

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 английской и восточной филологии



УТВЕРЖДАЮ

Директор Института филологии и социальных коммуникаций

О. С. Перетятая

«15» января 2016 г.

Приложение к рабочей программе учебной дисциплины

ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

для проведения текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации
обучающихся по дисциплине

Художественно-стилистическая интерпретация текста

По направлению подготовки – 45.03.01 Филология

Профиль подготовки – Зарубежная филология. Английский язык

Квалификация выпускника – бакалавр

Форма обучения – очная, заочная

Курс – 4 курс (8 семестр / 11-12 триместр)

Разработчики:

доцент кафедры

английской и восточной филологии

Новикова А.А.

старший преподаватель кафедры

английской и восточной филологии

Елисеев С.Л.

Заведующий кафедрой английской и восточной филологии

А.А. Новикова

Протокол

от «13» декабря 2015 г. № 7

Луганск, 2016

1. ПАСПОРТ ФОНДА ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

1.1. Область применения

Фонд оценочных средств (ФОС) – неотъемлемая часть рабочей программы дисциплины «Художественно-стилистическая интерпретация 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 бакалавриат по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 Филология, утвержденным приказом Министерства науки и высшего образования Российской Федерации от 12 августа 2020 года № 986 (с изменениями и дополнениями).

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

Процесс освоения дисциплины направлен на формирование следующих компетенций и индикаторов их достижения:

Код по ФГОС ВО	Индикатор достижения
Общепрофессиональные	
ОПК-4 Способен осуществлять на базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста.	ОПК-4.1. Владеет методикой сбора и анализа языковых и литературных фактов. ОПК-4.2. Осуществляет филологический анализ текста разной степени сложности. ОПК-4.3. Интерпретирует тексты разных типов и жанров на основе существующих методик.

1.4. Этапы формирования компетенций и средства оценивания уровня их сформированности

Этапы формирования компетенций	Компетенции	Контрольно-оценочные средства / способ оценивания
8 семестр / 11-12 триместр		
Тема 1. Interpreting. The problems, aims and tasks. Interdisciplinary nature of the course.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Тема 2. Plot. Plot structure. Plot structure techniques.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Тема 3. Image. Types and systems of images. Character images and means of characterisation. Hierarchy of images.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Тема 4. Narrative methods. Types of narrators. Advantages and disadvantages of each.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов.

		Доклад.
Тема 5. Tone. Tonal system. Main tone and overtones.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Текущая аттестация	ОПК-4	Контрольная работа
Тема 6. Short story. History of the genre: from medieval novella to modern experimental fiction. Structure. Point of view. The setting. Characterization. Style and symbol. Images. Theme. Short story writing: Plot and plot structure. System of images. Narrative method.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Тема 7. Drama. Aristotle on drama. Dramatic structure. Reversal and recognition. Components of plot. Characterization. Theme. Melody.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Тема 8. Development of European drama from the Middle ages through “problem plays” and theatre of absurd.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Тема 9. Poetry. Aristotle on poetry. The language of poetry. Figurative language. Sounds and schemes. Meter and rhythm. Stanza. Free verse, open form and closed form. Poetic syntax.	ОПК-4	Устный опрос, анализ художественных текстов. Доклад.
Текущая аттестация	ОПК-4	Контрольная работа
Промежуточная аттестация	ОПК-4	Экзамен

1.5. Описание показателей формирования компетенций

Код компетенции	Результаты сформированности
ОПК-4 Способен осуществлять на базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста.	Знает: методы сбора и анализа языковых и литературных фактов; методики филологического анализа языкового материала и интерпретации текстов различных типов; Умеет: аргументированно репрезентировать результаты анализа собранных языковых и литературных фактов, интерпретации текстов различных типов; Владеет: навыками анализа языковых и литературных фактов, интерпретации текстов разных типов и жанров на основе существующих методик.

1.6. Критерии оценивания компетенций на разных этапах их формирования

Вид учебной работы	Количество баллов	
8 семестр / 11-12 триместр	ОФО	ЗФО
Контрольная работа (2 x 10 / 2 x 9)	20	18
Доклад (3 x 8)	24	24
Участие в дискуссии на практическом занятии (13 x 2)	26	28

/ 4 x 7)		
Экзамен	30	30
Итого за семестр / триместр:	100	

Накопительная система оценивания по 100-балльной шкале

Четырехбал- льная система оценивания экзамена	100- балльна я шкала	Буквенная шкала, соответствующая 100- балльной шкале	Система оценивания зачета
Отлично	90–100	А – 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	В – 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	С – 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	
Удовлетво- рительно	63–74	Д – удовлетворительно – теоретическое содержание дисциплины 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	
Удовлетво- рительно	50–62	Е – посредственно – теоретическое содержание курса освоено частично; некоторые практические навыки работы не сформированы, многие предусмотренные программой обучения учебные задания	

		не выполнены либо качество выполнения некоторых из них оценено числом баллов, близким к минимальному	
Неудовлетворительно	21–49	FX – неудовлетворительно – теоретическое содержание курса освоено частично; необходимые практические навыки работы не сформированы; большинство предусмотренных программой обучения учебных заданий не выполнено либо качество их выполнения оценено числом баллов, близким к минимальному; при дополнительной самостоятельной работе над материалом курса возможно повышение качества выполнения учебных заданий	Не зачтено
Неудовлетворительно	0–20	F – 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	

2. КОНТРОЛЬНО- ОЦЕНОЧНЫЕ СРЕДСТВА

2.1. Оценочные средства текущего контроля

Контрольная работа

- The clock had struck, time was **bleeding away** (A.Huxley)
a. metonymy b. periphrasis c. metaphor d. antonomasia
- "They heard! - they suspected! - they knew!" (Poe)
A) inversion
B) epiphora
C) parallelism
D) polysyndeton
E) periphrasis
- All at once there is a goal, a path through a **shapeless** day (A.Miller)
A) metonymy
B) epithet
C) simile
D) irony
E) repetition
- The next speaker was a tall gloomy man, Mr. Something Somebody (J.B.Priestly)

A) metonymy

B) oxymoron

C) synecdoche

D) irony

E) antonomasia

5. The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees (Tennyson)

A) polysyndeton

B) periphrasis

C) onomatopoeia

D) parallelism

E) repetition

6. Friendship, peculiar boon of heavens(S. Johnson)

A) metonymy

B) periphrasis

C) synecdoche

D) antonomasia

E) oxymoron

7. "...but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder –
louder - louder." (Poe)

A) periphrasis

B) metonymy

C) simile

D) parallelism

E) repetition

8. "He gave her a warm welcome." / "My foolish friend"

A) alliteration

B) assonance

C) parallelism

B) onomatopoeia

9. An implied comparison, e.g. "bed of roses", "fountain of youth"

A) periphrasis

B) metonymy

C) simile

D) parallelism

E) metaphor

10. Carol behaved like a bull in a china shop

A) metonymy

B) epithet

C) simile

D) irony

E) antonomasia

11. She was a **damned nice** woman too (A. Huxley)

A) metonymy

B) epithet

C) metaphor

D) irony

E) oxymoron

12. Gentleness in passion! What could have been more seductive to the scared, starved heart of that girl?

a) inversion;

b) rhetorical questions;

c) climax;

d) repetition.

