not often deepen into the causes of the evil, the social injustice that rule the world he lives in, but his truthful descriptions, bold pronouncements and sharp criticisms, which readers understand easily, speak for themselves. He won generations after generations of readers with the same success, and his novels and plays were always well accepted. His plays were performed again and again, keeping their unique freshness and attraction, because they never lost their touching message of kindness and fantastic love for people and beauty.*

*W. Saroyan is a humanist and among the quantity of verbiage that he produced there is enough merit to count him among the modern authors of the most original.*

## THE ORANGES

They told him, “Stand on the corner with two of the biggest oranges in your hand and when an automobile goes by, smile and wave the oranges at them. Five cents each if they want one,” his uncle Jake said, “three for ten cents, thirty-five cents a dozen. Smile big,” he said. “You can smile, can’t you, Luke? You got it in you to smile once in a while, ain’t you?”

He tried very hard to smile and his uncle Jake made a terrible face, so he knew it was a bad smile. He wished he could laugh out loud the way some people laughed, only they weren’t scared the way he was, and all mixed-up.

“I never did see such a serious boy in all my life,” his uncle Jake said. “Luke,” he said.

His uncle squatted down, so his head would be level with his, so he could look into his eyes, and talked to him.

“Luke,” he said, “they won’t buy oranges if you don’t smile. People like to see a little boy smiling, selling oranges. It makes them happy.”

He listened to his uncle talking to him, looking into his uncle’s eyes, and he understood the words. What he felt, though, was: Jake is mixed-up, too. He saw the man stand up and heard him groan, just as his father used to groan.

“Luke,” his uncle Jake said. “Sometimes you can laugh, can’t you?”

“Not him,” said Jake’s wife. “If you weren’t such a coward, you would be out selling them oranges yourself. You belong the same place your brother is,” she said. “In the ground. Dead,” she said.

It was this that made it hard for him to smile: “the way this woman was always talking, not the words only, but the meanness in her voice, always picking on his uncle Jake. How did she expect him to smile or feel all right when she was always telling them they were no good, the whole family no good?”<sup>1</sup>

Jake was his father’s younger brother, and Jake looked like his father. Of course she always had to say his father was better off dead just because he was no good selling stuff. She was always telling Jake, “This is America. You got to get around and meet people and make them like you.” And Jake was always saying, “Make them like me? How can I make them like me?” And she was always getting sore at him and saying.

“Oh, you fool. If I didn’t have this baby in my belly, I’d go out and work in Rosenberg’s and keep you like a child.”

Jake had that same desperate look his father had, and he was always getting sore at himself and wanting other people to be happy. Jake was always asking him to smile.

“All right,” Jake said. “All right, all right, all right, kill me, drive me crazy. Sure. I should be dead. Ten boxes of oranges and not a penny in the house and nothing to eat. I should be dead. Should I stand in the street, holding oranges? Should I get a wagon maybe and go through the streets? I should be dead,” he said

Then Jake made a face, so sad it looked, as if nobody was ever that sad in the world, not even he, and wished he didn’t want to cry because Jake was so sad. On top of that Jake’s wife got sorer than ever and began to cry the way she cried when she got real sore and you could just feel how terrible everything was because she didn’t cry sad, she cried sore, reminding Jake of all the bills and all the hard times she had had with him and all about the baby in her belly, to come out, she said, “Why, what good is another fool in the world?”

There was a box of oranges on the floor, and she picked up two of them, crying, and she said, “No fire in the stove, in November, all of us freezing. The house should be full of the smell of meat. Here,” she cried, “eat. Eat your oranges. Eat them until you die,” and she cried and cried.

Jake was too sad to talk. He sat down and began to wave back and forth, looking crazy. And they asked him to laugh. And Jake’s wife kept walking in and out of the room, holding the oranges, crying and talking about the baby in her belly.

After a while she stopped crying.

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<sup>1</sup> **no good** – in this paragraph this phrase is repeated twice at the end of consecutive clauses. In this case we deal with epiphora. If the repeated unit is placed at the end consecutive sentences, clauses or phrases, we have epiphora or anaphoric repetition.

“Now take him to the corner,” she said, “and see if he can’t get a little money.”

Jake was just about deaf, it looked like. He didn’t even lift his head. So she shouted.

*“Take him to the corner. Ask him to smile at the people. We got to eat.”*

What’s the use<sup>1</sup> to be alive when everything is rotten and nobody knows what to do? What’s the use to go to school and learn arithmetic and read poems and paint eggplant and all that stuff? What’s the use to sit in a cold room until it is time to go to bed and hear Jake and his wife fighting all the time and go to sleep and cry and wake up and see the sad sky and feel the cold air and shiver and walk to school and eat oranges for lunch instead of bread?

Jake jumped up and began to shout at his wife. He said he would kill her and then stick a knife in his heart, so she cried more than ever and tore her dress and she was naked to the waist and she said, “All right, better all of us were dead, kill me,” but Jake put his arms around her and walked into the other room with her, and he could hear her crying and kissing him and telling him he was just a baby, a great big baby, he needed her like a mother.

He had been standing in the corner and it all happened so swiftly he hadn’t noticed how tired he had become, but he was very tired, and hungry, so he sat down. What’s the use to be alive if you’re all alone in the world and no mother and father and nobody to love you? He wanted to cry but what’s the use to cry when it don’t do any good anyhow?

After a while Jake came out of the room and he was trying to smile.

“All you got to do,” he said, “is hold two big oranges in your hand and wave them at the people when they go by in their automobiles, and smile. You’ll sell a box of oranges in no time, Luke.” “I’ll smile,” he said. “One for five cents, three for ten cents, thirty-five cents a dozen.”

“That’s it,” said Jake.

Jake lifted the box of oranges from the floor and began walking to the back door.

It was very sad in the street, Jake holding the box of oranges, and him walking beside Jake, listening to Jake telling him to smile big, and the sky was sad, and there were no leaves on the trees, and the street was sad, and it was very funny, the smell of the oranges was clean and good and they looked so nice it was very funny. The oranges looked so nice and they were so sad.

It was Ventura corner, where all the automobiles went by, and Jake put the box on the sidewalk.

“It looks best with only a small boy,” he said. “I’ll go back to the house, Luke.”

Jake squatted again and looked into his eyes. “You ain’t afraid, are you, Luke? I’ll come back before it gets dark. It won’t be dark for two hours yet. Just feel happy and smile at the people.”

“I’ll smile,” he said.

Then Jake jumped up, like maybe he couldn’t get up at all unless he jumped up, and he went hurrying down the street, walking away swiftly, making it a sad world: five cents for one, three for ten cents, thirty-five cents a dozen.

He picked out two of the biggest oranges and held them in his right hand, and lifted his arm over his head. It didn’t seem right. It seemed sad. What’s the use to hold two big oranges in your hand and lift your arm over your head and get ready to smile at people going by in automobiles?

It seemed a long time before he saw an automobile coming up the street from town, right on his side, and when it got closer he saw there was a man driving and a lady in the back with two kids. He smiled very big when they got right close, but it didn’t look as if they were going to stop, so he waved the oranges at them and moved closer to the street. He saw their faces very close, and smiled just a little bigger. He couldn’t smile much bigger because it was making his cheeks tired. The people didn’t stop and didn’t even smile back at him. The little girl in the automobile made a face at him as if she thought he looked cheap. What’s the use to stand on a corner and try to sell oranges to people who make faces at you because

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<sup>1</sup> **What’s the use** – this phrase is repeated three times at the beginning of consecutive sentences. In this case we deal with anaphora. If the repeated word or phrase comes at the beginning of two or more consecutive sentences, clauses or phrases, we have anaphora or anaphoric repetition. because you are smiling and want them to like you?

you are smiling and want them to like you?

What's the use to have your muscles aching just because some people are rich and some people are poor and the rich ones eat and laugh and the poor ones don't eat and always fight and asked other to kill them?

He brought his arm down and stopped smiling and looked at the fire hydrant and beyond the fire hydrant the gutter and beyond the gutter the street, Venture, and on both sides of the street houses and in the houses people and at the end of the street the country where the vineyards and orchards were and streams and meadows and then mountains and beyond the mountains more cities and more houses and streets and people. What's the use to be in the world when you can't even look at a fire hydrant without wanting to cry?

Another automobile was coming up the street, so he lifted his arm and began to smile again, but when the automobile went by saw that the man wasn't even looking at him. Five cents for one. They could eat oranges. After bread and meat they could eat an orange. Peel it and smell the nice smell and eat it. They could stop their automobiles and buy three for ten cents. Then another automobile went by while he smiled and waved his arm, but the people just looked at him and that was all. If they would just smile back it wouldn't be so bad, but just going by and not even smiling back. A lot of automobiles went by and it looked as if he ought to sit down and stop smiling and cry because it was terrible. They didn't want any oranges and they didn't like to see him smile the way his uncle Jake said they would. They just saw him and didn't do anything else.

It began to be pretty dark and for all he cared the whole world could end. He just guessed he would be standing there holding up his arm and smiling until the end of the world.

He just guessed that's all he was born to do, just stand on the corner and wave oranges at the people and smile at them with great big tears coming down his cheeks till the end of the world, everything black and empty and him standing there smiling until his cheeks hurt and crying because they wouldn't even smile back at him and for all he cared the whole world could just fall into the darkness and end and Jake could be dead and his wife could be dead and all the streets and houses and people and rivers and meadows and sky could end and there could be nobody anywhere, not even one man anywhere or one empty street or one dark window or one shut door because they didn't want to buy oranges and they wouldn't smile at him, and the whole world could end.

## Notes

1. **You got it in you to smile** – you often keep smiling
2. **Squatted down** - crouched; hunkered down; bent; sat on somebody's heels
3. **Mixed-up** - varied; assorted; diverse
4. **Groan** - cry out; moan; grunt
5. **Meanness** - nastiness; unkindness; cruelty; heartlessness
6. **Sore** - painful; stinging; aching; uncomfortable; **to get sore at somebody** - to be angry at someone
7. **To be scared** – to be frightened
8. **Ain't you** - aren't you or don't you
9. **To get sore at somebody** - to be angry of somebody
10. . . . **and keep you like a child** - look after you
11. **She didn't cry sad, she cried sore** - she cried without any pain but with great anger
12. **Eggplant** - the oval-shaped fruit of a bushy plant, usually blackish-purple in color, cooked and eaten as a vegetable.
13. **Fire hydrant** - a street fixture for drawing water directly from a water main, consisting of an upright pipe with spouts to which hoses may be attached
14. **If they would just smile back** - if they smile in return

## Discussion

1. What stylistic devices are used by the author? If it is a repetition – how is it used and what is it expressed by? How many times are the words “smile”, “sad” repeated in the text and why? Are there parallel constructions in the text? Explain why the writer uses parallel constructions. What kind of atmosphere is created by the repetitions and parallel constructions?
2. Who are the people presented in the story? What kind of relationship exists between them? Who are they for each other? Draw their family tree. How does W. Saroyan draw his characters? Does the writer characterize them from his own point of view or through their behavior, speech, thoughts and inner feelings?



3. Is the writer's sympathy directed towards Luke? How can you realize Luke's life style? Why does Uncle Jake insist on selling oranges? Why does Jake demand on smiling from Luke with oranges in his hand? What would you do if you were in Luke's shoe?
4. What is Luke's inner feeling? How does he consider life? Explain phrases: What's the use to be alive when everything is rotten...; what's the use to go to school...; what's the use to hold two big oranges...; what's the use to be in the world ...?"
5. Speak about Uncle Jake's wife? What is the tone of the narration? How are compassion and starvation expressed in the story?
6. What do the oranges symbolize in the story? Are they the symbol of life? If it is so, prove your idea according to the text. Speak about the title.
7. How does the author use two synonymic words - smile and laugh? Show the differences between them with the help of examples from the text?
8. Find existed several cases of anaphoric and epiphoric repetitions in the text.

### **The Oranges** (*Analysis*)

Every person considers life and his role in life differently. For someone it seems beautiful and sweet, but for others it is horribly merciless and full of misery. But Luke – the main character of the short story “The Oranges” thinks: “What's the use to be alive, if you're all alone in the world and no mother and father and nobody to love you. He wanted to cry, but what's the use to cry when it don't do any good anyhow? “

These are the thoughts of an orphan little boy who lacks kind and healthy relationships from parents. His uncle adopted him and was going to bring him up.

In some situations crying helps, but Luke's desirable crying is in vain - ineffective, hopeless because no one will hear and understand his heart's calling. Reality is that Luke's crying is caused by his Uncle Jake who insists from him unreal smile while waving the oranges for sale, because “People like to see a little boy smiling, selling oranges. It makes them happy.” Jake is talking about people and wants to make those people happy who never stop their cars, even glance at the orange seller, people who ignore him.

All the time Uncle Jake asks him just the same question. “You can smile, can't you Luke? Sometimes you can laugh, can't you?”

Several interesting questions arise: Is there any difference between smile and laugh especially for a person who really cannot smile? Is it so difficult to smile? Is it so difficult to laugh when the whole family's survival depends on your smile and laugh? Does it seem unusual to order the smile which goes into laughter?

Yes, it is! But why? Because the aunt who categorically demands from him to smile permanently reminds him about his “bad” family members who just were in their graves and predicts him the same future if he is not able to fulfill her orders.

Poverty-stricken family is at the edge of starvation and anxiety. The whole detrimental, negative and harmful situation drove Uncle Jake crazy. He was sure –reality was that “Not a penny in the house and nothing to eat. I realized the existing situation quite well. The presented real ten boxes of oranges might be transformed into irreality as no one will sell them with such an important smile.

Jake's pregnant wife is at the edge of mental-disorder and always calls him “fool” and regrets about expecting a baby. “I should be dead.” This phrase is repeated several times, and this terrible repetition reminds the whole family about the approaching death. She curses her being with Jake and worries about poor baby in the belly. She asks rhetorical question. “Why, what good is another fool in the world?”

Luke considers life like a hermit. Everything is “rotten” around him, nobody knows what to do and the best way out of the chaotic situation is passing away.



The child's inner world, parentless, penniless and the whole atmosphere creates the hardest situation and Luke is afraid that the oranges will never be sold. The story has a pessimistic end. Sometimes a glass of water is enough for existence [survival], but having ten boxes of oranges can't save the broken-up family on the edge of starvation.

The end of the story is terrible. Luke is desperate and does not want to be alive anymore. The bitter reality is that Luke is very little but his mind has been already full of misery, poverty, loneliness and various difficulties. The essence of the world seems dim for him, as he does not have even a bit of luck and the whole universe around Luke is rude and severe. He was encouraged by his uncle that people would buy oranges if he smiled at them. The only hopeful survival from this situation is to die. The death and the absurdity of the world are the most considering ideas of his mind.

### Remember – don't confuse

**Dark, Dim, Obscure, Gloomy** - *all these words express the absence of light (partially or wholly)*

**Dark** - 1. A lack of the illumination which is necessary for a person or things around. *It began to be pretty dark and for all he cared the whole world could end.* 2. Not lighting color, as, dark hair, dark eyes, and dark skin. *There was dark blood on the grass.* 3. The quality in color, as dark blue, dark green. *The stars had gone out of the sky. It was dark blue now instead of black.*

**Dim and Obscure** - 1. So little light that the thing before a person cannot be seen clearly, as, a dim/obscure room, dim/obscure passage, dim/obscure hall, dim/obscure street. 2. Indistinct, hardly visible, as dim/obscure lights, dim/obscure stars, dim/obscure outlines; dim/obscure form, dim/obscure form.

**Dim** - as applied to the eyes and the eyesight, means "not seeing clearly;" as *eyes dim tears; dim eyesight.*

**Gloomy** - implies imperfect illumination and the notion of cheerlessness, as, *a gloomy day, a gloomy weather, a gloomy forest, a gloomy room.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Her mother's death was so tragic and she couldn't keep crying. Her eyes were ----- with tears.
2. He turned his ----- eyes on her and his voice trembled with horror.
3. The picture was so old that she was not able to recognize the ----- figure in the background of the photograph.
4. The library windows were open wide, and when we didn't talk or touch one another we looked out of the ----- dull sky.
5. There was a ----- atmosphere in the losing team's locker room.
6. She had to be a quiescent, ----- woman: she felt as if she were veiled.
7. She saw his inviting smiling; the spark of humour in his ----- eyes.
8. The ----- gaze that told of physical prostration and disordered nerves.

**Alone, Lonely, Lone, Solitary, Forlorn** - *these words come into comparison in the meaning of being apart from others*

**Lone** is primarily used in poetry and in elevated prose. *A lone creature.*

**Lonely, lone, solitary**, when applies to objects, imply the idea of remoteness, as, *a lonely /lone/solitary star, a lonely/solitary mountain, a lonely/solitary house. A lonely figure, a lonely traveler; a solitary traveler.*

**Alone, lonely, lone** may be united as implying sadness because of the lack of friends, company, sympathy, understanding. *He is quite alone in the house.*

**Forlorn** implies the idea of being wretched, miserable; also deserted, forsaken, neglected. *For they all seemed lost, like lost, forlorn aborigines.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Sometimes I feel very ----- myself.

2. He had no idea I or anybody was near; he was sitting quite -----, and he laughed.
3. A ----- swallow flew across the sky.
4. Both of us are ----- . There is no one in the world that cares for either of us. You are ----- and I'm ----- .
5. He had every sigh of breeding, making his ----- position more mysterious than ever.
6. The poor, poor soul- walking ----- in the boulevard. She was really poor ----- creature.
7. He stood ----- . The faces round her were alien fazes, everybody an enemy.
8. Mr. Priestly spoke and looked pathetically. He seemed to feel ----- .

**Misery, Depression, Desolation, Anguish, Melancholy, Despair** - *state of great unhappiness, distress, sadness or devastation.*

**Misery** - a state or condition of great unhappiness or distress. *Her content ill health brought her much misery.*

**Depression** - lowness of spirits; sadness; dejection. *His failure caused a fit of depression.*

**Desolation** - 1. the act of making desolate; devastation. 2. loneliness; sadness. *His desolation grew as days passed and the lost dog was not found.*

**Anguish** - a very great suffering of body or mind; agony.

**Melancholy** - low in spirits; sad; depressed. **n. pl. melancholies** - a gloomy or depressed state of mind; sadness. *Her melancholy was so deep that she ignored everything around her.*

**Despair** -1. a complete loss of hope. *Hope replaced despair when she got a job.* 2. a person or thing that causes loss of hope. *The naughty child was the despair of his mother.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. His breakdown and ----- caused a vigorous of -----.
2. My parents and I were in ----- over my classmate's tragic loss.
3. Don't give the way to -----.
4. He found the old house in complete -----.
5. He was so gloomy that he played ----- music.
6. The poor family lived in ----- in an old shack.
7. Her ----- grew as days passed and the lost dog was not found.
8. After the war peoples' ----- grew because the world seemed gloomy and boring.
9. Never give way to -----, be always optimistic.

## EXERCISES

**1. From the given words choose those which characterize Luke and Uncle Jake:**

<b>Stupid</b>	<b>Ugly</b>
<b>Sad</b>	<b>Practical</b>
<b>Sensitive</b>	<b>Unsympathetic</b>
<b>Rude</b>	<b>Ignorant</b>
<b>Indifferent</b>	<b>Flatter</b>
<b>Hopeful</b>	<b>Friendly</b>
<b>Dependent</b>	<b>Cautious</b>
<b>Watchful</b>	<b>Uncultured</b>
<b>Reasonable</b>	<b>Foolish</b>
<b>Narrow-minded</b>	<b>Enlightened</b>
<b>Precautious</b>	<b>Receptive</b>

**2. Give antonyms of the following words:**

Smile  
Serious  
Sell  
Squatted down

Scared  
Understand  
Terrible  
Bend

**3. Make up sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

to stand on the corner  
to wave something at somebody  
to begin to be pretty dark  
to make a terrible face  
to get sore at somebody  
to care the whole world could end  
to be alone in the world  
to bring somebody's arm down  
to held something in someone's hand  
to smile once in a while  
to feel all right  
to make somebody happy  
to be too sad to talk  
to make a face  
to shout at somebody  
to be a bad smile

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. A passenger vehicle usually having four wheels and driven by an engine powered by gasoline.
2. An expression of the face formed by an upward turning of the corners of the mouth, showing various feelings, as happiness, amusement, friendliness, sympathy, or contempt.
3. To cry and scream loudly and harshly.
4. Painful or sensitive to the touch, as an injured or diseased part of the body.
5. The front part of the human body between a chest and a pelvis.
6. The sense by means of which odors are recognized or detected.
7. Science and technique of computing with numbers.
8. The oval-shaped fruit of a bushy plant, usually blackish-purple in color, cooked and eaten as a vegetable.
9. Without clothing or covering.
10. The part of the human body between the ribs and the hips.
11. To touch with the lips as a sign of greeting, affection, desire or respect.
12. Feeling or showing unhappiness, sorrow or gloom.



## THE FIRE

It was so cold in the world, beyond the warm room, and the air was so clear you could hear it and when the Santa Fe crossing bell rang it was like churches, Sunday and peace in the world, quiet, and then the whole house, like the soft laughter of his father Jesse, trembled with the heavy weight and movement of the passing train.

It seemed as if the only safety in the world was in the red and yellow and white flames of the fire in the stove, the color and the heat, the whole house trembling like a sad man laughing, the whole world cold and sad, and nothing in the world, only the flowers of the fire, blossoming a hundred times a minute, a whole world full of flowers, and outside, beyond the room, the whole world frozen and hushed, so still you could hear the hush.<sup>1</sup>

They said to sit in the kitchen and keep the stove going so he would be warm until they got home in the evening, and not open the door of the stove, to be sure not to open the door of the stove, especially Beth, always telling him what to do, and Jesse telling him to mind her because now she was his mother. His father asking him if he couldn't be nice to her and act like she was his mother.

Well, they couldn't fool him. The door of the stove was open, his mother was dead, they couldn't put anything like that over on him, she was dead. It was so quiet in the world you could hear it and the ringing of the Santa Fe crossing bell was like churches.<sup>2</sup> He guessed he was old enough to know his mother was dead, he guessed he knew who saw them put the big box<sup>3</sup> at the front of the church, and the way the house trembled while the train moved was the way Jesse laughed when it was all over and the house was empty, and the little pieces of the fire like petals of the flowers, flew out of the stove to the floor and disappeared.

He knew. There was nothing in the world. It was empty and she was dead. Empty as a pitch black night, and nothing to have but fire, no light and no warmth and no color and no love. They asked him to keep the door of the stove closed. What did he care about any of that stuff? He was cold, he was almost freezing. At the same time he seemed to be burning.

It was the first time in his life<sup>4</sup> he felt cold and hot<sup>5</sup> at the same time. It was the first time in his life he noticed things like the crossing bell being like churches, the trembling house being like Jesse laughing, the fire being like flowers, and everything being nothing because the house was empty.

Nothing in the whole could make her come back and be alive and come up to the front door of the house and put the key in the lock and open the door and come in and be there with him and be his mother and talk to him again.

It was the first time in his life he knew about everything. They couldn't fool him. Beth was all right. She was swell. She even brought him candy and toys. That was all right. He liked candy sometimes. He liked the little colored whistles and marble and different kinds of toys that did all sorts of things and he liked Beth too, but he knew all about it. There was a bag of candy on the table in the parlor. He didn't want any of it. The toys were in the parlor. He didn't want to blow any of the whistles or shoot the marbles or wind up the toy machines and watch them work. He didn't want anything. There wasn't anything. There wasn't one little bit of anything. All he wanted was to be near the fire, so close to it as he could be, just be there, just see the colors and be very near. What did he want with toys? What good were toys? The whistles sounded sadder than crying and the way the machines worked almost made him die of grief.

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<sup>1</sup> In this paragraph we meet the case of root-repetition (**hushed – hush**). In root-repetition not words themselves, but the same root is repeated. So, we have different words having different meanings with the same shade of meaning.

<sup>2</sup> The phrase “**the Santa Fe crossing bell was like churches**” is a good example of simile. To use simile is to characterize one object by bringing it into contact with another object belonging to an entirely different class of things.

<sup>3</sup> The word-combination “**big box**” in the given passage is a contextual metonymy. Metonymy is based on the relation between the dictionary and contextual meaning, a relation based on some kind of association connecting two concepts which these meaning represent. Contextual metonymy (metonymy used in language-in-action) is genuine metonymy and reveals a quite unexpected substitution of one word or concept for another on the ground of some strong impression produced by a chance feature of the thing.

<sup>4</sup> **It was the first time in his life** - in the given example the repeated phrases come at the beginning of two consecutive sentences, such kind of repetition is called *anaphora* or *anaphoric repetition*.

<sup>5</sup> **cold and hot** is *oxymoron*. *Oxymoron* is a combination of two words (mostly an adjective and a noun or an adverb with an adjective) in which the meaning of the two clash, being opposite in sense.

In the fire, though, there was laughter, and not only that there was singing and every kind of music he had ever heard. There was no end of laughter and singing in the fire, only the laughter was not like the times at school when he used to laugh at the funny way the kids talked and acted, and singing was sadder than the singing at church. Everything was not the way it used to be. He used to think a whistle was something and used to blow a whistle until it wouldn't make a noise any more. He didn't want anything. Beth was in town working in the department store, and Jesse was at the factory. Jesse worked with big machines and made all kinds of stuff out of iron.

He guessed Jesse making nothing. What could Jesse make? What could anybody make? Jesse could make a part of machine, but even after he had made it, what good was it? What good was the whole machine, after it was put together? Maybe it would be an automobile, maybe a Ford. Who wanted a Ford? Who cared about getting into an automobile and going down the highway? Where could you go? What place was there in the world to go to? <sup>1</sup>

Bright petals of yellow and red flew from the blossoming flower to the floor and disappeared, and he knew. Nothing in the whole world could happen to make her be there again. Jesse figured he was doing stuff at the factory, but he wasn't doing anything. There wasn't anything to do. Could Jesse do something that would make her be in the house again where she belonged? Could anybody do anything in the world that would make something like that happen? Not one man in the whole world could do anything like that. Jesse could go ahead and make every crazy kind of piece of machinery he felt like making and after they had put all the pieces together nothing would happen, except maybe smoke would come out from some pipe and some wheels would turn and the big machine would do something that nobody cared about, maybe move, but nobody in the whole world could make anything that would do something everybody in the world would like to see done. Jesse could work hard and save money and fill the house with new furniture, like the new tables and chairs in the parlor, but the house would always be empty. He could try to live in the house with Beth, but he knew it couldn't be, it could never turn out that way, and he knew this from the quiet way Jesse laughed when Beth wasn't around. Jesse just didn't know what to do. That's why he brought Beth to the house. He just didn't know what *else* to do. Before Beth came to the house Jesse used to sit in the parlor and do nothing and say nothing, Jesse figured maybe there was something he could do. He knew, though. He knew exactly how, but it was. He didn't like to know, it scared him, but he knew.

The fire. That was all. The laughter. The singing. The blossoming of the flower. The color and the sadness, and the bright petals falling to the floor and ending. The ending, especially.<sup>2</sup> Even though one petal followed another endlessly. The house was no good any more. It was no place she would come to again. The world was no good. She was not there. It was no use getting well again and going back to school and laughing at the kids. He didn't want that again. He didn't want to learn to read and write and answer questions. They were fooling everybody. The questions were nothing. They asked you about apples and eggs. That was nothing. They asked you about a word. They never ask you a real question, so how could you give them a real answer? They didn't ever know a real question, how could anybody tell them the answer? They couldn't fool him. None of them, not Miss Purvis, not Jesse, not Beth, not any one of them.

He knew. The question was, Can you do it? Any of you? Here or in any other place of the world? Can you do it by doing something in the world or by praying or by doing anything anybody alive can do? He knew the answer too. He knew it was no. So what were they doing? What good did it do them? What good was anything in the world when you couldn't do it? When you could never be able to do it? What good did it do you to do a million other crazy things that had nothing to do with it? What was the sense in answering a million other questions and never even *asking* the real question?

They told him to sit still and keep warm and not to open the door of the stove. They told him to be a good boy and wait for them to come home in the evening. They told him he was ill but all he needed to do was to sit by the stove and keep warm. He knew what he could do. It was right too. It was the only thing to do. It was a good thing, and he knew he would do it. He knew there would never again be any house for them to come to. And he wished a strong wind would carry the color and heat and fury of the fire to every house in the world and destroy every house and make them all know nothing in the world they could do could ever do it.

When the day darkened and he knew they would be coming soon, he took the fire on burning paper into the parlor and let it eat into the new table. The fire crept slowly up the leg of the table<sup>3</sup>, and then he took the fire into each of the other rooms and planted it in the things of the house, so the whole house would burn, and when they found him across the street staring at the burning house, crying, they thought he was crying because the house was burning, they did not know he knew.

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<sup>1</sup>Representation of the actual utterance by as second person, usually the author, as if it had been spoken, whereas it had been spoken but is only represented in the author's words is called **represented speech**.

<sup>2</sup>**The fire. That was all. The laughter. The singing. The blossoming of the flower. The color and the sadness, and the bright petals falling to the floor and ending. The ending, especially.** This is a good example of *anadiplosis*. Linking or reduplication is known as anadiplosis, where the last word or phrase of one part of an utterance is repeated at the beginning of the next part, consequently/ accordingly fastening/clasping the two parts together.

<sup>3</sup>**The fire crept slowly up the leg of the table** - Saroyan illustrates the vivid case of using *metaphor*. *Metaphor* is a power of realizing two lexical meanings simultaneously. Metaphor is one of the most potent means of creating images, which is a sensory perception of an abstract notion already existing in the mind. Image creation means to bring a phenomenon (occurrence; observable fact) from the highly abstract to the essentially concrete.

## Notes

1. **Santa Fe crossing bell** – the ringing of bell at the railway crossing road
2. **Flames** – fire; blaze; conflagration; combustion
3. **To keep the stove going so** – to keep the burning fire in the stove
4. **To be nice to somebody** – to be pleasant to someone
5. **To act like she** – to /behave/conduct yourself the same way as she does
6. **Disappeared** - left; moved out; vanished; gone; not here
7. **To be swell** – to be cool
8. **Petals of the flowers** - leaf of the flower
9. **To put the key in the lock** - to unlock the door; to open the door
10. **Can't fool somebody** – can't deceive/ trick [ruse, scam] somebody
11. **He knew. There was nothing in the world. It was empty and she was dead. Empty as a pitch black night.** Using simile means to characterize one object by bringing it into contact with another object belonging to an entirely different class of things. The same is in the given example - “empty” is compared with the” pitch black night” (*simile*)
12. **He didn't want anything. There wasn't one little bit of anything.** The word “anything” is repeated at the end of the consecutive sentences this type of repetition is called *epiphora* or *epiphoric repetition*
13. **All he wanted was to be near the fire, as close to it as he could be, just be there, just see the colors and be very near. What did he want with toys? What good were toys? He didn't want anything.** The author represents the thoughts and feelings of the character - which is called unuttered or *represented speech*

## Discussion

1. What does the title of the story “The fire” symbolize? What is the text about? Can you explain your version of the word “fire” and its meaning according to the text?
2. Who are the main characters of the story? Who is the narrator? What is his grief? How does he consider the death of his mum?
3. What kind of relationship exists between the boy and his stepmother Beth? Does he like her? Prove your ideas.
4. How does he justify his father Jess? What kind of person do you think Jess is? What makes you feel this way?
5. What does the sentence “bright petals of yellow and red flew from the blossoming flower to the floor and disappeared” have in common with the existing reality? Why did he set the fire on? Why did such strange idea come to his mind? Give your point of view
6. In following sentences the word “laugh” is used differently. Explain how they are used and compare each sentence structure: “the whole house, like the soft laughter of his father Jesse, trembled of the passing train”; “the whole house trembling like a sad man laughing”; “the way the house trembled while the train moved was the way Jesse laughed when it was all over and the house was empty.”
7. What is the loading of the words “empty” and “nothing” in the text?
8. Find 10 stylistic devices in the text and explain the author's aim using them.
9. Sometimes stories leave a reader with the feeling that there is more to tell. Did this one do this? What do you think might happen?
10. Where does the author's sympathy lie? Could you prove that the author realizes the boy's bitter reality?
11. Can you compare the main character of the story “The Fire” with Luke from “The Oranges”? Is there anything common between their actions and inner feelings and considering the world? Give some example
12. Find several cases of simile in the text.



## **The Fire** *(Analysis)*

William Saroyan's story "The Fire" has a great psychological role when a person leaves childhood and enters into the maturity. In this period of life-time everything begins changing especially in children's mentality which becomes wider and involves variety of questions that should be answered for developing their way of thinking, but sometimes it is on the contrary. Very often it is difficult to accept things as they are, to accept the existing reality.

This happened to the boy who knew that he had parents, but then he acknowledged that he lived in the imaginary world and his sweet mother was dead. Suddenly the world became empty and he felt absolutely alone.

The whole story conveys a little boy's emotions and profound psychological thoughts caused by his mum's death. He sits near the fire and analyzes the bitterness of the whole world. His little heart is full of pain, wretchedness and struggle. The boy perceives this world only in black and dull colors. From life he gets only sorrow and torture. The world is wrapped in a black shroud and everything is empty. That's why the word "empty" is repeated so many times in the story. The boy tries to enjoy himself; he wants to be happy but it's impossible as everything seems useless, everything seems to have no meaning; even the toys make him almost die with grief. Though he has a very lovely stepmother who brings him toys and yet he feels the great shortage of motherly love, warmth and tenderness. No one can deceive the boy, as it is the first time when he acknowledged his tragedy – his mother's death.

These ideas come in quick succession while sitting in front of the fire. "Bright petals of yellow and red flew from the blossoming flower to the floor and disappeared." Maybe these petals of the fire are connected with a man's momentary life, as a human being's life is so short and no one can notice how it vanishes. Such eccentric and extraordinary ideas are caused by his tragic life. He can't get rid of shocking thoughts and they recycle and recycle in his overstuffed mind. Then his judgment concerns globally to the vanity of the world which is not able to make his mum alive. Ineffective and hopeless planet and society are feeble to do anything worth and valuable for making her alive.

The fire can be considered as a symbol of domestic hearth which this little boy definitely lacks. His life was as easily destroyed as fire destroys everything in a minute.

### **Remember - don't confuse**

**Look, Gaze, Stare, Gape, Glare, Glance, Glimpse, Peep, Peer** - these verbs come into comparison when meaning *to direct one's eyes to a thing or to a person*

**Look** - is most general word; it means to make use of power of sight; see; to direct one's eyes. *Look carefully before you cross the street.*

**Gaze** - to look long and steadily, as in admiration or wonder; along steady look.

**Stare** - to look intently with the eyes wide open. *He was fascinated by her beauty and was staring at her out of control*

**Gape** - to stare with the mouth open, as in wonder or surprise. *The children gaped at the beautiful Christmas tree.*

**Glare** - a piercing, hostile look or stare. *The angry fighter glared at his opponent.*

**Glance** - a brief or hurried look. *Dad glanced at Kitty to make sure that she was sitting quietly.*

**Glimpse** - to catch of a brief view; see for a moment. *We glimpsed the actress as she entered the studio.*

**Peep** - to look secretly, cautiously, or quickly, as through a narrow opening or from a hiding place; peek. To peep through a crack in a wall. (to peep through a keyhole: to peep through half-shut eyes:) *The neighbors peeping at us from behind the curtains.*

**Peer** - 1. to look closely or searchingly, as in an effort to see clearly: *We tried to peer through the darkness.* 2. to come into view; be partly visible.



**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. He ----- at himself in the mirror.
2. She was ----- at the furthest point at something and suddenly the tears appeared in her eyes.
3. Jane ----- toward the door, when she heard footsteps.
4. Granny ----- around to make sure nobody was watching them.
5. He will watch us paying our shillings in this place and that, to ----- at an array of articles that have really nothing to do with him, rooms full of Garrick and Hathaway relics.
6. Ferris ----- the disorder of his life; the succession of cities, of transitory loves.
7. She gave me an angry ----- when I that remarked.
8. The moon ----- through the clouds.
9. Gladiator ----- at the huge group of fighters.
10. During fast driving Tom hardly ----- at a road sign.

**Mute, Dumb, Voiceless, Silent – unable to speak; dumb**

**Mute** - unable to speak as a result of birth defect or an injury; refuse to speak; not speaking; silent. *The accused man sat mute, offering nothing in his own defense.*

**Dumb** - lacking the power of speech, mute: *a person who is deaf and dumb.*

**Voiceless** - having no voice; mute. *Voiceless man explained everything with gestures which were clear and understandable for everybody.*

**Silent** - marked by the absence of sound; completely quiet, still. *He remained silent during the church service.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. After long and difficult operation he felt himself very weak, so he preferred to lie in -----.
2. Being ----- means not having a voice.
3. The parents' tough and severe punishment threatened him and he couldn't stand living in stressed situation, subsequently he became -----.
4. When you press ---- button on the TV. Control remover [Distance controller] it turn into -----.
5. ----- was deep and mysterious.
6. He pretended to be ----- but reality was not that.
7. After serious illness granny became -----.

**Fire, Flame, Blaze, Conflagration, Combustion – it is the process of burning**

**Fire** - the flame, heat and light given off in burning. **On fire** - burning, ignited; full of intense emotion, feeling, or spirit; passionate. **To catch fire** - to begin to burn. **To fire up** - to start a fire, as in an engine.; furnace, or boiler. **Under fire** - exposed to the enemy's shooting or attack; exposed to criticism or blame. *She remained calm under fire.*

**Flame** - one of the tongues of light given off by a fire. *The flames from the burning house that out in every direction.*

**Blaze** - A bright flame or fire. *The blaze spread through the house before firemen could be called.*

**Conflagration** – a very large fire that causes much damage.

**Combustion** – the act or process of burning; the rapid oxidation of a substance accompanied by the release of heat and sometimes light.

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. And he wished a strong wind would carry the color and heat and fury of the ----- to every house in the world and destroy every house and make them all know nothing in the world they could do could ever do it.
2. It seemed as if the only safety in the world was in the red and yellow and white flames ----- of the ----- in the stove, the color and the heat, the whole house trembling like a sad man laughing, the whole world cold and sad, and nothing in the world, only the flowers of the -----.
3. There was rapid ----- of gasoline in an engine.

- The ----- extended in the city streets.
- Suddenly the house burst into -----.

**Destroy, Obliterate, Annihilate, Eradicate, Exterminate, Demolish, Raze – to destroy or ruin completely**

**Destroy** -to break into pieces, ruin completely; wreck. *The earthquake destroyed the city.*

**Obliterate** –to destroy completely; remove all traces of: *The heavy rains obliterated the footprints on the path.*

**Annihilate**- to destroy totally; reduce to nothing; *The bombers annihilated the city.* **v. t. annihilated, annihilating**

**Eradicate** - to remove or destroy completely; eliminate; abolish; to eradicate weeds, to eradicate a disease.

**Exterminate** - to wipe out; to destroy: to exterminate household pests.

**Demolish** - to tear down or apart; destroy the structure of: *The wreckers demolished the old apartment building ; to destroy or ruin completely. New evidence demolished the defense lawyer's case.*

**Raze** - to tear down; demolish. *The city razed the old buildings to make room for park.*

**Exercise 4:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

- The bomber aircrafts ----- the occupied city.
- The earthquake ----- the whole town, as there had never lived before.
- The building company decided to ----- the useless building to make room for swimming pool.
- The earthquake ----- the whole village. There was not seen any trace of existence.
- The war ----- the lives and the country itself.
- The draftsmen ----- the old stadium in order to build new one.
- To renew outskirts of the town the old city districts were -----.
- The city council made a special plan to ----- slums to built modern stadium.
- To renovate city center useless and old constructions will be -----.

**Injure, Harm, Hurt, Damage, Impair - the infliction of something detrimental to one's health, to one's appearance, success or comfort**

**Injure** - to do or cause damage to; harm; to injure somebody's health; to injure one's leg; to injure one's arm with somebody; to be injured in an accident. *He injured himself by falling off his bicycle; to do wrong to: to injured one's reputation. She injured his reputation by spreading rumors about him.*

**Harm** – to cause the damage, pain or loss; to harm somebody; to harm somebody's reputation. *The guards were there to make sure that no harm would come to the royal family*

**Hurt** - to cause physical pain or injury to. *He slipped and hurt his back; to do harm to damage. The scandal hurt the mayor's chance for reelection.*

**Damage** - implies injury to a thing that spoils it and makes it less useless or less valuable; it involves less in effectiveness, attractiveness or efficiency; it may also refer to one's reputation, instinct, property, character- to damage a thing; to damage a house; to damage a ship. *Tommy's optic nerve was damaged, he would be blind.*

**Impair** - to damage; to weaken; to impair one's health; to impair the excellence; to impair the value; to impair strength. *To do free-time work providing it didn't interfere with military duties or impair their ability to carry them out.*

**Exercise 5:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

- The gunmen said that they wouldn't ----- the hostage.
- He was greatly ----- in the car accident.
- Hail ----- crops.
- The rumor greatly ----- his business. It hasn't you, has it?
- He was severely ----- by a falling brick.
- Several valuable pictures were ----- by fire.

7. My shoe ----- me a little.
8. She saw him wince and felt pleasure because she was -----.
9. His car was ----- in a collision.
- 10 Hail ----- the crops.
11. The boy is so gentle that he would not ----- a fly.
12. The accident ----- his vision.

## EXERCISES

1. From the given words choose those ones which characterize fire.

Blossoming	Petals
Frozen	Hushed
Light	Warmth
Cold	Frosty
Heat	Icy

2. Give antonyms of the following words:

Disappear	Seem
Notice	Whistle
Freeze	Burn
Blaze	Blossom
Guess	Tremble
Laugh	Cry /weep

3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

to fool someone  
 to wind up something  
 to be made together  
 to match something work  
 to make someone die of grief  
 to make all kinds of stuff out of iron  
 to ask someone a real question  
 to make someone come back  
 not to know what else to do  
 to care about someone of  
 to be cold and almost freezing  
 to fill the house with new furniture  
 to keep the door of the stove closed  
 to be cold in the world beyond the warm room  
 What place was/is there in the world to go to?  
 to mind someone as somebody's mother  
 to be one little bit of something  
 to come up to something  
 to keep the stove going  
 to seem to be burning  
 to set in the parlor  
 to scare someone  
 to be alive  
 to be empty and dead  
 to be old enough  
 to be so quiet in the world to hear it  
 to sit still and keep warm  
 to blow whistles

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. The flame, heat, and light given off in burning.
2. On the other or far side of; farther on than.
3. A building for public worship, especially one for Christian worship.
4. A sweet food made chiefly of sugar or syrup combined with other ingredients, such as chocolate, milk, nuts, or fruit.
5. Not having a sound or normal mind; mentally ill; insane; mad.
6. A flower, especially of a plant or tree that produces fruit; the state or time of flowering.
7. To set on fire; consume by fire; to hurt, change, damage or destroy by fire, heat, or acid.
8. One of the division or parts, usually coloured, of a flower.
9. To increase in amount, degree, intensity, or force; to rise above the ordinary level.
10. A kitchen appliance used for cooking that runs on gas or electricity and is made up of burners, an oven, and sometimes a storage compartment; any of various heating or cooking devices that use wood, coal, gas, or electricity.
11. To make a clear, shrill sound by forcing breath through closed lips or through the teeth.
12. An apparatus consisting of a number of fixed or moving parts, used to do work.
13. A silence or stillness, especially after noise or commotion has ceased; to quiet, silence, or calm.
14. To shake, as with cold, weakness, fear, or anger; to have a slight, vibrating motion, as from a jarring force.



## THE PIANO

I get excited every time I see a piano. Ben said.

Is that so? Emma said. Why?

I don't know, Ben said. Do you mind if we go into this store and try the little one in the corner?

Can you play? Emma said.

If you call what I do playing, Ben said.

What do you do?

You'll see, Ben said.

They went into the store, to the small piano in the corner. Emma noticed him smiling and wondered if she'd ever know anything about him. She'd go along for awhile thinking she knew him and then all of a sudden she'd know she didn't. He stood over the piano, looking down at it. What she imagined was that he had probably heard good piano playing and loved that kind of music and every time he saw a keyboard and the shape of a piano he remembered the music and imagined he had something to do with it.

Can you play? She said.

Ben looked around. The clerks seemed to be busy.

I can't play, Ben said.

