

**МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ  
РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ**

**ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ  
ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ БЮДЖЕТНОЕ  
ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ  
«ЛУГАНСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ ПЕДАГОГИЧЕСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ»  
(ФГБОУ ВО «ЛГПУ»)**

**Структурное подразделение** Институт филологии и социальных коммуникаций

**Кафедра** теории и практики перевода



**УТВЕРЖДАЮ**

Директор института филологии и социальных коммуникаций

*О.С. Перетятая*

« 18 » *сентября* 20 24 г.

Приложение к рабочей программе учебной дисциплины

**ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ  
для проведения текущего контроля и  
промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине**

**Лингвистический анализ текста**

**Направление подготовки** – 45.04.02 Лингвистика

**Программа магистратуры** – Лингводидактика и межкультурное образование (английский язык)

**Квалификация выпускника** – магистр

**Форма обучения** – очно-заочная

**Курс** – 2 курс (5 семестр)

Разработчик:

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Протокол

от « 10 » *сентября* 20 24 г. № 7

Луганск, 2024

# 1. ПАСПОРТ ФОНДА ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

## 1.1. Область применения

Фонд оценочных средств (ФОС) – неотъемлемая часть рабочей программы дисциплины «Лингвистический анализ текста» и предназначен для контроля и оценки образовательных достижений студентов, освоивших программу дисциплины.

## 1.2. Цели и задачи фонда оценочных средств

Цель ФОС – установить соответствие уровня подготовки обучающегося требованиям ФГОС ВО магистратура по направлению подготовки 45.04.02 Лингвистика, утвержденным приказом Министерства науки и высшего образования Российской Федерации от 12 августа 2020 года № 992 (с изменениями и дополнениями) и Профессиональным стандартом, утвержденным Приказом Министерства труда и социальной защиты Российской Федерации, «Педагог (педагогическая деятельность в сфере дошкольного, начального общего, основного общего, среднего общего образования) (воспитатель, учитель)» от 18 октября 2013 № 544н (с изменениями и дополнениями), «Педагог дополнительного образования детей и взрослых» от 22 сентября 2021, № 652н.

## 1.3. Перечень компетенций, формируемых в процессе освоения основной образовательной программы

Процесс освоения дисциплины направлен на овладение следующими компетенциями:

Код по ФГОС ВО	Индикатор достижения
Профессиональные	
ПК-4 Способен выполнять научные исследования в сфере лингвистики, лингводидактики, теории перевода; работать с информационными источниками и анализировать теоретический и практический материал в соответствии с избранной сферой и целью научного исследования	ПК-4.1. Использует понятийный аппарат философии, теоретической и прикладной лингвистики, лингводидактики, теории перевода и межкультурной коммуникации для решения профессиональных задач. ПК-4.2 Применяет теоретические знания в области лингвистики, лингводидактики в целом и теории перевода в частности. ПК-4.3. Находит, анализирует и классифицирует информационные источники в соответствии со сферой научных исследований.

## 1.4. Этапы формирования компетенций и средства оценивания уровня их сформированности

Этапы формирования компетенций	Компетенции	Контрольно-оценочные средства / способ оценивания
5 семестр		

Лингвистика текста как научная область языкознания	ПК-4	Устный опрос, выполнение заданий.
Понятие о тексте	ПК-4	Устный опрос, выполнение заданий.
Методы исследования текста	ПК-4	Устный опрос, выполнение заданий.
Промежуточная аттестация	ПК-4	Зачет

### 1.5. Описание показателей формирования компетенций

Код компетенции	Планируемые результаты обучения (показатели)
ПК-4	<p>Знает: современные научные исследования в сфере лингвистики, лингводидактики, теории перевода; информационные источники; актуальные проблемы современной науки, методики и приемы экспертной оценки программ лингвистической направленности</p> <p>Умеет: выполнять научные исследования в сфере лингвистики, лингводидактики, теории перевода; работать с информационными источниками и анализировать теоретический и практический материал в соответствии с избранной сферой и целью научного исследования; анализировать результаты научных исследований и применять их при решении конкретных образовательных и исследовательских задач, осуществлять экспертную оценку программных продуктов лингвистического профиля</p> <p>Владеет: навыками выполнения научного исследования в сфере лингвистики, лингводидактики, теории перевода; работы с информационными источниками, анализа теоретического и практического материала в соответствии с избранной сферой и целью научного исследования; способностью формировать ресурсно-информационные базы для решения профессиональных задач, навыками и приемами экспертной оценки программ лингвистической направленности</p>

### 1.6. Критерии оценивания компетенций на разных этапах их формирования

#### Баллы, которые получают студенты дневной формы обучения

Вид учебной работы	Количество баллов		
	ОФО	О-ЗФО	ЗФО
Практические занятия	-	50	-
Самостоятельная работа студента	-	30	-
Зачет	-	20	-
<b>Всего</b>	<b>100</b>		

### Накопительная система оценивания по 100-балльной шкале

Четырехбалльная система оценивания экзамена	100-балльная шкала	Буквенная шкала, соответствующая 100-балльной шкале	Система оценивания зачета
Отлично	90-100	<b>А</b> – отлично – теоретическое содержание курса освоено полностью, без пробелов; необходимые практические навыки работы с освоенным материалом сформированы; все предусмотренные программой обучения учебные задания выполнены, качество их выполнения оценено числом баллов, близким к максимальному	Зачтено
Хорошо	83-89	<b>В</b> – очень хорошо – теоретическое содержание курса освоено полностью, без пробелов; необходимые практические навыки работы с освоенным материалом в основном сформированы; все предусмотренные программой обучения учебные задания выполнены, качество выполнения большинства из них оценено числом баллов, близким к максимальному	
Хорошо	75-82	<b>С</b> – хорошо – теоретическое содержание курса освоено полностью; некоторые практические навыки работы с освоенным материалом сформированы недостаточно; все предусмотренные программой обучения учебные задания выполнены, качество выполнения ни одного из них не оценено минимальным числом баллов, некоторые виды заданий выполнены с ошибками	
Удовлетворительно	63-74	<b>Д</b> – удовлетворительно – теоретическое содержание курса освоено частично, но пробелы не носят существенного характера; необходимые практические навыки работы с освоенным материалом в основном сформированы; большинство предусмотренных программой обучения учебных заданий выполнено, некоторые из выполненных заданий содержат ошибки	
Удовлетворительно	50-62	<b>Е</b> – посредственно – теоретическое содержание курса освоено частично; некоторые практические навыки работы не сформированы, многие предусмотренные учебной программой обучения учебные задания не выполнены либо качество выполненных некоторых из них оценено числом баллов, близким к минимальному	
Неудовлетворительно	21-49	<b>FX</b> – неудовлетворительно – теоретическое содержание курса освоено частично; необходимые практические навыки работы с освоенным материалом не сформированы; большинство предусмотренных учебной программой обучения учебных заданий не выполнено либо качество их выполнения оценено числом баллов, близким к минимальному; при дополнительно самостоятельной работе над материалом курса возможно повышение качества выполнения учебных заданий	Не зачтено
Неудовлетворительно	0-20	<b>F</b> – неудовлетворительно – теоретическое	

		содержание курса не освоено; необходимые практические навыки работы не сформированы; все выполненные учебные задания содержат грубые ошибки; дополнительная самостоятельная работа над материалом курса не приведет к какому-либо значимому повышению качества выполнения учебных заданий	
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## 2. КОНТРОЛЬНО-ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ СРЕДСТВА

### 2.1. Оценочные средства текущего контроля

1. Identify and analyze the following text fragments. Dwell on incorporation on different levels.

1) It was a shame and bad taste to be an alien, and it is no use pretending otherwise. There is no way out of it. A criminal may improve and become a decent member of society. A foreigner cannot improve. Once a foreigner, always a foreigner.

There is no way out for him. He may become British; he can never become English.

So it is better to reconcile yourself to the sorrowful reality. There are some noble English people who might forgive you. There are some magnanimous souls who realize that it is not your fault, only your misfortune. They will treat you with condescension, understanding and sympathy. They will invite you to their homes. Just as they keep lap-dogs and other pets, they are quite prepared to keep a few foreigners. (J. Mikesch)

2) When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in a rough shooting car, smoking a cheroot and grumbling over The Times. "Well, Harry," said the old gentleman, "what brings you out so early? I thought you dandies never got up till two, and were not visible till five."

"Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want to get something out of you." "Money, I suppose," said Lord Fermor, making a wry face. "Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people, nowadays, imagine that money is everything." (O. Wilde)

3) Once you have been remembering – isn't this so? – one image springs another; they run through your head in all directions, scampering animals flushed from coverts. Memory's not a reel, not a film you can run backwards and forwards at will: it's that flash of startled fur, the slither of silk between the fingers, the duplicated texture of hair or bone. It's an image blurring, caught on the move: as if in one of my family snapshots, taken before cameras got so foolproof that any fool could capture the moment.

I remember this.

I am six years old, and I have been ill. After this illness I am returning to school. It is a spring morning, water gurgling in the gutters, a keen wind. I am still

shaky, unused to going out, and I have to hold tight to my mother's hand as she leads me through the school gate (H. Mantel).

4) Margaret went home so painfully occupied with what she had heard and seen that she hardly knew how to rouse herself up to the duties which awaited her; the necessity for keeping up a constant flow of cheerful conversation for her mother, who now when she was unable to go out, always looked to Margaret's return from the shortest walk as bringing in some news.

"And can your factory friend come on Thursday to see you dressed?"

"She was so ill I never thought of asking her," said Margaret dolefully (E. Gaskell).

5) "Mother, mother, I am so happy!" whispered the girl, burying her face in the lap of the faded, tired-looking woman who, with back turned to the shrill intrusive light, was sitting in the one arm-chair that their dingy sitting-room contained. "I am so happy!" she repeated, "and you must be happy too!"