13. *A good generous prayer* it was

a) parallelism;

b) inversion;

c) climax;

d) repetition.

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

a) polysyndeton;

b) asyndeton;

c) parallelism.

15. She has always been as live as a bird.

a) hyperbole;

b) simile;

c) epithet;

d) personification.

16. The sky was dark and gloomy, the air damp and raw, the streets wet and sloppy.

a) parallelism;

b) chiasmus;

c) polysyndeton;

d) asyndeton.

17. And the coach, and the coachman, and the horses, rattled, and jangled, and whipped, and cursed, and swore till they came to Golden Square.

a) polysyndeton;

b) asyndeton;

c) parallelism;

d) inversion.

18. He stood immovable like a rock in a torrent.

a) simile;

b) comparison;

c) irony;

d) hyperbole.

19. England has two eyes, Oxford and Cambridge. They are the two eyes of England, and two intellectual eyes (Ch. Taylor)

A) metonymy

B) epithet

C) antonomasia

D) synecdoche

E) periphrasis

20. The young girl who had a yellow smock and a cold in the head that did not go too well together was helping an old lady (J.B. Priestly)

A) epithet

B) zeugma

C) simile

D) irony

E) metaphor

Примерные темы докладов:

1. The role of sound aspect in creating the stylistic effect.
2. Metaphor as a basic cognitive function. Types of metaphors.
3. The proper name (namings): the peculiarities of their realisation in the text.
4. Poetic form, its design & structure (sound effects, organisation of lines, poetic syntax).
5. Graphic diversity in literary texts as a hypertext category.
6. The specifics of introductory information in detective & sci fiction.
7. The "strong" position in fiction.
8. Aristotle on peculiarities of drama.
9. Characterisation, its main aspects. "The protagonist be somewhat less than perfect" (Aristotle).
10. Slang, jargon, low colloquial vocabulary as a characteristic feature of modern fiction.
11. Epithet, its structural types & functions in the text.
12. Simile versus metaphor: basic differences.
13. Image. The system of images (character/animal/"world of things"/land-sea-urban-thoughtscape images).
14. The organising role & functions of the title.
15. Symbol, types of symbols & their role in the artistic texts.
16. Detail. Types of details. The role of artistic detail in the text.
17. Juxtaposition as a means of creating humorous (satirical) effect in the text (climax/anticlimax, oxymoron, antithesis & the like).
18. Narrative method. Types of narrator, advantages & disadvantages of each.
19. Plot, plot structure, plot structure techniques.
20. Theme, major tone & overtones. Settings & atmosphere.

2.2. Оценочные средства для промежуточной аттестации

Перечень вопросов к зачету/экзамену

1. Plot conflicts typology. Types of plot structure, techniques and presentational sequencing.
2. System of images. Means of characterization.
3. Compulsory and optional components of literary texts.
4. The narrative method and types of narrator. Advantages and disadvantages of each.
5. Text. Types of texts. Peculiarities of literary texts.
6. Artistic detail and its functions in the text.
7. Tonal system. Markers of the tone. Prevailing tone and emotional overtones.
8. Theme and message. Types of messages.
9. Persona and tone.
10. Poetic form. Rhythm and rhyme. Metre and line. Metrical patterns (iambic, trochaic, dactylic, amphibrachic, anapestic). Number of feet.
11. The stanza (the heroic couplet, the Spenserian stanza, sonnet etc.) – i.e. the closed form. The free verse.
12. Lexical features of poetry. Imagery. Types of images.
13. Syntactical features of poetry.
14. Aristotle on poetry.
15. Aristotle on drama.
16. Drama, its peculiarities / differences from fiction and poetry.
17. Dramatic structure (point of attack, exposition, rising action, climax, etc).
18. The origin of drama.
19. Six elements of tragedy by Aristotle.
20. Characterisation. Hero – anti-hero-villain. Protagonist – antagonist.
21. The classical tragic hero vs modern hero.
22. Minor characters. Foil. Stock characters. Allegorical characters.
23. Theme. Didactic intent. Morality plays.

24. Problem plays. Drama of ideas. Comedy of manners and humours.
25. The 20th century drama. Theatre of absurd.
26. Drama. Diction and melody.
27. Dramatic situation of poem Persona. Auditor. Circumstances.
28. Main types (genres) of poetry by Aristotle.
29. The language of poetry. The use of imagery. Concrete details vs imagery details.
30. Figurative language. Tropes. Metaphor, simile, allusion, metonymy, etc.
31. Poetry. Symbol and symbolism.
32. What is the definition of “interpretation of literary texts”?
33. How does the process of interpreting a literary text differ from analyzing it?
34. What are some common techniques used for interpreting literary texts?
35. What role does cultural background play in interpreting a literary text?
36. How do different literary genres require different approaches to interpretation?
37. Can a single literary text have multiple valid interpretations? Why or why not?
38. What is the importance of context in interpreting a literary text?
39. How can the author’s background and personal experiences influence the interpretation of their work?
40. What are some common challenges and pitfalls in interpreting literary texts?
41. How can readers mitigate their personal biases when interpreting a literary text?
42. What is the significance of historical and social context in interpreting literary texts?
43. How does the use of language and literary devices affect the interpretation of a text?
44. What is the role of the reader’s emotional response in interpreting a literary text?
45. How can intertextuality affect the interpretation of a literary text?

46. What are some common theories and approaches to interpreting literary texts?
47. How does the reader's perspective and life experiences influence their interpretation of a text?
48. What are some strategies for approaching a text with an open mind and avoiding a narrow interpretation?
49. In what ways can the interpretation of a literary text be influenced by its translation into different languages?
50. How does the readers' knowledge of the author's biography and other works influence the interpretation of a literary text?
51. What are some ethical considerations when interpreting a literary text?

Практические задания к экзамену.

Read the text and answer the questions.

