

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РЕСПУБЛИКИ БЕЛАРУСЬ
Минский государственный лингвистический университет

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ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИЯ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

Сетевое электронное учебное издание
для самостоятельной работы студентов 4 курса
факультета английского языка
(специализация «Зарубежная литература»)

Минск МГЛУ
2019

УДК 811.111'42(075.8)
ББК 81.432.1–923.137.72
К64

Рекомендовано Редакционным советом Минского государственного лингвистического университета. Протокол № 2 (47) от 24.05.2017 г.

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К64 Интерпретация художественного текста: сетевое электронное учебное издание для самостоятельной работы студентов 4 курса ф-та английского языка (специализация «Зарубежная литература») [Электронный ресурс] / Т. В. Кононенко. – Электрон. дан. (0,519 Мб). – Минск : МГЛУ, 2019.
ISBN 978-985-460-898-3.

В пяти разделах издания представлен материал, направленный на дальнейшее совершенствование навыков и развитие умений интерпретации художественного текста, а также подготовку к занятиям и экзаменам.

Задания расположены по степени нарастания трудностей, от определения стилистических приемов до комплексного анализа текста.

Для самостоятельной работы студентов 4 курса факультета английского языка, избравших в качестве специализации зарубежную литературу.

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STYLISTIC DEVICES

Analyze the following examples and identify stylistic devices.

1. The day was windless, unnaturally mild; since morning the sun had tried to penetrate the cloud, and now above the Mall, the sky was still faintly luminous, coloured like water over sand. (Hut.)
2. In imagination he heard his father's rich and fleshy laugh. (A. H.)
3. From the bedroom beside the sleeping- porch, his wife 's detestably cheerful "Time to get up, Georgie boy," ... (S. L.)
4. And she saw that Gopher Prairie was merely an enlargement of all the hamlets which they had been passing. Only to the eyes of a Kennicot was it exceptional. (S.L.)
5. Each of them carried a notebook, in which whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth. (A. H.)
6. There comes a period in every man's life, but she's just a semicolon in his. (Ev.)
7. He finds time to have a finger or a foot in most things that happen round here. (J.L.)
8. Gay and merry was the time; and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming. (D.)
9. But what words shall describe the Mississippi, the great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him? (D.)
10. Did you hit a woman with a child?
11. No, Sir, I hit her with a brick. (Th. S.)
12. He would have to stay. Whatever might happen, that was the only possible way to salvation – to stay, to trust Emily, to make himself believe that with the help of the children ... (P. Q.)
13. No one seemed to take proper pride in his work: from plumbers who were simply thieves to, say, newspapermen (he seemed to think them a specially intellectual class) who never by any chance gave a correct version of the simplest affair. (J. C.)
14. I wanted to knock over the table and hit him until my arm had no more strength in it, the give him the boot, give him the boot – I drew a deep breath ... (J. Br.)
15. Kate kept him because she knew he would do anything in the world if he were paid to do it or was afraid not to do it. She had no illusions about him. In her business Joes were necessary. (St.)

16. Money burns a hole in pocket. (T. C.)
17. It must not be supposed that stout women of a certain age never seek to seduce the eye and trouble the meditations of man by other than moral charms. (A. B.)
18. God, I cried buckets. I saw it ten times. (T. A.)
19. He stood immovable like a rock in a torrent. (J. R.)
20. The expression of his face, the movement of his shoulders, the turn of his spine, the gesture of his hands, probably even the twiddle of his toes, all indicated
a half – humorous apology. (S. M.)
21. Bella soaped his face and rubbed his face, and soaped his hands and rubbed his hands, and splashed him, until he was as red as beetroot. (D.)
22. A special contrast Mr. George makes to Smallweed family ...It is a broadsword to an oyster knife. His developed figure, and their stunned forms; his large manner, filling any amount of room; and their little narrow pinched ways; his sounding voice and their sharp spare tones are the strongest and the strangest opposition. (D.)
23. It was not without satisfaction that Mrs. Sunbury perceived that Betty was offended. (S. M.)
24. I am proud of this free and happy country. My form dilates, my eye glistens, my breast heaves my heart swells, my bosom burns, when I call to mind her greatness and her glory. (D.)
25. “It must be a warm pursuit in such a climate,” observed Mr. Pickwick
“Warm! – red hot! – scorching! – glowing!” (D.)
26. It is safer to be married to the man you can be happy with than to the man you cannot be happy without. (E.)
27. How many sympathetic souls can you reckon on in the world? One in ten – one in a hundred – one in a thousand – one in ten thousand? Ah! (J. C.)
28. Silent early morning dogs parade majestically pecking and choosing judiciously whereon to pee.(St.)
29. “Tastes like rotten apples” said Adam. “Yes, but remember, Jam Hamilton said like good rotten apples.” (St.)
30. “Where did you pick up Dinny, Lawrence?”
“In the street.”
“That sounds improper.” (G.)
31. Another person who makes both ends meet is the infant who sucks his toes. (E.)

32. Who will be open where there is no sympathy, or has call to speak to those who never can understand? (Th.)
33. There seemed to be no escape, no prospect of freedom. "If I had a thousand pounds," thought Miss Fulkes, "a thousand pounds. A thousand pounds." The words were magical. "A thousand pounds." (A. H.)
34. If you have anything to say, say it, say it. (D.)
35. I have to beg you for money. Daily! (S. L.)
36. "It is the moment one opens one's eyes that is horrible at sea. These days! Oh, these days! I wonder how anybody can ..." (J. C.)
37. "If you had any part – I don't say what – in this attack," pursued the boy, "or if you know anything about it – I don't say how much – or if you know who did it – I go no closer – you did and injury to me that's never to be forgiven." (D.)
38. A breeze ... blew curtains in and out like pale flags, twisting them up forward toward the frosted wedding cake of the ceiling. (Sc. F.)
39. The silence as the two men stared at one another was louder than thunder. (U.)
40. The next speaker was a tall gloomy man, Sir Something Somebody. (P.)
41. ... The world was tipsy with its own perfections. (A. H.)
42. Daniel was a good fellow, honorable, brilliant, a figure in the world. But what of his licentious tongue? What of his frequenting of bars? (Fr. B.)
43. Across my every path, at every turn, go where I will, do what I may, he comes. (D.)
44. The stethoscope crept over her back. "Cough ... Breathe ..." Tap, tap. What was he hearing? What changes were going in her bode? What was her lung telling him through thick envelope of her flesh, through the wall of her ribs and her shoulders? (D. C.)
45. She was a sunny, happy sort of creature. Too fond of the bottle. (Ch.)
46. The lamp made an eclipse of yellow light on the ceiling, and on the mantel the little alabaster clock dripped time like a leaking faucet. (P. M.)
47. ... their anxiety is so keen, their vigilance is so great, their excited joy grows so intense as the signs of life strengthen, that how can she resist it! ... (D.)
48. Mr. Richard, or his beautiful cousin, or both, could sign something, or make over something, or give some sort of undertaking, or pledge, or bond? (D.)
49. Then would come six or seven good years when there might be 20 to 25 inches of rain, and the land would shout with grass. (St.)
50. Mr. Trundle was in high feather and spirits ... All the girls were in tears and white muslin. (D.)
51. And he stirred it with his pen – in vain. (K. M.)

52. And on either side of me the dogs crouched down with a move-if-you-dare expression in their eyes. (Gr.)
53. Heaven must be the hell of a place. Nothing but repentant sinners up there, isn't it? (Sh. D.)
54. Shuttleworth, I – I want to speak to you in – in strictest confidence – to ask your advice. Yet – yet it is upon such a serious matter that I hesitate – fearing –“ (W. Q.)
55. “A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog,” exclaimed Mrs. Squeers. (D.)
56. England has two eyes, Oxford and Cambridge. They are the two eyes of England, and two intellectual eyes. (Ch. T.)
57. He made his way through perfume and conversation. (I. Sh.)
58. ... he was all sparkle and glitter in the box at the Opera. (D.)
59. “We can hear him coming. He's got a tread like a rhinoceros. (K. A.)
60. Double on their steps, though they may, weave in and out of the myriad corners of the city's streets, return, go forward, back, from side to side, here, there, anywhere, dodge, twist, wind, the central chamber where Death sits is reached inexorably at the end. (F. R.)
61. “I swear to God. I never saw the beat of this winter. More snow, more cold, more sickness, more death. (M. W.)
62. “How slippery it is, Sam.” “Not an uncommon thing upon ice, Sir, replied Mr. Weller. (D.)
63. There are drinkers. There are drunkards. There are alcoholics/ But there are only steps down the ladder. Right down at the bottom is the meths drinker – and the man can't sink lower than that. (W. D.)
64. London seems to me like some hoary massive underworld, a hoary ponderous inferno. The traffic flows through the rigid grey streets like the rivers of hell through their banks of dry, rocky ash. (D. H. L.)
65. ...it is and will be for several hours the topic of the age, the feature of the century. (D.)
66. He would make some money and then he would come back and marry his dream from Blackwood. (Dr.)
67. Oh, love, love! Edward! Edward! Oh, he would not, could not remain away. She must see him – give him a chance to explain. She must make him understand that it was not want of love but fear of life – her father, everything, everybody – that kept her so sensitive, aloof, remote. (D.)
68. Jessica pulled her sadness round her like a shawl. (J. C.)

69. You have already stolen my teachers, my brightest pupil and my heart, you are not taking anything else. (J. C.)
70. Trees wrapped thick grey mist round their shoulders to protect their last leaves.
71. Cindy's little dark eyes were like those of an angry swan; Crispin, swelling like a balloon about to pop. (J. C.)
72. A gentle cruel boy he is. (M. B.)
73. They watched him pull out into the road and tooted his horn very gently, just an acknowledgment. (M. B.)
74. They love a good sob story from people with enough drink in them to float a navy. (M. B.)
75. ...a hundred faces tilt towards her – curious, expectant, sullen, apathetic – like empty dishes waiting to be filled. (D. L.)
76. He had nursed his wife for 20 years with fierce loyalty. (J. A.)
77. The 30 minutes wasn't 30 minutes.... It was 40 minutes, it was 50 minutes, it was over an hour before the black Lincoln came out. (J. A.)
78. The Texan turned to be good-natured, generous and likable. In three days no one could stand him. (J. H.)
79. The mysteries are a flaming torch, which in the hands of a master, can light the way, but which in the hands of a madman, can scorch the earth. (D. B.)
80. – 'Here comes Mr. Hyde...'
– 'Mr. Hyde who never turns back into nice Mr. Jekyll' observed Theo sourly. (J. C.)
81. 'Mr. Fussy doesn't look too happy either' whispered Amber. (J. C.)
82. 'Those in favour of closure?' called Col Peters, glancing round the hall as a lot of Rolexes and braceleted hands were held up. (J. C.)
83. He and Poppet exchanged smiles of radiant insincerity. (J. C.)
84. Great literature ... teaches us to understand human nature. People still sulk like Achilles, got mad with jealousy like Othello, loath their stepfather like Hamlet, have happy marriages like Hector and Andromache. (J. C.)
85. Patience and Jim sank deeper and deeper in despair. They have never known there were a hundred hours between each tick of the clock, and no sleep in the night, as a day became a week. (J. C.)
86. He was also the most outrageously attractive man Abby had ever seen. (J. C.)
87. You are a brilliant scholar. You have a remarkably superior mind, unique in my opinion. (A. H.)

List of abbreviations

K. Amis	(K. A.)	J. Heller	(J. H.)
J. Archer	(J. A.)	A. Hutchison	(Hut.)
A. Bennet	(A. B.)	S. Lewis	(S. L.)
M. Binchy	(M. B.)	J. Lindsay	(J. L.)
J. Brain	(J. Br.)	K. Mansfield	(K. M.)
E. Bronte	(E. Br.)	W. S. Maugham	(W. S. M.)
D. Brown	(D. B.)	P. La Murre	(P. M.)
F. Bullen	(Fr. B.)	J.B. Priestley	(J. B. P.)
T. Capote	(T. C.)	P. Quentin	(P. Q.)
Ag. Christie	(Ch.)	W. Queux	(W. Q.)
J. Cooper	(J. C.)	J. Reed	(J. R.)
Sh. Delaney	(Sh. D.)	I. Shaw	(I. Sh.)
Ch. Dickens	(D.)	Th. Smith	(Th. S.)
W. Deeping	(W. D.)	J. Steinbeck	(J. St.)
Th. Dreiser	(Dr.)	Ch. Taylor	(Ch. T.)
Y. Esar	(E.)	W. Thackeray	(Th.)
S. Evans	(Ev.)	Th. Wilder	(Th. W.)
E. Ferber	(E. F.)	M. Wilson	(M. W.)
Sc. Fitzgerald	(Sc. F.)	J. Updike	(U.)
J. Greenwood	(Gr.)		
J. Galsworthy	(J. G.)		
A. Hailey	(A. H.)		

NARRATIVE METHOD AND FORMS OF PRESENTATION

Think over the narrative method and the forms of presentation.

1. Sophie's Choice

Later in the night's starry hours, chill now with the breath of fall and damp with Atlantic wind, I stood on the beach alone. It was silent here, and save for the blazing stars, enfoldingly dark; bizarre spires and minarets, Gothic roofs, baroque towers loomed in spindly silhouette against the city's afterglow. The tallest of those towers, a spider-like gantry with cables flowing from its peak, was the parachute jump, and it was from the highest parapet of that dizzying contraption that I had heard Sophie's peals of laughter as she sank earthward with Nathan – falling in joy at the summer's beginning, which now seemed eons ago.