Mr. Vane winced, and put her thin bismuth whitened hands on her daughter's head. "Happy!" she echoed. "I am only happy, Sybil, when I see you act. You mustn't think of anything but your acting. Mr. Isaacs has been very good to us, and we owe him money." (O. Wilde)

6) I found Niall the year before our O-Levels, at our town's central library down by the market-place. The boys from the local Catholic grammar school congregated there in the early evening, when they were not at their various games practices, and scuffed up the pages of the encyclopedias while they covertly scrutinized the girls who came and went. I got into the habit of dropping into the library on my way home; there was nothing in the school rules to prohibit hanging around in a reference section. I can't have cut much of a figure, with my velour hat like an inverted dish on my head, but we must suppose that I inspired in Niall a wish to see me otherwise (H. Mantel).

7) Dorian started, and peered round. "This will do," he answered, and having got out hastily, and given the driver the extra fare he had promised him, he walked quickly in the direction of the quay. Here and there a lantern gleamed at the stern of some huge merchant-man. The light shook and splintered in the puddles. A red glare came from an out ward-bound steamer that was coaling. The slimy pavement looked like a wet mackintosh.

He hurried on towards the left, glancing back now and then to see if he was being followed. In about seven or eight minutes he reached a small shabby house, that was wedged in between two gaunt factories. In one of the top-windows stood a lamp. He stopped and gave a peculiar knock (O. Wilde).

8) "I am very selfish," said she; "but it will not be for long." Frederick bent down and kissed the feeble hand that imprisoned him. This state of tranquility could not endure for many hours; so Dr. Donaldson assured Margaret. After the kind doctor had gone away, she stole down to Frederick, who, during the visit, had been adjured to remain quietly concealed in the back parlor, usually Dixon's bedroom, but now given up to him (E. Gaskell).

9) Margaret did not refuse to go, though she was loth to leave her father alone. She needed the relief of solitude after a day of busy thinking, and busier

repenting. But she seemed much as usual the next day; the lingering gravity and sadness, and the occasional absence of mind, were not unnatural symptoms in the early day of grief. And almost in proportion to her re-establishment in health was her father's relapse into his abstracted musings upon the wife he had lost, and the past era in his life that was closed to him for ever (E. Gaskell).

10) Robin tossed her head scornfully. She was disappointed, having glimpsed the possibility of returning from this expedition into the cultural heart of darkness with some creditable achievement to report to Charles and Penny Black. Wilcox turned on some lights above the board table on the other side of the room. He went to the window, where the daylight was already fading, and looked out between the vertical louvers of the blind. "It's snowing again. Maybe you should be on your way. The roads will be difficult." "It's only half past two," said Robin. "I thought I was supposed to stay with you all day." (D. Lodge)

## **2.2. Оценочные средства для промежуточной аттестации**

### **Вопросы к зачету:**

1. Каковы предпосылки лингвистического анализа текста?
2. Назовите основные аспекты и направления изучения текста?
3. В чем отличие лингвистического анализа текста от филологического?
4. Что является предметом и объектом лингвистического анализа текста?
5. Покажите особенности изучения текста в психолингвистическом освещении.
6. Каковы основные аспекты изучения текста в прагматическом аспекте?
7. Раскройте своеобразие когнитивного направления в изучении текста.
8. Чем отличается художественный текст от других типов текста?
9. Как соотносятся текст и дискурс? Чем отличаются определения дискурса у разных авторов?
10. Назовите основные категории и свойства текста, раскройте их содержание.
11. Как вы понимаете категорию завершенности художественного текста?
12. Почему говорят «о трех антропоцентрах» художественного текста?
13. Раскройте понятия «уровни текста» и «уровни анализа текста». Как они соотносятся?
14. Каковы основные аспекты изучения текста в пространственном измерении?
15. Раскройте сущность понятия «семантическое пространство текста» и покажите его структуру.
15. Осветите основные исходные теоретические положения концептуального анализа.
16. Раскройте содержание термина «концепт» и покажите его соотносительность с концептуальным анализом.
17. Покажите структурную организацию концептосферы и раскройте ее основные составляющие. Какова роль мировоззрения автора в формировании концептосферы его произведений?
18. Что такое денотативное пространство текста и какова его структура?

19. Каковы принципы типологии литературно-художественных моделей пространства (психологическое, реальное географическое, точечное замкнутое/открытое незамкнутое, фантастическое, космическое, социальное)? В чем заключается специфика литературно-художественного времени?
20. Раскройте основные проблемы изучения эмотивной семантики текста.
21. Каково содержание терминов «эмоция», «эмотивная семантика», «эмотивность», «эмоциональная картина мира»?
22. Что такое эмотивное пространство текста и какова его структура?
23. Что такое эмоциональная тональность и модальность текста, и каков характер их соотносительности?
24. В чем заключается эмоционально-оценочная позиция автора и каковы средства ее выражения?
25. Каковы особенности эмотивных смыслов в структуре образа автора?
26. Сформулируйте аспекты изучения членимости текста. В чем состоит сущность структурно-смыслового членения текста?
27. Охарактеризуйте основные композиционно-речевые формы, участвующие в контекстновариативном членении текста.
28. Покажите особенности изучения художественного текста в коммуникативном аспекте.
29. Раскройте понятие лингвистической доминанты художественного текста.
30. Назовите и охарактеризуйте функции единиц речевой структуры художественного текста.
31. Дайте определение ключевого слова в лексико-смысловой системе художественного текста.
32. Лингвистика текста как научная область языкознания.
33. Понятие о тексте.
34. Методы исследования текста.
35. Филологический анализ текста.
36. Лингвистический анализ текста.
37. Параметры лингвистического анализа текста.
38. Стилистическая характеристика.
39. Текст как законченное информационное и структурное целое.
40. Единицы текста.
41. Уровни связности текста.
42. Полный синтаксический анализ текста.
43. Морфологический анализ.
44. Полный лингвистический анализ текста.
45. Предпереводческий анализ текста.
46. Особенности художественного текста. Основные аспекты изучения этих текстов.
47. Экстралингвистические параметры текста.
48. Текст и культура.
49. Жанрово-стилевая организация текста.
50. Базовые категории и свойства текста.
51. Организация текста (структурная, коммуникативная).



52. Анализ речевой структуры художественного текста.
53. Анализ паралингвистических средств художественного текста.
54. Алгоритм комплексного лингвистического анализа художественного текста.
55. Понятия текста и дискурса, их виды, зависимость от формы речи.
56. История и становление лингвистики текста.
57. Основные признаки текста.
58. Связность семантическая и связность структурная (когерентность и когезия).
59. Микротема и макротема текста.
60. Виды информации и роль фатических средств.
61. Основные особенности художественного текста, его отличие от нехудожественной прозы.
62. Принципы организации поэтического и прозаического текста.
63. Соотношение поэзии и прозы.
64. Лингвистика текста и лингвопоэтика.
65. Разграничение между поэтическим языком и поэтической речью в работах В.В. Виноградова, Г. Винокура, Р. Якобсона и др. и их дальнейшее развитие в современной лингвистике.
66. Выразительные средства и средства воздействия на адресата: синтаксический параллелизм, уточняющие обороты, парцелляция, роль риторической категории разговорности, коммуникативной категории чуждости, тропов, риторических фигур, прецедентных феноменов, использование личных имен как нарицательных.
67. Организация текста: заголовок, врезка, начало, развитие, концовка, абзацное членение письменных текстов, роль порядка слов и актуального членения предложения.
68. Грамматические средства связности внутри текста: модальные слова, видо-временная соотнесенность, цепная связь, анафорическая и катафорическая связь.
69. Тема и рема. Ретроспекция и проспекция в тексте.
70. Анализ текстов с точки зрения выявления их соответствия цели, роли заголовка, абзацного членения, выделения средств когезии и воздействия на адресата и т.д.

Дополнительные материалы для текущего и промежуточного контроля:

## **PRACTICAL PART**

### **INTEGRATION OF THE TEXT BY COMPONENTS**

#### **1.1. UNITS OF PHONETIC LEVEL**

The phoneme is defined as the unit without its own meaning, but as sign-distinguisher. The second function of the phoneme (participation in the expression of the content) is obvious in the text. We define primary (based on imitation – crack, whisper, hiss) and secondary sound-symbolism (correspondence of sounding and meaning). For example:

### The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore -  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"This some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door -  
Only this, and nothing more."  
And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating;  
"This some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -  
This it is, and nothing more."

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

To create the atmosphere units of different levels are taken. The poet uses the objects of the world, which cause the idea of loneliness: vainly I had sought to borrow / From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore; Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors / while I pondered, weak and weary ... Repetition of the same sounds and complexes plays a great role in the creation of the atmosphere (-st, -ist, -ear, -eas, -ap). Sound-meaning correlations are of three types: lexical, kinesthetical and acoustical. Lexical associations are based on similarity of sounding of words, which belong to the same thematic class: dreary, weary, weak. If we compare the meaning, occasional (contextual) synonymy is defined: dreary - dismal, gloomy, dull; weak - wanting in strength or power, fragile, easy broken; weary - tired, dispirited, with energy abated.

Kinesthetical associations appear as the result of close articulate feelings: And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting, On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.

Acoustic associations are caused by physical characteristics of the sound and are connected with sound-imitation: And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain / As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door / tapping at my chamber door (illusion of slight knock and rustle).

In this piece the associative meaning of the sounds creates the image of a room filled with whisper, noise. One of the phenomena of the sound-structure is paronymous attraction (the words which correlate in sounding and morphs: dreary, weary; tapping, rapping; thrilled, filled; flirt, flutter, still, sitting ... Here the refrain is based on the combination of the vowel (o) and the consonant (r).