She saw his hands go quietly to the white and black keys, like a real pianist's, and it seemed very unusual because of what she felt when that happened. She felt that he was someone who would be a long time finding out about himself, and someone somebody else would be much longer finding out about. He should be somebody who could play a piano. Ben made a few quiet chords. Nobody came over to try to sell him anything, so, still standing, he began to do what he'd told her wasn't playing.

Well, all she knew was that it was wonderful.

He played half a minute only. Then he looked at her and – said, It sounds good.

I think it's wonderful, Emma said.

I don't mean what I did, Ben said. I mean the piano.

I mean the piano itself. It has a fine tone, especially for a little piano.

A middle-aged clerk came over and said, How do you do?

Hello, Ben said. This is a swell one.

It's a very popular instrument, the clerk said. Especially fine for apartments. We sell a good many of them.

How much is it? Ben said.

Two hundred forty-nine fifty, the clerk said. You can have terms, of course.

Where do they make them? Ben said.

I'm not sure, the clerk said. In Philadelphia, I think. I can find out.

Don't bother, Ben said. Do you play?

No, I don't, the clerk said.

He noticed Ben wanting to try it out some more.

Go ahead, he said. Try it some more.

I don't play, Ben said.

I heard you, the clerk said.

That's not playing, Ben said. I can't read a note.

Sounded good to me, the clerk said.

Me, too, Emma said. How much is the first payment.

Oh, the clerk said. Forty or fifty dollars. Go ahead, he said, I'd like to hear you play some more.

If this was the right kind of room, Ben said, I could sit down at the piano for hours.

Play some more, the clerk said. Nobody'll mind.

The clerk pushed up the bench and Ben sat down and began to do what he said wasn't playing. He fooled around fifteen or twenty seconds and then found something like a melody and stayed with it two minutes. Before he was through the music became quiet and sorrowful and Ben himself became more and more pleased with the piano. While he was letting the melody grow, he talked to the clerk about the piano. Then he stopped playing and stood up.

Thanks, he said. Wish I could buy it.

Don't mention it, the clerk said.

Ben and Emma walked out of the store. In the street Emma said, I didn't know about that, Ben.

About what? Ben said.

About you.  
 What about me?  
 Being that way, Emma said.  
 This is my lunch hour, Ben said. In the evening is when I like to think of having a piano.  
 They went into a little restaurant and sat at the counter and ordered sandwiches and coffee.  
 Where did you learn to play? Emma said.  
 I've never learned, Ben said. Any place I find a piano, I try it out. I've been doing that ever since I was a kid. Not having money does that.  
 He looked at her and smiled. He smiled the way he did when he stood over the piano looking down at the keyboard. Emma felt very flattered.  
 Never having money, Ben said, keeps a man away from lots of things he figures he ought to have by rights.  
 I guess it does, Emma said.  
 In a way, Ben said, it's a good thing, and then again it's not so good. In fact, it's terrible.  
 He looked at her again, the same way, and she smiled back at him the way he was smiling at her.  
 She understood. It was like the piano. He could stay near it for hours. She felt very flattered.  
 They left the restaurant and walked two blocks to The Emporium where she worked.  
 Well, so long, he said.  
 So long, Ben, Emma said.  
 He went on down the street and she went on into the store. Somehow or other she knew he'd get a piano some day, and everything else, too.

### Notes

1. **I get excited every time I see a piano** – Ben is keyed up/eager when he sees a piano
2. **The clerks seemed to be busy** –the shop-assistant looks as if he is vigorous
3. **This is a swell one** – (s/) excellent, fine, elegant stylish
4. **Philadelphia** – state in the United States of America
5. **Try it some more** - to play the piano again
6. **Not having money does that** – being poor means not having desirable things; poverty
7. **Never having money Ben said, keeps a man away from lots of things he figures he ought to have by rights** - a man lacking enough money is not able to afford purchasing things which he thinks he has to buy

### Discussion

1. Define the passage under study. Who is the story told by? How is the title connected with the text? Do you think the title of the story is appropriate? Is it significant? Explain and prove your point of view.
2. Speak about the place and time of the action. Where does it take place? Who are the people presented in the passage?
3. What is the author's attitude toward Ben and Emma? Is it personal or impersonal indication?
4. What can be said about Ben's feelings toward Emma and the piano? How is it revealed?
5. What is the piano for Ben? How is Emma's position/outlook expressed toward the piano? Comment on young characters' conversation about the piano? Is the atmosphere of the scene tense or humorous? Prove your statement.
6. Describe Ben with one word or one sentence.
7. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
8. What would you do if you were in Ben's shoe?
9. What is the piano for you? Is it as important for you as it was for Ben? Do you know anyone else who has so deep passion toward a piano?
10. What do you think which is the most important word, phrase, passage, or paragraph in the text? Explain why it is important.
11. How did this text make you feel?
12. Would you change the ending of this story? Tell your ending.
13. Sometimes work leaves you with the feeling that there is more to tell. Did you have the same feeling after reading this text?
14. In the story the dialogue is not separated from the text graphically (neither inverted commas, nor dashes are used). How do you think why does the author use such form?

## **The Piano** *(Analysis)*

From the very beginning the title catches readers' attention. The whole text is rendered through the dialogue, as W. Saroyan is the master of creating dialogues. With the help of such expressiveness the author tries to show how the main characters' inner feelings are connected with the idea. "I got excited every time I see a piano. Ben said." The short story starts namely with this simple sentence which shows the main character's /Ben's/ unbelievable attitude towards the piano.

Ben realizes the life as an ex-poverty-stricken man who was wretched and heartbroken from his childhood. "Never having money, keeps a man away from lots of things he figures he ought to have by right."

The reality is that he wanted to have the piano the whole life. He adores irreal piano and loves and perceives it as a human being. He looks at his sweet-heart – Emma as at his desirable, but at the same time irreal piano which he has never had because of money. "He looked at her again, the same way, and she smiled back at him the way he was smiling at her. She understood. It was like piano. He could stay near it for hours."

Ben plays well. The audience of listeners consists of only two people – the clerk and Emma. Both of them insist on his playing the piano, but Ben refuses, because he has never studied playing (as he has never taken private music lessons). It seems irreal, person without having the piano cannot play, but the strange reality is that he plays and plays well. But Ben is a real person who worships music and piano, and images the keyboard all the time. He is a gifted person who inherited this talent from the God. (Such kind of talent comes from the God).

"I have never learned, Ben said. Any place I find piano, I try it out. I've been doing that ever since was a kid... He fooled around fifteen or twenty seconds and then found something like melody and stayed with it two minutes... Ben himself became more and more pleased with the piano".

In spite of all his hard childhood, the end of the short story is quite optimistic. "She (Emma) knew, he'd get a piano some day, and everything else, too."

William Saroyan uses various repetitions though the key words are "smile" and "flattered". "He looked at her and smiled. He smiled the way he did when he stood over the piano looking down at the keyboard. Emma felt very flattered...she smiled back at him the way he was smiling at her.... She felt very flattered...

### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Decide Determine, Resolve, Settle - these verbs mean to come to a conclusion, make one's mind**

**Decide** - thinking carefully about something that causes doubt, hesitation, dispute or difference of opinion and arriving at a conclusion; decide a question / a matter /a case; decide in favour of somebody or against somebody; decide to do something. *He decided on action. He put on his dressing-gown, took his blackthorn, and left his cabin.*

**Determine** – to arrive at a conclusion that is fixed and unaltered purpose or intention; to determine to do something; to determine the case; *The member of the committee determined the date for the next meeting.*

**Resolve** –an expressed or clear decision to do something or restrain from doing something; to resolve to give up smoking; to resolve to get up earlier in the morning; to resolve upon or on doing something; *Leslie resolved not to go to the party.*

**Settle** - a mental or logical conclusion that brings to an end all doubt; to settle an argument; to settle all questions; to settle the matter.

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. We must put our heads together and ----- what is to be done.
2. She ----- to overcome it, to master English.
3. They were arguing this question during the whole day but couldn't ----- the matter.
4. Have you ----- where you are going to spend the holidays?
5. Sue ----- to eat no more sweets.
6. Suddenly he ----- to visit his old friend.
7. The discovery ----- us on going.
8. So it's all -----.



## **Frank, Sincere, Candid, Open, Genuine – show willingness to tell what one feels or thinks**

**Frank** – showing one’s thoughts or feelings freely, without fear, shyness or intention to hide one’s thoughts; to be quite frank with a person; a frank character; to be frank in one’s answer; to be frank in one’s question; to have a frank look in the eyes; a frank smile; a frank face; a frank manner. *Boys, let us be frank otherwise we won’t be right.*

**Sincere** – without falseness; honest; true; to be sincere; a sincere wish; a sincere friend; a sincere desire; a sincere glimpse; a sincere sympathy; to have a sincere dislike for flattery. *The society expressed a sincere sympathy toward him and his behavior.*

**Candid** – showing fundamental honesty and fairness; telling the truth even if the truth is disagreeable; to be candid with somebody; candid critics; a candid friends. *He had difficulties to hide his candid opinion.* **Candid and Frank are interchangeable.**

**Open** – showing an inclination to ready, free, natural, honest expression which lacks concealment or reserve; known to all, not disguised, hidden; to be open with a person; an open secret; an open scandal; an open countenance; an open character; a very open manner. *She was very open with me about her troubles.*

**Genuine** – freedom from hypocrisy or pretence.

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Her irony was ----- and she couldn’t stand laugh.
2. Her tone was quiet and -----.
3. Ann’s ----- spirit was like a snow.
4. Real friend has a ----- effort to help a friend in need.
5. To be ----- means to be -----.
6. He gazed at her and couldn’t keep his ----- sympathy toward her.
7. He couldn’t hide the ----- expression of sympathy.

**Busy, Engaged, Occupied, Taken up – being active or at work, having much to do (about people) or being in us (about things)**

**Busy**- implies any activity, doing things, being at work, may referred to persons and to things; to be busy - *a man is busy, a telephone line is busy*; busy usually implies habitual or temporary state of being absorbed in activity, full of activity: *a busy man; a busy day; a busy bee; a busy life. Most of us when not busy working is busy playing.*

**Engaged** - implies filling up the time, being busy with something; being active; being at work at something. *He was engaged in conversation.*

**Occupied** - the state of being busy with something; a constantly occupied person; to be occupied with, or in, something. *He is occupied by his worries.*

**Taken up** – has also the meaning “occupied”; it is used of a proportion of time or space. *In The most space of her garden was taken up by the beautiful roses.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. He was busily ----- in writing letters.
2. All the passengers seemed to be there ----- as before in reading knitting, dozing or strolling like him.
3. She was ----- with her plans for the farm.
4. He is ----- with translation.
5. He has very small room and most of the space is ----- by a grand piano.
6. Eight or ten of the tables were -----.
7. Most of Harry’s time is ----- with answering letters from his constituents.
8. She went to the flat on the same landing, it was ----- by a journalist.

**Continue, Last, Persist** – *to remain in existence or in a given condition for a certain period of time*

**Continue** - refers to the process and often stresses the fact that the process goes on for some indefinite time; *the dancing continued; the performance continued for a long time.*

**Last** – refer to some process, but it shows that the process goes on within certain limits, as, the dancing lasted till 11 o'clock in the evening; *The performance didn't last long, and when I returned home nobody had gone to bed yet.*

**Persist** – to continue to exist; endure: *The bad weather persisted all week.*

**Exercise 4:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. And the march ----- monotonously, almost like a bad sleep.
2. These regrets only ----- in their pure form for a few hours.
3. The music -----.
4. Snow ----- the whole month.
5. In February, Dick fell ill again with malaria. As before, it was a short sudden attack and bad while it -----.

## EXERCISES

**1. Give as many synonyms of the following words as possible:**

<b>Instrument</b>	<b>Tone</b>
<b>Chords</b>	<b>Melody</b>
<b>Plat</b>	<b>Payment</b>
<b>Suddenly</b>	<b>Figures</b>
<b>Music</b>	<b>Middle-aged</b>
<b>Real</b>	<b>Especially</b>

**2. Give antonyms of the following words:**

<b>Ordered</b>	<b>Flattered</b>
<b>Sorrowful</b>	<b>Shape</b>
<b>Fool</b>	<b>Try</b>
<b>Popular</b>	

**3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

**to get excited every time**

**never having money**

**to keep a man away from lots of things**

**I don't mean what I did, Ben said. I mean the piano.**

**try it some more**

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. Doing or happening without warning; unexpected.
2. To picture (someone or something) in the mind; form a mental picture of.
3. An outward form or outline; contour; figure.
4. A part pressed down in working a machine or instrument; a scale or system of notes in which all the notes bear a definite relationship to, and are based on and named for a given note which is the keynote.
5. Causing wonder; astonishing; very good, excellent.
6. Pleasing to or favored by very many or most people.
7. A room or set of rooms to live in, usually in large building.
8. A tone of definite pitch. Assign representing such a tone and showing its pitch and duration.
9. Showing disappointment or trouble.
10. A place where food is prepared and served to customers.
11. To cause to be pleased, complement.
12. A place or establishment in which a variety of goods are kept for sale.
13. The point or place where two lines or surfaces meet; angle.



## CORDUROY PANTS

Most people hardly ever, if ever at all, stop to consider how important pants are, and the average man, getting in and out of pants every morning and night, never pauses while doing so, or at any other time, even for the amusement in the speculation, to wonder how unfortunate it would be if he didn't have pants, how miserable he would be if he had appear in the world without them, and how awkward his manners would become, how foolish his conversation, how utterly joyless his attitude toward life.

Nevertheless, when I was fourteen and a reader of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and Spinoza, and an unbeliever, a scorner of God, an enemy of Jesus Christ and Catholic Church, and something of a philosopher in my own right, my thoughts, profound and trivial alike, turned now and then to the theme of man in the world without pants, and much as you might suppose they were heavy melancholy thoughts no less than often they were gay and hilarious. That, I think, is the joy of being a philosopher: that knowing the one side as well as the other. On the one hand, a man in the world without pants *should* be a miserable creature, and probably would be, and then again, on the other hand, if this same man, in pants and in the world, was usually a gay and easy-going sort of fellow, in all probability even without pants he would be a gay and easy-going sort of fellow, and might even find the situation an opportunity for all manner of delightful banter. Such a person in the world is not altogether incredible, and I used to believe that, in moving pictures at least he would not be embarrassed, and on the contrary would know just what to do and how to do it in order to impress everyone with this simple truth: namely, that after all what is a part of pants? and being without them is certainly not the end of the world, or the destruction of civilization. All the same, the idea that I myself might some day appear in the world without pants terrified me, inasmuch as I was sure I couldn't rise to the occasion and impress everybody with the triviality of the situation and make them know the world wasn't ending.

I had only one pair of pants, my uncle's, and they were very patched, very sewed, and not the style. My uncle had worn these pants five years before he had turned them over to me, and then I began putting them on every morning and taking them off every night. It was an honor to wear my uncle's pants. I would have been the last person in the world to suggest that it wasn't. I knew it was an honor, and I accepted the honor along with the pants, and I wore the pants, and I wore the honor, and the pants didn't fit.

They were too big around the waist and too narrow at the cuff. In my boyhood I was never regarded as well-dressed. If people turned to look at me twice, as they often do these days, it was only to wonder whose pants I was wearing. There were four pockets in my uncle's pants, but there wasn't one sound pocket in the lot. If it came to a matter of money, coins given and coins returned, I found that I had to put the coins in my mouth and remember not to swallow them.

Naturally, I was unhappy. I took to reading Schopenhauer and despising people, and after people God, and after God, or before, or at the same time, the whole world, the whole universe, the whole impertinent scheme of life.

At the same time I knew that my uncle had honored me, of all his numerous nephews, by handing down his pants to me, and I felt honored, and to a certain extent clothed. My uncle's pants, I sometimes reasoned unhappily, were certainly better than no pants at all, and with this much of the idea developed my nimble and philosophical mind leapt quickly to the rest of the idea. Suppose a man appeared in the world without pants? Not that he wanted to. Not just for the fun of it. Not as a gesture of individuality and as a criticism of Western civilization, but simply because he had no pants, simply because he had no money with which to buy pants? Suppose he put on all his clothes excepting pants? His underwear, his stockings, his shoes, his shirt, and walked into the world and looked everybody straight in the eye? Suppose he did it? Ladies, I have no pants. Gentlemen, I have no money. So what? I have no pants, I have no money. I am an inhabitant of this world. I intend to remain an inhabitant of this world until I die or until the world ends. I intend to go on moving about

in the world, even though I have no pants. What could they do? Could they put him in jail? If so, for how long? And why? What sort of a crime could it be to appear in the world, among one's brothers, without pants?

Perhaps they would feel sorry, I used to think, and want to give me an old pair of pants, and this possibility would drive me almost crazy. Never mind giving me your old pants, I used to shout at them. Don't try to be kind to me. I don't want your old pants, and I don't want your new pants. I want my own pants, straight from the store, brand new, size, name, label, and guarantee. I want my own God damn pants, and nobody else's. I'm in the world, and I want my own pants.

I used to get pretty angry about people perhaps wanting to be kind to me, because I couldn't see it that way. I couldn't see people giving me something, or *anything*. I wanted to get my stuff the usual way. How much are these pants? They are three dollars. All right, I'll take them. Just like that. No hemming or hawing. How much? Three dollars. O.K., wrap them up.

The day I first put on my uncle's pants my uncle walked away several paces for a better view and said, "They fit you perfectly."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Plenty of room at the top," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"And nice and snug at the bottom," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

Then, for some crazy reason, as if perhaps the tradition of pants had been handed down from one generation to another, my uncle was deeply moved and shook my hand, turning pale with joy and admiration, and being utterly incapable of saying a word. He left the house as a man leaves something so touching he cannot bear to be near it, and I began to try to determine if I might be able, with care, to get myself from one point to another in the pants.

It was so, and I could walk in the pants. I felt more or less encumbered, yet it was *possible* to move. I did not feel secure, but I knew I was covered, and I knew I could move, and with practice I believed I would be able to move swiftly. It was purely a matter of adaptation. There would be months of unfamiliarity, but I believed in time I would be able to move about in the world gingerly, and with sharp effect.

I wore my uncle's pants for many months, and these were the unhappiest months of my life. Why? Because *corduroy pants* were the style. At first *ordinary* corduroy pants were the style, and then a year later there was a Spanish renaissance in California, and *Spanish corduroy pants* became the style. There were bell-bottomed, with a touch of red down there, and in many cases five-inch waists, and in several cases small decorations around the waist. Boys of fourteen in corduroy pants of this variety were boys who not only felt secure and snug, but knew they were in style, and consequently could do any number of gay and lighthearted things, such as running after girls, talking with them, and all the rest of it. I couldn't. It was only natural, I suppose, for me to turn, somewhat mournfully, to Schopenhauer and to begin despising women, and later on men, children, oxen, cattle, beasts of the jungle, and fish. What is life? I used to ask. Who do they think they are, just because they have Spanish bell-bottomed corduroy pants? Have they read Schopenhauer? No. Do they know there is no God? No. Do they so much as suspect that love is the most boring experience in the world? No. They are ignorant. They are wearing the fine corduroy pants, but they are blind with ignorance. They do not know that it is all a hollow mockery and that they are the victims of a horrible jest.

I used to laugh at them bitterly.

Now and then, however, I forgot what I knew, what I had learned about everything from Schopenhauer, and in all innocence, without any profound philosophical thought one way or another, I ran after girls, feeling altogether gay and lighthearted, only to discover that I was being laughed at. It was my uncle's pants. They were not pants in which to run after a girl. They were unhappy, tragic, melancholy pants,<sup>1</sup> and being in them, and running after a girl in them, was a very comic thing to see, and a very tragic thing to do.

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<sup>1</sup> **They were unhappy, tragic, melancholy pants** - Saroyan illustrates the vivid case of using *metaphor*. (For metaphor see P. 13).

I began saving up every penny and nickel and dime. I could get hold of, and I began biding my time. Some day I would go down to the store and tell them I would like to buy a pair of the Spanish bell-bottomed pants, price no consideration.

A mournful year went by.<sup>1</sup> A year of philosophy and hatred of man.

I was saving the pennies and nickels and dimes, and in time I would have my own pair of Spanish style corduroy pants. I would have covering and security and at the same time a garment in which a man could be nothing if not gay and lighthearted.

Well, I saved up enough money all right, and I went down to the store all right, and I bought a pair of the Spanish bell-bottomed corduroy pants all right, but a month later when school opened and I went to school I was the only boy at school in this particular style of corduroy pants. It seems the Spanish renaissance had ended. The new style corduroy pants were very conservative, no bell-bottoms, no five-inch waists, no decorations. Just simple ordinary corduroy pants.

How could I feel gay and lighthearted? I didn't *look* gay and lighthearted. And that made everything worse, because my pants did look gay and lighthearted. My own pants. Which I had bought. They looked gay and lighthearted. It meant simple, I reasoned, that I would have to be, in everything I did, as gay and lighthearted as my pants.<sup>2</sup> Otherwise, naturally, there could never be any order in the world. I could not go to school in such pants and not be gay and lighthearted, so I decided to be gay and lighthearted. I was very witty at every opportunity and had my ears boxed, and I laughed very often and discovered that invariably when I laughed nobody else did.

This was agony of the worst kind, so I quit school. I am sure I should not now be the philosopher I am if it were not for the trouble I had with Spanish bell-bottomed corduroy pants.

## Notes

1. **To get in and out of pants** - to put on and take off pants/trousers
2. **To be a miserable creature** - to be depressed/ wretched person
3. **To be embarrassed** - to be humiliated; to be shamed
4. **To be gay and hilarious** - to be very funny and comical
5. **To be purely a matter of fact** - to be merely / simply a matter of fact
6. **To turn pale with joy and admiration** - to become insipid/whitish with enjoyment, pleasure and respect
7. **Criticism of Western civilization** - analyze Western evolution
8. **On the contrary** - opposing
9. ... **big round waist** - large/ gigantic round waist

## Discussion

1. Define the text and say if it is a description, a psychological portrayal of a hero or a narration? Who retells the story? Is the hero fully involved in the whole process described in the story?
2. Is the title tightly connected with the text?
3. Divide the text into logical parts and choose a key sentence of each part?
4. Which is the key word of the story? Why is the story dedicated to the pants? What are the pants for you? Are they so important in your life? Could you imagine life without corduroy pants?
5. Speak about the narrator of the text. How does he characterize the pair of pants which he inherited from his uncle? Is everything described in a jocular way? Does he consider the whole situation in a serious or ironical way? Explain and give examples from the text.
6. Speak about the narrator of the text. How does he characterize the pair of pants which he inherited from his uncle? Is everything described in a jocular way? Does he consider the whole situation in a serious or ironical way? Explain and give examples from the text.
7. Which qualities of the main character strike you as good characteristics to develop within yourself over the years? Why? How does the character of the story demonstrate this quality?

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<sup>1</sup> The word-combination "**mournful year**" in the given passage is a contextual metonymy. (For metonymy see P.12). Contextual metonymy (metonymy used in language-in-action) is genuine metonymy and reveals a quite unexpected substitution of one word or concept for another on the ground of some strong impression produced by a chance feature of the thing.

<sup>2</sup> **I would have to be, in everything I did, as gay and lighthearted as my pants** - It is a vivid example of simile. To use simile is to characterize an object by bringing it into contact with another object belonging to an entirely different class of things.

8. Does the hero of the story feel safe in those pants which were handed down from generation to another? What is the tone of the narration? What is the role of humor and irony in the story? Quote passages which are written in vivid irony.
9. Describe the hero with one word or one sentence. Cite places in which he feels very embarrassed. Why do you think so?
10. Why does W. Saroyan use three synonymous words of money " penny, nickel and dime"? What is the aim of their usage?
11. "A mournful year went by. A year of philosophy and hatred of man." How is this sentence used? What does the author want to emphasize?
12. What would you do if you were in his shoe?
13. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions toward corduroy pants.
14. Choose any 3-5 neutral words and state their literary and colloquial equivalents.
15. Find several cases of intensification.
16. Find several cases of the following stylistic devices: metaphor, metonymy and repetition.

## **Corduroy Pants** (Analysis)

What are pants? Could we live without pants or is it the end of the world? The narrator of the story is a privileged and honored person who wears his uncle's "patched very sewed and style less pair of pants." He considers himself as the luckiest creature, who inherited his uncle's pants among the great number of nephews. He is the winner but he is a funny-looking person in these pants as "they were too big around the waist and too narrow at the cuff..." Looking at him the question arises immediately - who is the owner of those pants.

The blueprint of these magnificent pants was "fascinating". Usually, all pants have four pockets. These pants were useless having four but patched pockets. He had to put the coin in his mouth, and as he was well-read individual and remembered not to swallow them. He is a part of the universe but he is pantless and being without them is certainly not the end of the world, or the destruction of civilization. All the same, the idea that he himself might some day appear in the world without pants terrified him. The narrator intends still to stay a citizen of this world "until he dies or until the world ends even though he has no pants."

He thanks everyone and is sorry that he doesn't want anyone's old or new pants. He insists on having his own ones. His great desire is not to pity him and warns society not to be very kind in presenting pants because he'll refuse to get them by all means. As he wants his new pants, straight from the store, brand new, size, name, label and by all means guarantee.

As the narrator has read philosophers such as Schopenhauer, he analyzes the situation from the human being's birth time and the reader feels narrator's disconsolation toward life. He has no money which means no money and no pants.

### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Ask, Inquire, Question, Interrogate - to address a person with the purpose of getting information**

**Ask** – to put a question; inquire about; to put a question to. *But she had not stopped to ask the price.*

**Inquire** – to seek knowledge or information by asking a question or questions. *And how's the little darling to-night? Mum inquired at the top of her voice, affectionately maternal as usual.*

**Question** - Something asked in order to receive a reply or find out something. *Laxly at once questioned Tony, and when he triumphantly produced a delivery book she grew limp with her suppressed fear.*

**Interrogate** – to examine by questioning formally and methodically. *The letter had gone home and therefore could not be interrogated until the morrow.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. He did not ----- her again, for he felt that she would tell him of herself.
2. I want to ----- you a few questions about Kate.



3. The policeman turned to John and ----- him sharply in French.
4. We ----- about his health.
5. Lucky again for you that you haven't a family to ----- question.
6. He ----- himself what a woman is standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music.
7. The policeman ----- the prisoner for hours.
8. Betty could not answer the teacher's -----.

### **Live, Dwell, Lodge, Stay, Put up – making one's home**

**Live** – to make one's home; dwell; to live in a village; to live in a town; to live in a country; to live abroad. *I love someone very much; we have lived together for more than two years.*

**Dwell** – to make one's home; live; reside: to dwell in the suburbs. *He dwelt in a cottage by the sea.*

**Lodge** – to provide with place to stay temporarily, as for the night. *She asked the number of the house he lodged at.*

**Stay** – to live in a place, especially for a short period of time; *He was persuaded to stay the night in town.*

**Put up** – to stay and stop in the sense of living for a time at same place but not as a guest at one's friend, as to put up at a hotel, an inn. *Well, let's go on, and find some farm where we can put up.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. At last I found out the place where she -----.
2. He went to the hotel where he had ----- two or three times before, and booked a room.
3. I rambled round and was unsure where to -----.
4. They ----- at a hotel while visiting the city.
5. John and Sue ----- at a motel.
6. My parents ----- on the west side of the town.
7. The hurricane victims were ----- in the high school gym.
8. The whole life they ----- in the farmhouse near the village.

### **Neat, Tidy, Clean, Nice, Trim - free from disorder and dirt**

**Neat** - clearness from dirt or soil that is manifested chiefly in perfect cleanliness or simplicity, and freedom from what clutters, complicates or confuses; clean and in good order. *To be neat in one's dress; a neat place.*

**Tidy** – a pleasing neatness and order in appearance or habits, diligently maintained; it stresses good order, careful arrangement rather than cleanliness or simplicity. *A tidy room; a tidy person; a tidy desk; He's always tidy without being smart.*

**Clean** – freedom from dirt and soil of any kind. *Clean shoes; a clean room; to keep oneself clean; to keep one's house clean; I'll have to go home and shave and get a clean shirt.*

**Nice** –value and beauty; it is stronger than neat; *a nice dresser; a nice-looking American businessman.*

**Trim** – both neatness and tidiness, but it stresses that the thing is smart, or neat and tidy in appearance because of clean lines and excellent proportion. *A trim ship; a trim cabin; a trim maid-servant; a trim hedge.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The room had twin beds on either side of -----.
2. It now contained a narrow ----- bed, a table with a straight chair, some conveniently placed shelves.
3. The road pavement was of big round cobblestones, made bright and ----- by the train.
4. He was ----- American businessman.
5. George, so smart and -----, wearing his clothes so beautifully, certainly looked very handsome.
6. My room is reasonably -----, but that exhausts its virtues.



## EXERCISES

1. Give as many synonyms of the following words as possible:

Guarantee	Gingerly
Bell-bottomed	Lighthearted
Ignorance	Honored
Well-dressed	Regarded
Sewed	Delicately
Banter	Hilarious

2. Give antonyms of the following words:

Crazy	Joyless
Secure	Easygoing
Mournfully	Patched
Unhappy	Nimble
Impertinent	Lighthearted
Hollow	Melancholy
Encumbered	Despise

3. From the given words choose those ones which characterize pants:

Miserable	Patched	Aged
Stylish	Well-fitted	Ripened
Original	Labeled	Fresh
New	Worn-out	Loose
Fashion	Old	Fixed
Innovative	Modern	Rigid

4. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

to appear in the world without something  
to be honor  
to have awkward manners  
someone's attitude toward life  
to be gay and easy-going  
to be destruction of civilization  
to look at someone/something twice  
gesture of individuality  
narrow at the cuff  
to remain an inhabitant of the world  
end of the world  
to be handed down from one generation to another

5. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:

1. The act of thinking carefully or seriously about something; conjecture.
2. To feel or express admiration or astonishment.
3. Having or causing bad luck; unlucky.
4. A person who does not believe in a particular religion or in any religion; a person who doubts; skeptic.
5. A student of or an expert in philosophy; a person who develops a system of philosophy.
6. The state or quality of being probable.
7. A time or circumstance that is favorable or suitable for a particular purpose.
8. To fill with terror; frighten or alarm greatly.
9. Extremely funny; very amusing; noisily gay or cheerful.
10. Any living being, especially an animal as distinct from man.
11. Tending to be calm and unhurried; good-natured; relaxed.
12. A stage of human society marked by a high level of social cultural, political, and intellectual development.
13. The act of turning away the mind or attention.
14. To cause to feel uncomfortable or ashamed.
15. The wife or widow of an emperor.



*Ring Lardner [1885-1933] was born in Michigan. After two years' studying in Technological Institute in Chicago he began working as a sport reporter in newspapers Chicago and New-York. In his first book of short stories "You know me, Al; A Busher's Letters," 1916 described the life of baseball players. The stories which entered in the second issue had satiric character, and the title of the book somehow parody name "Gullible's Travels," 1917. The great literature fame came to Ring Lardner after publishing the book "How to Write Short Stories", 1924. Then appeared the next volume of short stories which involved his well-known stories "What of It?", 1925, "The Love Nest", 1926, "Round Up", 1929. In these short stories he confirmed/illustrated his negative attitude against existing reality. The author's fastidious specific literary work is his own autobiography "The Story of a Wonder Man", 1927, which has satiric coloring.*

*Ring Lardner, the American humorist and short-story writer, is known for his mordant wit, exemplified in satirical stories and sketches of American life in the early 20th century told in the language of athletes, stockbrokers, secretaries, chorus girls, etc.*

## THE LOVE NEST

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do with you, Mr. Bartlett," said the great man. "I'm going to take you right out to my home and have you meet the wife and family; stay to dinner and all night. We've got plenty of room and extra pajamas, if you don't mind them silk. I mean that'll give you a chance to see us just as we are. I mean you can get more that way than if you sat here a whole week, asking me questions."

"But I don't want to put you to a lot of trouble," said Bartlett.

"Trouble!" The great man laughed. "There's no trouble about it. I've got a house that's like a hotel. I mean a big house with lots of servants. But anyway I'm always glad to do anything I can for a writing man, especially a man that works for Ralph Doane. I'm very fond of Ralph. I mean I like him personally besides being a great editor. I mean I've known him for years and when there's anything I can do for him, I'm glad to do it. I mean it'll be pleasure to have you. So if you want to notify your family—"

"I haven't any family," said Bartlett.

"Well, I'm sorry for you! And I bet when you see mine, you'll wish you had one of your own. But I'm glad you can come and we'll start now so as to get there before the kiddies are put away for the night. I mean I want you to be sure and see the kiddies. I've got three."

"I've seen their pictures," said Bartlett. "You must be very proud of them. They're all girls, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir; three girls. I wouldn't have a boy. I mean I always wanted girls. I mean girls have got a lot more zip to them. I mean they're a lot zippier. But let's go! The Rolls is downstairs and if we start now we'll get there before dark. I mean I want you to see the place while it's still daylight."

The great man - Lou Gregg, president of Modern Pictures, Inc. - escorted his visitor from the magnificent office by a private door and down a private stairway to the avenue, where the glittering car with its glittering chauffeur waited.

"My wife was in town today," said Gregg as they glided northward, "and I hoped we could ride out together, but she called up about two and asked would I mind if she went on home in the Pierce. She was through with her shopping and she hates to be away from the house and the kiddies any longer than she can help. Celia's a great home girl. You'd never know she was the same girl now as the girl I married seven years ago. I mean she's different. I mean she's not the same. I mean her marriage and being a mother has developed her. Did you ever see her? I mean in pictures?"

"I think I did once," replied Bartlett. "Didn't she play the young sister in "The Cad?"

"Yes, with Harold Hodgson and Marie Blythe."

“I thought I’d seen her. I remember her as very pretty and vivacious.”

“She certainly was! And she is yet! I mean she’s ever prettier, but of course she ain’t a kid, though she looks it. I mean she was only seventeen in that picture and that was ten years ago. I mean she’s twenty-seven years old now. But I never met a girl with as much zip as she had in those days. It’s remarkable how marriage changes them. I mean nobody would ever thought Celia Sayles would turn out to be a sit-by-the-fire. I mean she still likes a good time, but her home and kiddies come first. I mean her home and kiddies come first.”

“I see what you mean,” said Bartlett.

An hour’s drive brought them to Ardsley-on-Hudson and the great man’s home.

“A wonderful place!” Bartlett exclaimed with a heroic semblance of enthusiasm as the car turned in at an arc de triomphe of a gateway and approached a white house that might have been mistaken for the Yale Bowl.

“It ought to be!” said Gregg. “I mean I’ve spent enough on it. I mean these things cost money.”

He indicated with a gesture the huge house and Urbanesque landscaping.

“But no amount of money is too much to spend on home. I mean it’s a good investment if it tends to make your family proud and satisfied with their home. I mean every nickel I’ve spent here is like so much insurance; it insures me of a happy wife and family. And what more can a man ask!”

Bartlett didn’t know, but the topic was forgotten in the business of leaving the resplendent Rolls and entering the even more resplendent reception hall.

“Forbes will take your things,” said Gregg. “And, Forbes, you may tell Dennis that Mr. Bartlett will spend the night.” He faced the wide stairway and raised his voice. “Sweetheart!” he called.

From above came the reply in contralto: “Hello, sweetheart!”

“Come down, sweetheart. I’ve brought you a visitor.”

“All right, sweetheart, in just a minute.”

Gregg let Bartlett into a living room that was five laps to the mile and suggestive of an Atlantic City auction sale.

“Sit there,” said the host, pointing to a balloon-stuffed easy chair, “and I’ll see if we can get a drink. I’ve got some real old Bourbon that I’d like you to try. You know I come from Chicago and always liked Bourbon better than Scotch. I mean I always preferred it to Scotch. Forbes,” he addressed the servant, “we want a drink. You’ll find a full bottle of that Bourbon in the cupboard.”

“It’s only half full, sir,” said Forbes.

“Half full! That’s funny! I mean I opened it last night and just took one drink. I mean it ought to be full.”

“It’s only half full,” repeated Forbes, and went to fetch it.

“I’ll have to investigate,” Gregg told his guest. “I mean this ain’t the first time lately that some of my good stuff has disappeared. When you keep so many servants, it’s hard to get all honest ones. But here’s Celia!”

Bartlett rose to greet the striking brunette who at this moment made an entrance so Delsarte as to be almost painful.<sup>1</sup> With never a glance at him, she minced across the room to her husband and took a half interest in a convincing kiss.

“Well, sweetheart,” she said when it was at last over.

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<sup>1</sup> **Bartlett rose to greet the striking brunette who at this moment made an entrance so Delsarte as to be almost painful** – this is a good example of contextual metonymy, as in this case under Delsarte is meant elegance of movement. (For metonymy see P. 12).

"This is Mr. Bartlett, sweetheart," said her husband. "Mr. Bartlett, meet Mrs. Gregg."

Bartlett shook his hostess's proffered two fingers.

"I'm so pleased!" said Celia in a voice reminiscent of Miss Claire's imitation of Miss Barrymore.

"Mr. Bartlett," Gregg went on, "is with *Mankind*, Ralph Doane's magazine. He is going to write me up; I mean us."

"No, you mean you," said Celia. "I'm sure the public is not interested in great men's wives."

"I'm sure you are mistaken, Mrs. Gregg," said Bartlett politely. "In this case at least. You are worth writing up aside from being a great man's wife."

"I'm afraid you are a flatterer, Mr. Bartlett," she returned.

"I have been out of the limelight so long that I doubt if anybody remembers me. I'm no longer an artist; merely a happy wife and mother."

"And I claim, sweetheart," said Gregg, "that it takes an artist to be that."

"Oh, no, sweetheart!" said Celia. "Not when they have you for a husband!"

The exchange of hosannahs was interrupted by the arrival of Forbes with the tray.

"Will you take yours straight or in a high-ball?" Gregg inquired of his guest.

"Personally I like good whiskey straight. I mean mixing it with water spoils the flavor. I mean whiskey like this, it seems like a crime to mix it with water."

"I'll have mine straight," said Bartlett, who would have preferred a high-ball.

While the drinks were being prepared, he observed his hostess more closely and thought how much more charming she would be if she had used finesse in improving on nature. Her cheeks, her mouth, her eyes, and lashes had been, he guessed, far above the average in beauty before she had begun experimenting with them. And her experiments had been clumsy. She was handsome in spite of her efforts to be handsomer.

"Listen, sweetheart," said her husband. "One of the servants has been helping himself to this Bourbon. I mean it was a full bottle last night and I only had had one little drink out of it. And now it's less than half full. Who do you suppose has been at it?"

"How do I know, sweetheart? Maybe the grocery man or the iceman or somebody."

"But you and I and Forbes are the only ones that have a key. I mean it was locked up."

"Maybe you forget to lock it."

"I never do. Well, any way, Bartlett, here's a go!"

"Doesn't Mrs. Gregg indulge?" asked Bartlett.

"Only a cocktail before dinner," said Celia. "Lou objects to me drinking whiskey, and I don't like it much anyway."

"I don't object to your drinking whisky, sweetheart. I just object to your drinking to excess. I mean I think it coarsens a woman to drink. I mean it makes them coarse."

"Well, there's no argument, sweetheart. As I say, I don't care whether I have it or not."

"It certainly is great Bourbon!" said Bartlett, smacking his lips and putting his glass back on the tray.

"You bet it is!" Gregg agreed. "I mean you can't buy that kind of stuff any more. I mean it's real stuff. You help yourself when you want another. Mr. Bartlett is going to stay all night, sweetheart. I told him he could get a whole lot more of a line on us that way than just interviewing me in the office. I mean I'm tongue-tied when it comes to talking about my work and my success. I mean it's better to see me out here as I am, in my home, with my family. I mean my home life speaks for itself without my saying a word."

"But, sweetheart," said his wife, "what about Mr. Latham?"

"Gosh! I forget all about him! I must phone and see if I can call it off. That's terrible! You see," he explained to Bartlett, "I made a date to go up to Tarrytown tonight, to K.L. Latham's, the sugar people. We're going to talk over the new club. We're going to have a golf club that will make the rest of them look like a toy. I mean a real golf club! They want me to kind of run it. And I was to go up there tonight and talk it over. I'll phone and see if I can postpone it."

"Oh, don't postpone it on my account!" urged Bartlett. "I can come out again some other time, or I can see you in town."

"I don't see how you *can* postpone it, sweetheart," said Celia. "Didn't he say old Mr. King was coming over from White Plains? They'll be mad if you don't go."

"I'm afraid they would resent it, sweetheart. Well, I'll tell you. You can entertain Mr. Bartlett and I'll go up there right after dinner and come back as soon as I can. And Bartlett and I can talk when I get back."

"That suits me," said Bartlett.

"I'll be as entertaining as I can," said Celia, "but I'm afraid that isn't very entertaining. However, if I'm too much of a bore, there's plenty to read."

"No danger of my being bored," said Bartlett.

"Well, that's all fixed then," said the relieved host. "I hope you'll excuse me running away. But I don't see how I can get out of it. I mean with old King coming over from White Plains. I mean he's an old man. But listen, sweetheart - where are the kiddies? Mr. Bartlett wants to see them."

"Yes, indeed!" agreed the visitor.

"Of course you'd say so!" Celia said. "But we are proud of them! I suppose all parents are the same. They all think their own children are the only children in the world. Isn't that so, Mr. Bartlett? Or haven't you any children?"

"I'm sorry to say I'm not married."

"Oh, you poor thing! We pity him, don't we, sweetheart? But why aren't you, Mr. Bartlett? Don't tell me you're a woman hater!"

"Not now, anyway," said the gallant Bartlett.

"Do you get that, sweetheart? He's paying you a pretty compliment."

"I heard it, sweetheart. And now I'm sure he's a flatterer. But I must hurry and get the children before Hortense puts them to bed."

"Well," said Gregg when his wife had left the room, "would you say she's changed?"

"A little, and for the better. She's more than fulfilled her early promise."

"I think so," said Gregg. "I mean I think she was a beautiful girl and now she's an even more beautiful woman, I mean wifehood and maternity have given her a kind of a-well, you know - I mean a kind of a pose. I mean a pose. How about another drink?"

They were emptying their glasses when Celia returned with two of her little girls.

"The baby's in bed and I was afraid to ask Hortense to get her up again. But you'll see her in the morning. This is Norma

and this is Grace. Girls, this is Mr. Bartlett.”

The girls received this news calmly.

“Well, girls,” said Bartlett.

“What do you think of them, Bartlett?” demanded their father. “I mean what do you think of them?”

“They’re great!” replied the guest with creditable warmth.

“I mean aren’t they pretty?”

“I should say they are!”

“There, girls! Why don’t you thank Mr. Bartlett?”

“Thanks,” murmured Norma.

“How old are you, Norma?” asked Bartlett.

“Six,” said Norma.

“Well,” said Bartlett. “And how old is Grace?”

“Four,” replied Norma.

“Well,” said Bartlett. “And how old is baby sister?”

“One and a half,” answered Norma.

“Well,” said Bartlett.

As this seemed to be final, “Come, girls,” said their mother. “Kiss daddy good night and I’ll take you back you to Hortense.”

“I’ll take them,” said Gregg. “I’m going upstairs anyway. And you can show Bartlett around. I mean before is gets any darker.”

“Good night, girls,” said Bartlett, and the children murmured a good night.

“I’ll come and see you before you’re asleep,” Celia told them. And after Gregg had led them out, “Do you really think they’re pretty?” she asked Bartlett.

“I certainly do. Especially Norma. She’s the image of you,” said Bartlett.

“She looks a little like I used to,” Celia admitted. “But I hope she doesn’t look like me now. I’m too old looking.”

“You look remarkably young!” said Bartlett. “No one would believe you’re the mother of three children.”

“Oh, Mr. Bartlett! But I mustn’t forget I’m to ‘show you around!’ Lou is so proud of our home!”

“And with reason,” said Bartlett.

“It is wonderful! I call it our love nest. Quite a big nest, don’t you think? Mother says it’s too big to be cozy; she says she can’t think of it as a home. But I always say a place is whatever one makes of it. A woman can be happy in a tent if they love each other. And miserable in a royal palace without love. Don’t you think so, Mr. Bartlett?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Is this really such wonderful Bourbon? I think I’ll just take a sip of it and see what it’s like. It can’t hurt me if it’s so good. Do you think so, Mr. Bartlett?”



“I don’t believe so.”

“Well then, I’m going to taste it and if it hurts me it’s your fault.”

