

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ  
ОДЕСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ імені І. І. МЕЧНИКОВА  
ФАКУЛЬТЕТ РОМАНО-ГЕРМАНСЬКОЇ ФІЛОЛОГІЇ  
КАФЕДРА ЛЕКСИКОЛОГІЇ ТА СТИЛІСТИКИ АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ МОВИ

## **PRACTICE IN TEXT ANALYSIS**

### **ЕЛЕКТРОННІ МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ**

до навчальних дисциплін «Основна іноземна мова (англійська)»  
та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)»  
для здобувачів першого (бакалаврського) рівня вищої освіти  
спеціальності 035 Філологія  
спеціалізації 035.041 Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно), перша – англійська  
та спеціалізації 035.043 Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно), перша – німецька

ОДЕСА  
ОНУ  
2025

**УДК 811.111'243'42(072)**  
**Р90**

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*Рекомендовано вченою радою факультету романо-германської філології  
ОНУ імені І. І. Мечникова.*

*Протокол № 8 від 24 квітня 2025 р.*

**Р90** **Practice in text analysis** [Електронний ресурс] : електрон. метод. рек. до навч. дисциплін «Основна іноземна мова (англійська)» та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)» для здобувачів першого (бакалавр.) рівня вищ. освіти спец. 035 Філологія спеціалізації 035.041 Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська та спеціалізації 035.043 Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – німецька / уклад.: О. О. Калінюк, М. В. Кашуба, Л. В. Терехова. – Одеса : Одес. нац. ун-т ім. І. І. Мечникова, 2025. – 46 с. – 0,9 МБ.

*У пропонованих електронних методичних рекомендаціях представлені тексти оповідань відомих британських та американських авторів для поглибленого розуміння та вивчення дисципліни на 4 курсі; також надано приклади комплексного аналізу художніх текстів.*

*Мета методичних рекомендацій – формування навичок здійснення лінгвістичного та літературознавчого спеціального філологічного аналізу художнього тексту, виокремлення мовних засобів, що забезпечують когерентність тексту, створюють його експресивність і стилістичну виразність та сприяють реалізації комунікативної інтенції автора.*

**УДК 811.111'243'42(072)**

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## ПЕРЕДМОВА

Електронні методичні рекомендації «Practice in Text Analysis» пропонуються для навчальних дисциплін «Основна іноземна мова (англійська)» та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)» для здобувачів першого (бакалаврського) рівня вищої освіти спеціальності 035 Філологія спеціалізації 035.041 Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська та спеціалізації 035.043 Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – німецька.

**Мета** даних електронних методичних рекомендацій – формування навичок здійснення лінгвістичного та літературознавчого спеціального філологічного аналізу художнього тексту, виокремлення мовних засобів, що забезпечують когерентність тексту, сприяють реалізації комунікативної інтенції автора та створюють його експресивність.

Досягнення поставленої мети вимагає вирішення конкретних **завдань**, а саме:

1. Розрізняти тексти різних жанрів у межах художнього стилю;
2. Знати та оперувати спеціальною термінологією для здійснення комплексного аналізу художнього тексту;
3. Збирати та інтерпретувати мовний матеріал;
4. Інтегрувати навички з фонетики, лексики, граматики, лексикології та стилістики у процесі комплексного аналізу англійського художнього тексту.

**Електронні методичні рекомендації «Practice in Text Analysis»** складаються з передмови, трьох частин та списку використаних джерел. У першій частині викладено теоретичні основи стилістичного аналізу художнього тексту. Друга частина містить схему комплексного філологічного аналізу англійського художнього твору та чотири приклади такого аналізу. У третій частині наведено завдання з аналізу тексту, а також чотири тексти для самостійного філологічного аналізу. Окрім того, у методичних рекомендаціях подано кліше для інтерпретації тексту.

## PART I. PRELIMINARY REMARKS

### 1. MAIN TRENDS IN STYLE STUDY

**Functional Stylistics and Functional Styles.**

**Forms and Types of the Language. Stylistics of Artistic Speech.**

**Individual Style Study. Decoding Stylistics. Practical Stylistics.**

**Levels of Linguistic Analysis. Foregrounding.**

**Aims of Stylistic Analysis**

The term "stylistics" originated from the Greek "stylos", which means, "a pen". In the course of time it developed several meanings, each one applied to a specific study of language elements and their use in speech.

It is no news that any propositional content – any "idea" – can be verbalized in several different ways. So, "May I offer you a chair?", "Take a seat, please", "Sit down" – have the same proposition (subject matter) but differ in the manner of expression, which, in its turn, depends upon the situational conditions of the communication act.