## 1.2. UNITS OF LEXICAL LEVEL

Additional meanings, not fixed in the dictionary, is the result of text incorporation.

For example:

I remember on one of the schooners I had I was taking a parcel of labour to Samoa from the New Hebrides and we got caught in a hurricane. I told them savages to pop over the side pretty damn quick, and I put out to sea and for three days I never closed my eyes. Lost our sails, lost our mainmast, lost our boats. Rough weather! Don't talk to me about rough weather, young fellow.

Give him a tot of rum, George. If he's a sailor-man he don't want that stinking whisky of yours (S. Maugham).

Vulgarisms: he don't want that stinking whisky of yours, I told them savages to pop over the side pretty damn quick transfer a definite information about a person – the image of an old rude sailor.

In the following example the words, neutral in the system and in the sphere of common usage, characterize a person:

He (Soames) didn't believe a word of it, on the other hand, it was a form of insurance which could not safely be neglected, in case there might be something in it after all.

Too fond of her. He was like a man uninsured, with his ship at sea.

Fleur longing for Jon and despair made Soames regret one cannot insure happiness from going down.

Why couldn't one put happiness into Local Loans, gild its edges, insure it against going down (J. Galsworthy).

Repetition of the words insure, insurance used usually in papers creates the image of Soame's. Even thinking about his daughter he uses these terms.

Sometimes we don't come across the divergence of meaning. On the contrary the realization of co-meanings is realized on the background of the main meaning For example, slang and dialect which are used by MickleMont (slang) and Bicket (dialect) in "The White Monkey" by J. Galsworthy. Cockney (dialect) is a signal of class organization of the society, rooted in education. Slang here (Monte) is a signal of independence, non-conformism of the youth.

Sorry, Bickett, Mr. Desert has been in, but it's no go. - No, sir?

Keep your pecker up (slang), you'll get something. - I'm afryde (cockney) not, sir. Well, thank you very 'eartily (cockney) and I thank Mr. Desert (J. Galsworthy)

## 1.3. UNITS OF MORPHOLOGICAL LEVEL

On the morphological level the influence of integral relations can be found dealing with articles, pronouns and Tense forms. For example:

The storm broke over the house. Rain fell in dark diagonals across the summer lawn. An abrupt wing bent willow trees, tore sumac, shook elms. (G. Vidal)

The abstract opens the novel, but the usage of the definite article creates the illusion of continuation. Besides, one of the main functions of the pronoun is the role of substitute.

## **2. OVERPHRASAL UNITY (COMPLEX SYNTACTICAL UNITY)**

Over phrasal unity (OPU) is the main unit of the text. It includes a fragment of the text, which is characterized by semantic and functional completion, close logical, grammatical and lexical cohesion. It can include more than one sentence. The main criterion here is semantic, but all traits should be taken into account when identifying OPU: semantic, logical, syntactical, rhythmical, emotional, pragmatic, the intuition of the author.

OPU can include not only a monologue, but a dialogue. Comparing OPU and the indentation we can state that these two units can coincide but they are not the same.

### **How to be an alien**

I believe, without undue modesty, that I have certain qualifications to write on "how to be an alien". I am an alien myself. What is more, I have been an alien all my life. Only during the first twenty-six years of my life I was not aware of this plain fact. I was living in my own country, a country full of aliens, and I noticed nothing particular or irregular about myself; then I came to England, and you can imagine my painful surprise. (J. Mikes)

The first OPU is introductive. It introduces the whole theme of the text – the egocentrism of Englishmen. Through antithesis Englishmen/not-Englishmen is the main in the semantics on the text. The first sentence I believe, without undue modesty, that I have certain qualifications to write on "how to be an alien" has the thesis. Then we see synthesis I am an alien myself, and, at last, the antithesis opens the next OPU, connected with the first one by logical, semantic, grammatical, lexical means. It is introduced with the help of the conjunction only. The end of the second OPU coincides with the end of the indentation. It develops the theme.

As for the means of cohesion, all three sentences in the first OPU are connected by semantic - logical cohesion and represent the development of the thesis. When two OPU coincide cohesion weakens. Transmission of snobbery is obvious on the lexical level. The semantic centre is the key word alien. In the fragment we come across situational rapprochement of the word with the following words: foreigner, particular, irregular. The content of the text is reflected in the title of the text. Conjunctions then, and can be considered connectors between the sentences.

### **2.1. TASK 1. IDENTIFY AND ANALYZE OPU IN THE FOLLOWING TEXT FRAGMENTS. DWELL ON INCORPORATION ON DIFFERENT LEVELS**

1) It was a shame and bad taste to be an alien, and it is no use pretending otherwise. There is no way out of it. A criminal may improve and become a decent member of society. A foreigner cannot improve. Once a foreigner, always a foreigner.

There is no way out for him. He may become British; he can never become English.

So it is better to reconcile yourself to the sorrowful reality. There are some noble English people who might forgive you. There are some magnanimous souls who realize that it is not your fault, only your misfortune. They will treat you with condescension, understanding and sympathy. They will invite you to their homes. Just as they keep lap-dogs and other pets, they are quite prepared to keep a few foreigners. (J. Mikesch)

2) When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in a rough shooting car, smoking a cheroot and grumbling over *The Times*. "Well, Harry," said the old gentleman, "what brings you out so early? I thought you dandies never got up till two, and were not visible till five."

"Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want to get something out of you." "Money, I suppose," said Lord Fermor, making a wry face. "Well, sit down and tell me all about it. Young people, nowadays, imagine that money is everything." (O. Wilde)

3) Once you have been remembering – isn't this so? – one image springs another; they run through your head in all directions, scampering animals flushed from coverts. Memory's not a reel, not a film you can run backwards and forwards at will: it's that flash of startled fur, the slither of silk between the fingers, the duplicated texture of hair or bone. It's an image blurring, caught on the move: as if in one of my family snapshots, taken before cameras got so foolproof that any fool could capture the moment.

I remember this.

I am six years old, and I have been ill. After this illness I am returning to school. It is a spring morning, water gurgling in the gutters, a keen wind. I am still shaky, unused to going out, and I have to hold tight to my mother's hand as she leads me through the school gate (H. Mantel).

4) Margaret went home so painfully occupied with what she had heard and seen that she hardly knew how to rouse herself up to the duties which awaited her; the necessity for keeping up a constant flow of cheerful conversation for her mother, who now when she was unable to go out, always looked to Margaret's return from the shortest walk as bringing in some news.

"And can your factory friend come on Thursday to see you dressed?"

"She was so ill I never thought of asking her," said Margaret dolefully (E. Gaskell).

5) "Mother, mother, I am so happy!" whispered the girl, burying her face in the lap of the faded, tired-looking woman who, with back turned to the shrill intrusive light, was sitting in the one arm-chair that their dingy sitting-room contained. "I am so happy!" she repeated, "and you must be happy too!"

Mr. Vane winced, and put her thin bismuth whitened hands on her daughter's head. "Happy!" she echoed. "I am only happy, Sybil, when I see you act. You mustn't think of anything but your acting. Mr. Isaacs has been very good to us, and we owe him money." (O. Wilde)

6) I found Niall the year before our O-Levels, at our town's central library down by the market-place. The boys from the local Catholic grammar school congregated there in the early evening, when they were not at their various games practices, and scuffed up the pages of the encyclopedias while they covertly scrutinized the girls who came and went. I got into the habit of dropping into the library on my way home; there was nothing in the school rules to prohibit hanging around in a reference section. I can't have cut much of a figure, with my velour hat like an inverted dish on my head, but we must suppose that I inspired in Niall a wish to see me otherwise (H. Mantel).

7) Dorian started, and peered round. "This will do," he answered, and having got out hastily, and given the driver the extra fare he had promised him, he walked quickly in the direction of the quay. Here and there a lantern gleamed at the stern of some huge merchant-man. The light shook and splintered in the puddles. A red glare came from an out ward-bound steamer that was coaling. The slimy pavement looked like a wet mackintosh.

He hurried on towards the left, glancing back now and then to see if he was being followed. In about seven or eight minutes he reached a small shabby house, that was wedged in between two gaunt factories. In one of the top-windows stood a lamp. He stopped and gave a peculiar knock (O. Wilde).

8) "I am very selfish," said she; "but it will not be for long." Frederick bent down and kissed the feeble hand that imprisoned him. This state of tranquility could not endure for many hours; so Dr. Donaldson assured Margaret. After the kind doctor had gone away, she stole down to Frederick, who, during the visit, had been adjured to remain quietly concealed in the back parlor, usually Dixon's bedroom, but now given up to him (E. Gaskell).

9) Margaret did not refuse to go, though she was loth to leave her father alone. She needed the relief of solitude after a day of busy thinking, and busier repenting. But she seemed much as usual the next day; the lingering gravity and sadness, and the occasional absence of mind, were not unnatural symptoms in the early day of grief. And almost in proportion to her re-establishment in health was her father's relapse into his abstracted musings upon the wife he had lost, and the past era in his life that was closed to him for ever (E. Gaskell).

10) Robin tossed her head scornfully. She was disappointed, having glimpsed the possibility of returning from this expedition into the cultural heart of darkness with some creditable achievement to report to Charles and Penny Black. Wilcox turned on some lights above the board table on the other side of the room. He went to the window, where the daylight was already fading, and looked out between the vertical louvers of the blind. "It's snowing again. Maybe you should be on your way. The roads will be difficult." "It's only half past two," said Robin. "I thought I was supposed to stay with you all day." (D. Lodge)

### 3. TEXT DIVISION

Nowadays there are several kinds of text division in modern linguistics. The main types are the following:

1) linear and non-linear. If the linear type of narration prevails the division can be considered objective and the events (actions) are represented in successive order.