It was then that the tears finally spilled forth – not maudlin drunken tears, but tears which, beginning on the train ride from Washington, I had tried manfully to resist and could resist no longer, having kept them so bottled up that now, almost alarmingly, they drained out in warm rivulets between my fingers. It was, of course, the memory of Sophie and Nathan's long-ago plunge that set loose this flood, but it was also a letting go of rage and sorrow for the many others who during these past months had battered at my mind and now demanded my mourning: Sophie and Nathan, yes, but also Jan and Eva – Eva wither one –eyed *mis* – and Eddie Farrell, and Bobby Weed, and my young savior Artiste, and Maria Hunt, and Nat Tuner, and Wanda Muck-Horch von Kretschmann, who were but a few of the beaten and butchered and betrayed and martyred children of the earth. I did not weep for the six million Jews or the two million Poles or the one million Serbs or the five million or the five million Russians – I was unprepared to weep for all humanity – but I did weep for these others who in one way or another had become dear to me, and my sobs made an unashamed racket across the abandoned beach; then I had no more tears to shed, and I lowered myself to the sand on legs that suddenly seemed strangely frail and rickety for a man of twenty – two.

And I slept. I had abominable dreams – which seemed to be a compendium of all the tales of Edgar Allan Poe: myself being split in twain by monstrous mechanisms, drowned in a whirling vortex of mud, being immured in stone and, most fearsomely, buried alive. All night long I had the sensation of helplessness,

speechlessness, and inability to move or cry out against the inexorable weigh of earth as it was flung in *thud-thud-thuding* rhythm against my rigidly paralyzed, supine body, a living cadaver being prepared for burial in the sands of Egypt. The desert was bitterly cold.

When I awoke it was early morning. I lay looking straight up at the blue-green sky with its translucent shawl of mist; like a tiny orb of crystal, solitary and serene, Venus shone through the haze above the quiet ocean. I heard the children chattering nearby. I stirred. ‘*Izzy, he’s awake!*’ ‘*G’wan, yah mutha’s mustache!*’ *Fuuu-ck you!*” blessing my resurrection, I realized that the children had covered me with sand, protectively, and that I lay as safe as a mummy beneath this fine, enveloping overcoat. It was then that in my mind I inscribed the words: ‘*Neath cold sand I dreamed of death/ but woke at dawn to see / in glory, the bright, the morning star.*

This was not judgment day – only morning. Morning: excellent and fair

W. Styron. Bantam Books, 1980, p. 625–626

2. The Coffee Trader

Two earthen bowls sat steaming with a liquid blacker than the wines of Cahors. In the dim light Miguel gripped the lightly chipped vessels with both hands and took his first taste.

It had a rich, almost enchanting bitterness – something Miguel had never before experienced. It bore a resemblance to chocolate, which once he had tasted years ago. Perhaps he thought of chocolate only because the drinks were both hot and dark and served in thick clay bowls. This one had a less voluptuous flavor, sharper and mores paring. Miguel took another taste and set it down. When he had sampled chocolate, he had been intrigued enough to swallow two bowls of the stuff, which so inflamed his spirits that even after visiting two satisfactory whores he had felt it necessary to visit his physician, who restored his unbalanced humors with a sound combination of emetics and purges.

“It’s made of coffee fruit,” Geertruid told him, folding her arms as though she had invented the mixture herself.

Miguel had come across coffee once or twice, but only as a commodity traded by East India merchants. The business of the Exchange did not require a man to know an item’s nature, only its demand – and sometimes, in the heat of the trade, not even that.

He reminded himself to say the blessing over wonders of nature. Some Jews would turn away from their gentile friends when they blessed their food or drink, but Miguel took pleasure in the prayers. He loved to utter them in public, and in a land where he could not be prosecuted for speaking the holy tongue. He wished he had more occasions to bless things. Saying the words filled him with giddy defiance, he thought of each openly spoken Hebrew word as a knife in the belly of some Inquisitor somewhere.

“It’s a new substance – entirely new,” Geertruid explained when he was done. “You take it not to delight the senses but to awaken the intellect. Its advocates drink it at breakfast to regain their senses, and they drink it at night to help them remain awake longer.”

Geertruid’s face became as somber as one of the Calvinist preachers who railed from makeshift pulpits in town plazas. “This coffee isn’t like wine or beer, which we drink to make merry or because it quenches thirst or even because it is delightful. This will only make you thirstier, it will never make you merry, and the taste, let us be honest, may be curious but never pleasing. Coffee is something ... something far more important.”

Miguel had known Geertruid long enough to be acquainted with her many foolish habits. She might laugh all night and drink as much as any Dutchman alive, she might neglect her affairs and tromp barefoot around the countryside like a girl, but in matters of business she was as serious as any man. A businesswoman such as she would have been an impossibility back in Portugal, but among the Dutch her kind was, if not precisely common, hardly shocking.

“This is what I think,” she said, her voice hardly loud enough to rise above the din of the tavern. “Beer and wine may make a man sleepy, but coffee will make him awake and clearheaded. Beer and wine may make a man amorous, but coffee will make him lose interest in the flesh. The man who drinks coffee fruit cares only for his business.” She paused for another sip. “Coffee is the drink of commerce.”

D. Liss. Ballantine Books, New York, 2003, p. 13–15

3. Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone

Harry had never been to London before. Although Hagrid seemed to know where he was going, he was obviously not used to getting there in an ordinary way. He got stuck in the ticket barrier on the Underground and complained loudly that the seats were too small and the trains too slow.

“I don’t know how the Muggles manage without magic,” he said, as they climbed a broken-down escalator which led up to a bustling road lined with shops.

Hagrid was so huge that he parted the crowd easily; all Harry had to do was keep close behind him. They passed bookshops and music stores, hamburger bars and cinemas, but nowhere that looked as if it could sell you a magic wand. This was just an ordinary street full of ordinary people. Could there really be piles of wizard gold buried miles beneath them? Might this not all be some huge joke that the Dursleys had cooked up? If Harry hadn’t known that the Dursleys had no sense of humour, he might have thought so; yet somehow, even though everything Hagrid had told him so far was unbelievable, Harry couldn’t help trusting him.

“This is it,” said Hagrid, coming to a halt, “the Leaky Cauldron. It’s a famous place.”

It was a tiny, grubby-looking pub. If Hagrid hadn’t pointed it out, Harry wouldn’t have noticed it was there. The people hurrying by didn’t glance at it. Their eyes slid from the big book shop on one side to the record shop on the other as if they couldn’t see the Leaky Cauldron at all. In fact, Harry had the most peculiar feeling that only he and Hagrid could see it. Before he could mention this, Hagrid had steered him inside. For a famous place it was dark and shabby. A few old women were sitting in a corner, drinking tiny glasses of sherry. One of them was smoking a long pipe. A little man in a top hat was talking to the old barman who was quite bald and looked like a gummy walnut. The low buzz of chatter stopped when they walked in. Everyone seemed to know Hagrid; they waved and smiled at him, the barman reached for a glass, saying, “The usual, Hagrid?”

“Can’t, Tom, I’m on Hogwarts business,” said Hagrid, clapping his great hand on Harry’s shoulder and making Harry’s knees buckle.

“Good Lord,” said the barman, peering at Harry, “is this – can this be – ?”

The Leaky Cauldron had suddenly gone completely still and silent.

“Bless my soul,” whispered the old barman. “Harry Potter ... what an honour.”

He hurried out from behind the bar, rushed towards Harry and seized his hand, tears in his eyes.

“Welcome back, Mr Potter, welcome back.”

Harry didn’t know what to say. Everyone was looking at him. The old woman with the pipe was puffing on it without realizing it had gone out. Hagrid was beaming.

Then there was a great scraping of chairs and, the next moment, Harry found himself shaking hands with everyone in the Leaky Cauldron.

“Doris Crockford, Mr Potter, can’t believe I’m meeting you at last.”

“So proud, Mr Potter, I’m just so proud.”

“Always wanted to shake your hand – I’m all flutter.”

“Delighted, Me Potter, just can’t tell you. Diggle’s the name, Dedalus Diggle.”

“I’ve seen you before!” said Harry, as Dedalus Diggle’s top hat fell off in his excitement. You bowed to me once in a shop.”

“He remembers!” cried Dedalus Diggle, looking around at everyone. “Did you hear that? He remembers me!”

Harry shook hand again and again – Doris Crockford kept coming for more.

J. K. Rowling. Bloomsbury, 1997, p. 53–55

4. Where Rainbows End

From Rosie

To Alex

Subject Grown-up

What are the two of us like? I was going to say who knew we’d be going through so much “grown-up” stuff”, but I don’t consider you going through a divorce and me trying to pick up the pieces of my marriage is necessarily grown up. I think we both had it pretty much sussed when we were playing cops and robbers in the back garden. It’s all been down hill from there!

The weather has been beautiful over here for the past few weeks. I love June in Dublin. The grey buildings seem less grey, the unhappy faces seem brighter. It is so hot here at work, though. The entire front of the hotel building is built from glass and it feels like we’re working in a greenhouse on days like today. It’s such a contrast to our winter months when the sound of the fat raindrops hitting off the glass echoes around the quiet foyer. It’s a pretty sound but sometimes the hailstones are so loud and forceful, threatening to smash through the glass. Right now I’m staring up at a rich blue sky dotted with white candy-floss grazing sheep. It is beautiful.

Convertible sport cars have their tops down and music is blaring, businessmen have been strolling down the street past the hotel, with their jackets slung over their shoulders and their shirtsleeves rolled up, reluctant to get back

to the office. The college students have all seemingly decided to call off their plans to attend lectures to flake out in large circles in the park. The ducks are gathering by the edge of the pond, glad they won't have to search for their own food today. Mounds of soggy uneaten bread float on the surface of the water, waiting to be pecked at.

A flirting couple chase each other around the large fountain, catching its cool spray on their bare arms and legs in order to cool themselves. Couples in love stretch out together on the grass and gaze lovingly into each other's eyes. Children use the playground while their parents relax in the sun, keeping one eye shut and one eye lazily focused on their excited offspring, who squeal with delight.

Shop owners stand at the entrance doors to their empty shops, watching the world go by. Office workers gaze dreamily out of the windows high up in their clammy, stuffy offices, enviously watching the city throb with excitement.

The sound of laughter is in the air, everyone is full of smiles, there's a bounce in their step. The veranda of the hotel is busy with people taking drinks out in the sun: Long Island iced tea, gin and tonic, tangy orange with crushed ice, lime-green concoctions, fruity cocktails and bowls of ice cream. Clothes are being discarded and hung on the backs of chairs.

Cleaning ladies hum softly to themselves and smile while polishing the brass, feeling the sun's rays streaming down on to their faces. Days like this don't come often and you can tell everyone wishes they did.

And I sit here and think of you. I send you my love.

C. Ahern. *HapperCollinsPublishers*, 2005, p. 213–215

5. The Blind Assassin

He says: Sakiel-North is now a heap of stones, but once it was a flourishing centre of trade and exchange. It was at the crossroads where three overland routes came together – one from the east, one from the west, one from the south. To the north it was by means of a broad canal to the sea itself, where it possessed a well-fortified harbour. No trace of these diggings and defensive walls remains: after its destruction, the hewn stone blocks were carried off by enemies or strangers for use in their animal pens, their water troughs, and their crude forts, or buried by waves and wind under the drifting sand.

The canal and the harbour were built by slaves, which isn't surprising: slaves were how Sakiel-North had achieved its magnificence and power. But it was also renowned for its handicrafts, especially its weaving. The secrets of the dyes used by its artisans were carefully guarded: its cloth shone like liquid honey, like crushed purple grapes, like a cup of bull's blood poured out in the sun. Its delicate veils were as light as spiderwebs, and its carpets were so soft and fine you would think you were waking on air, an air made to resemble flowers and flowing water.

That's very poetic, she says. I'm surprised.

Think of it as a department store, he says. There were luxury trade goods, when you come right down to it. It's less poetic then.

The carpets were woven by slaves who were invariably children, because only the fingers of children were small enough for such intricate work. But the incessant close labour demanded of these children caused them to go blind by the age of eight or nine, and their blindness was the measure by which the carpet-sellers valued and extolled their merchandise: *this carpet blinded ten children*, they would say. *This blinded fifteen, this twenty*. Since the price rose accordingly, they always exaggerated. It was the custom for the buyer to scoff at their claims. *Surely only seven, only twelve, only sixteen*, they would say, fingering the carpet. *It's coarse as a dishcloth. It's nothing but a beggar's blanket. It was made by a gnarr*.

Once they were blind, the children would be sold off to brothel-keepers, the girls and the boys alike. The services of children blinded in this way fetched high sums; their touch was so suave and deft, it was said, that under their fingers you could feel the flowers blossoming and the water flowing out of your skin.

They were also skilled at picking locks. Those of them who escaped took up the profession of cutting throats in the dark and were greatly in demand as hired assassins. Their sense of hearing was acute; they could walk without sound, and squeeze through the smallest of openings; they could smell the difference between a deep sleeper and one who was restlessly dreaming. They killed as softly as a moth brushing against your neck. They were considered to be without pity.

The stories the children whispered to one another – while they sat weaving their endless carpets, while they could still see – was about this possible future life. It was a saying among them that only the blind are free.

