

Національний університет «Острозька академія»

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THE WORLD OF SHORT STORIES

**Навчальний посібник із англійської мови
для студентів 3–4 курсів спеціальності 035.01
«Українська мова та література»**

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Навчальний посібник “The world of short stories” з англійської мови для студентів 3 – 4 курсів спеціальності “Філологія” призначений для студентів III–IV курсів, які вивчають англійську мову як другу іноземну; студентам, які мають намір чітко висловлюватися про широке коло питань що стосуються сфери інтересів, філологічних зокрема. Навчально-методичний посібник базується на сучасній тенденції спеціалізованого навчання англійської мови як іноземної.

Метою видання навчального посібника з англійської мови “The world of short stories” для студентів 3 – 4 курсів спеціальності «Філологія» є формувати у студентів мовну, мовленнєву та комунікативну компетенції, необхідні для впевненого та ефективного спілкування у академічному та діловому середовищі, та використовувати функціональний підход до вивчення англійської мови як іноземної.

Англійська мова – це мова міжнародного спілкування, володіння якою покращує кар’єрні перспективи у будь-яких сферах. Навчальний посібник для спеціальності 035 Філологія спрямований на формування у студентів загальних та професійно орієнтованих комунікативних мовленнєвих компетенцій для забезпечення їхнього ефективного спілкування в повсякденному, академічному та професійному середовищі. Передбачає розвиток навичок читання, говоріння та письма до наміченого рівня (C1 за шкалою Ради Європи). Посібник містить завдання на читання адаптованих та неадаптованих текстів, підкріплених низкою вправ, спрямованих на засвоєння нових та закріплення вже вивчених лексичних одиниць, практикування у використанні граматичних структур, відповідних наміченому рівню, дискусії у межах запропонованих тем, що реалізовуватимуться засобами індивідуальної, парної та групової роботи, рольових ігор, ситуацій, максимально наближених до реального життя. За результатами навчання слухачі курсу здобудуть такі вміння і навички як брати участь у діалозі з достатнім ступенем невимушеності й спонтанності, так щоб відбулася природна інтеракція з носіями мови; брати

участь у дискусії у знайомих контекстах, викладаючи й захищаючи свою точку зору (свої погляди); виконувати широку низку мовленнєвих функцій і реагувати на них, гнучко користуючись загальнозживаними фразами.

Ступінь складності граматичних вправ відповідає вимогам Міністерства освіти України до вивчення іноземних мов у вищих навчальних закладах, програмі навчання англійської мови як другої іноземної для студентів навчально-наукового інституту соціально-гуманітарного менеджменту Національного університету «Острозька академія».

SECTION ONE: AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

THE STORY OF AN HOUR

by Kate Chopin

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all a quiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was

crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will — as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him — sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door — you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease — of the joy that kills.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the main topic of the Story of an hour?
2. Do you consider the Story of an hour to be controversial?
3. What is ironic about the ending of The Story of an Hour?
4. What killed Louise in The Story of an Hour?
5. What is the main topic of The Story of an Hour?
6. What lesson do we learn from the Story of an hour?
7. Why is it called The Story of an Hour?
8. Which irony is most strongly represented in The Story of an Hour?
9. What is the most significant symbol in The Story of an Hour?
10. Who is the most important character in The Story of an Hour?
11. What does the house in The Story of an Hour symbolize?
12. What causes Mrs. Mallard's death?
13. What is the significance of Mrs. Mallard's heart trouble?
14. What are the major conflict in The Story of an Hour?
15. Was Mrs. Mallard abused in The Story of an Hour?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- veiled hints _____
- revealed _____
- concealing _____
- intelligence _____
- significance _____
- roomy armchair _____
- physical exhaustion _____
- peddler _____
- countless sparrows _____
- motionless _____
- fellow-creature _____
- unwittingly _____
- piercing cry _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

It was he who had been in the newspaper office when _____ of the railroad disaster was received.

She wept at once, with sudden, wild _____, in her sister's arms.

There stood, facing the open window, a _____, roomy armchair.

In the street below a _____ was crying his wares.

It was not a _____ of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

When she _____ herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips.

But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long _____ of years to come that would belong to her absolutely.

It was only yesterday she had thought with a _____ that life might be long.

She clasped her sister's waist, and together they _____ the stairs.

He had been far from the scene of the _____, and did not even know there had been one.



THE SKYLIGHT ROOM

by *O. Henry*

First Mrs. Parker would show you the double parlours. You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confession that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker's manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents, who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs. Parker's parlours.

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second-floor-back at \$8. Convinced by her second-floor manner that it was worth the \$12 that Mr. Toosenberry always paid for it until he left to take charge of his brother's orange plantation in Florida near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters that had the double front room with private bath, you managed to babble that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker's scorn, you were taken to look at Mr. Skidder's large hall room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder's room was not vacant. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long. But every room-hunter was made to visit his room to admire the lambrequins. After each visit, Mr. Skidder, from the fright caused by possible eviction, would pay something on his rent.

Then — oh, then — if you still stood on one foot, with your hot hand clutching the three moist dollars in your pocket, and hoarsely proclaimed your hideous and culpable poverty, nevermore would Mrs. Parker be cicerone of yours. She would honk loudly the word "Clara" she would show you her back, and march downstairs. Then Clara, the coloured maid, would escort you up the carpeted ladder that served for the fourth flight, and show you the Skylight Room.

It occupied 7x8 feet of floor space at the middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark lumber closet or storeroom.

In it was an iron cot, a washstand and a chair. A shelf was the dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a coffin. Your hand crept to your throat, you gasped, you looked up as from a well — and breathed once more. Through the glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

“Two dollars, suh,” Clara would say in her half-contemptuous, half-Tuskegeenial tones.

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made to be lugged around by a much larger lady. She was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that had kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: “Goodness me ! Why didn’t you keep up with us?”

Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlours. “In this closet,” she said, “one could keep a skeleton or anaesthetic or coal “

“But I am neither a doctor nor a dentist,” said Miss Leeson, with a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, sneering, icy stare that she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or dentists, and led the way to the second floor back.

“Eight dollars?” said Miss Leeson. “Dear me! I’m not Hetty if I do look green. I’m just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower.”

Mr. Skidder jumped and strewed the floor with cigarette stubs at the rap on his door.

“Excuse me, Mr. Skidder,” said Mrs. Parker, with her demon’s smile at his pale looks. “I didn’t know you were in. I asked the lady to have a look at your lambrequins.”

“They’re too lovely for anything,” said Miss Leeson, smiling in exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Skidder got very busy erasing the tall, black-haired heroine from his latest (unproduced) play and inserting a small, roguish one with heavy, bright hair and vivacious features.

“Anna Held’ll jump at it,” said Mr. Skidder to himself, putting his feet up against the lambrequins and disappearing in a cloud of smoke like an aerial cuttlefish.

Presently the tocsin call of “Clara!” sounded to the world the state of Miss Leeson’s purse. A dark goblin seized her, mounted a Stygian stairway, thrust her into a vault with a glimmer of light in its top and muttered the menacing and cabalistic words “Two dollars!”

“I’ll take it!” sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had no work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers. Miss Leeson was not intended for a sky-light room when the plans were drawn for her creation. She was gay-hearted and full of tender, whimsical fancies. Once she let Mr. Skidder read to her three acts of his great (unpublished) comedy, “It’s No Kid; or, The Heir of the Subway.”

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But Miss Longnecker, the tall blonde who taught in a public school and said, “Well, really!” to everything you said, sat on the top step and sniffed. And Miss Dorn, who shot at the moving ducks at Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the bottom step and sniffed. Miss Leeson sat on the middle step and the men would quickly group around her.

Especially Mr. Skidder, who had cast her in his mind for the star part in a private, romantic (unspoken) drama in real life. And especially Mr. Hoover, who was forty-five, fat, flush and foolish. And especially very young Mr. Evans, who set up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her “the funniest and jolliest ever,” but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable.

* * * * *

I pray you let the drama halt while Chorus stalks to the footlights and drops an epicedian tear upon the fatness of Mr. Hoover. Tune the pipes to the tragedy of tallow, the bane of bulk, the calamity of corpulence. Tried out, Falstaff might have rendered more romance to the ton than would have Romeo's rickety ribs to the ounce. A lover may sigh, but he must not puff. To the train of Momus are the fat men remanded. In vain beats the faithfulest heart above a 52-inch belt. Avaunt, Hoover! Hoover, forty-five, flush and foolish, might carry off Helen herself; Hoover, forty-five, flush, foolish and fat is meat for perdition. There was never a chance for you, Hoover.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening, Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gay laugh:

"Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here, too."

All looked up — some at the windows of skyscrapers, some casting about for an airship, Jackson-guided.

"It's that star," explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny finger. "Not the big one that twinkles — the steady blue one near it. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Leeson."

"Oh, yes," said the small star gazer, "I know as much as any of them about the style of sleeves they're going to wear next fall in Mars."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "The star you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second magnitude, and its meridian passage is —"

"Oh," said the very young Mr. Evans, "I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it."

"Same here," said Mr. Hoover, loudly breathing defiance to Miss Longnecker. "I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker.

"I wonder whether it's a shooting star," remarked Miss Dorn. "I hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney Sunday."

"He doesn't show up very well from down here," said Miss Leeson. "You ought to see him from my room. You know you can

see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with.”

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no formidable papers home to copy. And when she went out in the morning, instead of working, she went from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker’s stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. But she had had no dinner.

As she stepped into the hall Mr. Hoover met her and seized his chance. He asked her to marry him, and his fatness hovered above her like an avalanche. She dodged, and caught the balustrade. He tried for her hand, and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing. She passed Mr. Skidder’s door as he was red-inking a stage direction for Myrtle Delorme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted) comedy, to “pirouette across stage from L to the side of the Count.” Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened the door of the skylight room.

She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress. She fell upon the iron cot, her fragile body scarcely hollowing the worn springs. And in that Erebus of the skylight room, she slowly raised her heavy eyelids, and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and constant through the skylight. There was no world about her. She was sunk in a pit of blackness, with but that small square of pallid light framing the star that she had so whimsically and oh, so ineffectually named. Miss Longnecker must be right; it was Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she could not let it be Gamma.

As she lay on her back she tried twice to raise her arm. The third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out of the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

“Good-bye, Billy,” she murmured faintly. “You’re millions of miles away and you won’t even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn’t anything else but darkness to look at, didn’t you? ... Millions of miles. ... Good-bye, Billy Jackson.”

Clara, the coloured maid, found the door locked at 10 the next day, and they forced it open. Vinegar, and the slapping of wrists and burnt feathers proving of no avail, some one ran to ‘phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging, and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, with his smooth face half debonair, half grim, danced up the steps.

“Ambulance call to 49,” he said briefly. “What’s the trouble?”

“Oh, yes, doctor,” sniffed Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater. “I can’t think what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would bring her to. It’s a young woman, a Miss Elsie — yes, a Miss Elsie Leeson. Never before in my house”

“What room?” cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs. Parker was a stranger.

“The skylight room. It ...”

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of skylight rooms. He was gone up the stairs, four at a time. Mrs. Parker followed slowly, as her dignity demanded.

On the first landing she met him coming back bearing the astronomer in his arms. He stopped and let loose the practised scalpel of his tongue, not loudly. Gradually Mrs. Parker crumpled as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail. Ever afterward there remained crumples in her mind and body. Sometimes her curious roomers would ask her what the doctor said to her.

“Let that be,” she would answer. “If I can get forgiveness for having heard it I will be satisfied.”

The ambulance physician strode with his burden through the pack of hounds that follow the curiosity chase, and even they fell

back along the sidewalk abashed, for his face was that of one who bears his own dead.

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared for it in the ambulance the form that he carried, and all that he said was: "Drive like h**l, Wilson," to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning's paper I saw a little news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to weld the incidents together.

It recounted the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young woman who had been removed from No. 49 East street, suffering from debility induced by starvation. It concluded with these words:

"Dr. William Jackson, the ambulance physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover."

QUESTIONS

1. What is the main theme of skylight room?
2. What is the setting of skylight room?
3. What is the plot of the skylight room?
4. What is the central idea of the furnished room?
5. What is the irony in the furnished room?
6. How can Miss Elsie Leeson can be described in this short story?
7. How can you describe Mrs. Parker's personality?
8. In the "Skylight room" what does Billy Jackson symbolize?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

— parlours _____

— to stammer _____

— admission _____

— babble _____

— room-hunter _____

- lambrequins _____
- hot hand clutching _____
- anaesthetic _____
- glimmer of light _____
- squeaky _____
- whimsical fancies _____
- fragile body _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

You would not dare to interrupt her description of their _____ and of the merits of the gentleman who had _____ them for eight years.

He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long. But every room-hunter was made to visit his room to admire the _____.

A shelf was the dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a _____.

She carried a _____ made to be lugged around by a much larger lady.

Mr. Skidder jumped and _____ the floor with cigarette stubs at the rap on his door.

At night she brought home papers with _____ on them and made copies with her typewriter.

The men voted her “the funniest and jolliest ever,” but the _____ on the top step and the lower step were implacable.

A lover may sigh, but he must not puff. To the train of Momus are the fat men _____.

He tried for her hand, and she raised it and smote him _____ in the face.

Miss Longnecker must be right; it was Gamma, of the _____ Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson.



THE CACTUS

by O. Henry

The most notable thing about Time is that it is so purely relative. A large amount of reminiscence is, by common consent, conceded to the drowning man; and it is not past belief that one may review an entire courtship while removing one's gloves.

That is what Trysdale was doing, standing by a table in his bachelor apartments. On the table stood a singular-looking green plant in a red earthen jar. The plant was one of the species of cacti, and was provided with long, tentacular leaves that perpetually swayed with the slightest breeze with a peculiar beckoning motion.

Trysdale's friend, the brother of the bride, stood at a sideboard complaining at being allowed to drink alone. Both men were in evening dress. White favors like stars upon their coats shone through the gloom of the apartment.

As he slowly unbuttoned his gloves, there passed through Trysdale's mind a swift, scarifying retrospect of the last few hours. It seemed that in his nostrils was still the scent of the flowers that had been banked in odorous masses about the church, and in his ears the lowpitched hum of a thousand well-bred voices, the rustle of crisp garments, and, most insistently recurring, the drawling words of the minister irrevocably binding her to another.

From this last hopeless point of view he still strove, as if it had become a habit of his mind, to reach some conjecture as to why and how he had lost her. Shaken rudely by the uncompromising fact, he had suddenly found himself confronted by a thing he had never before faced — his own innermost, unmitigated, arid unbedecked self. He saw all the garbs of pretence and egoism that he had worn now turn to rags of folly. He shuddered at the thought that to others, before now, the garments of his soul must have appeared sorry and threadbare. Vanity and conceit? These were the joints in his armor. And how free from either she had always been — But why —

As she had slowly moved up the aisle toward the altar he had felt an unworthy, sullen exultation that had served to support him. He had told himself that her paleness was from thoughts of another than the man to whom she was about to give herself. But even that poor consolation had been wrenched from him. For, when he saw that swift, limpid, upward look that she gave the man when he took her hand, he knew himself to be forgotten. Once that same look had been raised to him, and he had gauged its meaning. Indeed, his conceit had crumbled; its last prop was gone. Why had it ended thus? There had been no quarrel between them, nothing —

For the thousandth time he remmarshalled in his mind the events of those last few days before the tide had so suddenly turned.