JUST MORGAN

By Susan Beth Pfeffer
New York, 1970

My parents died in early May of my ninth-grade year at Fair- field. I was called into the headmistress's office that afternoon, without knowing why. Mrs. Baines told me herself, interspersing it with "my poor child" and "my dear Morgan," which struck me as being even odder than the news. I felt nothing at the time, not even fear at what was to become of me; I suppose it was because their deaths were so unexpected. It had been in an accident of some sort, while they were in Rome. Mrs. Baines didn't have all the details, and I never chose to ask anybody, so I still don't know exactly what happened. While I sat there trying to understand everything, with Mrs. Baines offering me smelling salts and some aspirin (I think she was disappointed at my lack of histrionics), my uncle called the school to find out whether I would be able to miss a few days for the funeral. "Certainly, certainly," the headmistress clucked. Their bodies, it seemed, were being flown in, and the funeral would be that Saturday. I asked if it would be all right for me to finish out that week in school before going to New York, and staring at me Mrs. Baines whispered something to my uncle about my being in a state of shock. It was decided therefore that I would leave the next day for New York by train and that either my uncle or his secretary, or both, would be at the station to pick me up. Mrs. Baines assured me that I did not have to return to

classes that day; instead, she recommended, I should go back to my room and try to sleep. If I wanted to speak to a minister of my faith, she said, she would call one up. I thanked her, said it wasn't necessary, thanked her again, and walked the distance to my room, with my thoughts alternating between "Dead?" and "What about the history test on Friday?"

Sitting on my bed, torn between the desire to tell my roommate, who was in class, what had happened, and a sense of guilt that all I felt was the desire to tell her, I was hit by the enormity of my parents' death for the first time. I was an orphan. The school had a number of them and they all seemed perfectly normal and happy, so I couldn't see worrying about a life filled with doom and despair. Nor could I really mourn 'my parents' death the way Mrs. Baines had expected me to. For one thing, I scarcely knew them. During the school year I went to Fairfield, and in the summers I was sent to different camps. My encounters with Mother and Father had occurred mostly during winter recesses, when I would fly to wherever they were located that year, or, less frequently, they would fly to America and I would join them in New York. Such visits were more embarrassing than anything else, with my parents showering me with useless gifts and loosely aimed kisses on my cheeks, and me reciprocating with handmade Christmas cards I had knocked off one period in Creative Arts, that generally started off *Joyeux Noel* and ended up with *Love, Morgan* since I assumed it was expected of me to say it. They made a great fuss about showing off the cards at all the parties they went to, much to my embarrassment, and those friends of theirs that I met nearly always came up to me saying, "So you're the little girl who made that fine Christmas card for your mommy and daddy." I hated their friends and their parties and the visits, and if I didn't hate them it was only because I saw them so little. Other than that, our exchanges were by mail, or very infrequently by transatlantic phone calls, on ceremonial occasions like my birthday. I didn't think I would miss them very much.

Tasks:

1. Give a summary of the text.
2. Dwell on the significance of the first and final sentences of the text. D
3. Point out the ways the presence of the young and adult narrators may be traced in the text (on the lexical level and the assessment of facts).
4. Comment on the first sentence of the first paragraph (strong positions); find another sentence in this paragraph which may lead to the same conclusions (pay attention to the order of the homogenous objects).

DEATH BEFORE BEDTIME

By Edgar Box

Mrs. Goldmountain was a small woman of automatic vivacity, very dark, ageless, with exquisite skin carefully painted and preserved. I recognized her from afar; her picture was always in the magazines smiling up into the President's face or the Vice President's face or into her dog's face, a celebrated white poodle which was served its meals at its own table beside hers on all state occasions: "Because Hermione loves interesting people," so the newspapers had quoted her as saying. Whether Hermione Poodle liked famous people or not, we shall never know; that Mrs. Goldmountain did, however, is one of the essential facts about Washington, and famous people certainly liked her because she made a fuss over them, gave rich parties where they met other celebrities. One of the laws of nature is that celebrities adore one another (...) are, in fact, more impressed by the idea of celebrity than the average indifferent citizen who never sees a movie star and seldom bothers to see his Congressman, presuming he knows what a Congressman is. I looked about me for the poodle but she was nowhere in sight: the dream no doubt of a press agent. Mrs. Goldmountain retained several.

Questions and tasks:

1. What information about Mrs. Goldmountain can the reader draw? What is the author's method of characterization?
2. What linguistic means render the idea of Mrs. Goldmountain's artifice in the 1st sentence? Comment on the oxymoron "automatic vivacity".
3. Explain the effect of the parallel structures in the 2nd sentence. Dwell on the linguistic and extralinguistic means of creating a humorous effect when describing the dog and its owner.
4. Comment on the structure and the punctuation of the 3rd and the 4th sentences, indicating connotations created by them. Discuss the function of parallelism, parenthesis and detachment in these sentences.
5. Can you find any graphic expressive means? What else helps to express the ironic attitude to the society?
6. Explain why the narrator is looking for the poodle (the 5th sentence). What makes the last laconic sentence so emphatic?
7. Sum up the author's attitude to Mrs. Goldmountain and celebrities as expressed in this short excerpt.

ANIMAL FARM

By George Orwell

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

“I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannise over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.”

Questions and tasks:

1. What kind of vocabulary is used in the extract? Describe the communicative situation.
2. Does the structure and length of the sentences change?
3. What is the aim of the speech?
4. How would you define the functional style of the extract? Quote the text to prove your point of view.
5. Find all cases of root and word repetition in the paragraph. What for is it used?
6. Find cases of syntactical arrangement of words, phrases, clauses and sentences (inversion, parallelism, antithesis, etc.). State the function of these tropes.

THE GOLDFINCH

By Donna Tartt

The plot of Donna Tartt’s Pulitzer-Prize winning novel “The Goldfinch” is built around a small picture by a Dutch artist Carel Fabritius. The bird is chained to the top ring of its feeder that is attached to the wall.

But what does the painting say about Fabritius himself? Nothing about religious or romantic or familial devotion; nothing about civic awe or career ambition or respect for wealth and power. There’s only a tiny heartbeat and solitude, bright sunny wall and a sense of no escape. Time that doesn’t move, time that couldn’t be called time. And trapped in the heart of light: the little prisoner, unflinching. I think of something I read about Sargent: how, in portraiture, Sargent always looked for the animal in the sitter (a tendency that, once I knew to look for it, I saw everywhere in his work: in the long foxy noses and pointed ears of Sargent’s heiresses, in his rabbit-toothed intellectuals and leonine captains of industry, his plump owl-faced children). And, in this staunch little portrait, it’s hard not to see the human in the finch. Dignified, vulnerable. One prisoner looking at another.