For example:

It was the middle of Friday morning. The sun shone gold-brown on the expanse of parquet floor.

The furniture was to be delivered during the course of the following week, some on Monday, some on Thursday. The English nurse was to arrive on Monday morning (M. Spark). If the author according to his own image of the world strikes out some important facts, the division of the text can be considered subjective or non-linear.

For example:

The baby was asleep, tucked into a white pillow. She had laid it on the floor in the big drawing room. The house was very still.

The door of the room started to shift open as if moved by a slight breeze. She started walking across the room to close it properly. But in lumbered tall red-faced Billy O'Brien, her husband's oldest friend. How had he got into the flat? This man irritated her cropping up as he did. But then she was relieved to see him for the sale of the news he might have brought (M. Spark).

2) Composite-speech forms: narration, description, reasoning. In the text we often come across mixture of the forms. Description reflects contemplative attitude, it rarely reflects dynamic of action.

Narration – manifestation of man's ability for abstract thinking, finding cause effect connections between events.

When I think of all the grey memorials erected in London to equestrian generals, the heroes of old colonial wars, and to frock-coated politicians who are even more deeply forgotten, I can find no reason to mock the modest stone that commemorates Jones on the far side of the international road which he failed to cross in a country far from home ... (G. Green).

Reasoning reflects dynamic of the plot. In the following example reasoning is followed by description.

Off the screen Annabel looked a puny little thing as in fact she had looked on the screen until fairly recently. To those who had not first seen her in the new films or in publicity pictures, she still looked puny, an English girl from Wakefield, with a peaky face and mousey hair. Billy O'Brien had known her since she was twenty, that is to say for twelve years. She had then just married his friend Frederick with whom he had been to a school of drama. (M. Spark).

3) Communicative organization. Structurally OPU consists of Beginning (introduction), Development and Ending. OPU can be incomplete, in other words it can consist of only two parts. Beginning is considered complete if five global categories are mentioned (participant of the situation; the action, event, process, fact; time; place; estimation).

Otherwise if there are less than 5 categories mentioned the Beginning is reduced. The Ending in its turn can be all-resulted (5 categories mentioned) and partially-resulted.

Every part of OPU can be auto semantic (independent of the previous text) or sin semantic (closely-connected, dependant on the previous fragment).

For example:

During next week's poker game, Hugo saw that he didn't win too much. He let himself get caught bluffing several times and deliberately bet into hands that he knew were stronger than his. There was no sense in being greedy and killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Even so, he came out almost \$ 2000ahead. Fallon lost nearly \$ 500, so nobody had reason for complaint (B. Shaw).

The Beginning (During next week's poker game, Hugo saw to it that he didn't win too much) is auto semantic and incomplete, because only 4 categories are mentioned here: participant of the situation - Hugo; the action – he didn't win; time – during next week's poker game; estimation – too much.

The development is sin semantic, the categories mentioned are revealed and developed. Cohesion is based on different types of repetition and other means of cohesion.

The Ending (so nobody had reason for complaint) is sin semantic and incomplete, because (participant of the sit The type of narration is linear, and the main type of composite-speech form is narration as well. Also we come across elements of reasoning inside the text (There was no sense in being greedy and killing the goose that laid the golden eggs).uation - nobody; the event – had reason).

### **3.1. TASK 2**

Dwell on text division of the fragment, define the type of narration, composite-speech forms and communicative organization

1) The telegram was not only unexpected but ominous. That Katherine, sunk in grief as she was, should leave her house and come to me at that time seemed almost incredible. I could think of only two things: either that Jim had told her of the danger in which he stood, or that something had aroused her suspicions as to Howard's death. In any event her coming was certainly significant, and I am not ashamed to say that I took a small glass of sherry before I left for the station (Rinehart).

2) “New Street,” said Mr. Hale. “This, I believe, is the principal street in Milton. Bell has often spoken to me about it. It was the opening of this street from a lane into a great thoroughfare, thirty year ago, which has caused his property to rise so much in value. Mr. Thornton's mill must be somewhere not very far off, for he is Mr. Bell's tenant. But I fancy he dates from his warehouse.” (E. Gaskell)

3) The University clock strikes eleven, its chimes overlapping with the chimes of other clocks near and far. All over Rimmidge and its environs, people are at work – or not, as the case may be. Robyn Penrose is making her way to Lecture Room A, along corridors and down staircases thronged with students changing classes. They part before her, like waves before the prow of a stately ship. He smile sat those she recognizes. Some fall in behind her, and follow her to the lecture theatre, so that she appears to be leading a little procession, a female Pied Piper (D. Lodge).



4) Niall went to the wash-basin and ran the taps. He bent over it and splashed water on to his face, reached for the soap and scrubbed. "I had no Idea," he said. "That this town was so filthy." I had ceased to notice, I suppose: the grime that ran out of my hair when I washed it, the grime that edged white underwear with grey. I handed him a towel. "You've changed," he said. "London has changed you. I knew it would." (H. Mantel).

5) When she got there, she found Bessy lying on the settle, moved close to the fire, though the day was oppressive. She was laid down quite flat, as if resting languidly after some paroxysm of pain. Margaret felt sure she ought to have the greater freedom of breathing which a more sitting posture would procure; and, without a word, she raised her up, and so arranged the pillows that Bessy was more at ease, though very languid (E. Gaskell).

6) Brian Evert rope led Robyn a tortuous route through streets lined with factories, many of them closed down, some displaying "For Sale" or "For Lease" signs on them, some derelict beyond the hope of restoration, with snow blowing through their smashed windows. There was not a soul to be seen on the pavements (D. Lodge).

7) It was on the ninth of November, the eve of his own twenty-eighth birthday, as he often remembered afterwards. He was walking home about eleven o'clock from Lord Henry's, where he had been dining, and was wrapped in heavy furs, as the night was cold and foggy. At the corner of Grosvenor Square and South Audrey Street a man passed him in the mist, walking very fast, and with the collar of his grey ulster turned up. He had a bag in his hand. Dorian recognized him. It was Basil Hallward. A strange sense of fear, for which he could not account, came over him. He made no sign of recognition, and went on quickly in the direction of his own house (O. Wilde).

8) It was that night, on our way home, Karina and I began to talk about the entrance exam. All day we had preserved a silence, a no man's land between us; partly tact, partly squeamishness. "What did you pick for the home of a badger?" Karina said.

"Set."

"Oh, right. What did you pick for the female type of sheep?"

"Ewe." (H. Mantel)

9) Just as Margaret had exhausted her last subject of conversation that could hardly be called which consisted of so few and such short speeches – her father came in, and, with his pleasant gentlemanly courteousness of apology, reinstated his name and family in Mr. Thornton's good opinion. Mr. Hale and his visitor had a good deal to say respecting their mutual friend, Mr. Bell; and Margaret, glad that her part of entertaining the visitor was over, went to the window to try and make herself more familiar with the strange aspect of the street (E. Gaskell).

10) He was not disappointed. When he knocked on the door of her room at the appointed time, she appeared at the threshold wearing a dress he had never seen before, something silky and filmy and swirling, in a mute pattern of brown, blue and green, with different shoes and different earrings, and a different handbag, from the ones she'd worn earlier that day.

‘You look wonderful,’ he said (D. Lodge).

#### **4. ACTUAL DIVISION OF THE TEXT**

##### **4.1. ACTUAL DIVISION OF THE SENTENCE**

Actual division is possible in the process of communication. Analyzing communicative organization of the utterance, the sentence is commonly divided into initial information (Theme – T) and new information, in other words what is stated in the utterance (Rheme – R). Theme is connected with the previous text and can be understood from the context. Based on the idea two zones are defined – thematic and rhematic, where but for Theme and Rheme secondary words called dilators are included. For example:

A girl (R) entered the room (T).

In some cases an additional zone (diffusive) is defined. It can be situated after T, between T and R, after R. For example:

And the birds (T), flying sadly (D), don't feel pity about anything (R). The Theme of diarrhetic utterance (the utterance with two zones) can be explicit out of the limits of the sentence, for example:

Alone (T) ... Standing near the tree (R). The way is free. Second rhematization can be identified when some parts of the utterance are put out of the limits of the utterance. These parts could be compared to the second rheme, developing the meaning of the first one. For example:

I was born later(R). In June(R). In 1945(R).

##### **4.2. TASK 3**

Dwell upon the actual division of the sentences

1) I cannot allow the examination to be held if one of the papers has been tampered with.

2) He heard her singing in her snatchy fashion.

3) I must take some definite actions tonight.

4) It was Mr. Eccles I particularly wanted to see.

5) For me to get up early was something like a deed.

6) Again he wasn't sure - rather vague, the whole thing.

7) The exterior of the building was a masterpiece of architecture, elegant and graceful.

8) Why not walk down to the village after tea?

9) With a little flash of triumph, she lifted a pair of pearl ear-rings from the small box.

10) Mary, light a fire, quickly.

11) I'd like to know what you think of her. Go and see Dr. Rose first.

12) Why not walk down to the village after tea?

13) Suppose you fetch your bricks and build a nice house, or an engine.

14) Mr. Smith, if ever you put forward your full powers, I implore you to do so now.

15) Can the leopard change his spots?

### **1) Dwell upon the actual division of the dicteme**

1. "In that case, your Grace, since you have yourself stated that any unhappiness in your married life was caused by his presence, I would suggest that you make such amends as you can to the Duchess, and that you try to resume those relations which have been so unhappily interrupted." "That also I have arranged."

2. Aunt Ada was silent until Tuppence had gone out of the door with Miss Packard and Tommy followed her. "Come back, you," said Aunt Ada, raising her voice. I know you perfectly. You're Thomas." (A. Christie)

3. Desperately you want something to do to amuse yourself so you try on some public character and see what it feels like when you are it (A. Christie).