She had always insisted upon placing him upon a pedestal, and he had accepted her homage with royal grandeur. It had been a very sweet incense that she had burned before him; so modest (he told himself); so childlike and worshipful, and (he would once have sworn) so sincere. She had invested him with an almost supernatural number of high attributes and excellencies and talents, and he had absorbed the oblation as a desert drinks the rain that can coax from it no promise of blossom or fruit.

As Trysdale grimly wrenched apart the seam of his last glove, the crowning instance of his fatuous and tardily mourned egoism came vividly back to him. The scene was the night when he had asked her to come up on his pedestal with him and share his greatness. He could not, now, for the pain of it, allow his mind to dwell upon the memory of her convincing beauty that night — the careless wave of her hair, the tenderness and virginal charm of her looks and words. But they had been enough, and they had brought him to speak. During their conversation she had said:

“And Captain Carruthers tells me that you speak the Spanish language like a native. Why have you hidden this accomplishment from me? Is there anything you do not know?”

Now, Carruthers was an idiot. No doubt he (Trysdale) had been guilty (he sometimes did such things) of airing at the club some old, canting Castilian proverb dug from the hotchpotch at the back of

dictionaries. Carruthers, who was one of his incontinent admirers, was the very man to have magnified this exhibition of doubtful erudition.

But, alas! the incense of her admiration had been so sweet and flattering. He allowed the imputation to pass without denial. Without protest, he allowed her to twine about his brow this spurious bay of Spanish scholarship. He let it grace his conquering head, and, among its soft convolutions, he did not feel the prick of the thorn that was to pierce him later.

How glad, how shy, how tremulous she was! How she fluttered like a snared bird when he laid his mightiness at her feet! He could have sworn, and he could swear now, that unmistakable consent was in her eyes, but, coyly, she would give him no direct answer. "I will send you my answer to-morrow," she said; and he, the indulgent, confident victor, smilingly granted the delay. The next day he waited, impatient, in his rooms for the word. At noon her groom came to the door and left the strange cactus in the red earthen jar. There was no note, no message, merely a tag upon the plant bearing a barbarous foreign or botanical name. He waited until night, but her answer did not come. His large pride and hurt vanity kept him from seeking her. Two evenings later they met at a dinner. Their greetings were conventional, but she looked at him, breathless, wondering, eager. He was courteous, adamant, waiting her explanation. With womanly swiftness she took her cue from his manner, and turned to snow and ice. Thus, and wider from this on, they had drifted apart. Where was his fault? Who had been to blame? Humbled now, he sought the answer amid the ruins of his self-conceit. If —

The voice of the other man in the room, querulously intruding upon his thoughts, aroused him.

"I say, Trysdale, what the deuce is the matter with you? You look unhappy as if you yourself had been married instead of having acted merely as an accomplice. Look at me, another accessory, come two thousand miles on a garlicky, cockroachy banana steamer all the way from South America to connive at the sacrifice — please to

observe how lightly my guilt rests upon my shoulders. Only little sister I had, too, and now she's gone. Come now! take something to ease your conscience."

"I don't drink just now, thanks," said Trysdale.

"Your brandy," resumed the other, coming over and joining him, "is abominable. Run down to see me some time at Punta Redonda, and try some of our stuff that old Garcia smuggles in. It's worth the trip. Hallo! here's an old acquaintance. Wherever did you rake up this cactus, Trysdale?"

"A present," said Trysdale, "from a friend. Know the species?"

"Very well. It's a tropical concern. See hundreds of 'em around Punta every day. Here's the name on this tag tied to it. Know any Spanish, Trysdale?"

"No," said Trysdale, with the bitter wraith of a smile — "Is it Spanish?"

"Yes. The natives imagine the leaves are reaching out and beckoning to you. They call it by this name — Ventomarme. Name means in English, 'Come and take me.'"

QUESTIONS

1. What is the short story The Cactus about?
2. What lesson do you learn from the story The Cactus?
3. Why did the Red Rose insult The Cactus?
4. What made the cactus happy in the end?
5. What does hugging The Cactus mean?
6. How did Trysdale courtship with his girlfriend end?
7. What cactus symbolizes in love?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

— reminiscence _____

- courtship _____
- bachelor apartment _____
- tentacular leaves _____
- beckoning motion _____
- scarifying retrospect _____
- lowpitched hum _____
- unmitigated _____
- exultation _____
- remarshall _____
- barbarous name _____
- querulously _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

A large amount of _____ is, by common consent, conceded to the drowning man;

The plant was one of the species of cacti, and was provided with long, _____ leaves that perpetually swayed with the slightest breeze with a peculiar beckoning motion.

As he slowly unbuttoned his gloves, there passed through Trysdale's mind a swift, _____ of the last few hours.

He had told himself that her _____ was from thoughts of another than the man to whom she was about to give herself.

As Trysdale grimly wrenched apart the seam of his last glove, the _____ instance of his fatuous and tardily mourned egoism came vividly back to him.

Carruthers, who was one of his _____ admirers, was the very man to have magnified this exhibition of doubtful erudition.

There was no note, no message, merely a tag upon the plant bearing a _____ foreign or botanical name.

With womanly _____ she took her cue from his manner, and turned to snow and ice.

Run down to see me some time at Punta Redonda, and try some of our stuff that old Garcia _____ in.

The natives imagine the leaves are reaching out and _____ to you.

THE TELL-TALE HEART

by Edgar Allan Poe

TRUE!-NERVOUS — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am! but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to tell how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work!

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when

my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously — cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers — of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out: "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or grief — oh no! — it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from

my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself: "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard — to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now — have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker and louder and louder every instant.

The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even his — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart — for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night: suspicion

of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled — for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: — it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness — until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale, — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men — but the noise steadily increased. Oh, God; what could I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected — they knew! —

they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

QUESTIONS

1. What is a short summary for The Tell-Tale Heart?
2. What are the main points of The Tell-Tale Heart?
3. Who is the killer in The Tell-Tale Heart?
4. What are 2 themes of The Tell-Tale Heart?
5. What is the moral lesson of The Tell-Tale Heart?
6. Why is the ending of The Tell-Tale Heart ironic?
7. What mental illness does The Tell-Tale Heart have?
8. What is the narrator really hearing at the end of The Tell-Tale Heart?
9. What happens to the narrator in Tell-Tale Heart at the end?
10. What killed the old man in The Tell-Tale Heart?
11. What is the hook of the story The Tell-Tale Heart?
12. What are 3 quotes from The Tell-Tale Heart?
13. What does the old man’s eye symbolize Tell tale heart?
14. What are the 2 conflicts in Tell tale heart?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- haunted _____
- dissimulation _____
- cunningly _____
- courageously _____

- sagacity _____
- hearkening _____
- unperceived _____
- stealthily _____
- over-acuteness _____
- precautions _____
- scantlings _____
- heightened voice _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

It is impossible to tell how first the idea entered my brain; but once _____, it haunted me day and night.

And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke _____ to him.

For a whole hour I did not move a _____, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down.

Presently I heard a slight _____, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror.

All in vain; because Death, in _____ him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim.

It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into _____.

Yet, for some minutes longer I _____ and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder!

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise _____ I took for the _____ of the body.

My head ached, and I _____ a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted.

I paced the floor to and fro with heavy _____, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men — but the noise steadily increased.



THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

by Hans Christian Andersen

Most terribly cold it was; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening — the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn; so large were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfully fast.

One slipper was nowhere to be found; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin, and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or other should have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day; no one had given her a single farthing.

She crept along trembling with cold and hunger — a very picture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once now thought. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year's Eve; yes, of that she thought.

In a corner formed by two houses, of which one advanced more than the other, she seated herself down and cowered together. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove, with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully. The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but — the small flame went out, the stove vanished: she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and where the light fell on the wall, there the wall became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white tablecloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming famously with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl; when — the match went out and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind. She lighted another match. Now there she was sitting under the most magnificent Christmas tree: it was still larger, and more decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant's house.

Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches, and gaily-colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them when — the match went out. The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

"Someone is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and in the lustre there stood the old grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love.

“Grandmother!” cried the little one. “Oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas tree!” And she rubbed the whole bundle of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her. And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day: never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden, on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy so high, so very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety — they were with God.

But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the poor girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall — frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and stark sat the child there with her matches, of which one bundle had been burnt. “She wanted to warm herself,” people said. No one had the slightest suspicion of what beautiful things she had seen; no one even dreamed of the splendor in which, with her grandmother she had entered on the joys of a new year.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the moral of the story *The Little Match Girl*?
2. Is *The Little Match Girl* a sad story?
3. Is *The Little Match Girl* Based on a true story?
4. What does *The Little Match Girl* represent?
5. What is the reason for the death of *The Little Match Girl*?
6. What is the conclusion of *The Little Match Girl*?
7. Does *The Little Match Girl* have a happy ending?
8. What is the main problem in *The Little Match Girl*?
9. What is the irony in the story *The Little Match Girl*?

10. Why was The Little Match Girl crying?
11. What does cold symbolize in the story The Little Match Girl?
12. What does grandmother symbolize in Little match girl?
13. What were the desires of The Little Match Girl?
14. How did the ending make you feel in The Little Match Girl?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- bareheaded _____
- scuffled away _____
- bundle _____
- farthing _____
- gleaming _____
- burnished brass feet _____
- snow-whitetablecloth _____
- merchant _____
- magnificent _____
- little maiden _____
- splendor _____
- gaily-colored pictures _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, _____, and with naked feet.

So the little _____ walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold.

From all the windows the candles were _____, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year's Eve.

Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not _____.

It was a warm, _____ flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light.

SECTION ONE:
AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, _____ about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl.

The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in _____; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

You go away when the match burns out; you _____ like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose.

And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day: never _____ had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall.

No one had the slightest _____ of what beautiful things she had seen.



REGRET

by Kate Chopin

MAMZELLE AURLIE possessed a good strong figure, ruddy cheeks, hair that was changing from brown to gray, and a determined eye. She wore a man's hat about the farm, and an old blue army overcoat when it was cold, and sometimes top-boots.

Mamzelle Aurlie had never thought of marrying. She had never been in love. At the age of twenty she had received a proposal, which she had promptly declined, and at the age of fifty she had not yet lived to regret it.

So she was quite alone in the world, except for her dog Ponto, and the negroes who lived in her cabins and worked her crops, and the fowls, a few cows, a couple of mules, her gun (with which she shot chicken-hawks), and her religion.

One morning Mamzelle Aurlie stood upon her gallery, contemplating, with arms akimbo, a small band of very small children who, to all intents and purposes, might have fallen from the clouds, so unexpected and bewildering was their coming, and so unwelcome. They were the children of her nearest neighbor, Odile, who was not such a near neighbor, after all.

The young woman had appeared but five minutes before, accompanied by these four children. In her arms she carried little Lodie; she dragged Ti Nomme by an unwilling hand; while Marcline and Marclette followed with irresolute steps.

Her face was red and disfigured from tears and excitement. She had been summoned to a neighboring parish by the dangerous illness of her mother; her husband was away in Texas — it seemed to her a million miles away; and Valsin was waiting with the mule-cart to drive her to the station.

"It's no question, Mamzelle Aurlie; you jus' got to keep those youngsters fo' me tell I come back. Dieu sait, I wouldn' botha you with 'em if it was any otha way to do! Make 'em mine you, Mamzelle Aurlie; don' spare 'em. Me, there, I'm half crazy between the

chil'ren, an' Lon not home, an' maybe not even to fine po' maman alive encore!" — a harrowing possibility which drove Odile to take a final hasty and convulsive leave of her disconsolate family.

She left them crowded into the narrow strip of shade on the porch of the long, low house; the white sunlight was beating in on the white old boards; some chickens were scratching in the grass at the foot of the steps, and one had boldly mounted, and was stepping heavily, solemnly, and aimlessly across the gallery. There was a pleasant odor of pinks in the air, and the sound of negroes' laughter was coming across the flowering cotton-field.

Mamzelle Aurlie stood contemplating the children. She looked with a critical eye upon Marcline, who had been left staggering beneath the weight of the chubby Lodie. She surveyed with the same calculating air Marclette mingling her silent tears with the audible grief and rebellion of Ti Nomme. During those few contemplative moments she was collecting herself, determining upon a line of action which should be identical with a line of duty. She began by feeding them.

If Mamzelle Aurlie's responsibilities might have begun and ended there, they could easily have been dismissed; for her larder was amply provided against an emergency of this nature. But little children are not little pigs: they require and demand attentions which were wholly unexpected by Mamzelle Aurlie, and which she was ill prepared to give.

She was, indeed, very inapt in her management of Odile's children during the first few days. How could she know that Marclette always wept when spoken to in a loud and commanding tone of voice? It was a peculiarity of Marclette's. She became acquainted with Ti Nomme's passion for flowers only when he had plucked all the choicest gardenias and pinks for the apparent purpose of critically studying their botanical construction.

"'T ain't enough to tell 'im, Mamzelle Aurlie," Marcline instructed her; "you got to tie 'im in a chair. It's w'at maman all time do w'en he's bad: she tie 'im in a chair." The chair in which Mamzelle Aurlie tied Ti Nomme was roomy and comfortable, and he seized the opportunity to take a nap in it, the afternoon being warm.

At night, when she ordered them one and all to bed as she would have shooed the chickens into the hen-house, they stayed uncomprehending before her. What about the little white nightgowns that had to be taken from the pillow-slip in which they were brought over, and shaken by some strong hand till they snapped like ox-whips? What about the tub of water which had to be brought and set in the middle of the floor, in which the little tired, dusty, sun-browned feet had every one to be washed sweet and clean? And it made Marcline and Marclette laugh merrily — the idea that Mamzelle Aurlie should for a moment have believed that Ti Nomme could fall asleep without being told the story of Croque-mitaine or Loup-garou, or both; or that lodie could fall asleep at all without being rocked and sung to.

“I tell you, Aunt Ruby,” Mamzelle Aurlie informed her cook in confidence; “me, I’d rather manage a dozen plantation’ than fo’ chil’re. It’s terrassent! Bont! don’t talk to me about chil’re!”

“T ain’ ispected sich as you would know airy thing ‘bout ‘em, Mamzelle Aurlie. I see dat plainly yistiddy w’en I spy dat li’le chile playin’ wid yo’ baskit o’ keys. You don’ know dat makes chillun grow up hard-headed, to play wid keys? Des like it make ‘em teeth hard to look in a lookin’-glass. Them’s the things you got to know in the raisin’ an’ manigement o’ chillun.”

Mamzelle Aurlie certainly did not pretend or aspire to such subtle and far-reaching knowledge on the subject as Aunt Ruby possessed, who had “raised five an’ buried six” in her day. She was glad enough to learn a few little mother-tricks to serve the moment’s need.

Ti Nomme’s sticky fingers compelled her to unearth white aprons that she had not worn for years, and she had to accustom herself to his moist kisses — the expressions of an affectionate and exuberant nature. She got down her sewing-basket, which she seldom used, from the top shelf of the armoire, and placed it within the ready and easy reach which torn slips and buttonless waists demanded. It took her some days to become accustomed to the laughing, the crying, the chattering that echoed through the house and around it all day long. And it was not the first or the second

night that she could sleep comfortably with little Lodie's hot, plump body pressed close against her, and the little one's warm breath beating her cheek like the fanning of a bird's wing.