Questions and tasks:

1. What is the composition of the paragraph? Describe the type of narration and arrangement of the paragraph.
2. Whom does the narrator ask a question? Is it an invitation to the dialogue with the reader? How would you answer the question?
3. What kind of vocabulary is used in the extract?
4. Analyse the syntax of the paragraph.
5. Name the tropes in the sentence "There's only a tiny heartbeat and solitude, bright sunny wall and a sense of no escape".
6. Name the tropes in the sentence "And trapped in the heart of light:...".
7. Explain what is meant by the phrase "time that couldn't be called time".
8. John Singer Sargent was considered the "leading portrait painter of his generation". What for does the author provide a lengthy and detailed description of his style in a small paragraph? How does it characterize the narrator?
9. Note the use of the word 'portrait' defined as "a pictorial representation of a person" in describing a bird. What for is it done? Comment on the use of the epithet 'staunch'.
10. How do you understand the last sentence? 10. Sum up your observations and analyse the paragraph.

A MURDER OF QUALITY

John LeCarré

Chapter 1

Black Candles

The greatness of Carne School has been ascribed by common consent to Edward VI, whose educational zeal is ascribed by history to the Duke of Somerset. But Carne prefers the respectability of the monarch to the questionable politics of his adviser, drawing strength from the conviction that Great Schools, like Tudor Kings, were ordained in Heaven.

And indeed its greatness is little short of miraculous. Founded by obscure monks, endowed by a sickly boy king, and dragged from oblivion by a Victorian bully, Carne had straightened its collar, scrubbed its rustic hands and face and presented itself shining to the courts of the twentieth century. And in the twinkling of an eye, the Dorset bumpkin was London's darling: Dick Whittington had arrived. Carne had parchments in Latin, seals in wax, and Lammas Land behind the Abbey. Carne had property, cloisters and woodworm, a whipping block and a line in the Domesday Book - then what more did it need to instruct the sons of the rich?

And they came; each Half they came (for terms are not elegant things), so that throughout a whole afternoon the trains would unload sad groups of black-coated boys on to the station platform. They came in great cars that shone with mournful purity. They came to bury poor King Edward, trundling handcarts over

the cobbled streets or carrying tuck boxes like little coffins. Some wore gowns, and when they walked they looked like crows, or black angels come for the burying. Some followed singly like undertakers' mutes, and you could hear the clip of their boots as they went. They were always in mourning at Carne; the small boys because they must stay and the big boys because they must leave, the masters because the mourning was respectable, and the wives because respectability was underpaid; and now, as the Lent Half (as the Easter term was called) drew to its end, the cloud of gloom was as firmly settled as ever over the grey towers of Carne.

Gloom and the cold. The cold was crisp and sharp as flint. It cut the faces of the boys as they moved slowly from the deserted playing fields after the school match. It pierced their black topcoats and turned their stiff, pointed collars into icy rings round their necks. Frozen, they plodded from the field to the long walled road which led to the main tuck shop and the town, the line gradually dwindling into groups, and the groups into pairs. Two boys who looked even colder than the rest crossed the road and made their way along a narrow path which led towards a distant but less populated tuck shop.

'I think I shall die if ever I have to watch one of those beastly rugger games again. The noise is fantastic,' said one. He was tall with fair hair, and his name was Caley.

'People only shout because the dons are watching from the pavilion,' the other rejoined; 'that's why each house has to stand together. So that the house dons can swank about how loud their houses shout.'

'What about Rode?' asked Caley. 'Why does he stand with us and make us shout, then? He's not a house don, just a bloody usher.'

'He's sucking up to house dons all the time. You can see him in the quad between lessons buzzing round the big men. All the junior masters do.' Caley's companion was a cynical red-haired boy called Perkins, Captain of Fielding's house.

'I've been to tea with Rode,' said Caley.

'Rode's hell. He wears brown boots. What was tea like?'

'Bleak. Funny how tea gives them away. Mrs Rode's quite decent, though homely in a plebby sort of way: doyleys and china birds. Food's good: Women's Institute, but good.'

'Rode's doing Corps next Half. That'll put the lid on it. He's so keen, bouncing about all the time. You can tell he's not a gentleman. You know where he went to school?'

'No.'

'Bransome Grammar. Fielding told my Mama, when she came over from Singapore last Half.'

'God. Where's Bransome?'

'On the coast. Near Bournemouth. I haven't been to tea with anyone except Fielding.' Perkins added after a slight pause, 'You get roast chestnuts and crumpets. You're never allowed to thank him, you know. He says emotionalism is only for the lower classes. That's typical of Fielding. He's not like a don at all. I think boys bore him. The whole house goes to tea with him once a Half, he has us in turn, four at a time, and that's about the only time he talks to most men.'

They walked on in silence for a while until Perkins said:

'Fielding's giving another dinner party tonight.'

'He's pushing the boat out these days,' Caley replied, with disapproval. 'Suppose the food in your house is worse than ever?'

'It's his last Half before he retires. He's entertaining every don and all the wives separately by the end of the Half. Black candles every evening. For mourning. Hells extravagant.'

'Yes. I suppose it's a sort of gesture.'

'My Pater says he's a queer.'

They crossed the road and disappeared into the tuck shop, where they continued to discuss the weighty affairs of Mr Terence Fielding, until Perkins drew their meeting reluctantly to a close. Being a poor hand at science, he was unfortunately obliged to take extra tuition in the subject.

Questions and tasks:

1. What effect is achieved by the accumulation of high-flown vocabulary at the beginning of the extract? What other linguistic means contribute to the same effect?
2. Comment on the repetition on denotational and connotational levels in the first two paragraphs.
3. Point out cases of sarcasm in the extract and comment upon them.
4. Analyse the two cases of antithesis that the narrative part of the text contains. What is the effect?
5. Analyse the dialogue part. How does the speech of the pupils reveal their class-consciousness?

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

By J. R. R. Tolkien

A deadly sword, a healing hand,
a back that bent beneath its load;
a trumpet-voice, a burning brand,
a weary pilgrim on the road.
(From 'Galadriel's Mirror')

Tasks to the stanza:

1. Dwell upon syntactical peculiarities of the sentence that comprises the stanza.
2. Agree or disagree (be argumentative): the key trope of the convergence is synecdoche.
3. Agree or disagree (be argumentative): the images presented comprise a gradation.
4. Agree or disagree (be argumentative): there is no reason to point out antithesis in this particular excerpt;
5. Agree or disagree (be argumentative): the stanza might be considered a classical example of parallel constructions.
6. Compare the original with the translation: is the convergence fully preserved? Point out 'translator's losses', if any.