4. "I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before season is quite over." (O. Wilde)

5. "Would you please remain in the room? Stand over there near the bedroom door. Now, Soames, I am going to ask you to have the great kindness to go up to the room of young Gilchrist, and to ask him to step down into yours". (C. Doyle)

6. "We can be perfectly frank with each other. We want to know, Mr. Gilchrist, how you, an honorable man, ever came to commit such an action as that of yesterday?" (C. Doyle)

7. "You don't want to go mixing yourself up in things that are no business of yours – "There's nothing to be mixed up in according to you." said Tuppence. So you needn't worry at all." (A. Christie)

8. "And there are people who are terribly unhappy, who can't help being unhappy. But what else is one to do, Tommy?" "What can anyone do except be as careful as possible." (A. Christie)

9. "The Duke is greatly agitated – and as to me, you have seen yourself the state of nervous prostration to which the suspense and the responsibility have reduced me." (C. Doyle)

10. That night I dreamt of the food I used to eat when I was three years old, when my grandmother was alive: food with the tint and the perfume of living flesh and skin. I dreamt of the rich dark smell of nutmeg that rose from rice pudding, the straw-colored sweetness of long-backed milk: of sponge rich as egg-yolk, and the trembling speckled surface of backed custard (H. Mantel).

### **2) Dwell upon the actual division of the text. Divide them into OPU if necessary**

1) "I am taking care of myself", he said, "so you must not trouble; I passed the whole of yesterday afternoon in idleness, leaning back in that comfortable chair you gave me, and scribbling nonsense on a sheet of paper. No, no; I will not overdo my work; I shall be well enough in a week or two, depend upon it." Yet in spite of his assurances I could see that he grew no better but rather worse; he would enter the drawing room with a face all miserably wrinkled and despondent ... (Nachan).

2) The next day the ghost was very weak and tired. The terrible excitement of the last four weeks was beginning to have its effect. His nerves were completely

shattered, and he started at the slightest noise. For five days he kept his room, and at last made up his mind to give up the point of the bloodstain on the library floor. Of the Otis family didn't want it, they clearly didn't deserve it. They were evidently people on a low, material plane of existence, and quite incapable of appreciating the symbolic value of sensuous phenomena (O. Wilde).

3) "I am going to give you an impersonal estimate of your abilities, Pleiss. You're slow, you have a miserable pair of hands ... And you get fooled on plays that would have made a high school cheer leader roar with laughter in 1910. Have I left out anything?" "Not that I can think of, sir", Hugo said. "With all that" the coach went on, "you have saved three games in a row for us. You make a mockery out of the holy sport of football, but you have saved three games in a row for us ..."

4) Harris said he thought it would be humpy. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody went to bed at eight o'clock, and you couldn't get a Referee for love or money, and had to walk ten miles to get your baccy. "No," said Harris, "if you want rest and change, and can't beat a sea trip." I objected to the sea trip strongly. A sea trip does you good when you are going to have a couple of months of it, but, for a week, it is wicked (J .K. Jerome).

5) He could hear nothing but the drip, drip on the threadbare carpet. He opened the door and went out on the landing. The house was absolutely quiet. No one was about. For a few seconds he stood bending over the balustrade, and peering down into the black seething well of darkness. Then he took out the key and return to the room, locking himself in as he did so (O. Wilde).

6) "What we want is rest," said George. The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression throughout the system. Change of scene and absence of the necessity for thought, will restore the mental equilibrium." George has a cousin, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a medical student, so that he naturally has a somewhat family-physicianary way of putting things (J. K. Jerome).

7) There was a hairdressing-room up on the sixth floor, with wash-basins and hand-held showers over them. Some of us used to go up there and experimentally dye our hair with solutions that called themselves "shampoo in, shampoo out". They didn't, of cause, and one day in the seventh's week of term, by some accident of mistiming and absent mindedness, I colored my hair a flaming red. What I had been after was a discreet enhancement of my moth-wing tufts: when I looked in the mirror I was appalled, but secretly gratified. A frail wisp crept in, a sad little scholar who missed her straw hat; an incendiary woman swept out (H. Mantel).

8) After the meeting had dispersed, Vic found Robyn sitting in his office, reading a book.

"Thanks for getting rid of the girl," he said. "Know her, do you?"

"She is one of my students," said Robyn. She has no grant and her parents won't pay for her maintenance, so she has to work."

"You call that work?"

“I disapprove of its sexist aspects naturally. But it’s quite well-paid, and it doesn’t take up too much of her time...” (D. Lodge)

## **5. TEXT COHESION**

All components of the text must be connected with each other and the content as well. Intratextual means of cohesion must be found on semantic, grammatical and pragmatic levels.

### **5.1. LOGIC AND SEMANTIC MEANS OF COHESION**

These means are based on different types of repetition, which can be distant and contact, complete and partial.

1. Repetition of the words with the same root, with less changes of semantics but with possible positional changes.

a) Exact (complete) repetition – when the same form of the word (with the same root) is repeated. This type of repetition can be complicated by intensifications (adjectival and adverbial in character), which can show the grade of the indication (so, very...).

b) Paradigmatic repetition – repeated words have the same root but changes of grammatical form of the word take place.

c) Derivative repetition – repetition contains derivatives of the word.

2. Lexical, semantical and positional repetitions

a) Synonymous repetition – this type of repetition can be used as the means of phrase connection, it can lead to variety of nominations and expressiveness of the text. Synonyms sometimes can be contextual, which means that the words can be considered synonyms only in this context (in other cases they are not synonyms).

b) Antonymous repetition, which can be used not only as the means of cohesion, but as expressive means. It is often used to stress contradictions in psychological condition of a person.

c) Hyponymous (gender-aspectual) repetition, which is based on rapprochement of the words of the same class, which are in gender-aspectual relations. Usually two types of word can be found here – hyperonym (a word with a general meaning) and hyponyms (words with narrow meaning). We can sometimes come across hyperonyms expressed by all, somebody, ect ...

d) Homonymous and neohomonymous repetition

But for homonyms we can use homoforms (different types of speech with the same sounding). Sometimes a word can correspond in sounding even with a sentence. Homonymous repetition can consist of interlinguistic homonyms (words of different languages have the same sounding but different meaning). Homographs, which have the same writing but different sounding (different stress, for instance), are played up in the limits of this type of repetition.

e) Paronymous repetition – repetition of the words with similar sounding but different meaning (the words have the same root but different affixes, for instance). Here the words must belong to the same part of speech.

f) Universal logical and semantic relations as the means of cohesion. The main means here are conjunctions, which are repeated in the text.

g) Thematic (semantic) repetition – the words used must have common sems (really or potentially).

## **5.2. GRAMMATICAL MEANS OF COHESION**

The basis of this type – repetition of grammatical semantics, grammatical agreement of word-forms and syntactic constructions.

a. Agreement of grammatical semantics (sequence of Tenses and aspect). For instance, existence of the dominant time.

b. Adverbial participle.

c. Syntactic parallelism. But for being a means of cohesion it can serve stylistic purposes of strengthening the meaning or its gradation. Syntactic parallelism usually goes with lexical repetition.

d. Incompleteness of syntactic constructions (ellipsis), which can be found only in the text. It is based on the text in the sphere of content and, that's why used separately, they lose their meaning. Such constructions also can be used in every-day speech, dialogues.

## **5.3. PRAGMATIC MEANS OF COHESION**

These means are based on creative intention of the author, but aren't limited by the text. They are hard to identify and are directed to the reader's cooperation, his cultural and literal competence.

1) Associative means. Any text is connected with the texts, written before, historical facts, current events. That's why creating a text the author programmes different associations: cultural, social, ect.

2) Figurative means. This means has intratextual character and is revealed with the help of epithets, metaphors, comparisons, ect. So, let's dwell on the means of cohesion in the text fragment: Ten minutes later, with face blanched by terror, and eyes wild with grief, Lord Arthur Savile rushed from Bentnick House, crushing his way through the crowd of fur coated footmen that stood round the large striped awing and seeming not to see or hear anything. The night was bitter cold, and the gas-lamps round the square flared and flickered in the keen wind; but his hands were hot fever, and his forehead burned like fire. On and on he went, almost with the gait of a drunken man. A policeman looked curiously at him as he passed, and a beggar, who slouched from an archway to ask for alms, grew frightened, seeing misery greater than his own. Once he stopped under a lamp, and looked at his hands. He thought he could detect the stain of blood already upon them, and a faint cry broke from his trembling lips. Murder! That is what the cheiromantist had seen there. Murder! The very night seemed to know it, and the desolate wind to howl it in his ears. The dark corners of the streets were full of it. It grinned at him from the roofs of the houses.

First he came to the Park, whose somber woodland seemed to fascinate him. He leaned wearily up against the railings, cooling his brow against the wet metal, and listening to the tremulous silence of the trees. "Murder! Murder!" he kept repeating, as though iteration could dim the horror of the word. The sound of his own voice made him shudder, yet he almost hoped that Echo might hear him, and wake the slumbering city from its dreams. He felt a mad desire to stop the casual passer-by, and tell him everything. (O. Wilde)

The principal means of cohesion is repetition of different kinds:

1) Logic and semantic:

a) Repetition of the words with the same root: exact repetition - Murder! That is what the cheiromantist had seen there. Murder!, repetition of the pronouns he and it (substitution the murder) repetition of the words describing the background "night", "dark", "wind", "on and on" Also we come across derivative repetition: passed -passer-by.

b) Synonymous repetition: "with his face blanched with terror", "the horror of the word", "eyes wild with grief", "seeing misery"; verbs of motion: "rushed, crashed through, came"; describing the background we see the following adjectives: dim, dark, somber; contextual synonyms: but his hands were hot fever, and his forehead burned like fire

c) Hyponymous (gender-aspectual) repetition: Lord Arthur – he, his; the murder – it, the word, everything.

d) Thematic (semantic) repetition. The whole piece deals with the description of the main character's agitated state of mind after he had learned his fate. The following lexical units contribute to the thematic unity of the text: face blanched by terror, eyes wild with grief, rushed, crushing his way, his hands were hot fever, his forehead burned like fire, the gait of a drunken man, misery, could detect the stain of blood, a faint cry, trembling lips, desolate wind, learned wearily, the horror of the world, shudder, a mad desire. Besides the function of connector is performed by conjunctions: but, and, yet.