6. Gone with the Wind

As the hot days of August were drawing to a close the bombardment abruptly ceased. The quiet that fell on the town was startling. Neighbors met on the streets stared at one another, uncertain, uneasy, as to what might be impending the stillness after the screaming days, brought no surcease to strained nerves but, if possible, made the strain even worse. No one knew why the Yankee batteries were silent; there were no news of the troops except that they had been withdrawn in large numbers from the breastworks about the town and had marched off towards the south to defend the railroad. No one knew where the fighting was, if indeed there was any fighting, or how the battle was going if there was a battle.

Nowadays the only news was that which passed from mouth to mouth. Short of paper, short of ink, short of men the newspapers had suspended publication after the siege began, and the wildest rumors appeared from nowhere and swept through the town. Now in the anxious, quiet, crowds stormed General Hood's headquarters demanding information, crowds massed about the telegraph office and the depot hoping for tidings, good tidings, for everyone hoped that the silence of Sherman's cannon meant that Yankees were in full retreat and the Confederates chasing them back up the road to Dalton. But now news came. The telegraph wires were still, no trains came in on one remaining railroad from the south and the mail service was broken.

Autumn with its dusty, breathless heat was slipping in to choke the suddenly quiet town, aiding its dry, panting weight to tired, anxious hearts. To Scarlett, mad to hear from Tara, yet trying to keep up a brave face, it seemed an eternity since the siege began, seemed as though she had always lived with the sound of cannon in in her ears until this sinister quiet had fallen. And yet, it was only thirty days since the siege began. Thirty days of siege! The city ringed with red-clay rifle pits, the monotonous booming of cannon that never rested, the long lines of ambulances and ox carts dripping blood down the dusty streets towards the hospitals, the overworked burial squads dragging out men when they were hardly cold and dumping them like so many logs in endless rows of shallow ditches. Only thirty days!

And it was only four months since the Yankees moved south from Dalton! Only four months! Scarlett thought, looking back on that far day that it had occurred in another life. Oh, no! Surely not four months. It had been a lifetime.

7. Lust for Life

He became friends with the family of peasants by the name of De Groot. There were the mother, father, son, and two daughters, all of whom worked in the fields. The De Groots, like most of the peasants of the Brabant, had as much right to be called *gueules noires* as the miners of the Borinage. Their faces were negroid, with wide dilated nostrils, humped noses, huge distended lips and long angular ears. The features thrust far forward from the forehead; the head was small and pointed. They lived in a hut of one room with holes in the walls for beds. There was a table in the centre of the room, two chairs, a number of boxes, and a suspension lamp that hung down from the rough, beamed ceiling.

The de Groots were potato eaters. With their supper they had a cup of black coffee and perhaps once a week a strip of bacon. They planted potatoes, dug up potatoes and ate potatoes; that was their life.

Stein de Groot was a sweet child of about seventeen. She wore a wide bonnet to work, and a black jacket with a white collar. Vincent fell into the habit of going to visit them every evening. He and Stien laughed together a great deal.

“Look!” she would cry, “I ‘m a fine lady. I am being drawn. Shall I put on my new bonnet for you, Mijinheer?”

“No, Stien, you’re beautiful just as you are.”

“Me, beautiful!”

She went into gales of laughter. She had large cheerful eyes and a pretty expression. Her face was indigenous to the life. When she leaned over to dig potatoes in the field, he saw in the lines of her body a more authentic grace than even Kay had possessed. He had learned that the essential note in figure drawing was action, and that the great fault with the figures in the pictures of the old masters was that they did not work. He sketcheth De Groots digging in the field, setting their table at home, eating steamed potatoes, and always Stien would peer over his shoulder and joke with him. Sometimes on a Sunday she would put on a clean bonnet and collar, and walk with him on the heath. It was the only amusement the peasants had.

I. Stone. Pocket Books, 1971, p. 294–295

8. The Other Side of Midnight

The man and woman moved through the cemetery, their faces dappled by the shadows of the tall, graceful cypresses that lined the path. They walked slowly in the shimmering heat of the noonday sun.

Sister Theresa said, "I wish to tell you again how grateful we are for your generosity do not know what we would have done without you."

Constantin Demeris waved a deprecating hand. "Arcayto," he said. "It is nothing, Sister."

But Sister Theresa knew that without this savior the nunnery would have had to close down years ago. And surely it was a sign from Heaven that now she had been able to repay him in some measure. It was a thriamvos, a triumph. She thanked Saint Dionysius again that the Sisters had been permitted to rescue the American friend of Demiris' from the waters of the lake on that terrible night of the storm. True something had happened to the woman's mind and she was like a child, but she would be cared for. Mr. Demeris had asked Sister Theresa to keep the woman here within these walls, sheltered and protected from the outside world for the rest of her life. He was such a good and kind man.

They reached the end of the cemetery. A path wound down to a promontory where a woman stood, staring out at the calm, emerald lake below.

"There she is," Sister Theresa said. "I will leave you now. Hayretay."

Demeris watched Sister Theresa start back towards the nunnery, then he walked down the path to where the woman stood.

"Good morning," he said, gently. She turned around and looked at him. Her eyes were dull and vacant and there was no recognition on her face.

"I brought you something," Constantin Demeris said.

He pulled a small jewelry box out of his pocket and held it out to her. She stares at it like a small child.

"Go on, take it."

Slowly she reached out and took the box. She lifted the lid, and inside, nested in cotton, was a miniature, exquisitely made gold bird with ruby eyes and outstretched wings poised for flight. Demeris watched as the child-woman removed it from the box and held it up. The bright sun caught the gleam of its gold and the sparkle of its ruby eyes and sent tiny rainbows flashing through the air. She turned it from side to side, watching the lights dancing around her head.

"I will not be seeing you again," Demiris said, "but you won't have to worry. No one will harm you now. The wicked people are dead."

As he spoke, her face happened to be turned towards him, and for one frozen instant in time it seemed to him that a gleam of intelligence, a look of joy came into her eyes, but a moment later it was gone and there was only the vacant, mindless stare. It could have been an illusion, a trick of the sunlight reflecting the sparkle of the golden bird across her eyes.

He thought about it as he walked slowly up the hill and out the huge stone gate of the nunnery to where his limousine was waiting to drive him back to Athens.

S. Sheldon. Fontana, Collins, 1973, p. 439–440

9. Kite Runner

RUBBLE AND BEGGARS. Everywhere I looked, that was what I saw. I remembered beggars in the old days too – Baba always carried an extra handful of Afghani bills in his pocket just for them; I’d never seen him deny a peddler. Now, though, they squatted at every corner dressed in shredded burlap rags, mud-caked hands held out for a coin. And the beggars were mostly children now, thin and grim-faced, some no older than five or six. They sat in the laps of their *burqa*-clad mothers, alongside gutters at busy street corners and chanted “*Bakhshesh, bakhshesh!*” and something else, something I hadn’t noticed right away. Hardly any of them sat with an adult male—the wars had made fathers a rare commodity in Afghanistan.

We were driving westbound towards the Karteh-Seh district on what I remembered as a major thoroughfare in the seventies: Jadeh Maywand. Just north of us was the bone-dry Kabul River. On the hills to the south stood the broken old city wall. Just east of it was the Bala Hissar Fort—the ancient citadel that the warlord Dostum had occupied in 1992—on the Shirdarwaza mountain range, the same mountains from which *Mujahedin* forces had showered Kabul with rockets between 1992 and 1996, inflicting much of the damage I was witnessing now. The Shirdarwaza range stretched all the way west. It was from those mountains that I remember the firing of the *Topeh chasht*, “the noon cannon.” It went off every day to announce noontime, and also to signal the end of daylight fasting during the month of Ramadan. You’d hear the roar of that cannon all through the city in those days.

“I used to come here to Jadeh Maywand when I was a kid,” I mumbled. “There used to be shops here and hotels. Neon lights and restaurants. I used to buy kites from an old man named Saifo. He ran a little kite shop by the old police headquarters.”

“The police headquarters is still there,” Farid said. “No shortage of police in this city. But you won’t find kites or kite shops on Jadeh Maywand or anywhere else in Kabul. Those days are over.”

Jadeh Maywand had turned into a giant sand castle. The buildings that hadn’t entirely collapsed barely stood, with caved in roofs and walls pierced with rocket shells. Entire blocks had been obliterated to rubble. I saw a bullet-pocket sign half buried at an angle in a heap of debris. It read DRINK COCA CO –. I saw children playing in the ruins of a windowless building amid jagged stumps of brick and stone. Bicycle riders and mule-drawn carts swerved around kids, stray dogs, and piles of debris. A haze of dust hovered over the city and, across the river, a single plume of smoke rose to the sky.

K. Hosseini. Riverhead Books, 2004, p. 245–246

10. Inferno

Snaking through the heavy crowds on the Riva degli Schiavoni Langton, Sienna, and Ferris hugged the water’s edge, making their way into St. Mark’s Square and arriving at its southernmost border, the edge where the piazza met the sea.

Here the throng of tourists was almost impenetrable, creating a claustrophobic crush around Langton as the multitudes gravitated over to photograph the two massive columns that stood here, framing the square.

The official gateway to the city, Langton thought ironically, knowing the spot had also been used for public executions until as late as the eighteenth century.

Atop of one of the gateway’s columns he could see a bizarre statue of St. Theodore, posting proudly with his slain dragon of legendary repute, which always looked to Langton much more like a crocodile.

Atop the second column stood the ubiquitous symbol of Venice—the winged lion. Throughout the city, the winged lion could be seen with his paw resting proudly on an open book bearing the Latin inscription *Par tibi Marce, evangelista*

meus (May Peace Be with You, Mark, My Evangelist). According to the legend, these words were spoken by an angel upon St. Mark's arrival in Venice, along with the prediction that his body would one day rest here. This apocryphal legend was later used by Venetians to justify plundering St. Mark's bones from Alexandria for reburial in St. Mark's Basilica. To this day, the winged lion endures as the city's symbol and is visible at nearly every turn.

Langton motioned to his right. Past the columns, across St. Mark's Square. "If we get separated, meet at the front door of the basilica."

The others agreed and quickly began skirting the edges of the crowd and following the western wall of the Doge's Palace. Into the square. Despite the laws forbidding feeding them, shaped not in the form of a square but rather in that of the letter *L*. The shorter leg – known as the *piazzeta* – connected the ocean to St. Mark's Basilica. Up ahead, the square took a ninety-degree left turn into its larger leg, which ran from the basilica towards the Museo Correr. Strangely, rather being rectilinear, the square was an irregular trapezoid, narrowing substantially at one end. This fun-house-type illusion made the piazza look far longer than it was, an effect that was accentuated by the grid of tiles whose patterns outlined the original stalls of fifteenth-century street merchants.

As Langton continued on towards the elbow of the square, he could see, directly ahead in the distance, the shimmering blue glass dial of the St. Mark's Clock Tower – the same astronomical clock through which James Bond had thrown a villain in the film *Moonraker*.

It was not until this moment, as he entered the sheltered square, that Langton could fully appreciate this city's most unique offering.

D. Brown. Bantam Press, 2013, p. 312–313

MEANS OF CHARACTERIZATION

Identify the means of characterization and the linguistic means and stylistic devices employed by the authors to describe the personages.

1. Gone with the Wind

She silently watched him go up the stairs, feeling that she would strangle all the pain in her throat. With the sound of his feet dying away in the upper hall was dying the last thing in the world that mattered. She knew now that there was no appeal of emotions or reason which would turn that cool brain from the verdict. She knew now that he had meant every word he said, lightly though some of them had been spoken. She knew because she sensed in him something strong, unyielding implacable – all the qualities she had looked for in Ashley and never found.

She had never understood either of the men she had loved and she had lost them both. Now she had a fumbling knowledge that, had she ever understood Ashley, she would never have loved him; had she ever understood Rhett, she would never have lost him. She wondered forlornly if she had ever really understood anyone in the world.

There was a merciful dullness in her mind now, a dullness that she knew from long experience would soon give way to sharp pain, even as severed tissues, shocked by the surgeon's knife, have a brief instant of insensibility before their agony begins.

"I won't think about it now," she thought grimly, summoning up her old charm. "I'll go crazy if I think about losing him now. I'll think about it tomorrow."

"But," cried her heart, casting aside the charm and beginning to ache, "I can't let him go! There must be some way."

"I won't think of it now," she said again, aloud, trying to push her misery to the back of her mind, trying to find some bulwark against the rising tide of pain. "I'll – why, I'll go home to Tara tomorrow," and her spirits lifted faintly.

She had gone back to Tara once in fear and defeat and she had emerged from its sheltering walls strong and armed for victory. What she had done once, somehow – please God, she could do again! How, she did not know. She did not want to think of that now. All she wanted was a breathing space in which to hurt, a quiet place to lick her wounds, a haven in which to plan her campaign.

She thought of Tara and it was as if a gentle cool hand were stealing over her heart. She could see the white house gleaming welcome to her through the reddening autumn leaves, feel the quiet hush of the country twilight coming down over her like a benediction, feel the dew falling on the acres of green bushes starred with fleecy white, see the raw color of the red earth and the dismal dark beauty of the pines on the rolling hills.

She felt vaguely comforted, strengthened by the picture, and some of her hurt and frantic regret was pushed from the top of her mind. She stood for a moment remembering small things, the avenue of dark cedars leading to Tara, the banks of cape Jessamine bushes, vivid green against the white walls, the fluttering white curtains. And Mammy would be there. Suddenly she wanted Mammy desperately, as she had wanted her again when she was a little girl, wanted the broad bosom on which to lay her head, the gnarled black hand on her hair. Mammy, the last link with the old days.