Celia poured a whiskey glass two-thirds full and drained it at a gulp.

“It is good, isn’t it?” she said. “Of course I’m not much of a judge as I don’t care for whiskey and Lou won’t let me drink it. But he’s raved so about this Bourbon that I did want to see what it was like. You won’t tell on me, will you, Mr. Bartlett?”

“Not I!”

“I wonder how it would be in a high-ball. Let’s you and I have just one. But I’m forgetting I’m supposed to show you the place. You won’t have time to drink a high-ball and see the place too before Lou comes down. Are you so crazy to see the place?”

“Not very.”

“Well, then, what do you say if we have a high-ball? And it’ll be a secret between you and I.”

They drank in silence and Celia pressed a button by the door.

“You may take the bottle and tray,” she told Forbes. “And now,” she said to Bartlett, “we’ll go out on the porch and see as much as we can see. You’ll have to guess the rest.”

Gregg, having changed his shirt and collar, joined them.

“Well,” he said to Bartlett, “have you seen everything?”

“I guess I have, Mr. Gregg,” lied the guest readily. “It’s a wonderful place!”

“We like it. I mean it suits us. I mean it’s my ideal of a real home. And Celia calls it love nest.”

“So she told me,” said Bartlett.

“She’ll always be sentimental,” said her husband.

He put his hand on her shoulder, but she drew away.

“I must run up and dress,” she said.

“Dress!” exclaimed Bartlett, who had been dazzled by her flowered green chiffon.

“Oh, I’m not going to really dress,” she said. “But I couldn’t wear this thing for dinner!”

“Perhaps you’d like to clean up a little, Bartlett,” said Gregg. “I mean Forbes will show you to your room if you want to go up.”

“It might be best,” said Bartlett.

Celia, in a black lace dinner gown, was rather quiet during the elaborate meal. Three or four times when Gregg addressed her, she seemed to be thinking of something else and had to ask, “What did you say, sweetheart?” Her face was red and Bartlett imagined that she had “sneaked” a drink or two besides the two helpings of Bourbon and the cocktail that had preceded the dinner.

“Well, I’ll leave you,” said Gregg when they were in the living room once more. “I mean the sooner I get started, the sooner I’ll be back. Sweetheart, try and keep your guest awake and don’t let him die of thirst. Au revoir, Bartlett. I’m sorry, but it can’t be helped. There’s a fresh bottle of the Bourbon, so go to it. I mean help yourself. It’s too bad you have to drink alone.”

“It is too bad, Mr. Bartlett,” said Celia when Gregg had gone.

“What’s too bad?” asked Bartlett.

“That you have to drink alone. I feel like I wasn’t being a good hostess to let you do it. In fact, I refuse to let you do it. I’ll join you in just a little wee sip.”

“But it’s so soon after dinner!”

“It’s never too soon! I’m going to have a drink myself and if you don’t join me, you’re a quitter.”

She mixed two life-sized high-balls and handed one to her guest.

“Now we’ll turn on the radio and see if we can’t stir things up. There! No, no! Who cares about the old baseball! Now! This is better! Let’s dance.”

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Gregg, but I don’t dance.”

“Well, you’re an old cheese! To make me dance alone! ‘All alone, yes, I’m all alone.’”

There was no affectation in her voice now and Bartlett was amazed at her unlabored grace as she glided around the big room.

“But it’s no fun alone,” she complained. “Let’s shut the damn thing off and talk.”

“I love to watch you dance,” said Bartlett.

“Yes, but I’m no Pavlova,” said Celia as she silenced the radio. “And besides, it’s time for a drink.”

“I’ve still got more than half of mine.”

“Well, you had that wine at dinner, so I’ll have to catch up with you.”

She poured herself another high-ball and began the task of “catching up.”

“The trouble with you, Mr. – now isn’t that a scream! I can’t think of your name.”

“Bartlett.”

“The trouble with you, Barker - do you know what’s the trouble with you? You’re too sober. See? You’re too damn sober! That’s the whole trouble, see? If you weren’t so sober, we’d be better off. See? What I can’t understand is how you can be so sober and me so high.”

“You’re not used to it.”

“Not used to it! That’s the cat’s pajamas! Say, I’m like this half the time, see? If I wasn’t, I’d die!”

“What does your husband say?”

“He don’t say because he don’t know. See, Barker? There’s nights when he’s out and there’s a few nights when I’m out myself. And there’s other nights when we’re both in and I pretend I’m sleepy and I go upstairs. See? But I don’t go to bed. See? I have a little party all by myself. See? If I didn’t, I’d die!”

“What do you mean, you’d die?”

“You’re dumb, Barker! You may be sober, but you’re dumb! Did you fall for all that apple sauce about the happy home and the contented wife? Listen, Barker – I’d give anything in the world to be out of this mess. I’d give anything to never see him again.”

“Don’t you love him any more? Doesn’t he love you? Or what?”

“Love! I never did love him! I didn’t know what love was! And all his love is for himself!”

“How did you happen to get married?”

“I was a kid; that’s the answer. A kid and ambitious. See! He was a director then and he got stuck on me and I thought he’d make me a star. See, Barker? I married him to get myself a chance. And now look at me!”

“I’d say you were fairly well off.”

“Well off, am I? I’d change places with the scum of the earth just to be free! See, Barker? And I could have been a star without any help if I’d only realized it. I had the looks and had the talent. I’ve got it yet. I could be a Swanson and get myself a marquis; maybe a prince! And look what I did get! A self-satisfied, self-centered – !<sup>1</sup> I thought he’d make me! See, Barker? Well, he’s made me all right; he’s made me a chronic mother and it’s wonder I’ve got any looks left.

“I fought at first. I told him marriage didn’t mean giving up my art, my lifework. But it was no use. He wanted a beautiful wife and beautiful children for his beautiful home. Just to show us off. See? I’m part of his chattels. See, Barker? I’m just like his big diamond or his cars or his horses. And he wouldn’t stand for his wife ‘lowering’ herself to act in pictures. Just as if pictures hadn’t made him!

“You go back to your magazine tomorrow and write about our love nest. See, Barker? And be sure and don’t get mixed and call it a baby ranch. Babies! You thought little Norma was pretty. Well, she is. And what is it going to get her? A rich – of a husband that treats her like a –! That’s what it’ll get her if I don’t interfere. I hope I don’t live long enough to see her grow up, but if I do, I’m going to advise her to run away from home and live her own life. And be somebody! Not a *thing* like I am! See, Barker?”

“Did you ever think of a divorce?”

“Did I ever think of one! Listen – but there’s no chance. I’ve got nothing on him, and no matter what he had on me, he’d never let the world know it. He’d keep me here and torture me like he does now, only worse. But I haven’t done anything wrong, see? The men I might care for, they’re all scared of him and his money and power. See, Barker? And the others are just as bad as him.

Like fat old Morris, the hotel man, that everybody thinks he’s a model husband. The reasons he don’t step out more is because he’s too stingy. But I could have him if I wanted him. Every time he gets near enough to me, he squeezes my hand. I guess he thinks it’s a nickel, the tight old –! But come on, Barker. Let’s have a drink. I’m running down.”

“I think it’s about time you were running up – upstairs,” said Bartlett. “If I were you, I’d try to be in bed and asleep when Gregg gets home.”

“You’re all right, Barker. And after this drink I’m doing to do just as you say. Only I thought of it before you did, see? I think of it lots of nights. And tonight you can help me out by telling him I had a bad headache.”

Left alone, Bartlett thought a while, then read, and finally dozed off. He was dozing when Gregg returned.

“Well, well, Bartlett,” said the great man, “did Celia desert you?”

“It was perfectly all right, Mr. Gregg. She had a headache and I told her to go to bed.”

“She’s had a lot of headaches lately; reads too much, I guess. Well, I’m sorry I had this date. It was about a new golf club and I had to be there. I mean I’m going to be president of it. I see you consoled yourself with some of the Bourbon. I mean the bottle doesn’t look as full as it did.”

“I hope you’ll forgive me for helping myself so generously,” said Bartlett. “I don’t get stuff like that every day!”

“Well, what do you say if we turn in? We can talk on the way to town tomorrow. Though I guess you won’t have much to ask me. I guess you know all about us. I mean you know all about us now.”

“Yes, indeed, Mr. Gregg. I’ve got plenty of material if I can just handle it.”

Celia had not put in an appearance when Gregg and his guest were ready to leave the house next day.

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<sup>1</sup>**And look what I did get! A self-satisfied, self-centered – ! –** This is an example of the syntactical stylistic device – aposiopesis. It is also called break-in-the-narrative. In this case a speaker either does not know what to say or does not want to complete his/her speech. Aposiopesis, on the one hand, offers a number of variants in deciphering the implication and, on the other, is highly predictable.

“She always sleeps late,” said Gregg.” I mean she never wakes up very early. But she’s later than usual this morning. Sweetheart!” he called up the stairs.

“Yes, sweetheart,” came the reply.

“Mr. Bartlett’s leaving now. I mean he’s going.”

“Oh, good-by, Mr. Bartlett. Please forgive me for not being down to see you off.”

“You’re forgiven, Mrs. Gregg. And thanks for your hospitality.”

“Good-by, sweetheart!”

“Good-by, sweetheart!”

## Note

1. **We’ve got plenty of room and extra pajama, if you don’t mind them silk.** Silk - type of cloth [especially very precious silk cloth is made in China and in India]
2. **Great man** –is used metaphorically for Lou Gregg
3. **I mean girls have got a lot more zip to them** – Girls have great appeal
4. **Rolls** –is contracted form of Rolls-Roils
5. **Pierce** – automobile with the shape/form of Pierce
6. **Arc de triomphe** - [Fr.] gateway
7. **Urbanesque** [Fr.] - city style
8. **Five laps to the mile**- was very near
9. **Atlantic City**- town resort on the beach of the Atlantic Ocean [State New-Jersey], place for entertaining, playing houses.
10. **Balloon-stuffed** – puffy like a balloon
11. **Miss Claire, Miss Barrymore** – American actresses
12. **Tarrytown** - place on the river Hudson, not far from New- York
13. **An revoir** [Fr.] - Good-by
14. **That’s the cat’s pajamas**- (slang) it’s first class! Type sort
15. **Apple sauce** - (Am. Slang)
16. **He don’t** (=doesn’t) step out more
17. **Chicago** –City of the state of Illinois
18. **Real old Bourbon** -French red wine
19. **Scotch** – some kind of alcoholic drink
20. **To be away from house** - to be far from the home
21. **To be put away for the night** – to place someone for night
22. **To escort somebody**- to accompany/ attend/ guide someone
23. **Delsarte** – (here) gracefully, elegantly. **Francois Alexander Delsarte** (1811-1871) – French musician and teacher. Founder of a special style of dance – expressiveness shown by body gestures
24. **Hosanna** - an exclamation of praise, esp. one to God
25. **Anna Pavlova** – XX century Russian ballet dancer

## Discussion

1. Characterize the text under study. Comment on the title of the story. Do you think the title of this text is appropriate? Is it specific? Explain. What do you think the title means? What is its stylistic function? What is the title compared with?
2. What is the general slant of the story? Is it humorous, pathetic, emotional, unemotional or satirical? What literary devices are used?
3. What is the main idea of the story? How is it conveyed to the reader - directly or indirectly?
4. Give brief summery of the text. Divide the text into 4 main components. Where is the climax of the story? Which is the most important word, phrase, passage, or paragraph in this text? Explain why it is important.
5. Portray the newspaper man. What newspaper does he represent?
6. Explain why the author calls Lou Cregg “great man”. Who is Lou? What kind of person is he? Prove your ideas.
7. What is the author’s method of describing Lou? Where does the author’s sympathy lie?

8. Does the description of Lou's house create emotional background for the future events? Does it emprise Lou's prosperity? What stylistic devices are used while describing "white house?" What do you know about the White House?
9. Who and what is Celia? Has she sacrificed herself and her career to her husband and family? Explain why.
10. What would you do if you were in Celia's shoes?
11. Are there any parts of the text that were confusing to you? Which are these parts? Why do you think you got confused?
12. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
13. Sometimes literary work leaves you with the feeling that there is more to tell. Did this text do this? What do you think might happen?
14. Would you like to read something else by this author? Why or why not?
15. Find different stylistic devices.

## **The Love Nest**

### *(Analysis)*

The title of the text "The Love Nest" attracts readers' attention even from the first sight. It seems that the situation takes place in the palace from the fairy tale. But after deep observation it transfers into unbelievable reality which is bitter and painful.

The main character of the short-story Lou Gregg - the president of Modern Pictures Inc. is arrogant and ambitious. He thinks that money and fame are globally the most precious things. In some cases the author mocks at his self-confidence. Lou made everything – a luxurious house, "a beautiful girl's love," prestigious job and celebrity, gratitude as he is "a great man." He boasts about his family and considers it as "a good investment without any losses but with great expenses;" and in addition explains frankly "but no amount of money is much to spend on home!" Lou is proud of his family and he warmly invites Mr. Bartlett to his "white house that might have been mistaken for the Yale Bowl" - who came to his magnificent office to write an article about "a great man." Lou wants to make good impression on a stranger. He is ready to receive him to dinner and all night to show how wealthy he is. The author tries to underline Lou's superiority who utters proudly: "We've got plenty of room and extra pajamas, if you don't mind them silk."

Celia seems very strange when she opens her heart to the newcomer – Mr. Bartlett. Lou is overconfident and arrogant of his wife, excellent family and surroundings. That's why he insisted on inviting the stranger. The President of Modern Pictures, Inc. is eager to show his possessions including the beautiful wife and the charming children. Lou has no doubt that Celia considers herself as the part of his chattels and compares herself to Lou's "big diamond or his car or his horses." Celia explains that they are the part of her husband's great exhibition which are always exposed. Lou's desire and inspiration of life is to own them – as his great possession. Celia gives the way to despair and she is sure "the public is not interested in great men's wives."

Their greeting and addressing to each other create tension and artificial relationship. "Sweetheart" sounds fallaciously, but in spite of this, it is the only string on which their family is held. Everything is too far from real love and healthy contacts, which should exist between passionate couples. Their love is based on fake and lie. To prove this idea one example is enough. He doesn't allow drinking his obedient wife, but Celia empties bottles of Bourbon and Scotch and blames their decent servants.

Lou is the insolent fellow and has impudence to characterize his wife as a person who "hates to be away from the house and kiddies any longer than she can help. Celia is a great home girl." He is overconfident that at present she is not the same girl as he married seven years ago. According to his deep research and analysis, the marriage and maternity changed and developed her. He mentions about her actress' career and how strange it seems that Mr. Bartlett remembers her beauty and vivacity in "The Cad." Lou boasts that Celia Sayles turned out to be a "sit-by-the-fire." He means that she likes a good time, but her home and kiddies come first. With the help of repetitions the author emphasizes his childish ideas for several times.

The author shows in bright colours Celia's unhappiness as "a great man" captured and made her prisoner. Lou stole her choice, freedom and independence and made "chronic mother" of her as they have three children. Celia is fed up with everything and honestly says: "A woman can be happy in a tent, if they love each other and miserable in a royal palace without love." This sentence is the climax of the story, which shows the whole reality of her feelings and way of thinking. She was a kid and had ambition when she married Lou. Celia had illusion that Lou as a director would help her desirable dream - to become a star - come true. But it was false. Now she regrets about her behaviour and is ready "to give anything in the world to be out of the mess. She would give anything to see him never again." She feels sorry about her choice and believes that she would have been a star without anyone's - especially Lou's - help, as she has "looks" and talent at the

same time, but he enthusiastically executed her future life.  
After reading the whole story, it becomes clear that the title “The Love Nest” is used ironically.

### Remember – don’t confuse

#### Appreciate, Value, Cherish - *to esteem highly a person*

**Appreciate and value** - are close synonyms and express “to consider somebody or something to be great worth.” *I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so rare.... She was a modern girl, she appreciated brains and power.*

**Cherish** - to take care of, to treat tenderly; to cherish children. **Cherish** also means to keep in the mind or heart; *to cherish hopes; to cherish ideas; to cherish plans; to cherish the memory of somebody or something; to cherish hatred against someone; to cherish love for someone, etc.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. I ----- more the kind word that is spoken close to my ear.
2. I thought then how very much he’d ----- a top-hat.
3. She ----- the memory of her father.
4. My decision was so beneficial that the whole staff ----- it.
5. The jeweler ----- the necklace at one thousand dollars.
6. I like your idea very much. I will ----- it.

#### Firm, Hard, Solid – *the sense of resisting pressure or weight*

**Firm** – compactness of structure having the power of taking its original shape when pressed, as firm muscles; a firm chin; a firm bed. *He tested the bed and found it firm...*

**Hard** – not easily yielding to the touch; having no elasticity; as, hard steel, hard wood, hard bread, hard ground; a hard stone, a hard bed. *His bed, too, was hard and this preserved him from fever.*

**Solid** – a term in physics is opposed to fluid or gaseous, as, solid fuel, a solid substance; when water freezes and becomes solid it is called ice. *The milk in his pail was frozen solid.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. I thought with nostalgia of my couch on the ----- dry ground.
2. I was glad to come out on the lawn and see the house there in the hollow, ----- and secure.
3. A ----- round chin that was ready to double itself at any moment.
4. They were very -----, very crisp.
5. The stones were ----- and ----- under my feet.
6. Jonathan tested the sofa and found it -----.

#### Occurrence, Event, Incident, Episode, Accident – *something that happens or takes place*

**Occurrence** - something that occurs, both important and unimportant. *The dog must be outraged at this occurrence, and eager to reflect a rescue.*

**Event** – is frequently applied to happening of great importance, both in history and in personal life. *I remember that he was present, in Cambridge, at the Congregation at which I received a doctor’s degree, and I remember his pleasure in the event.*

**Incident** – is often applied to a happening that provokes a break in diplomatic relations between countries and may be the cause of war, as, border incidents. *The protest march proceeded through town without an incident.*

**Episode** – means an important happening in a series of events. *You must put the whole thing behind you as a very unpleasant and unfortunate episode.*

**Accident** – 1. an unfortunate event that is not expected or intended, usually causing harm or injury; *He suffered a broken*



*leg in the traffic accident.* 2. something that happens unexpectedly or without apparent cause or reason. *The discovery of an oil well on the farm was a happy accident.* 3. the collocation by accident - by chance. *I found the missing watch completely by accident while cleaning out my desk.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The -----made a great impression on him.
2. Now that the actual -----was so close at hand, a queer calmness had settled upon him.
3. The ----- was finished, with the snapping of the lock.
4. I found the place with difficulty and almost -----.
5. We were involved in a very funny -----.
6. Last time I ran across her by -----.
7. After such an -----, he returned to duty with his brow still more tense.
8. The ----- made a great impression on him.
9. "It was a terrible ----- ". This phrase echoed among the people.
10. Since that ----- they had met on several occasions.

## EXERCISES

**1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:**

Investigate	Interest
Chance	Trouble
Pleasure	Personally
Proud	Marriage
Vivacious	Remarkable
Insure	Politely
Whole	Entrance

**2. Give antonyms of the following words:**

Escort	Private
Glittering	Vivacious
Demand	Murmur
Complain	Prefer
Enthusiasm	Heroic

**3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

- to run down
- to be pleasure to have somebody
- to have got a lot of zip
- to notify somebody about something
- to be through with shopping
- to put away for the night
- to be away from the house
- to see place while it's still daylight
- to remember someone as very pretty and vivacious

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. To move or act with energy or speed.
2. Person who establishes the newspaper or magazine.
3. Night dress; nightgown; nightshirt; nightie.
4. Inform; tell; alert; warn; report; give notice.
5. Compliment, praise, sweet talk; smooth talk; butter up.
6. Causing physical or mental pain; distressing.
7. A feeling of concern, involvement, or curiosity; the cause or source of such feeling.
8. A publication issued weekly or monthly, usually bound in a paper cover and containing articles, stories, pictures, or other features.
9. A person who is loved by and loves another.
10. The worst part of the earth.



***Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.  
The artist is the creator of beautiful things.***

*Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was born in Dublin into the family of a distinguished Irish surgeon and educated at Dublin and Oxford universities. His mother was a writer of poetry and prose. Under the influence of John Ruskin, Wilde joined the Aesthetic Movement and soon became its leader. He made himself the apostle of "art for art's sake" and of the cult of beauty.*

*The next ten years saw the appearance of all his major works. They include Fairy-tales; *The Happy Prince* [1888], *A House of Pomegranates* [1891], the novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* [1891], several sparkling comedies, up to now repeatedly produced all over the world: *Lady Windermere's Fan* [1893], *A Woman of No Importance* [1894], *An Ideal Husband* [1895]. Oscar Wilde also wrote poems, political and literary essays and various occasional pieces on history, drama and painting. He had the reputation of a brilliant society wit. Wilde's splendid literary career and social position suddenly collapsed when in 1895 he was sentenced to a two-years' term of imprisonment for immoral practices. In 1898 he published his best-known poem "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."*

## THE SPHINX WITHOUT A SECRET

One afternoon I was sitting outside the Café de la Paix, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my vermouth at the strange panorama of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard some one call my name. I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we had been at college together, nearly ten years before, so I was delighted to come across him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely; he was so handsome, so high-spirited, and so honourable. We used to say of him that he would be the best of fellows, if he did not always speak the truth, but I think we really admired him all the more for his frankness. I found him a good deal changed. He looked anxious and puzzled and seemed to be in doubt about something. I felt it could not be modern skepticism, for Murchison was the stoutest of Tories, and believed in the Pentateuch as firmly as he believed in the House of Peers; so I concluded that it was a woman, and asked him if he was married yet.

"I don't understand women well enough," he answered.

"My dear Gerald, "I said, "women are meant to be loved, not to be understood."

"I cannot love where I cannot trust," he replied.

"I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald, I exclaimed; "tell me about it."

"Let us for a drive," he answered, "it is too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage, any other color there, that dark green one will do;" and in a few moments we were trotting down the boulevard in the direction of the Madeleine.

"Where shall we go to?"

"Oh, anywhere you like!" he answered to the restaurant in the Bois; we will dine there, and you shall tell me all about yourself."

“I want to hear about you first,” I said. “Tell me your mystery.”

He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was the photograph of a woman. She was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair. She looked like a clairvoyant, and was wrapped in rich furs.

“What do you think of that face?” he said; “is it truthful?”

I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of some one, who had a secret, but whether that secret was good or evil I could not say. Its beauty was a beauty moulded out of many mysteries of the beauty,<sup>1</sup> in fact, which is psychological, not plastic and the faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet.

“Well,” he cried impatiently, “what do you say?”

“She is the *Giaconda* in sable,” I answered. “Let me know all about her.”

“Not now,” he said; “after dinner,” and began to talk of other things.

When the waiter brought us our coffee and cigarettes I reminded Gerald of his promise. He rose from his seat, walked two or three times up and down the room, and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story:

“One evening,” he said, “I was walking down Bond Street at about five o’clock.”

There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or other, attracted my attention. As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. It fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham; but I could not find *ma bella inconnue*, and at last I began to think she was merely a dream. After a week afterwards I was dining with *Madame de Rastail*. Dinner was for eight o’clock; but at half-past eight we were still waiting in the drawing-room. Finally the servant threw open door, and announced *Lady Alroy*. It was the woman I had been looking for. She came in very slowly, looking like a moonbeam in grey lace,<sup>2</sup> and, to my intense delight, I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down, I remarked quite innocently, “I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, *Lady Alroy*.” She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, “Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard.” I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning, and plunged recklessly into the subject of the French plays. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was afraid of some one listening. I fell passionately, stupid in love, and the indefinable atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her excited my most ardent curiosity. When she was going away, which she did very soon after dinner, I asked her if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment, glanced round to see if any one was near us, and then said, “Yes; tomorrow at a quarter to five.” I begged *Madame de Rastail* to tell me about her; but all that I could learn was that she was a widow with a beautiful house in Park Lane, and as some scientific bore began a dissertation on widows, as exemplifying the survival of the matrimonially fittest, I left and went home.

The next day I arrived at Park Lane punctual to the moment, but was told by the butler that *lady Alroy* had just gone out, I went down to the club quite unhappy and very much puzzled, and after long consideration wrote her a letter, asking if I might be allowed to try my chance some other afternoon. I had no answer for several days, but at last I got a little note saying she would be at home on Sunday at four and with this extraordinary postscript: “Please do not write to me here again; I will explain when I see you.” On Sunday she received me, and was perfectly charming; but when I was going away she begged of me, if I ever had occasion to write to her again, to address my letter to “Mrs. Knox, care of *Whittaker’s Library*, Green Street. “There are reasons,” she said, “why I cannot receive letter in my own house.”

“All through the season I saw a great deal of her and the atmosphere of mystery never left her. Sometimes I thought that she was in the power of some man, but she looked so unapproachable, that I could not believe it. It was really very difficult for me to come to any conclusion, for she was like one of those strange crystals that one sees in museums, which are at one moment clear, and at another clouded. At last I determined to ask her to be my wife; I was sick and tired of the incessant secrecy that she imposed on all my visits, and on the few letters I sent her. I wrote to her at the library to ask her if she could see me the following Monday at six. She answered yes, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I was infatuated with her in spite of the mystery, I thought then in consequence of it, I saw now. No; it was the woman herself I loved. The mystery troubled me, maddened me. Why did chance put me in its track?”

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<sup>1</sup> **Its beauty was a beauty moulded out of many mysteries of the beauty** – metaphor (For metaphor see P. 13).

<sup>2</sup> . . . **looking like a moonbeam in grey lace** – simile (For simile see P. 27).

You discovered it, then? I cried.

"I fear so," he answered. "You can judge for yourself."

When Monday came round I went to lunch with my uncle, and about four o'clock found myself in the Marylebone Road. My uncle, you know, lives in Regent's Park. I wanted to get to Piccadilly, and took a short cut through a lot of shabby little streets. Suddenly I saw in front of me Lady Alroy, deeply veiled and walking very fast. On coming to the last house in the street, she went up the steps, took out a latch-key, and let herself in. "Here is the mystery," I said to myself; and I hurried on and examined the house. It seemed a sort of place for letting lodgings. On the doorstep lay her handkerchief, which she had drooped. I picked it up in my pocket. Then I began to consider what I should do. I came to the conclusion that I had no right to spy on her, and drove down to the club. At six I called to see her. She was lying on a sofa, in a tea-gown of silver tissue looped up by some strange moonstones that she always wore. She was looking quite lovely. "I am so glad to see you," she said; "I have been out all day." I stared at her in amazement, and pulling the handkerchief out of my pocket, handed it to her. "You dropped this in Cumnor Street this afternoon, Lady Alroy, I said very calmly. She looked at me in terror but made no attempt to take the handkerchief. What were you doing there?" I asked. "What rights have you to question me?" she answered. "The right of a man who loves you," I replied; "I came here to ask you to be my wife." She hid her face in her hands, and burst into floods of tears. "You must tell me," I continued. She stood up, and, looking me straight in the face, said, "Lord Murchison, there is nothing to tell you." "You went to meet some one," I cried; "this is your mystery." She grew dreadfully white, and said, "I went to meet no one." "Can't you tell the truth?" I exclaimed. "I have told it," she replied. I was mad, fanatic; I don't know what I said, but I said terrible things to her. Finally I rushed out of the house. She wrote me a letter the next day; I sent it back unopened, and started for Norway with Alan Colville. After a month I came back, and the first thing I saw in the Morning Post was the death of Lady Alroy. She had caught a chill at the Opera, and had died in five days of congestion of the lungs. I shut myself up and saw no one. I had loved her so much; I had loved her so madly. Good God! How I had loved that woman!"

"You went to the street, to the house in it?" I said.

"Yes," he answered.

One day I went to Cumnor Street. I could not help it; I was tortured with doubt. I knocked at the door, and a respectable-looking woman opened it to me. I asked her if she had any rooms to let; but I have not seen the lady for three months, and as rent is owing on them, you can have them." "Is this the lady?" I said, showing the photograph." "That's her, sure enough," she exclaimed; "and when is she coming back, sir?" "The lady is dead," I replied. "Oh sir, I hope not!" said the woman; "she was my best lodger. She paid me three guineas a week merely to sit in my drawing-rooms now and then." "She met some one here?" I said; but the woman assured me that it was not so, that she always came alone, and saw no one. "What on earth did she do here?" I cried. "She simply sat in the drawing-room, sir, reading books, and sometimes had tea," the woman answered, I did not know what to say, so I gave her a sovereign and away. Now, what do you think it all meant? You don't believe the woman was telling the truth?"

"I do."

Then why did Lady Alroy go there?"

"My dear Gerald. "I answered, "Lady Alroy was simply a woman with mania for mystery. She took these rooms for the pleasure of going there with her veil down and imaging she was a heroine. She had a passion for secrecy, but she herself was merely a Sphinx without a secret."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it," I replied.

He took out morocco case, opened it, and looked at the photograph. "I wonder?" he said at last.

## Notes

1. **Mystery**- secrecy, anonymity, obscurity, vagueness, unknown, anonymous
2. **Sphinx**- is any Egyptian statue or figure having typically body of a lion and the head of a man ram or hawk
3. **Café de la Paix** – one of the cafes in Paris
4. **Splendor** –magnificent, finery, majesty, brilliance, grandeur, luxury
5. **Shabbiness** –scruffiness, untidiness, raggedness, grunginess. Antonym- elegance
6. **Parisian** - a person who was born or is living in Paris; relating to Paris or its people
7. **Panorama** - view, scene, landscape, vista, scenery
8. **Oxford** – a city in south-central England, on the Thames.
9. **To be delighted** - to be pleased; to be charmed; to be enchanted; to be overjoyed; to be elated; Antonym – to be unhappy
10. **To come across him again** – to see him by chance once more
11. **Shake hands warmly** – greeting each other tenderly; kindly
12. **Immensely**- hugely, vastly, enormously, massively, greatly, incalculably
13. **Handsome**- good-looking, fine-looking, attractive, striking, gorgeous
14. **High –spirited**-cheerful, enthusiastic, lively, energetic Antonym lethargic
15. **Honorable** – admirable, worthy, praiseworthy, moral, principle, good, respectable, upright
16. **To be the best of fellows** – to be a very good fellow
17. **Speak the truth** –talk facts; articulate reality; tell exactness; converse certainty
18. **Really admired** - actually well-liked; truly accepted
19. **Frankness** – honesty, forthrightness, openness, bluntness, truthfulness, lack of guile, guilelessness, outspoken
20. **To be modern skepticism** –to be contemporary cynicism; to be fashionable disbelief
21. **Tories (sing. Tory)** – members of the political party in Great Britain that favoured rule by the king and the preservation of the established Anglican Church. Since 1832, it has been known as the Conservative Party
22. **Pentateuch** – the first five books of the Old Testament
23. **Clairvoyant** – a person who has the ability to see or know about objects or events that are not in sight or that can't be seen; psychic, mystic, spiritualist, telepathist, diviner, seer, mind reader
24. **The House of Peers** – A part of the Parliament
25. **Morocco** – leather that originally came from Morocco, made from goatskin and used for the bindings of fine books.
26. **Silver-clasped morocco case** – a case that is made of morocco and has silver fastening
27. **Bella inconnue** – [Fr.] my beautiful stranger
28. **Slight** - small, minor, unimportant, trivial, insignificant, slender, slim. Antonym - considerable
29. **A lodger** - inhabitant, dweller, tenant, resident
30. **Strangely picturesque** – eccentrically charming
31. **Loosened hair** - untied hair; undone hair
32. **To be wrapped in rich furs** – to be covered in rich furs; to be swathed in prosperous furs

## Discussion

1. Define the story under study and give its essence. What is the general subject of the story?
2. Do you think the title of this short story is appropriate? Is it significant? What do you think the title means?
3. Divide the text into logically complete parts and give a brief summary of each. Choose a key sentence in each part.
4. What do you think why O. Wilde calls the heroine of the story a Sphinx? Give your point of view.
5. Comment on the place and time of the action. What gives logical coloring to the action and makes us understand that the action takes place in France?
6. Who are the people in the story? How are the personages drawn? Does the author characterize them from his own angle, or through their behavior, speech, thought, action, and mutual attitudes? Prove your ideas. Give examples from the text.
7. Explain these phrases “I don't understand women well enough,” “women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.”
8. What is implication of the following sentence - “I believe you have a mystery in your life.”
9. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
10. What would you do if you were in Lady Alroy's shoe?
11. How did this story make you feel? Explain. Do you share any of the feelings of the character in this story? Explain.
12. Are there any parts of the story that were confusing to you? Which are they? Why do you think you got confused?
13. Find all stylistic devices given in the text.



## The Sphinx without a Secret (Analysis)

Mystery is anything that is kept in secret or remains unexplained or unknown. History of humankind knows lots of events that remain unsolved and still are anonymous. The same strange problem - secrecy is shown in the story. Why does the author call the heroine the Sphinx? What is the Sphinx in old Greek mythology? It is any Egyptian statue or figure having typically body of a lion and the head of a man ram or hawk. In old Greek mythology a winged monster with a lion's body and the head and breasts of a woman was perched on a rock near Thebes, and asked a riddle of every passer-by, strangling all who could not answer killed them. Oedipus solved the riddle, and the Sphinx killed herself. Nothing is common between mythology and the story except the ending – both Sphinxes are dead.

Many things are mysterious. Sometimes people can't find any clarification of the whole process of mystery. Life is full of mystery and clandestine - secret. Secret is something known only to oneself or a few and kept from public. Especially women pretend to be full of anonymity, obscurity, vagueness. The same thing happened with the heroine of the story – Alroy. She, beautifully dressed and veil-faced rented the apartment where “she simply sat in the drawing room, reading books and sometimes had tea.” Alroy wanted to be in limelight and “had a passion for secrecy.” May be it is impossible and incredible to be Sphinx without a secret.

While reading she seems to be spilling over of intrigue and conspiracy, as she deceives Lord Murchison. But after reaching the climax of the story, instead of opening lady's mystery and concealment, a reader understands that nothing serious was happening. A reader may even seem disappointed as he/she was definitely expecting something significant to happen. Such device is called anticlimax.<sup>1</sup> In front of a stained and stressed reader there is emptiness, meaninglessness and somehow purposelessness.

### Remember - don't confuse

**Frankness, Honesty, Forthrightness, Openness, Bluntness, Truthfulness, Outspokenness – the state or quality of being honest**

**Frankness** – honest and open in expressing one's thoughts and feelings; *My frankness is true.*

**Honesty** – the state or quality of being honest; *The honesty of his answer is not in question;* truthfulness; sincerity; fairness. *He could not, in all honesty, agree to their terms.*

**Forthrightness** - going straight to the point; straightforward; frank.

**Openness** – directness, frankness, sincerity, candidness. *Her openness toward me was really unbelievable.*

**Bluntness** – candor, frankness, straightforwardness, *Bluntness can hurt someone's feeling.*

**Truthfulness** - usually or habitually telling the truth; conforming to truth, fact or reality. *The truthfulness of the facts creates the real life of the prison.*

**Outspokenness** – uttering something frankly or boldly *The senator showed outspokenness in his criticism of the President.*

**Exercise 1.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. My ----- expresses what I really think.
2. At the parents' meeting the teacher couldn't help showing her ----- in her disapproval of the pupils' behavior.
3. ----- is the best feature of Kathy, which helps me to rely on her.
4. The accused person tried to reveal his ----- which was really honest.
5. Listening to ----- is difficult as it can hurt anybody's emotion. But in some cases it is very useful.
6. The head of the trade department expressed ----- in his criticism of the manager of the department.
7. The referee's ----- encouraged footballers.
8. The ----- of his declaration was not truthful and she did not believe in his feelings.

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<sup>1</sup> **anticlimax** - sudden drop from the lofty or serious to the ridiculous.

### **Sluggish, Tired, Weary, Exhausted - the state of being worn out and pooped**

**Sluggish** –having little motion, speed, or activity; showing a lack of vigor, energy, or alertness; *After hard working day he has sluggish mind.*

**Tired** –adj. worn –out; weary, exhausted. **Tiredly**, adv. **Tiredness**, n. *He got tired after long and boring treatment.*

**Weary** – extremely tired, as from hard labour; fatigued: *We were weary after a long day's drive.*

**Exhausted** - the state of being tired or worn out. *He was so exhausted after long and hard-working day.*

**Exercise 2.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. He grew ----- of staying home.
2. She had no energy at all, but was not able to explain why she felt so -----.
3. The members of the family became ----- after tidying up the flat.
4. Usually students are very ----- after passing examinations.
5. The gardener was too ----, and the blisters on his hands made digging so painful that he could hardly hold the spade.
6. ----- children were followed by an old man in a black coat with silver buttons.
7. After preparing the hardest examination test they had---- minds.
8. When she was so -----, she saw tiredness in the faces of others.
9. ----- but succeeded soldiers were returning back to their home town.
10. The ship crew was awfully ----- after a month trip/ traveling in the Atlantic Ocean.

### **Bear, Endure, Suffer, Stand, Tolerate – to sustain or undergo something painful or trying**

**Bear** - to put with something disagreeable (a person, a thing, a situation, etc) even in case of unwillingness. *He stood there laughing I could not bear it, it made me frightened, ill.*

**Endure** – to undergo without yielding; stand; bear; *She endured the hike through the forest without complaint;* to put up with; tolerate; *She can't endure his rudeness.*

**Suffer** –to bear up under; put up with; tolerate; *We still tolerate among us numbers of aliens who take the bread out of the mouth of our own people.*

**Stand** – the ability to resist, to withstand, as, to stand the attack; to stand the ill-treatment, etc. *I can't stand all this, any amount of it.*

**Tolerate** – to suffer or endure; to put up with; bear. What brutality there must be in a man who can tolerate and watch the coarse activities of the fascists?

**Exercise 3.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. I wonder if you can ever ----- to leave the house.
2. There the fresh has to -----, things the spirit too must -----.
3. Our teacher will not ----- noise in the classroom.
4. How can you ----- all this noise while you work?
5. I can't ----- the thought of your going to seed in a rotten little hole like this.
6. If you could ----- it, there's no reason why others shouldn't.
7. When will this wind stop? I can't ----- much more.
8. Would he ever ----- the idea.
9. I don't want to ----- it alone I want to share it with you.
10. The colonel tells you that the enemy has ----- a sharp defeat and severe losses.
11. Once again I ----- the intolerable discomfort that floods one after lack of tact.
12. She could not ----- seeing animals treated cruelly.
13. Suddenly I could ----- it no longer and I jumped and there was nothing there at all but the spongy ground.
14. He can't----- idleness.
15. I tried to get up but my legs were things of straw, they would not ---- me.

### **Evident, Apparent, Obvious – easily seen or understood**

**Evident** – implies visible signs which point to the one conclusion as to another person's state of mind, a hidden condition,

an imminent event. *He looked at the children with evident pride.*

**Apparent** - implies coming to the conclusion not only as a result of what is visible but also by elaborate reasoning; it is applicable to something which is understood by considering facts and forming conclusions. *The marks of a struggle were apparent in broken shrubbery.*

**Obvious** – emphasizes ease in discovery or in accounting for; it is applied to something that that is easily visible, clearly seen and understood; something that is so open to the eye or mind that it can't be missed. *The application of the remark was obvious.*

**Exercise 4.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The contradiction was-----.
2. Soon it was ----- that he was not at all wanted.
3. We have said the minimum of----- things to each other.
4. It must be ----- to everybody that he loves her passionately.
5. It had been done so cleverly, that it was not----- at the first casual glance.
6. It is not for me to comment on your admirable taste, it is----- that you and I think alike on those matters.
7. I dare say the ----- pleasure his conversation have gratified him.
8. His black eye was ----- even though he wore dark glasses.
9. I was struck by his ----- power of conversation.
10. It was ----- that he did not like the play.
11. She made it ----- that she did not want to go to the wedding party.
12. It was clearly ----- that they did not appreciated his behavior.

### EXERSICES

**1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:**

<b>Impatiently</b>	<b>Innocently</b>
<b>Intense</b>	<b>Crush</b>
<b>Sinking</b>	<b>Puzzled</b>
<b>Concluded</b>	<b>Case</b>
<b>Conclude</b>	<b>Boulevard</b>
<b>Direction</b>	<b>Clairvoyant</b>

**2. Give antonyms of the following words:**

<b>Shabbiness</b>	<b>Recklessly</b>
<b>Poverty</b>	<b>Passionately</b>
<b>Skepticism</b>	<b>Vague</b>
<b>Peer</b>	<b>Faint</b>
<b>Terrific</b>	<b>Punctual</b>
<b>Exemplifying</b>	<b>Secrecy</b>

**3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

to be like one of those strange crystals that one sees in museums  
to come to any conclusion  
to fall stupid in love  
to arrive punctual to the moment  
to beg someone  
to fall passionately in love  
to find him a good deal changes  
to look anxious and puzzled  
to seem to be in doubt about something  
used to say of him

**4. Exercise Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text**

1. A wide or complete view of an area: a picture or series of pictures unrolled and passed before viewers, showing a continuous scene.

2. A sense of one's personal worth or dignity; self-respect; an exaggerated or unreasonable sense of one's worth or importance.
3. The state or condition of being poor; the lack what is needed or desired.
4. Good-looking of pleasing appearance: said especially of attractiveness.
5. Uneasy, worried, and fearful about what may happen; earnestly and eagerly desiring.
6. To confuse or bewilder.
7. A doubting or questioning attitude or state of mind; doubt about religious beliefs.
8. A payment for the use of property, especially such payment made regularly by a tenant to a landlord or owner.
9. To speak or cry out suddenly, as in anger or surprise.
10. A piece of lightweight fabric, as of lace, silk, or net, worn especially by women over the head and shoulder, or as a covering for the face.
11. A woman admired and looked up to for her bravery or noble qualities; the chief female character in a story, play, or poem.
12. A person who rents a room or rooms, as in a private home.
13. A great flow or overflowing of water, especially over normally dry land.
14. A strong or intense feeling, such as love, hate, or anger; a strong liking, desire, or enthusiasm.
15. Causing fear or awe; terrible.



*Here lie the ashes of Dorothy Parker (1893 – 1967) a humorist, writer, critic. Defender of human and civil rights. For her epitaph she suggested, ‘Excuse my dust’. This memorial garden is dedicated to her noble spirit which celebrated the oneness of humankind and to the bonds of everlasting friendship between the black and the Jewish people. Dedicated by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. October 28, 1988*



*Dorothy Parker was born in West End, New Jersey, as the fourth and last child of Jacob (Henry) Rothschild, a garment manufacturer, and Annie Eliza (Marston) Rothschild, the daughter of a machinist at Phoenix Armour.*

*Parker was educated at a Catholic school. “But as for helping me in the outside world, the convent taught me only that if you spit on a pencil eraser it will erase in,” Parker said later in an interview. She moved to New York City, when she wrote during the day and earned money at night playing the piano in a dancing school. In 1916 Parker sold some of her poetry to the editor of Vogue, and was given the position of an editor. In 1917 she married Edwin Pond Parker II, a stockbroker, whom she later divorced. Edwin was wounded in World War I, he was an alcoholic, and during the war he became addicted to morphine.*

*From 1917 to 1920 Parker worked for Vanity Fair. Frank Crownshield, the managing editor of the magazine, later recalled that she had “the quickest tongue imaginable, and I need not to say the keenest sense of mockery.” With two other writers Robert Benchley and Robert Sherwood, Parker formed the nucleus of the Algonquin Round Table, an informal luncheon club held at New York City’s Algonquin Hotel on Forty-Fourth Street. Other members included Ring Lardner and James Thurber. Parker was usually the only woman in the group. Alan Rudolph’s film Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle (1994), starring Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, Matthew Broderick, depicted the life of the author and her friends around the famous Algonquin Round Table.*

*Between the years 1927 and 1933 Parker wrote book reviews for The New Yorker. Her texts continued to appear in the magazine at irregular intervals until 1955. Parker’s first collection of poems, Enough Rope, was published in 1926. It contained the often-quoted ‘Résumé’ on suicide, and ‘News Item’.*

*Enough Rope became a bestseller and was followed by Sunset Guns (1928) and Death and Taxes (1931), which were collected in Collected Poems: Not So Deep As a Well (1936). Her poems were sardonic, usually dry, elegant commentaries on departing or departed love, or shallowness of modern life: “Why it no one sent me yet is / one perfect limousine, do you suppose? / Ah no, it’s always just my luck to get / One perfect rose.” (1926) Parker’s short story collections, After Such Pleasures (1932) and Here Lies (1939), proved sharp understanding of human nature. Among her best-known pieces are ‘A Big Blonde’, which won her O. Henry Prize, and the soliloquies ‘A Telephone Call’ and ‘The Waltz’.*

*During the 1920s Parker had extra-marital affairs; she drank heavily and attempted suicide three times, but maintained the high quality of her texts. In the 1930s Parker moved with her second husband, Alan Campbell, to Hollywood. She worked there as a screenwriter on the film A Star Is Born (1937), directed by William Wellman and starring Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou. The film received an Oscar for Best Original Story. In Alfred Hitchcock’s film Saboteur (1940) Parker collaborated with Peter Vierter and Joan Harrison. Her contribution is mainly visible in some of the bizarre details of the circus the hero (Robert Cummings) takes refuge in, with its squabbling Siamese twins, its bearded lady in curlers and a malevolent dwarf who acts and dresses a bit like Hitler.*

*With Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett, Parker helped to found the Screen Writers’ Guild. She also reported on the Spanish Civil War, and collaborated on several plays. Temptations of Hollywood did not make Parker any softer, which a number of film stars had to face. When Joan Crawford was married to Franchot Tone, she became obsessed*

*with self-improvement. Parker said: "You can take a whore to culture, but you can't make her think." Parker had taken an early stand against Fascism and Nazism and she declared herself a Communist, for which she was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. Her last major film project was *The Fan* (1949), directed by Otto Preminger. It was based on Oscar Wilde's play *Lady Windermere's Fan*, but Wilde's witty comments on society and Parker's updating did not amuse the audience. Later Preminger admitted that "it was one of the few pictures I disliked while I was working on it." Parker died alone on June 7, 1967 in the New York hotel that had become her final home. She left her estate to civil rights leader Martin Luther King, Jr.*



### A TELEPHONE CALL

PLEASE, God, let him telephone me now. Dear God, let him call me now. I won't task anything else of You, truly I won't. It isn't very much to ask. It would be so little to You, God, such a little, little thing. Only let him telephone now. Please, God. Please, please, please.