But at the end of two weeks Mamzelle Aurlie had grown quite used to these things, and she no longer complained.

It was also at the end of two weeks that Mamzelle Aurlie, one evening, looking away toward the crib where the cattle were being fed, saw Valsin's blue cart turning the bend of the road. Odile sat beside the mulatto, upright and alert. As they drew near, the young woman's beaming face indicated that her home-coming was a happy one.

But this coming, unannounced and unexpected, threw Mamzelle Aurlie into a flutter that was almost agitation. The children had to be gathered. Where was Ti Nomme? Yonder in the shed, putting an edge on his knife at the grindstone. And Marcline and Marclette? Cutting and fashioning doll-rags in the corner of the gallery. As for Lodie, she was safe enough in Mamzelle Aurlie's arms; and she had screamed with delight at sight of the familiar blue cart which was bringing her mother back to her.

THE excitement was all over, and they were gone. How still it was when they were gone! Mamzelle Aurlie stood upon the gallery, looking and listening. She could no longer see the cart; the red sunset and the blue-gray twilight had together flung a purple mist across the fields and road that hid it from her view. She could no longer hear the wheezing and creaking of its wheels. But she could still faintly hear the shrill, glad voices of the children.

She turned into the house. There was much work awaiting her, for the children had left a sad disorder behind them; but she did not at once set about the task of righting it. Mamzelle Aurlie seated herself beside the table. She gave one slow glance through the room, into which the evening shadows were creeping and deepening around her solitary figure. She let her head fall down upon her bended arm, and began to cry. Oh, but she cried! Not softly, as women often do. She cried like a man, with sobs that seemed to tear her very soul. She did not notice Ponto licking her hand.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the story regret by Kate Chopin about?
2. What is the main theme of regret by Kate Chopin?
3. What is the moral lesson of regret by Kate Chopin?
4. What is the true meaning of regret?
5. What is the conflict in regret by Kate Chopin?
6. What kind of character would be one that is conflicted or changes throughout the story?
7. What did the characters learn in Regret?
8. When was Regret by Kate Chopin written?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- contemplating _____
- bewildering _____
- irresolute steps _____
- neighboring parish _____
- disconsolate family _____
- mingling _____
- audible grief _____
- sun-browned feet _____
- terrassent _____
- exuberant nature _____
- beaming face _____
- blue-gray twilight _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

At the age of twenty she had received a proposal, which she had promptly declined, and at the age of fifty she had not yet lived to _____ it.

One morning Mamzelle Aurlie stood upon her gallery, contemplating, with arms _____, a small band of very small children

who, to all intents and purposes.

She had been summoned to a _____ by the dangerous illness of her mother; her husband was away in Texas.

Dieu sait, I wouldn' _____ you with 'em if it was any otha way to do!

There was a pleasant odor of pinks in the air, and the sound of negroes' laughter was coming across the flowering _____.

During those few _____ moments she was collecting herself, determining upon a line of action which should be identical with a line of duty.

She became acquainted with Ti Nomme's passion for flowers only when he had _____ all the choicest gardenias and pinks.

You don' know dat makes chillun grow up _____, to play wid keys?

As for Lodie, she was safe enough in Mamzelle Aurlie's arms; and she had screamed with _____ at sight of the familiar blue cart which was bringing her mother back to her.

There was much work awaiting her, for the children had left a sad disorder behind them; but she did not at once set about the task of _____ it.



THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

by O. Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months,

with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 Bat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she cluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One Eight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

“Will you buy my hair?” asked Della.

“I buy hair,” said Madame. “Take yer hat off and let’s have a sight at the looks of it.”

Down rippled the brown cascade.

“Twenty dollars,” said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

“Give it to me quick” said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim’s present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim’s. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 78 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn’t kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he’ll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o’clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don’t make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don’t think there’s anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you’ll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jewelled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ‘em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

QUESTIONS

1. Is “Gift of the Magi” a story within a story?
2. How would the story be different if it was told from Jim’s perspective rather than Della’s?
3. Do Della and Jim feel real or do they feel like creations of the narrator to illustrate his point about giving?
4. What does Della’s hair symbolize?
5. Why is the story called the “Gift of the Magi”?
6. What does Jim’s watch symbolize?
7. Is Della and Jim’s love believable? Why or why not?
8. Put aside all of the “magi” stuff at the end. Do you think the story’s ending is a happy one?
9. Is it possible to read a story in a way contrary to the way the narrator seems to understand it? How would that be?
10. What is the irony of the gifts that Jim and Della exchanged?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- parsimony _____
- predominating _____
- appertaining _____
- longitudinal strips _____
- airshaft _____
- pluck _____
- ransacking _____
- meretricious _____
- prudence _____
- tremendous _____
- sweetness _____
- discreet scrutiny _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

While the _____ of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home.

She stood by the _____ and looked out _____ at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard.

A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of _____ strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a _____ pride.

It reached below her knee and made itself almost a _____ for her.

With a _____ of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she _____ out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly _____ about the time in any company.

She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the _____ made by generosity added to love.

SECTION ONE:
AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

She had a habit of saying little silent _____ about the simplest everyday things, and now she _____: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark _____ will be illuminated later on.



SECTION TWO: UKRAINIAN SHORT STORIES

THE STONE CROSS

by Vasyl Stefanyk

Ever since Ivan Didukh was remembered in the village as a farmer, he had only one horse and a small wagon with an oak shaft. The horse he hitched on the nigh side, and himself on the right. On the horse he put a breast collar and neckstrap of leather, and on himself a breast collar of rope. He had no need of a neckstrap, because with his left hand he could bring the horse to a halt perhaps much better than with a neck-strap.

Whenever the team hauled sheaves from the field or manure the way back the veins on both Ivan and the horse bulged prominently. When they went uphill, the traces of both resisted the effort like taut strings, and when the wagon rolled downhill, the traces dragged over the ground just as slackly for one as for another. As the horse plodded up the hill as if it were treading across ice, a vein on Ivan's forehead swelled so enormously it seemed someone had hit him over the head with a stick. From above, it looked as if Ivan had strung the horse by the neckstrap for some great offense, while Ivan's left hand was engirded by a net of blue veins resembling a chain of blue steel. Often in the morning, still before sunrise, Ivan drove to his field down the dusty road. He did not wear a breast collar, and walked on the right side, holding the wagon shaft under his arm, as it were. Both the horse and Ivan bore themselves firmly because they had

rested during the night. Whenever they went downhill, they broke into a trot, leaving in their wake the tracks of wheels, hooves, and Ivan's immensely broad heels. The grass and weeds along the roadside swayed in all directions behind the wagon, spraying these tracks with dew. At times, when the wagon attained its highest speed just in the middle of the gradient, Ivan would begin to limp and rein up the horse. Then he would sit down on the roadside, take his bare foot into his hands, and wet it with saliva to find the place where the thistle had penetrated his foot.

"That foot should be scrubbed with a hoe and not washed with saliva," Ivan would say irately.

"Gramp Ivan, since that plow horse eats your oats, why don't you use the whip to make it run?"

The remark came from someone in the neighboring field making fun of Ivan on seeing him suffering the ills of his flesh. But Ivan had long since become used to such wags, and quietly continued removing the thistle. If he failed, he would drive the thistle deeper into the foot with his fist, and say on rising:

"Oh, go to hell; you'll rot and fall out anyway. I have no time to fuss with you."

The villagers called him Doubledup Ivan. His loins were maimed, because he always walked stooped, as if two iron hooks were pulling his trunk to the ground. It was a draft that had caused this physical defect. Back home from the army, he found both his parents dead and only a ramshackle hut to live in. The sole fortune his father had left him was a plot on a hump, the highest and worst piece of land in the entire village. On that hump women had once dug for sand, which now yawned into the sky in the form of gullies and caves like a horrible giant. No one ever plowed or sowed this plot which was not marked off by any boundaries. It was only Ivan who took to cultivating the parcel of land. He brought the manure by wagon to the foothill from where he carried it up the hill in a sack. From time to time, his rough voice would carry from the hump onto the sown fields below:

"Oh my, you're so heavy I'll buck you off so hard you'll burst in every single thread."

But, of course, he never threw it on the ground, regretting to see the sack go to waste, and so lowered it slowly from his shoulders. One evening he told his wife and children of his day's experience:

"The sun was burning, actually not burning but spitting fire, as I was lambering up the hill with the manure. The going was so rough it almost peeled the skin off my knees. Sweat dripped from every single hair of mine, and my mouth felt so salty it was almost bitter. I barely managed to make it to the top. Up there, a breeze blew at me, but it was a faint breeze really! Imagine, just a minute later I felt as if knives were slashing my loins — I thought it would be the end of me!" Thereafter, Ivan walked around stooped, and people nicknamed him Doubledup Ivan. Although the hill had broken him, it rewarded him with good harvests. Lest the autumn and spring rains wash the manure away into the gullies, Ivan lugged solid chunks of turf up the hump and placed them around the poles and stakes he had driven into his plot. He spent his entire life on that hump. The older he became, the harder it was for him to descend the hill.

"That darn hump keeps pushing me down head over heels!" he used to grumble.

More than once, when the setting sun found Ivan on the hilltop, it cast his shadow, along with the hump, far over the sown fields below, where it hovered like a giant bent in the middle. At such times, Ivan pointed at his shadow and said to the hill:

"See, how you bent into a bow that poor wretch Ivan! But as long as my feet carry me, you've got to yield bread..." His sons and wife cultivated the other fields, which Ivan bought for the money he earned in the army. But most of the time he busied himself around that hump. In the village, Ivan was also known for attending church only once a year, at Easter, and for training his chickens. He trained them so well that none of them dared to show up in the yard to scratch in the manure. If one appened to scratch it once, it met its death from a shovel or a stick. No matter how much Ivan's wife would come down on her marrow bones to; make him spare the chicken, it was all in vain. Also, Ivan never ate at the table, always preferring to take his meals at a bench.

"I was a farm hand, then I served ten years in the army, so I didn't know what a table is. Guess my insides don't take in the food so well at the table." That's what Ivan was like, an odd character both in nature and in work.

Ivan's guests had filled his entire house. He sold all he could call his own, because his sons and wife had made up their minds to go to Canada, and so the old man had to finally yield to them. Ivan invited the entire village to his home. He stood among the guests, holding his share of horilka in his right hand, and was obviously petrified, because he could not make himself utter a word.

"I thank you kindly, landholders and your wives, for treating me as a master and my wife as a mistress of this household..." Without finishing his speech or drinking to anyone, he stared impassively and shook his head as if he were saying a prayer and nodding in assent to each of its words. At times when a deep-water wave uproots a rock and washes it ashore, that stone remains lying there heavy and inert. The sun chips flakes of old silt off its surface and paints it with tiny phosphorous stars. The stone gleams with a dull luster from the rising and setting sun, ' and with its stony eyes it beholds the lively water and grieves that it no longer bears the burden of the water as it had for ages. From the shore it looks upon the water as upon some lost happiness. That's how Ivan now gazed at the people— like that stone by the water. He kept shaking his gray hair resembling a mane of forged steel threads, and concluded his speech:

"I... I thank you kindly, and may God deliver unto you whatever you ask of Him. Let God grant you health, Grandpa Mykhailo..."

He handed Mykhailo a glass of horilka, and they kissed each other's hand.

"Ivan, may God prolong your life in this world, may the merciful Lord take you successfully to your destination, and may His grace help you become a landholder again!"

"If God wills so... My friends, please do help yourselves... I thought to invite you to this table on my son's wedding, but it didn't happen that way. I guess the time's come for us to know

something our grandfathers and fathers didn't know. That's the Lord's will! So help yourselves, friends, and forgive me for the rest." He took a glass of horilka and went over to the women sitting at the other end of the table near the bed.

"Timofiy's missis, I want to drink to you. The sight of you, as they say, makes me recall my younger days. Where, oh where? Where have those years gone, when you were a hale and pretty lass? Many a night did I spend with you dancing, and you danced as smoothly as a yarn windle. Where have those years gone? Oh well, look back upon that time, and forgive me for bringing up the dancing at my age. Come on, help yourself..."

Seeing his wife weeping among the women, he produced a handkerchief from his bosom.

"Here, old lady, take this handkerchief and wipe your eyes clean so that I don't see any tears in this place. Better look after the guests; you'll have enough time yet to cry your eyes out."

He walked over to the men and shook his head:

"I'd speak my mind, but I'll keep mum out of respect for the icons and for you, sinners that you are. But anyhow, God forbid any good man to come round to a woman's reasoning. Just look how she is crying! And do you think it's because of me? Is it because of me, old lady? Is it me who's chucking you out of your home at this age? Better hold your peace and stop sobbing, or else I'll pluck out your gray braidies right now and you'll go to that America like a cropped Jewess."

"Ivan, let your wife be! She's no enemy to you or to your children. She's just sad to leave her kith and village."

"Timofiy's missis, if you don't know what's what, put your tongue to rest. So she is sad, and I'm skipping for joy to get there, ain't I?" His teeth gnashed like millstones. He shook his fist at his wife like a mallet, and then beat his chest.

"Now take an ax and hit my liver. Maybe it'll burst my gall, 'cause I can't bear it any longer. People, I'm so miserable with grief I'm at my wit's end."

QUESTIONS

1. What is the theme of the story by Vasyl Stefanyk "The Stone Cross"?
2. Where do the main events of the story take place?
3. What is the symbol of despair from partying with the native land in the novel?
4. Explain the culmination of the novel "Stgone Cross".
5. Proceed to the image of Ivan Didukh.
6. What does the stone cross that Ivan placed in his field symbolize?
7. How did the vilagers call Ivan, who was bent down by the hard work?
8. What does the surname Didukh in the novel symbolize?
9. Specify the artistic techniques used by Vasyl Stefanyk in the novel "Stone Cross".
10. What was the motive for writing the "Stone Cross"?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- prominently _____
- slackly _____
- boundaries _____
- the parcel of land _____
- spitting fire _____
- grumble _____
- poor wretch _____
- landholders _____
- mistress _____
- a dull luster _____
- gray braidies _____
- a mallet _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

He had no need of a _____, because with his left hand he could bring the horse to a halt perhaps much better than with a neck-strap.

As the horse plodded up the hill as if it were treading across ice, a vein on Ivan's forehead _____ so enormously it seemed someone had hit him over the head with a stick.

But Ivan had long since become used to such wags, and quietly continued removing the _____.

He spent his entire life on that hump. The older he became, the harder it was for him to _____ the hill.

But most of the time he _____ himself around that hump. In the village, Ivan was also known for attending church only once a year, at Easter, and for training his chickens.

He stood among the guests, holding his share of horilka in his right hand, and was obviously _____, because he could not make himself utter a word.

The sun chips flakes of old silt off its surface and paints it with tiny _____ stars.

Many a night did I spend with you dancing, and you danced as _____ as a yarn windle.

I'd speak my mind, but I'll keep mum out of respect for the icons and for you, _____ that you are.

Now take an ax and hit my liver. Maybe it'll burst my _____, 'cause I can't bear it any longer. People, I'm so miserable with grief I'm at my wit's end.



THE PIOUS WOMAN

by Vasyl Stefanyk

Semen and Semenykha had come from church and were eating dinner: dipping cooled cornmeal into sour cream. The husband ate so that his eyes were just about ready to pop, but the wife ate more delicately. Time after time she wiped herself with her sleeve, for her husband was showering her with spit. It was his way to smack his lips while he ate and send a shower of spit into people's eyes.