With the spirit of her people who would not know defeat, even, when it stared them in the face, she raised her chin. She could get Rhett back. She knew she could. There had never been a man she couldn't get, once she set her mind upon him.

"I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day."

M. Mitchell. Avon Books, 1973, p. 1023–1024

2. The French Lieutenant's Woman

So they went closer to the figure by the cannon-bollard. She had taken off her bonnet and held it in her hand; her hair was pulled tight back inside the collar of the black coat – which was bizarre, more like a man's riding-coat than any woman's coat that had been in fashion those past forty years. She too was a stranger in the crinoline; but it was equally plain that that was out of oblivion, not knowledge of the latest London taste. Charles made some trite and loud remark, to warn her that she was no longer alone, but she did not turn. The couple moved to where they could see her face in profile; and how her stare was aimed like a rifle at the farthest horizon. There came a stronger gust of wind, one that obliged Charles to put his arm round Ernestina's waist to support her, and obliged the woman to cling more trimly to the bollard. Without quite knowing why, perhaps to show Ernestina how to say boo to a goose, he stepped forward as soon as the wind allowed.

“My good woman, we can’t see you here without being alarmed for your safety. A stronger squall -----“

She turned to look at him – or as it seemed to Charles, through him. It was not so much what was positively in that face which remained with him after the first meeting, but all that was not as he had expected; for theirs was an age when the favoured feminine look was the demure, the obedient, the shy. Charles felt immediately as if he had trespassed; as if the Cobb belonged to that face, and not to the Ancient Borough of Lyme. It was not a pretty face like Ernestina’s. It was certainly not a beautiful face, by any period’s standard or taste. But it was an unforgettable face, and a tragic face. Its sorrow welled out of it as purely, naturally and unstoppably as water out of a woodland spring. There was no artifice there, no hypocrisy, no hysteria, no mask; and above all, no sign of madness. The madness was in the empty sea, the empty horizon, the lack of reason for such sorrow; as if the spring was natural in itself, but unnatural in welling from a desert.

Again and again afterwards, Charles thought of that look as a lance; and to think so of course not merely to describe an object but the effect it has. He felt himself in that brief instant an unjust enemy; both pierced and deservedly diminished.

The woman said nothing. Her look back lasted two or three seconds at most; then she resumed her stare to the south. Ernestina plucked Charles’s sleeve, and he turned away, with a shrug and a smile at her. When they were nearer land he said, “I wish you hadn’t told me the sordid facts. That’s the trouble with provincial life. Everyone knows everyone and there is no mystery. No romance.”

She teased him then: the scientist, the despiser of novels.

J. Fowls. Triad/panther Books, 1985, p. 13–14

3. Harry Potter and the Order of Phoenix

The hottest day of the summer so far was drawing to a close and a drowsy silence lay over the large, square houses of Privet drive. Cars that were usually gleaming stood dusty in their drives and lawns that were once emerald green lay parched and yellowing – for the use of hosepipes had been banned due to the drought. Deprived of their usual car-washing and lawn-mowing pursuits, the inhabitants of Privet Drive had retreated into the shade of their cool houses, windows thrown wide in the hope of tempting in a non-existent breeze. The only person left outdoors was a teenage boy who was lying flat on his back in a flowerbed outside number four.

He was a skinny, black-haired, bespectacled boy who had the pinched, slightly unhealthy look of someone who has grown a lot in a short space of time. His jeans were torn and dirty, his T-shirt baggy and faded, and the soles of his trainers were peeling away from the uppers. Harry Potter's appearance did not endear him to the neighbours, who were the sort of people who thought scruffiness ought to be punishable by law, but as he had hidden himself behind a large hydrangea bush this evening he was quite invisible to passers-by. In fact, the only way he would be spotted was if his Uncle Vernon or Aunt Petunia stuck their heads out of the living-room window and looked straight down into the flowerbed below.

On the whole Harry thought he was to be congratulated on his idea of hiding here. He was not, perhaps, very comfortable lying on the hot, hard earth but, on the other hand, nobody was glaring at him, grinding their teeth so loudly that he could not hear the news, or shooting nasty questions at him, as had happened every time he had tried sitting down in the living-room to watch television with his aunt and uncle.

Almost as though this thought had fluttered through the open window, Vernon Dursley, Harry's uncle, suddenly spoke.

"Glad to see the boy's stopped trying to butt in. where is he anyway?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Petunia, unconcerned. "Not in the house."

Uncle Vernon grunted.

"*Watching the news* ... " he said scathingly. "I'd like to know what he is really up to. As if a normal boy cares what's on the news – Dudley hasn't got a clue what's going on; doubt he knows who the Prime Minister is! Anyway, it's not as if there'd be anything about *his lot* on *our* news –"

"Vernon, *shh!*" said Aunt Petunia. "The window's open!"

"Oh – eyes – sorry, dear."

The Dursleys fell silent. Harry listened to a jingle about Fruit 'n' Bran breakfast cereal while he watched Mrs. Figg, a batty cat-loving old lady from nearby Wisteria Walk, amble slowly past. She was frowning and muttering to herself. Harry was very pleased he was concealed behind the bush, as Mrs. Figg had recently taken to asking him round for tea whenever she met him in the street. She had rounded the corner and vanished from view before Uncle Vernon's voice floated out of the window again.

"Dudders out for tea?"

"At the Polkisses", said Aunt Petunia loftily. "He's got so many little friends, he's so popular ... "

Harry suppressed a snort with difficulty. The Dursleys really were astonishingly stupid about their son, Dudley. They had swallowed all his dim-witted lies about having tea with a different member of his gang every night of the summer holidays. Harry knew perfectly well that Dudley had not been to tea anywhere; he and his gang spent every evening vandalizing the play park, smoking on the street corners and throwing stones at passing cars and children. Harry had seen them at it during his evening walks around Little Whinging; he had spent most of the holidays wandering the streets, scavenging newspapers from bins along the way.

The opening notes of the music that heralded the seven o'clock news reached Harry's ears and his stomach turned over. Perhaps tonight – after a month of waiting – would be the night.

J. K. Rowling. Bloomsbury, 2004, p. 7–9

4. The Final Diagnosis

Of all his traits of character David Coleman had long suspected pride to be the strongest, and it was a defect he feared and hated most. In his own opinion he had never been able to conquer pride; he spurned it, rejected it, yet always it came back – seemingly strong and indestructible.

Mostly his pride stemmed from an awareness of his own superior intellect. In the company of others he frequently felt himself to be mentally far out front, usually because he was. And, intellectually, everything he had done so far in his life proved this to be true.

As far back as David Coleman could remember, the fruits of scholarship had come to him easily. Learning had proved as simple as breathing. In public school, high school, college, medical school, he had soared above others, taking the highest honors almost as a matter of course. He had a mind which was at once absorbent, analytical, understanding. And proud.

He had first learned about pride in his early years of high school. Like anyone who is naturally brilliant, he was regarded initially by his fellow students with some suspicion. Then as he made no attempt to conceal his feelings of mental superiority, suspicion turned to dislike and finally to hate.

At the time he had sensed this, but he had not consciously cared until one day the school principal, himself a brilliant scholar and an outstanding man, had taken him aside. Even now David Coleman remembered what the other man said.

“I think you are big enough to take this, so I’m going to spell it out. In these four walls, aside from me, you haven’t a single friend.

At first he had not believed it. Then because, above all, he was supremely honest, he had admitted to himself that that fact was true.

Then the principal had said, “You’re a brilliant scholar. You know it and there’s no reason why you shouldn’t. As to what’s ahead, you can be anything you choose. You have a remarkably superior mind, Coleman – I may say, unique in my experience. But I warn you: if you want to live with others, sometimes you’ll have to seem less superior than you are.

It was a daring thing to say to a young, impressionable man. But the master had not underrated his pupil. Coleman went away with the advice, digested it, analyzed it, and finished up despising himself.

From then on he had worked harder than ever –to rehabilitate himself with a planned program almost of self- mortification. He had begun with games. From as far back as he could remember David Coleman had disliked sports of every kind. At school, so far, he had never participated, and he inclined to the opinion that people who went to sports events and cheered were rather stupid juveniles. But now he turned up at practice – football in winter, baseball in summer. Despite his own first feelings he became expert. At college he found himself in the first teams. And when not playing, as a supporter in college and high school he attended every game, cheering as loudly as the rest.

A. Hailey. Bantam Books, 1979, p. 112–114

5. Shall We Tell the President?

Two minutes later, Walter Williams was standing in front of him.

Five feet eleven, fair with a thin pallid face, dominate by a magnificent high-domed Amusement not grief, Williams was known in the Bureau either as the Brain or W.W. His primary responsibility was to head the Bureau’s think tank of six lesser but still impressive brains. The Director often confronted him with hypothetical situations to which W.W. would later provide an answer which often proved, in retrospect, to be the right one. The Director placed great faith in his

judgement, but he could not take any risks today. W.W. had better come up with a convincing answer to his hypothetical question of last night or his next call would be to the President.

“Good morning, Director.”

“Good morning, W.W. What is your decision concerning my little problem?”

“Most interesting, Director ... I feel, to be fair, the answer is simple, even when we look at the problem from every angle.”

For the first time that morning a trace of a smile appeared on the Director’s face.

“Assuming I haven’t misunderstood you, Director.”

The Director’s smile broadened slightly; W.W. neither missed nor misunderstood anything, and was so formal that he didn’t address the Director even in private as Halt. W.W. continued, his eyebrows moving up and down like the Dow-Jones index in an election year.

You asked me to assume that the President would be leaving the White House at X hundred hour and then travelling by car to the Capitol. That would take her six minutes. I’m assuming her car is bullet-proof and well covered by the Secret Service. Under these conditions would it be possible to assassinate her? The answer is, it’s possible but almost impossible, Director. Nevertheless, following the hypothesis through to its logical conclusion, the assassination team could use three methods: (a) explosives; (b) a handgun at close range; (c) a rifle.”

W.W. always sounded like a textbook. “The bomb can be thrown at any point on the route, but it is never used by professionals, because professionals are paid for results, not attempts. If you study bombs as a method of removing a President, you will find there hasn’t been a successful yet, despite the fact that we have had four Presidents assassinated in office. Bombs inevitably end up killing innocent people and quite often the perpetrator of the crime as well. For that reason, since you have implied that the people involved would be professionals, I feel they must rely on the handgun or the rifle. Now the short-range gun, Director, is not a possible weapon on the route itself because it is unlikely that a pro would approach the President and shoot him at close range, thereby risking his own life. It would take an elephant gun to pierce the President’s limousine, and you can’t carry those around in the middle of Washington without a permit.”

With W.W. the Director could never be sure if it were meant to be a joke or just another fact. The eyebrows were still moving up and down, a sure signal not to interrupt him with foolish questions.

6. The Greek Treasure

They slept for the last time in their stone house above the Scaean Gate, Priam's palace, the defense wall and paved road. They were alone for their farewell to Troy. At dawn the driver of the carriage, who had arrived the evening before and slept in Ciplak, presented himself. He carried the last of their bags to the carriage.

Then they made for the main road connecting Smyrna and Canakkale. Sophia turned her head over the shoulder for a last look at the bastion of Troy, the Troad plain, the Dardanelles flowing into the Aegean, along with the shining silver ribbons of the Scamander and Simois rivers. It was a June morning of such utter clarity that she felt she could reach out and touch the Islands of Imbros and Samothrace.

With an intense pang of nostalgia she realized that she was losing her most important home, where both she and her marriage had come of age. It was almost four years since she had been summoned from St. Meletios's to the back garden of her family house in Colonos to meet a stranger with whom her Uncle Vimpos and her parents had been proposing a marriage. She recalled her disappointment when she was introduced to Henry Schliemann, a small, colorless, bald, middle-aged man whose only virtue seemed to be that he had taken three separate fortunes out of Russia and California.

She recalled also the transformation that had come over him when he started to speak about Homer and Troy; his positive knowledge of where Priam's 'immortal city' lay, here at Hissarlik, at the mouth of the Dardanelles; how he would unearth the mountain-fortress until he had reached the great defense walls, the king's palace, the Watchtower, the paved road leading out of the palace and down to the Troad battlefield.

Glancing sideways at her husband she thought:

"He's a genius. A natural-born genius. And one of the world's heroic fighters. He went against the scholars, the historians, the philologists, none of whom believed there ever was a Troy, and he has proved them all to be wrong." They would now have to acknowledge, with all his tangible and irrefutable proofs at hand, that he had been the profoundest and most daring scholar of them all.

It hadn't been easy! She had become ill in Paris; they had quarreled about her homesickness and about the help her family so desperately needed. There was his temper, his alternate bouts of stinginess and generosity. He was an opportunist who would say almost anything to achieve his ends there was her own youth and immaturity. There was the time when she did not think she could love him, or that the marriage could endure.

But all that had ended when they moved the first shovel and wheelbarrow onto the mountain of Hissarlik. They had worked side by side through freezing winds, burning suns, choking dust, bouts of malaria. The hardships had only increased their love and dedication to each other.

I. Stone. New American Library, 1976, p. 274–275

7. Mila 18

From the moment when she was consumed by his great and wonderful power, all the things she had considered important to her way of life ceased to be important.