If I didn't think about it, maybe the telephone might ring. Sometimes it does that. If I could think of something else. If I could think of something else. Knobby if I counted five hundred by fives, it might ring by that time. I'll count slowly. I won't cheat. And if it rings when I get to three hundred, I won't stop; I won't answer it until I get to five hundred. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty... Oh, please ring. Please.

This is the last time I'll look at the clock. I will not look at it again. It's ten minutes past seven. He said he would telephone at five o'clock. "I'll call you at five, darling." I think that's where he said "darling." I'm almost sure he said it there. I know he called me "darling" twice, and the other time was when he said good-by. "Good-by, darling." He was busy, and he can't say much in the office, but he called me "darling" twice. He couldn't have minded my calling him up. I know you shouldn't keep telephoning them--I know they don't like that. When you do that they know you are thinking about them and wanting them, and that makes them hate you. But I hadn't talked to him in three days--not in three days. And all I did was ask him how he was; it was just the way anybody might have called him up. He couldn't have minded that. He couldn't have thought I was bothering him. "No, of course you're not," he said. And he said he'd telephone me. He didn't have to say that. I didn't ask him to, truly I didn't. I'm sure I didn't. I don't think he would say he'd telephone me, and then just never do it. Please don't let him do that, God. Please don't. "I'll call you at five, darling." "Good-by, darling." He was busy, and he was in a hurry, and there were people around him, but he called me "darling" twice. That's mine, that's mine. I have that, even if I never see him again. Oh, but that's so little. That isn't enough. Nothing's enough, if I never see him again. Please let me see him again, God. Please, I want him so much. I want him so much. I'll be good, God. I will try to be better, I will, If you will let me see him again. If You will let him telephone me. Oh, let him telephone me now.

Ah, don't let my prayer seem too little to You, God. You sit up there, so white and old, with all the angels about You and the stars slipping by. And I come to You with a prayer about a telephone call. Ah, don't laugh, God. You see, You don't know how it feels. You're so safe, there on Your throne, with the blue swirling under You. Nothing can touch You; no one can twist Your heart in his hands. This is suffering, God, this is bad, bad suffering. Won't You help me? For Your Son's sake, help me. You said You would do whatever was asked of You in His name. Oh, God, in the name of Thine only beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, let him telephone me now.

I must stop this. I mustn't be this way. Look. Suppose a young man says he'll call a girl up, and then something happens, and he doesn't. That isn't so terrible, is it? Why, it's gong on all over the world, right this minute. Oh, what do I care what's going on all over the world? Why can't that telephone ring? Why can't it, why can't it? Couldn't you ring? Ah, please, couldn't you? You damned, ugly, shiny thing. It would hurt you to ring, wouldn't it? Oh, that would hurt you. Damn you, I'll pull your filthy roots out of the wall, I'll smash your smug black face in little bits. Damn you to hell.

No, no, no. I must stop. I must think about something else. This is what I'll do. I'll put the clock in the other room. Then I can't look at it. If I do have to look at it, then I'll have to walk into the bedroom, and that will be something to do. Maybe, before I look at it again, he will call me. I'll be so sweet to him, if he calls me. If he says he can't see me tonight, I'll say, "Why, that's all right, dear. Why, of course it's all right." I'll be the way I was when I first met him. Then maybe he'll like me again. I was always sweet, at first. Oh, it's so easy to be sweet to people before you love them.



I think he must still like me a little. He couldn't have called me «darling» twice today, if he didn't still like me a little. It isn't all gone, if he still likes me a little; even if it's only a little, little bit. You see, God, if You would just let him telephone me, I wouldn't have to ask You anything more. I would be sweet to him, I would be gay, I would be just the way I used to be, and then he would love me again. And then I would never have to ask You for anything more. Don't You see, God? So won't You please let him telephone me? Won't You please, please, please?

Are You punishing me, God, because I've been bad? Are You angry with me because I did that? Oh, but, God, there are so many bad people --You could not be hard only to me. And it wasn't very bad; it couldn't have been bad. We didn't hurt anybody, God. Things are only bad when they hurt people. We didn't hurt one single soul; You know that. You know it wasn't bad, don't You, God? So won't You let him telephone me now?

If he doesn't telephone me, I'll know God is angry with me. I'll count five hundred by fives, and if he hasn't called me then, I will know God isn't going to help me, ever again. That will be the sign. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five. . . It was bad. I knew it was bad. All right, God, send me to hell. You think You're frightening me with Your hell, don't You? You think. Your hell is worse than mine.

I mustn't. I mustn't do this. Suppose he's a little late calling me up --that's nothing to get hysterical about. Maybe he isn't going to call--maybe he's coming straight up here without telephoning. He'll be cross if he sees I have been crying. They don't like you to cry. He doesn't cry. I wish to God I could make him cry. I wish I could make him cry and tread the floor and feel his heart heavy and big and festering in him. I wish I could hurt him like hell.

He doesn't wish that about me. I don't think he even knows how he makes me feel. I wish he could know, without my telling him. They don't like you to tell them they've made you cry. They don't like you to tell them you're unhappy because of them. If you do, they think you're possessive and exacting. And then they hate you. They hate you whenever you say anything you really think. You always have to keep playing little games. Oh, I thought we didn't have to; I thought this was so big I could say whatever I meant. I guess you can't, ever. I guess there isn't ever anything big enough for that. Oh, if he would just telephone, I wouldn't tell him I had been sad about him. They hate sad people. I would be so sweet and so gay, he couldn't help but like me. If he would only telephone. If he would only telephone.



Maybe that's what he is doing. Maybe he is coming on here without calling me up. Maybe he's on his way now. Something might have happened to him. No, nothing could ever happen to him. I can't picture anything happening to him. I never picture him run over. I never see him lying still and long and dead. I wish he were dead. That's a terrible wish. That's a lovely wish. If he were dead, he would be mine. If he were dead, I would never think of now and the last few weeks. I would remember only the lovely times. It would be all beautiful. I wish he were dead. I wish he were dead, dead, dead.

This is silly. It's silly to go wishing people were dead just because they don't call you up the very minute they said they would. Maybe the clock's fast; I don't know whether it's right. Maybe he's hardly late at all. Anything could have made him a little late. Maybe he had to stay at his office. Maybe he went home, to call me up from there, and somebody came in. He doesn't like to telephone me in front of people. Maybe he's worried, just a little, little bit, about keeping me waiting. He might even hope that I would call him up. I could do that. I could telephone him.

I mustn't. I mustn't, I mustn't. Oh, God, please don't let me telephone him. Please keep me from doing that. I know, God, just as well as You do, that if he were worried about me, he'd telephone no matter where he was or how many people there were around him. Please make me know that, God. I don't ask YOU to make it easy for me--You can't do that, for all that You could make a world. Only let me know it, God. Don't let me go on hoping. Don't let me say comforting things to myself. Please don't let me hope, dear God. Please don't.

I won't telephone him. I'll never telephone him again as long as I live. He'll rot in hell, before I'll call him up. You don't have to give me strength, God; I have it myself. If he wanted me, he could get me. He knows where I am. He knows I'm waiting here. He's so sure of me, so sure. I wonder why they hate you, as soon as they are sure of you. I should think it would be so sweet to be sure.

It would be so easy to telephone him. Then I'd know. Maybe it wouldn't be a foolish thing to do. Maybe he wouldn't mind. Maybe he'd like it. Maybe he has been trying to get me. Sometimes people try and try to get you on the telephone, and they say the number doesn't answer. I'm not just saying that to help myself; that really happens. You know that really happens, God. Oh, God, keep me away from that telephone. Keep me away. Let me still have just a little bit of pride. I think I'm going to need it, God. I think it will be all I'll have.

Oh, what does pride matter, when I can't stand it if I don't talk to him? Pride like that is such a silly, shabby little thing. The real pride, the big pride, is in having no pride. I'm not saying that just because I want to call him. I am not. That's true, I know that's true. I will be big. I will be beyond little prides.

Please, God, keep me from, telephoning him. Please, God.

I don't see what pride has to do with it. This is such a little thing, for me to be bringing in pride, for me to be making such a fuss about. I may have misunderstood him. Maybe he said for me to call him up, at five. "Call me at five, darling." He could have said that, perfectly well. It's so possible that I didn't hear him right. "Call me at five, darling." I'm almost sure that's what he said. God, don't let me talk this way to myself. Make me know, please make me know.

I'll think about something else. I'll just sit quietly. If I could sit still. If I could sit still. Maybe I could read. Oh, all the books are about people who love each other, truly and sweetly. What do they want to write about that for? Don't they know it isn't true? Don't they know it's a lie, it's a God damned lie? What do they have to tell about that for, when they know how it hurts? Damn them, damn them, damn them.

I won't. I'll be quiet. This is nothing to get excited about. Look. Suppose he were someone I didn't know very well. Suppose he were another girl. Then I'd just telephone and say, «Well, for goodness' sake, what happened to you?» That's what I'd do, and I'd never even think about it. Why can't I be casual and natural, just because I love him? I can be. Honestly, I can be. I'll call him up, and be so easy and pleasant. You see if I won't, God. Oh, don't let me call him. Don't, don't, don't.

God, aren't You really going to let him call me? Are You sure, God? Couldn't You please relent? Couldn't You? I don't even ask You to let him telephone me this minute, God; only let him do it in a little while. I'll count five hundred by fives. I'll do it so slowly and so fairly. If he hasn't telephoned then, I'll call him. I will. Oh, please, dear God, dear kind God, my blessed Father in Heaven, let him call before then. Please, God. Please.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five....

## Notes

1. **Thine** – (old English) Your
2. "**You**" is always written with a capital letter if one addresses God.

## Discussion

1. Where does the situation take place? How many characters are there in the story? Explain the relationship between the people presented in the story.
2. How does Dorothy Parker characterize the main heroine? Does she really love that man or is it only her desire to make him ring her up? Does the author show his sympathy toward her? Does the writer characterize the main personages from her own point of view or through their behavior, speech, thoughts and inner feelings? Is it personal or impersonal indication?
3. Is she in a desperate situation? What is the way out from this particular case? What would you do if you were in the heroine's shoe?
4. Does the man love the heroine? What kind of person is he? How do you learn about his personality? Support your point of view.
5. Find several cases of intensification? Give some words and phrases expressing the woman's positive and negative emotions?
6. How many times are the words and passages repeated? Are there parallel constructions in the text? Explain why does the writer use parallel constructions? What kind of atmosphere is created by these repetitions and parallel constructions?
7. Is the writer's sympathy directed towards the woman or the man? How can you realize the woman's life style without that man?
8. Speak about the title. Is the title appropriate to the text? Support your idea.

9. What is the most influential or important word, phrase, or paragraph in the text? Prove why it is important.
10. Are you like the main character of the story? If it is so, explain.
11. Describe the heroine of the story in one word or sentence.
12. How is the plot rendered: through the author's narration, the dialogue or the monologue?
13. Do you share any of the feelings of the characters in the text? Explain.
14. How did this text make you feel? Sometimes reading leaves you with the feeling that there is more to tell. Did this text do this? What do you think might happen?
15. Would you like to read something else by Dorothy Parker? Why or why not?



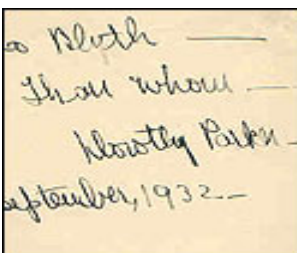
### **Telephone Call** *(Analysis)*

“Oh God, in the name of thine only beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, let him telephone me now.” Endless waiting for a telephone call is really unendurable, intolerable, agonizing, especially when you are in love. What is waiting? Is it good or bad? Does it have any kind of advantages or disadvantages? In some particular situations it has good sense, but sometimes it makes a person crazy as it happened to the heroine of the story. She is uncontrollable, doesn't know what to do and how to behave.

Praying to the God for calling. Her sweetheart's calling will make her the happiest lady in the world. According to her behaviour and the way of thinking, we understand that the telephone call will connect her to the real world. Without his calling she is a lonely, hopeless, painful, and heartbroken person. She is not able to find the way-out from the situation. She tries to calm herself down and recalls how many times he called her - “darling”. Sometimes the tiniest thing makes a woman happy and in this situation only one telephone call might recover her from serious illness - love. The heroine's feeling is so strong that puts her in the desperate hysteria. She can't stand waiting and egoistically imagines him dead, as the death would be the only way which would never separate them. In her evil thoughts she wants “to hurt him like hell.”

It is said that woman is a weak, feeble and at the same time delicate creature. A woman always seeks a safe and heavenly place of perfection which is associated with a man. She feels well beside a strong and brave man. A woman needs hope, wish, and love. A woman without succeeded love is dejected. Any woman can achieve everything in her career but very often feels herself being unsuccessful and fruitless.

To make conclusion, in some cases life is worth living even for one telephone call which makes a woman the happiest creature in the world.



## Remember - don't confuse

**Feeling, Sense, Sensation, Sentiment, Emotion, Sensibility** – *mental and physical reaction or state that is characterized by an emotional response (pleasure, pain, attraction or repulsion)*

**Feeling** – 1. the ability to feel by touching; sense of touch; an emotion, as joy, fear, anger, pain or attraction. Feeling of happiness; feeling of joy; feeling of gratitude; strong feeling. 2. power and capacity to feel; *feeling of cold; feeling of pain; feeling of hunger; feeling of discomfort*. 3. Tender emotion, especially sympathy or pity; *a man of deep feeling; to have a great feeling for the disabled. I had suddenly a strange feeling that I had seen him before. This has given me a feeling of inferiority which is hard to combat.*

**Sense** - feeling or awareness; impression; full consciousness; the sense of smell; the sense of humour; a sense of duty; a sense of decency; a sense of foreboding. *Having my big brother with me gave me a sense of security.*

**Sensation** – 1. the process of feeling or being aware of things by means of the senses: the sensation of sight, the sensation of touch. 2. a feeling or impression arising from some particular condition or set of circumstances; a sensation of fear. *She had a sensation that there was something wrong.*

**Sentiment** – an expression of feeling or emotion: *I appreciate the sentiment, but you didn't have to buy me a gift.*

**Emotion** – a strong feeling: *Ann read the poem with emotions.*

**Sensibility** – the power to feel or perceive; **pl. sensibilities**; *The vulgar novel offended her sensibilities.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The child had a ----- of security when his mother was near.
2. The child has incredible ----- of humour.
3. Life is really very fantastic and one has to have a peculiar ----- of humour to see the fun of it.
4. He rubbed his numb foot to bring back the -----.
5. She expressed her ----- with her tears.
6. Peter had a ----- of well-being and a delight in Christine's company.
7. When she suddenly saw him, she could not keep her ----- toward him.
8. When Dolly passed the house where she lived in her childhood, she had a ----- about it as she remembered her old sweet days.
9. The young guitarist was a creature of palpitating -----.
10. The doctor was nervous and had a ----- because he felt that there was something dangerous.

**Clear, Plain** – *easy to understand, free from doubt or difficulty, open to the eye of mind*

**Clear**-an absence of any confusion of mind. A clear statement; a clear style. *The matter is clear. A clear conclusion; to have a clear idea; clear to somebody.*

**Plain** –distinctness or a lack of being complicated, it means “easy to understand”. *A plain answer; The matter is plain. Plain word; plain English.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The law is quite ----- on that and has been for a long time.
2. It was ----- that he was going out of his way to be nice to his father.
3. From the voices, he had formed a ----- idea of their appearance.
4. Suddenly a ----- idea came up to my mind and it was the way-out from the difficult situation.

**Telephone, Ring up, Phone, Call up, Call** - *to get into communication with someone by telephone*

**Telephone** - to convey a message by telephone; to telephone somebody; *He had come close to forgetting to telephone his mother.*

**Ring up** – to communicate with someone by telephone; *I'll ring you up tomorrow.*

**Phone** – to telephone; it is used in less official situations. *One day in June of that year I met Kathryn specially for lunch because she had phoned me to say she had news.*

**Call up / call** – also means to telephone to a person, but as a phrasal verb it is used in colloquial speech rather than written language. *He kissed and then said "call me from the airport when you arrive. She answered with trembling voice "I'll call when I reach Paris.*

**To make a call** - this verbal phrase may be used to express the same idea. *Some time before midnight, Clair heard Garrity hoarsely ask Mark to lead him to a telephone. Where he might make a business call.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Anna never ----- except for the most practical reasons.
2. I----- the theater to book seats for night.
3. Are you going ----- Martine?
4. I'll ----- you up this evening.
5. If you can't come ----- and let me know.
6. I must get to his wife. May I-----?
7. She couldn't deceive her hatred toward him and refused to ----- him up.
8. Newly married couple - Ann and Arthur ----- us to invite at their wedding party.

**Pursue, Chase, Follow** – *to come or go after someone or something*

**Pursue** - 1. to follow in order to overtake, capture, or kill. *The hounds pursued the fox.* 2. to go after a person in order to overtake and reach or capture him. 3. to strive for; seek; *The boy pursued his goal of being on the baseball team by practicing every day.*

**Chase** – to go or run after somebody or something and try to catch; pursue; to follow in pursuit; *The police chased after the thief down the alley. The boy chased after the ball that had rolled into the street.*

**Follow** –1. to go after somebody or something with or without any special purpose. *Let us follow the taxi to the entrance to Angel Court.* 2. to succeed in time or in order, *as April follows May; soup was followed by meat; Potatoes with butter were followed by chocolate tart with cream.* 3. to obey, to accept as a guide, as to follow a person's advice; to follow somebody's orders; to follow the rules; to follow an example. *You want to follow your general's orders.*

**Exercise 4:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. She was so happy that she was ready to ----- after the rainbow.
2. Soldiers were standing in lines and then they ----- each other.
3. She is ruthless in ----- her goals.
4. Everybody ----- the Principle's instructions. They were very strict.
5. ----- the imaginary rain man made her crazy, but she was still anxious to look for him.
6. Just because you have ----- some helpless animals in a motor car you talk like heroes.
7. He felt physically and morally unable to ----- an argument which must be fruitless.
8. She ran out without coat and her mother ----- her with a large and colorful scarf, she had picked up the coat in haste.
9. They caught the puppy after a long-----.
10. Tom had done good action and the whole class decided to----- his example.
11. A pause ----- broken only by the noise of wine and by the unsettling of chairs.

## EXERCISES

### 1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:

<b>Bother</b>	<b>Hate</b>
<b>Suppose</b>	<b>Perfectly</b>
<b>Smash</b>	<b>Lie</b>
<b>Punishing</b>	<b>Frightening</b>
<b>Casual</b>	<b>Tread</b>
<b>Natural</b>	<b>Relent</b>
<b>Possessive</b>	<b>Fairly</b>
<b>Slowly</b>	<b>Exacting</b>

### 2. Give antonyms of the following words:

<b>Truly</b>	<b>Prayer</b>
<b>Suffering</b>	<b>Pride</b>
<b>Ugly</b>	<b>Shine</b>
<b>Filthy</b>	<b>Sweet</b>
<b>Hope</b>	<b>Silly</b>
<b>Wish</b>	<b>Shabby</b>

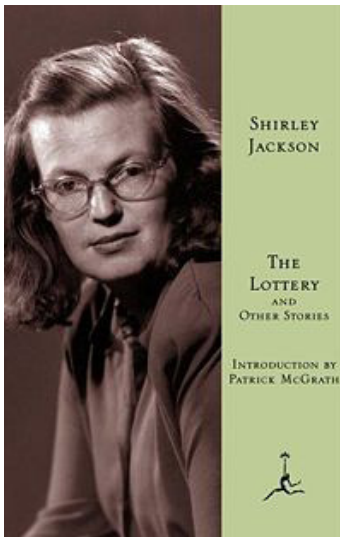
### 3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

to be very much to ask  
to be so little to somebody  
couldn't have minded my calling him up  
to keep telephone them for somebody's sake  
why, it's going on all over the world, right this minute  
to think about something  
to like someone a little  
things are only bad when hurt people  
to hurt one single soul  
to get hysterical about  
to keep playing little games  
to keep someone waiting  
to have a little bit of pride  
to keep someone away from telephone

### 4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:

1. To speak to God with adoration, appeal, or thanksgiving; beg.
2. Good or advantage; benefit; purpose; reason.
3. A person who is dearly loved.
4. Belonging to you; the one or ones belonging to you.
5. To use force on (something) so as to cause it to move toward the force.
6. Having a pleasant taste like that of sugar or honey; pleasing to the sense.
7. Faded and dingy from wear or exposure; wearing worn and faded clothes; seedy.
8. A longing or strong need or desire for something.
9. An electrical system for sending sound or speech over distances, equipped with a transmitter, a receiver, and often a dial or buttons for directing calls.
10. To become increasingly strong, as a feeling of resentment or anger.
11. In a perfect manner; faultlessly; completely; entirely.
12. To become less harsh or severe; soften; yield.





### *Shirley Jackson*

*Shirley Jackson was born (1916–1965) in San Francisco, California and was educated at Syracuse University in New York. She was long a resident of Vermont where her husband taught at Bennington College.*

*As a novelist and writer of short stories, she specialized in tales of disturbed states of mind and weird or unnatural happenings. Among her best known works are the Lottery (1949), “The Hunting of Hill House “(1959) and “We Always Lived in the Castle “(1962).*

*Shirley Jackson was an influential American author. A popular writer in her time, her work has received increasing attention from literary critics in recent years. She has influenced such writers as Stephen King, Nigel Kneale, and Richard Matheson.*

*She is best known for her dystopian short story “The Lottery” (1948), which suggests there is a deeply unsettling underside to bucolic, smalltown America. In her critical biography of Shirley Jackson, Lenemaja Friedman notes that when Shirley Jackson’s story “The Lottery” was published in the June 28, 1948 issue of The New Yorker, it received a response that “no New Yorker story had ever received.” Hundreds of letters poured in that were characterized by, as Jackson put it, “bewilderment, speculation and old-fashioned abuse.”*

*In the July 22, 1948 issue of the San Francisco Chronicle Jackson offered the following in response to persistent queries from her readers about her intentions: “Explaining just what I had hoped the story to say is very difficult. I suppose, I hoped, by setting a particularly brutal ancient rite in the present and in my own village to shock the story’s readers with a graphic dramatization of the pointless violence and general inhumanity in their own lives.”*

*Jackson’s husband, Stanley Edgar Hyman, wrote in his introduction to a posthumous anthology of her short stories that “she consistently refused to be interviewed, to explain or promote her work in any fashion, or to take public stands and be the pundit of the Sunday supplements.”*

*In addition to her adult literary novels, Jackson also wrote a children’s novel, Nine Magic Wishes, available in an edition illustrated by her grandson, Miles Hyman, as well as a children’s play based on Hansel and Gretel and entitled The Bad Children. In a series of short stories, later collected in the books “Life Among the Savages” and “Raising Demon”, she presented a fictionalized version of her marriage and the experience of bringing up four children. These stories pioneered the “true-to-life funny-housewife stories” of the type later popularized by such writers as Jean Kerr and Erma Bombeck during the 1950s and 1960s.*

*In 1965, Shirley Jackson died of heart failure in her sleep at the age of 48. After her death, her husband released a posthumous volume of her work “Come Along With Me” containing several chapters of her unfinished last novel as well as several rare short stories (among them “Louisa, Please Come Home”) and three speeches given by Jackson in her writing seminars.*



## CHARLES

The day my son Laurie started kindergarten he renounced corduroy overalls with bibs and began wearing blue jeans with a belt; I watched him go off the first morning with the older girl next door, seeing clearly that an era of my life was ended, my sweet voiced nursery-school tot replaced by a long-trousered, swaggering character who forgot to stop at the corner and wave good-bye to me.

He came home the same way, the front door slamming open, his cap on the floor, and the voice suddenly become raucous shouting, "Isn't anybody *here*?"

At lunch he spoke insolently to his father, spilled his baby sister's milk, and remarked that his teacher said we were not to take the name of the Lord in vain.

"How *was* school today?" I asked, elaborately casual.

"All right," he said.

"Did you learn anything?" his father asked.

Laurie regarded his father coldly. "I didn't learn nothing,"<sup>1</sup> he said.

"Anything," I said. "Didn't learn anything."

"The teacher spanked a boy, though," Laurie said, addressing his bread and butter. "For being fresh," he added, with his mouth full.

"What did he do?" I asked. "Who was it?"

Laurie thought. "It was Charles," he said. "He was fresh. The teacher spanked him and made him stand in the corner. He was awfully fresh."

"What did he do?" I asked again, but Laurie slid off his chair, took a cookie, and left, while his father was still saying, "See here, young man."

The next day Laurie remarked at lunch, as soon as he sat down, "Well, Charles was bad again today." He grinned enormously and said, "Today Charles hit the teacher."

"Good heavens," I said, mindful of the Lord's name, "I suppose he got spanked again?"

"He sure did," Laurie said. "Look up," he said to his father.

"What?" his father said, looking up.

"Look down," Laurie said. "Look at my thumb. Gee, you're dumb." He began to laugh insanely.

"Why did Charles hit the teacher?" I asked quickly.

"Because she tried to make him color with red crayons," Laurie said. "Charles wanted to color with green crayons so he hit the teacher and she spanked him and said nobody play with Charles but everybody did."

The third day — it was a Wednesday of the first week — Charles bounced a see-saw on to the head of a little girl and made her bleed, and the teacher made him stay inside all during recess. Thursday Charles had to stand in a corner during story-time because he kept pounding his feet on the floor. Friday Charles was deprived of blackboard privileges because he threw chalk.

On Saturday I remarked to my husband, "Do you think kindergarten is too unsettling for Laurie? All this toughness and bad grammar, and this Charles boy sounds like such a bad influence."

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<sup>1</sup> **I didn't learn nothing** – Laurie uses illiterate language probably to make his parents angry.

“It’ll be alright,” my husband said reassuringly. “Bound to be people like Charles in the world. Might as well meet them now as later.”

On Monday Laurie came home late, full of news. “Charles,” he shouted as he came up the hill; I was waiting anxiously on the front steps. “Charles,” Laurie yelled all the way up the hill, “Charles was bad again.”

“Come right in,” I said, as soon as he came close enough. “Lunch is waiting.”

“You know what Charles did?” he demanded, following me through the door.

“Charles yelled so in school they sent a boy in from first grade to tell the teacher she had to make Charles keep quiet, and so Charles had to stay after school. And so all the children stayed to watch him.

“What did he do?” I asked.

“He just sat there,” Laurie said, climbing into his chair at the table. “Hi, Pop, y’old dust mop.”

“Charles had to stay after school today,” I told my husband. “Everyone stayed with him.”

“What does this Charles look like?” my husband asked Laurie. “What’s his other name?”

“He’s bigger than me,” Laurie said. “And he doesn’t have any rubbers and he doesn’t ever wear a jacket.”

Monday night was the first Parent-Teachers meeting, and only the fact that the baby had a cold kept me from going; I wanted passionately to meet Charles’s mother. On Tuesday Laurie remarked suddenly, “Our teacher had a friend come to see her in school today.”

“Charles’s mother?” my husband and I asked simultaneously.

“Naaah,” Laurie said scornfully. “It was a man who came and made us do exercises, we had to touch our toes. Look.” He climbed down from his chair and squatted down and touched his toes. “Like this,” he said. He got solemnly back into his chair and said, picking up his fork, “Charles didn’t even *do* exercises.”

“That’s fine,” I said heartily. “Didn’t Charles want to do exercises?”

“Naaah,” Laurie said. “Charles was so fresh to the teacher’s friend he wasn’t *let* do exercises.”

“Fresh again?” I said.

“He kicked the teacher’s friend,” Laurie said. “The teacher’s friend just told Charles to touch his toes like I just did and Charles kicked him.

“What are they going to do about Charles, do you suppose?” Laurie’s father asked him.

Laurie shrugged elaborately. “Throw him out of school, I guess,” he said.

Wednesday and Thursday were routine; Charles yelled during story hour and hit a boy in the stomach and made him cry. On Friday Charles stayed after school again and so did all the other children.

With the third week of kindergarten Charles was an institution in our family; the baby was being a Charles<sup>1</sup> when she cried all afternoon; Laurie did a Charles when he filled his wagon full of mud and pulled it through the kitchen; even my husband, when he caught his elbow in the telephone cord and pulled the telephone, ashtray, and a bowl of flowers off the table, said, after the first minute, “Looks like Charles.”

During the third and fourth weeks it looked like a reformation in Charles; Laurie reported grimly at lunch on Thursday of the third week, “Charles was so good today the teacher gave him an apple.”

“What?” I said, and my husband added warily, “You mean Charles?”

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<sup>1</sup> a Charles – this is a typical example of contextual metonymy. (For metonymy see P. 12). As Charles is associated with anything what is bad, Laurie’s parents call any indecent behaviour “a Charles”.

“Charles,” Laurie said. “He gave the crayons around and he picked up the books afterward and the teacher said he was her helper.”

“What happened?” I asked incredulously.

“He was her helper, that’s all,” Laurie said, and shrugged.

“Can this be true about Charles?” I asked my husband that night. “Can something like this happen?”

“Wait and see,” my husband said cynically. “When you’ve got a Charles to deal with, this may mean he’s only plotting.” He seemed to be wrong. For over a week Charles was the teacher’s helper; each day he handed things out and he picked things up; no one had to stay after school.

“The P.T.A. meeting’s next week again,” I told my husband one evening. “I’m going to find Charles’s mother there.”

“Ask her what happened to Charles,” my husband said. “I’d like to know.”

“I’d like to know myself,” I said.

On Friday of that week things were back to normal. “You know what Charles did today?” Laurie demanded at the lunch table, in a voice slightly awed. “He told a little girl to say a word and she said it and the teacher washed her mouth out with soap and Charles laughed.”

“What word?” his father asked unwisely, and Laurie said, “I’ll have to whisper it to you, it’s so bad.” He got down off his chair and went around to his father. His father bent his head down and Laurie whispered joyfully. His father’s eyes widened.

“Did Charles tell the little girls to say *that*?” he asked respectfully.

“She said it *twice*,” Laurie said. “Charles told her to say it *twice*.”

“What happened to Charles?” my husband asked.

“Nothing,” Laurie said. “He was passing out the crayons.”

Monday morning Charles abandoned the little girl and said the evil word himself three or four times, getting his mouth washed out with soap each time. He also threw chalk.

My husband came to the door with me that evening as I set out for the P.T.A. meeting. “Invite her over for a cup of tea after the meeting,” he said. “I want to get a look at her.”

“If only she’s there,” I said prayerfully.

“She’ll be there,” my husband said. “I don’t see how they could hold a P.T.A. meeting without Charles’s mother.”

At the meeting I sat restlessly, scanning each comfortable matronly face, trying to determine which one hid the secret of Charles. None of them looked to me haggard enough. No one stood up in the meeting and apologized for the way her son had been acting. No one mentioned Charles.

After the meeting I identified and sought out Laurie’s kindergarten teacher. She had a plate with a cup of tea and a piece of chocolate cake; I had a plate with a cup of tea and a piece of marshmallow cake. We maneuvered up to one another cautiously, and smiled.

“I’ve been so anxious to meet you,” I said. “I’m Laurie’s mother.”

“We’re all so interested in Laurie,” she said.

“Well, he certainly likes kindergarten,” I said. “He talks about it all the time.”

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“We had a little trouble adjusting, the first week or so,” she said primly, “but now he’s a fine helper. With occasional lapses, of course.”

“Laurie usually adjusts very quickly,” I said. “I suppose this time it’s Charles’s influence.”

“Charles?”

“Yes,” I said, laughing, “you must have your hands full in that kindergarten, with Charles.”

“Charles?” she said. “We don’t have any Charles in the kindergarten.”

### Notes

1. **Kindergarten** – nursery school, play school; pre-school playgroup, nursery
2. **Renounce** - give up, reject, relinquish, abandon, forsake, leave, refuse, surrender
3. **Overalls** – a pair of pants or trousers
4. **Bibs**- an apron
5. **An era of my life was ended**- period of my days were finished
6. **Sweet-voiced** – pleasant-voiced
7. **Nursery-school** - kindergarten
8. **To be replaced by smb./smth.**- to be substituted/ reinstated by smb./smth
9. **Swaggering character** – overconfident, smug, arrogant, boastful, brash, conceited, self-satisfied. Antonym - insecure.
10. **To wave good-bye** – to say good-bye with gestures
11. **Slam** – bang, crash, thump, criticize, condemn, slate
12. **Raucous** - rough, harsh, strident, hoarse, guttural, grating, rasping. e.g. raucous shouting
13. **He spoke insolently to his father** – he spoke imprudently/rudely/disrespectfully/cheekily/ impertinently to his father
14. **To spill** - fall, drop, tip out, drip, leak, trickle, dribble
15. **Elaborately** – orientally, richly, highly
16. **Casual** - informal, relaxed, laidback, sporty, untailed, careless. Antonym – formal
17. **To regard smb. coldly** - look upon smb. callously; stare at smb. unemotionally; gaze at smb. frigidly; watch at smb. impersonally
18. **For being fresh** – because he was impertinent
19. **Mouth full** – mouth stuffed/packed/crammed

### Discussion

1. Explain where each of these parts occurs in this story: a) exposition; b) story; c) climax; d) denouement. Suggest possible title for those parts.
2. Who is the story told by? What do we call this kind of narration? What words and phrases reappear in the text? What meaning do they convey?
3. Pick up and speak on the details that reveal Laurie’s attitude to the kindergarten, to Charles in general?
4. Characterize Laurie’s manner of speaking. What stylistic reference, thematic prejudice and emotive quality are in his vocabulary marked by Shirley Jackson?
5. Who are the people presented in the passage? How does the author draw his personages? Is it mainly shown with the help of direct or indirect characterization, or through their behavior, speech or thoughts? Give examples and prove your ideas.
6. Describe, in great detail, the personalities of Laurie and his parents. Does your opinion of them change as the story progresses? What would you do if you were in Laurie’s parents’ shoe?
7. Do any incidents, ideas, or actions in the story remind you of your own childhood or something that happened to you? Explain.
8. What does the sentence “On Friday of that week things were back to normal” mean? Why was Charles’ bad behaviour considered as normal?
9. Explain in one word what could happen with Laurie’s mother when she found out the truth?
10. Are there any parts of the story that were confusing to you? Which are these parts? Why do you think you got confused?
11. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions. Find several cases of intensification.
12. What is the theme of this “story”? Support your answer with examples.
13. Would you change the ending of the story in any way? Tell your ending. What would you change in it?
14. Would you like to read something else by this author? Why or why not?



### **Charles** *(Analysis)*

The text is written by the American writer Shirley Jackson. It is a very exciting and extraordinary story. From the very beginning the story seems to be about two friends - Charles and Laurie. Two amazing, lovely little kids go to the kindergarten together. Laurie's mother is a narrator of the story who gets the newest information from her son. Coming home from school, the boy tells various kinds of "fascinating" events about Charles - "a bad boy." But Charles still stays a hero - a "superman" for him.

One day Charles hit the teacher because he wanted to colour with red crayons but he wanted to paint with green, next day he bounced a see-saw on the head of little girl and made her bleed, etc. Such things lasted during three weeks. Time by time Charles was the institution in Laurie's family. Everything this provokes Laurie's parents' interest and irritation. They worry that their son doesn't settle in the kindergarten.

Charles's becomes worse and worse every day. Until the reader reaches the end of the story, he/she undoubtedly believes that Charles is really Laurie's classmate and the closest friend having bad manners. But the bitter certainty of the story is that Charlie is Laurie's imaginary fiction. Laurie adores his friend's "deeds of valour", he fanatically tries to take after him, his great desire is to look like his fantasy creature, but sometimes he calms down as he is afraid of his parents.

What process takes place in Laurie's mind? To Laurie's mind, Charlie is powerful, influential, commending, authoritative, controlling, prevailing, dominant, great, fresh, cool, leader, boss, organizer, and at last the bravest person. Laurie adores Charles's appearance, worships his manners and respects his personality. When his father asks how Charles looks like, Laurie exclaims with emotions "He is bigger than me and he doesn't have any rubbers and jacket." Reading this sentence a reader can vividly imagine Laurie's tone and proud expression on his face as he portrays his fiction that is the symbol of bravery.

### **Remember - don't confuse**

**Stay, Remain, Linger - to continue to be in the same place or condition**

**Stay, Remain** - are closer in meaning and are often interchangeable. *He did not intend to stay in England much longer. There was no need for him to remain in Blaenelly.*

**Linger** - is close to remain in the above sense, but it generally implies that something lasts, does not pass away quickly; it is applicable to such words as smell, odour, scent, memory, impression. *Perhaps he had heard himself discussed once, amongst his own people, and the memory of it lingered.*

**Linger also means-** to continue to stay as though unwilling to leave- to loiter. *If he lingered in the Club he might run into Desert himself, he took a cab to South Square.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Brick's smile fades a little but ----- .
2. I should feel like apologizing for every day I--- on.
3. Are not you going to ----- to tea?

4. She and others of the street ran out to play in the snow of a winter's night, or---- after dusk before her own door when the days grew dark early.
5. There was no excuse possible to--- a moment longer.
6. Won't you----- to dinner?
7. Helen decide to----- until everything was over.
8. He is not going to change his decision, he will --- at home to look after the children.

**Understand, Comprehend, Realize, Grasp, Conceive, Gather, Take in, Get – to have clear and true idea or conception, or full or exact knowledge of something**

**Understand**- implies the result of a mental process; a clear and exact idea or notion, or full knowledge; to grasp the meaning of; to understand languages; to understand a person; to understand a question; to understand the meaning; *I understand what has happened.*

**Comprehend** –the mental process of arriving at the result, grasping mentally, understanding fully and completely, to see the nature, significance or meaning of something; to comprehend a person; Comprehend a question; to comprehend a purpose; a thing; to grasp with the mind; understand. *I spent a morning and afternoon walking round laboratories listening to explanations but I comprehended only one-tenth.*

**Realize** –to form an idea in the mind of something that exists or has existed or may exist; but of which one becomes fully conscious through senses; to realize one's error. *They cannot realize these big numbers.*

**Grasp** - implies laying hold of with the mind; having complete knowledge of or being acquainted with. To grasp an argument; to grasp the meaning. *Rose grasped what news they brought.*

**Conceive** –implies a bringing forth in the mind of an idea, a plan, a project, a design; sometimes the term suggests the growth and development of that idea, as mind dwells upon it and brings it into being.

**Gather** - to understand as a result of the analysis of some situation, combination of facts; to sum up the situation; to come up the conclusion. To gather something from the situation; to gather from the situation; to gather from facts or from remarks. *I am a detective agent and we gathered much information about that crime.*

**Take in** - is used as “understand, receive into mind” in colloquial English. *I didn't really take in what she was saying.*

**Get** – means “understand “in colloquial English. *I don't get your meaning.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. ----- once and for all that I am not interested in economy.
2. He was not able to ----- the teacher's explanation of the mathematics problem.
3. I was in London then and at first we in England did not ----- how grave the situation was.
4. The two brothers ----- each other completely.
5. I ----- one thing clearly, as there were many dim things for -----.
6. I did not ----- the meaning of the phrase.
7. I don't ----- what you mean.
8. After long and detailed explanation the class ----- the task.
9. The population/ citizens of town ----- from papers about planned/ future festival which would be hold following week.
10. I couldn't ----- the lecture at all. It was too difficult for me.
11. He does not seem to ----- this business any more than the last one did.
12. I ----- the notion that these four months in Paris had put the fishing touches to a work of conscious art that had been years in the making.
13. They did not seem to ----- that it was no matter for them.
14. Geometry is sometimes hard for students to -----.
15. He was so embarrassed that he had difficulties to ----- her beauty, blue eyes and dark hair.



## EXERCISES

### 1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:

<b>Bib</b>	<b>Renounce</b>
<b>Era</b>	<b>Guess</b>
<b>Elaborate</b>	<b>Recess</b>
<b>Deprive</b>	<b>Privilege</b>
<b>Influence</b>	<b>Climb</b>
<b>Remark</b>	<b>Haggard</b>
<b>Reformation</b>	<b>Mud</b>
<b>Warily</b>	<b>Institution</b>

### 2. Give antonyms of the following words:

<b>Casual</b>	<b>Anxiously</b>
<b>Elaborately</b>	<b>Interest</b>
<b>Cautiously</b>	<b>Restlessly</b>
<b>Respectfully</b>	<b>Slightly</b>
<b>Simultaneously</b>	<b>Normal</b>
<b>Cynically</b>	<b>Passionately</b>

### 3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

to wave good-bye to someone  
to speak insolently to someone  
to keep pounding feet on the floor  
to be deprived of  
to come up the hill  
to make someone keep quiet  
to kick somebody  
to ask incredulously  
to say something cynically  
to wash somebody's mouth out with soap  
to whisper joyfully something to somebody  
to say something twice  
to be somebody's influence

### 4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:

1. To walk or behave in a bold, rude, or arrogant manner.
2. All the qualities of a person, good or bad, that make up his or her moral nature; moral quality.
3. Offensively rudely or boldly.
4. To strike with the open hand or a flat object, especial on the buttocks, as punishment; **n.** a blow with the open hand or flat object.
5. To give a blow to; strike.
6. A playground device made of a plank supported at the middle so that when a child is seated on either end, one end goes up as the other goes down.
7. Showing rudeness or boldness; impudent.
8. A class or division of school for children from four to six years old, coming before the first grade of elementary school.
9. Constantly in motion, never still; not restful; lack of rest.
10. To raise or draw up (the shoulders) as to show doubt or lack of interest.
11. A place where rubbish or garbage is deposited.
12. To spring back from a surface; rebound.
13. A great wonder combined with fear and reverence.
14. Not able to believe something; sceptical; unbelieving.
15. Showing rudeness or boldness.



*Laura Reeve*

*“I grew up in Colorado, where I spent time with dogs and horses, as well as voraciously reading anything I could get my hands on. I found the fun stuff in my parents’ library. My love of fiction eventually took a back seat to getting my Chemistry B.S. at Colorado State University and entering the US Air Force, but my reading always naturally gravitated toward speculative fiction. The Chronicles of the Broken Kaskea was a world I started creating in college. My travels through Europe made it a strange melding of European mythos and cultures. The Tyrrans are consummate horsemen and horse breeders and their history reflects a bit of my Finnish heritage (sort of The Kalevala merged into the horse tribes of the Huns).”*



*In April 2007 Laura. Reeve was presented awards for the Paul Gillette writing contest at the Pikes Peak Writers Conference.*

### CAGED

Purcell was a small, fussy man; red cheeks and a tight melonlike stomach.<sup>1</sup> Large glasses so magnified his eyes as to give him the appearance of a wise and kind owl. He owned a pet shop. He sold cats and dogs and monkeys; he dealt in fish food and bird seed, prescribed remedies for ailing canaries, on his shelves there were long rows of gilded cages. He considered himself something of a professional man.