"Can't you close that trap a bit? Can't even eat one's bread in peace?"

Semen went on eating without closing his trap. His wife had hurt him a bit by using that word but he kept on hauling the sour cream from the bowl.

"He smacks like four swine. My God, Christ! You've got such a disgusting snout; like an old horse."

Semen remained silent. He felt a bit at fault and besides, first of all he wanted to get something under his belt. Finally he got up and crossed himself. He went outside, gave the swine some water and came back to lie down.

"Will you look at him? He's stuffed himself and now he's gonna lie there like a log. D'you think he'd show his puss someplace? No, he rots like that every holiday and Sunday."

"Why are you itching for it? I'll give you such an itch you'll be scratching for the rest of your life."

"Every Sunday I'd eat you alive."

"If only pigs had horns ... "

"He stands there in church like a near-dead ram. Other men are like men; but he's as sloppy as dishwater. My face burns on account of a man like that."

"Oh, poor me; I'll probably miss the Heavenly Kingdom for that. Work your head off all week and then stand at attention in church. You stand there for me and I'll get to hear the Lord's word without it."

“You sure listen to the Lord’s word. You don’t know one word of what the priest said in his sermon. You stand there in the middle of the church like a sleepwalker. No sooner are you there than your eyes go blank, your mouth opens as wide as a gate, and the spittle starts running out of it. And I look at you and the earth is about ready to swallow me up with shame.”

“Leave me alone, you pious female, so that I can get some shuteye. It doesn’t matter to you if you go on squawking like that, but I’m dead tired.”

“Well, don’t stand there in church like a pole. No sooner does the priest start to read than you pop your eyes like two onions. And you wag your head like a horse in the sun, and you dribble spittle threads as thin as a spider’s web; you just about snore. And my mother told me it’s the evil spirit sneaking up on a man that snags him into sleep so that he won’t hear the Lord’s word. There’s no God near you, honest to God there isn’t.”

“The hell with you, woman. Leave me alone. You’re a holy one! So you’ve joined some “archroman” sisterhood and you think you’re a saint already? Boy, will I tan your hide until it has blue lines, just like a book! So the ladies’ve formed a sisterhood? No one’s ever seen or heard anything like it: one had a kid while she was still a girl, another while she was a widow, a third had one without a husband; real respectable ladies you’ve got together. Boy, if those priests knew what kind of a crowd you are, they’d chase you out of church with a whip. Look at the pious females; all you need is a tail. They read books, they buy holy pictures; they want to get into Heaven alive.”

Semenykha, on the verge of tears, trembled with anger.

“Then you shouldn’t have taken me when I had a child. So-oo what a fate I found for myself! Even a bitch wouldn’t have gone for a bull like you. You should thank God that I ruined my life with you or you’d still be hanging around alone ‘till you died.”

“Because I was stupid and greedy for land, I took a witch into my house. Now I’d even add some of my own land to get rid of you.”

“Oh, no you won’t. You won’t get rid of me. I know, you’d like to have another wife with land, but don’t you worry, you’re not going to get rid of me that easy. I’ll live and you’ll have to put up with me and look at me and that’s that.”

“Go ahead-live ‘till there’s sun and a world to live in.”

“And I’ll keep going to the sisterhood, and you can’t do anything about it.”

“Well, we’ll see about that. You’re not going to belong to any sisterhood as long as I’m around. I’ll throw those books of yours to the wind and I’ll tie you up. No sir, you’re not gonna keep bringing me any of that wisdom from the priests ... “

“Oh, yes I will, yes I will and that’s that.”

“Lay off woman, ‘cause I’m gonna grab something and I’ll latch onto you, but good.”

“Oh, mother, did you ever marry me off to a Calvin; look at him there, he’s planning to beat me on a Sunday!”

“Well, did I begin the fight? And she still thinks she’s holy! Oh, my dear, if you’re gonna carry on like that then I’ll have to take you down a peg or two, I’ll have to close that mouth of yours a bit. Or I’ll have to leave my house because of this pious female. But whatever happens I’ll beat you.”

Semenykhа was running out of the house, but her husband caught up with her in the hallway, and he beat her. He had to beat her.

Translated by D. Struk

QUESTIONS

1. What did Semen and Semenykhа have for their dinner?
2. Why Semenykhа wanted to get her husband hurt?
3. What were Semen’s duties about the house?
4. Why was he standing in the church like a near-dead ram?
5. Do you believe that they would probably miss the Heavenly Kingdom?

6. Why had Semen forbidden his wife to join the sisterhood?
7. Who do you support more in this story: Semen or Semenykha?
8. What is the main message of the story?
9. Are there any controversial questions raised in Stefanyk's "The pious woman"?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- cooled cornmeal _____
- disgusting snout _____
- near-dead ram _____
- sloppy _____
- Heavenly Kingdom _____
- Sermon _____
- sleepwalker _____
- squawking _____
- dribble spittle _____
- sisterhood _____
- wisdom _____
- latch onto _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

Semen and Semenykha had come from church and were eating dinner: dipping cooled _____ into sour cream.

His wife had hurt him a bit by using that word but he kept on _____ the sour cream from the bowl.

Finally he got up and _____ himself. He went outside, gave the swine some water and came back to lie down.

He stands there in church like a _____ ram. Other men are like men; but he's as sloppy as dishwater.

No sooner are you there than your eyes go blank, your mouth opens as wide as a gate, and the _____ starts running out of it.

No sooner does the _____ start to read than you pop your eyes like two onions.

SECTION TWO:
UKRAINIAN SHORT STORIES

Boy, if those priests knew what kind of a crowd you are, they'd chase you out of church with a _____.

You should thank God that I ruined my life with you or you'd still be _____ around alone 'till you died.

I'll live and you'll have to _____ me and look at me and that's that.

And she still thinks she's holy! Oh, my dear, if you're gonna carry on like that then I'll have to take you down a _____ or two, I'll have to close that mouth of yours a bit.



THE NEWS

by Vasyl Stefanyk

There was news in the village that Hryts Letyuchy had drowned his little girl in the river. He had wanted to drown the elder one, too, but she talked him out of it. Ever since Hryts's wife had died, he had lived in misery. He just couldn't take care of his children without a wife. No one would marry him, for not only were there children, but there was also nothing to eat. For two years he suffered like that with his little girls. No one knew how he lived and what he did, except maybe his nearest neighbors. They said that Hryts didn't make a fire in the house almost all winter, and that, along with his little girls, he spent most of the time sitting on the stove.

And now the whole village was talking about him. When he came home one evening, the girls were on top of the stove.

"Daddy, we want to eat," said Handzunya, the elder one.

"Then eat me! What am I going to give you to eat? Here, take some bread and stuff yourselves!"

And he gave them a piece of bread, and they fell upon it like puppies on a bare bone.

"She made you and left you on my neck, may the earth spit her out! And the plague wanders somewhere, but it wouldn't come here! Even the plague would be afraid to come to this house!"

The girls didn't listen to their father's words, for this was how it was every hour of every day, and they were used to it. They ate the bread sitting on the stove, and their behavior evoked terror and pity. God knows how those little bones managed to stay together. Only the four black eyes were alive and, somehow, heavy. It seemed as if those eyes were as heavy as lead, and that the rest of the body would fly away with the wind, like feathers, if it weren't for those eyes. And, even now, as they ate the stale bread, it seemed that the bones in their faces were about to crack.

Hryts looked at them from the bench on which he was sitting, and he thought: "corpses," and then such terror came over him that

he became covered with sweat. Somehow he grew sad, as if a heavy stone had been put on his chest. The girls were chewing the bread, and he fell on the floor and prayed, but all the time he wanted to look at them and to think that they were corpses.

So, for a few days, Hryts was afraid to stay in the house, and would visit his neighbors, and they said that he was worrying all the time. He grew black, his eyes sank into his head, so that he almost didn't look at the outside world, but at the stone that weighed on his chest.

One evening Hryts came home, cooked his children some potatoes, put salt on them, and threw them on top of the stove, so that they would eat them. When they had finished, he said:

“Come down, we will go and visit somebody!”

The girls got off the stove. Hryts dressed them in their rags, took the younger one, Dotska, on his arm, and the elder one, Handzunya, by the hand, and went outside. He walked a long way through the fields and finally stopped on top of a hill. In the valley below, the river, illuminated by the moon, curved like a thick current of mercury. Hryts shuddered, for the gleaming river almost hypnotized him, and the stone on his chest became even heavier. He was panting and could hardly carry little Dotska. They were going down to the river. Hryts was grinding his teeth so loudly that the echo of it vibrated in the valley, and he felt as if a long, fiery tongue was burning his heart and his head. When he came close to the river, he couldn't stop himself from running, and he left Handzunya behind. She ran after him. Hryts quickly threw Dotska into the water as

far as he could.

He felt better, and he began to speak rapidly:

“I'll tell the police that there was no other way-nothing to eat, nothing to heat the house with, or to heat some water for washing the clothes or our heads, nothing at all. I want to be punished, for I'm a criminal, and I should be hanged!”

Handzunya stood near him and spoke just as fast as he:

“Daddy, please don't drown me, don't drown me, don't drown me!” “Well, since you ask me, I won't drown you, but you would be

better off dead, and I'll hang for one just as soon as for two. You'll starve while you are little, and then you'll go as a wet-nurse to the Jews, and you'll starve again. Well, it's up to you."

"Don't drown me, don't drown me, please!"

"No, no, I won't, but Dotska will be better off than you. So go back to the village, and I'll go and report myself. See, take this path, and go way, way up the hill, and then you'll come to the first house, and go in and say what happened, and that your father wanted to drown you, but that you asked him not to, and he let you go, and that you would like to spend the night there. And then tomorrow ask them if you could work there, taking care of little children. So go now, for it's late."

And Handzunya went.

"Handzunya, Handzunya, here is a stick for you, for if a dog jumps at you, he will bite you, and you can defend yourself with the stick."

Handzunya took the stick and went through the fields.

Hryts rolled up his trousers to cross the river, for the city lay in that direction. The water had already reached his ankles, when he suddenly stopped.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen. Our Father, who art in heaven and on earth ... "

He turned around and went toward the bridge.

Translated by G. Tamawsky

QUESTIONS

1. What is the name of the main character of the novel "News" and where does he live?
2. What is the main message and peculiarity of the Stefanyk's novel?
3. Why no one wanted to marry Hryts Letyuchy?
4. Proceed to the comparison of the starving children in the story.

5. Why Hryts let his older daughter free?
6. What did Hryts give his older daughter?
7. What detail in the image of children does the author pay special attention to?
8. What did Hryts say to his girls when he packed them?
9. There is only one description of the landscape in the novel. What purpose it is used for?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- Misery _____
- Plague _____
- Corpse _____
- Mercury _____
- gleaming river _____
- fiery tongue _____
- to be punished _____
- wet-nurse _____
- hypnotize _____
- valley _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

There was news in the village that Hryts Letyuchy had _____ his little girl in the river.

No one would marry him, for not only were there children, but there was also nothing to eat. For two years he _____ like that with his little girls.

And he gave them a piece of bread, and they fell upon it like _____ on a _____ bone.

They ate the bread sitting on the stove, and their behavior _____ terror and pity.

Hryts looked at them from the bench on which he was sitting,

and he thought: “ _____,” and then such terror came over him that he became covered with sweat.

He grew black, his eyes sank into his head, so that he almost didn't look at the outside world, but at the stone that _____ on his chest.

In the valley below, the river, _____ by the moon, _____ like a thick current of mercury.

Hryts was _____ his teeth so loudly that the echo of it vibrated in the valley, and he felt as if a long, fiery tongue was burning his heart and his head.

Well, since you ask me, I won't _____ you, but you would be better off dead, and I'll hang for one just as soon as for two.

Hryts _____ up his trousers to cross the river, for the city lay in that direction. The water had already _____ his ankles, when he suddenly stopped.



BLACK NIGHT

by Hryhoriy Kosynka

Night was coming. Through the underbrush of Shcherbachok's hazel grove stole a grey-black line of armed men. They talked in cautious undertones.

"Oh, what a jungle!"

"So, Savko, you brought that communist all the way here?" Silently, resolutely they walked on. Someone smiled venomously, cursed a hazel branch that slapped him across the face, readjusted the rifle on his shoulder and fell back into the rhythmic gait of his companions.

"You say he sits there and waits ... for Easter?" Silence.

Leaves rustled and twigs crunched under their feet. "He's a party man?"

And someone's angry voice: "You'll see. -Oh, he's a real one: his party card dates way back to 1912."

Laughter.

They came to an orchard which had spread over the hill, above the guelder rose, and beckoned a welcome with gray green leaves.

"Sh-h-h, quiet, boys. Let's give the password or we'll have the devil to pay."

A nervous voice came from among the guelder rose bushes. "Ember?"

And a rifle lightly grazed the branches. "Spark."

The bass voice rolled echoing to the guelder rose. "Well, what? Is he there?"

"Aha. He isn't saying if any of ours are in it with him?" "A snake in the grass!"

"Quiet, for God's sake."

They fell silent. The bolt rattled cautiously and the barn door creaked open.

"You're asleep, friend? Ha, ha. On the fresh hay ... "

“Take him to the house. Well, this is it. You, Kuzma, put up a guard and-you understand-no noise.”

“Yes sir. I’ll do it immediately.” “Well, let’s go in.”

The sycamore near the door bowed with its silvery leaves as they led the stranger into a strange house for a bloody wedding with death.

The tree bowed and rustled worriedly.

“Sit down, Baydenko, is that how you’re called? You’ll be our guest.

We’ll dance a cossack’s dance, comrade.” “Ha, ha, ha.”

The flame of the candle on the wood stove danced with laughter, it caught the gleam of sunburnt foreheads along the bench and lengthened human forms into giant shadows on the white walls of the room.

“The song’s old chorus comes to mind: ‘Oh, brother, where will I find you?’”

“Ha, ha, ha.”

“You’re telling us, friend, you’re from Kaniv?” “So you’re a Ukrainian, although a traitor.” “Halka, let’s have something to drink and eat.”

Startled, a woman darted across the room, rattled some spoons, bent over the stove, then asked her husband:

“The roast or the cabbage stew?” “The cabbage.”

A large bottle of moonshine, cloudy as the sap of a birch, was placed on the table. The host, Conrad Shcherbachok, a robust, tow-haired man, stood nearby and gravely cut thick slices of bread.

Each time he laid a slice on the table, his eyes met the gaze of the stranger who had spoken so well this morning at the village meeting.

“A strange man, funny like,” Shcherbachok thought to himself. “His eyes blaze, yet they don’t see anyone. Even if he’s a communist ... “

He turned his head.

“Halka, bring some pickles.”

The woman quickly wiped a plate and put on her coat, when from the chimney a voice said, “Mother, I’m scared. Oh.”

“What’s the matter with you, Mytka? I’ll be back soon. You’re silly. Father’s here.”

Baydenko, startled, looked around toward the wood stove. His eyes were friendly, but his face revealed a strange, terrible suffering. He looked intently at the boy and tears rolled down his cheeks.

“You’re worried, comrade?”

He didn’t answer but whispered to himself: “Oh, they’ve tamed the will. The soul rots, hurts. Death, Sasha, death.”

Men armed with rifles stood by the door; on the bench men in black greatcoats loaded a revolver and talked ... about a Bolshevik soldier from Tula and how he had begged before his death.