Gabriela knew with no certainty that there had never been nor ever would be again a man like Andrei Androfski. Those things which society and its religions and philosophies and economies had imposed upon them as great barriers came crumbling down. Gabriel had been a selfish woman. She suddenly found herself able to give with a power of giving that she did not realize she possessed.

For to her, Andrei was like David of the Bible. He was at one time all that was strong and all that was weak in a single man.

He had within him the power to snuff out a life in angry fit yet there had never been a man who could touch her with a gentleness

He was a giant who lived his life for a single ideal. He was a helpless boy who became confused or pouted or angered at a seeming trifle.

He was a symbol of strength to his friends. He would get roaring drunk when the frustration became too difficult.

But with him there were moments of electric flaring of emotions. There were moments of hurt and pain deeper than any she had known except at the death of her father there were the great expectations fulfilled with the sensuous thrills of pure physical pleasure.

To her friends it seemed that her willingness to become the mistress of a Jewish pauper was a terrible calamity. For Gabriela, the things she surrendered seemed insignificant and indeed no sacrifice for a loving man who made her happier than she had ever been in her life.

Little by little she divorced herself from the treadmill about which she centered her activities. Gabriela accepted the hard fact that her life with Andrei might never be resolved in a marriage. She understood that she must never step on

the dangerous ground of tampering with his work. She knew he would not be changed over to any of her images. Andrei was Andrei, and she had to take him and everything he was as he was.

L. Uris. Bantam Books, 1978, p. 48–49

8. Rage of Angels

It was a cold January day in the Capitol when Adam Warner was sworn in as the fortieth President of the United States. His wife wore a sable hat and a dark sable coat that did wonderful things for her pale complexion and almost concealed her pregnancy. She stood next to her daughter and they watched proudly as Adam took the oath of the office, and the country rejoiced for the three of them. They were the best of America: decent and honest and good, and they belonged in the White House.

In a small law office in Kelso, Washington, Jennifer Parker sat alone looking at the inauguration on television. She watched until the last of the ceremony was over and Adam and Mary Beth and Samantha left the podium, surrounded by secret service men. Then Jennifer turned off the television set and watched the images fade into nothingness. It was like turning off the past: shutting out all that had happened to her, the love and the death and the joy and the pain. Nothing had been able to destroy her. She was a survivor.

She put on her hat and coat and walked outside, pausing for a moment to look at the sign that read: *Jennifer Parker, Attorney at Law*. She thought for an instant of the jury that had acquitted her. She was still a lawyer, as her father had been a lawyer. And she would go on, searching for the elusive thing called justice. She turned and headed in the direction of the courthouse.

Jennifer walked slowly down the deserted, windswept street. A light snow had begun to fall? Casting a chiffon veil over the world. From an apartment building nearby there came a sudden burst of merriment, and it was such an alien sound that she stopped for a moment to listen. She pulled her coat tighter about her and moved on down the street, peering into the curtain of snow trying to see into the future.

But now she was looking into the past, trying to understand when it was that all the laughter died.

S. Sheldon. Pan Books, 1980, p. 384

9. The Evening News

The two of them had known each other for more than twenty years, the same length of time they had been with CBA News, having joined the network almost simultaneously. From the beginning they were successful professionally, yet opposites in personality.

Sloane was precise, fastidious, impeccable in dress and speech; he enjoyed having authority and wore it naturally. Juniors were apt to address him as “sir” and let him go through doorways fist. He could be cool, slightly distant with people he did not know well, though in any human contact there was almost nothing his sharp mind missed, either spoken or inferred.

Partridge, in contrast, was casual in behavior, his appearance rumpled; he favored old tweed jackets and seldom wore a suit. He had an easygoing manner which made people he met feel comfortable, his equal, and sometimes he gave the impression of not caring much about anything, though it was a contrived deception. Partridge had learned early as a journalist that he could discover more by not seeming to have authority and by concealing his keen exceptional intelligence.

They had differences in background too.

Crawford Sloane, from a middle-class Cleveland family, had done his early television training in that city. Harry Partridge served his main TV news apprenticeship in Toronto with the CBC—Canadian Broadcasting Corporation—and before that had worked as an announcer-newscaster-weatherman for small radio and TV stations in Western Canada. He had been born in Alberta not far from Calgary, in a hamlet called De Winton where his father was a farmer.

Sloane had a degree from Columbia University. Partridge hadn’t even finished high school, but in the working world of news his de facto education expanded rapidly.

For a long time at CBA their careers ran parallel; as a result they came to be looked on as competitors. Sloane himself considered Partridge a competitor, even a threat to his own progress. He was not sure, though, if Partridge ever felt the same way.

The competition between the two seemed strongest when both were reporting the war in Vietnam. They were sent there by the network in the late 1967, supposedly to work as a team, and in a sense they did. Sloane, though, viewed the war as a golden opportunity to advance his own career; even then he had the anchor desk of the National Evening News clearly in his sights.

10. Kramer versus Kramer

“So what are you going to do with the kid?”

“What do you mean?”

“Are you going to keep him?”

“He is my boy.”

“Doesn’t he have grandparents? This is going to be rough.”

The thought of doing anything except keeping Billy had not occurred to Ted. But O’Connor was a smart man. He was raising a question. Ted wondered if O’Connor knew something he did not.

“I thought I would make the best of it.”

“If that’s what you want.”

Was it what he wanted? He decided to follow O’Connor’s question down the line. What about keeping Billy? There could be other options here – a way to force Joanna to take Billy. He would have to find her first. And even if he found her, why would she change her mind? She hated her life, she said. She was suffocating. Ted could not conceive that she would suddenly accept all the supposed pressure she was walking out on just because he tracked her down in a Holiday Inn with a tennis pro – he was beginning to allow himself little scenarios about her. No. I’m going to have to forget Joanna. You sure came up with a unique Bicentennial celebration, lady.

What about other options? He would not send a four-year-old to a boarding school. The grandparents? It seemed to ted his own parents exhausted themselves being grandparents to Ralph’s two children over the years. Ted was peeved at how little interest they had in Billy on their occasional visits to New York. His father would go into the bedroom to watch re-runs of *The Lucy Show* while in Ted’s mind Billy was doing something spectacular like smiling. His mother was always holding forth about how wonderful Ralph was when he was a baby or how wonderful Ralph’s children were when they were babies. If his parents could not stay interested in Billy for a weekend in New York he did not think they would have much of attention span through the Florida rainy season. His in-laws were the opposite in abundance. They were pathologically nervous. “Don’t let him stand there, he’ll fall out of the window. “Mother, we have guards on the windows. ”He’s running a temperature.” “No, Harriet, the day is running a temperature. It’s ninety degrees! ”He could turn Billy over to them and hope the boy would survive. Billy would certainly not fall out of any windows with them. Would they

even care about Billy? Were they even Ted's in-laws any longer? None of it made sense to him. None of them could have Billy. He was his child. He belonged to him, that peanut face. Ted would do the best he could. It was what he wanted.

He met Billy at school and brought him home. Thelma called and offered to take him. The children played well together. It was no imposition. She wanted to know if he had heard from Joanna. He owed people an explanation, he thought, so he told Thelma Joanna was not coming back. She was giving up Billy. Thelma gasped. He could hear it over the phone, a palpable gasp.

“Good Lord!”

“It's not the end of the world,” he said, giving himself a pep talk. “It's a beginning.”

A. Corman. Fontana/Collins, 1979, p. 47–48

TONE AND MOOD

Define the tone of the extracts and think over the linguistic means and stylistic devices used to create it.

1. The Testament

DOWN TO THE LAST DAY, even the last hour now. I am an old man, lonely and unloved, sick and hurting and tired of living. I am ready for the hereafter; it has to be better than this.

I own the tall glass building in which I sit, and 97 percent of the company housed in it, below me, and the land around it half a mile in three directions, and the two thousand people who work here and the other twenty thousand who do not, and I own the pipeline under the land that brings gas to the building from my fields in Texas, and I own the utility lines that deliver electricity, and I lease the satellite unseen miles above by which I once barked commands to my empire flung far around the world. My assets exceed eleven billion dollars. I own silver in Nevada and copper in Montana and coffee in Kenya and coal in Angola and rubber in Malaysia and natural gas in Texas and crude oil in Indonesia and steel in China. My company owns companies that produce electricity and make computers and build dams and print paperbacks and broadcast signals to my satellite. I have subsidiaries and divisions in more countries that anyone can find.

I once owned all the appropriate toys – the yachts and jets and blondes, the homes in Europe, farms in Argentina, an island in the Pacific, thoroughbreds, even a hockey team. But I've grown too old for toys.

The money is the root of my misery.

I had three families – three ex-wives who bore seven children, six of whom are still alive and doing all they can to torment me. To the best of my knowledge, I fathered all seven, and buried one. I should say his mother buried him. I was out of the country.

I am estranged from all the wives and all the children. They are gathering here today because I'm dying and it's time to divide the money.

J. Grisham. Dell Publishing, 2000, p. 1–2

2. Red, White and Blue

A winter's worth of plowed snow stood on either side of the road, high walls that formed a gorge for traffic, cutting off the rest of the world. Like everybody else, Lauren thought about Warhol's fifteen minutes of fame, but she knew it had become just another fatuous truism. While it worked to her advantage, the prevalence of interview-ready Americans disconcerted her. Journalists talked about it all the time, now not just witnesses and bystanders to some crime or catastrophe who happened to be in the neighborhood of a microphone, but mothers and fathers, husbands and wives, children of victims, would meet the press while the body was still warm. Sometimes, it was true, they broke down and sobbed before the cameras, but not so much they couldn't get a few words in edgewise. People no longer seemed able to push away a mike or a tape recorder. Was there no one who suffered in silence any more?

News was becoming an entertainment, and everyone wanted to be in show business. Joe Schmoe at the feed store. She had heard of teachers elbowing aside students to get to reporters after a schoolyard shooting. Neighbors behind police barriers stepped on each other's feet, cursed each other in the crush to get closer to the press to comment on the local serial killer or bank defrauder or rape victim they barely knew. Days, months, even years later, long after journalists had forgotten them and their dead, or their wreck of a house, or their cat who miraculously survived the big flood, the self-styled "survivors and "victims" were still phoning in to newsrooms and TV and radio stations, pressing to be interviewed whenever a similar cataclysm occurred. Were they simply looking for the world to comprehend and acknowledge how calamitous their loss was? Or were they trying to be important in the only way that counted anymore, by being validated by the press, by being a celebrity?

Lauren knew that in the cruel arithmetic of the media, the bombing was a lucky break. But it wasn't her story. Driving back to town, the little Geo bumping and rattling over every stone, every chunk of ice, Lauren, watching a near traffic jam of cars and trucks heading in the opposite direction toward the JF Ranch, recognized what her story was: that Eileen Hogan – aged forty-six, a housekeeper, a divorcee who had a son majoring in theater at the University of Utah, a Catholic who sang alto in her church choir and had a collection of over a hundred Barbie dolls – and two Brittany spaniels had been the first victims of this latest war against the Jews.

3. To Sir, with Love

That incident marked a turning point in my relationship with the class. Gradually Denham's attitude changed, and like it that of his cronies. He could still be depended on to make a wisecrack or comment when ever the opening presented itself, but now these were more acceptable to all of us, for they were no longer made in a spirit of rebellion and viciousness. It appeared clean and more and more helpful and courteous, and with this important area of resistance dispelled the class began to move into high gear. Moreover I suddenly became aware of an important change in my own relationship to them. I was experiencing more than a mere satisfaction in receiving their attention, obedience and respect with the acceptance of my position as their teacher. I found myself liking them, really liking them, collectively and singly. At first I had approached each school day a little worried, a little frightened, but mostly determined to make good for the job's sake; now there had occurred in me a new attitude, a concern to teach them for their own sakes, and a deep pleasure at every sign that I succeeded. It was a delight to be with them and more and more I had occasion to wonder at their generally adult view-point. I was learning a little more of them each day. Some of them would remain in the classroom during the recess and we'd talk about many things.

They were mostly from large families and understood the need and importance of money; they even felt that they should already be at work to help ease the financial strain on their parents, and to meet their own increasing demands for clothing, cosmetics, entertainment, etc. they spoke of overcrowding, marriage and children with casual familiarity; one girl had helped with the unexpected birth of her baby brother and spoke of it with matronly concern.

The lessons were taking hold. I tried to relate everything academic to familiar things in their daily lives. Weights were related to foodstuffs and fuel, measurements to dress-lengths, linoleum and carpets, in this way they could see the point of it all, and were more prepared to pursue the more abstract concepts. In Geography and History we talked and read, and here I was in the very fortunate position of being able to illustrate from personal experiences. They eagerly participated, asking me questions with a keenness I had not suspected in them, and often the bell for the recess, lunch or the end of the day would find us in the heat of some discussion, disinclined to leave off.

The Headmaster would occasionally drop in unexpectedly, and would sometimes find himself drawn into discussions on some point or other; he was pleased, and expressed his satisfaction with my efforts.