There was a constant stir of life in his dusky shop – whispered twitters, rustling, squeals, cheeps, and sudden squawks. Small feet scampered in frantic circles; frightened, bewildered, blindly seeking. Across the shelves pulsed this endless flicker of life. The place smelled of confined flash. But the customers who came in said;

“Aren’t they cute! Look at that lovely monkey! They’re sweet.”

And Mr. Purcell himself would smile and rub his hands and nod his head.

Each morning, when the routine of opening his shop was completed, it was the proprietor’s custom to perch on a high stool, behind the counter, unfold his morning paper, and digest the day’s news. As he read he would smile, frown, purse his lips, knowingly lift his eyebrows, nod in grave agreement. He read everything, even advice to the lovelorn and the detailed columns of want ads.

It was a raw, wintry day. Wind gusted against the high, plate-glass windows. Having completed his usual tasks, Mr. Purcell again mounted the high stool and unfolded his morning paper. He adjusted his glasses, and glanced at the day’s headlines. Hopping feet, chirping and squeaking and mewing, the soft frantic stir of life, vibrated all around him; yet Mr. Purcell heard it no more than he would have heard the monotonous ticking of a familiar clock.

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<sup>1</sup> **melonlike stomach** – this word-combination which is an example of simile describes a shopkeepers appearance, underlines his fatness. (For simile see P. 27).

There was a bell over the door that rang whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialized out of thin air.

The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, unreasonably, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands, smiled and nodded.

“Good morning,” he beamed. “What can I do for you?”

The man’s shiny shoes squeaked forward. His suit was cheap, ill-fitting, but obviously new. A gray pallor deadened his pinched features. He had a shuttling glance and close-cropped hair. Ignoring Purcell for the moment, he looked around the shadowy shop.

“A nasty morning,” volunteered the shopkeeper. He clasped both hands across his melonlike stomach, and smiled importantly. “I see by the paper we’re in for a cold snap. Now what was it you wanted?”

The man started closely at Purcell, as though just now aware of his presence. He said, “I want something in a cage.”

“Something in a cage?” Mr. Purcell was a bit confused. “You mean – some sort of pet?”

“I mean what I said!” snapped the man. “Something in a cage. Something alive that’s in a cage.”

“I see,” hastened the shopkeeper, not at all certain that he did. His eyes narrowed gravely and he pursed his lips. “Now let me think. A white rat, perhaps? I have some very nice white rats.”

“No!” said the man. “Not rats. Something with wings. Something that flies.”

“A bird!” exclaimed Mr. Purcell.

“A bird’s all right.” The customer pointed suddenly in a suspended cage which contained two snowy birds. “Doves? How much for those?”

“Five-fifty,” came the prompt answer. “And a very reasonable price. They are a fine pair.”

“Five-fifty?” The sallow man was obviously disappointed. He hesitantly produced a five dollar bill. “I’d like to have those birds. But this is all I’ve got. Just five dollars.”

Mentally, Mr. Purcell made a quick calculation, which told him that at fifty cent reduction he could still reap a tidy profit. He smiled kindly “My dear man, if you want them that badly, you can certainly have them for five dollars.”

“I’ll take them.” He laid his five dollars on the counter. Mr. Purcell unhooked the cage, and handed it to his customer. The man cocked his head to one side, listening to the constant twittering, the rushing scurry of the shop. “That noise!” he said suddenly. “Doesn’t it get on your nerves?”

“Noise? What noise?” Mr. Purcell looked surprised. He could hear nothing unusual.

The customer glared. “I mean all this caged stuff. Drives you crazy, doesn’t it?”

Purcell drew back. Either the man was insane, or drunk. He said hastily: “Yes, yes. Certainly. I guess so.”

“Listen.” The staring eyes came closer. “How long d’you think it took me to make that five dollars?”

The merchant wanted to order him out of the shop. But oddly enough, he couldn’t. He heard himself dutifully asking, “Why - why, how long did it take you?”

The other laughed. “Ten years! At hard labor. Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cent a year.”

It was best, Purcell decided, to humor him. “My, my! Ten years. That’s certainly a long time. Now –“

“They give you five dollars,” laughed the man, “and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again.”

Mr. Purcell mopped his sweating brow. "Now, about the care and feeding of your doves. I would advise -"

"Bah!" The sallow man swung around, and stalked abruptly from the store.

Purcell sighed with sudden relief. He waddled to the window and stared out. Just outside, his peculiar customer had halted. He was holding the cage shoulder-high, staring at his purchase. Then, opening the cage, he reached inside and drew out one of the doves. He tossed it into the air. He drew out the second and tossed it after the first. They rose like windblown balls of fluff and were lost in the smoky gray of the wintry city. For an instant the liberator's silent and lifted gaze watched them. Then he dropped the cage. A futile, suddenly forlorn figure, he shoved both hands deep in his trouser pockets, hunched down his head and shuffled away...

The merchant was perplexed. So desperately had the man desired the doves that he had let him have them at a reduced price. And immediately he had turned them loose. "Now why," Mr. Purcell muttered, "did he do that?" He felt vaguely insulted.

### Notes

1. **Fussy** – paying too much attention to unimportant things, included to be anxious about trifles. **Fuss n.** – unnecessary anxiety, nervous activity, excitement. **To fuss about smb.** Don't fuss about! Synonyms: picky, particular, fastidious, finicky, selective, persnickety, exacting, hard to please
2. **Pet** – an animal kept as a companion (a cat, a dog) or an animal, bird kept in a cage (a rabbit, a canary, white mice)
3. **To deal in** – to buy and sell. **Dealer n.** art-dealer – one who buys and sells pictures, objects of art, antiquities
4. **Ailing canaries** – sick canaries; to ail – to be ill, to feel ill, to be unwell. **What ails you? = What's wrong with you, what's troubling you?**
5. **Professional man** – a specialist; the phrase is usually applied to doctor, lawyers, etc.
6. **Squeals, cheeps, squawks** – shrill sounds made by birds or small animals
7. **Confined** - kept shut up; **confinement n.**
8. **Cute** – [Am. Colloq.] attractive, charming
9. **Sweet** – [colloq.] pretty, charming
10. **When the routine of opening his shop was completed** - when he had done everything he invariably did every day before while the opening the shop; **routine** – a method regularly followed, as routine work
11. **To perch (of a person)** - to sit on a high place; **to perch (of a bird)** – to rest on a branch of a tree
12. **To digest** – to study thoroughly; **digestion n.** hard or impossible to digest
13. **Lovelorn** - deserted by a person one loves
14. **Want ads** (Am. Colloq.) advertisements in the newspapers
15. **To adjust someone's glasses** – to set right someone's spectacles; **to adjust** –to put in order
16. **To fail to ring** –it does not ring
17. **What can I do for you?** – What do you wish? (The usual polite formula used in shops)
18. **Ill-fitting** - did not fit well; **ill** is an adverb used in a number of compound, mostly adjectives meaning "**bad, evil**": **ill-bred; ill-mannered, ill-tempered, "unluckily," ill-looking, evil-looking**
19. **Forlorn** – miserable; lonely
20. **Pinched** – thin and drawn, as by worry, fatigue, hunger, illness, etc.
21. **Reap a tidy profit** – make a rather large profit
22. **Scurry** – quick movement, haste caused by anxiety, fear, etc.
23. **To order him out of the shop** – to order the man to leave the shop
24. **To waddle** – to walk clumsily, swaying or rocking from side to side like a duck

### Discussion

1. Characterize the text under study. Say whether it presents a piece of narration, a description, character drawing, etc. State if it contains different elements, name all of them.
2. Do you think the title of this story is appropriate? Is it significant? Explain how the title is connected to the work? What is the implication of the title?
3. What is the general slant of the story? Is it humorous, satirical, pathetic, emotional, and unemotional? Prove your ideas.
4. What kind of man was Mr. Purcell? What makes you feel this way? Give his detailed description.
5. How does his pet shop look like? Does he love dwellers of his pet shop? What relation does he show toward them?
6. Comment on the phrase "large glasses so magnified his eyes as to give him the appearance of a wise and kind owl" used by L. Reeve in the description of Mr. Purcell. Does this phrase show an irony? If it is so, prove your viewpoint.
7. Divide the text into several parts and give the name of each part? Where is the climax of the story? Why do you think so, please explain?

8. Who is the strange visitor of the pet shop and how can you characterize his behavior?
9. Study the sentence “They give you five dollars,” laughed the man, “and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again.”
10. How can you explain the last passage of the story? What is the reason of Mr. Purcell’s regret? What is the main idea of the story? Say how it is conveyed to the reader – directly or indirectly? Prove your standpoint.
11. How can you interpret this sentence “That noise!” he said suddenly. “Doesn’t it get on your nerves?” What does the stranger hint at? What is the key word of the story?
12. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
13. Choose any 3-5 neutral words and state its literary and colloquial equivalents.
14. What would you do on the one hand if you were in stranger’s shoe and on the other - if you were in Mr. Purcell’s shoe?
15. Would you change the ending of the story in any way? Tell your ending. How would you change it?
16. Would you like to read something else by this author? Why or why not?



### **Caged** (Analysis)

The title “Caged” is tightly connected with the whole text. From the very beginning let’s compare “cage” and “prison”. What do they have in common and what is the difference between them? A cage is a boxlike area with bars which is used for keeping birds and animals. A prison is a building to which people convicted or accused of crimes are confined. According to this explanation they have similar meanings; they differ only in size and shape. Birds, animals or people confined to prison or cage are prisoners. The birds and animals described in the story are Purcell’s captives and Purcell can be considered as their superintendent. It may be used as a reader’s imaginary view. Besides being an overseer, he is a hard-working, fussy shopkeeper who is ready to please visiting customers and offers them a great variety of caged birds and animals. He is accustomed to serving normal people and tries to make their life prettier and happier with their future pets bought in his pet shop. But the stranger who enters his shop is looking for “something alive that’s in a cage and something with wings.” The visitor demands “something that flies” persistently as his aim is to free caged and winged ones. The man attempts to give them freedom, as he knows the price of liberty. He pays the money which was earned during ten years “at hard labor.” He doesn’t have enough money or otherwise he will release all of them. The stranger asks Purcell a provocative question about the noise and if it gets on his nerves. With the help of this question the visitor tries to awake human feelings in Purcell toward living beings and challenges him to let them go.

With the help of the dialogue between the shopkeeper and the guest a reader discovers that the stranger was imprisoned during ten years. Together with freedom he gained five dollars and a cheap suit. He was warned not “to get caught again.”

Purcell is irritated with his kind behaviour and regrets his discount. He definitely feels insulted. At last his real face is shown. The shopkeeper is an ordinary man without any emotions who is not able to understand and accept any kind of elevated action.

#### **Remember - don’t confuse**

**Quick, Swift, Fast, Rapid, Speedy, Prompt, Fleet- *moving or acting with great speed***

**Quick** – to move or act with vigour, energy and promptness; it suggests eager and willing readiness; lively movement in action, rather than velocity, rate of motion, which happens in a short period of time and characterized by liveliness; *quick*



*motion; quick growth; a quick succession of events; quick walk; quick to understand; a quick way of doing something; a quick mind, wit; a quick answer; quick thinking; Mother made a quick warning gesture and went out.*

**Swift** - to move with great speed; to move with ease or facility, brisk activity or lack of interference and delay. *Swift running; swift flying; swift flowing; a swift runner; the swift flight of an arrow; a swift glance; a swift current; Air journeys became swift and short.*

**Fast** – quick motion, adapted to or producing quick motion; it may suggest constant speedy course, flight, procedure; it often applies to the moving object and emphasizes the way in which it covers ground; *a fast train; a fast motorboat; a fast horse; a fast trip.* **Fast** –is often applied to the surface upon which the thing can move with great speed; a fast track; a fast road; a fast cricket-ground; a fast billiard-table.

**Rapid** – may characterize the movement itself and may suggest its astonishing rate of speed; it may also imply high rate of activity, succession or occurrence, requiring little time, moving or capable of moving, with great speed; *a rapid current; a rapid river; a rapid gate; a rapid thinker; rapid progress; rapid riders; rapid growth; rapid movement; rapid events.*

**Speedy** – to move quickly forward, go or be able to go quickly; characterized by speed of motion or progress from one place to another; when speedy applies to a person's motions and activities, speedy suggests extreme quickness, hurry or haste; when applies to things it suggests velocity or quickness with promptness, dispatch or haste; *speedy progress; speedy decision; speedy runner; speedy flight; speedy answer; speedy vengeance; speedy punishment.*

**Prompt** – implies readiness and quickness to act as occasion demands, responding instantly, immediately, at once, without delay or hesitation, acting with liveliness; *a prompt reply; a prompt decision; a prompt payment; men prompt to answer; men prompt to volunteer; men prompt to obey; to be prompt to be something.*

**Fleet** - light or nimble onward movement as well as extreme fastness or rapidity; it is implied primarily to living beings. Fleet is a bookish word; a fleet horse; to be fleet of foot; fleetier than arrows; fleetier than wind; a fleet runner; *but though slow in manner he was fleet of foot.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Tony opened a bottle of Bourbon and took a ----- drink of delicious red wine.
2. He is so ----- in his movements.
3. She was so tired of everything and she was eager to demonstrate her ----- anger toward family members.
4. The current was not very ----- and he could easily swim to and fro across it touching the walls of the channel which were now about fifteen feet apart.
5. Nowadays youngsters give each other a ----- handshake such kind of greeting is very popular among them.
6. The crazy lover made ----- glance toward his sweetheart as he wanted to stay that action imperceptible.
7. They always admitted that he was the ----- worker in the factory and after hearing those words he was always proud and overconfident.
8. The debaters spoke in ----- question and answer.
9. ----- decisions not always give good results and so think a little.
10. The antelope is very -----.
11. The answer was so easy that he made a ----- reply.
12. They entered the bank and made a ----- payment as they were in a hurry to catch a train at the station.

**Offend, Insult, Hurt, Affront – to cause damage to self-respect**

**Offend** – to cause or arouse resentment, anger, or displeasure; insult. *To offend a person; to be offended by someone, at something; Your remarks offended her.*

**Insult** – to speak to or treat in a rude, disrespectful, or scornful way; hurt the feelings or pride of; *He insulted his friend when he accused him of stealing.*

**Hurt** – to offend a person so as to cause him humiliation or shame; to attack with scornful abuse and disrespect; *to insult a person.*

**Affront** – to offer some bold offence or indignity openly, in one's presence. Affront - is not so strong as insult and it may imply an intent to offend and humiliate a person by saying something rude and disrespectful, disregarding politeness; *to affront somebody; to be greatly affronted. Once or twice I asked him directly whether he held this or that general theory – which he always denied with the air of one who has been affronted by a failure of taste.*



**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. You passed quite close to me on deck and you never looked at me. I have not ----- you, have I?
2. The drunkard ----- the peaceful visitors in the bar as he was out of control.
3. Tim was ----- at my remarks.
4. People easily ----- each other without having real reason.
5. Freddy hated more than anything the thought that he had ----- someone's feelings in a direct encounter.
6. Obviously I had ----- her deeply by refusing to listen to the story. But to tell the truth I didn't mean to ----- her.
7. Your rude comments about my home were an -----to me.
8. The audience ----- the speaker by jeering loudly throughout his speech.

**Pain, Ache, Pang** – *bodily suffering*

**Pain** – 1. a feeling of great discomfort, usually in a particular part of the body; physical distress or suffering; He has a pain in his knee *pain in the finger; pain in the arm; chest pains; sharp pains; a sudden pain* 2. emotional or mental distress or suffering; anxiety; grief; *the pain of loneliness*. 3. Pains also mean care or effort: *The boy took great pains to assemble the model airplane neatly.* to cause pain to; make suffer; *The old man's poverty pained him.*

**Ache** – to have or be in pain, especially dull or continuous pain; *Her tooth ached all morning.*

**Pang** – a sudden, sharp feeling of discomfort or pain; a sharp feeling of mental distress. *The boy felt pangs of guilt after lying to his friend.* Pang suggests also a sudden painful emotion; *sharp pangs of envy; pangs of remorse; pangs of fear; pangs of conscience.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. His head was clear, the ----- had gone, he was no longer breathless.
2. His whole body ----- after the rough football game.
3. Again he felt the ----- because he had been born too late and missed the war.
4. A stab of ----- ran through his nerves.
5. Every spinster suffers from the ----- of loneliness.
6. I felt a small ----- of jealousy when I saw how warmly they were greeting each other.
7. Baby's stomach ----- was so unbearable that he was crying the whole day.
8. I have a ----- in my knee on damp days.
9. It caused him a sharp ----- of discomfort to think of the sordid existence that had always been, and always would be hers.

## EXERCISES

1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:

<b>Tight</b>	<b>Flicker</b>
<b>Wise</b>	<b>Frantic</b>
<b>Custom</b>	<b>Shadowy</b>
<b>Unfold</b>	<b>Prompt</b>
<b>Hesitantly</b>	<b>Appearance</b>
<b>Scurry</b>	<b>Dutifully</b>

2. Give antonyms of the following words:

<b>Constant</b>	<b>Abruptly</b>
<b>Beam</b>	<b>Ignore</b>
<b>Stalk</b>	<b>Unhooked</b>
<b>Sallow</b>	<b>Glare</b>
<b>Purchase</b>	<b>Peculiar</b>
<b>Reduced</b>	<b>Merchant</b>

**3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

**to be cute**  
**to be proprietor's custom**  
**to perch on high stool**  
**to glance at the headlines**  
**to materialize out of thin air**  
**to slide off a stool**  
**to know something instinctively**  
**out of habit**  
**to rub hands**  
**to ignore someone for a moment**  
**to be in for a cold snap**  
**to be a bit confused**  
**to be obviously disappointed**  
**to make a quick calculation**  
**to reap a tidy profit**  
**to sigh with sudden relief**

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. An article that appears regularly in a newspaper or magazine, usually written by one person and dealing with a particular subject.
2. Abandoned by one's lover; miserable because of love.
3. To lower briefly and then raise the head, as in greeting or agreement; to let the head fall forward with a quick motion, as when sleepy.
4. To walk or move with short steps, swaying the body from side to side.
5. A sudden, strong rush of wind or air.
6. A short, thin, high-pitched sound or cry.
7. To fill with uncertainty; confused; bewildered.
8. To make a sudden, sharp sound; to speak harshly, abruptly, or angrily.
9. To draw together into wrinkles or folds; pucker.
10. A series of short, light, chirping sounds made by a bird or birds.
11. The substance or material that a thing is made of; basic character or qualities.
12. To hesitate or be in doubt; waver; falter.
13. Wipe or clean tears, sweat from face, forehead, etc.
14. Disagreeable or annoying; unpleasant; seriously harmful; severe.
15. To receive as a reward.
16. Not changing, as in tone, sound, or beat; tiresome or uninteresting because of a lack variety.



*William March [1894-1954] was a simple American, who had to work very hard to overcome poverty and stay alive. The fate is cruel toward his personages. The destiny takes away those precious things that they had gained with the help of rigid work during their life. His stories are full of tragedy. William March's best short stories are published in the book "Some Like Them Short."*

## BILL'S EYES

The nurse came into the room where Bill sat and glanced around to assure herself that everything was in readiness for the doctor. They weren't used to such famous men in the hospitals of this sort, and she was afraid each time he came to see Bill that he would ask some question which she could not answer, some technical thing which she had learned in her probationary days and had promptly forgotten, such as, 'Define lymph, Miss Connors, and state briefly the purpose it serves in the economy of the body.'

She dragged her forefinger over the table, examined it critically for smudges, and looked briskly about her for a dustcloth. Since there was none, she lifted her uniform above her knees and held it away from her body while she wiped the table clean with her underskirt. She was conscious of the exposure of her thighs, and she turned her head slowly and looked at Bill. He was a strong, thickset man with a muscular neck and a chest so solid that it seemed molded from the metals with which he had once worked. He was, she judged, about twenty-five. The fact that such a young, full-blooded man could neither see the charms that she exhibited, nor react to them, because of his blindness, as a man should, excited her, and she began to talk nervously:

"Well" I guess you'll be glad to get this over with. I guess you'll be glad to know for certain, one way or the other.'

'I know now,' said Bill. 'I'm not worrying. There's no doubt in my mind now, and there never was.'

'I must say you've been a good patient. You haven't been upset like most of them are.'

'Why should I worry?' asked Bill. 'I got the breaks this time, if ever a man did. If there ever was a lucky man it's me, if you know what you mean. I was lucky to have that big-time doctor operated on me for nothing just because my wife wrote and asked him to.' He laughed contentedly. 'Christ! Christ, but I got the breaks! . . . From the way he's treated me, you'd think I was a millionaire or the President of the United States or something.'

'That's fact,' said Miss Connors thoughtfully. 'He's a fine man.' She noticed that she held her uniform above her knees, and she dropped it suddenly, smoothing her skirt with her palms.

'What's he like?' asked Bill.

'Wait!' she said. 'You've waited a long time now, and if you wait a little longer maybe you'll be able to see what he looks like for yourself.'

'I'll be able to see all right, when he takes these bandages off,' said Bill. 'There's no question of maybe. I'll be able to see all right.'

'You're optimistic,' said the nurse. 'You're not downhearted. I'll say that for you.'

Bill said: 'What have I got to worry about? This sort of operation made him famous, didn't it? If he can't make me see again, who can?'

'That's right,' said the nurse. 'What you say is true.'

Bill laughed tolerantly at her doubts. 'They bring people to him from all over the world, don't they? You told me that yourself, Sister! . . . Well, what do you think they do it for? For the sea voyage?'

'That's right,' said the nurse. 'You got me there. I don't want to be a wet blanket. I just said maybe.'

'You didn't have to tell me what a fine man he is,' said Bill after a long silence. He chuckled, reached out and tried to catch hold of Miss Connors' hand, but she laughed and stepped aside. 'Don't you think I knew that myself?' he continued. 'I knew he was a fine man the minute he came into the hospital and spoke to me. I knew –'<sup>1</sup> Then he stopped, leaned back in his chair, and rubbed the back of one hand with the fingers of the other. He had stopped speaking, he felt, just in time to prevent his sounding ridiculous. There was no point in explaining to Miss Connors, or anybody else, just how he felt in his heart about the doctor, or of his gratitude to him. There was no sense in talking about those things.

Miss Connors went to the table and rearranged the bouquet of asters which Bill's wife had brought for him the day before, narrowing her eyes and holding her face away from the flowers critically. She stopped all at once and straightened up.

'Listen!' she said. 'That's him now.'

'Yes,' said Bill.

Miss Connors went to the door and opened it. 'Well, Doctor, your patient is all ready and waiting for you.' She backed away, thinking of the questions that man of such eminence could ask if he really put his mind to it. 'I'll be outside in the corridor,' she went on. 'If you want me, I'll be waiting.'

The doctor came to where Bill sat and looked at him professionally, but he did not speak at once. He went to the window and drew the dark, heavy curtains. He was a small, plump man, with a high, domed forehead, whose hands were so limp, so undecided in their movement that it seemed impossible for them to perform the delicate operations that they did. His eyes were mild, dark blue and deeply compassionate.

'We were just talking about you before you came in,' said Bill. 'The nurse and me, I mean. I was trying to get her to tell me what you look like.'

The doctor pulled up a chair and sat facing his patient. 'I hope she gave a good report. I hope she wasn't too hard on me.'

'She didn't say,' said Bill. 'It wasn't necessary. I know what you look like without being told.'

'Tell me your idea and I'll tell you how right you are.'

He moved to the table, switched on a light, and twisted the bulb until it was shaded to his satisfaction.

'That's easy,' said Bill. 'You're a dignified man with snow-white hair, and I see you about a head taller than any man I ever met. Then you've got deep brown eyes that are kind most of the time but can blaze up and look all the way through a man if you think he's got any meanness in him, because meanness is the one thing you can't stand, not having any of it in you.'

The doctor touched his mild, compassionate eyes with the tips of his finger. 'You're long way off,' he said laughingly. 'You're miles off this time, Bill.' He switched off the shaded light on the table, adjusted a reflector about his neck, and turned back to his patient, entirely professional again.

'The room is in complete darkness now,' he said. 'Later on, I'll let the light in gradually until your eyes get used to it. I generally explain that to my patients so they won't be afraid at first.'

'Christ!' said Bill scornfully. 'Did you think I didn't trust you? . . . Christ!

I've got too much faith in you to be afraid.'

'I'll take off the bandages now, if you're ready.'

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<sup>1</sup> 'I knew he was a fine man the minute he came into the hospital and spoke to me. I knew –' This is an example of the syntactical stylistic device - aposiopesis. (For aposiopesis see P. 39). In the given example Bill definitely cannot express his admiration and gratitude towards the doctor with the words.

‘Okay!’ said Bill. ‘I’m not worrying any.’

‘Suppose you tell me about your accident while I work,’ said the doctor after a pause. ‘It’ll keep your mind occupied and besides I never did understand the straight of it.’

‘There’s not much to tell,’ said Bill. ‘I’m married and I’ve got three kids, like my wife told you in her letter, so I knew I had to work hard to keep my job. They were laying off men at the plant every day, but I said it mustn’t happen to me. I kept saying to myself that I had to work hard and take chances, being a man with responsibilities. I kept saying that I mustn’t get laid off, no matter what happened.’

‘Keep your hands down, Bill,’ said the doctor mildly. ‘Talk as much as you want to, but keep your hands in your lap.’

‘I guess I overdone it,’ continued Bill. ‘I guess I took too many chances after all. . . . Then that drill broke into about a dozen pieces and blinded me, but I didn’t know what had happened to me at first. Well, you know the rest, Doc.’

‘That was tough,’ said the doctor. He sighed soundlessly and shook his head. ‘That was tough luck.’

‘What I am going to say may sound silly,’ said Bill, ‘but I want to say it once and get it off my chest, because there’s nothing I’m not willing to do for a man like you,<sup>1</sup> and I’ve thought about it a lot. . . . Now here’s what I want to say just one time: If you ever want me for anything, all you got to do is to say the word and I’ll drop everything and come running, no matter where I am. And when I say anything, I mean *anything*, including my life. . . . I just wanted to say it one time.’

‘I appreciate that,’ said the doctor, ‘and I know you really mean it.’

‘I just wanted to say it,’ said Bill.

There was a moment’s silence, and then the doctor spoke cautiously: ‘Everything that could be done for a man was done for you, Bill, and there’s no reason to think the operation was unsuccessful. But sometimes it doesn’t work, no matter how hard we try.’

‘I’m not worrying about that,’ said Bill quietly, ‘because I’ve got faith. I know, just as sure as I know I’m sitting here, that when you take off the bandages I’ll be looking into your face.’

‘You might be disappointed,’ said the doctor slowly. ‘You’d better take that possibility into consideration. Don’t get your hopes too high.’

‘I was only kidding,’ said Bill. ‘It don’t make any real difference to me what you look like. I was kidding about what I said.’ He laughed again. ‘Forget it,’ he said. ‘Forget it.’

The doctor’s small, delicate hands rested against his knees. He leaned forward a little and peered into his patient’s face. His eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he could distinguish Bill’s individual features plainly. He turned on the small, shaded light, shielding it with his palm. He sighed, shook his head, and rubbed his hands against his forehead with a thoughtful movement.

‘Have you got some kids at home, too?’ asked Bill.

The doctor went to the window. He pulled gently on the cord, and the thick curtains parted and slid back soundlessly. ‘I have three little girls,’ he said.

The autumn sunlight came strongly into the room and lay in a bright wedge across the floor, touching Bill’s hands, his rough, uplifted face, and the wall beyond.

‘Well, now that’s funny. I’ve got three little boys. . . . Can you beat that?’

‘It’s what they call a coincidence,’ said the doctor.

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<sup>1</sup> **There’s nothing I’m not willing to do for a man like you** – generally, it is not possible to use two negations, but in this case the author probably wants to emphasize that Bill is eager to do everything for the doctor.

He came back to the chair and stood between Bill and the sunlight. ‘You can raise your hands now, if you want to,’ he said wearily.

Bill lifted his hairy, oil-stained hands and rested them against his temples. He spoke with surprise.

‘The bandages are off now, ain’t they, Doc?’

‘Yes.’

The doctor shook his head and moved to one side, and again the strong sunlight fell on Bill’s broad, good-natured Slavic face.

‘I don’t mind telling you, now that I got my eyesight back, said Bill, ‘that I’ve been kidding about not being afraid. I’ve been scared to death most of the time, Doc, but I guess you knew that too. That’s why I’ve been acting like a kid today, I guess. It’s the relief of having it over and knowing that I can see again. . . . You can turn the light on any time you want to. I’m ready.’

The doctor did not answer.

‘My old lady was in to see me yesterday,’ continued Bill. ‘She said they’re holding my job for me at the plant. I said to tell ‘em I’d be there to claim it on Monday morning. I’ll be glad to get back to work again.’

The doctor was still silent, and Bill, fearing that he had sounded ungrateful, added quickly: ‘I’ve had a fine rest these last weeks, and everybody has been pretty damned good to me, but I want to get back to work now, Doc. I’m a family man and I’ve got responsibilities. My wife and kids would starve to death without me there to take care of them, and I can’t afford to waste too much time. You know how it is with your own work, I guess.’

The doctor went to the door, and spoke gently. ‘Nurse! . . . Nurse you’d better come in now.’

She entered at once, went to the table, and stood beside the vase of asters. She looked up after a moment and examined Bill’s face. He seemed entirely different with the bandages removed, and younger, even, than she had thought. His eyes were round, incorruptibly innocent, and of an odd shade of clear, child-like hazel. They softened, somehow, his blunt hands, his massive chin, and his thick, upstanding hair. They changed his entire face, she thought, and she realized that if she had not seen them she would never have really understood his character, nor would she have had the least idea of how he appeared to the people who knew him before his accident. As she watched him, thinking these things, he smiled again, pursed his lips, and turned his head in the doctor’s direction.

‘What’s the matter with you?’ he asked jokingly. ‘What are you waiting for? ... You’re not looking for a tin cup and a bundle of pencils to hand me, are you?’ He laughed again. ‘Come on, Doc,’ he said. ‘Don’t keep me in suspense this way. You can’t expect me to know what you look like until you turn on the lights, now can you?’

The doctor did not answer.

Bill threw out his arms and yawned contentedly, moved in his chair, and almost succeeded in facing the nurse who still stood beside the table. He smiled and winked humorously at the vacant wall, a yard to the left of where Miss Connors waited.

The doctor spoke. ‘I’m about five feet, eight inches tall,’ he began in his hesitant, compassionate voice. ‘I weigh around a hundred and seventy-five pounds, so you can imagine how paunchy I’m getting to be. I’ll be fifty-two years old next spring, and I’m getting bald. I’ve got on a gray suit and tan shoes.’ He paused a moment, as if to verify his next statement. ‘I’m wearing a blue necktie today,’ he continued, ‘a dark blue necktie with white dots in it.’

## Notes

1. **In her probationary days** – when she was practitioner and did not have the diploma or certificate of nurse
2. **Big-time** – famous, outstanding, first-class
3. **I got the breaks!** – I was so lucky; succeeded; [here the word “breaks” means lucky or successful chance ]
4. **I don’t want to be a wet blanket** – I don’t want to spoil your mood/ temper
5. **I hope she wasn’t too hard on me** – my expectation/ anticipation was that she was not so severe toward me
6. **It’ll keep your mind occupied and besides I never did understand the straight of it** – I’d like you to think about



other things and at the same time to learn more about your accident. I didn't understand it properly (clearly)

7. **Can you beat that?** - What can you say about this?
8. **Full-blooded man could neither see the charms that she exhibited, nor react to them** – a forceful, vigorous, energetic man had great difficulties to see a woman's beauty which she showed off and did not have any reaction
9. **I've got to much faith in you to be afraid** – my trust toward you is so great that that I have no fear
10. **laying off** – temporary pleasure; **to lay off** – discharge temporarily owing to shortage of work. **They were laying off men at the plant every day** – the author wants to underline that the men working at the plant didn't care much for their job

## Discussion

1. Divide the text into logical parts and give a brief summary of each. Suggest titles for these parts.
2. Is the title appropriate to the story? What do you think why the author named the text "Bill's eyes"? Explain and prove your idea.
3. Name the characters of the story. What are they? Who are they? Where does the story take place?
4. Characterize Bill briefly. Which is Bill's main feature or quality underlined by the author?
5. Does the writer characterize Bill from his own point of view, or through his behaviour, speech and thought?
6. Why did Bill say the following phrase and what was the reason "Christ? Christ, but I got the breaks!... From the way he's treated me, you'd think I was a millionaire or the President of the United States or something."
7. Speak about the following passage. What do you think why the doctor needs to say such comforting words: 'Everything that could be done for a man was done for you, Bill, and there's no reason to think the operation was unsuccessful. But sometimes it doesn't work, no matter how hard we try.'
8. Are there any parts in the text that are confusing to you? Which are these parts and why do you think you got confused?
9. Comment on the concluding lines? Why does the doctor describe his appearance?
10. What makes the narration vivid and natural? Speak on the choice of words, syntactical peculiarities, changing points of view.
11. What is the key word or sentence of the story?
12. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
13. What is the implication of the aposiopesis given on page 77?
14. Find the example of simile at the end of the text. Explain its meaning.
13. Choose any 3-5 neutral words and state their literary and colloquial equivalents.
14. What would you do if, on one hand, you were in Bill's shoe and, on another, you were in doctor's shoe?
15. Would you change the ending of the story in any way? Tell your ending. How would you change it?
16. Would you like to read something else by this author? Why or why not?



### **Bill's Eyes** *(Analysis)*

The diversity of the universe is perceived only with the help of eyes. Eyes are one of most important organs for a person. Without eyesight everything is invisible and dull. The main character of the short story lacks happiness, cheerfulness and delightfulness as he is absolutely blind, but he is still full of optimism. This strongly expressed feature of hopefulness distinguishes him from other patients. There is no question of doubt and maybe he is sure he'll be able to see after taking bandages off his eyes.

Bill, a full-blooded man can't see the nurse and never reacts when she appears. He is an excellent patient unlike most other ones. He is so optimistic. This feature gives him a bravery image. The reader's sympathy is directed towards him.

Doctor's character is extremely interesting as he inspires the hope among blind patients. This stream of expectation is greatly increased in Bill's heart. Doctor's relationship toward the patient (Bill) is very exciting, as Bill is treated like a millionaire or the President of the United States.

The end of the story is rather encouraging. Though the operation was not successful and Bill still is not able to see, he is full of hope and believes in better future.

### **Remember - don't confuse**

**Employ, Engage, Hire** – *to give work to provide work for somebody; obtain the services of somebody by paying money*

**Employ** – stresses use of a person's services in a certain capacity; this word doesn't underline the fact whether a person is paid for services or not; actually, the work may be not rewarded; *to be employed at a firm; to employ only volunteer workers; He is employed in a bank; They employed five servants.*

**Engage** – implies the idea of obtaining a person's services for compensation; to engage a lawyer, a professor; to engage higher civil servant ; to engage a pastor; *I believe Tom, that the only alternative left to us is to engage the services of an outsider.*

**Hire** – to pay for the services of a person; to pay for use of a thing; to hire a servant; to hire a gardener; to hire a farm hand; to hire workers by the day; to be hired for a job; *Now they have hired a foreign assassin to try to kill him.*

**Exercise 1.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. ----- a porter. It is always easier to obtain a taxi with a porter's help.
2. The school ----- two new science teachers.
3. The store ----- extra workers at Christmas.
4. They ----- a car for the trip.
5. Greg was looking for the new prestigious work and at last he was ----- at the desirable but hard-working place.
6. The manager of the hotel decided to ----- experienced servants.
7. Building-constructing firm had vacancies which were ----- not only by volunteers but also skillful workers.

## **Rise, Grow, Mount, Go up, Ascend – to move or come up from a lower to a higher level**

**Rise** – is the most general term and has a wide range of application; 1. to get up from a sitting, kneeling, or lying position; stand up; *to rise from one's knees; to be too weak to rise; to rise from one's seat to welcome somebody. Everyone rose when judge entered the courtroom.* 2. It may be applied to natural phenomena such as the sun and other heavenly bodies to appear above the horizon; *the sun rises; the wind rises; the flood has risen.* 3. To slope upward; *the hills rise beyond the fields.* 4. to increase as in amount, value, degree, or force. *The cost of living rose last year.*

**Grow** – implies gradual increase in size, magnitude, quantity or degree, or in some specified quality or property; *to grow to a large size; to grow in size; to grow in price; His fortune has grown.*

**Mount** – 1. to become greater in amount, rise in amount, and become more intense; *His profits are constantly mounting.* 2. *to get up on something above the level of the ground; to climb up to or upon; to rise on high; to mount a hill; to mount a ladder; One mounts a platform.*

**Go up** – 1. to move to higher place; *to go up the stairs;* 2. to increase when it is used of prices; *The price of strawberries went up toward the end of the season.*

**Ascend** – to move upwards, go up from a lower to a higher place; to proceed from an inferior to a superior degree; to go or move upwards sometimes by stages with gradual motion, move upwards upon; to climb; to ascend a mountain; *The car rapidly ascended the steep grade.*

**Exercise 2.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. After serious illness he had difficulties to ----- from the seat.
2. His influence ----- among his friends after his friendly relationship.
3. He regretted for his behavior and to express his excuses he kneeled in front of her knees and was not going to -----.
4. Enthusiasm for ballet, especially among the younger generation, has been ----- rapidly during the past thirty years.
5. A lark ----- from the ground and ----- to the skies.
6. We watched the mists ----- from the valley.
7. With broken leg he could not ----- the stairs.
8. The price of petrol has ----- up.
9. The pass ----- here.
10. Father became furious because while working the children's noise was ----- and it was unbearable.

## **Show, Exhibit, Display, Demonstrate, Expose, Manifest - to allow to be seen**

**Show** – is general term, because one can show anything that is possible to see or look at; all these synonyms except manifest are used in the sense of bringing before sight all kinds of things as, *to show books; exhibit furniture; display equipment; demonstrate decorations; to show one's beauty; to demonstrate defects; to show scars. He unlocked a glass-fronted bookcase and showed me his library.* **Show off**– display; it implies to impress people by making a display of one's learning abilities; wealth, etc. purely in order to win notice or applause; *to show off one's knowledge; to show off one's wealth. Although Jules speaks English perfectly, my cousin spoke French to him all the time just to show off.*

**Exhibit** – 1. to put on public display; show publicly; *The gallery exhibited the artist's paintings.* 2. to make known; show; reveal; *He exhibited great talent in playing the piano.*

**Display** – to expose to view; cause to be seen; exhibit; show; *to display a poster; to display a flag; to display goods in a shop-window; the peacock displayed its fine tail feathers; to display one's accomplishments; to display one's charm; to display one's appreciation; to display one's great intelligence; to display one's character; to display one's bravery; to display one's ignorance.*

**Demonstrate** – 1. to prove or make clear; *The recent election demonstrated the voter's support of the mayor's policies;* 2. to make a show of; express openly. *She demonstrated her love for the kitten by cuddling it.*

**Expose** – to make known; disclose; reveal; *to expose a conspiracy; to expose crime; to expose goods in the shop-window; to expose a plot; to expose a project; to expose a plan; to expose one's ignorance; to expose goods for sale; to expose somebody o unnecessary risks.*

**Manifest** - to make obvious or clear; show plainly. *He manifested his approval of the plan by nodding; to manifest importance; to manifest a desire to do something; to manifest dissatisfaction; to manifest one's feeling by one's acts.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. She sat on the bed and ----- them to me.
2. She ----- to him, unanswerably, that they could never expect to get out of the slough they were in.
3. They were both of them shy of ----- emotion.
4. George had ----- an inclination from the first, to go his own way.
5. The effects of mortal shock only ----- themselves slowly.
6. Well-known painters drawings are ----- in the famous galleries.
7. Her eyes ----- high points of amusement again.
8. Ever since his thirteenth year his mind had been on finance; that is, in the form in which he saw it ----- in Third Street.
9. Soldiers ----- their bravery in the offensive battle.
10. The audience was excited as she ----- great talent in playing the violin with orchestra.
11. It seemed useless to ----- the attacking force to their fire.
12. Every year a large supermarket ----- goods for summer sale with such kind of action the number of their customers are increasing from time to time.
13. They without any embarrassment ----- their dissatisfaction toward his greediness.
14. At the entrance exams students try to ----- their knowledge to make good influence on the members of commission.
15. The salesman ----- the record player in the shop-window of the department store.
16. I'd ----- my gratitude in the usual way.

## EXERCISES

**1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:**

<b>Judge</b>	<b>Charm</b>
<b>Fact</b>	<b>Exhibit</b>
<b>Blindness</b>	<b>Doubt</b>
<b>Bandage</b>	<b>Voyage</b>
<b>Chuckle</b>	<b>Examin</b>
<b>Mild</b>	<b>Faith</b>
<b>Compassionate</b>	<b>Appreciate</b>

**2. Give antonyms of the following words:**

<b>Tolerantly</b>	<b>Unsuccessful</b>
<b>Disappointed</b>	<b>Consideration</b>
<b>Soften</b>	<b>Rough</b>
<b>Upstanding</b>	<b>Quickly</b>
<b>Added</b>	<b>Ungrateful</b>

**3. Make up sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

- to sit and glance around
- to be everything in readiness for someone
- to state briefly the purpose
- to drag someone's forefinger
- to lift someone's uniform above someone's knees
- to hold something away from someone's body
- to be conscious of the exposure of someone's part of body [thighs]
- to turn head slowly and look at someone
- to be downhearted
- to make someone see again
- to rub the back of one hand with the fingers of the other
- to put somebody's mind to it not to speak at once
- to perform delicate operation
- to be in complete darkness
- to get too much faith in someone to be afraid
- to take possibility into consideration

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. A brief or hurried look.
2. A test or trial of the ability, qualifications, or suitability of a person, as a new employee, usually for a specified period of time.
3. A mark or stain made by smearing; to soil or smear; mark dirty.
4. A petticoat worn under a skirt.
5. The act of exposing or the state of being exposed.
6. Unable to see; sightless.
7. Inclined to look on the bright side of things and believe that everything will turn out for the best.
8. In a patient manner.
9. Deserving or arousing ridicule; laughable; silly.
10. Fine or dainty in structure, quality, texture, or form; pleasing to the senses in a soft, mild, or subtle way.
11. The act of satisfying or the state of being satisfied.
12. Favorably disposed; ready.
13. That cannot be corrupted, morally strong.
14. A number of things tied, wrapped or bound together.
15. Feeling or showing sympathy, empathy; sympathetic.
16. Having little or no hair on the head.
17. To shelter, screen, or protect from glare, heat, or light.
18. To make fun of; tease; to deceive as a joke; fool.
19. Free from guilt or wrongdoing; free from or knowing nothing of sin or evil; pure.



*Alfred McLellan Burrage [1889-1956] British author also wrote under the pseudonym Ex-Private X. He had his greatest success with his 1930 novel War is War. This novel is based on his personal experiences of trench warfare in the First World War. He was one of the best writers of more traditional ghost stories. Today he is best known as one of Britain's finest ghost story writers. One Who Saw; The Shadowing Tide; The Burning Tide; Someone in the Room; The Waxwork.*

## THE WAXWORK

The manager of Marriner's Museum of Waxworks sat in his office and interviewed Raymond Hewson. The manager was a youngish man, well-dressed, stout and rather tall. Raymond Hewson looked different. He was a small, pale man with a tired face and thin brown hair. His clothes, which had been good when new and which were still clean and carefully pressed, were beginning to show signs of their owner's losing battle with the world.

The manager was speaking.

"There is nothing new in your request," he said. "In fact we refuse it to different people – mostly young idlers who try to make bets – about three times a week. If I permitted it and some young, idiot lost his senses, what would be my position? But your being a journalist alters the matter."

Hewson smiled.

"You mean that journalists have no senses to lose?"

"No, no," laughed the manager, "but one imagines them to be responsible people. Besides, it can give us publicity. Er -what is your newspaper, Mr. Hewson?"