2) Grammatical means of cohesion. In the text we come across agreement of grammatical semantics, which is shown by a dominant tense – Past Simple. Syntactic parallelism also exists in the text – but for a direct word-order in the sentence using the same tense we see the construction - with face blanched by terror, and eyes wild with grief.

3) Pragmatic means of cohesion. A great number of figurative means can be found here: epithets (bitter cold, keen wind, desolate wind, ect.), comparisons (his forehead burned like fire, ect.), personification (murder grinned, ect.)

#### **5.4. TASK 5. DWELL ON THE MEANS OF COHESION IN THE TEXT FRAGMENT**

1) Now, so far as this went, everything fitted in finally and rationally enough. Valentin had learned by his inquiries that morning that a Father Brown from Essex was bringing up a silver cross with sapphires, a relic of considerable value, to show some of the foreign priests at the congress. This undoubtedly was the "silver with blue stones"; and Father Brown undoubtedly was the little greenhorn in the train. Now there was nothing wonderful about the fact that what Valentin had found out Flambeau had also found out; Flambeau found out everything. Also there was nothing wonderful in the fact that when Flambeau heard of a sapphire cross he should try to steal it; that was the most natural thing in all natural history. And most certainly there was nothing wonderful about the fact that Flambeau should have it all his own way with such a silly sheep as the man with the umbrella and parcels. He was the sort of man whom anybody could lead

on a string to the North Pole; it was not surprising that an actor like Flambeau, addressed as another priest, could lead him to Hampstead Health.

So far the crime seemed clear enough; and while the detective pitied the priest for the helplessness, he almost despised Flambeau for condescending to so gullible a victim. But when Valentin thought of all that had happened in-between, of all that had him to his triumph, he racked his brains for the smallest rhyme or reason in it. What had the stealing of a blue-and-silver cross from a priest from Essex to do with chucking soup at wall paper? What had it to do with calling nuts oranges, or with playing for windows first and breaking them afterwards? He had come to the end of his chase; yet somehow he had missed the middle of it. When he failed (which was seldom), he had usually grasped the clue, but nevertheless missed the criminal. Here he had grasped the criminal, but still he could not grasp the clue (G. K. Chesterton).

2) I had decided that I would have to restrict my food intake severely in the new term, because it was almost the only head of expenditure I could control. I did not intend to be caught out again without the carrier's fee, and have to borrow; I must re-jig my budget. I will have one luxury, I thought, just one, I will buy myself a garment; as for my diet, the toast will help, toast in the morning and toast at night. I can still go to my Labour Club meetings if I can come home and have toast. It was the butter that had always been problematical. Our rooms at Tonbridge Hall were maintained at such a ferocious temperature that it dissolve into fat yellow streams. We had to keep it out on the windowsill, high above the street. I was putting out the butter one night when I realized that, when I was outside Tonbridge Hall, I was usually cold. I will knit myself a jumper, I thought.

At first I thought in terms of some serviceable object in dark green, plain as possible, knit one purl one, easy for me. But then I thought: no, why? Why should I be bored? I'll knit a jumper that my mother would have been proud of, if she'd done it herself: one that would have made her gasp. Since the days of kettle-holders, I am sure my fingers are nimbler. After all, I now have the expectation of success. In the new term – as in the old – my essays came back from my tutors scrawled with approbation. If there had been a medal for, let us say, A Flying Start in Tort, I'm sure I would have carried it off. My triumphs should have warmed me; but I could not escape the feeling that my application to texts was a despicable zealotry, and the others – like – Julianne – achieved the same results with more grace; I was afraid that my elbows were out, that my hunger showed on my face. Besides, I missed Niall very much, and while ambition gnawed like a pain behind my ribs I felt another gnawing too, of loneliness; I felt I was being eaten away from the inside out. Six weeks, we'd said, six weeks to endure and then he'd visit me; weeks, then we'd know it was only four to go until Easter (H. Mantel).

3) The two figures that they followed were crawling like black flies across the huge green contour of a hill. They were evidently sunk in conversation, and perhaps did not notice where they were going; but they were certainly going to the wilder and more silent heights of the Health. As their pursuers gained on them, the latter had to use the undignified attitudes of the deer stalker, to crouch behind clumps of trees and even to crawl prostrate in deep grass. By these ungainly



ingenuities the hunters even came close enough to the quarry to hear the murmur of the discussion, but no word "reason" recurring frequently in a high and almost childish voice.

Once over an abrupt dip of land and a dense tangle of thickets, the detectives actually lost the two figures they were following. They did not find the trail again for agonizing ten minutes, and then it led round the brow of a great dome of hill overlooking an amphitheatre of rich and desolate sunset scenery. Under a tree in this commanding yet neglected spot was an old ramshackle wooden seat. On this seat sat the two priests still in serious speech together. The gorgeous green and gold still clung to the darkening horizon; but the dome above was turning slowly from peacock-green to peacock-blue; and the stars detached themselves more and more like solid jewels. Mutely motioning to his followers, Valentin contrived to creep up behind the big branching tree, and, standing there in deathly silence, heard the words of the strange priests for the first time. (G. K. Chesterton)

4) My mother was sitting by the fire, poorly in health, and very low in spirits, looking at it through her tears, and desponding heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger, who was already welcomed by some grosses of prophetic pins, in a drawer upstairs, to a world not at all excited on the subject of his arrival; my mother, I say, was sitting by the fire, that bright, windy March afternoon, very timid and sad, and very doubtful of ever coming alive out of the trial that was before her, when, lifting her eyes as she dried them, to the whole opposite, she saw a strange lady coming up the garden.

My mother had a sure foreboding at the second glance, that it was Miss Betsey. The setting sun was glowing on the strange lady, over the garden fence, and she came walking up to the door with a fell rigidity of figure and composure of countenance that could have belonged to nobody else. When she reached the house, she gave another proof of her identity. My father had often hinted that she seldom conducted herself like any ordinary Christian; and now, instead of ringing the bell, she came and looked in at that identical window, pressing the end of her nose against the glass to that extent, that my poor dear mother used to say it became perfectly flat and white in a moment. She gave my mother such a turn, that I have always been convinced I am indebted to Miss Betsey for having been born on a Friday. My mother had left her chair in her agitation, and gone behind it in the corner. Miss Betsey, looking round the room, slowly and inquiringly, began on the other side, and carried her eyes on, like a Saracen's Head in a Dutch Clock, until they reached my mother. Then she made a frown and a gesture to my mother, like one who was accustomed to be obeyed to come and open the door. My mother went (Ch. Dickens),

5) We sat there for half-an-hour, describing to each other our maladies. I explained to George and Harris how I felt when I got in the morning and William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed; and George stood on the hearth-rug, and gave us a clever and powerful piece of acting, illustrative of how he felt in the night. George FANCIES he is ill; but there's not anything really the matter with him, you know.

At this point, Mrs. Poppet knocked at the door to know if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly at one another, and said we supposed we'd better try to smile a bit. Harris said a little something in one's stomach often kept the disease in check; and Mrs. Poppet brought the tray in and we drew up to the table, and toyed with a little steak and onions, and some rhubarb tart.

I must have been very weak at the time; because I know, after the first half-hour or so, I seemed to take no interest whatever in my food – an unusual thing for me – and I didn't want any cheese. This duty done, we refilled our glasses, lit our pipes, and resumed the discussion upon our state of health. What it was actually the matter with us, none of us could be sure of; but the unanimous opinion was that it – whatever it was – had been brought on by overwork. "What we want is rest," said Harris.

"Rest and a complete change," said George. "The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression throughout the system. Change of scene, and absence of necessity for thought, will restore the mental equilibrium."

George has a cousin, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a medical student, so that he naturally has a somewhat family-physician way of putting things. I agreed with George, and suggested that we should seek out some retired and old-world spot, far from the madding crowd, and dream away a sunny week among its drowsy lanes – some half-forgotten nook, hidden away by the fairies, out of reach of the noisy world – some quaint-perched nook on the cliffs of Time, from whence the surging waves of the nineteenth century would sound far-off and faint (J. K. Jerome).

6) Julia and Lynette were both wearing boots, as if they might need to whistle up a horse and make an escape; they exchanged glances that suggested this. Julia's were comfortable, scuffed, baggy boots with stacked heels; Lynette's were guardsman's boots, tall and correct and burnished. Lynette wore a sweeping skirt of indeterminate darkness, and a soft mohair sweater the colour of charcoal; on her left hand, a huge emerald. She twisted it apologetically about her finger. "Grandma's," she said, "I thought I'd flash it. At our guest, because after all, didn't I read she married a millionaire?"

The Secretary of State put forth fingers, and accepted a glass of sherry from the warden. Her eye was bright and sharp and small; she tilted her head, the better to see. Her dress was of the shape that is called ageless, and of a length that is called safe; it was sewn all over with little crystal beads. Her pale hair lay against her head in doughy curves, like unbaked sausage rolls.