4. The Blind Assassin

Yesterday I was too tired to do much more than lie on the sofa. As it is becoming my no doubt slovenly habit, I watched a daytime talk show, the kind on which they spill the beans. It's the fashion now, bean-spilling; people spill their own beans also those of other people, they spill every bean they have and even some they don't have. They do this out of guilt and anguish, and for their own pleasure, but mostly because they want to display themselves and other people want to watch them do it. I don't exempt myself: I relish these grubby little things, these squalid family tangles, these cherished traumas. I enjoy the expectation with which the top is wrenched off the can of worms as if from some amazing birthday present, and then the sense of anticlimax in the watching faces; the forced tears and skimpy, gloating pity, the cued and dutiful applause. *Is that all there?* They must be thinking. *Shouldn't it be less ordinary, more sordid, more epic, more truly harrowing, this flesh wound of yours? Tell us more! Couldn't we please crank in the pain?*

I wonder which is preferable – to walk around all your life swollen up with your own secrets until you burst from the pressure of them, or have them sucked out of you, every paragraph, every sentence, every word of them, so at the end you're depleted of all that was once as precious to you as hoarded gold, as close to you as your skin – everything that was of the deepest importance to you, everything that made you cringe and wish to conceal, everything that belonged to you alone – and must spend the rest of your days like an empty sack flapping in the wind, an empty sack branded with a bright fluorescent label so that everyone will know what sort of secrets used to be inside you?

I carry no brief, for better or for worse.

Loose Lips Sink Ships, said the wartime poster. Of course the ships will all sink anyway, sooner or later.

M. Atwood. Virago Press, 2001, p. 547–548

5. The Secret Dairy Of Arian Mole, aged 13 ³/₄

Wednesday July 29th

ROYAL WEDDING DAY!!!

How proud I am to be English!

Foreigners must be as sick as pigs!

We truly lead the world when it comes to pageantry! I must admit to having tears in my eyes when I saw all the cockneys who had stood since dawn, cheering, heartily all the rich, well-dressed, famous people going by in carriages and Rolls-Royces.

Grandma and Bert Baxter came to our house to watch the wedding because we have got a twenty-four-inch colour. They got on all right at first but then Bert remembered he was a communist and started saying anti-royalist things like “the idle rich” and “parasites”, so grandma sent him back to the Singhs’ colour portable.

Prince Charles looked quite handsome in spite of his ears. His brother is dead good-looking; it’s a shame they couldn’t have swapped heads just for one day. Lady Diana melted my heartstrings in her dirty white dress. She even helped an old man up the aisle. I thought it was very kind of her considering her wedding day. Loads of dead famous people were there. Nancy Reagan, Spike Milligan, Mark Phillips, etc., etc. the Queen looked a bit jealous. I expect it was because people weren’t looking at *her* for a change.

The Prince had remembered to take the price ticket off his shoes. So that was one worry off my mind.

When the Prince and Di exchanged rings my grandma started to cry. She hadn’t brought her handkerchief so I went upstairs to get the spare toilet roll. When I came downstairs they were married. So I missed the Historic moment of their marriage!

I made a cup of tea during all the boring musical interval, but I was back in time to see that Kiwi woman singing. She has certainly got a good pair of lungs on her.

Grandma and I were just settling down to watch the happy couple’s triumphant ride back to the palace when there was a loud banging on the front door. We ignored it so my father was forced to get out of bed and open the door. Bert and Mr Singh and Mrs Singh and the little Sighs came in asking for sanctuary. Their telly had broken down! My grandma tightened her lips, she is not keen on black, brown, yellow, Irish, Jewish or foreign people. My father let them in, then took grandma home in the car. The Sighs and Ret gathered round the television talking in Hindi.

Mrs Singh handed round some little cornish pastries. I ate one of them and had to drink a gallon of water. I thought my mouth had caught fire! They were not cornish pasties.

We watched television until the happy couple left Victoria station on a very strange-looking train. Bert said it was only strange –looking because it was clean.

6. Gone with the Wind

Here she sat like a crow with hot black taffeta to her wrists and buttoned up to her chin, with not even a hint of lace or braid, not a jewel except Ellen's onyx mourning brooch, watching tacky-looking girls hanging on the arms of good-looking men. All because Charles Hamilton had had the measles. He didn't even die in a fine glow of gallantry in battle, so she could brag about him.

Rebelliously she leaned her elbows on the counter and looked at the crowd, flouting Mammy's oft-repeated admonition against leaning on elbows and making them ugly and wrinkled. What did it matter if they did get ugly? She would probably would never get a chance to show them again. She looked hungrily at the frocks floating by, butter-yellow watered silks with garlands of rosebuds; pink satins with eighteen flounces edged with tiny black velvet ribbons; baby blue taffeta, ten yards in the skirt and foamy with cascading lace; exposed bosoms; seductive flowers. Maybelle Merriwether went towards the next booth on the arm of Zouave, in an apple-green tarlatan so wide that it reduced her waist to nothingness. It was showered and flounced with cream-colored Chantilly lace that had come from Charleston on the last blockader, and Maybelle was flaunting it as saucily as if she and not the famous Captain Butler had run the blockade.

"How sweet I would look in that dress," thought Scarlett, a savage envy in her heart. "Her waist is as big as a cow's. That green is just my color and it would make my eyes look – Why will blondes try to wear that color? Her skin looks as green as an old cheese. And to think I'll never wear this color again, not even when I do get out of this mourning. No, not even if I do manage to get married again. Then I'll have to wear tacky old grays and tans and lilacs."

For a brief moment she considered the unfairness of it all. How short was the time for fun, for pretty clothes, for dancing and for coquetting! Only a few, too few years! Then you married and wore dull-colored dresses and had babies that ruined your waist line and sat in corners at dances with other sober matrons and only emerged to dance with your husband or with old gentlemen who stepped on your feet. If you didn't do these things, the other matrons talked about you and then your reputation was ruined and your family disgraced. It seemed such a terrible waste to spend all your girlhood learning how to be attractive and how to catch men and then only use the knowledge for a year or two. When she considered her training at the hands of Ellen and Mammy, she knew it had been thorough and good because it had always reaped results. There were set rules to be followed, and if you followed them success crowned your efforts.

7. Gone with the Wind

The bright glare of sunlight streaming through the trees overhead awakened Scarlett. For a moment, stiffened by the cramped position in which she had slept, she could not remember where she was. The sun blinded her, the hard boards of the wagon under her were harsh against her body, and a heavy weight lay across her legs. She tried to sit up and discovered that the weight was Wade who lay sleeping with his head pillowed on her knees. Melanie's bare feet were almost in her face and, under the wagon seat, Prissy was curled up like a black cat with the small baby wedged between her and Wade.

Then she remembered everything. She popped up to a sitting position and looked hastily all around. Thank God no Yankees in sight! Their hiding place had not been discovered in the night. It all came back to her now, the nightmare journey after Rhett's footsteps died away, the endless night, the black road full of ruts and boulders along which they jolted, the deep gullies on either side into which the wagon slipped, the fear-crazed strength with which she and Prissy had pushed the wheels out of the gullies. She recalled with a shudder how often she had driven the unwilling horse into fields and woods when she heard soldiers approaching, not knowing if they were friend or foes – recalled, too her anguish lest a cough, a sneeze or Wade's hiccupping might betray them to the marching men.

Oh, that dark road where men went by like ghosts, voices stilled, only the muffled tramping of feet on the soft dirt, the faint clicking of bridles and the straining creak of leather! And, oh, that dreadful moment when the sick horse balked and cavalry and light cannon rumbled past in the darkness, past where they sat breathless, so close she could almost reach out and touch them, so close she could smell the stale sweat on the soldiers' bodies!

When, at last, they had neared Rough and Ready, a few camp fires were gleaming where the last of Steve Lee's rear guard was awaiting orders to fall back. She had circled through a plowed field for a mile until the light of the fires died out behind her. And then she had lost her way in the darkness and sobbed when she could not find the little wagon path she knew so well. Then finally having found it, the horse sank in the traces and refused to move, refused to rise even when she and Prissy tugged at the bridle.

So she had unharnessed him and crawled, sodden with fatigue, into the back of the wagon and stretched her aching legs. She had a faint memory of Melanie's voice before sleep clamped down her eyelids, a weak voice that apologized even as it begged: "Scarlett, can I have some water please?"

She had said: "There isn't any," and gone to sleep before the words were out of her mouth.

Now it was morning and the world was still and serene and green and gold with dappled sunshine. And no soldiers in sight anywhere. She was hungry and dry with thirst, aching and cramped and filled with wonder that she, Scarlett O'Hare, who could never rest well except between linen sheets on the softest of feather beds, had slept like a field hand on hard planks.

Blinking in the sunlight, her eyes fell on Melanie and she gasped, horrified. Melanie lay so still and white Scarlett thought she must be dead. She looked dead. She looked like a dead old woman with her ravaged face and her dark hair snarled and tangled across it. Then Scarlett saw with relief the faint rise and fall of her shallow breathing and knew that Melanie had survived the night.

Scarlett shaded her eyes with her hand and looked about her. They had evidently spent the night under the trees in someone's front yard, for a sand and gravel driveway stretched out before her, winding away under an avenue of cedars.

M. Mitchell. Avon Books, 1973, p. 386–387

8. The Other Side of Midnight

America's declaration of war against Japan came the following day at 1:32 p.m., less than twenty-four hours after the Japanese attack. On Monday when Larry was at Andrews Air Base, Catherine, unable to bear being alone in the apartment, took a taxi to the Capitol Building to see what was happening. Knots of people pressed around a dozen portable radio sets scattered through the crowd that lined the sidewalks of the Capitol Plaza. Catherine watched as the Presidential caravan raced up the drive and stopped at the south entrance to the Capitol. She was close enough to see the limousine door open and President Roosevelt disembark, assisted by two aids. Dozens of policemen stood at every corner, alert for trouble. The mood of the crowd seemed to Catherine to be mainly outrage, like a lynch mob eager to get into action.

Five minutes after President Roosevelt entered the Capitol, his voice came over the radio, as he addressed the Joint session of Congress. His voice was strong and firm, filled with angry determination.

"America will remember this onslaught... Righteous might will win ... We will gain the inevitable triumph, so help us, God."

Fifteen minutes after Roosevelt had entered the Capitol, House Joint Resolution 254 was passed, declaring war on Japan. It was passed unanimously except for Representative Jeannette Rankin of Montana, who voted against the declaration of war, so the final vote was 388 to 1. President Roosevelt's speech had taken exactly ten minutes – the shortest war message ever delivered to an American Congress.

The crowd outside cheered, a full-throated roar of approval, anger and a promise of vengeance. America was finally on the move.

Catherine studied the men and women standing near her. The faces of the men were filled with the same look of exhilaration that she had seen on Larry's face the day before, as though they all belonged to the same secret club whose members felt that war was an exiting sport. Even the women seemed caught up by spontaneous enthusiasm that swept through the crowd. But Catherine wondered how they would feel when their men were gone and the women stood alone waiting for the news of their husbands and sons. Slowly Catherine turned and walked back towards the apartment. On the corner she saw soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Soon, she thought, the whole country would be in uniform.

It happened even faster than Catherine had anticipated. Almost overnight Washington was transformed into a world of a citizen army in khaki.

S. Sheldon. Fontana/Collins, 1973, p. 212–213

9. Lust for Life

Although Marcasse was only one of a string of seven mines owned by the Charbonnaqges Belgique, it was the oldest and most dangerous pit in the Bourinage. It had a bad reputation because so many had perished in it, either in descending or ascending, by poison gas, explosion, flooding water, or by the collapse of the old tunnels. There were two squat, brick buildings above the ground, in which the machinery were operated for bringing up the coal and where the coal was graded and dumped into cars. The tall chimneys, which once had been of yellow brick, spread tangible, black smoke over the neighbourhood twenty-four hours a day. Around Marcasse were poor miners' huts with a few dead trees, black from the smoke, thorn hedges, dunghills, ash dumps, heaps of useless coal, and towering above it all, the black mountain. It was a gloomy spot; at first sight everything looked dreary and desolate to Vincent.

“No wonder they call it the black country,” he murmured.

After he had been standing here for some time the miners began to pour out of the gate. They were dressed in coarse, tattered garments with leather hats on their heads; the women wore the same outfit as men. All were completely black and looked like chimney sweepers, the whites of their eyes presenting a strange contrast to the coal-dust covered faces. It was not without reason that they were called *gueules noires*. The glare of the feeble afternoon sunlight hurt their eyes after they had labored in the darkness of the earth since before dawn. They stumbled out of the gate, half blinded, speaking among themselves in a swift unintelligible patois. They were small people with narrow, hunched-in shoulders and bony limbs.

Vincent understood now why the village had been deserted that afternoon; the real Petit Wasmes was not the small was not the small cluster of huts in the ravine, but the labyrinth city which existed underground at a depth of seven hundred metres, and in which almost the entire population spent the majority of its waking hours.

I. Stone. Rocket Books, 1971, p. 52

10. Kramer versus Kramer

Sunday, the last day, Ted and Billy bundled up and went down to beach to build a Sandcastle. They were on an island on their own this last time. They tossed a ball on the beach, took a walk to the bay and sat on the dock, finally going inside to get away from the raw weather. Ted and Billy played pick-up sticks, the boy intent on the game, and then as before, his mind began to drift again. He suddenly turned and looked at his father with lost eyes. Ted Kramer knew that he had to be the daddy now, no matter how deep his own pain, he had to help the boy through this.

“You’re going to be fine. You’re surrounded by people who love you.”

On the ferry back, no one was laughing any more. For Ted, the pain of their separation was so intense he could hardly breathe.

In the city, Larry and Ellen dropped them off at the house. “Hang in, buddy,” Larry said to ted. Then Ellen kissed Billy and told him, “You’re welcome to visit us on the island any time. You remember that. We’ll look for deer in the grocery.”