Владел мечом, умел целить,
Сгибал под тяжким грузом спину.
Мог громом и огнем разить,
А мог быть просто Пилигримом.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

By J. R. R. Tolkien

Then turning south again he beheld Minas Tirith. Far away it seemed, and beautiful: white-walled, many-towered, proud and fair upon its mountain-seat; its battlements glittered with steel, and its turrets were bright with many banners. Hope leaped in his heart. [...]. Then at last his gaze was held: wall upon wall, battlement upon battlement, black, immeasurably strong, mountain of iron, gate of steel, tower of adamant, he saw it: Barad-dûr, Fortress of Sauron. All hope left him.

(From: 'Breaking of the Fellowship')

Exercises:

1. Compare 1-3 and 2-4 sentences of the excerpt, dwell upon their syntactical peculiarities.
2. Say if the following claim is justified: sentence 1-3 and 2-4 are united by semantic equivalency.
3. Say if the following claim is justified: the means of foregrounding is mostly coupling;
4. Say if the following claim is justified: the excerpt is stylistically heterogeneous.
5. Compare the original with the translation: is the convergence fully preserved? Point out 'translator's losses', if any.

Фродо опять перевел взгляд на юг и увидел Минас Тирит. Он был очень далек и очень красив: белокаменный многобашенный гордый город на отрогах гор, окруженный мощными стенами. Зубцы стен сверкали металлом, на башнях развевались флаги. В сердце хоббита блеснула надежда. Но как раз напротив Минас Тирита, за горами на востоке высилась другая твердыня, намного больше его и сильнее. И туда против воли потянулся его взгляд. Он увидел Барад-Дур, твердыню Саурана: стена за стеной, уступ за уступом, зубец за зубцом – невероятно мощная гора железа со стальными воротами, черная и абсолютно неприступная, с огромной черной башней. И надежда покинула его.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

By J. R. R. Tolkien

It seemed to Frodo then that he heard, quite plainly but far off, voices out of the past:

What a pity Bilbo did not stab the vile creature, when he had a chance!

Pity? It was Pity that stayed his hand. Pity, and Mercy: not to strike without need.

I do not feel any pity for Gollum. He deserves death.

Deserves death! I daresay he does. Many that live deserve death. And some die that deserve life. Can you give that to them? Then be not too eager to deal out death in the name of justice, fearing for your own safety. Even the wise cannot see all ends.

‘Very well,’ he answered aloud, lowering his sword. ‘But still I am afraid. And yet, as you see, I will not touch the creature. For now that I see him, I do pity him.’

(From: ‘Taming of Smeagol’)

Tasks:

1. Say if the following claim is justified: the excerpt contains a fragment of indirect speech.

2. Say if the following claim is justified: there is no repetition on phonetic or syntactic level in this passage.

3. Say whether the excerpt is expressive or not; if it is, how is its expressive character achieved?

4. Compare the original with the translation: is the convergence fully preserved? Point out ‘translator’s losses’, if any.

А у Фродо в ушах ясно зазвучали далекие голоса из прошлого: «Жаль, что Бильбо не проткнул кинжалом подлую тварь, когда подвернулся случай!»

«Жаль? Но ведь именно жалость удержала его руку. Он пощадил, ибо у него не было необходимости убивать...»

«Но мне Голлума совсем не жалко. Он заслуживает смерти».

«Вне всякого сомнения, заслуживает! Смерти заслуживают многие из живущих. А разве не умирают те, кто должен был жить? Ты можешь подарить им жизнь? Тогда не спеши никого осуждать на смерть. Во имя справедливости. Ибо даже мудрейшие не могут всего предвидеть».

– Хорошо, – громко сказал хоббит и опустил меч. – Я боюсь, но, как видишь, я его не тронул. Я его увидел и почувствовал сострадание.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

By J. R. R. Tolkien

‘Perhaps he also thought that you were Saruman,’ said Gimli. ‘But you speak of him as if he was a friend. I thought Fangorn was dangerous.’

‘Dangerous!’ cried Gandalf. ‘And so am I, very dangerous: more dangerous than anything you will ever meet, unless you are brought alive before the seat of the Dark Lord. And Aragorn is dangerous, and Legolas is dangerous. You are beset with dangers, Gimli son of Glyin; for you are dangerous yourself, in your own fashion. Certainly the forest of Fangorn is perilous – not least to those that are too ready with their axes; and Fangorn himself, he is perilous too; yet he is wise and kindly nonetheless. But now his long slow wrath is brimming over, and all the forest is filled with it. The coming of the hobbits and the tidings that they brought have spilled it: it will soon be running like a flood; but its tide is turned against Saruman and the axes of Isengard.’

(From: ‘The White Rider’)

Exercises:

1. Divide Gandalf’s speech into 2 parts: which of them is merely emphatic, which of them is metaphorical?
2. How is compositional unity of the metaphorical part of Gandalf’s speech achieved?
3. Comment the effect of tautological repetition of ‘dangerous’
4. Dwell upon convergence in this excerpt, its constituents.
5. Compare the original with the translation: is the convergence fully preserved? Point out ‘translator’s losses’, if any.

Может быть, он тоже принял тебя за Сарумана, – сказал Гимли. – Ты говоришь о нем, как о друге, а я думал, что Фангорн грозен и внушает ужас.

– Грозен! – повторил Гэндальф. – Я тоже грозен и даже очень. Могу внушать ужас. Страшнее меня никого нет, разве что Черный Властелин. Арагорн грозен и Леголас грозен. Тебя окружают опасные личности, Гимли сын Глоина, и сам ты тоже грозен по-своему. Фангорнский Лес, конечно, опасен, особенно для тех, кто тут слишком рьяно размахивает топором. Древесник грозен, но вместе с тем он мудр и добр. Последние дни он кипит от гнева, который накапливался многие годы, а сейчас залил весь лес и переливается через край. Появление хоббитов оказалось каплей,

переполнившей чашу, и волна этого гнева теперь потечет, как река. Но она направлена против Сарумана и топоров Исенгарда.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

By J. R. R. Tolkien

And Gandalf said: 'This is your realm, and the heart of the greater realm that shall be. The Third Age of the world is ended, and the new age is begun; and it is your task to order its beginning and to preserve what may be preserved. For though much has been saved, much must now pass away; and the power of the Three Rings also is ended. And all the lands that you see, and those that lie round about them, shall be dwellings of Men. For the time comes of the Dominion of Men, and the Elder Kindred shall fade or depart.'