When we came into proximity, Lynette began to laugh politely into her hand; some of her sherry came out through her nose. "Very nice cocktail dress," she spluttered. "My mother had one of those, but she gave it to a charity shop." The warden surged up to us, to give us our designated places at table. I felt that these had been changed, at the last minute. "Miss McBain," she said, staring hard at my chest and waving me away to the last place on a wing. "Miss Lipcott ..." She banished Julia – whose medal bounced over her left breast – to an equally remote spot.

We took our places. Soup was served – non-standard soup – and rolls which were hot and definitely not yesterday’s. At our highish table, we didn’t have to pries out the frozen tiny chippings from their foil; we had butter shaved especially for us, curled into glass dishes.

Just as the guests were putting down their soup spoons, Sue rose from her chair, as if it were time for the speeches. She looked wildly up and down the table; then, holding her napkin to her mouth, she bolted. “Fifi!” Julia cried.

For a micro-second our guest looked up. Lynette smiled down at me from High Table; I nodded, rose and slid unobtrusively into Sue’s place near the secretary of

State. The warden glanced at me and nodded, as if she believed some breach in etiquette had been mended (H. Mantel).

7) One night we started for Bradford. Bradford is a tiny village not far from Nottingham. Nottingham is a very old city. A city is usually a rather large town, with a cathedral. A cathedral is a large, beautifully decorated church, the chief one of a Christian Diocese. Diocese is the area under the control of a bishop. A bishop is a high-ranking priest in charge of all the churches and priests in a large area. A bishop can be moved any number of squares from one corner towards the opposite corner. Poets’ Corner is a part of Westminster abbey where many famous English poets and writers are buried, one of them is Geoffrey Chaucer. Chaucer is best known for his long poem “The Canterbury tales”. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the head of the Church of England. In England there are many old cities, one of them is Nottingham, not far from which is Bradford. We started for Bradford in the first sentence of this story (J. K. Jerome).

8) When we arrived at the bus-stop near the market place, Susan Millington was there, standing at the head of the queue. She was in her Holy Redeemer summer uniform, her striped blazer and boater, and this shocked me slightly; obviously, some concession of any sort would be made. Susan Millington leant on her hockey stick, which was turned inwards between her feet. Her hands were bare, clothed neither in white cotton gloves nor grey woolen gloves; and they were brown because – as everyone was aware – she had recently returned from a family holiday in Portugal. “Susan”, I said. “Hello there.”

Susan Millington turned to me her long horse-face. She looked down at me and moved her lip, as if she were whinnying. Then she tuned away, and spoke to her companion, and both of them laughed in a long hectic gust of horse-laughter. Karina pulled at my coat sleeve. “You can’t speak to her! Her dad’s a dentist” Both of us licked our teeth, as if we were licking blood from them. Denistry was done in large houses by the park; Mr. Millington’s had strained-glass in the windows and a laurel hedge. They’d had a bathroom, my mother said, when such things were undreamt of in this vicinity; they also took shower-baths, because Mr. Millington believed it was more hygienic. She could dress well, my motherclaimed, on a quarter of what Mrs. Millington spent in Manchester, at Kendal Milne and in those madam shops round St Ann’s Square (H. Mantel).

9) Margaret had not expected much pleasure to herself from Mr. Bell’s visit – she had only looked forward to it on her father’s account; but, when her

godfather came she at once fell into the most natural position of friendship in the world. He said she had no merit in being what she was, a girl so entirely after her heart; it was a hereditary power which she had, to walk in and take possession of his regard; while she, in reply, gave him much credit for being so fresh and young under his cap and gown.

“Fresh and young in warmth and kindness, I mean. I’m afraid I must own, that I think your opinions are the oldest and mustiest I have met with this long time.”

“Hear this daughter of yours, Hale! Her residence in Milton had quite corrupted her. She’s a democrat, a red republican, a member of the peace society, a socialist” –

“Papa, it’s all because I’m standing up for the progress of commerce. Mr. Bell would have had it keep still at exchanging wild-beast skins for acorns.”

“No, no. I’ll dig the ground and grow potatoes. And I’d shave the wild-beast skins and make the wool into broad cloth. Don’t exaggerate, missy. But I’m tired of this bustle. Everybody rushing over everybody, in their hurry to get rich.”

“It is not every one who can sit comfortably in a set of college rooms, and let his riches grow without any exertion of his own. No doubt there is many a man here who would be thankful if his property would increase as yours has done, without his taking any trouble about it,” said Mr. Hale.

“I don’t believe they would. It’s the bustle and the struggle they like. As for sitting still, and learning from the past, or shaping cut the future by faithful work done in a prophetic spirit – why! Pooh! I don’t believe there’s a man in Milton who knows how to sit still; and it is a great art.”

“Milton people, I suspect, think oxford men don’t know how to move. It would be a very good thing if they mixed a little more.”

“It might be good for the Miltoners. Many things might be good for them which would be very disagreeable for other people.”

“Are you not a Milton man yourself?” asked Margaret. “I should have thought you would have been proud of your town.”

“I confess I don’t see what there is to be proud of. If you’ll only come to Oxford, Margaret, I will show you a place to glory in.”

“Well!” said Mr. Hale, “Mr. Thornton is coming to drink tea with us to-night, and he is as proud of Milton as you of Oxford. You two must try and make each other a little more liberal-minded.”

“I don’t want to be more liberal-minded, thank you”, said Mr. Bell (E. Gaskell).

## **6. FINAL ANALIZYZ**

Analyze the text, using the following scheme:

- 1) Identify and analyze OPU in the following text fragments. Dwell on incorporation on different levels (p. 5)
- 2) Define the type of narration, composite-speech forms and communicative organization (p.9)
- 3) Dwell on the means of cohesion in the text fragment (p. 18)

1) It was 2 p.m. on the afternoon of May 7, 1915. The Lusitania had been struck by two torpedoes in succession and was sinking rapidly, while the boats were being launched with all possible speed. The women and children were being lined up awaiting their turn. Some still clung desperately to their husbands and fathers; other clutched their children closely to their breasts. One girl stood alone, slightly apart from the rest. She was quite young, not more than eighteen. She did not seem afraid, and her grave, steadfast eyes looked straight ahead.

"I beg your pardon." A man's voice beside her made her start and turn. She had noticed the speaker more than once amongst the first-class passengers. There had been a hint of mystery about him which had appealed to her imagination. He spoke to no one. If anyone spoke to him he was quick to rebuff the overture. Also he had a nervous way of looking over his shoulder with a swift, suspicious glance.

She noticed now that he was greatly agitated. There were beads of perspiration on his brow. He was evidently in a state of overmastering fear. And yet he did not strike her as the kind of man who would be afraid to meet death! (A. Christie)

2) Standing on the steps to receive them was an old woman, neatly dressed in black silk, with a white cap and apron. This was Mrs. Umney, the housekeeper, whom Mrs. Otis, at Lady Canterville's earnest request, had consented to keep on in her former position. She made them each a low courtesy as they alighted, and said in a quaint, old-fashioned manner. "I bid you welcome to Canterville Chase." Following her, they passed through the fine Tudor hall into the library, a long, low room, paneled in black oak, at the end of which was a large stained-glass window. Here they found tea laid out for them, and, after taking off their wraps, they sat down and began to look round, while Mrs. Umney waited for them. Suddenly Mrs. Otis caught sight of a dull red stain on the floor just by the fireplace and, quite unconscious of what it really signified, said to Mrs. Umney, "I am afraid something has been split there."

"Yes, madam," replied the old housekeeper in a low voice, "blood has been split on that spot." "How horrid," cried Mrs. Otis; "I don't at all care for bloodstains in a sitting-room. It must be removed at once." The old woman smiled, and answered in the same low, mysterious voice, "It is the blood of Lady Eleanore de Canterville, who was murdered on that very spot by her own husband, Sir Simon de Canterville, in 1575. Sir Simon survived her nine years, and disappeared suddenly under very mysterious circumstances. His body has never been discovered, but his guilty spirit still haunts the Chase. The bloodstain has been much admired by tourists and others, and cannot be removed."

"That is all nonsense," cried Washington Otis; "Pinkerton's Champion Stain Remover and Paragon Detergent will clean it up in no time," and before a terrified housekeeper could interfere he had fallen upon his knees, and was rapidly scouring the floor with a small stick of what looked like a black cosmetic. In a few moments no trace of the bloodstain could be seen (O. Wilde).

3) "I'm off for the weekend," Julianne said. "Leave the field clear for you." "What, going home?" "Yes." She was packing a case already; but looking at her back I sensed reluctance in her. "Don't feel you must. I mean, you could throw

your mattress in Lynette's room." "Oh, no. I'd be afraid Karina would roll out of bed in the middle of the night and fall on me and crush me to death."

"You could go in with Sue and Claire." "Oh, God, no! Either it's a revivalist meeting, or we're on the topic of bloody Roger and his many wonders." She mimicked Sue's whine: "We've been talking over where we'd like to live, me and Roger, never too early to see my estate agents ... Of course, I want a career ..." Silly bitch. The only career she'll get is washing her socks in a council flat. "Jule," I said, "you're not taking much for the weekend, are you?" "I've got what I need. I've clothes at home." She usually took something special, when she went back north; she'd fall in with her old tennis-club set, and they'd go dancing, drive out to Cheshire restaurants with log fires and prawn cocktails. I thought, is the devious bitch not going home at all, has she got some secret new man that she's not telling me about? I could hardly ask to see her train ticket. Jule snapped shut the clasp of her white vanity case, fastened the strap. Her expression was joyless, remote. "Here I go then," she said, picking up her handbag. "Then at the door – it was quite unlike her – she hesitated: she swung back towards me and kissed my cheek. "Take care, Carmel," she said. "Of course, you always do." (H. Mantel)

4) No, he had never written about Paris. Not the Paris that he cared about. But what about the rest that he had never written? What about the ranch and the silvered gray of the sage brush, the quick, clear water in the irrigation ditches, and the heavy green of the alfalfa. The trail went up into the hills and the cattle in the summer were shy as deer. The bawling and the steady noise and slow-moving mass raising a dust as you brought them in the fall.