“It will have to be on Sunday,” the boy said, grasping the reality completely.

Ted saw that Billy brushed his teeth, got into his pyjamas, then read him a story. He said good night, keeping it cheery. “See you in the morning, Billy. He tried to watch a movie on television, but he was, thankfully, exhausted. And then he took one final look at the boy sleeping. Had he invested too much in the child? He wondered. Perhaps somewhat, he thought. But as he had come to believe, a certain amount of this was inevitable when you are alone with a child. Joanna would find it the same. He decided it was just as it should have been during these many months. He was grateful for this time. It had existed. No one could ever take it away. And he felt he was not the same for it. He believed he had grown because of the child. He had become more loving because of the child, more open because of the child stronger because of the child, kinder because of the child, and had experienced more of what life had to offer – because of the child. He leaned over and kissed him in his sleep and said, “Goodbye, little boy. Thank you.”

A. Corman. Fontana/Collins, 1979, p. 187–188

COMPLEX ANALYSIS

Analyze the extracts.

1. Memory and Desire

In herself, Katherine knew that Jacob was right. Right about many things. She needed to ruminate over them. It had helped to talk to him.

But it didn't eradicate the foul taste in her mouth which that scene with Susannah had left behind. Nor its implications. They festered in her as she waited for the case to be heard, waited for any subsequent moves on Susannah's part.

Something else happened during those endless months of waiting. Obsessing about as Susannah, she began to see her as a type. A type who proliferated in the streets of the city. A type who was the very personification of greed. An all-consuming greed. And that greed was everywhere. It seeped out of the grates of the underground and poisoned the city.

In her corner of New York the greed was cloaked in its most unobtrusive, most modest garb. It wore the muted coat of good manners and good society. Camouflaged greed with its brothers envy and desire. A trio of endless insatiable craving. She could smell their rancid odour tainting the crisp spring air as she walked to work.

Oh, the greed was well hidden here. Nor like in Susannah's red mouth and her hungry eyes. Here, in this Upper East Side of Manhattan, it was kept under control. There were venerable museums and established galleries to disinfect the atmosphere. Stylish boutiques mingled with old world curio shops and ramshackle booksellers. A veneer of European culture to obscure the subterranean greed that propelled the American dream.

But it was still palpably there. She could see it in the women's faces: that leap of hunger as they gazed at the parade of fashions coolly displayed in the shops. The snatched furtive glance at the orgy of freshly baked bread and cakes which diets wouldn't permit. She could read it in the covert looks of brisk executives, subliminally comparing the attributes of wives and mistresses to those of sleekly groomed passers-by - and all the while tallying up the relative values of stocks and shares.

The greed paid no attention to the weather. It infected the sky which this spring was of a perfect untrammelled blue. It hovered over the pale trees, poised to unfurl their plump sticky buds.

It even invaded her gallery.

It bore the figure of a fat little man with thinning black sleeked-back hair and a vast signet ring displaying four equally fat diamonds. A client. A client with all the proper introductions and credentials. A client with a vast bank account. A client who trailed on his arm a towering lacquered blonde whose fingers and wrists and neck glistened with the trappings of wealth. A blonde who was another incarnation of Susannah.

The two sat and looked unseeingly at the canvases the twins displayed for them from the store room. Katherine looked on and wondered. What had these images to do with this fat beaming figure with his self-satisfied smile, his endless talk of market values and good investments? Nothing, Katherine thought. Nothing. But they were united by the intractable logic of greed. The client's desire to possess the canvas.

It was not only a desire for money, for financial value. She knew that. She could see it in the wistful expression which sometimes scurried across her clients' faces. It was also a hunger for something else. The prestige, the status the canvases conferred with their incontrovertible tag of luxury culture. They were attempting to buy the inaccessible, the unnameable, the spiritual value the square feet of the canvas locked into itself and radiated indiscriminately.

Perhaps that was what Susannah wanted as well. That was why she was set on Thomas's collection.

Perhaps it was what she, herself, was in search of. Something to take her away from the squalor of greed and sex and ceaseless want.

Katherine sighed, halfheartedly made a sale. Then she went home. Increasingly all she wanted to do was to spend time with Natalie and her school-friends. She felt free with them. Greed was kept at bay.

L. Appignanesi. *HarperCollins Publishers*, 1995, p. 557–558

2. Where Rainbows End

From Rosie
To Alex
Subject Life!

Christ, Alex, who knew Kevin had learned to walk and talk? I thought he was still at school. He just suddenly grew up. Not that he was ever one for sharing his life stories with me, anyway. He's so secretive. It's people like him the world has to worry about.

Things change so quickly. Just when you get used to something, zap! It changes. They grow up. The same is happening with Katie. She changes every day; her face becomes so much more grown-up every time I look at her. Sometimes I have to stop *pretending* I'm interested in what she's saying in order to realize that I *actually am* interested. We go shopping for clothes together and I take her advice. We eat out for lunch and giggle over silly things. I just can't cast my mind back to the time when my child stopped being a child and became a person.

And a beautiful person she is becoming too. I don't quite know where I'm going with this email, Alex, but I've been thinking about a lot of things lately and my head is a bit of a muddle.

Our life is made up of time. Our days are measured in hours, our pay measured by those hours, our knowledge is measured by years. We grab a quick few minutes in our busy day to have a coffee break. We rush back to our desks, we watch the clock, we live by appointments. And yet time eventually runs out and you wonder in your heart of hearts if those seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years and decades were being spent the best way they possibly could.

Everything is spinning around us – jobs, family, friends, lovers... you just feel like screaming 'STOP!' looking around, rearranging the order of a few things and then continuing on. I guess you probably understand what I mean. I know you are having a really difficult time right now. Please remember that I'm always here for you.

Love, Rosie

C. Ahern. HarperCollinsPublishers, 2005, p. 172–173

3. Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire

Harry lay flat on his back, breathing hard as though he had been running. He had awoken from a vivid dream with his hands pressed over his face. The old scar on his forehead, which was shaped like a bolt of lightning, was burning beneath his fingers as though someone had just pressed a white-hot wire to his skin.

He sat up, one hand still on his scar, the other reaching out in the darkness for his glasses, which were on the bedside table. He put them on and his bedroom came into clearer focus, lit by a faint, misty orange light that was filtering through the curtains from the street lamp outside the window.

Harry ran his fingers over the scar again. It was still painful. He turned on the lamp beside him, scrambled out of bed, crossed the room, opened his wardrobe and peered into the mirror on the inside of the door. A skinny boy of fourteen looked back at him, his bright green eyes puzzled under his untidy black hair. He examined the lightning-bolt scar of his reflection more closely. It looked normal, but it was still stinging.

Harry tried to recall what he had been dreaming about before he had awoken. It had seemed so real ... there had been two people he knew, and one he didn't ... he concentrated hard, frowning, trying to remember ...

The dim picture of a darkened room came to him ... there had been a snake on the hearth-rug ... a small man called Peter, nicknamed Wormtail ... and a cold, high voice ... the voice of Lord Voldemort. Harry felt as though an ice cube had slipped down into his stomach at the very thought.

He closed his eyes tightly and tried to remember what Voldemort had looked like, but it was impossible ... all Harry knew was that at the moment when Voldemort's chair had swung around, and he, Harry, had seen what was sitting in it, he had felt a spasm of horror which had awoken him ... or had that been the pain in his scar?

And who had the old man been? For there had definitely been an old man; Harry had watched him fall to the ground. It was all becoming confused; Harry put his face into his hands, blocking out his bedroom, trying to hold on to the picture of that dimly lit room, but it was like trying to keep water in his hands; the details were now trickling away as fast as he tried to hold on to them ... Voldemort and Wormtail had been talking about someone they had killed, though Harry could not remember the name ... and they had been plotting to kill someone else ... *him* ...

Harry took his face out of his hands, opened his eyes and stared around his bedroom as though expecting to see something unusual there. As it happened, there were an extraordinary number of unusual things in this room. A large wooden trunk stood open at the foot of his bed, revealing a cauldron, broomstick, black robes and assorted spell-books. Rolls of parchment littered that part of his desk that was not taken up by the large, empty cage in which his snowy owl, Hedwig, usually perched. On the floor beside his bed a book lay open; he had been reading it before he fell asleep the previous night. The pictures in the book were all moving. Men in bright orange robes were zooming on broomsticks, throwing a red ball to each other.

Harry walked over to this book, picked it up and watched one of the wizards score a spectacular goal by putting the ball through a fifty-foot-high hoop. Then he snapped the book shut. Even Quidditch – in Harry’s opinion, the best sport in the world – couldn’t distract him at the moment. He placed *Flying with Cannons* on his bedside table, crossed to the window and drew back the curtains to survey the street below.

J. K. Rowling. Bloomsbury, 2000, p. 23–24

4. To Sir, with Love

The school seemed to be the touchstone of my happiness. Since joining it I had experienced a new assurance and strength, and gradually I was acquiring a real understanding, not only of the youngsters in my charge but also of the neighbourhood and its people. Sometimes I would walk through Watney Street, that short dingy thoroughfare of small shops lined on both sides with barrows of every description; fruit barrows, fish barrows, groceries, vegetables, sweets, haberdashery. Some of the barrows were really mobile extensions of the shops in front of which they stood, and served as display counters for the curious confusion of assorted goods which left little or no room for customers inside the shops.

The vendors soon knew who I was, and would smile pleasantly as I passed. Sometimes I would hear one say to another:” That’s our Marie’s teacher.” Or. “He’s teaching at Greenslade School. Our Joanie’s in his class, ht ‘s ever so nice.”

Once I stopped at a fruit barrow. The large woman in bright apron and wellington boots smiled as she weighed the apples.

“Our Maur’s got engaged last Sunday.” I knew that I was expected to know who “our Maur” was, but my glance must have betrayed my mystification.

“You know, Ann Blore in your class, Maur’s her older sister; got engaged to an American soldier, ever such a nice boy.”

Another time it was: “Our Jacqueline won’t be in today, been up all night with her stomach. Her Gran’s taking her to the doctor’s today. I sorta hoped you’d come this way so I could tell you.”

Often I would stop and chat with these folks who were always eager to show their friendly acceptance of me, by drawing me into things concerning their children and themselves as though they believed I had a right to know.

Occasionally their conversation caused me some embarrassment, as when the stout Jewish fruit vendor, Mrs. Joseph, seeing me at the end of the queue waiting to purchase apples from her, called me to the front and weighed and packaged my order, explaining to the frowning customers that I was “her Moir’s teacher and was probably in a hurry.

There was growing up between the children and myself a real affection which I found very pleasant and encouraging. Each day I tried to present to them new facts in a way which would excite and stimulate their interest, and gradually they were developing a readiness to comment and also a willingness to tolerate the expressed opinions of others, even when those opinions were diametrically opposed to theirs. At first these differences of opinion set tempers alight, and the children were apt to resort to the familiar expletives when they found themselves bested by more persuasive or logical colleagues. Whenever this happened I deliberately ignored it, and gradually the attitude of the majority of the class to strong language proved sufficient to discourage its too liberal use.

I was learning from them as well as teaching them, I learned to see them in relation to their surroundings, and in that way to understand them. At first I had been rather critical of their clothing, and thought their tight sweaters, narrow skirts and jeans unsuitable for school wear, but now that they were taking greater interest in personal tidiness, I could understand that such clothes merely reflected vigorous personalities in a relentless search for self-expression.

E. R. Braithwait. *New English Library*, 1985, p. 151–153

5. The French Lieutenant’s Woman

It came upon him. He looked down to her hand, and then up to the face again. Slowly, as if in answer, her cheeks were suffused with red, and the smile drained from her eyes. Her hand fell to her side. And they remained staring at each other as if their clothes had suddenly dropped away and left them facing each other in nakedness; but to him far less a sexual nakedness than a clinical one, one in which the hidden cancer stood revealed in all its loathsome reality. He sought her eyes for some evidence of her real intentions, and found only a spirit prepared to sacrifice everything but itself – ready to surrender truth, feeling, perhaps even all womanly modesty in order to save its own integrity. And there, in that possible

eventual sacrifice, he was for a moment tempted. He could see a fear behind the now clear knowledge that she had made a false move; and that to accept her offer of a Platonic – and even if one day more intimate, never consecrated – friendship would be to hurt her most.

But he no sooner saw that than he saw the reality of such an arrangement – how he would become the secret butt of this corrupt house, the starched *soupirant*, the pet donkey. He saw his own true superiority to her: which was not of birth or education, not of intelligence, not of sex, but of an ability to give that was also and inability to compromise. She could give only to possess; and to possess him – whether because he was what he was, whether because possession was so imperative in her that it had to be constantly renewed, could never be satisfied by one conquest only, whether ... but he could not, and would never, know – to possess him was not enough.

And he saw finally that she knew he would refuse. From the first she had manipulated him. She would do so to the end.

He threw her one last burning look of rejection, then left the room. She made no further attempt to detain him. He stared straight ahead, as if the pictures on the walls down through which he passed were so many silent spectators. He was the last honourable man on the way to the scaffold. He had a great desire to cry; but nothing should wring tears from him in that house. And to cry out. As he came down to the hallway, the girl who had shown him up appeared from a room, holding a small child in her arms. She opened her mouth to speak. Charles's wild yet icy look silenced her. He left the house.