“He unbuttoned his tunic, the red blood seeped out. He had a copper cross on his chest ... Ha, ha.”

“What are you whispering, dear comrade? Maybe you think this is a nightmare, that it will pass? Oh, no, it’s not a nightmare. It’s a struggle. We, as you said at the village meeting, are the enemy.”

“And our party, comrade, is ‘The Black Night.’ -Yet, we even ask our enemies to sup, so you should know our cossack goodness-after all, you’re a Ukrainian.”

Their eyes flashed, they smirked and began climbing behind the table. They sat Baydenko at the head as the guest of honor, and they talked and joked after each toast until they were slightly drunk.

“Drink, ‘comrade,’ because a long journey lies before you.” “To Jasyniv.”

“Drink, get drunk, sing songs, because you’re going to our wedding.” And they drank and laughed.

Baydenko drank too, from a small white cup trimmed with doves around the edges, drank the cloudy moonshine like water, drank and ate, and tears rolled down his cheeks whenever he raised his head and looked at the fair-haired boy on the wood stove.

“Well, tell us,” they asked Baydenko, “do you believe in your worldwide revolution for which you are about to lay down your head?”

He grinned as if they were his life-long friends. “I believe in it.”

The sharp, determined eyes blazed under the sunburnt

foreheads; they devoured Baydenko's face and in their flickering flames he could read one, not very long but terrible word-death.

"And tell us, friend, are you a coward?" He smiled and said, "No." Then he stood up, but Shcherbachok's large hand sat him down again.

"Wait, you'll get yours in due time."

Baydenko replied, "Let me look at that fair-haired boy on the wood stove. He's so like my Sasha, a twin." They listened.

"Let him talk. It will be interesting how a drunk ... ha, ha."

And Baydenko, white as a sheet but still proud, sat under the icons and overcame his sorrow. No, he would not beg for his life. No, he would ...

"I know that today is my last day and I want-that little fair-haired boy ...

The pistol cocked and on the tablecloth the red blood mixed with the bread crumbs. And so very sharply, the song's familiar refrain came back, "Oh, brother, brother, where am I to find you?"

"You loathsome beast. Spewing out ideas. You wanted to infect the boy with your communism?"

Their eyes were red-rimmed and bleary with alcohol. The evil, cruel gleam of a wild beast dances in the pupils.

"To Jasniv, on rifle butts."

The guests left the house. Once again and even lower, the sycamore bowed with its silvery leaves as they pushed the stranger into the dark night for a bloody wedding with death.

The tree bowed and rustled worriedly.

Translated by A. Savage

QUESTIONS

1. What is the main message that the author tries to bring to the reader?
2. Provide the description of the characters of the "Black night".

3. Why were the man talking in cautious undertones?
4. What does the flame of the candle on the wooden stove symbolizes?
5. Why were the tears rolling down the Baydenko's cheeks?
6. What is your impression after reading this short story?
7. Which aspect of the "Black night" did you like the most?
8. Provide the summery of the short story by Kosynka.

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- the underbrush _____
- cautious undertones _____
- venomously _____
- rhythmic gait _____
- guelder rose _____
- rattle _____
- moonshine _____
- wood stove _____
- black greatcoats _____
- copper cross _____
- determined eyes _____
- refrain _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

Night was coming. Through the _____ of Shcherbachok's hazel grove stole a grey-black line of armed men.

Silently, resolutely they walked on. Someone smiled _____, cursed a hazel branch that slapped him across the face.

They came to an _____ which had spread over the hill, above the guelder rose, and _____ a welcome with gray green leaves.

A nervous voice came from among the _____ rose bushes.

They fell silent. The bolt _____ cautiously and the barn door creaked open.

The _____ near the door bowed with its silvery leaves as they led the stranger into a strange house for a bloody wedding with death.

The flame of the candle on the wood stove danced with laughter, it caught the _____ of sunburnt foreheads along the bench.

Startled, a woman darted across the room, _____ some spoons, bent over the stove, then asked her husband.

Each time he laid a slice on the table, his eyes met the _____ of the stranger who had spoken so well this morning at the village meeting.

His eyes were friendly, but his face _____ a strange, terrible suffering.



A BOAT IN THE SEA

by Yuriy Yanovsky

The wind blew from the coast. It was the month of January, or perhaps February. The sea was frozen for a hundred meters out, the waves crashed against each other; on the horizon they were black with white crests, but as they rushed toward the shore the oncoming wind knocked their white caps off. The wind shattered the ice near the shore; it was clear that a real storm would roar soon. On the shore stood old Polovchykha, her clothes whipped around her as though she were made of stone; she stood tall and stern as if in song.

Odessa was visible on the other side of the bay. The city was being swept by the wind; it towered above the shore like the skeleton of some old schooner, stripped of her sails and being readied for a motor or a steam engine. Odessa was living through another winter by the sea; winds from all directions descended upon her; sometimes sea fogs crept in from the water, wet, thick, gray fogs. Even now a fog moved in suddenly and blanketed the city. Polovchykha stood motionless; nearby, fishermen from the fishermen's cooperative worked on the boats while the sea hurtled pieces of ice upon the shore, the cold pierced to the bone and the wind blew across a sheet of torrential rain. It was a winter by the sea; behind the wintry fog a real storm was thundering over the water, rolling in waves increasingly mightier and higher. The light in the Odessa lighthouse went on, casting red and green beams, red and green rays.

Polovchykha, having seen her husband off to sea, was awaiting his return. Her heart, ready to spring from her breast, was chilled by the wind. Only cold and noise came from the sea, a sea that was bellowing greedily, having snatched her Musiy. She showed no fear of the sea; she stood silently on the shore, tall and stern-it seemed to her she was a lighthouse of inextinguishable strength.

“O, you went to sea, my darling Musiy,” she wept silently, “and the salty water obliterated your track. If I had known or surmised, I would have swept that track clean with my palms and called you back to the shore. O, blow wind, drive off the bad weather and dispel the fog, and I shall stand here alone until the end, and even if I were to turn into a tree, I would wave all my branches toward the sea and I would rustle all my leaves.”

And after long ages, a boat appeared on the sea. It was hardly visible among the waves; for long moments it vanished behind the hills of water; it appeared for an instant and then plunged back, as if into an abyss. It fought with the storm breast to breast while the waves clamored on the shore, and it was frightening to look at the boat, so like a person, alone in the mountainous water. The sea was swaying it, hurtling it across the waves, piercing the water with it; the icy spray burned like fire, the sodden clothes froze to the skin but the fishermen did not give in; there was Musiy and a stranger fighting to the shore!

Old Polovchykha did not take her eyes off them; her heart was with the boat. On the shore the fishermen began murmuring; children were running from the village toward the sea. A crowd gathered on the shore; the old steppe woman Polovchykha stood at one side, courageously looking at her husband’s struggle. The fog was settling upon the water; it was bitterly cold.

“They’re rowing,” someone said, “but can you help them in such a storm?”

The younger fishermen rushed to the boats, but the older ones stepped in their way.

“Don’t be crazy, boys, the boats will be lost, you’ll be eaten by the crabs; our cooperative is poor, its head is Musiy Polovets, he’ll have our heads for the lost oars if he comes out alive.”

Old Polovchykha saw an oar break because the boat floundered; it spun around twice before the eyes of everyone on the shore, a wave hit it, another pushed it, threw it up, turned it over, and the boat plunged under.

The fishermen rushed to the boats, pushed one called “Swallow” to the water—the pride of the entire cooperative—four giants sprang in, raised the oars so the boat would be caught up by the wave, by the tattered, mighty wave. Instead, the boat was hurled on its side, ice struck the sheating, water poured over the deck; the fishermen found themselves in the water; they began rescuing the “Swallow.” Waves threw them against each other, ice struck their heads. They grasped the boat; a rope with a noose was thrown from the shore; they tied it and “Swallow” was pulled ashore.

Musiy’s boat was visible on the waves. It was wandering with its keel high in the air; the crowd of fishermen took off their caps, and in that instant they all saw the movement of a man’s arm among the waves. Someone was swimming among the ice floes, swimming toward the shore, swimming arm over arm, rhythmically placing his arms in and out of the water while the waves carried him back into the sea, back into the ocean fog. He aimed for the shore.

A giant of a fisherman stepped forth, carrying a loop of rope; after downing a glass of alcohol, he entered the water and immediately turned blue. The rope was unraveled on the shore as the fisherman swam to meet the man in the sea. Again and again he was struck by ice, yet he managed to swim into the open, the rope dragging behind him in the water. The man ahead seemed to be dying among the waves; he was lying on his back, the waves casting him from side to side. The giant of a fisherman swam and swam.

But the man was not dead; he had lost consciousness because of the cold, and now, having regained it, he began to swim with all his strength toward the shore. They met among the waves. For a long time they couldn’t touch hands; again and again the waves separated them. When finally they succeeded in meeting, the rope strained toward the shore, many hands grabbed it, many hands heaved. The swimmers sped toward the shore, swallowing water, pushing through the ice. The stranger crawled out of the water but could not get up on his bare feet. Polovchykha recognized Chubenko. He was completely numb; only his hot, beating heart thumped within him; he was seized under the arms.

“Friends,” he said with an effort. “I weep for the hero of the revolution who rescued me from the floating prison of the French.”

And everyone went away from the sea; only old Polovchykha remained standing on the beach, tall and stern as if in song.

The capsized boat was visible on the water; there had died her husband Musiy Polovets. He had lived some time in this world, he had never done evil, he was an able fisherman on the Black Sea near Odessa; must it always be that the young survive and the old die? From the village of Dofinivka a small boy came running.

“Grandma, grandpa Musiy will not come, because that man said that grandpa bobbed up twice and then disappeared and he dived after him and hit his head against the boat, and grandpa won’t be coming anymore.”

The beach grew empty; the fishermen went away, but no one was surprised that old Polovchykha did not budge from her place. She was observing her mourning; the wind blew around her, as if she were made of stone. The storm did not abate, the ice floes crushed each other, the fog moved toward the shore, the Odessa lighthouse blinked red and green.

Polovchykha was thinking of her girlhood, of her maiden days in Ochakiv, when the owners of tugboats courted her—the many boats, barges, motor launches and pleasure craft they had! She was of good fishermen’s stock, of good steppe blood. Musiy Polovets took her for his own—a fisherman from Dofinivka, not a handsome youth, shorter than she by a whole head. But such is love, and thus it pairs the male and female in nature. Polovchykha stepped forward to fight for survival, for fish; she stood alongside Musiy, and they had a houseful of boys.

The boys grew up by the sea, their broad shoulders crowded the house. Polovchykha ran the house with an iron hand, the mother stood at the head of the family, she stood like a mountain in a storm.

The boys grew up and went their ways. Andriy was like his Uncle Sydor, idle beyond belief; Panas brought his mother contraband scarfs and earrings, silk and cognac. She put everything away in the chest and feared for her son. She had had difficulty in giving him

birth and he became her most precious one. When she walked out to the sea at night, it always seemed to her that she was hearing the splash of his oar and that she had to save him from pursuers.

And Overko, that artist, he acted with the Greeks at Prosvita and read books in foreign languages. He used his uncle's money to study at the seminary; he was a poor fisherman and she felt sorry for him. She hadn't heard from him in some time, nor from Panas, and it might be that Andriy had been killed because she had dreamed of him during a wedding ceremony.

Only Ivan was working at the factory and fermenting a revolution and Musiy hid rifles (although Odessa was occupied by the French). Among them were some of our people; they came after the proclamation and scared Musiy to death.

The capsized boat swayed upon the waves, the storm raged without cease, it seemed to her that the boat was coming closer. If the sea brought it in, she would drag it out and salvage it; the cooperative would thank her-without boats you can't catch fish. The boat was coming closer and closer. It moved steadily toward the shore, persistently, step after step, minute after minute.

Polovchykha was waiting for it. To salvage the cooperative's property, she walked up to the edge of the water, a wave drenching her up to the knees. The boat moved closer and closer; she could hear ice knocking against its sides; already she could see the tarred bottom and the keel sticking out of the water. The waves rolled over the black flat bottom; Polovchykha's heart grew cold for something was dragging behind the boat; it looked as if rags were floating on the water.

The woman stared but was afraid to turn around; the sea was her humility, the sea was probably bringing her the body of her husband. She'd have something to cry and mourn over and to bury in the fisher men's cemetery where only children and women lie and the men only dreamed of resting. But they die where the sea is deep, under the green sail of the wave.

Polovchykha looked and was afraid to acknowledge it, she wanted to shout and call her husband's name; the waves were

beating against her feet, ice struck her calves, the boat was very close now. It moved with its prow toward the beach, the waves rumbled stones in the shallow water. She wanted to drag the boat out, and then mourn over her husband; she could already see his body in the muddy water. Her heart was crying, her arms did not feel the weight of the boat, and then a voice spoke to her. She cried out. It was the voice of her husband, a voice tired but very dear.

“Our cooperative is poor,” her husband said, “and to abandon the boat in the sea would not have been right. I am the head of the cooperative, so I had to save it, and it looks as though Chubenko reached the shore safely. He is strong and brave; he wouldn’t swim without me until I dived and hid under the overturned boat. He called and called, diving and looking for me.”

Old Polovets stood up in the shallow water. He threw the boot he held in his hand up on the shore and began pulling in the boat. Polovchykha tried to help him. The angry wind froze the soul; the beach was deserted-it was besieged by the sea. Odessa, visible through the fog, towered in the distance, like the skeleton of an old schooner.

The couple went home. They walked, hugging each other tenderly while the wind blew into their eyes and behind them the sea roared. They walked surely and companionably as they had throughout their lives.

Translated by A. Savage

QUESTIONS

1. Convey the psychological tension of the time through the revelation of Polovchyha’s image.
2. In what colours did you see the novel “A boat in the sea”? Describe one of its episodes.
3. The desire for the exotic is one of the features of neo-romanticism. Find the exotic elements in this short story and tell what role do they play.

4. Can we say that the tension is present throughout the whole story?
5. What helped the Polovets to escape fighting with the water element in the novel?
6. Which image from the “Word about Igor’s regiment” resembles Polovchykha in this short story?
7. How did Yanovsky manage to convey in this female image a harmonious combination of warmth and soulfulness with courage and stability?
8. What functions does the landscape perform in the novel?
9. What kind of mother Polovchykha was?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- Shatter _____
- whippe around _____
- torrential rain _____
- inextinguishable strength _____
- plunged back _____
- hurtle _____
- the boat floundered _____
- sheating _____
- consciousness _____
- the rope strained _____
- capsized boat _____
- budge _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

The city was being swept by the wind; it _____ above the shore like the skeleton of some old schooner, _____ of her sails and being readied for a motor or a steam engine.

Only cold and noise came from the sea, a sea that was bellowing _____, having snatched her Musiy.

The sea was swaying it, hurtling it across the waves, _____ the water with it; the icy spray burned like fire, the sodden clothes froze to the skin.

A crowd gathered on the shore; the old steppe woman Polovchykha stood at one side, _____ looking at her husband's struggle.

A giant of a fisherman stepped forth, carrying a loop of rope; after _____ a glass of alcohol, he entered the water and immediately turned blue.