"I don't work for any definite paper at present," Hewson confessed. "However, I would have no difficulty in publishing the story. THE MORNING ECHO would take it immediately. A Night with Marriner's Murderers. No paper will refuse it."

The manager thought a little.

"How do you propose to treat it?"

"I shall make it thrilling, of course, thrilling but with a touch of humour."

The manager nodded and offered Hewson his cigarette case.

"Very well, Mr. Hewson," he said. "Get your story published in THE MORNING ECHO, and there will be a five-pound note waiting for you here. But first of all I must warn you that it's not an easy job that you are going to take. I shouldn't take it on myself. I've seen those figures dressed and undressed. I know all about the process of their manufacture. I can walk about the museum in company as indifferently as if I were walking among toys, but I should never sleep there alone among them."



“Why?” asked Hewson.

“I don’t know. There isn’t any reason. I don’t believe in ghosts. It’s just that I can’t sit alone among them all night, with their eyes seeming to stare all me. The whole atmosphere of the place is unpleasant, and if you are sensitive to atmosphere you will have a very uncomfortable night.”

Hewson had known it himself from the moment when the idea first occurred to him. His soul protested against the prospect, though he smiled at the manager. But he had a wife and children to keep and for the last months he had not had any regular work and he was living on his small savings. Here was a chance to earn some money – the price of a special story in THE MORNING ECHO and a five-pound note promised by the manager. Besides, if he wrote the story well, it might lead to the offer of a regular job.

“The way of newspaper men is hard,” he said. “I have already promised myself an uncomfortable night because your Murderers’ Den is certainly not a hotel bedroom. But I don’t think your waxworks will worry me much. I’m not superstitious.”

The manager smiled and rose.

“All right,” he said. “I think the last of the visitors have gone. Wait a moment. I’ll let the night people know that you’ll be here. Then I’ll take you down and show you round.”

He took up the receiver of a house telephone, spoke into it and then said:

“I must ask you not to smoke there. We had a fire alarm in the Murderers’ Den this evening. I don’t know who gave it but it was a false one. And now, if you are ready, we’ll go.”

They went through an open barrier and down dimly lit stone stairs, which gave a sinister impression of leading to a prison. In a room at the bottom of the stairs were a few relics of the Inquisition and other mementos of man’s cruelty to man. Beyond this room was the Murderers’ Den.

It was a room of irregular shape, dimly-lit by electric lights burning behind glass lamps. It was, by design, a mysterious and uncomfortable chamber – a chamber whose atmosphere invited visitors to speak in whisper.

The waxwork murderers stood in low pedestals with labels at their feet. The manager, walking around with Hewson, pointed out several of the more interesting of these figures

“That’s Crippen! I think you recognize him. Insignificant little beast who looks as if he couldn’t kill a fly. And of course this –”<sup>1</sup>

“Who’s that?” Hewson interrupted in a whisper, pointing.

“Oh, I was coming to him,” said the manager. “Come and have a good look at him. This is our star. He’s the only one of this company that hasn’t been changed.”

The figure which Hewson had indicated was that of a small, thin man not much more than five feet tall. It wore little moustaches, large spectacles and a long coat. He couldn’t say precisely why this kind-looking face seemed to him so disgusting, but he made a step back and even in the manager’s company he was afraid to look at him again.

“But who is he?” he asked.

“That,” said the manager, “is Dr. Bourdette.”

Hewson shook his head. “I think I’ve heard the name,” he said, “but I forgot in connection with what.”

The manager smiled.

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<sup>1</sup>“And of course this –” – This is an example of aposiopesis, but this not the case when the speaker doesn’t want to complete his utterance or isn’t aware what to say. He is simply interrupted by another person. Such kind of aposiopesis, when a speaker is interrupted, can be called mechanical aposiopesis.

“You’d remember better if you were a Frenchman,” he said. “For a long time this man was the terror of Paris. He did his work of a doctor in daytime and of a murderer at night. He killed for the devilish pleasure it gave him to kill, and always in the same way – with a razor. After his last crime he mysteriously disappeared, and even since the police of every civilized country have been looking for him.”

Hewson shuddered. “I don’t like him at all,” he confessed. “Ugh! What eyes he ‘s got!”

“Yes, this figure’s a little masterpiece. It seems to you that the eyes stare at you? Well, that is excellent realism, for Bourdette practiced mesmerism and was supposed to hypnotize his victims before killing them. Indeed, it explains how such a small man could do his terrible work. There were never any signs of a struggle.”

“It seemed to me I saw him move,” said Hewson in a whisper.

The manager smiled.

“You’ll have more than one optical illusion before the end of the night, I expect. I’m sorry. I can’t give you any more light: we keep this place as gloomy as possible. And now come with me to the office and have a drink of whisky before you return here again.”

The night attendant placed an armchair for Hewson and wished him good night. Hewson turned the armchair a little so that its back was toward the figure of Dr. Bourdette. For some reason he liked him much less than his companions. While he was busy with arranging the chair he was almost light-hearted, but when the attendant’s footsteps had died away and a deep hush fell over the chamber he realized that he had a difficult night before him.

The dim light fell on the rows of figures which were so like human beings that the silence and the stillness seemed unnatural and even sinister. “It must be like this at the bottom of the sea,” he thought and decided to use this phrase in his story on the next morning. He faced the figures boldly enough. They were only waxworks. So long as he let that though dominate all others, he promised himself that all would be well. It did not, however, save him long from the discomfort caused by the waxen stare of Dr. Bourdette, which, he knew, was directed upon him from behind. The eyes of the little Frenchman tormented him, and he with difficulty suppressed the desire to turn and look. At last Hewson turned his chair round a little and looked behind him.

“He’s only a waxwork like the rest of you,” he said loudly. “You are all only waxworks.”

They were only waxworks, yes, but waxworks don’t move. Not that he had seen any movement anywhere, but it seemed to him that in the moment or two while he had looked behind him, there had been a slight change in the group of the figures in front. Crippen, for instance, seemed to have turned a little to the left. Or, thought Hewson, the illusion was due to the fact that he had not fixed his chair back into its exact original position.

He took a notebook from his pocket and wrote quickly: “Remember: Deathly silence. Like being at the bottom of sea. Hypnotic eyes of Dr. Bourdette. Figures seem to move when not being watched.”

He closed the book suddenly and looked round quickly over the right shoulder. He had neither seen nor heard a movement, but it was as if some sixth sense had made him aware of one. He looked straight at Lefroy, which smiled as if to say, “It wasn’t I!”

Of course, it wasn’t he, or any of them. It was his own nerves. Or was it? Hadn’t Crippen moved during that moment when his attention was directed elsewhere? You couldn’t trust that little man. When you took your eyes off him he took advantage of it to change his position. That was what they were all doing. If he had only known it, he would have never come here. He was leaving. He wasn’t going to spend the night with a lot of waxworks which moved while he wasn’t looking.

Hewson sat down again. This was very cowardly and very absurd. They were only waxworks and they couldn’t move; let him hold on to that thought and all would be well. He swung round quickly and stared straight at Crippen. Ha! He’d nearly caught Crippen that time! “You’d better be careful, Crippen – and all the rest of you! If I see one of you move I’ll smash you to pieces! Do you hear?”

He must go, he told himself. Already he had experience enough to write his story, or ten stories about it. Then, why not go? Yes, but that night attendant upstairs will laugh at him. And the manager won’t give him that five-pound note which he needed so badly. He thought of his wife. She must be asleep now or maybe she is lying awake and thinking of him. She’ll laugh when he tells her what he imagined.

This was too much! The murderers not only moved but they breathed, too. Because somebody was breathing. Or was it his own breath which sounded to him as if it came from a distance? This won't do! This certainly will not do! He must hold on to something which belonged to the daylight world. He was Raymond Hewson, an unsuccessful journalist, a living and breathing man, and these figures around him were only dummies, made of wax and sawdust who stood there for the entertainment of idle visitors. They could neither move nor whisper.

That was better! Now, what was that funny story which somebody told him yesterday?

He recalled a part of it, but not all, for the gaze of Dr. Bourdette burned, challenged and finally forced him to turn.

Hewson half turned his chair so as to bring him face to face with the wearer of those dreadful hypnotic eyes. Then he set quite still staring before him, like a man found frozen in the Arctic snows.

Dr. Bourdette's movements were slow. He stepped off his pedestal with the mincing care of a lady getting out of a bus and sat down on the edge facing Hewson. Then he nodded and smiled and said, "Good evening."

"I hardly have to tell you," he continued in perfect English, "that before I overheard the conversation between you and the manager of this establishment, I did not suspect that I should have the pleasure of a companion here for the night. You cannot move or speak without my command, but you can hear me perfectly well. Something tells me that you are – shall I say nervous? My dear sir, have no illusions. I am not one of these contemptible dummies! I am Dr. Bourdette himself."

He paused, coughed and shifted his legs.

"Pardon me," he went on, "but I am a little stiff. And let me explain. Circumstances which I won't describe here to you, made it desirable that I should live in England. I was close to this building this evening when I saw a policeman watching me too curiously. I guessed that he intended to follow me and perhaps ask me embarrassing questions, so I mixed with the crowd and came in here. An inspiration showed me a way of escape. I shouted "Fire!" and when all the fools had rushed to the stairs I took the coat which you see on me off my dummy, hid my wax figure under the platform and took its place on the pedestal.

"The manager's description of me, which I had overheard, was biased but not quite wrong. Of course, I am not dead, although the world thinks otherwise. His description of my hobby, which I have indulged for years, though through necessity less frequently lately, was in the main true, but not intelligently expressed. You see, the world is divided between collectors and non collectors. With the non collectors we are not concerned. The collectors collect anything, according to their individual tastes, from money to cigarette packets, from butterflies to match labels. I collect throats."

He paused again and regarded Hewson's throat with interest mixed with disfavour.

"I am obliged to chance which brought us together," he continued, "and perhaps it would be ungrateful to complain. But you have a skinny neck, sir, excuse me. I should have never selected you from choice. I like men with thick necks. Thick red necks..."

He fumbled in a pocket and took out something which he tested against a wet forefinger and then began to pass against the palm of his left hand.

"This is a little French razor," he remarked. "They are not much used in England, but perhaps you know them? The blade, you will see, is very narrow. It doesn't cut very deep, see for yourself. I shall ask you the usual question of all polite barbers: "Does the razor suit you, sir?"

He rose up and approached Hewson with the furtive step of a hunting panther. "Well you be so kind," he said, "as to raise your chin a little? Thank you. A little more, please. Just a little more. Ah, thank you! . . . Merci, m'sieur... Ah... merci... merci..."

At one end of the chamber the ceiling was thick frosted glass which by day let in a few rays from the floor above. After sunrise they began to mingle with the dim light from the electric lamps, and this combined illumination added a certain horror to a scene which was terrible enough.

The waxwork figures stood apathetically in their places, waiting for the crowds of visitors who would walk among them with cries of admiration or fear. In the middle of them, in the centre of the room, Hewson sat still, leaning back in his armchair. His chin was lifted as if he was waiting to be shaved, and although there was not a scratch on his throat nor anywhere on his body, he was cold and dead. His editors were wrong saying that he had no imagination.

Dr. Bourdette on his pedestal watched the dead man unemotionally. He did not move, nor was he capable of motion. After all, he was only a waxwork.

## Notes

1. **Waxwork**-something made of wax, especially a figure or ornament made of wax. **Waxworks** - a place for showing wax figures of famous persons. [**Wax**- any of various fatty substances that come from plants or animals, such as beeswax]
2. **THE MORNING ECHO** - title of the newspaper
3. **Take you down and show you round** – go downstairs/downward and look around
4. **Murderers' Den** – here a gang of famous murderers
5. **Superstitious** – having superstition: *a superstitious person*. **Superstition** - a belief or set of beliefs based on an unreasoning fear of the unknown
6. **Newspaper men** – a journalist who works for or owns a newspaper, especially a reporter or editor
7. **Process of their manufacture**- course or progression of their fabrication
8. **The night attendant** – the night assistant, helper, employee
9. **Disfavour**- displeasure or lack of favour; dislike; disapproval. *The students looked with disfavour on the plan to shorten the spring vacation*
10. **Dim light** – faint light
11. **Deep hush fell over the chamber** – there was absolute silence in the room
12. **Unemotionally** - without emotions; indifferently
13. **Mincing** – refined in speech and manner
14. **Merci, m'sieur** [Fr] – thank you, sir

## Discussion

1. Define the title of text “Waxwork” and give its essence. Characterize the text from the viewpoint of its form.
2. Do you think that the title of the story is appropriate? Is it significant? Explain why you think so.
3. Speak about the main characters. Who are people presented in the story? How does the author draw his personages? Is it mainly shown with the help of direct or indirect characterization, or through their behavior, speech or thoughts? Give examples and prove your ideas.
4. Where and why does the action of the story take place? What makes Hewson be in this strange situation? Describe his psychological portrait? Speak about his eccentric behavior? What is the basic reason of his death?
5. Who are the waxworks? Why do they have such a strange name? Give you point of view why they are so mysterious.
6. Does the author deliberately create the mysterious atmosphere? Describe the situation in the museum.
7. What would you do if you were in Hewson's shoe? Which quality of Hewson's strikes you as a good characteristic feature?
8. What is the role of a dialogue in the story?
9. Which parts of the text were most confusing to you? Why do you think you got confused?
10. Find some stylistic devices in the text and explain implication.
11. Which is the most important phrase, passage or paragraph in the text? Explain why it is important.
12. How do you like the end of the story? Would you change the ending of the story in any way? Tell your version. How would you change it?
13. Overall, what kind of feeling did you have after reading a few paragraphs of the story and then the whole one?

## Waxwork (Analysis)

It is a psychological short story with its content and surprising ending. A reader can hardly believe Mr. Hewson's perplexing feeling which became reality at the end of the story.

Mr. Hewson – an unemployed journalist tries to write a sensational article about the wax house which is full of Marriners' Murderers. He wants to publish a future report in “The Morning Echo” and hopes to get a five-pound note. According to the existing description, those waxworks could move. Among them were killers and several interesting figures. But Crippen “insignificant little beast”, “terror of Paris” worked as a doctor during the daytime and hypnotized his victims before killing them at night. But the significant thing is that he took great pleasure in this process.

The author expresses Hewson's inner and outer fillings - great fear. He psychologically is not ready to stay there alone but he tries not to show his emotions. The situation in chamber creates the mysterious, inexplicable and unpleasant

atmosphere and the visitors are forced to talk in whisper. Hewson tries to encourage himself and compares Murderers' Den to the hotel bed room. The reporter is ready to quit his strange idea, but he remembers his family – wife, son and a five-pound note which he needs so badly. In spite of the bitter reality, he has to stay there and write an article. The hosts of the waxwork gallery are in deep silence, stillness as “it must be on the bottom of the sea”. So, the waxwork gallery is compared to the bottom of the sea where mystery and silence “reign” as greatly as it did in this gallery. Mysteriousness works against the reporter's behavior, steadiness and self-control. Everything is so perplexing that Hewson is not able to calm down and has difficulties in controlling himself. Fear and illusion are confused so greatly in his mind that Hewson feels figures' moving. Thus, during the whole night his psychology was so deeply destroyed that it caused his heart attack which had a fatal result.

### Remember – don't confuse

**Throw, Cast, Fling, Hurl, Toss, Sling** – *to cause to move swiftly forward, sideways, upward or downward by a propulsive movement, as of the arm or by mechanical methods*

**Throw** – to cause to move through the air by a movement through the air by a movement of the arm; release an object from the hand or by mechanical methods and send it through space.; *to throw something to somebody; to throw something over the head of somebody; Children were listening with great attention to the stranger's story as he described how he had thrown a hand grenade into a cave just for luck. To throw light on the subject. He threw the doubt on my statement.*

**Cast** - to throw through the air; hurl; it is used with concrete things such as: a net, dice; a line in angling or with abstract nouns; *to cast a fishing line; to cast a net into the water; to cast lots to dice; to cast a look; to cast a glance; to cast a shadow on something.*

**Fling** – to throw with a force or violence; hurl; it also implies a strong emotion, such as anger, contempt, enthusiasm; therefore it suggests speed or force; *to fling a stone at somebody; to fling one's hat up in the air; to fling a door open or shut; to fling one's arms round somebody's neck; to fling oneself into a chair.*

**Hurl** – to throw with violence or force; fling; it stresses some driving and impetuous force that makes for speed and distance; *to hurl iron rings; to hurl a spear at a wild animal; to hurl threats at a person.*

**Toss** – 1. to throw lightly up into or through the air, especially with the hand or hands; *Please toss me a towel.* 2. to fling or move back and forth. *The wave tossed a little boat. To toss a ball to somebody; to toss a bone to a dog; to toss back one's head.*

**Sling (slung)** – implies a sudden violent propelling or driving forward and directness of aim; sling may also imply the use of a sling or an instrument for throwing or hurling objects, as stones or shot *to sling snowballs; to sling a gun over one's shoulder; to sling a knapsack rucksack.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The fire engines ----- a long stream of water during the fire.
2. He ----- up his hands in disgust.
3. The boy ----- a handful of pebbles into the lake.
4. Arthur became furious and ----- the mobile phone through the window.
5. They ----- themselves at the enemy.
6. He was so excited didn't know how to continue the game and at last he ----- the ball up.
7. The angry bull ----- to boy over the wall.
8. He closed the two tins of paints and ----- them far into the forest.
9. He ----- the blame on me.
10. They carried submachine gun ----- across their backs.
11. The air plane was ----- in the stormy sky.
12. The rifle was ----- over the hunter's shoulder.

**Answer, Reply, Respond, Retort** – *to say something in return*

**Answer** – something spoken or written as a reply; *None of the students could give an answer to your letter?*

**Reply** – 1. to respond in speech or writing; answer; *He did not reply to her question.* 2. to respond by some action; react; to say in response; give as a response. *She replied that she liked the movie.*

**Respond** – 1. to give an answer. *Ann did not respond to her mother's letter.* 2. to act in return; react; *Lily respond to my question.* 3. to be improved or positively affected by; *The patient responded to treatment.*

**Retort** – to make a reply, especially in a quick, witty, or sharp manner, in anger or in passion, in return to an accusation, an argument, etc.

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. "That's what comes of not doing your bedroom out, miss, "her mother -----.
2. He spoke to a crowd with eloquence and ----- to an individual with humor.
3. Did you receive an ----- to your letter?
4. She had failed to ----- to his question.
5. This subtle world appealed to him. It ----- to his temperament.
6. Goes to embrace her, she takes his kiss but does not -----.
7. "Oh, to tell you the truth," ----- Gabriel suddenly, "I'm sick of my own country, sick of it!"
8. The spaniel, who was sniffing round Ann's skirt did not ----- until he was called again.
9. "That's what comes of not doing your bedroom out, miss" her mother -----.
10. Grandfather gave him a quick look through his pince-nez, but did not ----- the naughty Tom's question.

**Invent, Discover** – *to bring into being something new*

**Invent** –to make or devise for the first time; create or originate; *to invent a new automobile engine; to invent a new word;* In early usage of invent meant "to fabricate something new through the exercise of imagination." It is still used in that sense, as, to invent an excuse, to invent stories. *That's why men have invented alphabet/ writing – a being capable of understanding.*

**Discover** - to come upon or see something for the first time [to find things that existed before but which were not known, such as lands, stars, planets, natural laws, as, *Petrov. discovered the electric arc.*

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Columbus ----- America.
2. Telephone system was ----- by Bell.
3. I ----- that I could improvise blank verse.
4. I was sure that he would ----- something new. But everything went upside-down and his invention did not work.
5. When will you ----- that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?
6. Desoto ----- the Mississippi River.

## EXERCISES

1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:

Thrilling	Savings
Atmosphere	Regular
Cruelty	Disgusting
Signs	Sinister

2. Give antonyms of the following words:

Permitted	Superstitious
Illusion	Apathetically
Admiration	Motion

3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

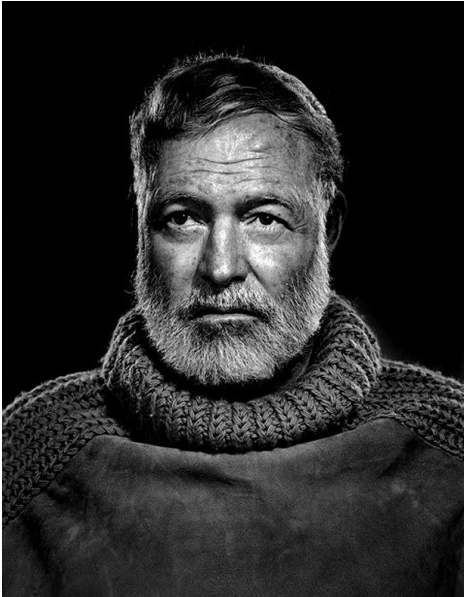
to keep place as gloomy as possible  
dim light  
to know all about the process of someone's manufacture  
to make a step back  
any signs of struggle  
somebody's soul protested against the prospect



**interest mixes with disfavour  
mincing care**

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. Having a thick, bulky figure; thickness; fat.
2. To withhold acceptance of; turn down; reject; to withhold the giving or granting of; deny. To be determined not to do something; be unwilling.
3. An agreement or promise to give or pay something to another person if he is right about something and you a new wrong; wager.
4. To allow (a person) to do something; give leave to; to allow something to be done; give consent to.
5. Information about a person or thing brought to notice or public attention.
6. Having as a job, duty, or concern; faithful to duties; trustworthy; reliable.
7. Something made of wax, especially a figure or ornament made of wax.
8. Causing discomfort; felling discomfort.
9. An overpowering or intense fear; a person or thing that causes intense fear.
10. The unlawful and intentional killing of a human being.
11. A device that receives electrical impulses or radio waves and converts them into pictures of sounds, as the part of a telephone held to the ear.
12. Full of, surrounded by, or suggesting mystery; difficult or impossible to explain or understand; puzzling.
13. To pass from the sight; vanished; to cease to exist or be known.
14. To put someone in a hypnotic trace; induce hypnosis in.
15. A person who is injured, killed, or ruined.
16. Threatening or suggesting evil; ominous.



*"Timeless" Hemingway*

*Ernest Hemingway's style of writing is striking. His sentences are short, his words simple, yet they are often filled with emotions and at last he is the master of pause.*

*Ernest Hemingway was born on 21st July 1899 in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, Illinois. He was one of six children. His father, Dr Clarence Edmonds Hemingway was a fervent member of the First Congregational church, his mother, Grace Hall, sang in the church choir.*

*Ernest Hemingway started his career as a writer in a newspaper office in Kansas City at the age of seventeen. After the United States entered the First World War, he joined a volunteer ambulance unit in the Italian army. Serving at the front, he was wounded, was decorated by the Italian Government, and spent considerable time in hospitals. After his return to the United States, he became a reporter for Canadian and American newspapers and was soon sent back to Europe to cover such events as the Greek Revolution.*

*During the twenties, Hemingway became a member of the group of expatriate Americans in Paris, which he described in his first important work, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926). Equally successful was *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), the story of an American ambulance officer's disillusionment in the war and his role as a deserter. Hemingway used his experiences as a reporter during the civil war in Spain as the background for his most ambitious novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). Among his later works, the most outstanding is the short novel, *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), the story of an old fisherman's journey,*



*his long and lonely struggle with a fish and the sea, and his victory in defeat He was the representative of Lost Generation.*

*Hemingway - himself a great sportsman - liked to portray soldiers, hunters, bullfighters - tough, at times primitive people whose courage and honesty are set against the brutal ways of modern society, and who in this confrontation lose hope and faith. His straightforward prose, his spare dialogue, and his predilection for understatement are particularly effective in his short stories, some of which are collected in *Men Without Women* (1927) and *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* (1938). Hemingway died in Idaho in 1961.*

*At the age of 17 Hemingway published his first literary work. He died aged 61, of self inflicted gun shot wounds. Hemingway says: "Suicide is the bravery among cowards".*



## IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it anymore. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds flew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and there were different ways of walking across the town through the dusk to the hospital. Two of the ways were alongside canals but they were long. Always, though, you crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered through a gate and walked across a courtyard and out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practice a sport?"

I said: "Yes, football."

"Good," he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever."

My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: "That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps than bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: "And will I too play football, captain-doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy.

The doctor went to his office in the back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as the major's, before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. "A wound?" He asked.

"An industrial accident," the doctor said:

"Very interesting, very interesting," the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

"You have confidence?"

"No," said the major.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Café Cova, which was next door to the Scala. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop some one called out, “A basso gli ufficiali!”<sup>1</sup> as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his a face and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been a lieutenant of Arditi and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of the town, walking in the dark, with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops, and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand.

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls – and I believed they are still patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in a very beautiful language and full of fratellanza and abnegazione, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hours, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals; but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the streets lights, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself, afraid to die and wondering how I would be when I went back to the front again.

The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who have never hunted;<sup>2</sup> they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front, because he wound never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it; everything was so easy to say. “Ah, yes,” the major said. “Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?” So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such a different language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind.

The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, “a theory, like another.” I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumped up and down with his fingers in them.

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<sup>1</sup> “A basso gli ufficiali” - this is an Italian phrase which means “Down with officers”. Italian words and phrases are widely met throughout the whole story what, on its turn, underlines the fact that the action takes place in Italy.

<sup>2</sup> **I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who have never hunted.** – This is an example of sustained or prolonged metaphor. It is a case when one word used in a transferred sense calls forth a transference of meaning in the whole sequence of words related to it.

“What will you do when the war is over if it is over?” he asked me. “Speak grammatically!”

“I will go to the States.”

“Are you married?”

“No, but I hope to be.”

“The more of a fool you are,” he said.

He seemed very angry. “A man must not marry.”

“Why, Signor Maggiore?”

“Don’t call me ‘Signor Maggiore’.”

“Why must not a man marry?”

“He cannot marry. He cannot marry,” he said angrily. “If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose.”

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked.

“But why should he necessarily lose it?”

“He’ll lose it,” the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. “He’ll lose it,” he almost shouted. “Don’t argue with me!” Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines. “Come and turn this damned thing off.”

He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door. When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He was wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder.

“I am so sorry,” he said and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. “I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me.”

“Oh –” I said, feeling sick for him. “I am so sorry.”

He stood there biting his lower lip. “It is very difficult,” he said. “I cannot resign myself.”

He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. “I am utterly unable to resign myself,” he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door.

The doctor told me that the major’s wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour, wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.

## Notes

1. **Scala** - La Scala is the name of the greatest Opera House in Milan
2. **“A basso gli ufficiali”** - “Down with officers”
3. **Arditi** - assault troops of the Italian Army, 1915-1918
4. **Fratellanza** - Italian brotherhood
5. **Abnegazione** – Italian renunciations; self-denial
6. **Signor Maggiore** - Major military title

## Discussion

1. Where did the situation take place? Who are the people staying in hospital? Do they belong to different stratum of society? What do they have in common? What qualities of the characters strike you as a good characteristic feature? How does each of them demonstrate these characters?
2. What is your point of view about the dead animals hanging outside of the shop? Do you think they have any symbolic meaning? Prove your ideas.
3. Speak about the title. Is it tightly connected with the text? What does the title “In Another Country” mean?
4. What do you think who is the narrator of the story? Is it important to know the identity of the young American soldier who is narrating the story? Why or why not?
5. What kind of person is the major? What is his attitude towards other characters and the life in general? Why is he so pessimistic?
6. Did the patients believe in machines? Why or why not? Especially focus on the major’s feelings towards machines.
7. How did the major perceive his wife’s death? What was his reaction? How did he express it? Why is the major against marriage? Why did he want to teach the narrator Italian?
8. Why did the major return to hospital after his wife’s funeral?
9. Why were other soldiers a bit detached from the narrator?
10. Explain the phrase “He had lived a very long time with death”. Which stylistic device is it? What does the writer want to show with this trope?
11. Find some other stylistic devices in the text and explain their implication.
12. Find several cases of intensification.
13. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
14. What would you do if you were in the narrator’s shoes?





## **In Another Country** *(Analysis)*

War is the most terrible disaster of the humankind. War is a human-made disaster that ruins lives. Millions of men, women and children suffer because of the outcomes of armed hostilities; they do not always have the sources to deal with the crisis and usually the poorest people are most affected and least able to recover.

Hemingway, as a real witness, tells about the war and the result caused by it. He has no desire to be the judge, but sometimes his moral is severer than that of a real judge. Pain and disaster caused by war is hardly forgettable and almost impossible to endure. This problem with its disadvantages is vividly depicted in the short story "In Another Country"

The beginning of the story is symbolic - "It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early". The author does not describe the front line of the war but he tries to expose the whole situation which is based on examples of the spiritual world of ordinary soldiers and officers.

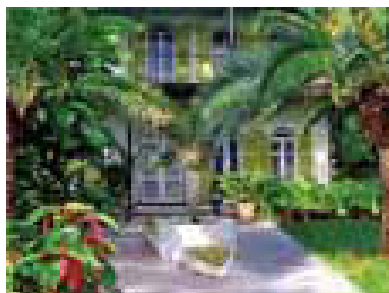
Reading this story a reader comes across different characters, people of strong or weak passions, people who participated in the war.

The bitterness of the war is shown brightly when the narrator describes the images of five soldiers. Among them one is in terrible and desperate situation as he doesn't have a nose and wears the black handkerchief across his face. And the most astounding and shocking thing is that he didn't receive medals because "he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals." Isn't it a funny explanation for not having medals? On the contrary, another tall boy had three medals, the price of getting them was too high as "he had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached." According to the description, a reader vividly imagines the cruelty of war, but the same reader can't find the answer why people are so eager to start war and why they are keen on starting this absurd war.

In the second passage the author doesn't mention the grave pass which leads the way to the hospital by chance. It seems that Hemingway lightly hints at funerals which the characters faced every day before getting to the hospital. But it should be thought that funeral, grave and war are tightly connected with each other. It's impossible to imagine their existence separately. That's why the narrator who is afraid of was to the most abysmal depths cannot imagine retuning to the front line even in his most terrible dreams.

One of the most impressive characters of the story is the major who knows all disaster of war and generally cruelty of life better than others. His feelings are depicted in the story rather dramatically and while listening to him one can vividly see the vanity of life. Notwithstanding his tragedy, he doesn't lose the sense of reality and still wants to continue life and even be somehow helpful to others maybe to justify his existence.

The characters created by Hemingway are not only realistic of time and situation, but they are far from idealization. The characters are presented with their faults, dignities and vicious sides. Even the characters with the strongest passion created by the writer have pure human faults and also live with interests of ordinary people. A reader can hear the voices of characters' souls. But it is difficult to differ it from the author's soul. Aren't these lines created to evoke a reader's emotion? There is only one answer. These lines are written by the author who himself felt this cruel reality.



## Remember – don't confuse

### Fortune, Fate, Destiny, Lot, Doom – *something good or bad that is going to happen to a person*

**Fortune** – 1. something that happens or is going to happen to a person, whether good or bad; fate; *The gypsy told his fortune by looking into a crystal ball.* 2. great wealth; riches; *Mr. Smith has a fortune in stocks and bonds.*

**Fate** – something that is believed to be caused by fate; unavoidable lot or fortune; destiny; *It was his fate to go to the war and was wounded there.*

**Destiny** – what happens to a person or thing; lot; fortune; *It was his destiny to become a great leader.*

**Lot** – fortune or fate in life. *The lot of the poor is a hard one*

**Doom** – something that cannot be escaped, especially something bringing pain, ruin, or death; *to send a man to his doom. The widow got accustomed to her doom.*

**Exercise 1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. The old woman predicted her ----- by looking at the palm of her right hand.
2. It was Uncle Tom's ----- to become a well-known healer. All of them thought that time is a great healer.
3. While traveling by train she met her fate and she was the luckiest person in the world. She always thanked her -----.
4. It was really Ann's ----- to go for skiing and hurt her leg.
5. It fell to her ----- to break the sad news.
6. It was his ----- to gain reputation among the villagers.
7. ----- decreed that we would win the lottery.
8. He went to the front line as he knew he couldn't escape his -----.

### Chance, Opportunity, Occasion - *a convenient or favourable moment*

**Chance** – 1. an opportunity; *She has a chance to visit Europe; to have a chance; to give a chance; to take a chance;* 2. the unknown cause of the way things take place; happening of events by accident; fate; luck; fortune; *I met her entirely by chance.* Chance also implies probability, or possibility, as, *a chance of success, a chance of winning, a chance of recovery.*

**Opportunity** – a time or circumstance that is favorable or suitable for a particular purpose; *When the pond froze, we had a good opportunity to go ice skating; to have an opportunity; to give an opportunity; to take an opportunity.*

**Occasion** – a favorable or suitable time; opportunity. *I don't have many occasions to talk to him.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Ever so, it was a lucky ----- that he could do it.
2. George had had ----- that he himself had never had.
3. We'll have -----to consider at a later time.
4. He was late to the station and that's why they hadn't a ----- of saying good-bye.
5. He regarded it as a form of rehearsal for an ----- such as which now presented itself, fled from him on the four winds.
6. You are young you'll have plenty of ----- before you're through.
7. He was drunkard. I gave him a ----- to mend his ways, he wouldn't take it.
8. I'm glad to have the ----- of taking to you, Doctor.
9. You might take a----- . None of the rest of us can, for one reason or another.
10. This was his valediction on such rare ----- as he chose to bid his wife farewell.

### Valediction, Farewell, Good-bye, Adieu, Leave-taking - *good-bye and good luck*

**Valediction** - parting, leave-taking; *The truly Yankee valediction "I guess we will all go home and so good night."*

**Farewell** – 1. parting word; good-bye; *The guests said their farewells and left.* 2. the act of parting; departure; leave-taking; *a farewell dinner; a farewell speech.*

**Good-bye** – good-bye; farewell; pl. - good-byes; *After the necessary good-byes, we left the house.* [A shortening of God be with you].

**Adieu** – good-bye; farewell; to bid smb Adieu; *to make one's adieu; to take one's adieu.*

**Leave-taking** - departure, parting.

**Exercise 3:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. It's time to say ----- and go home.
2. He uttered very impressive ----- before leaving the party.
3. He found an appropriate moment to bit----- and left soundlessly.
4. Their ----- moved us.
5. ----- comes from French.
6. "-----, my dear. It's our last date".

## EXERCISES

1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:

Gate	Medal
Straight	Flap
Withered	Handkerchief
Confidence	Lawyer
Wound	Jostle
Manner	Attendant
Jerk	Treatment

2. Give antonyms of the following words:

Fortune	Smoky
Patriotic	Correct
Compliment	Bitterly

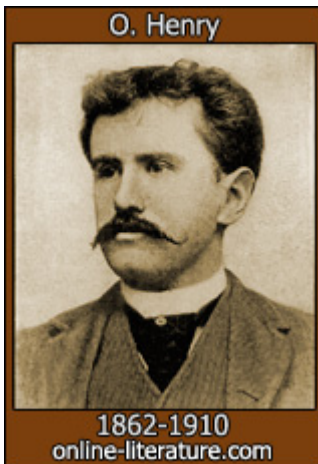
3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

to be much game hanging outside the shop  
to be cold fall  
the wind came down from the mountains  
to come from a very old family  
to believe somebody is still patriotic  
to be polite about somebody's medals  
to be hawk  
to have something straight in somebody's mind  
to be a choice of something (There was a choice of three bridges)  
to be a very great fencer  
to have confidence  
something to be rebuilt  
to lose everything

4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:

1. A person who serves in an army, especially an enlisted man.
2. A long, narrow, flexible strip of leather, cloth, or other material, often having a buckle or other fastener, used for securing or holding things together or in position.
3. Loss of honor, respect, or favor; shame.
4. An apparatus consisting of a number of fixed or moving parts, used to work.
5. In the U.S. Army, Air Force, and Marianne Corps, an officer ranking below a lieutenant colonel and above a captain.
6. A bird of prey having a sharp, hooked beak, strong talons, and short rounded wings.
7. To beat or hit so as to make a heavy, hollow sound.

8. One of separate parts at the end of the hand, especially the four other than the thumb.
9. To have a disagreement or dispute; to give reasons for or against; to give reasons for or against something; debate.
10. Language or behavior that is silly or makes nonsense.
11. To move or seem to move aimlessly and without any particular goal or purpose.
12. A person who loves and enthusiastically and loyally supports his or her country.
13. The act, process, or manner of treating; a course of action or means used to treat something, especially the care and medicine prescribed to treat an illness.
14. Any of several diseases that cause an inflammation of the lungs, usually caused by a bacterial or viral infection.
15. A flat piece of metal bearing a design or inscription, often given as an award.



*William Sidney Porter, this master of short stories is much better known under his pen name “O. Henry.” He was born on September 11, 1862 in North Carolina, where he spent his childhood. His only formal education was received at the school of his Aunt Lina, where he developed a lifelong love of books. At the age of twenty, Porter came to Texas primarily for health reasons, and worked on a sheep ranch and lived with the family of Richard M. Hall, whose family had close ties with the Porter family back in North Carolina. It was here that Porter gained knowledge for ranch life that he later described in many of his short stories. By 1887, Porter began working as a draftsman in the General Land Office, then headed by his old family friend, Richard Hall. In 1891 at the end of Hall’s term at the Land Office, Porter resigned and became a teller with the First National Bank in Austin. After a few years, however, he left the bank and founded the Rolling Stone, an unsuccessful humor weekly. Starting in 1895 he wrote a column for the Houston Daily Post.*

*Meanwhile, Porter was accused of embezzling funds dating back to his employment at the First National Bank. Leaving his wife and young daughter in Austin, Porter fled to New Orleans, then to Honduras, but soon returned due to his wife’s deteriorating health. She died soon afterward, and in early 1898 Porter was found guilty of the banking charges and sentenced to five years in an Ohio prison. From this low point in Porter’s life, he began a remarkable comeback. Three years and about a dozen short stories later, he emerged from prison as “O. Henry” to help shield his true identity. He moved to New York City, where over the next ten years before his death in 1910, he published over 300 stories and gained worldwide acclaim as America’s favorite short story writer.*

*O. Henry wrote with realistic detail based on his first hand experiences both in Texas and in New York City. In 1907, he published many of his Texas stories in *The Heart of the West*, a volume that includes “The Reformation of Calliope,” “The Caballero’s Way,” and “The Hiding of Black Bill.” Another highly acclaimed Texas writer, J. Frank Dobie, later referred to O. Henry’s “Last of the Troubadours” as “the best range story in American fiction.” Porter died on June 5, 1910 in New York City at the age of forty seven. An alcoholic, he died virtually penniless.*



## A SERVICE OF LOVE

WHEN ONE LOVES ONE'S ART no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it, and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the Great Wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine-tree village in the South that her relatives chipped in enough in her chip hat for her to go 'north' and 'finish'. They could not see her f -, but that is ours story.

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works pictures, Waldteufel, wall-paper, Chopin, and Oolong.

Joe and Delia became enamoured one of the other or each of other, as you please, and in a short time were married – for (see above), when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat – something like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy; for they had their Art and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be – sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor – janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall endorse my dictum that there is the only true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close – let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the wash-stand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long – enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn, and go out by Labrador.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister – you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light – his high-lights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock – you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every – but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocket-books would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining- room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat – the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cosy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions – ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable – he mutual help and inspiration; and – overlook my artlessness – stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11p.m.



But after awhile Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

'Joe, dear,' she said gleefully, 'I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General – General A. B. Pinckney's daughter – on Seventy-first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe – you ought to see the front door! Byzantine I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before.'

'My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing – dressed always in white, and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! \$5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper.'

'That's all right for you, Delia,' said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, 'but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.'

Delia came and hung about his neck.

'Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on \$15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister.'

'All right,' said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. 'But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it.'

'When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard,' said Delia.

'Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park,' said Joe. 'And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them.'

'I'm sure you will,' said Delia sweetly. 'And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this veal roast.'

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised, and kissed at seven o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times seven o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8 by 10 (inches) center table of the 8 by 10 (feet) flat parlour.

'Sometimes,' she said, a little wearily, 'Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practice enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano – he is a widower, you know – and stands there pulling his white goatee. "And how are the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers progressing?" he always asks.'

'I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing-room, Joe! And those Astrakhtan rug portieres. And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinckney's brother was once Minister to Bolivia.'

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one - all legal tender notes - and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

'Sold that watercolour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,' he announced overwhelmingly.

'Don't joke with me,' said Delia – 'not from Peoria!'

‘All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle’s window and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow.

He ordered another - an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot - to take back with him.

Music lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it.’

‘I’m so glad you’ve kept on,’ said Delia heartily. ‘You’re bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We’ll have oysters to-night.’

‘And filet mignon with champignons,’ said Joe. ‘Where is the olive fork?’

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his \$18 on the parlour table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

‘How is this?’ asked Joe after the usual greetings.

Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

‘Clementina,’ she explained, ‘insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn’t a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn’t in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But General Pinkney! - Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody - they said the furnace man or somebody in the basement - out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn’t hurt so much now.’

‘What’s this?’ asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

‘It’s something soft,’ said Delia, ‘that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?’ She had seen the money on the table.

‘Did I?’ said Joe. ‘Just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot today, and he isn’t sure but he thinks he wants another parkscap and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?’

‘Five o’clock, I think,’ said Dele plaintively. ‘The iron - I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when —’

‘Sit down here a moment, Dele,’ said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

‘What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?’ he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness, and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney; but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

‘I couldn’t get any pupils,’ she confessed. ‘And I couldn’t bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don’t you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You’re not angry, are you, Joe? And if I hadn’t got the work you mightn’t have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria.’

‘He wasn’t from Peoria,’ said Joe slowly.

‘Well, it doesn’t matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe and - kiss me, Joe - and what made you ever suspect that I wasn’t giving music lessons to Clementina?’

‘I didn’t,’ said Joe, ‘until to-night. And I wouldn’t have then, only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engine-room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron. I’ve been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks.’ ‘And then you didn’t —’

‘My purchaser from Peoria,’ said Joe, ‘and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art - but you wouldn’t call it either painting or music.’

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

‘When one loves one’s Art no service seems –’

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. ‘No,’ she said - ‘just “When one loves.”’

### Notes

1. **Emile Waldteufel** - French composer of popular music (1837-1915)
2. **Wilhelm Richard Wagner** – German composer (1813-1883)
3. **Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn** – Dutch painter (1606-1669)
4. **Frederic Chopin** – polish composer (1810-1849)
5. **Great Wall of China** - a series of stone and earthen fortifications in China, built, rebuilt, and maintained between the 5th century BC and the 16th century to protect the northern borders of the Chinese Empire during the rule of successive dynasties. Chip
6. **Chiaroscuro** – treatment of light and shade in painting; light and shade effects in nature; use of contrast in literature, etc.
7. **Became enamoured** – fell in love. **To enamour** – inspire with love or liking of; charm, delight
8. **Champignons** - it’s a French word which means a kind of mushroom
9. **Stubbornness** – obstinacy, inflexibility, obduracy, persistence, tenacity, perseverance
10. **Queer** – surprising, funny, astonishing, perplexing, odd, curious, unexpected, remarkable
11. **Murmur** – speak softly; talk softly, whisper, mutter, and mumble
12. **Vaguely**- not definitely or clearly expressed; not having a definite form or outline; not clear or distinct
13. **Laundry** - establishment for laundering linen; batch of clothes sent to or from laundry; to do the laundry; to dry the laundry ; to fold the laundry; to iron the laundry; clean laundry; dirty laundry
14. **purchaser** – buyer, customer, client, consumer, payer
15. **Peoria** – a city in the USA, Illinois
16. **Benvenuto Cellini** - one of the enigmatic, larger-than-life figures of the Italian Renaissance: a celebrated sculptor, goldsmith, author and soldier, but also a hooligan and even avenging killer

### Discussion

1. Define the theme and the idea of the story under study and give its essence.
2. Speak about the place and time of the action. How many characters are there in the text and **who are the people presented** in the story?
3. Which main features of the characters draw your attention? Why do you think they are the most special ones? Prove your idea.
4. Why did Joe Larrabee and Delia Caruthers quit their studies? Why did life become so difficult for them? What is the reason of their hard and difficult life?
5. What is the function of the “lie” in the story? Why is the while story based on lie?
6. What would you do if you were in Delia’s or Joe’s shoe?
7. Do the idea and the action of the story remind you of your own life or something that happened to you? Can you compare the given text with your own experience?
8. Does anyone in this story remind you of one of your acquaintances?
9. Find 5-7 words or phrases expressing positive and negative emotions.
10. Choose any 3-5 neutral words and state its literary and colloquial equivalent.
11. Speak about the language of the story.
12. Find as many stylistic devices as possible and explain their meaning.
13. Speak about the title of the story.
14. How do you understand the phrase “When one loves one’s Art no service seems too hard?”