(From: 'the Warden and the King')

Exercises:

1. What are genre peculiarities of a prophesy? Does this prophesy have standard characteristics of the genre?
2. What is the effect of polysyndeton and semantic repetition in this excerpt?
3. How is compositional unity of the excerpt achieved?
4. Compare the original with the translation: is the convergence fully preserved? Point out 'translator's losses', if any.

Вот твое королевство, пока только начало будущего великого государства. Третья Эпоха кончается, скоро начнется новая. Твое дело – править тем, что заложено, и сохранить то, что достойно перейти в будущее. Мы много спасли, но еще много должно сгинуть. Власть Трех Колец тоже кончилась. Во всех землях, которые ты видишь отсюда и еще дальше за ними, будут жить люди. Пришло время Человека, Древнее Племя должно угаснуть или уйти.

IF NOBODY SPEAKS OF REMARKABLE THINGS

By Jon McGregor

If you listen, you can hear it.

The city, it sings.

If you stand quietly, at the foot of a garden, in the middle of a street, on the roof of a house.

It's clearest at night, when the sound cuts more sharply across the surface of things, when the song reaches out to a place inside you.

It's a wordless song, for the most, but it's a song all the same, and nobody hearing it could doubt what it sings. And the song sings the loudest when you pick out each note.

The low soothing hum of air-conditioners, fanning out the heat and the smells of shops and cafes and offices across the city, winding up and winding down, long breaths layered upon each other, a lullaby hum for tired streets.

The rush of traffic still cutting across flyovers, even in the dark hours a constant crush of sound, tyres rolling across tarmac and engines rumbling, loose drains and manhole covers clack-clacking like cast-iron castanets.

Road-menders mending, choosing the hours of least interruption, rupturing the cold night air with drills and jack-hammers and pneumatic pumps, hard-sweating beneath the fizzing hiss of floodlights, shouting to each other like drummers in rock bands calling out rhythms, pasting new skin on the veins of the city.

Restless machines in workshops and factories with endless shifts, turning and pumping and steaming and sparking, pressing and rolling and weaving and printing, the hard crash and ring and clatter lifting out of echo-high buildings and sifting into the night, an unaudited product beside the paper and cloth and steel and bread, the packed and the bound and the made.

Lorries reversing, right round the arc of industrial parks, it seems every lorry in town is reversing, backing through gateways, easing up ramps, shrill-calling their presence while forklift trucks gas and prang around them, heaping and stacking and loading.

And all the alarms, calling for help, each district and quarter, each street and estate, each every way you turn has alarms going off, coming on, going off, coming on, a hammered ring like a lightning drum-roll, like a mesmeric bell-toll, the false and the real as loud as each other, crying their needs to the night like an understaffed orphanage, babies waawaa-ing in darkened wards.

Sung sirens, sliding through the streets, streaking blue light from distress to distress, the slow wail weaving urgency through the darkest of the dark hours, a lament lifted high, held above the rooftops and fading away, lifted high, flashing past, fading away.

And all these things sing constant, the machines and the sirens, the cars blurting hey and rumbling all headlong, the hoots and the shouts and the hums and the crackles, all come together and rouse like a choir, sinking and rising with the turn of the wind, the counter and solo, the harmony humming expecting more voices.

So listen.

Listen, and there is more to hear.

The rattle of a dustbin lid knocked to the floor.

The scrawl and scratch of two hackle-raised cats.

The sudden thundercrash of bottles emptied into crates.

The slam-slam of car doors, the changing of gears, the hobbled clip-clop of a slow walk home.

The rippled roll of shutters pulled down on late-night cafes, a crackled voice crying street names for taxis, a loud scream that lingers and cracks into laughter, a bang that might just be an old car backfiring, a callbox calling out for an answer, a treeful of birds tricked into morning, a whistle and a shout and a broken glass, a blare of soft music and a blam of hard beats, a barking and yelling and singing and crying and it all swells up all the rumbles and crashes and bangings and slams, all the noise and the rush and the non-stop wonder of the song of the city you can hear if you listen the song

and it stops

in some rare and sacred dead time, sandwiched between the late sleepers and the early risers, there is a miracle of silence.

Everything has stopped.

Questions and tasks:

1. Find lexical units belonging to the lexical field “Sounds” (connected both directly and through associations).

2. What lexical groups do lexical units belonging to the lexical field “Sounds” fall into (the sounds of the road, the sounds of everyday life, alarms, the sounds produced by people etc.)? What contextual connotations do words of each group acquire?

3. How does the atmosphere change throughout the description?

4. Explain how the diversity of sounds contributes to the vivid description of the sound picture – “the song of the city”. Comment on the extended metaphor “the song of the city”.

5. Find metaphors and similes in the text and explain their functions. Pay attention to the numerous “music” metaphors and similes.

6. Discuss the cases of personification and their role in creating the image of a city as a living being.

7. Talk about the emotive connotations of the words belonging to the theme “Sounds”. 5

8. Dwell on the role of phonetic expressive means and stylistic devices in the excerpt.

9. Point out all cases of alliteration and onomatopoeia and comment on their functions.

10. Find cases of polysyndeton and say whether you think they add anything to the mood of the text.

11. Examine parallel structures and repetition as means of foregrounding of the theme “Sounds”.

12. What is the effect produced by nominative sentences?

13. What is the effect produced by incomplete sentences?

14. What is the effect produced by short paragraphs?

15. What is the effect produced by lack of punctuation marks?

16. How does the subordinate lexical field “Machinery” add to the effect?
17. Can you notice any other lexical fields connected with the lexical field “Sounds”?

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO’S NEST

By Ken Kesey

The Big Nurse is able to set the wall clock at whatever speed she wants by just turning one of those dials in the steel door; she takes a notion to hurry things up, she turns the speed up, and those hands whip around that disk like spokes in a wheel. The scene in the picture-screen windows goes through rapid changes of light to show morning, noon, and night – throb off and on furiously with day and dark, and everybody is driven like mad to keep up with that passing of fake time; awful scramble of shaves and breakfasts and appointments and lunches and medications and ten minutes of night so you barely get your eyes closed before the dorm light’s screaming at you to get up and start the scramble again, go like a sonofabitch this way, going through the full schedule of a day maybe twenty times an hour, till the Big Nurse sees everybody is right up to the breaking point, and she slacks off on the throttle, eases off the pace on that clock-dial, like some kid been fooling with the moving-picture projection machine and finally got tired watching the film run at ten times its natural speed, got bored with all that silly scampering and insect squeak of talk and turned it back to normal.