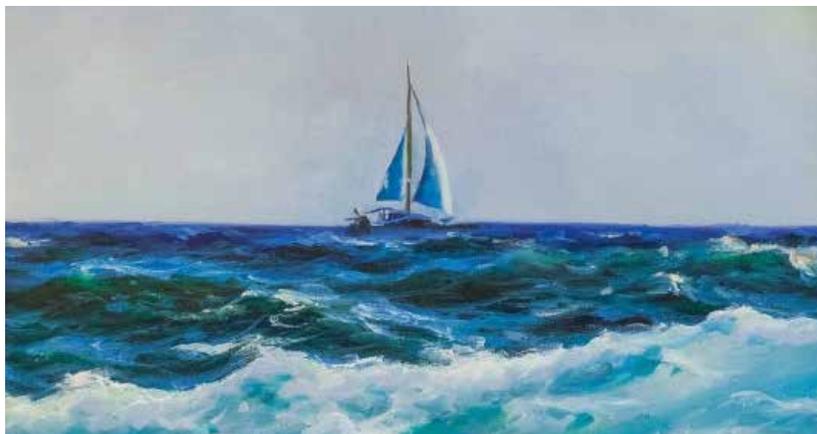
Polovchykha recognized Chubenko. He was completely numb; only his hot, beating heart _____ within him; he was seized under the arms.

The storm did not abate, the ice floes crushed each other, the fog moved toward the shore, the Odessa _____ blinked red and green.

When she walked out to the sea at night, it always seemed to her that she was hearing the _____ of his _____ and that she had to save him from pursuers.

To _____ the cooperative's property, she walked up to the edge of the water, a wave _____ her up to the knees.

Polovchykha tried to help him. The angry wind froze the soul; the beach was deserted-it was _____ by the sea.



MY FATHER DECIDED TO PLANT ORCHARDS

by Valeriy Shevchuk

Father would put his bag down in the yard, drop in for a chat with his neighbor, a friend, then come in, poke his nose into pans, lifting the lids and sniffing and then roaring with laughter. Mother would blush (she has not lost this art, although she is fortyish) and lower her head. Then father would embrace her and they would twirl around the room. Mother would say, “Enough, you silly,” and father would roar with laughter again. Mother was used to neatness, cleanly swept rooms and smoothly made beds. Father hated neatness; he would fling himself noisily onto a carefully made bed and hurl one of the snow-white pillows into a corner. Mother had long since resigned herself to this treatment of all her efforts, yet every time she would demur and talk of “taking care” and of “respect for other people’s work.” Father would roar and mother could not resist it and would laugh too. She was very much in love with father because when he rushed into the living room back from one of his trips, she would begin to radiate, run around and blush ever so slightly. Father would create a hell of a mess and from his bag there would appear articles of men’s toiletry (I hadn’t started shaving), spreading themselves all over the room, and mother would try unsuccessfully to gather them into one place while father would roar with laughter. He had a wonderful sense of smell and, lying on a snow-white covered bed, would guess without fail what was cooking in the kitchen. Mother would say, “But you won’t guess what’s for tomorrow,” but father would guess that too. Mother would try to prepare different dishes and I noticed that we would begin to eat much better. Sometimes father would release mother from the kitchen and cook himself, sniffing and mixing while mother would try to laugh, although his cooking pleased even her. A family idyll like this would last till spring. I began to wonder why they didn’t get

fed up with it in the end. Father's untidiness was beyond everything and I, in whom my father's and my mother's habits were combined, would get sick of seeing this constant upheaval, but, like mother, I could not do anything about it. In the spring father would leave again on an expedition. The house would become quiet and tidy, even a little sleepy, and mother would no longer blush or laugh. She would look after me very attentively and I would go out looking incredibly clean. This lasted until father's return when the painfully restored harmony would break with a crash and everybody would become a little careless and the house would be all upside down once again.

True, this year things were not quite the same. Father came back as before, just as usual, but stepping inside, he did not make for the pots and pans, but said, "I have decided to plant an orchard." "Where, on a sidewalk?" mother laughed. "Why do you laugh?" "And who is going to look after your orchard?" "You!" replied father. Mother laughed again and said: "You'll have to wait a long time."

Father and I were riding in a streetcar and I looked at him closely. His face had become quite lined during the last few months and his hair much thinner. He still continued to joke, but no longer in an uninterrupted flow. At times he grew silent and forgot what he had just said. I realized that father was getting old. Perhaps he was tired too. "How's schoolwork?" he asked me and I noticed that he had never asked about school before. He used to say: "I hope you are well behaved and polite." Mother used to answer: "Sure he is." But today he asked, "How's schoolwork?" And I answered as I usually did to a question like that: "Thanks, not bad." "We two don't have much contact," he said. Taken by surprise I said: "Maybe not." "Do you have a girlfriend?" he asked and I almost laughed. "You are laughing because that is what all fathers who want to establish contact with their sons ask." He's no fool, I thought, but I said: "That's how they talk in a bad movie." "Unfortunately, I very rarely go to a movie," he replied.

We got off the streetcar, walked for a long time through the suburbs and reached the open fields where father showed me

the patch staked off by markers. Then we dug little holes, father loudly told me some amusing stories, we laughed. It was a beautiful fall day; the autumn sun was unsteady in the soft blue sky. Father was telling anecdotes, glancing sideways at me. He dug furiously, laughed at my blisters and I felt that on this lovely day a serious man, realizing that he was getting old, wanted to plant an orchard.

We planted weak saplings and returned home. "Have you planted them?" asked mother. "Sure," father answered merrily. He came into the room and carelessly flung himself on the neatly made bed. "Now then, Kolya," said mother. "You are making mushroom soup," said father laughing. Then he turned and winked at me. Again I felt that this very serious man felt that he was getting old and had decided to plant an orchard. Except that it occurred to me that I was that orchard ... and I felt a little unhappy. I felt envious that he had given everything to his work and to mother and that he had not noticed me for such a long time. "Perhaps we should go to a movie?" asked father.

I looked at mother. She was in the kitchen, listening. "Yes, let's all go," I answered. We went out. We took mother by the arms, and raising her head, she said, "What a deep blue the sky is today."

"And you will have to look after the orchard," said father.

"You bet," laughed mother, "you always want somebody to look after your orchard."

I looked at mother with surprise. She understood father too. She too understood the serious man who had begun to grow old and wanted to plant an orchard.

Father was telling amusing stories. He was an excellent storyteller. We laughed and laughed. There were a lot of people around us. The fall weather was very warm. We were watching a comedy on the screen and the comedy was so good that we laughed out loud. Then I started to feel a little unhappy again. I knew that this feeling was unreasonable, but we had never been to see such a good and happy movie before. But never mind. It's good that we went at last.

Later we met my girlfriend. I lingered a little behind my parents and she said: "Your father is very good looking."

“Do you really think so?” I asked.

“Of course,” she said and we raced down the boulevard to where the blue dusk hid a still, autumn river.

Translated by G. and M Luckyj

QUESTIONS

1. Convey the psychological tension of the time through the revelation of the main character’s image.
2. In what colours did you see the short story “My father decided to plant orchards”? Describe one of its episodes.
3. What is the main idea of this short story?
4. Provide the description of the house and the familie’s harmony.
5. In what way the current year is different from the previous one?
6. Describe the part where the men were riding the streetcar.
7. What challenges do the characters meet in the story?
8. What choices did the characters have?
9. What do you think is the most important part of this short story?
10. What is the final resolution?

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- Poke _____
- Sniffing _____
- Roaring _____
- Demur _____
- to radiate _____
- men’s toiletry _____
- upheaval _____

- careless_____
- an orchard_____
- an uninterrupted flow_____
- streetcar_____
- boulevard_____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

Mother would _____ (she has not lost this art, although she is fortyish) and lower her head.

Mother had long since _____ herself to this treatment of all her efforts, yet every time she would demur and talk of “taking care” and of “respect for other people’s work.”

Mother would try to prepare different _____ and I noticed that we would begin to eat much better.

The house would become quiet and tidy, even a little sleepy, and mother would no longer _____ or laugh.

His face had become quite _____ during the last few months and his hair much thinner.

You are laughing because that is what all fathers who want to _____ contact with their sons ask.

We got off the streetcar, walked for a long time through the _____ and reached the open fields where father showed me the patch _____ off by markers.

He dug furiously, laughed at my _____ and I felt that on this lovely day a serious man, realizing that he was getting old, wanted to plant an orchard.

We took mother by the arms, and _____ her head, she said, “What a deep blue the sky is today.

Then I started to feel a little unhappy again. I knew that this feeling was _____, but we had never been to see such a good and happy movie before.

IN THE GRAINFIELDS

by Hryhoriy Kosynka

It was all so extraordinarily simple: myself, the morning drowsy with sleep and the gray steppe. I remember vividly only the daybreak, drenched in dew, young and gently blushing in the presence of the sun, which woefully bathed in the hollows of the river.

“Well, look now ... it’s already begging for a kiss!”

I say this to the sun which shamelessly caresses the hairs of my legs, casts loving gazes over my soiled trousers and teases me with the buzzing of bees, -dizzik, dizzik ...

“Dizzik?”

I begin to grow irritated, because, after all, what does “dizzik” mean? Dizzik is a frightening word for me. First, because it reminds me of reality and secondly, because according to our revolutionary terminology it stands for deserter, and I comrades, was one of them!

So there you are.

“If the sun is already beginning to search out the deserters, then I will not go to the village, for that is dangerous (such is the custom of deserters). Fortunately, it is Sunday today; everybody is resting, so I will go straight through the meadows-into the grainfields.”

That is what I decided. The meadows beckon to me treacherously with their willows, the gardens smell deliciously of wormwood, mint, but my one and only faithful friend is-the grainfields.

I lie down in a valley where Hordyn’s mound smoulders beneath the sun; in front of me stretches the paved road, Hnylyshche, Chornoslyvka, and then ... -into the grainfields!

They have already adorned themselves and in a week or two they will be stacked up in sheaves, but now they are ripening and filling out. I began to hear the ringing of scythes and sickles and the heavy ear of grain bent down to the earth, but at that moment an old stork pompously crossed over the grass to the swamp, bowed in all four directions and snatched a careless frog, whose muffled gurgling startled a wild duck on the water.

“Well now, that’s a stupid frog!”

That’s my comment to my Japanese shotgun; then I resolutely stand up, roll up my pant legs and grin at my legs for they are sturdy, straight and powerful (they are overgrown with hair and, as my grandmother used to say, that is a sign of strength); I look into the river hollows and there, too, handsome gray eyes smile at me; in the sunlight there shimmers a dishevelled mop of hair and from beneath it peeks the still boyish face of Korniy Dizzik.

I clench my fist at him and try to keep in sight the trail of the stork. “Time to move on! It wouldn’t hurt to have some breakfast either

But I remind myself that a soldier catching sight of a green shirt in a village calmly takes aim with his rifle as if shooting at a dried willow, and bellows, shooting from fright, “Stop! Don’t move!”

True, this happens rarely because we deserters are hardy people and we move cautiously, especially at night. When the sky turns dark-the village is ours; at daybreak we bypass the grainfields. I decided not to have breakfast; after all, how can one put even the smallest morsel into one’s mouth before Mass?

I tidied up the heap of hay, stamped it with my feet (to erase the trail), carefully inspected my little Jap gun and fastened it behind my pant belt, cap pulled over forehead, along the path of the stork-into the grainfields.

I didn’t walk but floated . . . I certainly didn’t have to grow accustomed to the rhythmic swaying of the grain, and I know the steppe like my little Jap gun: in the mornings it undulates in soft ripples, at noon it cascades in a rush of chimes and at night, when the stalks are ripening, it lulls itself to sleep.

I follow familiar paths: expansive Rozdil will greet me with wheat fields. Temnyk will welcome me with rye, and near Hordyn’s mound there is a belt of flax around a robe woven of oats, barley and carousing buckwheat.

Everything is so simple, clear, when suddenly:

“Why is there dust rising from the road?”

I lie low. My Jap gun peers crookedly at the road, my nerves

embrace the melodies of the field and it seems they are beginning to sing softly too; somewhere above my ear a bumble bee vibrates its wings, buzzes and irritates my nerves and I desperately want to grab it and crush it ...

Even more diligently I study the dust-clouded road- “cavalry cavalry”- the thought flashes through my mind, dimly flickers in the blue flax and firmly decides -”to kill two, three, and then what-kill myself.”

Yet in spite of myself I pull my head away from the furrow, slide my bare feet into the rye, and my body tense in readiness, I wait, my nerves no longer sing but only tinkle softly- “dzing, dzing ... “

I think:

“The hoofs reflect the sun’s light-a rich man must be coming ... “ Half a field away, driving his horse at a trot, the wealthy man Dzyuba from Hnylyshche passed by me and the rye communicated his loud, rather boastful conversation:

“Oho ho, brother! The Zhytomyr province is now filled with them; they don’t want to work in the commune but are always asking for free bread ... “

Another on the wagon says:

“Do they want to be commissars?”

“Commissars?! May the devil take him. When night falls it is he who comes up to the window with a rifle: Hand it over!”

The gray strip of sand, the white hoof of the horse and after them stretches my unbearable desire to shoot, but I remember commander Hostry’s order- “don’t come out and don’t shoot.” I look at a veiny yarrow where a bee has entangled its tendrils and is squirming in the sap. I grin and creep into the dense flax.

“Let it be ... “

Dzing, Dzyuba, dzing ... The steppe is ringing out for lunch. I have a gnawing hunger in my stomach and to soothe it I force myself to think about Dzyuba:

“Most likely he had an excellent breakfast! You’d think a new hero had been found: “so they want to be commissars?” And even if they really should want to be commissars? ... No, you can’t say that to Hostry ... He will kill you ... “

In front of me, through the grainfields there passes the shadow of the communist Matviy Kiyanchuk, executed in Dzyuba's backyard, and for some strange reason I grow painfully sad.

Dzing.

On a barrel I sit, Beneath it a duck,

My husband's a bolshevik, And I-am haydamak!

And he winks! He was brave as they led him away ... Dzing.

I don't think about the commissar's rank. Hostry can even take me swimming with him at night in the river hollows, but I'd still like to know- "who are they?"

With sweeping bows the steppe greets the breeze from the hay which then blows across the fields, warm and gentle. It tweaks the proud wheat by its whiskers, winks at the oats and then for a long time kisses the curly heads of the buckwheat-and sips the liqueurs of the steppe.

I shrug my "don't know" at him; I really want to think about Kiyanchuk but with a sudden burst of will I stand up only to quickly duck again, for on the road there appears a red kerchief, blowing in the wind (from my hiding place I can only see the kerchief); little flowers, clustered like cranberries, brush against the grain spikes; they coquettishly smile at the sun, and the wind rises impetuously and dances in a whirlwind above my head.

"Now I can spit on Hostry! I'll go to meet her; maybe she'll at least give me a small bun, if she's not from our village ... Deserters are allowed everything. Maybe she'll even have curly hair!"

"Oh, will she ever become frightened ... " I didn't say "and where are you off to on this day of rest?" -instead, I thought- "can it really be Ulyana?"

I pushed my cap back in surprise. "What will happen now?" There she stood before me-the real Ulyana, and behind her stood the master's plough and six harnessed oxen-once upon a time they used to plough the steppe.

A wild creature of the steppe-enflamed, sunburnt, and her eyes-two restless beetles ... She was carrying water.

"Greetings!" -and she stopped.

“How do you do, Ulyana!” -I wanted to smile but I couldn’t; she stared for a long while at me, evidently thinking, and when her gaze fell upon my tattered pant knee where a stag beetle was contentedly crawling-she shyly began to laugh, only her lips trembled somehow in a childlike way and, unnoticed, along a stem of rye, there rolled a tear ...