## A Service of Love (Analysis)

O’Henry tells a delightful tale called “A Service of Love” in which he depicts Joe Larrabee and Delia Caruthers. Joe is a talented artist and Delia a gifted pianist. They met at a gathering of artists and in the due process of time, married. They took a meagre apartment but were happy because they had their art, they had their home and their love. Both continued their studies, Joe under a great artist, and Delia under a great pianist. Each had aspirations of not only success, but renown in their field. Their aims were clear and defined. They were blissful in their studies, in their love, and in their little abode as long as the money lasted. Then hard times set upon them with everything going out and nothing coming in, with no money to pay for the lessons and none for the food or rent. Delia made a decision: she’d quit her lessons, find pupils and work so Joe could continue his studies. Thus, she set out in quest of income. She set her heart upon doing what was good for her beloved. She knew that when one loves, no service seems too hard. Namely this idea is the leitmotif of the whole story.

Delia loved and considered Joe’s good ahead of her own desire to become a famous pianist. She told Joe of her decision, and that she had acquired one pupil, a rich girl named Clementina, but was sure she would soon have more. Joe protested, “Do you think I’m going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? ... I can sell papers or lay cobblestones and bring in a dollar or two.” Delia convinced Joe to continue his studies, and he decided that he might be able to sell some of his paintings and continue his lessons. At 7 a.m. every day she packed him off to do his art work in the park before classes, and he didn’t return home until 7p.m. Each week she gave Joe the 15 dollars she earned and he would contribute whatever he had made that week. Their combined earnings kept body and soul together and a roof over their heads. Neither complained, neither murmured. On the contrary! They rejoiced in their good fortune to have an income, be it ever so meagre. They counted their toils as work of love, and knew that when one loves, no service seems too hard.

Joe and Delia loved each other when they had enough money and they didn’t need to work. Their love deepened when they had to sacrifice for the good of the other. It doesn’t always work that way; some relationships are annihilated by adversity, blasted by burdens, crushed by calamity and devastated by difficulty. But when one loves, no service seems too hard. Joe praised Delia for her sacrifice, and she encouraged him in his endeavours. She kept telling him about Clementina and her lessons, and He kept telling her about those who purchased his paintings. Difficulty deepened their devotion.

One day Joe came home to find Delia’s hand in a bandage. She explained that Clementina had accidentally spilled hot soup on her after their practice. She said that the girl’s father had sent someone for bandages to bind it up with. She tried to change the subject and asked about any pictures he may have sold that day. Joe examined the hand and noticed the bandages were a cotton cloth with oil on them. He asked, “What have you been doing the past two weeks, Dele?” After stammering for a moment, she broke down in tears and understood that she could not hide the truth any more; the time had come to open the curtain. She did not have to utter a word, her burnt hand spoke instead of her. Now the question arises: if she loved him so much, why had they been deceiving each other for two weeks? The explanation is simple enough – it was the hardest time in their life and both of them were trying to please and protect each other. So, love means never having to say you are sorry.

### Remember – don’t confuse

**Activities, Doings, Action - *the quality or state of being active***

**Activities** – the quality or state of being active; movement; action. *The activity of the mind. It implies an occupation, pursuit, or recreation in which a person is active; it is used in plural form; pupil’s activities; classroom activities, business activities; social activities.*

**Doings** – actions, things done; *Tell me about all your doings in London.*

**Action** - the process of acting or doing, exertion of energy or influence. *The process of throwing a ball involves many muscles action.*

**Exercise1:** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. There was little ----- in the quiet town.
2. There is a lot of ----- at Smith’s house tonight.
3. Tom was fully involved in the school -----.
4. She spoke with great excitement about her ----- in foreign country. She especially did not mention that county, as she tried to make them guess.
5. English teacher always tries to do all classroom ----- in a highly amusing way.

6. She claimed she was anxious to avoid any ----- which might harm him.

**Attract, Allure, Charm, Fascinate, Captivate - to draw one thing to another by some quality or influence**

**Attract** – 1. to be appealing to; to draw attention or interest of; fascinate: *The scenery in these mountains attracts many tourists.*

**Allure** – to fascinate or attract with something tempting or desirable; *the power of allure; the power of fascination; the power of attractiveness; the allure of traveling to faraway countries.*

**Charm** – 1. the power to fascinate, attract, or delight greatly; *That ski resort holds much charm for winter vacationers. I shall be charmed to see you.* 2 any fascinating, attractive, or delightful quality or feature. *Her beautiful eyes were her greatest charm.*

**Fascinate** - to attract and hold close interest of by some special quality or charm; captivate. *The magician's tricks fascinated the children in the audience.*

**Captivate** - to capture and hold the attention or affection of, as by beauty or excellence; charm; fascinate; enchant; *The audience was captivated by the actor's performance.*

**Exercise 2:** Fill the gaps with appropriate words.

1. Mrs. Hacksly ----- him and he fell madly in love with her.
2. She gave some attention to her flowers, but it was perfunctorily bestowed for they no longer ----- her.
3. Her beauty ----- every existing eye in the ball.
4. Everyone was ----- by Tony's kindness of heart.
5. The family was ----- with the new house.
6. His eloquence ----- and astonishes.
7. The wicked old woman ----- the princess with magic words.
8. The class was ----- by the teacher's beauty, education and professionalism.
9. They had the ----- of visiting Europe.
10. She is a woman of great -----.

**Aptitude, Skill, Capacity, Faculty, Gift, Talent, Genius – A special ability or a capacity for a definite kind of activity**

**Aptitude** - a natural ability or talent; natural quickness or cleverness; being able to learn quickly [quickness in learning or understanding.] *musical aptitude, natural aptitude; Brian has an aptitude for learning languages. Ann is a pupil of great aptitude.*

**Skill** – the power or ability to do something, resulting from training, practice, knowledge, experience, proficiency; *She shows great skill in playing the violin.*

**Capacity** - the ability or power to do something; *Man has the capacity to do good or evil.*

**Faculty** - a natural gift of mind or character; mental power. It's applied to both inborn and acquired abilities or capacities; it implies distinction or making a difference in its quality and skill; *a faculty for painting pictures; the faculty of making friends easily; the mental faculties; to have a great faculty for math; to have a faculty for saying the right thing; the faculty of making oneself agreeable.*

**Gift** - a natural talent or capacity; it's applied to any innate ability, capacity or quality, to one not commonly found in men and not possible to acquire; *a gift of humour; to have a gift for math; to have gift for poetry; to have gift for music; to have gift for languages; a person of many gifts.*

**Talent** - is very close to gift in meaning, but it carries the implication that its possessor is required to develop this ability or particular kind of ability; *a man of great talent; to have a talent for painting; to have a talent for music; to have a talent for languages; to develop one's talent.*

**Genius** – great creative ability, very great and unusual capacity of the mind, or imagination; the power to invent or create; a man of genius; to have a genius for music; a genius for acting; to have a genius for making friends; a genius for finance. *Stephan Crane had plenty of friends and they all believed in his genius.*

**Exercise 3.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Keeping a secret is an art that requires many lies magnificently told, and a great -----for playing the comedy and enjoying it.
2. Grandmother is seventy, but in full possession of her ----- and remarkable woman.
3. Children all over the world believe that Christmas Father is a man of great ----- and he can fulfill everybody's wish.
4. William Shakespeare left his money to his family and his ----- to the world.
5. The ----- of doing well is the feature which defers us from beasts.
6. Pelé showed great ----- in playing football when he was five years old.
7. Tom picks up Spanish and Italian very easily. His teachers say that he was a great -----for languages.
8. Tom Sawyer was a great liar as he had the ----- of imagination.

## EXERCISES

**1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:**

<b>Renowned</b>	<b>Repute</b>
<b>Escritoire</b>	<b>Elated</b>
<b>Bundle</b>	<b>Plaintively</b>
<b>Stubbornness</b>	<b>Laundry</b>
<b>Bundle</b>	<b>Frame</b>
<b>Pump</b>	<b>Endorse</b>

**2. Give antonyms of the following words:**

<b>Contemptuous</b>	<b>Vaguely</b>
<b>Joyously</b>	<b>Brave</b>
<b>Queer</b>	<b>Splendid</b>
<b>Distracted</b>	<b>Lonesome</b>

**3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:**

to be always with music  
to keep on at somebody's studies  
to take back with somebody  
to be nervous  
to quit something (music) and go to work at something else  
to be a trump and dear to do something  
to pick someone off breakfasted  
to reach home first  
to be in good health  
to rush downstairs and sent someone for something  
to hurt something/ someone awfully

**4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:**

1. Taken by love; charmed; captivated.
2. Special right, advantage, or benefit granted to or held by a certain person, group or class.
3. Showing or characterized by a lack of good breeding, refinement, or taste.
4. A scarf of wool or other material, worn around the neck for warmth.
5. A storage place; storehouse; warehouse; a place where military supplies and equipments are stored.
6. A four-sided stone pillar that narrows as it rises and is shaped like a pyramid at the top.
7. A structure or apparatus containing an enclosed chamber in which intense heat is produced, as for heating buildings or melting metals
8. A person employed to clean and service a building or establishment, such as an apartment, house, school, or office.
9. A workshop or studio, especially that of an artist.
10. Any of various plants that have narrow spoon-shaped leaves and tiny yellowish-white or greenish-yellow flowers in long spikes or clusters.



Portrait taken in New York City in the 1970s



*Anaïs Nin was born in Neuilly, France to two artistic parents. Her father, Joaquin Nin, was a Cuban pianist and composer, and her mother Rosa Culmell was also Cuban, but of French and Danish ancestry and was a classically trained singer. After her parents separated, her mother moved Anaïs and her two brothers from Barcelona to New York City. According to her diaries, Nin abandoned formal schooling at the age of 16 and began working as a model.*

*On 3 March 1923, in Havana, Cuba, she married Guiler (1898-1985) later known as “Ian Hugo” when he became a filmmaker of experimental films in the late 1940s. The couple moved to Paris the following year, where Guiler pursued his banking career and Nin began to pursue her interest in writing. Her first published work was a critical evaluation of D. H. Lawrence called *D. H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study*. She also explored the field of psychotherapy, studying under the likes of Otto Rank, a disciple of Sigmund Freud. According to her diaries, Volume One, 1931 - 1934, Nin shared a Bohemian lifestyle with Henry Miller during that time in Paris. There is no mention of her husband in that edited edition. In 1939, Nin and Hugh Parker Guiler moved back to New York City. Nin appeared in the Kenneth Anger film *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* (1954) as Astarte, the Maya Deren film *Ritual in Transfigured Time* (1946), and in *Bells of Atlantis* (1952), a film directed by Guiler under the name “Ian Hugo” with a soundtrack of electronic music by Louis and Bebe Barron.*

*She entered into a second marriage to Rupert Pole, which took place in Quartzsite, Arizona on 17 March 1955, before she and Pole returned to live in California. Guiler remained in New York City and was unaware of Nin's second marriage until after her death in 1977. She often cited authors Djuna Barnes and D. H. Lawrence as inspirations. She states in Volume One of her diaries that she and Henry Miller drew inspiration from Marcel Proust, André Gide, Jean Cocteau, Paul Valéry, and Arthur Rimbaud.*

*Anaïs Nin is perhaps best remembered as a diarist. Her journals, which span several decades, provide a deeply explorative insight into her personal life and relationships. Nin was acquainted, often quite intimately, with a number of prominent authors, artists, psychoanalysts, and other figures. Her journals portray these persons in a profound depth of analysis and frankness of description. Moreover, as a female author describing a primarily masculine constellation of celebrities, Nin's journals have acquired importance as a counterbalancing perspective.*

*In 1973 she received an honorary doctorate from the Philadelphia College of Art. She was elected to the United States National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1974. She died in Los Angeles, California on January 14, 1977; her body was cremated, and her ashes were scattered over Santa Monica Bay. Rupert Pole was named Nin's literary executor, and he arranged to have new unexpurgated editions of Nin's books and diaries published between 1985 and his death in 2006.*

## RAGTIME

The city was asleep on its right side and shaking with violent nightmares.<sup>1</sup> Long puffs of snoring came out of the chimneys. Its feet were sticking out because the clouds did not cover it altogether. There was a hole in them and the white feathers were falling out. The city had untied all the bridges like so many buttons to feel at ease. Wherever there was a lamplight the city scratched itself until it went out.

Trees, houses, telegraph poles, lay on their side. The ragpicker walked among the roots, the cellars, the breathing sewers, the open pipe works, looking for odds and ends, for remnants, for rags, broken bottles, paper, tin and old bread.<sup>2</sup> The ragpicker walked in and out of the pockets of the sleeping city with his ragpicker's pick. In and out of the pockets over the watch chain on its belly, in and out of the sleeves around its dusty collar, through the wands of its hair, picking the broken strands. The broken strands to repair mandolins.<sup>3</sup> The fringe on the sleeve, the crumbs of bread, the broken watch face, the grains of tobacco, the subway ticket, the string, the stamp. The ragpicker worked in silence among the strains and smells.

His bag was swelling.

The city turned slowly on its left side, but the eyes of the houses remained closed, and the bridges unclasped. The ragpicker worked in silence and never looked at anything that was whole. His eyes sought the broken, the worn, the faded, the fragmented. A complete object made him sad. What could one do with a complete object? Put it in the museum. Not touch it. But a torn paper, a shoelace without its double, a cup without saucer, that was stirring. They could be transformed, melted into something else. A twisted piece of paper. Wonderful, this basket without a handle. Wonderful, this bottle without a stopper. Wonderful, the box without a key. Wonderful, half a dress, the ribbon off a hat, a fan with a feather missing. Wonderful, the camera plate without camera, the lone bicycle wheel, half a phonograph disk. Fragments, incompleting worlds, rags, detritus, the end of objects, and the beginning of transmutations.

The ragpicker shook his head with pleasure. He had found an object without a name. It shone. It was round. It was inexplicable. The ragpicker was happy. He would stop searching. The city would be waking up with the smell of bread. His bag was full. There were even fleas in it, pirouetting. The tail of a dead cat for luck.

His shadow walked after him, bent, twice as long. The bag on the shadow was the hump of a camel. The beard the camel's muzzle. The camel's walk, up and down the sand dunes. The camel's walk, up and down. I sat on the camel's hump.

It took me to the edge of the city. No trees. No bridge. No pavement. Earth. Plain earth trodden dead. Shacks of smoke-stained wood from demolished buildings. Between the shacks, gypsy carts. Between the shacks and the carts a path of narrow that one must walk Indian file. Around the shacks, palisades. Inside the shack, rags. Rags for beds. Rags for chairs. Rags for tables. On the rags men, women, brats. Inside the women more brats. Fleas. Elbows resting on an old shoe. Head resting on a stuffed deer whose eyes hung loose on a string. The ragpicker gives the woman the object without a name. The woman picks it up and looks at the blank disk, then behind it. She hears tick, tick, tick, tick, tick. She says it is a clock. The ragpicker puts it to his ear and agrees it ticks like a clock but since its face is blank they will never know the time. Tick, tick, tick, the beat of time and no hour showing.

The tip of the shack is pointed like an Arab tent. The windows oblique like oriental eyes. On the sill a flower pot. Flowers made of beads and iron stems, which fell from a tomb. The woman waters them and the stems are rusty.

The brats sitting in the mud are typing to make an old shoe float like a boat.

The woman cuts her thread with half a scissor. The ragpicker reads the newspaper with broken specs. The children go to the fountain with leaky pails. When they come back the pails are empty. The ragpickers crouch around the contents of their bags. Nails fall out. A roof tile. A signpost with letters missing.

<sup>1</sup> **The city was asleep on its right side and shaking with violent nightmares** – This sentence which is a typical example of metaphor can be divided into two separate metaphors: city was asleep (trite metaphor) and city was shaking with nightmares. (Metaphor – see P. 13). At the same time under “city” are definitely meant city-dwellers. So, the word “city-dwellers” is substituted by the word “city” what is characteristic to the stylistic device metonymy. (Metonymy – see P. 12). But as in the given example we face the case of metaphor as well as metonymy simultaneously, we can consider it as metaphoric-metonymy.

<sup>2</sup> **The ragpicker walked among the roots, the cellars, the breathing sewers, the open pipe works, looking for odds and ends, for remnants, for rags, broken bottles, paper, tin and old bread** – In this sentence we deal with the syntactic stylistic device enumeration. It is stylistic device by which separate things, objects, phenomena, properties, actions are named one by one so that they produce a chain, the links of which, being syntactically in the same position, are forced to display kind of semantic homogeneity, remote though it may seem.

<sup>3</sup> ... **picking the broken strands. The broken strands to repair mandolins.** – This is the case of one of the types of the syntactic stylistic device repetition – anadiplosis. The structure of this device is the following: the last word or phrase of the utterance is repeated at the beginning of the next part, thus hooking the two parts together.

Out of the gypsy cart behind them comes a torso. A torso on stilts, with his head twisted to one side. What had he done with his legs and arms? Were they under the pile of rags? Had he been thrown out of a window? A fragment of a man found at dawn.

Through the cracks in the shacks came the strum of a mandolin with one string.

The ragpicker looks at me with his one leaking eye. I pick a basket without bottom. The rim of a hat. The lining of a coat. Touch myself. Am I complete? Arms? Legs? Hair? Eyes? Where is the sole of my foot? I take off my shoe to see, to feel. Laugh. Glued to my sole is a blue rag. Ragged but blue like cobalt dust.

The rain falls. I pick up the skeleton of an umbrella. Sit on a hill of corks perfumed by the smell of wine. A ragpicker passes, the handle of a knife in his hand. With it he points to a path of dead oysters. At the end of the path is my blue dress. I had wept over its death. I had danced in it when I was seventeen, danced until it fell into pieces. I try to put it on and come out the other side. I cannot stay inside of it. Here I am, and there the dress, and I forever out of the blue dress I had loved, and I dance right through air, and fall on the floor because one of my heels came off, the heel I lost on a rainy night walking up a hill kissing my loved one deliriously. Where are all the other things, I say, where are all the things I thought dead?

The ragpicker gave me a wisdom tooth, and my long hair which I had cut off. Then he sinks into a pile of rags and when I try to pick him up I find a scarecrow in my hands with sleeves full of straw and a high top hat with a bullet hole through it.

The ragpickers are sitting around a fire made of broken shutters, window frames, artificial beards, chestnuts, horse's tails, last year's holy palm leaves. The cripple sits on the stump of his torso, with his stilts beside him. Out of the shacks and the gypsy carts come the women and the brats. Can't one throw anything away forever? I asked.

The ragpicker laughs out the corner of his mouth, half a laugh, a fragment of a laugh, and they all begin to sing.

First came the breath of garlic which they hang like little red Chinese lanterns in their shacks, the breath of garlic followed by a serpentine song:

Nothing is lost but it changes  
into the new string old string  
in the new bag old bag  
in the new pan old tin  
in the new shoe old leather  
in the new silk old hair  
in the new hat old straw  
in the new man the child  
and the new not new  
the new not new  
the new not new

All night the ragpicker sang the new not new the new not new until I feel asleep and they picked me up and put me in a bag.

### Notes

1. **Ragtime** - an early kind of jazz characterized by steady, marching rhythm in the lower notes and syncopation in the upper notes or melody; popular music of USA Negro music origin with much syncopation
2. **Rag picker** - beggar, tramp, vagrant
3. **Nightmares** - a bad dream that causes feelings of great nervousness or fear; **brutal ghost**
4. **Puff** - a short sudden blast, as of air, breath, or smoke
5. **To snore - to** make harsh or noisy sounds in sleep by breathing through the open mouth or through the mouth and nose.
6. **To feel at ease** - to feel relief
7. **Cellar** - basement; a room either partially or wholly underground, usually under a building and often used as a storage place
8. **Sewer** - drain, gutter
9. **Pipeworks** - tube, tubing

10. **Odds and ends** - remains
11. **Remnants** - bits and pieces; odds and ends; loose ends
12. **Mandolin** – a musical instrument having a pear-shaped body that is flat on one-side and metal strings, usually played by plucking with a plectrum
13. **Crumb** – a tiny piece, as of bread, case, or similar food; a small bit of something
14. **To swell** – to bulge out; to increase in size
15. **Strand** – thread. Filament, fiber, yarn
16. **Fringe** – a border or trimming consisting of hanging threads, cords, tassels, or the like
17. **Grains** – the seed of various cereal grasses, such as rye, wheat, oat, or corn; the plants bearing such seeds; a tiny, hard particle
18. **Faded** – gray, dull, washed out, pale, and withered
19. **Fragmented** – broken into pieces
20. **Muzzle** - silence, gag, prevent from speaking
21. **Inexplicable** – that cannot be explained
22. **Flea** - insect like parasites, vermin, lice
23. **Pirouetting** – to perform a pirouette. **Pirouette** - a rapid turning about on the toe, especially in dancing

## Discussion

1. What is the effect of Anais Nin's strategy of creating the context of the city before introducing "I"?
2. How does Anais Nin create mood and atmosphere in the story?
3. What is the attitude of the ragpicker toward the world and whole things? Give some examples.
4. What is your impression about the ragpicker as a person? Do you like or dislike him? Why?
5. What stylistic devices does Nin use to create rhythm and rapidity [swiftness]? Look at the use of sentence fragments and repetition ["wonderful"], the use of present tense. How do these devices relate to the context and meaning of this fiction?
6. Find a paragraph in the text which can be considered as an example of one whole sustained (prolonged) metaphor (See P. 111) and find other separate stylistic devices in the passage.
7. Find cases of metaphoric-metonymy in the story.
8. Find cases of enumeration in the text.
9. What two opposite concepts are underlined in the text, especially in the fourth paragraph.
10. Find the cases of repetition and indicate its type.
11. Find the cases of represented speech in the text.
12. Find the cases of simile in the story.
13. Find the examples of elliptical sentences in the text.
14. Find the similarity between the ragpicker and the title – Ragtime.
15. What connection do you observe between the ragpicker and the second character – I?
16. Is "I" a man or a woman? Prove your idea.
17. Overall, what kind of feeling did you have after reading a few paragraphs of this story?
18. Sometimes literary work leaves a reader with the feeling that there is more to be told. Does this work have the same effect? What do you think might happen?
19. Anais Nin is less known among the Georgian readers, would you like to read something else by this author. Why or why not?

## Ragtime (Analysis)

The whole world consists of fragments. But why are fragments more attractive and more worth attention than one whole? This is the question which we are facing while reading "Ragtime".

The main hero of the story, ragpicker, is interested in only broken, faded, and worn out things, parts of the whole. Everything disordered and defected, everything without "something" draws his mind and soul. That's why the word "without" is one of the key words of the story.

The ragpicker, whom a complete object made sad and miserable, is looking for defected things, gathering and hiding them in his bag which is gradually swelling. Complete objects irritate him. He considers them in a ridiculous way. He realizes them as untouchable museum exhibits. He also likes cities without trees, bridges, pavements; even a fragment of a man found at dawn.

While “working” the ragpicker feels free as “the city had untied all the bridges like so many buttons to feel at ease”. He is as free as gypsies. It is a well-known fact that gypsies are wandering free people of Hindu origin with dark skin and hair. They are scattered throughout the world and are noted as musicians, fortune-tellers, horse-traders and tinkers. That’s why in the story the author dedicates so many passages to this tribe.

The question that “tortures” us while reading this unusual fact is –what’s up with our main hero? Why is this junk so precious to him? What benefit does he see in these things? But what is trash to us maybe is very valuable to him. We have a suspicion that these defected objects are a sort of chain that connects the ragpicker with his past life when, probably, he was happy enough.

The whole story is rendered through the third person narration, but somewhere at the end of the story the narration is changed and we deal with the first person narration as the second character – I – appears. This is the most confusing part in the story. But still we have to differentiate these two characters and even find similarities between them.

Like the ragpicker, “I” also seeks for details of useless things. But at the end “I” also becomes the part of that trash which the ragpicker is collecting in his bag and carries this bag nowhere as both of them have the way nowhere.

The most important part of the text is the rhyme which completes the story which clarifies the idea that nothing is lost but everything is changed into something new.

## Remember - don't confuse

### Transmutation, Alteration, Transformation, Metamorphosis - *change*

**Transmutation** – 1. the act of transmuting or the state of being transmuted; 2. *Physics*: The conversion of one element into another by a change in its nuclear structure.

**Alteration** – the result of altering, change; *There's been an alteration in our plans.*

**Transformation** - the act of transforming or the state of being transformed; *Transformation of France from a feudal confederacy to an absolute monarchy.*

**Metamorphosis** – 1. the process by which certain animals go through changes in form, structure, or function as they develop from immature form at birth or hatching to an adult. *Caterpillars become butterflies through the process of metamorphosis.* 2. any complete or great change. As in form, appearance, character, or condition.

**Exercise 1.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. Tadpoles become frogs through the process of -----.
2. ----- takes place in all chemical processes.
3. The tiny mistake caused the -----of my whole life.
4. While our experiment we were facing the ----- of elements.

### Get, Obtain, Procure, Acquire, Gain - *to come into possession of; to receive*

**Get** – the most general and widely used word implies effort or labour in obtaining or gaining possession in any manner. *You are going to get your car knocked off.*

**Obtain** – to get as one’s own, especially as a result of effort, gain possession of acquire *He explained that he had been unable to obtain authorization from his company to pay the preposterous sum demanded.*

**Procure** – to acquire or get, especially with effort. *This book is very difficult to procure.*

**Acquire** – to come into possession of; gain or obtain as one’s own; to acquire wealth and property, to acquire an education, to acquire the ability to speak a foreign language.

**Gain** – activity in reaching a desirable thing, but it carries the additional implications of struggle, competition and of value, especially material value; *to gain an advantage over one's competition; to gain strength after illness; to gain some knowledge of foreign countries.*



**Exercise 2.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. In order to ----- the information I needed, I had to go to the library.
2. She ----- brilliant education and ----- life experience at Oxford University.
3. The parent ----- admission to principal's room and started to look for it.
4. The children ----- the money to buy the present by cutting grass.
5. In order to ----- the information I needed I had to go to the library.
6. The ----- the reputation of being the most civilized organization in Europe.
7. He is talented in math and he also ----- the ability to speak German and French.

**Error, Mistake, Blunder, Slip - *wrong or done incorrectly***

**Error** – something done through ignorance but not intentionally. *The tiniest error on this map may mean danger to caravans expecting water or provision at a designated spot.*

**Mistake** - stresses disregard of rule or principle, often as a result of a misconception or a misunderstanding insufficient observation, hence, an error or fault in thought or action. *This was my first and bitter mistake done during my whole life.*

**Blunder** – emphasizes carelessness or stupidity in action or speech. *Blunder is a stupid mistake.*

**Slip** - stronger hint of accident than mistake and is less important, which is often a result of haste or carelessness. *Her cheeks were coloured by the consciousness of her slip.*

**Exercise 3.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. ----- correction is the most favorite activity for our class because while checking we see our ----- vividly.
2. They are in ----- if they think that she is coming to the party.
3. Sometimes a wise man makes -----.
4. Unfortunately the ----- which you have done will wreck your love
5. Forgetting his mother's birthday was an awful -----.
6. There is an ----- in his subtraction.
7. Her married was great ----- and she realized it quite well.
8. There were five spelling ----- on her test paper.
9. Dan ----- up on the first question.
10. How large was the ----- in his calculations?
11. Quitting such successful business was really an awful -----.

**Humble, Modest, Meek – *low in position, station, or condition; not pretentious; the lack of all signs of pride in oneself or in one's achievements***

**Humble** – having or showing a low estimate or opinion of one's importance or worth; not proud. virtue with the absence of pride; it underlines a low opinion of oneself. *They invited us in the humble house.*

**Modest** – one who takes no credit to himself for his abilities or achievements .absence of boastfulness but it does. *During their honeymoon Helen was as modest and chaste as a nun.*

**Meek** – 1. patient and mild in manner or disposition; gentle. 2. giving in or yielding easily, lacking spirit. *Tony is too meek to insist on a raise.*

**Exercise 4.** Fill the gaps with an appropriate word:

1. He suddenly appeared in ----- circumstances.
2. His behaviour was rather ----- during the interview.
3. She always tries to be rather -----, but she can't get rid of her arrogance.
4. On the ball she was so ----- that she couldn't dare to dance with her sweetheart.



## EXERCISES

### 1. Give as many synonyms as possible of the following words:

Asleep	Puff
Chimney	Belly
Sewer	Faded
Strands	Torn
Pleasure	Shoelace
Subway	Demolish
Plain	Tick
Trodden	Twist
Fragment	Signpost
Torso	Palisade
Shack	Brat

### 2. Give antonyms of the following words:

Violent	Suspicion
Collect	Dawn
Past	Perfumed
Serpentine	Incomplete

### 3. Make sentences of your own using the following phrases from the text:

to come up of  
to cover something altogether  
to fall out  
to look for odds and ends  
to walk in and out of  
to pick someone up and put someone in a bag  
to turn slowly on the left side  
to make someone sad  
to fall into pieces  
to point to a path

### 4. Express in one word the meaning of each of the following. All words required are given in the text:

1. A long, slender piece of wood, meal, or other material; a fishing pole.
2. A small piece of cloth, especially one that is torn or worn out.
3. A pouch sewn into or on a garment, used especially to hold small articles.
4. A light, clicking sound, such as that made by a watch or a clock.
5. To lose colour, brightness, or distinctness.
6. To walk on, along, or over; step upon; to press with the feet; trample.
7. Acting wit, characterized by, or resulting from strong physical force or roughness used to injure or harm.
8. A bad dream that causes feelings of great nervousness or fear.
9. A short, sudden blast, as of air, breath, or smoke.
10. To make harsh or noisy sound in sleep by breathing through the open mouth or through the mouth and nose.
11. An upright structure used to carry smoke or vapor from a fireplace or furnace.
12. A hollow place or cavity in something solid; pit.
13. One of the light outgrowths that cover a bird's skin.
14. A small disk or knob made of any various materials, used to fasten or ornament clothing.
15. The light from a lamp or lamps.
16. Formerly, a person whose job was to light gas or oil street lights at night.
17. To cut, mark, or mar with something rough sharp, or pointed.
18. A small, roughly built hut or cabin.

## EXTRA READING

*Anne Cassidy* was born in London in 1952 and was a teacher in London schools for 19 years before she turned to writing full time. Anne has been writing books for teenagers for many years and concentrates on crime stories and thrillers. Before she began to write Anne was an avid reader. Her favourite kind of books are those that have a mystery of some sort at their centre. She has a passion for crime books, mystery stories and detective novels. It's not just 'whodunnit' books she likes but why something happened, how a crime was committed, the effects of terrible events on ordinary people's lives. Her favourite crime writers are Ruth Rendell (particularly when she's writing as Barbara Vine), Sue Grafton, John Harvey, Lawrence Sanders, Scott Turow and Donna Tartt. Teenagers inhabit a transitory world between childhood and adulthood. Certainties and expectations are often turned upside down in this period. It seemed therefore an ideal point at which to throw a young adult in the path of crime. To see what happens if a young girl, previously only interested in clothes and records, is late to a meeting with her best friend and when she arrives, finds her murdered. Does she ignore it and get on with her life? Or does she find herself drawn into it? To Anne there seemed to be a lack of these sorts of books for younger readers so since then she has written a variety of mystery and crime novels for teenagers. Anne's recent books for Scholastic have been thrillers for the Teen-Rated range including *Love Letters*, *Missing Judy* and *Tough Love* and she also penned the *East End Murders* series. *Looking For JJ* was published in hardback in February 2004 and released in paperback February 2005.

*Looking for JJ* tells the story of Jennifer Jones, who is convicted of manslaughter as a ten-year-old. Following six years in a secure unit, she's released under a new identity. The novel looks back at the day when three girls went out on an adventure and only two came back and also at JJ's life afterwards as she tries to avoid being discovered by the press and begins to face up to her notoriety. Anne's novel, *Birthday Blues* was published in February 2005 and is a gripping story focusing on an abandoned baby. A day-old child has been left in the street in a cardboard pet carrier - but who is little Bobby's mother? And how could she leave him like this? Police are desperate to reunite them, but no one is coming forward.

Anne's last novel, *The Story of My Life* has a male central character. Kenny, a seventeen year old whose attraction to his brother's girlfriend causes trouble in the family. But this trouble is nothing to what develops when he meets Mack, and his life takes a violent swerve in a completely different direction. A simple chance meeting that could destroy his whole world.

*Looking for JJ* has won the *Renfrewshire Teenage Book Award 2007*, the *North East Children's Book Award 2007*, the *Booktrust Teenage Prize 2004*, and the *Sheffield Children's Book Award 2005*, and has been shortlisted for the *Angus Book Award 2005*, the prestigious *Whitbread Children's Book Award 2004* and also the *Carnegie Medal 2004*. *Missing Judy* won the *Coventry Inspiration Book Award 2007*. Anne has also been shortlisted for numerous regional awards, including the *Staffordshire YTF Book Award 2005*, and the *Redbridge Teenage Book Award 2005*. *Forget Me Not* is Anne's gripping new novel which tackles the difficult subject of child abduction. It was published in February 2008.

## SHOPPING FOR ONE

*Supermarkets are much the same the world over – especially the queues at check-out points. What extraordinary things other people are buying! There are odd snatches of overheard conversation too. But what if one is living alone, 'Shopping for one?'*

'So what did you say?' Jean heard the blonde woman in front of her talking to her friend.

'Well,' the darker woman began, 'I said I'm not having that woman there. I don't see why I should. I mean I'm not being old-fashioned but I don't see why I should have to put up with her at family occasions. After all...'

Jean noticed the other woman giving an accompaniment of nods and headshaking at the appropriate parts. They fell into silence and the queue moved forward a couple of steps.

Jean felt her patience beginning to itch. Looking into her wire basket she counted ten items. That meant she couldn't go through the quick till but simply had to wait behind elephantine shopping loads; giant bottles of coke crammed in beside twenty-pound bags of potatoes and 'special offer' drums of bleach. Somewhere at the bottom, Jean thought, there was always a plastic carton of eggs or a see-through tray of tomatoes which fell casualty to the rest. There was nothing else for it – she'd just have to wait.

'After all,' the dark woman resumed her conversation, 'how would it look if she was there when I turned up?' Her friend shook her head slowly from side to side and ended with a quick nod.

Should she have got such a small size salad cream? Jean wasn't sure. She was sick of throwing away half-used bottles of stuff.

'He came back to you after all,' the blonde woman suddenly said. Jean looked up quickly and immediately felt her cheeks flush. She bent over and began to rearrange the items in her shopping basket.

'On his hands and knees,' the dark woman spoke in a triumphant voice. 'Begged me take him back.'

She gritted her teeth together. Should she go and change it for a larger size? Jean looked behind and saw that she was hemmed in by three large trollies. She'd lose her place in the queue. There was something so pitiful about buying small sizes of everything. It was as though everyone knew.

'You can always tell a person by their shopping,' was one of her mother's favourite maxims. She looked into her shopping basket: individual fruit pies, small salad cream, yoghurt, tomatoes, cat food and a chicken quarter.

'It was only for sex you know. He admitted as much to me when he came back,' the dark woman informed her friend. Her friend began to load her shopping on to the conveyor belt. The cashier, doing what looked like an in-depth study of a biro, suddenly said, 'make it out to J. Sainsbury PLC.' She was addressing a man who had been poised and waiting to write out a cheque for a few moments. His wife was loading what looked like a gross of fish fingers into a cardboard box marked 'Whiskas'. It was called a division of labour.

Jean looked again at her basket and began to feel the familiar feeling of regent that visited her from time to time. Hemmed in between family-size cartons of cornflakes and giant packets of washing-powder, her individual yoghurt seemed to say it all. She looked up toward a plastic bookstand which stood beside the till. A slim glossy hardback caught her eye. The words *Cooking for One* screamed out from the front cover. Think of all the oriental foods you can get into, her friend had said. He was so traditional after all. Nodding in agreement with her thoughts Jean found herself eye to eye with the blonde woman, who, obviously not prepared to tolerate nodding at anyone else, gave her a blank, hard look and handed her what looked like a black plastic ruler with the words 'Next customer please' printed on it in bold letters. She turned back to her friend. Jean put the ruler down on the conveyor belt.

She thought about their shopping trips, before, when they were together, which for some reason seemed to assume massive proportions considering there were only two of them. All that rushing round, he pushing the trolley dejectedly, she firing question at him. Salmon? Toilet rolls? Coffee? Peas? She remembered he only liked the processed kind. It was all such a performance. Standing there holding her wire basket, embarrassed by its very emptiness, was like something out of a soap opera.

'Of course, we've had our ups and downs,' the dark woman continued, lazily passing a few items down to her friend who was now on to what looked like her fourth Marks and Spencer carrier bag.

Jean began to load her food on to the conveyor belt. She picked up the cookery book and felt the frustrations of indecision. It was only ninety pence but it seemed to define everything, to pinpoint her aloneness, to prescribe an empty future. She put it back in its place.

'So that's why I couldn't have her there you see,' the dark woman was summing up. She lowered her voice to a loud whisper which immediately alerted a larger audience. 'And anyway, when he settles back in, I'm sure we'll sort out the other business then.' The friends exchanged knowing expressions and the blonde woman got her purse out of a neat leather bag. She peeled off three ten pound notes and handed them to the cashier.

Jean opened her carrier bag ready for her shopping. She turned to watch the two women as they walked off, the blonde pushing the trolley and the other seemingly carrying on with her story.

The cashier was looking expectantly at her and Jean realized that she had totaled up. It was four pounds and eighty-seven pence. She had the right money, is just meant sorting her change out. She had an inclination that the people behind her were becoming impatient. She noticed their stack of items all lined and waiting, it seemed, for starters orders. Brown bread and peppers, olive oil and lentils and, in the centre, a stray packet of beefburgers.

She gave over her money and picked up her carrier bag. She felt a sense of relief to be away from the mass of people. She felt out of place, a non conformer, half a consumer unit.

Walking out of the door she wondered what she might have for tea. Possibly chicken, she thought, with salad. Walking towards her car she thought that she should have bought the cookery book after all. She suddenly felt much better in the

fresh air. She'd buy it next week. And in future she'd buy a large salad cream. After all, what if people came round unexpectedly?



*Anais Nin*

Anais Nin, 1903-1977

Writer and diarist, born in Paris, of a Catalan father and a Danish mother, Anais spent many of her early years with Cuban relatives. Later a naturalized American citizen, she lived and worked in Paris, New York and Los Angeles. Author of avant-garde novels in the French surrealist style, she is best known for her life and times in *The Diary of Anais Nin*, Vols. I-VII. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1966-1980; and *The Early Diaries of Anais Nin*, Vols. I-IV. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978-1985.

## THE CHILD BORN OUT OF THE FOG

Walking towards the river, walking through circles of children playing, walking under the arch of loitering men's eyes, walking into torn newspapers petaling upward walking over sliced tin cans, walking past broken windows (the stones are lying on bare floors), walking over charred doorways (the fire did not last long, there was not much to feed on), walking past meagre grocery stores, sleepy bars, passing people with concave stomachs of hunger. Ringing a bell to a little house where the bell hangs loose on a wire, the door slants askew, the hinges complain and the lock seems weak and removable.

But out of the curtainless window leans the long hair of a woman men will write poems for, the blue-green eyes of Undine after she had wept, the full creole mouth of southerners, the laughing, upturned nose, a face of open tenderness throwing down the little street a soft welcome, a child's smile eclipsed by early sorrows.

There is a rustle inside, the rustle to prevent the guest of honor from stepping into intimate disorders. Someone has come and certain objects must be banished, and when the door is opened the secret disorder has ceased and one is allowed to step up the green stairway to a room of green walls, colored lamps, with books on the floor, records on the couch, a painted fireplace, into a sunburst of colors as on the Madagascar hats.

The windows giving on the street had been covered with triangles of colored paper and the room might have been in an Arabian city.

Sarah was sitting on a low chair. She had taken off her green sweater and she was mending a hole in it.

Don was strumming his guitar in readiness for his performance at the night club. Don's black hair was softly waved, his dark skin shed copper tones. His hands on the guitar were sensitive and slender.

He asked: "Has Pony had her dinner?"

And just then the little girl Pony entered sideways and one saw first of all her very round black eyes. Two tears had frozen on her cheeks, tears at having been deserted by both parents, but halfway down her face they had stopped flowing because she had found them again. Soft dark brown curls and two hands stretched towards the white mother and the dark father for equal consolation.

In Peru there is a song about God the Potter. God the Potter was baking men. He baked one lot and did not time it well, and when he took the tray out there were men with white hair, white eyelashes and dead-white skins, absolutely faded specimens. He laid them aside (they escaped to Norway).

The second lot was a little better, but the third was perfect and that was the Indian. And surely Pony too had come out of the third lot baked a point.

The first lot had produced Sarah's first love, a blond boy who had not loved her deeply. "The sun used to bleach his hair to gold."

Everyone who is hurt takes a long voyage.  
You travel as far as you can from the place of the hurt.

Sarah traveled far from gold hair to black hair as men of old traveled into virgin forests to heal a wound, as they traveled to foreign lands to forget a face.

She had traveled from a land of cold words to a land of warm words, from a land of detachment to a land of tenderness, from shallowness to richness. She had sailed from a port where a young man spoke words born on the edge of his handsome mouth to where words issued from the pit where Pony's tears came from when she was deserted.

Sarah had taken a long voyage, for she had much to forget – her mother's words: sensuality is in crime; and her father's words: the Negro is unclean.

She had walked through a park one summer evening with Don, with whom she had attended a political meeting, and listening to his words she heard the accents of truth, the accents of wholeness. The voice was rich because there was everything in it: blood and sinews, heart and warmth, joy and pain, body and heart pulsing together. Even his politeness came from the heart as he pushed away the branches from her face, as he talked of love and hatred, pure because they were either love or hatred, not composites, not half loves and half hatreds.

In this park, with a dense summer fog surrounding them, she heard the voice of Don and the voices of her feelings deep like a forest.

The fog isolated them but here was a world. The fog ostracized them: two lost beings, one lost in the pain of betrayal by one, the other in danger of death and ignominy and betrayal by all because he was born of the Potter's third lot.

At first they played a game like children, of losing and finding each other in the fog. One moment when he hid too well, and she could not catch the faintest rustle of his presence among the trees, she knew that if she did not find him again she would be alone.

And Pony was the little child who was born out of the fog.

When the fog lifted, when the day came, stones were thrown at them, and Don's life was in danger, - from the father, from strangers in the street, so they never walked together and she could not carry Pony safely through the streets.

The game begun in the park was prolonged forever into reality turned into a daily danger of loss.

Don would say every day: "It's time for me to leave."

Sarah would say: "Give me a little change for the bus."

Don would say: "I will meet you at the restaurant."

Would he see her? Would she find him? Would harm befall him?

They looked at each other as if the fog would fall again, as if one might get lost forever on the way.

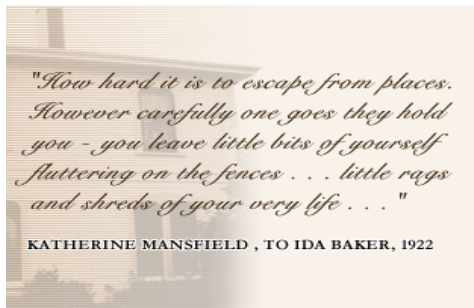
He left the house with his guitar, walking proudly and not proud, walking nobly and smoothly, and yet hurt and bowed.

She sat in the bus alone.

At one moment the bus passed him.

They were not allowed to wave to each other.





**Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923) - Pseudonym of Kathleen Murry, original name Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp**

*New Zealand's most famous writer, who was closely associated with D.H. Lawrence and something of a rival of Virginia Woolf. Mansfield's creative years were burdened with loneliness, illness, jealousy, alienation - all this reflected in her work with the bitter depiction of marital and family relationships of her middle-class characters. Her short stories are also notable for their use of stream of consciousness. Mansfield depicted trivial events and subtle changes in human behavior.*

*Katherine Mansfield was born in Wellington, New Zealand, into a middle-class colonial family. Her father, Harold Beauchamp, was a banker and her mother, Annie Burnell Dyer, was of genteel origins. She lived for six years in the rural village of Karori. Later on Mansfield said "I imagine I was always writing. Twaddle it was, too. But better far write twaddle or anything, anything, than nothing at all." At the age of nine she had her first text published. As a first step to her rebellion against her background, she withdrew to London in 1903 and studied at Queen's College, where she joined the staff of the College Magazine.*

*During her stay in Germany she wrote satirical sketches of German characters, which were published in 1911 under the title *In a German Pension*. Earlier her stories had appeared in *The New Age*. She returned to London in 1910.*

*Until 1914 she published stories in *Rhythm* and *The Blue Review*. During the war she travelled restlessly between England and France. In 1915 she met her brother "Chummie". When he died in World War I, Mansfield focused her writing on New Zealand and her family. 'Prelude' (1916), one of her most famous stories, was written during this period. In 1918 Mansfield divorced her first husband and married John Murray. In the same year she was found to have tuberculosis.*

*Mansfield and Murray became closely associated with D.H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda. When Murray had an affair with the Princess Bibesco (née Asquith), Mansfield objected not to the affair but to her letters to Murray: "I am afraid you must stop writing these love letters to my husband while he and I live together. It is one of the things which is not done in our world." (from a letter to Princess Bibesco, 1921).*

*In her last years Mansfield lived much of her time in southern France and in Switzerland, seeking relief from tuberculosis. As a part of her treatment in 1922 at an institute, Mansfield had to spend a few hours every day on a platform suspended over a cow manger. She breathed odors emanating from below but the treatment did no good. Without the company of her literary friends, family, or her husband, she wrote much about her own roots and her childhood. Mansfield died of a pulmonary hemorrhage on January 9, 1923, in Gurdjieff Institute, near Fontainebleau, France. Her last words were: «I love the rain. I want the feeling of it on my face.»*

*Mansfield's family memoirs were collected in *Bliss* (1920), which secured her reputation as a writer. In the next two years she did her best work, the peak of her achievement being the *Garden Party* (1922), which she wrote during the final stages of her illness. Only three volumes of Mansfield's stories were published during her lifetime. 'Miss Brill' was about a woman who enjoys the beginning of the Season. She goes to her «special» seat with her fur. She had taken it out of its box in the afternoon, shaken off the moth-powder, and given it a brush. She feels that she has a part in the play in the park, and somebody will notice if she isn't there. A couple sits near her. The girl laughs at her fur and the man says: «Why does she come here at all - who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?» Miss Brill hurries back home, unclasps the neckpiece quickly, and puts it in the box. «But when she put the lid on she*



*thought she heard something crying.» In 'The Garden Party' (1921) an extravagant garden-party is arranged on a beautiful day. Laura, the daughter of the party's hostess, hears of the accidental death of a young local working-class man, Mr. Scott. The man lived in the neighborhood. Laura wants to cancel the party, but her mother refuses to understand. She fills a basket with sandwiches, cakes, pastries and other food, goes to the widow's house, and sees the dead man in the bedroom where he is lying. «He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane.» Crying she tells her brother who is looking for her: «'It was simply marvellous. But, Laurie - ' She stopped, she looked at her brother. 'Isn't life,' she stammered, 'isn't life - ' But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.»*

## THE LITTLE GIRL

To the little girl he was a figure to be feared and avoided. Every morning before going to business he came into the nursery and gave her a perfunctory kiss, to which she responded with “Good bye, father.” And oh, the glad sense of relief when she heard the noise of the buggy growing fainter and fainter down the long road!

In the evening, leaning over the banisters at his homecoming, she heard his loud voice in the hall. “Bring my tea into the smoking-room . . . Hasn't the paper come yet? Have they taken it into the kitchen again? Mother, go and see if my paper's out there-and bring me my slippers.”

“Kezia,” mother would call to her, “if you're a good girl you can come down and take off father's boots.” Slowly the girl would slip down the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters with one hand - more slowly still, across the hall, and push open the smoking-room door.

By that time he had his spectacles on and looked at her over them, in a way that was terrifying to the little girl.

“Well, Kezia, get a more on and pull off these boots and take them outside. Been a good girl to-day?”

“I d-d-don't know, father.”

“You d-d-don't know? If you stutter like that mother will have to take you to the doctor.”

She never stuttered with other people - had quite given it up - but only with father, because then she was trying so hard to say the words properly.

“What's the matter? What are you looking so wretched about? Mother, I wish you would teach this child not to appear on the brink of suicide.... Here, Kezia, carry my teacup back to the table - carefully; your hands jog like an old lady's. And try to keep your handkerchief in your pocket, *not* up your sleeve.”

“Y-y-yes, father.”

On Sundays she sat in the same pew with him in church, listening while he sang in a loud, clear voice, watching while he made little notes during the sermon with the stump of a blue pencil on the back of an envelope - his eyes narrowed to a slit - one hand beating a silent tattoo on the pew ledge. He said his prayers so loudly she was certain God heard him above the clergyman.

He was so big - his hands and his neck, especially his mouth when he yawned. Thinking about him alone in the nursery was like thinking about a giant.

On Sunday afternoons grandmother sent her down to the drawing-room, dressed in her brown velvet, to have a “nice talk with father and mother.” But the little girl always found mother reading *The Sketch* and father stretched out on the couch, his handkerchief on his face, his feet propped on one of the best sofa pillows, and so soundly sleeping that he snored.

She perched on the piano-stool, gravely watched him until he woke and stretched, and asked the time - then looked at her.

“Don't stare so, Kezia. You look like a little brown owl.”

One day, when she was kept indoors with a cold, the grandmother told her that father's birthday was next week, and suggested she should make him a pin-cushion for a present out of a beautiful piece of yellow silk.

Laboriously, with double cotton, the little girl stitched three sides. But what to fill it with? That was the question. The grandmother was out in the garden, and she wandered into mother's bedroom to look for "scraps." On the bed-table she discovered a great many sheets of fine paper, gathered them up, shredded them into tiny pieces, and stuffed her case, then sewed up the fourth side.

That night there was a hue and cry over the house. Father's great speech for the Port Authority had been lost. Rooms were ransacked - servants questioned. Finally mother came into the nursery.

"Kenzia, I suppose you didn't see some papers on a table in our room?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I tore them up for my s'prise."

"*What!*" screamed mother. "Come straight down to the dining-room this instant."

And she was dragged down to where father was pacing to and fro, hands behind his back.

"Well?" he said sharply.

Mother explained.

He stopped and stared in a stupefied manner at the child.

"Did you do that?"

"N-n-no," she whispered.

"Mother, go up to the nursery and fetch down the damned thing - see that the child's put to be this instant."

Crying too much to explain, she lay in the shadowed room watching the evening light sift through the venetian blinds and trace a sad little pattern on the floor.

Then father came into the room with a ruler in his hands.

"I am going to whip you for this," he said.

"Oh, no, no!" she screamed, cowering down under the bedclothes.

He pulled them aside.

"Sit up," he commanded, "and hold out your hands. You must be taught once and for all not to touch what does not belong to you."

"But it was for your b-b-birthday."

Down came the ruler on her little, pink palms.

Hours later, when the grandmother had wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her in the rocking-chair, the child cuddled close to her soft body.

"What did Jesus make fathers for?" she sobbed.

"Here's a clean hanky, darling, with some of my lavender water on it. Go to sleep, pet; you'll forget all about it in the morning. I tried to explain to father, but he was too upset to listen to-night.

But the child never forgot. Next time she saw him she whipped both hands behind her back, and a red colour flew into her cheeks.



The Macdonalds lived in the next-door house. Five children there were. Looking through a hole in the vegetable garden fence the little girl saw them playing “tag” in the evening. The father with the baby Mac on his shoulders, two little girls hanging on to his coat tails, ran round and round the flower beds, shaking with laughter. Once she saw the boys turn the hose on him - *turn the hose on him* - and he made a great grab at them, tickling them until they got hiccoughs.

Then it was she decided there were different sorts of fathers.

Suddenly, one day, mother became ill, and she and grandmother drove into town in a closed carriage.

The little girl was left alone in the house with Alice, the “general.” That was all right in the daytime, but while Alice was putting her to bed she grew suddenly afraid.

“What’ll I do if I have nightmare?” she asked. “I *often* have nightmare, and then grannie takes me into her bed - I can’t stay in the dark-all gets ‘whispery’.... what’ll do if I do?”

“You just go to sleep, child,” said Alice, pulling off her socks and whacking them against the bedrail, “and don’t you holler out and wake your poor pa.”

But the same old nightmare came - the butcher with a knife and a rope who grew nearer and nearer, smiling that dreadful smile, while she could not move, could only stand still, crying out, “Grandma, grandma!” She woke shivering, to see father beside her bed, a candle in his hand.

“What’s the matter?” he said.

“Oh, a butcher - a knife - I want grannie.” He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom. A newspaper was on the bed - a half-smoked cigar balanced against his reading-lamp. He pitched the paper on the floor, threw the cigar into the fire-place, then carefully tucked up the child. He lay down beside her. Half asleep still, still with the butcher’s smile all about her, it seemed she crept close to him, snuggled her head under his arm, held tightly to his pyjama jacket.

Then the dark did not matter; she lay still.

“Here, rub your feet against my legs and get them warm,” said father.

Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor father! Not so big, after all - and with no one to look after him.... He was harder than the grandmother, but it was a nice hardness... And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr. Macdonald.... She had torn up all his beautiful writing.... She stirred suddenly and sighed.

“What’s the matter?” asked father. “Another dream?”

“Oh,” said the little girl, “my head’s on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you’ve got, father dear.”

## HER FIRST BALL

Exactly when the ball began Leila would have found it hard to say. Perhaps her first real partner was the cab. It did not matter that she shared the cab with the Sheridan girls and their brother. She sat back in her own little corner of it, and the bolster on which her hand rested felt like the sleeve of an unknown young man's dress suit; and away they bowled, past waltzing lamp-posts and houses and fences and trees.

"Have you really never been to a ball before, Leila? But, my child, how too weird -" cried the Sheridan girls.

"Our nearest neighbour was fifteen miles," said Leila softly, gently opening and shutting her fan.

Oh dear, how hard it was to be indifferent like the others! She tried not to smile too much; she tried not to care. But every single thing was so new and exciting ... Meg's tuberose, Jose's long loop of amber, Laura's little dark head, pushing above her white fur like a flower through snow. She would remember for ever. It even gave her a pang to see her cousin Laurie throw away the wisps of tissue paper he pulled from the fastenings of his new gloves. She would like to have kept those wisps as a keepsake, as a remembrance. Laurie leaned forward and put his hand on Laura's knee.

"Look here, darling," he said. "The third and the ninth as usual. Twig?"

Oh, how marvellous to have a brother! In her excitement Leila felt that if there had been time, if it hadn't been impossible, she couldn't have helped crying because she was an only child, and no brother had ever said "Twig?" to her; no sister would ever say, as Meg said to Jose that moment, "I've never known your hair go up more successfully than it has to-night!"

But, of course, there was no time. They were at the drill hall already; there were cabs in front of them and cabs behind. The road was bright on either side with moving fan-like lights, and on the pavement gay couples seemed to float through the air; little satin shoes chased each other like birds.

"Hold on to me, Leila; you'll get lost," said Laura.

"Come on, girls, let's make a dash for it," said Laurie.

Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked "Ladies." Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old women in white aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end.

A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling.

Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodices, smoothing marble-white gloves. And because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely.

"Aren't there any invisible hair-pins?" cried a voice. "How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hair-pin."

"Powder my back, there's a darling," cried some one else.

"But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the frill," wailed a third.

Then, "Pass them along, pass them along!" The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask some one, "Am I meant to have one too?" but she had just time to read: "Waltz 3. 'Two, Two in a Canoe.' Polka 4. 'Making the Feathers Fly,'" when Meg cried, "Ready, Leila?" and they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall.

Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be heard. Leila, pressing close to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say

she couldn't go after all. And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying "More pork" in the moonlight, was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, "How heavenly; how simply heavenly!"

All the girls stood grouped together at one side of the doors, the men at the other, and the chaperones in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly, walked with little careful steps over the polished floor towards the stage.

"This is my little country cousin Leila. Be nice to her. Find her partners; she's under my wing," said Meg, going up to one girl after another.

Strange faces smiled at Leila - sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices answered, "Of course, my dear." But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin? What were they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something; Meg passed him on to Leila. "May I have the pleasure?" He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked. Then quite an old man - fat, with a big bald patch on his head - took her programme and murmured, "Let me see, let me see!" And he was a long time comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. "Oh, please don't bother," she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. "Do I remember this bright little face?" he said softly. "Is it known to me of yore?" At that moment the band began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossed away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups up into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning ...

Leila had learned to dance at boarding school. Every Saturday afternoon the boarders were hurried off to a little corrugated iron mission hall where Miss Eccles (of London) held her "select" classes. But the difference between that dusty-smelling hall - with calico texts on the walls, the poor terrified little woman in a brown velvet toque with rabbit's ears thumping the cold piano, Miss Eccles poking the girls' feet with her long white wand - and this was so tremendous that Leila was sure if her partner didn't come and she had to listen to that marvellous music and to watch the others sliding, gliding over the golden floor, she would die at least, or faint, or lift her arms and fly out of one of those dark windows that showed the stars.

"Ours, I think--" Some one bowed, smiled, and offered her his arm; she hadn't to die after all. Some one's hand pressed her waist, and she floated away like a flower that is tossed into a pool.

"Quite a good floor, isn't it?" drawled a faint voice close to her ear.

"I think it's most beautifully slippery," said Leila.

"Pardon!" The faint voice sounded surprised. Leila said it again. And there was a tiny pause before the voice echoed, "Oh, quite!" and she was swung round again.

He steered so beautifully. That was the great difference between dancing with girls and men, Leila decided. Girls banged into each other, and stamped on each other's feet; the girl who was gentleman always clutched you so.

The azaleas were separate flowers no longer; they were pink and white flags streaming by.

"Were you at the Bells' last week?" the voice came again. It sounded tired. Leila wondered whether she ought to ask him if he would like to stop.

"No, this is my first dance," said she.

Her partner gave a little gasping laugh. "Oh, I say," he protested.

"Yes, it is really the first dance I've ever been to." Leila was most fervent. It was such a relief to be able to tell somebody. "You see, I've lived in the country all my life up till now ..."

At that moment the music stopped, and they went to sit on two chairs against the wall. Leila tucked her pink satin feet under and fanned herself, while she blissfully watched the other couples passing and disappearing through the swing

doors.

“Enjoying yourself, Leila?” asked Jose, nodding her golden head.

Laura passed and gave her the faintest little wink; it made Leila wonder for a moment whether she was quite grown up after all. Certainly her partner did not say very much. He coughed, tucked his handkerchief away, pulled down his waistcoat, took a minute thread off his sleeve. But it didn't matter. Almost immediately the band started and her second partner seemed to spring from the ceiling.

“Floor's not bad,” said the new voice. Did one always begin with the floor? And then, “Were you at the Neaves' on Tuesday?” And again Leila explained. Perhaps it was a little strange that her partners were not more interested. For it was thrilling. Her first ball! She was only at the beginning of everything. It seemed to her that she had never known what the night was like before. Up till now it had been dark, silent, beautiful very often - oh yes - but mournful somehow. Solemn. And now it would never be like that again - it had opened dazzling bright.

“Care for an ice?” said her partner. And they went through the swing doors, down the passage, to the supper room. Her cheeks burned, she was fearfully thirsty. How sweet the ices looked on little glass plates and how cold the frosted spoon was, iced too! And when they came back to the hall there was the fat man waiting for her by the door. It gave her quite a shock again to see how old he was; he ought to have been on the stage with the fathers and mothers. And when Leila compared him with her other partners he looked shabby. His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk.

“Come along, little lady,” said the fat man. He scarcely troubled to clasp her, and they moved away so gently, it was more like walking than dancing. But he said not a word about the floor. “Your first dance, isn't it?” he murmured.

“How did you know?”

“Ah,” said the fat man, “that's what it is to be old!” He wheezed faintly as he steered her past an awkward couple. “You see, I've been doing this kind of thing for the last thirty years.”

“Thirty years?” cried Leila. Twelve years before she was born!

“It hardly bears thinking about, does it?” said the fat man gloomily. Leila looked at his bald head, and she felt quite sorry for him.

“I think it's marvellous to be still going on,” she said kindly.

“Kind little lady,” said the fat man, and he pressed her a little closer, and hummed a bar of the waltz. “Of course,” he said, “you can't hope to last anything like as long as that. No-o,” said the fat man, “long before that you'll be sitting up there on the stage, looking on, in your nice black velvet. And these pretty arms will have turned into little short fat ones, and you'll beat time with such a different kind of fan - a black bony one.” The fat man seemed to shudder. “And you'll smile away like the poor old dears up there, and point to your daughter, and tell the elderly lady next to you how some dreadful man tried to kiss her at the club ball. And your heart will ache, ache” - the fat man squeezed her closer still, as if he really was sorry for that poor heart - “because no one wants to kiss you now. And you'll say how unpleasant these polished floors are to walk on, how dangerous they are. Eh, Mademoiselle Twinkletoes?” said the fat man softly.

Leila gave a light little laugh, but she did not feel like laughing. Was it - could it all be true? It sounded terribly true. Was this first ball only the beginning of her last ball, after all? At that the music seemed to change; it sounded sad, sad; it rose upon a great sigh. Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn't happiness last for ever? For ever wasn't a bit too long.

“I want to stop,” she said in a breathless voice. The fat man led her to the door.

“No,” she said, “I won't go outside. I won't sit down. I'll just stand here, thank you.” She leaned against the wall, tapping with her foot, pulling up her gloves and trying to smile. But deep inside her a little girl threw her pinafore over her head and sobbed. Why had he spoiled it all?

“I say, you know,” said the fat man, “you mustn't take me seriously, little lady.”

“As if I should!” said Leila, tossing her small dark head and sucking her underlip ...

Again the couples paraded. The swing doors opened and shut. Now new music was given out by the bandmaster. But Leila



didn't want to dance any more. She wanted to be home, or sitting on the veranda listening to those baby owls. When she looked through the dark windows at the stars, they had long beams like wings ...

But presently a soft, melting, ravishing tune began, and a young man with curly hair bowed before her. She would have to dance, out of politeness, until she could find Meg. Very stiffly she walked into the middle; very haughtily she put her hand on his sleeve. But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all became one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, "Pardon," she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognise him again.



*William Saroyan*

### FABLE IX

*The Tribulations of the Simple Husband Who Wanted Nothing More than to Eat Goose but was Denied this Delight by His Unfaithful Wife and Her Arrogant but Probably Handsome Lover.*

A simple husband one morning took his wife a goose and said, "Cook this bird for me; when I come home in the evening I shall eat it."

The wife plucked the bird, cleaned it, and cooked it. In the afternoon her lover came. Before going away he asked what food he could take with him to his friends. He looked into the oven and saw the roasted goose.

"That is for my husband," the wife said.

"I want it," the lover said. "If you do not let me take it, I shall never love you again."

The lover went off with the goose.

In the evening the husband sat at the table and said, "Bring me the goose."

"What goose?" the wife said.

"The goose I brought you this morning," the husband said. "Bring it to me."

"Are you serious?" the wife said. "You brought me no goose. Perhaps you dreamed it."

"Bring me the goose," the husband shouted.

The wife began to scream, saying, "My poor husband has lost his mind. My poor husband is crazy. What he has dreamed he imagines has happened."

The neighbors came and believed the wife, so the husband said nothing and went hungry, except for bread and cheese and water.

The following morning the husband brought his wife another goose and said, "Is this a goose?"

“Yes,” the wife said.

“Am I dreaming? – No.”

“Is this the goose’s head? – Yes.”

“Wings? – Yes.”

“Feathers? – Yes.”

“All right,” the husband said, “cook it. When I come home tonight I’ll eat it.”

The wife cooked the goose. The lover came.

“There is another goose today,” he said. “I can smell it.”

“You cannot take it,” the wife said. “I had a terrible scene with my husband last night, and again this morning. It is too much, I love you but you cannot have the goose.”

“Either you love me or you don’t love me,” the lover said. “Either I take the goose or not.”

So he took the goose.

“Bring the goose,” the husband said.

“My poor husband,” the wife screamed. “He’s stark raving mad. Goose, goose, goose. What goose? There is no goose. My poor, poor husband.”

The neighbors came and again believed the wife.

The husband went hungry.

The following morning he bought another goose in the city. He hired a tall man to carry the goose on a platter on his head. He hired an orchestra of six pieces, and with the musicians in a circle around the tall man carrying the goose, he walked with them through the streets to his house, calling to his neighbors.

When he reached his house there were many people following him.

He turned to the people and said, “Mohammedans, neighbors, the world, heaven above, fish in the sea, soldiers, and all others, behold, a goose.”

He lifted the bird off the platter.

“A goose,” he cried.

He handed the bird to his wife.

“Now cook the God Damned thing,” he said, “and when I come home in the evening I will eat it.”

The wife cleaned the bird and cooked it. The lover came. There was a tender scene, tears, kisses, running, wrestling, more tears, more kisses, and the lover went off with the goose.

In the city the husband saw an old friend and said, “Come out to the house with me tonight; the wife’s roasting a goose’ we’ll take a couple of bottles of *rakki* and have a hell of a time.”

So the husband and his friend went out to the house and the husband said,

“Have you cooked the goose?”

“Yes,” the wife said. “It’s in the oven.”

“Good,” the husband said. “You were never really a bad wife. First, my friend and I will have a few drinks: then we will

eat the goose.”

The husband and his friend had four or five drinks and then the husband said, “All right, bring the goose.”

The wife said, “There is no bread; go to your cousin’s for bread; goose is no good without bread.”

“All right,” the husband said.

He left the house.

The wife said to the husband’s friend, “My husband is crazy. There is no goose. He has brought you here to kill you with this enormous carving knife and this fork. You had better go.”

The man went. The husband came home and asked about his friend and the goose.

“Your *friend* has run off with the goose,” the wife said. “What kind of a friend do you call that, after I slave all day to cook you a decent meal?”

The husband took the carving knife and the fork and began running down the street. At length in the distance he saw his friend running and he called out, “Just a leg, my friend, that’s all.”

“My God,” the other said, “he is truly crazy.”

The friend began to run faster than ever. Soon the husband could run no more. He returned wearily to his home and wife. Once again he ate his bread and cheese. After this plain food he began to drink *rakki* again.

As he drank, the truth began to come to him little by little, as it does through alcohol.

When he was very drunk he knew all about everything. He got up and quietly whacked his wife across the room.

“If your lover’s got to have a goose every day,” he said, “you could have told me. Tomorrow I will bring two of them. I get hungry once in a while myself, you know.”



*Ernest Hemingway*

## INDIAN CAMP

*Everybody was drunk. The whole battery was drunk going along the road in the dark. We were going to the Champagne. The lieutenant kept riding his horse out into the fields and saying to him, 'I'm drunk, I tell you, mon vieux. Oh, I am so soused.' We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant kept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, 'You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observed.' We were fifty kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen. It was funny going along that road. That was when I was a kitchen corporal.*

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

"Where are we going, Dad?" Nick asked.

"Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."

"Oh," said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walled on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke cut of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any unaesthetic," his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of

trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!" and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an interne?"

Nick said. "All right." He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it," said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now," his father said, "there's some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

"I'll put some peroxide on that, George," the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning," the doctor said, standing up.

"The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Caesarian with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders."

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

"Oh, you're a great man, all right," he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said. "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George," the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along; Nickie," said his father, all his post-operative exhilaration gone. "It was an awful mess to put you through."

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right."

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick. It all depends."

They were seated in the boat. Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing; he felt quite sure that he would never die.

## HILLS LIKE WHITE ELEPHANTS

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

"What should we drink?" the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

"It's pretty hot," the man said.

"Let's drink beer."

"Dos cervezas," the man said into the curtain.

"Big ones?" a woman asked from the doorway.



‘Yes. Two big ones.’

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

‘They look like white elephants,’ she said.

‘I’ve never seen one,’ the man drank his beer.

‘No, you wouldn’t have.’

‘I might have,’ the man said. ‘Just because you say I wouldn’t have doesn’t prove anything.’

The girl looked at the bead curtain. ‘They’ve painted something on it,’ she said. ‘What does it say?’

‘Anis del Toro. It’s a drink.’

‘Could we try it?’

The man called ‘Listen’ through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

‘Four reales.’

‘We want two Anis del Toro.’

‘With water?’

‘Do you want it with water?’

‘I don’t know,’ the girl said. ‘Is it good with water?’

‘It’s all right.’

‘You want them with water?’ asked the woman.

‘Yes, with water.’

‘It tastes like liquorice,’ the girl said and put the glass down.

‘That’s the way with everything.’

‘Yes,’ said the girl. ‘Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you’ve waited so long for, like absinthe.’

‘Oh, cut it out.’

‘You started it,’ the girl said. ‘I was being amused. I was having a fine time.’

‘Well, let’s try and have a fine time.’

‘All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn’t that bright?’

‘That was bright.’

‘I wanted to try this new drink. That’s all we do, isn’t it - look at things and try new drinks?’

‘I guess so.’

The girl looked across at the hills.

‘They’re lovely hills,’ she said. ‘They don’t really look like white elephants. I just meant the coloring of their skin through

the trees.’

‘Should we have another drink?’

‘All right.’

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

‘The beer’s nice and cool,’ the man said.

‘It’s lovely,’ the girl said.

‘It’s really an awfully simple operation, Jig,’ the man said. ‘It’s not really an operation at all.’

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

‘I know you wouldn’t mind it, Jig. It’s really not anything. It’s just to let the air in.’

The girl did not say anything.

‘I’ll go with you and I’ll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it’s all perfectly natural.’

‘Then what will we do afterwards?’

‘We’ll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.’

‘What makes you think so?’

‘That’s the only thing that bothers us. It’s the only thing that’s made us unhappy.’

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

‘And you think then we’ll be all right and be happy.’

‘I know we will. You don’t have to be afraid. I’ve known lots of people that have done it.’

‘So have I,’ said the girl. ‘And afterwards they were all so happy.’

‘Well,’ the man said, ‘if you don’t want to you don’t have to. I wouldn’t have you do it if you didn’t want to. But I know it’s perfectly simple.’

‘And you really want to?’

‘I think it’s the best thing to do. But I don’t want you to do it if you don’t really want to.’

‘And if I do it you’ll be happy and things will be like they were and you’ll love me?’

‘I love you now. You know I love you.’

‘I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you’ll like it?’

‘I’ll love it. I love it now but I just can’t think about it. You know how I get when I worry.’

‘If I do it you won’t ever worry?’

‘I won’t worry about that because it’s perfectly simple.’

‘Then I’ll do it. Because I don’t care about me.’

‘What do you mean?’

'I don't care about me.'

'Well, I care about you.'

'Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine.'

'I don't want you to do it if you feel that way.'

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

'And we could have all this,' she said. 'And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.'

'What did you say?'

'I said we could have everything.'

'We can have everything.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can have the whole world.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can go everywhere.'

'No, we can't. It isn't ours any more.'

'It's ours.'

'No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back.'

'But they haven't taken it away.'

'We'll wait and see.'

'Come on back in the shade,' he said. 'You mustn't feel that way.'

'I don't feel any way,' the girl said. 'I just know things.'

'I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do -'

'Nor that isn't good for me,' she said. 'I know. Could we have another beer?'

'All right. But you've got to realize -'

'I realize,' the girl said. 'Can't we maybe stop talking?'

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

'You've got to realize,' he said, 'that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you.'

'Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along.'

'Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I know it's perfectly simple.'

'Yes, you know it's perfectly simple.'

‘It’s all right for you to say that, but I do know it.’

‘Would you do something for me now?’

‘I’d do anything for you.’

‘Would you please please please please please please stop talking?’

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

‘But I don’t want you to,’ he said, ‘I don’t care anything about it.’

‘I’ll scream,’ the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. ‘The train comes in five minutes,’ she said.

‘What did she say?’ asked the girl.

‘That the train is coming in five minutes.’

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

‘I’d better take the bags over to the other side of the station,’ the man said. She smiled at him.

‘All right. Then come back and we’ll finish the beer.’

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

‘Do you feel better?’ he asked.

‘I feel fine,’ she said. ‘There’s nothing wrong with me. I feel fine.’

### *H. Messinger*

#### BABY-SITTERS LTD.

I was a confirmed bachelor, and though I was fond of sitting I took a dim view of babies. But one day I met my friend Reginald and his wife and they complained about the sorrows of parenthood, meaning that they had a baby that kept them busy and prevented them from visiting places as they did in the merry old childless days.

“There is a show on,” Reginald said, “which we should like to see, but...” “The baby,” his lovely wife exclaimed hypnotizing me with her lovely eyes. Reginald then began to slap my back and remarked that a friend in need was a friend indeed. Margie, his lovely wife, went on hypnotizing me with her lovely eyes (brown with green dots), and when I still didn’t understand they gave it to me point-blank. “Oh, Benny,” his lovely wife began, “I feel it. You are a friend Indeed.” All this meant that I was doomed to baby-sitting while the married couple was having good time. Well, to cut a long story short I broke down and promised to come to their place and take care of the baby, an eight-month-old boy-wonder named Billy.

And I kept my promise. When I came they were ready to leave. “He’s fast asleep,” Margie whispered to me, “if you are lucky he’ll sleep till we are back!” And they left hastily.

I was alone in Reginald’s home with the baby. When I looked into his crib, his eyelids began to flutter. Hastily I went to the cocktail cabinet and had a drink. Then I began looking through photoalbums.

This pleasant phase of the evening suddenly came to an end, when a cry from the crib made me jump. I gathered all my

courage, put on a charming smile and approached the baby. From his pillow he looked at me angrily and gave another nerve-shattering yell. The bottle! According to instructions I ran to the kitchen and carried a baby-bottle to the lips of Master Billy. He waved it away, spilling the milk into my suit.

“Never mind, old chap,” I said to him, for I had read somewhere that one should treat them like grown-ups. Now let’s have fun.

And the fun began. The child continued to yell. I had a drink to strengthen me, then I took him, rocking him in the cradle of my arms and singing “It’s a long way to Tipperary.” I recited Hamlet. To be or not to be. He didn’t like either the music or the poetry. I sat down before the telly, the baby upon my knee. He showed a keen dislike to our programme – and probably he was right. Instead of looking at the screen, he took my tie and crumpled it. So from television we passed on to clowning. I wriggled my nose, made faces and performed my famous imitation of a nervous hen. He found it screamingly funny. He screamed. I lifted him up on my shoulder and ran about the room, horse-fashion. Suddenly I felt damp and then a wet diaper flapped against my cheeks. Quickly I put the wet child into his bed, and shouting he had done before was a mere whisper comparing to what he produced now. I got frightened. Couldn’t he die on me, under my nose? I shuddered.

From a safe distance I looked at the damp child with distaste... I saw a ridiculous similarity with his father, I had never really liked Reginald. I now remembered that once I had lent him a fiver which he never returned. I don’t know what Margie saw in the fellow. And here his son, Reginald all over... I tried the bottle again. He knocked it out of my hand. I hummed a lullaby, but he didn’t hear. Despair in my heart slowly turned into hatred. Dark thoughts entered my mind...

It was then that the front-door rang. When I opened the door my eyes saw an angel. “I can help you with the baby,” the angel said sweetly. “If you don’t mind of course. It was Margie’s idea.”

I asked her in. Swiftly she took charge of matters, did something to the child so that it became calm and smiling. The evening turned out quite charming. When the parents returned, they found Joan, which was the angel’s name, and me dancing to the wireless. They smiled.

Now I’m married to Joan. We have a baby-boy who keeps us busy. There are times when we wish for some babyless privacy. How about it? Wouldn’t you like to do some baby-sitting for us, oh, gentle bachelor-reader? By the way, Joan has a very charming girl-friend, still unmarried...

## KEY ANSWERS

### TEXT 1. The Oranges

#### Remember - don't confuse

**Exercise 1.** 1. Dim; 2. Gloomy; 3. Obscure; 4. Dark; 5. Gloomy; 6. Obscure; 7. Dark; 8. Dim.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Lonely; 2. Alone; 3. Lone; 4. Alone; 5. Forlorn; 6. Alone; lone; 7. Alone; 8. Forlorn.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Depression; 2. Anguish; 3. Despair; 4. Desolation; 5. Melancholy; 6. Misery; 7. Desolation; 8. Melancholy; 9. Despair.

#### EXERCISES:

**Exercise 4.** 1. Automobile; 2. Smile; 3. Squall down; 4. Sore; 5. Belly; 6. Smell; 7. Arithmetic; 8. Eggplant; 9. Naked; 10. Waist; 11. Kiss; 12. Sad.

### TEXT 2. The Fire

#### Remember - don't confuse

**Exercise 1.** 1. Looked; 2. Gazing; 3. Looked; 4. Glanced; 5. Gape; 6. Glimpsed; 7. Glance; 8. Peeped; 9. Glared; 10. Glimpsed.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Silent; 2. Voiceless; 3. Dump; 4. Mute; voiceless; 5. Silence; 6. Mute; 7. Voiceless.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Fire; 2. Flames; fire; fire; 3. Combustion; 4. Blaze; 5. Flame.

**Exercise 4.** 1. Annihilated; 2. Eradicated; 3. Raze; 4. Obliterate; 5. Annihilate; 6. Demolish; 7. Exterminated; 8. Raze; 9. Exterminated.

**Exercise 5.** 1. Harm; 2. Injured; 3. Damaged; 4. Harmed; harmed; 5. Hurt; 6. Damaged; 7. Hurts; 8. Hurting; 9. Damage; 10. Injured; 11. Harm; 12. Impaired.

#### EXERCISES:

**Exercise 4.** 1. Fire; 2. Beyond; 3. Church; 4. Candy; 5. Crazy; 6. Blossom; 7. Burn; 8. Petals; 9. Swell; 10. Stove; 11. Whistles; 12. Machines; 13. Hush; 14. Tremble.

### TEXT 3. The Piano

#### Remember – don't confuse

**Exercise 1.** 1. Decided; 2. Determined; 3. Settled; 4. Determined; 5. Resolved; 6. Determined; 7. Resolved; 8. Settled.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Frank; 2. Sincere; 3. Candid; 4. Genuine; 5. Open, frank; 6. Sincere; 7. Genuine.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Engaged; 2. Occupied; 3. Busy; 4. Occupied; 5. Taken up; 6. Occupied; 7. Taken up; 8. Occupied.

**Exercise 4.** 1. Continued; 2. Lasted; 3. Continued; 4. Persisted; 5. Lasted.

#### EXERCISES:

**Exercise 1.** 1. Sudden; 2. Imagined; 3. Shape; 4. Keys; 5. Wonderful; 6. Popular; 7. Apartment; 8. Note; 9. Sorrowful; 10. Restaurant; 11. Flattered; 12. Store; 13. Corner.



#### **TEXT 4. Corduroy Pants**

##### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Question; 2. Ask; 3. Interrogated; 4. Inquired; 5. Ask; 6. Asked; 7. Interrogated; 8. Question.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Lived; 2. Stayed; 3. Put up; 4. Stayed; 5. Put up; 6. Live; 7. Lodged; 8. Dwell.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Neat; 2. Tidy; 3. Clean; 4. Nice; 5. Trim; 6. Clean.

##### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 5.** 1. Speculation; 2. Wonder; 3. Unfortunate; 4. Unbeliever; 5. Philosopher; 6. Probability; 7. Opportunity; 8. Terrify; 9. Hilarious; 10. Creature; 11. Easy-going; 12. Civilization; 13. Distraction; 14. Embarrass; 15. Empress; 16. Adaptation.

#### **TEXT 5. The Love Nest**

##### **Remember - do not confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Value; 2. Appreciate; 3. Cherish; 4. Appreciated; 5. Valued; 6. Cherish.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Hard; 2. Solid; 3. Firm; 4. Hard; 5. Hard, solid; 6. Firm.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Incident; 2. Event; 3. Episode; 4. By accident; 5. Incident; 6. Accident; 7. Event; 8. Incident; 9. Accident; 10. Occurrence.

##### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Zip; 2. Editor; 3. Pajamas; 4. Notify; 5. Flatter; 6. Painful; 7. Interest; 8. Magazine; 9. Sweetheart; 10. Scum.

#### **TEXT 6. The Sphinx without a Secret**

##### **Remember - do not confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Frankness; 2. Forthrightness; 3. Truthfulness; 4. Frankness; 5. Bluntness; 6. Outspokenness; 7. Openness; 8. Honesty.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Weary; 2. Sluggish; 3. Tired; 4. Exhausted; 5. Tired; 6. Exhausted; 7. Sluggish; 8. Tired; 9. Exhausted; 10. Weary.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Bear; 2. Endure, endure; 3. Suffer; 4. Tolerate; 5. Bear; 6. Bear; 7. Stand; 8. Tolerate; 9. Bear; 10. Suffered; 11. Suffered; 12. Endure; 13. Bear; 14. Stand; 15. Endure.

**Exercise 4.** 1. Evident; 2. Apparent; 3. Obvious; 4. Evident; 5. Apparent; 6. Evident; 7. Obvious; 8. Apparent; 9. Evident; 10. Evident; 11. Obvious; 12. Evident.

##### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Panorama; 2. Pride; 3. Poverty; 4. Handsome; 5. Anxious; 6. Puzzled; 7. Skepticism; 8. Rent; 9. Exclaim; 10. Veil; 11. Heroine; 12. Lodger; 13. Flood; 14. Passion; 15. Dreadful.

#### **TEXT 7. A Telephone Call**

##### **Remember - don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Feeling; 2. Sense; 3. Sense; 4. Feeling; 5. Emotions; 6. Sense; 7. Emotion; 8. Sentiment; 9. Sensibility; 10. Sensation.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Clear; 2. Plain; 3. Clear; 4. Clear;

**Exercise 3.** 1. Telephoned; 2. Rang up; 3. To make a call; 4. Call; 5. Ring up; 6. Phone; 7.Call; 8. Phoned.

**Exercise 4.** 1. Chase; 2. Followed; 3. Pursuing; 4. Followed; 5. Chasing; pursuing; 6. Chased; 7. Pursue; 8. Followed; 9. Chase; 10. Follow; 11. Followed.

#### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Pray; 2. Sake; 3. Beloved; 4. Thine; 5. Pull; 6. Sweet; 7.Shabby; 8. Wish; 9. Telephone; 10. Festering; 11. Perfectly; 12. Relent.

#### **TEXT 8. Charles**

##### **Remember - do not confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Lingers; 2. Lingered; 3. Stay; 4. Lingered; 5. Stay; 6. Stay; 7. Remain; 8. Stay.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Understand; 2. Comprehend; 3. Realize; 4. Understand; 5. Comprehended, understanding; 6. Get; 7. Understand; 8. Got; 9. Gathered; 10. Take in; 11. Grasp; 12. Conceived; 13. Realize; 14. Grasp; 15. Realize.

#### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Swagger; 2. Character; 3. Insolently; 4.Spank; 5.Hit; 6. See-saw; 7. Fresh; 8.Kindergarten; 9. Restless; 10.Shrug; 11. Dump; 12. Bounce; 13. Awe; 14. Incredulous; 15. Fresh.

#### **TEXT 9. Caged**

##### **Remember - do not confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1.quick; 2. Swift; 3. Swift; 4. Fast; 5. Rapid; 6. Swift; 7. Fastest; 8. Rapid; 9. Speedy; 10. Fleet; 11. Prompt; 12. Prompt.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Offended; 2. Insulted; 3. Offended; 4. Insult; 5. Hurt; 6. Hurt; offend; 7. Affront; 8. Affronted.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Pain; 2. Ached; 3. Pang; 4. Pain; 5. Ache; 6. Ache; 7. Ache; 8. Pain; 9. Pang.

#### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Column; 2. Lovelorn; 3. Nod; 4. Waddle; 5. Gust; 6. Squeak; 7. Perplexed; 8. Snap; 9. Purse; 10. Twitter; 11. Stuff;12. Halt; 13. Mop; 14.Nasty; 15. Reap; 16. Monotonous.

#### **TEXT 10. Bill's Eyes**

##### **Remember - don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Engage; 2.Hired; 3. Employed; 4. Hired; 5. Employed; 6. Hire; 7. Employed.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Rise; 2. Grew; 3. Rise; 4. Growing; 5. Mounts; mounts; 6. Ascending; 7. Mount; 8. Gone; 9. Ascends; 10. Growing.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Displayed; 2. Demonstrated; 3. Displaying; 4. Shown; 5. Manifest; 6. Exhibited; 7. Showed; 8. Manifested; 9. Displayed; 10. Exhibited; 11. Expose; 12. Exposes; 13. Manifested; 14. Show off; 15. Demonstrated; 16. Show.

#### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.1.** Glance; 2. Probation; 3. Smudge; 4. Underskirt; 5. Exposure; 6. Blind; 7. Optimistic; 8. Tolerantly; 9. Ridiculous10. Delicate; 11. Satisfaction; 12. Willing; 13. Incorruptible; 14. Bundle;15. Compassionate; 16. Bald; 17. Shade;18. Kidding;19. Innocent.

## **TEXT 11. The Waxwork**

### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Throw; 2. Flung; 3. Cast; 4. Hurlled; 4. Hurlled; 5. Threw; 6. Tossed; 7. Hurlled; 8. Threw; 9. Slung; 10. Tossed; 11. Slung.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Retorted; 2. Replied; 3. Answer; 4. Respond; 5. Answered; 6. Respond; 7. Retorted; 8. Respond; 9. Retorted; 10. Answer.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Discovered; 2. Invented; 3. Discovered; 4. Invent; 5. Discover; 6. Discovered.

### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Stout; 2. Refuse; 3. Bet; 4. Permit; 5. Publicity; 6. Responsible; 7. Waxwork; 8. Uncomfortable; 9. Terror; 10. Murder; 11. Receiver; 12. Mysterious; 13. Disappear; 14. Hypnotize; 15. Victim; 16. Sinister.

## **TEXT 12. In Another Country**

### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Fortune; 2. Destiny; 3. Fate; 4. Fate; 5. Lot; 6. Destiny; 7. Fate; 8. Doom.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Chance; 2. Opportunities; 3. Occasion; 4. Chance; 5. Occasion; 6. Chances; 7. Chance; 8. Opportunity; 9. Chance; 10. Occasions.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Good-bye; 2. Valediction; 3. Good-bye; 4. Leave-taking; 5. Adieu; 6. Farewell.

### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Soldier; 2. Strap; 3. Disgrace; 4. Machine; 5. Major; 6. Hawk; 7. Thump; 8. Finger; 9. Argue; 10. Nonsense; 11. Drift; 12. Patriot; 13. Treatment; 14. Pneumonia; 15. Medal.

## **TEXT 13. A Service of Love**

### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Activity; 2. Doings; 3. Activities; 4. Doings; 5. Activities; 6. Action.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Attracted; 2. Charmed; 3. Attracted; 4. Charmed; 5. Charmed; 6. Fascinates; 7. Charmed; 8. Captivated; 9. Allure; 10. Charm.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Aptitude; 2. Capacity; 3. Talent; 4. Genius; 5. Capacity; 6. Skill; 7. Gift; 8. Faculty.

### **EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Enamored; 2. Privilege; 3. Vulgar; 4. Muffler; 5. Depot; 6. Obelisk; 7. Furnace; 8. Janitor; 9. Atelier; 10. Mignon.

## **TEXT 14. Ragtime**

### **Remember – don't confuse**

**Exercise 1.** 1. Metamorphosis; 2. Transformation; 3. Alteration; 4. Transmutation.

**Exercise 2.** 1. Obtain; 2. Got; obtained; 3. Gained; 4. Procured; 5. Obtain; 6. Gained; 7. Acquires.

**Exercise 3.** 1. Error; mistakes; 2. Error; 3. Slips; 4. Mistake; 5. Blunder; 6. Error; 7. Mistake; 8. Errors; 9. Slipped; 10. Error; 11. Blunder.

**Exercise 4.** 1. Modest/humble; 2. Modest; 3. Humble; 4. Meek.

**EXERCISES:**

**Exercise 4.** 1. Pole; 2. Rags; 3. Pocket; 4. Tick; 5. Fade; 6. Tread; 7. Violent; 8. Nightmares; 9. Puffs; 10. Snore; 11. Chimneys; 12. Hole; 13. Feathers; 14. Buttons; 15. Lamplight; 16. Lamp-lighter; 17. Scratched; 18. Shack.

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