She’s given to turning up the speed this way on days like, say, when you got somebody to visit you or when the VFW brings down a smoker show from Portland – times like that, times you’d like to hold and have stretch out. That’s when she speeds things up.

But generally it’s the other way, the slow way. She’ll turn that dial to a dead stop and freeze the sun there on the screen so it don’t move a scant hair for weeks, so not a leaf on a tree or a blade of grass in the pasture shimmers. The clock hands hang at two minutes to three and she’s liable to let them hang there till we rust. You sit solid and you can’t budge, you can’t walk or move to relieve the strain of sitting, you can’t swallow and you can’t breathe. The only thing you can move is your eyes and there’s nothing to see but petrified Acutes across the room waiting on one another to decide whose play it is. The old Chronic next to me has been dead six days, and he’s rotting to the chair. And instead of fog sometimes she’ll let a clear chemical gas in through the vents, and the whole ward is set solid when the gas changes into plastic.

Lord knows how long we hang this way.

Then, gradually, she’ll ease the dial up a degree, and that’s worse yet. I can take hanging dead still better’n I can take that sirup-slow hand of Scanlon across the room, taking three days to lay down a card. My lungs pull for the thick plastic air like getting it through a pinhole. I try to go to the latrine and I feel buried under

a ton of sand, squeezing my bladder till green sparks flash and buzz across my forehead.

Questions and tasks:

1. Enumerate the lexical units belonging to the theme “Time”. Pay attention to the major lexical fields here – “Speeding up” and “Slowing down”.
2. State the type of connection between the lexical units belonging to the theme “Time” (direct connection – derivatives, synonyms, antonyms or through associations).
3. Analyse the predominant emotive connotations (contextually acquired) of the lexical field “Time”.
4. Comment on the contrast between speeding up and slowing down as a means of foregrounding of the theme “Time”.
5. Pick out cases of parallel structures. What effect do these devices produce when the author describes turning up the speed? Slowing the speed down?
6. Pick out cases of antithesis. What effect do these devices produce when the author describes turning up the speed? Slowing the speed down?
7. Pick out cases of polysyndeton. What effect do these devices produce when the author describes turning up the speed? Slowing the speed down?
8. How does alliteration contribute to the atmosphere of the excerpt?
9. Comment on the cases of hyperbole.
10. Examine how the writer uses machine imagery to describe the change of time flow.

FORTINBRAS HAS ESCAPED!

By Eric Malpass

It was, without any doubt, the most wonderful moment of Gaylord's life. He took one last, rapturous look out of the window, just to make sure it wasn't all his imagination. Then he hitched up his pyjamas and dived, like an excited bee, for his parents' bedroom. 'Mom-ma!' he cried. 'Poppa! There's floods'.

'There are floods', corrected Poppa. It wasn't that he was being unusually intelligent for six-thirty in the morning. It was just that correcting Gaylord's grammar was a reflex action. But Momma was already out of bed and gazing at the dawn countryside.

'Well, I'm not surprised,' she said. 'It sounded in the night as though every bath in the angels' ablutions had been left running.' But she was really rather shocked. She's known that a few bars of silver in the ridges of the fields would be enough to cause her son's excitement. But this was more serious. The snake-like river she knew so well was drowned in a sprawling lake. Trees stood trunkless. Hedges guarded streams, not lanes. The cattle gathered disconsolately on mounds, and gazed at the scene with dejection and suspicion.

It was serious. The crawling water was not a hundred yards from the house. And there must be a lot more to pour down from the hills. All last night the rain had come, not falling gently from the sky, but hissing and spitting with the venom and fury of machine-gun bullets. And even now, through the rain had stopped, the sky was a litter of dirty rags. Dawn was drab and menacing. 'Can I go and tell Grandpa?' asked Gaylord, jiggling at her side.

She nodded. 'Don't expect cries of wild delight', she warned. But Gaylord was already on his gladsome way. He burst into the thick darkness of Grandpa's room. 'Grandpa, we've got floods,' he cried.

Down in the blankets, something stirred. It was Grandpa, hoping that if he kept quiet it would go away.

'Shall I draw the curtains so that you can see?' Gaylord asked eagerly.

There was a vast upheaval in the bed, like some dinosaur struggling from the primeval ooze. "What the devil do you want?" demanded Grandpa, threshing desperately about under the pillows for his watch. For answer Gaylord dramatically flung back the curtains. 'Look', he cried.

Grandpa looked. 'Good God', he said. He began to climb urgently out of bed. Gaylord was well satisfied. He hurried downstairs to Fortinbras. But Fortinbras heard the news with quiet acceptance. He simply watched Gaylord nervously with his pink little eyes, and went on washing his paws and smoothing his whiskers. It occurred to Gaylord, not for the first time, that white mice are really interested only in their own rather circumscribed little world.

Schultz, on the other hand, received the news with unconcealed delight. He thumped his tail, he slobbered happily, he began to bark, while gazing fixedly at the young master with soppy adoration.

'Quiet, Schultz,' said Gaylord. For some unaccountable reason grown-ups didn't like a lot of noise at six-thirty in the morning. Schultz stopped barking, yawned with a noise like a creaking gate, and looked hopeful. Gaylord flung his arms round the ridiculous creature's neck. 'If Grandpa builds an Ark,' he said, 'there'll have to be a lady Schultz to go in with you.' He held the animal closer. 'But I bet she won't be as nice as you, Schultz.'

It is doubtful whether Schultz, being a dog of very limited intelligence, understood any of this. But he wagged his tail, and licked the young master's face, and it never occurred to Gaylord for a moment that Schultz hadn't got it all as clear as a bell. His parents, Grandpa, Fortinbras, Schultz. Gaylord felt pleased with himself. He'd brought the glad news to the entire household promptly and efficiently. With the disappointing exception of Fortinbras, reactions had been eminently satisfactory. And it was not yet seven o'clock. A whole day of alarms and excursions, or so he dearly hoped, lay before him. Life was good.