Her blue eyes questioned me:

“Can it really be, Korniy, that you have forgotten the manger near the black ox Zoryan? ... And how, when you used to kiss my eyes-you would jokingly point out a star through a knothole in the wood, saying ‘Your eyes are like the stars, aren’t they, Ulyassya?’”

I stretched out my arm but I didn’t know where to begin talking and I stupidly told her: “You’ve changed a great deal, Ulyana.” ... And her answer fell dimly to the ground.

“Yes, I’ve changed.”

And then I simply don’t remember what happened. She blushed and rushed excitedly towards me, crying mutely.

“We are such enemies ... No, Korniy, that’s not for us! Come, let’s sit down.”

I grew delirious ... I don’t remember what I asked her nor what she told me; I only remember how the grainfields swelled in torrents of waves, how the flax quivered in joy and how the feverish wind fell to embrace the earth.

“You are still the same charmer, Korniy ... Do you want to kiss me? Kiss me then and at least this one day will be ours!”

And she caressed my tousled hair which for two years only rain and snow and a savage deserter’s life had combed ...

She was laughing:

“Do you know my Dzyuba? He’s got a devil’s soul, not a man’s.”

rested my head in her lap and listened, for this was my destiny-lost amidst the grainfields.

It was as if someone within me was composing a song- “the mother had only three sons and three daughters ... “

I felt tears welling up inside me and I frantically kept asking Ulyana: “It’s true, isn’t it, that the grain is ripening? We will soon be going into the forest-that’s a luxurious life, and when animal

hunger strikes, then we will plunder. The day passes by and you wait in readiness for death: do you have many volunteers?"

"Yes, Korniy. They keep growing ... Stop, you raving fool, don't pull!" I saw-on the narrow hem of Ulyana's beautifully embroidered bodice-maple leaves, and all around me the world was wildly spinning and her red kerchief caught on fire and blazed across the vast expanse of the steppe.

"Ulyassya ... Now nothing can frighten me!" "Dear Ulyassya ... "

The rye stalks whispered to each other as she shyly tucked up her apron and threw apricots to me timidly, with silent sorrow, she reminded me: "I'll go to my mother; since he drove to the country as a hostage, usually he doesn't let me out of his sight ... "

I kept detaining Ulyana and for the twentieth and perhaps last time I ask the maple leaves:

"Do you still love me?" The flax winked:

"Oh shame! How can you dare ask such a question- 'Do you love me?' she mimicked and added: "Here, eat the apricot, and then we'll part." And she quietly kissed me, snatched a handful of flax and her eyes were blue, blue-like the flax, and her kerchief flickered dimly.

"Good bye, Korniy!"

And then in her old way she arched her eyebrows, winked and laughed:

"The grains are ripening ... That's enough for us; good bye!" She bowed low on the path and rushed through the green current of oats into the gay Chornoslyvka to her mother.

Dzing.

"Ring out, steppe!"

I lie for a long time and listen to my heart beating to the rhythm of the steppe's bells; a stag beetle crawls by and I tenderly take it into my hand and ask: "Do you want to sit in my lap and sun yourself?"

"You may. Like this. Hold onto my pants with your feelers ... slipped again, stupid? And how, in your opinion, do you think I hold on? But you don't know, do you, that I, Korniy Dizzik, am today deliriously lost in the grainfields, eh!"

Drunken grainfields, I command you to make way! I spit on death, on Hostry-1 want to sing, do you hear that, steppe?

Oh, what raven is this ...

And even now, when I remember my deserter's way of life, I see, blazing before me, Hordyn's mound beneath the sun, Ulyana's red kerchief and myself ...

You ask about Matviy Kiyanchuk? I will tell you all about him, but not now, for my destiny has lost its way amidst the grainfields, and I want to cry like a child, or sing as only old men sing when they recall their youth, and I still want to sing!

Translated by R. Bahrij-Pikulyk

QUESTIONS

1. Who is the main character of the short story? Provide his description.
2. Who has the main character met in the field?
3. What is the main passage of this short story? Prove your position.
4. What is the main motive of "In the grainfields"?
5. The author has tried to implement some features of impressionism in his work. What are they?
6. Why is the author describing the picture of the complicated human's fate that has lost its way?
7. Talk about the dramatism of revolutionary reality present in this short story.
8. Identify the features of neo-romanticism and impressionism in Kosynks's short story.

VOCABULARY

Look through the words and provide their meanings:

- gently blushing _____
— shamelessly caresses _____

- deserter _____
- treacherously _____
- gurgling _____
- shimmers _____
- dishevelled _____
- buckwheat _____
- embrace _____
- boastful _____
- tendrils _____
- squirming _____

Fill in the gaps with the missing words:

I say this to the sun which shamelessly caresses the hairs of my legs, casts loving _____ over my soiled trousers and _____ me with the buzzing of bees.

They have already _____ themselves and in a week or two they will be stacked up in sheaves, but now they are ripening and filling out.

That's my comment to my Japanese shotgun; then I _____ stand up, roll up my pant legs and grin at my legs for they are sturdy, straight and powerful.

True, this happens rarely because we deserters are hardy people and we move _____, especially at night.

I certainly didn't have to grow _____ to the rhythmic swaying of the grain, and I know the steppe like my little Jap gun.

Yet in spite of myself I pull my head away from the _____, slide my bare feet into the rye, and my body tense in readiness.

The Zhytomyr province is now filled with them; they don't want to work in the _____ but are always asking for free bread.

A wild _____ of the steppe-enflamed, sunburnt, and her eyes-two restless beetles.

And how, when you used to kiss my eyes-you would jokingly point out a star through a _____ in the wood.

And she _____ my tousled hair which for two years only rain and snow and a _____ deserter's life had combed.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Kate Chopin (1850 - 1904), born Katherine O’Flaherty in St. Louis, Missouri on February 8, 1850, is considered one of the first feminist authors of the 20th century. She is often credited for introducing the modern feminist literary movement. Chopin was following a rather conventional path as a housewife until an unfortunate tragedy — the untimely death of her husband — altered the course of her life. She became a talented and prolific short story writer, influenced primarily by the French short story author, Guy de Maupassant. She is best known for her novel *The Awakening* (1899), a hauntingly prescient tale of a woman unfulfilled by the mundane yet highly celebrated “feminine role,” and her painful realization that the constraints of her gender blocked her ability to seek a more fulfilling life. Many of her works are featured in the *Feminist Literature*. Readers interested in the feminist aspects of Kate Chopin’s works will also wish to investigate plays and short stories from Susan Glaspell and Charlotte Perkins Gilman’s semi-autobiographical sketch *The Yellow Wallpaper*. But it would be a grave mistake to dismiss Chopin as exclusively “a feminist” writer. She was a first-class writer whose ability to raise life from a blank page knows few equals. Prepare your heart and your brain before reading Kate Chopin, she demands both.

O. Henry (1862 - 1910) was an American short story author whose real name was William Sydney Porter. Henry’s rich canon of work reflected his wide-range of experiences and is distinctive for its witticism, clever wordplay, and unexpected twist endings. Like many other writers, O. Henry’s early career aspirations were unfocused and he wandered across different activities and professions before he finally found his calling as a short story

writer. He started working in his uncle's drugstore in 1879 and became a licensed pharmacist by the age of 19. O. Henry's prolific writing period began in 1902 in New York City, where he wrote 381 short stories. He wrote one story a week for *The New York World Sunday Magazine* for over a year. Some of his best and least known work is contained in *Cabbages and Kings*, whose title was inspired by Lewis Carroll's poem, *The Walrus and the Carpenter*. The stories were set in a midwestern American town in which subplots and larger plots are interwoven in an engaging manner. His second collection of stories, *The Four Million*, was released in 1906. The stories are set in New York City, and the title is based on the population of the city at that time. The collection contained several short story masterpieces, including *The Gift of the Magi*, *The Cop and the Anthem*, and many others. Henry had an obvious affection for New York City and its diversity of people and places, a reverence that rises up through many of his stories.

Edgar Allan Poe, born in Boston, Massachusetts in 1809, lived a life filled with tragedy. Poe was an American writer, considered part of the Romantic Movement, in the sub-genre of Dark Romanticism. He became an accomplished poet, short story writer, editor, and literary critic, and gained worldwide fame for his dark, macabre tales of horror, practically inventing the genre of Gothic Literature. Visit our study guides for *The Pit and the Pendulum* and *The Raven*. Poe was one of the earliest American writers to focus on the short story and is credited with inventing the detective fiction genre. But it is for his horror stories that he is world famous today, great short stories that are widely known, including; *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Cask of Amontillado*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, *The Black Cat*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and *The Purloined Letter* are among his most popular short stories. Poe had many imitators, and after his death clairvoyants often claimed to "receive" Poe's spirit and "channel" his poems and stories in attempts to cash-in on his fame and talent. The attempt to cash in on his fame was rather ironic considering that Poe died penniless. His work also influenced science fiction,

namely Jules Verne, who wrote a sequel to Poe's novel *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket* called *An Antarctic Mystery*.

Hans Christian Andersen, born in Denmark in 1805, practically invented the writing of eventyr; the adventure fairy tale, or fantastic tale. Although he wrote a broad range of work, including plays, travelogues, novels, and poems, it was his fairy tales that became culturally iconic in the Western world. His tales transcend age barriers, national and cultural boundaries and have been translated into more than 125 languages. Many of his stories are featured in the collection of *Favorite Fairy Tales*. His stories have inspired countless plays, ballets, and movies. Who hasn't read or seen an animated movie adaptation of *Thumbelina* (1835), *The Emperor's New Clothes* (1837), *The Little Mermaid* (1836), and *The Princess and the Pea* (1835?). Andersen also blessed us with one of the saddest but most poignant and beautiful Christmas stories of all time, *The Little Match Girl* (also known as *The Little Matchstick Girl*). Andersen's stories laid the groundwork for other children's classics, such as *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame and *Winnie the Pooh* by A.A. Milne. It's as if Andersen was a pre-ordained Disney writer, with his penchant for making inanimate objects, like toys, come to life and have adventures appealing to people of all ages he created a series of timeless classics. Andersen was a master writer whose work and themes have been emulated throughout time, and through a broad spectrum of platforms. Andersen died on August 4, 1875 in Copenhagen, having never fully recovered from an injury he sustained after falling out of his bed two years earlier.

Vasyl Stefanyk (1871-1936). Although often regarded merely as a "bard of the Ukrainian village," Stefanyk is a major short story writer by any standards. A master of the short story genre, the novella, he shows in all his writing extraordinary dramatic quality. His stories of peasant life from the Pokuttya district acquire universality by the force with which they convey the misery and heartbreak of human existence. Most of them are written in a

peasant dialect. Stefanyk made his debut in 1899 with a collection *The Blue Book* from which two stories appear here. "The Stone Cross" was written in 1899. Altogether five collections of stories were published in his lifetime.

Hryhoriy Kosynka (1899-1934). Perhaps the most talented short story writer of the early Soviet period, Kosynka died in his prime, under sentence of execution for alleged counter-revolutionary activity. The upheaval of the revolution is often depicted impressionistically in his stories. Free of political tendencies, they are as artistically accomplished as Babel's Russian stories on a similar topic. Kosynka's first story appeared in 1919. Four collections came out in the 1920s. Some of his stories have been translated into East European languages and into English and German. A new volume of Kosynka's writings appeared in Kiev in 1962 after his partial rehabilitation.

Yuriy Yanovsky (1902-1954). A leading Soviet Ukrainian novelist who started as a poet in 1924. His early novels, *The Master of the Ship* (1928) and *The Four Sabres* (1930), though very different in structure and theme are masterpieces of poetic prose. Yanovsky's early style is still visible in *The Horsemen* (1935), a "novel in tales" from which the present story is taken. Later he adhered to the official theory of socialist realism. The author of several film scenarios, Yanovsky in his early writings has much in common with Dovzhenko's movies of that period. "A Boat in the Sea" is a poet's vision of his country's character and of man's ability to survive.

Valeriy Shevchuk (b. 1939). Graduate in history of Kiev University and author of many short stories. The second story is taken from the first chapter of his novel *12, Riverside*, which appeared in 1968.

SECTION THREE:

TEST YOUR GRAMMAR

GRAMMAR REVISION TEST

1. Innovations in transportation ____ permitted space to be traversed more rapidly and were crucial to the industrial expansion of the North.

- a. in the 1800s
- b. in 1800ing
- c. the 1800

2. The rapid extension of rail mileage enabled the railroads significantly to reduce their costs for shipping freight and carrying passengers, thus enabling them to price their services ____ and competitively.

- a. more cheapest
- b. more cheaply
- c. cheaper
- d. more most cheap

3. Poor Liam! He looked so ____ when his mum called.

- a. embarrassing
- b. embarrass
- c. embarrassed
- d. to be embarrassed

4. I entered the office and looked around. Most people were working at their desks, but Jane ____ of the window and pretending

to write something at the same time.

- a. was staring out
 - b. was out
 - c. was stared out
 - d. was coming out
5. By the end of the month, _____ for this firm for a year.
- a. I was been working
 - b. I'll have been working
 - c. I'll been working
 - d. I'll have working
6. In August Gordon will have been at his company for 25 years, and he's getting for a bonus of _____.
- a. three week paying holiday
 - b. paid holiday three weeks
 - c. three weeks holiday paid
 - d. three weeks paid holiday
7. According to the latest forecast, the tunnel _____ in the East of the country.
- a. is finishing next year
 - b. will be finished next year
 - c. will finished next year
 - d. is become finish next year
8. We have run out of fuel. _____?
- a. What we are going to do now?
 - b. What we have do now?
 - c. When we can going to do now?
 - d. What have we doing now?
9. I'll be back _____.
- a. in a few minutes
 - b. after a few minutes

- c. some minutes
d. any minutes
10. I'll ____ what I can do.
a. come
b. see
c. have
d. be
11. ____ I got to the station, the train had left.
a. Behind the time
b. Up the time
c. By the time
d. In the time
12. The whole place was deserted, but it was obvious that someone ____ had been cooking in the kitchen for a start, and they hadn't bothered to clear up the mess.
a. had cooking
b. had be cooked
c. had been cooking
d. have been cooking
13. ____ I'd read the manual, I found I could use the computer easily.
a. Once
b. Afterwards
c. Whenever
d. At one thing
14. I can't believe it, Inspector. You mean that Smith ____ money from the till all this time!
a. stole
b. can stolen
c. has been stealing
d. was stolen

15. The price of petrol ____ by 15% over the past year.
- has risen
 - has been rising
 - have to rising
 - have rising

16. There have been signs of _____ at Otley Hall at various times over the last 200 years time.
- paranormally active
 - paranormal activity
 - paranormalty activity
 - unparanormalty

17. My purse was found by ____.
- of the one
 - one of the cleaners
 - the cleaners one of
 - one of the cleaned

18. Bicycles are widely used in the city ____ public transport.
- instead of
 - instead in
 - increase
 - until

19. A lot of homes in the area ____ by burglars.
- have been being broken into
 - have been broken into
 - have being into
 - have came into

20. The criminal ____ in hiding in the London area.
- is clean to be
 -
 - is thought to be
 - been

21. The living room had been decorated ____ flowery wallpaper.
a. with
b. from
c. on
d. behind

22. The dentist is going to take out two of my ____ tomorrow.
a. teethes
b. teeth
c. tooth
d. team

23. Well, ____, we've done it again - another election victory.
The last four years of office has been a wonderful time for the party,
a tale of adversity overcome
a. ladi and gentleman
b. ladys and gentlemen
c. ladi and gentlemenn
d. ladies and gentlemen

24. I ____ like this film! It's really great!
a. do
b. does
c. has
d. have

25. You can't complain. It's your ____ fault, isn't it?
a. known
b. own
c. the
d. a

26. Do you think I had ____ catch the earlier train?
a. better
b. later

- c. keep
- d. make

27. Under ____ you are leave the hospital.

- a. no resulting
- b. no mean
- c. no circumstances
- d. circumstances no

28. I thought Jim would say something about his new job. But he ____ it.

- a. didn't mention
- b. didn't make
- c. didn't declared
- d. didn't take

29. It has been announced that for ____ third consecutive month there has been ____ rise in the number of people unemployed, rather than ____ fall that had been predicted.