And at the gate, the future made present, found he did not know where to go. It was as if he found himself reborn, though with all his adult faculties and memories. But with the baby's helplessness – all to be recommenced, all to be learnt again! He crossed the road obliquely, blindly, never once looking back, to the embankment. It was deserted; only, in the distance, a trotting landau, which had turned out of sight by the time he reached the parapet.

Without knowing why he stared down at the grey river, now close, at high tide. It meant return to America; it meant thirty-four years of struggling upwards – all in vain, in vain, in vain, all height lost; it meant, of this he was sure, a celibacy of the heart as total as hers; it meant – and as all the things that it meant, both prospective and retrospective, began to sweep down over him in a black avalanche, he did at last turn and look back at the house he had left. At the open upstairs window a white net curtain seemed to fall back into place.

But it was indeed only a seeming, a mere idle movement of the May wind. Far Sarah has remained in the studio, staring down at the garden below, at the child and a young woman, the child's mother perhaps, who sit on the grass engaged in making a daisy-chain. There are tears in her eyes? She is too far away for me to tell; no more now, since the window-panes catch the luminosity of the summer sky, than a shadow behind a light.

You may think, of course, that not to accept the offer implicit in that detaining hand was Charles's final foolishness: that it betrayed at least a certain weakness of purpose in Sarah's attitude. You may think that she was right: that her battle for the territory was a legitimate uprising of the invaded against a potential invader. But what you must not think is that this is a less plausible ending to their story.

For I have returned, albeit deviously, to my original principle: that there is no intervening god beyond whatever can be seen, in that way, in the first epigraph to this chapter; thus only life as we have, within our hazard-given abilities, made it ourselves, life as Marx define it – *the actions of men (and of women) in pursuit of their ends*. The fundamental principle that should guide these actions, that I believe myself always guided Sarah's, I have set as the second epigraph. A modern existentialist would no doubt substitute 'humanity' or 'authenticity' for 'piety'; but he would recognize Arnold's intent.

The river of life, of mysterious laws and mysterious choice, flows past a deserted embankment; and along that other deserted embankment Charles now begins to pace, a man behind the invisible gun-carriage on which rests his own corpse. He walks forward an imminent, self-given death? I think not; for he has at last found an atom of faith in himself, a true uniqueness, on which to build; has already begun, though he would still bitterly deny it, though there are tears in his eyes to support his denial, to realize that life, however advantageously Sarah may in some ways seem to fit the role of Sphinx, is not a symbol, is not one riddle and one failure to guess it, is not to inhabit one face alone or to be given up after one losing throw of the dice; but is to be, however inadequately, emptily, hopelessly into the city's iron heart, endured. And out again, upon the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

D.H. Lawrence. Triad Panther Books, 1985, p. 397–399

6. Gone with the Wind

Beyond Tara there was the war and the world. But on the plantation the war and the world did not exist except as memories which must be fought back when they rushed to mind in moments of exhaustion. The world outside receded before the demands of empty and half-empty stomachs and life resolved itself into two related thoughts, food and how to get it.

Food! Food! Why did the stomach have a longer memory than the mind? Scarlett could banish heartbreak but not hunger and each morning as she lay half asleep, before memory brought back to her mind war and hunger, she curled drowsily expecting the sweet smells of bacon frying and rolls baking. And each morning she sniffed so hard to really smell the food she woke herself up to.

There were apples, yams, peanuts and milk on the table at Tara but never enough of even this primitive fare. At the sight of them, three times a day, her memory would rush back to the old days, the candle-lit table and the food perfuming the air.

How careless they had been of food then, what prodigal waste! Rolls, corn muffins, biscuits and waffles, dripping butter all over the meal. Ham at the end of the table and fried chicken at the other, collards swimming richly in hot pot liquor iridescent with grease, snap beans in mountains on brightly flowered porcelain, fried squash, stewed okra, carrots in cream sauce thick enough to cut. And three desserts, so everyone might have his choice, chocolate layer cake, vanilla blanc mange and pound cake topped with whipped cream. The memory of those savory meals had the power to bring tears to her eyes as death and war failed to do, and the power to turn her ever gnawing stomach from rumbling emptiness to nausea. For the appetite Mammy had always deplored, the healthy appetite of a nineteen-year-old girl, now was increased fourfold by the hard and unremitting labour she had never known before.

Hers was not the only troublesome appetite at Tara, for wherever she turned hungry faces black and white, met her eyes. Soon Carreen and Suellen would have the insatiable hunger of typhoid convalescents. Already little Wade whined monotonously: "Wade doan like yams. Wade hungry."

The others grumbled, too.

M. Mitchell. Avon Books, 1973, p. 423–424

7. Lust for Life

She was alone at the age of thirty-eight. Mistress of the grandiose Iliou Melathron, which she would have to manage herself. Andromache was nineteen, interested in a student at the university. It was probable that she would marry soon and leave. Agamemnon was only twelve. He would be a solace to her.

She knew the content of the will Henry had drawn on January 10, 1889. He had provided generously for his Russian family; there were gifts for the sisters, to Virchow and Dorpfeld. Andromache and Agamemnon were left valuable real estate. Despite the fact that he had obliged her father to accompany him to a notary public in Athens, where Georgios Engastromenos had had to sign a paper to the effect that his seventeen-year-old daughter would have no hold on his estate, Henry had left her Iliou Melanthron and all of its contents, a building in Berlin and a considerable other assets including the ownership of the new German Archaeological Institute building. She would be comfortable. She could maintain Iliou Melanthron in the fashion Henry wanted, follow his instructions to receive everyone who came to his Palace of Troy, to offer them hospitality and show them their Trojan collection in the two museum rooms. When she was tired there was always the house in Kiphissia to which she could escape.

She rose from the desk, left the library and went downstairs. She walked slowly through the ballroom, stood beneath Henry's portrait in the frieze above, was surrounded by the quotations he had selected from the Greek classics he adored, heard the voice reading the passages to her over the years. Memories flooded over her like the wave of the Aegean Sea. Theokletos Vimpos had made a good marriage for her, guided her through its stormy episodes.

She would never love again; never marry again/ she would remain in Athens as Kyria Sophia Schliemann, provide Dorpfeld with funds to continue the digging at Troy, defend the character and life work of her husband against the Captain Boettichers of Germany, the Stillmans and Penroses of England and all the others who would attempt to belittle him. She was young, she was well, she would live a great many years. The fact of a long widowhood had been implicit from the beginning. She had no quarrel with her fate.

She walked up the stairs to her boudoir, sank to her knees before the Virgin Mary, prayed for the soul of Henry Schliemann, that his memory might be eternal.

8. 1984

He pushed the picture out of his mind. It was a false memory. He was troubled by false memories occasionally. They did not matter so long as one knew them for what they were. Some things had happened, others had not happened. He turned back to the chessboard and picked up the white knight again. Almost in the same instant dropped onto the board with a clatter. He had started as though a pin had run into him.

A shrill trumpet call had pierced the air. It was the bulletin! Victory! It always meant victory when a trumpet call preceded the news. A sort of electric thrill ran through the café. Even the waiters had started and pricked up the ears.

The trumpet call had let loose an enormous volume of noise. Already an excited voice was gabbling from the telescreen, but even as it started it was almost drowned by a roar of cheering outside. The news had run round the streets like magic. He could hear just enough of what was issuing from the telescreen to realize that it had all happened as he had foreseen: a vast seaborne armada secretly assembled, a sudden blow in the enemy's rear, the white arrow tearing across the tail of the black. Fragments of triumphant phrases pushed themselves through the din: "Vast strategic maneuver – perfect coordination – utter rout – half a million prisoners – complete demoralization – control of the whole of Africa – bring the war within measurable distance of its end – victory – greatest victory in human history – victory, victory, victory!"

Under the table Winston's feet made convulsive movements. He had not stirred from his seat, but in his mind he was running, swiftly running, he was with the crowds outside, cheering himself deaf. He looked up again at the portrait of Big Brother. The colossus that bestrode the world! The rock against which the hordes of Asia dashed themselves in vain! He thought how ten minutes ago – yes, only ten minutes – there had still been equivocation in his heart as he wondered whether the news from the front would be victory or defeat. Ah, it was more than a Eurasian army that had perished! Much had changed in him since the first day in the Ministry of Love, but the final, indispensable, healing change had never happened, until this moment.

The voice from the telescreen was still pouring forth its tale of prisoners and booty and slaughter, but the shouting outside had died a little. The waiters were turning back to their work. One of them approached with the gin bottle. Winston, sitting in a blissful dream, paid no attention as his glass was filled up. He was not running or cheering any longer. He was back in the Ministry of Love, with

everything forgiven, his soul was as white as snow. He was in the public dock, confessing everything, implicating everybody. He was walking down the white-tiled corridor with the feeling of walking in sunlight, and an armed guard at his back. The long-hoped-for bullet was entering his brain.

He gazed up at the enormous face. Forty years it had taken him to learn what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark mustache. O cruel, needless misunderstanding! O stubborn, self-willed exile from the loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the side of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

G. Orwell. Signet classic, New American Library, 1983, p. 443–445

9. Kite Runner

I stepped outside. Stood in a silver tarnish of a half-moon and glanced up to a sky riddled with stars. Crickets chirped in the shuttered darkness and a wind wafted through the trees. The ground was cool under my bare feet and suddenly, for the first time since we had crossed the border, I felt like I was back. After all these years, I was home again, standing on the soil on which my great-grandfather had married his third wife a year before dying in the cholera epidemic that hit Kabul in 1915. She'd borne him his first two wives had failed to, a son at last. It was on this soil that my grandfather had gone on a hunting trip with King Nadir Shah and shot a deer. My mother had died on this soil. And on this soil, I had fought for my father's love.

I sat against one of the house's clay walls. The kinship I felt suddenly for the old land... it surprised me. I had been gone long enough to forget and be forgotten. I had a home in a land that might as well be in another galaxy to the people sleeping on the other side of the wall I leaned against. I thought I had forgotten about this land. But I hadn't and, under the bony glow of a half-moon, I sensed Afghanistan humming under my feet. Maybe Afghanistan hadn't forgotten me either. I looked westward and marveled that, somewhere over those mountains Kabul still existed. It really existed, not just as an old memory, or as the heading of an AP story on page 15 of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Somewhere over those mountains in the west slept the city where my harelipped brother and I had run

kites. Somewhere over there, the blindfolded man from my dream had died a needless death. Once, over those mountains, I had made a choice. And now, a quarter of a century later, that choice had landed me right back on this soil.

I was about to go back inside when I heard voices coming from the house. I recognizes one as Wahid's.

“ – nothing left for the children.”

“We're hungry but we are not savages! He is a guest! What was I supposed to do?” he said in a strained voice.

“ – to find something tomorrow.” She sounded near tears. “What do I feed – “

I tiptoed away. I understood now why the boys hadn't shown any interest in the watch at all. They had been staring at my food.

K. Hosseini. Riverhead Books, 2004, p. 240–241

10. Inferno

The Eighth Wonder of the World, some had called this space, and standing in it now, Langton was not about to argue with that statement.

As the group stepped across the threshold into the colossal sanctuary, Langton was reminded that Hagia Sophia required only an instant to impress upon its visitors the sheer magnitude of its proportions.

So vast was this room that it seemed to dwarf even the great cathedrals of Europe. The staggering force of its enormity was, Langton knew, partly an illusion, a dramatic side effect of its Byzantine floor plan, with a centralized *naos* that concentrated all of its interior space in a single square room rather than extending it along the four arms of a cruciform, as was the style adopted in later cathedrals

This building is seven hundred years older than Notre-Dame, Langton thought.

After taking a moment to absorb the breath of the room's dimensions, Langton let his eyes climb skyward, more than a hundred and fifty feet overhead, to the sprawling, golden dome that crowned the room. From its central point, forty ribs radiated outward like rays of the sun, extending to a circular arcade of forty arched windows. During daylight hours, the light that streamed through these windows reflected – and re-reflected – off glass shards embedded in the golden tile work, creating the "mystical light" for which Hagia Sophia was most famous.

Langton had seen the gilded ambience of this room captured accurately in painting only once. *John Singer Sargent*. Not surprisingly, in creating his famous painting of Hagia Sophia, the American artist had limited his palette only to multiply shades of single color.

Gold.

The glistening golden cupola was often called “the dome of heaven itself” and was supported by four tremendous arches, which in turn were sustained by a series of semidomes and tympana. These supports were then carried by yet another descending tier of smaller semidomes and arcades, creating the effect of a cascade of architectural forms working their way from heaven towards earth.

Moving from heaven to earth, albeit by a more direct root, long cables descended straight down from the dome and supported a sea of gleaming chandeliers, which seemed to hang so low to the floor that tall visitors risked colliding with them. In reality, it was another illusion created by the sheer magnitude of the space, for the fixtures hung more than twelve feet of the floor.

As with all great shrines, Hagia Sophia’s prodigious size served two purposes. First, it was proof to God of the great lengths to which Man would go to pay tribute to Him. And second, it served as a kind of shock treatment for worshippers – a physical space so imposing that those who entered felt dwarfed, their egos erased, their physical being and cosmic importance shrinking to the size of a mere speck in the face of God... an atom in the hands of the Creator.

D. Brown. Riverhead Books, 2004, p. 393–394

Учебное издание

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ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИЯ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

Сетевое электронное учебное издание для самостоятельной работы
студентов 4 курса факультета английского языка
(специализация «Зарубежная литература»)

Ответственный за выпуск Т. В. Кононенко

Ст. корректор С. О. Иванова