And behind the mountains, the clear sharpness of the peak in the evening light and, riding down along the trail in the moonlight, bright across the valley. Now he remembered coming down through the timber in the dark holding the horse's tail when you could not see and all the stories that he meant to write.

About the half-wit chore boy who was left at the ranch that time and told not to let any one get and hay, and that old bastard from the Forks who had beaten the boy when he had worked for him stopping to get some food. The boy refused and the old man saying he would beat him again. The boy got the rifle from the kitchen and shot him when he tried to come into the barn and when they came back to the ranch he'd been dead a week, frozen in the corral, and the dogs had eaten part of him. But what was left you packed on a shed wrapped in a blanket and roped on and you go the boy to help you haul it, and the two of you took it out over the road on skis, and 60 miles down to town to turn the boy over. He having no idea that he would be arrested. Thinking he had done his duty and that you were his friends and he would be rewarded. He'd helped to haul the old man in so everybody could know how bad the old man had been and how he'd tried to steal some food that didn't belong to him, and when the sheriff put the hand-cuffs on the boy he couldn't believe it. Then he started to cry. That was one story he had saved to write. He knew at least twenty good stories from out there and he had never written one. Why? (E. Hemingway)

5) This morning in the newspaper I saw a picture of Julia. She was standing on the threshold of her house in Highgate, where she receives her patients: a tall

woman, wrapped in some kind of Indian shawl. There was a blur where her face should be, and yet I noted the confident set of her arms, and I could imagine her expression: professionally watchful, maternal, with that broad cold smile which I have known since I was eleven years old. In the foreground, a skeletal teenaged child tottered towards her, from a limousine parked at the kerb: Miss Linzi Simon, well-loved family entertainer and junior megastar, victim of the Slimmer's Disease. Julia's therapies, the publicity they have received, have made us aware that people at any age may decide to starve. Ladies of eighty-five see out their lives on tea; infants a few hours old turn their head from the bottle and push away the breast. Just as the people of Africa cannot be kept alive by the bags of grain we send them, so our own practitioners of starvation cannot be sustained by bottles and tubes. They must decide on nourishment, they must choose. Unable to cure famine – uninterested, perhaps, not everyone has large concerns – Julia treats the children of the rich, whose malaise is tractable. No doubt her patients go to her to avoid the grim behaviorists in the private hospitals, where they take away the children's toothbrushes and hairbrushes and clothes, and give them back in return for so many calories ingested. In this way, having broken their spirits, they salvage their flesh.

I found myself, this morning, staring so hard at the page that the print seemed to blur; as if somewhere in the fabric of the paper, somewhere in its weave, I might find a thread which would lead me through my life, from where I was then to where I am today. "Psychotherapist Julia Lipcott", said the caption. Ah, still Lipcott, I said to myself. Although, of course, she might have married. As a girl she wouldn't change her underwear for a man, so I doubt if she'd change her name (H. Mantel).

6) Mrs. Hale was curiously amused and interested by the idea of the Thornton dinner-party. She kept wondering about the details, with something of the simplicity of a little child, who wants to have all its anticipated pleasure described beforehand. But the monotonous life led by invalids often makes them like children, inasmuch, as they have neither of them any sense of proportion in events, and seem each to believe that the walls and curtains which shut in their world, and shut out everything else, must of necessity be larger than everything hidden beyond. Besides, Mrs. Hale had had her vanities as a girl; had perhaps unduly felt their mortification when she became a poor clergyman's wife; - they had been smothered and kept down; but they were not extinct; and she liked to think of seeing Margaret dressed for a party, and dressed what she should wear, with an unsettled anxiety that amused Margaret, who had been more accustomed to society in her one year in Harley street than her mother in five and twenty years in Helston.

"Then you think you should wear your white silk? Are you sure it will fit? It's nearly a year since Edith was married!"

"Oh yes, mamma! Mrs. Murray made it, and it's sure to be right; it may be fat or thin. But I don't think I've altered in the least."

"Hadn't it better let Dixon see it? It may have yellow with lying by." "If you like, mamma. But, if the worst comes to the worst, I've a very nice pink gauze

which Aunt Shaw gave me, only two or three months before Edith was married. That can't have gone yellow."

"No! But it may have faded."

"Well! Then I've a green silk. I feel more as if it was the embarrassment of riches."

"I wish I knew what you ought to wear," said Mrs. Hale nervously.

Margaret's manner changed instantly. "Shall I go and put them one after another, mama, and then you could see which you liked best?" "But – yes! Perhaps that will be best." (E. Gaskell)

7) For some reason or other, the house was crowded that night, and the fat Jew manager who met them at the door was beaming from ear to ear with an oily, tremulous smile. He escorted them to their box with a sort of pompous humility, waving his fat jeweled hands, and talking at the top of his voice. Dorian Grey hated him more than ever. He felt as if he had come to look for Miranda and had been met by Calibean. Lord Henry, upon the other hand, rather liked him. At least he declared he did, and insisted on shaking him by the hand, and assuring him that he was proud to meet a man who had discovered a real genius and gone bankrupt over a poet. Hall wart amused himself with watching the faces in the pit. The heat was terribly oppressive, and the huge sunlight flamed like a monstrous dahlia with petals of yellow fire.

The youths in the gallery had taken off their coats and waist coats and hung them over the side. They talked to each their across the theatre, and shared their oranges with the tawdry girls who sat beside them. Some women were laughing in the pit. Their voices were horribly shrill and discordant. The sound of the propping of corks came from the bar.

"What a place to find one's divinity in!" said Lord Henry.

"Yes!" answered Dorian Grey. "It was here I found her, and she is divine beyond all living things. When she acts you will forget everything. These common, rough people, with their coarse faces and brutal stage, become quite different when she is on the stage. They sit silently and watch her. They weep and laugh as she wills them to do. She makes them as responsible as a violin. She spiritualizes them, and one feels that they are of the same flesh and blood as oneself." "The same flesh and blood as oneself! Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Lord Henry, who was scanning the occupants of the gallery through his opera-glass (O. Wilde).

8) In the first few weeks of term at Ton bridge Hall, we didn't see as much of Karina as I'd imagined we would. Sometimes when I was going in to breakfast she would be leaving, setting off for Euston Square and her college on Mile End Road. "The mysterious East", Julianne called it. Karina would grant a good morning, and I'd say, "Everything all right?" and of cause she wouldn't reply, because why should she reply to a question as daft as that? One night Lynette came to our room, looking defeated and carrying a box of bonbons and candied fruits from Fortnum and Mason. She popped the box on to our coffee table, sat down on Julianne's bed, massaged her tired calves and sighed. "I've tried to break the ice," she complained. "But Karina, it's like – oh, go on, let's have a mixed metaphor – it's like pounding my head on a bleed in' brick wall."



She finished her sentence with a flourish, a brilliant imitation of Sue's peculiar accent. I said, "She has a problem with people."

"A chip on her shoulder," Julianne said.

"We know her, you see."

"What language does she speak?" Lynette asked.

"English."

"Yes, but with her parents – what did she talk at home?"

"English." I explained the situation, so far as I could.

Lynette frowned. She had been looking forward, she said, to trying out a smattering of this and that, in the cause of making Karina feel more at home. She had done an exchange year, and her Russian was quite fluent. "I don't think she is Russian," I said. "Her father was frightened of Russians, my mother said. He used to take precautions against them. "Double locking the door" At one time I'd been able to come and go freely from Karina's house, but since her mother had taken ill that had changed. Her father was a man who never responded to a greeting with more than a grunt, was now as sociable as a corpse. The gas man and the district nurse were let in, if it suited him; they could not rely on it. If old habit drove me to Karina's door in the morning, I had to stand in the street, while mechanism grated and clanked and chains were lifted from their grooves; when the door opened a crack, Karina had skillfully extruded her body on to

Curzon Street without permitting me even a glimpse of the vestibule (H. Mantel).

"I could not come sooner: the superintendent would – Where is she?" He looked round the dining-room, and then almost fiercely at his mother, who was quietly rearranging the disturbed furniture, and did not instantly reply. "Where is Miss Hale?" asked he again.

"Gone home," said she, rather shortly.

"Gone home!"

"Yes. She was a great deal better. Indeed, I don't believe it was so very much of a hurt; only some people faint at the least thing."

I am sorry she is gone home, " said he, walking uneasily about. "She could have been fit for it."

"She said she was; and Mr. Lowe said she was. I went for him myself."

"Thank you, mother." He stopped, and partly held out his hand to give her a grateful shake. But she didn't notice the movement.

"What have you done with your Irish people?"

"Sent to the Dragon for a good meal for them, poor wretches. And then, luckily, I caught Father Grady, and I've asked him in to speak to them, and dissuade them from going off in a body. How did Miss Hale go home? I am sure she couldn't walk."

"She had a cab. Everything was done properly, even to the paying. Let us talk of something else. She has caused disturbance enough."

"I don't know where I should have been but for her."

"Are you become so helpless as to have to be defended by a girl?" asked Mrs.

Thornton scornfully. He reddened. "Not many girls would have taken the blows on herself which were meant for me; - meant with right down goodwill, too."

"A girl in love will do a good deal," replied Mrs. Thornton shortly.

"Mother!" He made a step forward; stood still; heaved with passion. She was a little startled at the evident force he used to keep himself calm. She was not sure of the nature of the emotions she had provoked. It was only their violence that was clear. Was it anger? His eyes glowed, his figure was dilated, his breath came thick and fast. It was a mixture of joy, of anger, of pride, of glad surprise, of panting doubt; but she couldn't read it (E. Gaskell).