- a. - a the - the
- b. the a - - the
- c. the a the - the
- d. the - - - the

30. The word processor and the calculator are without a shadow of doubt here to stay, and in ____ many respects our lives are the much richer for them.

- a. the
- b. -
- c. a
- d. an

31. By 4.30, ____, nearly all the paintings had been sold.

- a. which was almost closing time
- b. which closing time almost

- c. which almost closing time
d. which almost closing time was
32. I stopped in Maidstone, where ____.
- owns a shop my sister
 - my sister owns a shop
 - sister owns a shop my
 - owns sister my a shop
33. There was nobody left on the train, which made me ____.
- suspiciously
 - suspiciousness
 - suspicion
 - suspicious
34. ____ their scarves and shouting, the fans ran onto the pitch.
- Waving
 - Do waving
 - To waved
 - Waves
35. Having just spent three weeks of my life sitting on an uncomfortable saddle, pounding the roads of France, I am in no fit state ____ anything except sit and write, which suits me fine.
- that to do
 - to do
 - what to do
 - to done
36. Midway through the second half City scored their fourth goal, at ____ point United gave up completely.
- which
 - whatever
 - before
 - where

37. The train we eventually caught ____ at each station.
- was that stops one
 - one was that stops
 - was one that stops
 - that stops was one
38. I don't like to disturb ____ at home.
- colleagues
 - colleag
 - colleagueses
 - collages
39. I remembered that I had to pay ____.
- the phone will
 - the phone bill
 - the phone number
 - the phone call
40. Have you tried -windsurfing? ____
- It's tasty!
 - It's!
 - It's great!
 - It's heat!
41. She ____ working even though it was late.
- went on
 - went by
 - went at
 - went till
42. We regret ____ you that your application has been unsuccessful.
- to informed
 - to inform
 - to information
 - to informative

43. The baby has stopped ____ during the night now.
a. waking up
b. making up
c. waking again
d. waking by
44. Being an athlete ____ regular training.
a. involve
b. involving
c. involvement
d. involves
45. Yukie Hanue is considered by many ____ the finest violinist of her generation - and she's still in her early twenties.
a. to be
b. to steel
c. to been
d. to being
46. I had a difficult time last year with my health. For several months I was ____ from periodic headaches and almost constant nausea that's why I made several visits to my GP, who attributed my headaches to migraine and provided me with medication.
a. suffere
b. suffering
c. snufferies
d. kidding
47. Tonny panics ____ with a crisis.
a. when faced
b. what faced
c. face
d. when smile
48. We get on very well with our ____ neighbours.
a. door next

- b. next-goal
- c. next seals
- d. next-door

49. Well, welcome to the class everybody. I'm sure you're all dying to show me exactly what you're ____.

- a. capable of
- b. capably over
- c. capable under
- d. unbelievable

50. Where ____ all this time?

- a. did you be
you were
have you been
you have been

51. ____ I would like to thank you.

- a. On behalf of my colleagues
- b. On belief of my colleagues
- c. On behalves of my
- d. On my colleagues

52. David Peters, the Scottish long-jumper, has been awarded a knighthood in ____ his services to charity and the world of athletics.

- a. recognition of
- b. recognition before
- c. recognise
- d. recognition upon

53. The small resort of Palama ____ rather in the 1990s, as the tourists flocked to the more obvious attractions of the nearby resorts of Calapo and del Mare.

- a. missed out
- b. can be

- c. has missed out
- d. miss out

54. You'd be hard-pushed to find a more comfortable drive - _____ makes for an easy ride over bumpy roads, although the performance is somewhat let down by the handling round corners.

- a. the superb suspension systems
- b. the superb suspension system
- c. the superb suspensions systems
- d. the superb suspensions system

55. Telesales have become the bane of my life. Recently I have been so inundated with them that I now refuse to answer the phone _____ in the evenings.

- a. between 6 and 9
- b. 6 and 9
- c. 6 between and 9
- d. 6 and 9 between

56. Meetings which take up too much _____ are being blamed for inefficiency and lost revenue, according to a report from the Institute of Managerial Affairs.

- a. of managers time
- b. of managers' time
- c. manager time
- d. of managers's time

57. It looks as if the front door lock _____ with.

- a. has been tampered
- b. have been tampered
- c. has be tampered
- d. has be tamper

58. _____ a collision on the motorway between a bus and a lorry.

- a. There was

- b. There were
 - c. There has
 - d. There are
59. The three publishers who rejected this fantastic first novel must be kicking ____.
- a. themselves
 - b. themsef
 - c. themselve
 - d. theirselves
60. We've had a letter from a Mr Scott, _____ a rather violent scene which upset his children, on one of our programmes, 'Murphy's Run'.
- a. complaining about
 - b. complain about
 - c. complain about it
 - d. was complained about
61. The TV Standards Authority often checks children's programmes, and _____ with the scene you didn't like.
- a. were happy
 - b. has happy
 - c. be happy
 - d. be able to happy
62. _____ the obvious dangers, there was the weather to be considered.
- a. As well as
 - b. As well so
 - c. So well as
 - d. So well so
63. They've got a terrible record over tax and education. _____, I still think the Democrats will win the election.
- a. Nevertheless

- b. On the hand
c. Never
d. On the second hand
64. Starting your own business could be the way to achieving financial independence. ____ it could just as well land you in debt for the rest of your life.
- a. On the other hand
b. On hand
c. On the other
d. Other hands
65. It is an accepted part of everyday nostalgia to assume that in the past food was somehow better ____ it is today.
- a. than
b. then
c. so
d. that
66. The common cold, as it is ____ known, still resists the efforts of science to control and cure it, and has given rise to a rich popular mythology.
- a. technically
b. technicalness
c. technicality
d. technic
67. Last summer my husband and I had two Italian students to stay at our house in London. It was a kind of exchange, with our two children off to Rome this summer, giving me, incidentally, an interlude of peace in which to write this ____, among other things.
- a. newspaper column
b. newspaper column's
c. column newspaper
d. newses column

68. Well Martin, pleased to meet with you, and congratulations on getting the job. I'm going to show you round the department, so that you know ____ before you will start work next week. I gather you're coming with me to the Paris conference.

- a. a bit more
- b. a more
- c. a bit
- d. more and bit

69. A study into family health conducted in California comes up with some interesting conclusions, though these might not be acceptable to ____.

- a. everybody
- b. no everybody
- c. body
- d. every day

70. The term 'drugs' covers many kinds of chemical substance which ____ by the body, the majority being medicines designed to cure illnesses.

- a. are absorbed
- b. absorbed
- c. are absorb
- d. absorbe

71. These are not your books, they are ____.

- a. mine
- your
- my
- him

72. Recently ____ about the proper functioning of the English legal system, after several well-publicised cases in which police evidence was eventually shown to be suspect, but only after the wrongful conviction of the accused.

- a. there have been doubts

- b. there has been doubt
- c. there have be doubts
- d. there has be doubts

73. She came home late. ____?

- a. When she came home?
- b. When came she home?
- c. When did she came home?
- d. When did she come home?

74. Don't be silly! It ____ Sally. She's in Scotland.

- a. can't have been
- b. can have be
- c. have can't been
- d. have be

75. It is now generally recognised that stress is a major cause of heart disease, and contributes to many ____.

- a. other illnesses
- b. other illness
- c. other ill
- d. other illness's

76. Very few popular spectator sports today remain amateur in any sense of the word. In the past, even in cases where payment to players or athletes____, many sports tolerated what became known as 'shamateurism', and even the sports governing associations turned a blind eye to such acts as the paying of 'expenses'.

- a. was forbidden
- b. was forbid
- c. forbidden
- d. forbid

77. ____ were built long before the heyday of the private car. As a result they rarely have enough space for moving traffic or parked

vehicles, and long queues of stationary vehicles are a common sight.

- a. Most big cities
- b. Most big city
- c. Most big citi's
- d. Most big city's

78. I am writing to express my _____ with the pictures, recently published in your newspaper, of the soap actress Kathy Walter, shown sunbathing, topless on a beach in the Mediterranean.

- a. dissatisfaction
- b. satisfy
- c. dissatisfactions
- d. hobby

79. Can I add some comments to your debate about the value of television? Your readers _____ that some of my views reflect exactly of their own experience in this matter.

- a. may find
- b. may be find
- c. may fond
- d. may finded

IDIOMS IN LITERATURE

FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF IDIOMS IN LITERATURE

An idiom is a figure of speech that means something different than a literal translation of the words would lead one to believe. For example, “it’s raining cats and dogs” is a common idiom in English, but it’s not meant to be taken literally: Household pets are not falling from the sky! It’s a colorful way of saying that it’s raining really hard outside.

Because idioms are such interesting ways to get a point across, they’re often seen in literature. In fact, many of the most common idioms we use today were originally coined by great writers as a unique metaphor; then people liked them enough to start using them in everyday conversation. See how many of these famous examples of idioms in literature you recognize.

Idioms From Shakespeare

William Shakespeare was a master of using the English language in new ways, and many of the figures of speech we use today come from his plays. Here’s a sampling of them:

- ***Break the ice*** — This phrase was first used in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Tranio encourages Petruchio to “break the ice” with Katherine to get to know her, suggesting that he may like her better — and get her to like him. Today this phrase is used to refer to relieving tension or getting to know someone better, usually by making small talk, or a kind gesture to start a new relationship.

- ***Wear my heart upon my sleeve*** — This saying was first used in Othello when Iago describes how he would be vulnerable if he revealed his dislike of Othello. In the play, the phrase continues to state that the “daws,” or crows, would be able to peck at his heart if he revealed it. Today, people use this phrase to mean that they are showing their real feelings about something.
- ***Set my teeth on edge*** — In Henry IV, Part 1, Hotspur complains about how much he hates poetry, saying, “And that would set my teeth nothing an edge, nothing so much as mincing poetry.” Today the phrase is used to express distaste for something, particularly annoyance, and also discomfort, like the noise of nails dragging on a chalkboard.
- ***There’s method in my madness*** — In Hamlet, Polonius observes Hamlet’s antics and says, “Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t.” He suspects Hamlet isn’t behaving as irrationally as he seems to be on the surface. The phrase has changed slightly, but the meaning is the same: Even though your action seems random, you have a purpose to them.
- ***Dead as a doornail*** — Though this phrase is perhaps better known as the opening description of Ebenezer Scrooge’s partner Jacob Marley in A Christmas Carol, it was previously used by Shakespeare. In Henry IV, Part 2 Jack Cade says, “I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doornail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.” The phrase is still used emphatically, implying that something is so dead it’s as if it were never alive in the first place.
- ***The world is my oyster*** — In The Merry Wives Of Windsor, when Falstaff refuses to lend Pistol money Pistol draws his sword and says, “Why, then the world’s mine oyster, which I with sword will open.” Today the phrase is full of optimism rather than violence and is used to say the world is full of possibilities and you can do anything.

Idioms From Works of Literature

Many other authors also coined their own idioms or used common idioms in their works to great effect. Idioms often help make dialogue more realistic and make clear a character's personality, education or background. Here are more idioms used in famous works of literature:

- ***I can't do [X] to save my life*** — This phrase can be traced back to English novelist Anthony Trollope in *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*. The original version is "If it was to save my life and theirs, I can't get up small talk for the rector and his curate." Here the speaker explains that he's so bad at small talk he couldn't do it even to save his life. It's still used to indicate someone is no good at an activity, often in a self-deprecating way.
- ***Pot calling the kettle black*** — This phrase comes from the Spanish novel *Don Quixote* by Cervantes. It referred to the fact that pots and kettles of the time were made of cast iron and got blackened in the fire and is used to suggest that one shouldn't accuse or criticize another of something they're also guilty of.
- ***Love is blind*** — First seen in writing in Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* - "For love is blind all day, and may not see" - this phrase means that true love is not superficial and also captures the idea that love can be unexpected or random.
- ***Live off the fat of the land*** — Though a version of this phrase exists in the Book of Genesis, it's perhaps most famously used in John Steinbeck's novel *Of Mice and Men*. George tells Lenny they'll live off the fat of the land and have rabbits when they make enough money to stop traveling around for work. The phrase means getting the best of everything without having to work hard for it.
- ***Extend an olive branch*** — This phrase hearkens back to the Greek myth of Athena who gifted the olive tree to the Athenians and the Biblical story of Noah, when a dove came back bearing an olive branch to show the great flood

waters had receded and the animals could safely leave the ark. Today the phrase means to offer peace or a truce after a disagreement.

- **Mad as a hatter** — This expression is said to refer to the use of mercury to set felt hats which was thought to drive hat makers crazy. Though the expression predates his work, Lewis Carroll created his Mad Hatter character in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland in reference to this English idiom.

OTHER IDIOMS

- **a closed book** – a topic or person about which/whom very little is known
- **an open book** – a topic or person that/who is easy to understand or about which/whom a lot is known
- **book smart** – possessing knowledge acquired from reading or study but lacking common sense
- **bookworm** – a keen reader
- **by the book** – in accordance with the rules
- **'You can't judge a book by its cover!'** – the outward appearance of something or someone is not a reliable indication of its/their true nature
- **every trick in the book** – all available methods of achieving what's desired
- **in my book** – in my opinion
- **in someone's good/bad books** – in favour/disfavour with someone
- **on/off the books** – officially on record/ unofficially and usually in secret
- **one for the (record) books** – an extraordinary event that will be remembered
- **'Read my lips!'** – listen carefully
- **the oldest trick in the book** – a trick so unimaginative and commonplace that it shouldn't deceive anyone

- **to balance the books** – to add up all debits and credits
- **to blot your copybook** – to tarnish your reputation
- **to bring someone to book** – to punish someone or draw attention to their bad behaviour
- **to close the books** – to put something aside and stop spending time and effort on it
- **to cook the books** – to falsify facts or figures
- **to have your nose in a book** – to be reading intensely
- **to hit the books** – to study
- **to make/open book** – to take bets on something
- **to read between the lines** – to search for an implied meaning
- **to read someone like a book** – to easily understand someone's thoughts/motives without being told them
- **to read someone the Riot Act** – to strongly warn someone to improve their behaviour
- **to read someone's mind** – to discern someone's thoughts
- **to read something into** – to give something meaning or significance that may not be there
- **to read the fine/small print** – to make sure you are aware of the conditions of an agreement
- **to take a leaf out of someone's book** – to imitate a particular (usually admirable) quality that someone else possesses
- **to take something as read** – to assume something as true without further discussing it
- **to throw a book at** – to punish severely

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Навчальне видання

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