Tasks to the text:

1. Comment on the way time and place of the action are introduced: are they apparent? Do they have to be deduced? What can be deduced from the excerpt?
2. Which clues does the text provide for deducing social position of the family (financial position, level of education, religion, etc)?
3. Using context, support or disprove the following statement: Evaluative connotations of lexical field FLOOD are homogenous (strongly negative).
4. Using context, support or disprove the following statement: DELIGHT is a background theme in the narrative.
5. Using context, support or disprove the following statement: Mother is a person given to emotional outbursts.
6. Comment upon the sentence: "It was Grandpa, hoping that if he kept quiet it would go away". Does it provide any hint as to Grandfather's attitude to his grandson?
7. Similes characterize not only the object, but the speaker. Comment on: And even now, through the rain had stopped, the sky was a litter of dirty rags. Which character of the story might be associated with this particular simile?
8. Speak about convergence, that serves as means of foregrounding the lexical field FLOOD
9. Pick out lexical units and phrases that might reflect the plane of the author in this excerpt.
10. Pick out lexical units expressing the boy's emotions, comment on their connotations.
11. Find verbs that describe Gaylord's movements. What semantic component do they have in common and how does it reflect the boy's emotional state?
12. Comment on the similes in the text. How effectively do you think they reflect the simplicity of the child's world?
13. Focus on the short interior monologue of the boy in the last paragraph. Comment on the sentence structure and word choice. Pay attention to the words that acquire contextual connotations when used by the boy.
14. Find instances of intentionally sophisticated grammar and lexis introduced into the description of the child's world. What effect is achieved?
15. Comment on the grown-ups' perception of the events. What similes, metaphors and epithets describe their reaction? Compare it with the child's emotions.
16. What does the reference to the Ark tell us about the boy and the family?
17. What are the means of creating a humorous effect?

THE TIME OF OUR SINGING

R. Powers

December 1961

In some empty hall, my brother is still singing. His voice hasn't dampened yet. Not altogether. The rooms where he sang still hold an impression, their walls dimpled with his sound, awaiting some future phonograph capable of replaying them.

My brother Jonah stands fixed, leaning against a piano. He's just twenty. The sixties have only begun.

The country still dozes in its last pretended innocence. No one has heard of Jonah Strom but our family, what's left of it. We've come to Durham, North Carolina, the old music building at Duke. He has made it to the finals of a national vocal competition he'll later deny ever having entered. Jonah stands alone, just right of center stage. My brother towers in place, listing a little, backing up into the crook of the grand piano, his only safety. He curls forward, the scroll on a reticent cello. Left hand steadies him against the piano edge, while right hand cups in front of him, holding some letter, now oddly lost. He grins at the odds against being here, breathes in, and sings.

One moment, the Erl-King is hunched on my brother's shoulder, whispering a blessed death. In the next, a trapdoor opens up in the air and my brother is elsewhere, teasing out Dowland of all things, a bit of ravishing sass for this stunned lieder crowd, who can't grasp the web that slips over them:

Time stands still with gazing on her face,
Stand still and gaze for minutes, hours, and years to her give place.
All other things shall change, but she remains the same,
Till heavens changed have their course and time hath lost his name.

Two stanzas, and his tune is done. Silence hangs over the hall. It drifts above the seats like a balloon across the horizon. For two downbeats, even breathing is a crime. Then there's no surviving this surprise except by applauding it away. The noisy gratitude of hands starts time up again, sending the dart to its target and my brother on to the things that will finish him.

This is how I see him, although he'll live another third of a century. This is the moment when the world first finds him out, the night I hear where his voice is headed. I'm up onstage, too, at the battered Steinway with its caramel action. I accompany him, trying to keep up, trying not to listen to that siren voice that says, Stop your fingers, crash your boat on the reef of keys, and die in peace.

Though I make no fatal fumbles, that night is not my proudest as a musician. After the concert, I'll ask my brother again to let me go, to find an accompanist who can do him justice. And again he'll refuse. "I already have one, Joey."

I'm there, up onstage with him. But at the same time, I'm down in the hall, in the place I always sit at concerts: eight rows back, just inside the left aisle. I sit

where I can see my own fingers moving, where I can study my brother's face – close enough to see everything, but far enough to survive seeing.

Stage fright ought to paralyze us. Backstage is a single bleeding ulcer. Performers who've spent their whole youth training for this moment now prepare to spend their old age explaining why it didn't go as planned. The hall fills with venom and envy, families who've traveled hundreds of miles to see their lives' pride reduced to runner-up. My brother alone is fearless. He has already paid. This public contest has nothing to do with music. Music means those years of harmonizing together, still in the shell of our family, before that shell broke open and burned. Jonah glides through the backstage fright, the dressing rooms full of well-bred nausea, on a cloud, as though through a dress rehearsal for a performance already canceled. Onstage, against this sea of panic, his calm electrifies. The drape of his hand on the piano's black enamel ravishes his listeners, the essence of his sound before he even makes one.

I see him on this night of his first open triumph, from four decades on. He still has that softness around his eyes that later life will crack and line. His jaw quakes a little on Dowland's quarter notes, but the notes do not. He drops his head toward his right shoulder as he lifts to the high C, shrinking from his entranced listeners. The face shudders, a look only I can see, from my perch behind the piano. The broken-ridged bridge of his nose, his bruised brown lips, the two bumps of bone riding his eyes: almost my own face, but keener, a year older, a shade lighter. That breakaway shade: the public record of our family's private crime.

My brother sings to save the good and make the wicked take their own lives. At twenty, he's already intimate with both. This is the source of his resonance, the sound that holds his audience stilled for a few stopped seconds before they can bring themselves to clap. In the soar of that voice, they hear the rift it floats over.

The year is a snowy black-and-white signal coming in on rabbit ears. The world of our childhood – the A-rationing, radio-fed world pitched in that final war against evil – falls away into a Kodak tableau. A man has flown in space. Astronomers pick up pulses from starlike objects. Across the globe, the United States draws to an inside straight. Berlin's cinder box is ready to flash at any moment. Southeast Asia smolders, nothing but a curl of smoke coming from the banana leaves. At home, a rash of babies piles up behind the viewing glass of maternity hospitals from Bar Harbor to San Diego. Our hatless boy president plays touch football on the White House lawn. The continent is awash in spies, beatniks, and major appliances. Montgomery hits the fifth year of an impasse that won't occur to me until five more have passed. And seven hundred unsuspecting people in Durham, North Carolina, disappear, lulled into the granite mountainside opened by Jonah's sound.

Questions and tasks:

1. Examine the facts of Jonah's life (his age, occupation, family). What method of characterization is used in the text? Are there examples of direct description?
2. What information can be drawn about the narrator and the relationship between the brothers? Identify the mode of narration.
3. What linguistic means create a nostalgic mood in the excerpt?
4. Comment on the atmosphere of tension and cut-throat competition reigning backstage. What metaphors convey the tension?
5. Discuss the metaphors, similes and hyperboles that help the author to recreate the reaction of the audience to Jonah's performance.
6. Discuss the role of syntactical expressive means and stylistic devices in the excerpt.
7. In the text there are some hints about a future calamity and some tragic events that have already taken place. Find these references and explain their implications.