70 per cent of our lifetime is spent in various forms of communication activities – oral (speaking, listening) or written (reading, writing), so it is self-evident how important it is for a philologist to know the mechanics of relations between the non-verbal, extralinguistic, cognitive essence of the communicative act and its verbal, linguistic presentation. It is no surprise, then, that many linguists follow their famous French colleague Charles Bally, claiming that Stylistics is primarily the study of synonymic language resources.

Representatives of the not less well-known Prague school – V. Mathesius, T. Vachek, J. Havranek and others focused their attention on the priority of the situational appropriateness in the choice of language varieties for their adequate functioning. Thus, **functional stylistics**, which became and remains an international, very important trend in style study, deals with sets, "paradigms" of language units of all levels of language hierarchy serving to accommodate the needs of certain typified communicative situations. These paradigms are known as **functional styles** of the language. Proceeding from the famous definition of the style of a language offered by V. V. Vinogradov more than half a century ago, we shall follow the understanding of a functional style formulated by I. R. Galperin as "a system of coordinated, interrelated and interconditioned language means intended to fulfil a specific function of communication and aiming at a definite effect."

All scholars agree that a well developed language, such as English, is streamered into several functional styles. Their classifications, though, coincide only partially: most style theoreticians do not argue about the number of functional styles being five, but disagree about their nomenclature. This manual offers one of the rather widely accepted classifications which singles out the following functional styles:

1. *Official style*, represented in all kinds of official documents and papers;
2. *Scientific style*, found in articles, brochures, monographs and other scientific and academic publications;
3. *Publicist style*, covering such genres as essay, feature article, most writings of "new journalism", public speeches, etc.;
5. *Newspaper style*, observed in the majority of information materials printed in newspapers;
6. *Belles-lettres style*, embracing numerous and versatile genres of imaginative writing.

It is only the first three that are invariably recognized in all stylistic treatises. As to the newspaper style, it is often regarded as part of the publicist domain and is not always treated individually. But the biggest controversy is flaming around the *belles-lettres style*. The unlimited possibilities of creative writing, which covers the whole of the universe and makes use of all language resources, led some scholars to the conviction that because of the liability of its contours, it can be hardly qualified as a functional style. Still others claim that, regardless of its versatility, the *belles-lettres style*, in each of its concrete representations, fulfils the aesthetic function, which fact singles this style out of others and gives grounds to recognize its systematic uniqueness, i. e. charges it with the status if an autonomous functional style. To compare different views on the number of functional styles and their classification see corresponding chapters in stylistic monographs, reference- and textbooks.

Each of the enumerated styles is exercised in two forms - *written* and *oral*: an article and a lecture are examples of the two forms of the scientific style; news broadcast on the radio and TV or newspaper information materials – of the newspaper style; an essay and a public speech – of the publicist style, etc.

The number of functional styles and the principles of their differentiation change with time and reflect the state of the functioning language at a given period. So, only recently, most style classifications had also included the so-called ***poetic*** style which dealt with verbal forms specific for poetry. But poetry, within the last decades, lost its isolated linguistic position; it makes use of all the

vocabulary and grammar offered by the language at large and there is hardly sense in singling out a special poetic style for the contemporary linguistic situation, though its relevance for the language of the seventeenth, eighteenth and even the biggest part of the nineteenth centuries cannot be argued.

Something similar can be said about the *oratoric* style, which in ancient Greece was instrumental in the creation of "Rhetoric", where Aristotle, its author, elaborated the basics of style study, still relevant today. The oratoric skill, though, has lost its position in social and political life. Nowadays speeches are mostly written first, and so contain all the characteristic features of publicist writing, which made it unnecessary to specify oratoric style within the contemporary functional stratification of the language.

All the above-mentioned styles are singled out within the *literary type* of the language. Their functioning is characterized by the intentional approach of the speaker towards the choice of language means suitable for a particular communicative situation and the official, formal, preplanned nature of the latter.

The *colloquial type* of the language, on the contrary, is characterized by the unofficiality, spontaneity, informality of the communicative situation. Sometimes the colloquial type of speech is labelled "the colloquial style" and entered into the classification of functional styles of the language, regardless of the situational and linguistic differences between the literary and colloquial communication, and despite the fact that a style of speech manifests a conscious, mindful effort in choosing and preferring certain means of expression for the given communicative circumstances, while colloquial speech is shaped by the immediacy, spontaneity, unpremeditativeness of the communicative situation. Alongside this consideration there exists a strong tendency to treat colloquial speech as an individual language system with its independent set of language units and rules of their connection.

*Functional stylistics*, dealing in fact with all the subdivisions of the language and all its possible usages, is the most all-embracing, "global", trend in style study, and such specified stylistics as the scientific prose study, or newspaper style study, or the like, may be considered elaborations of certain fields of functional stylistics.

A special place here is occupied by the study of creative writing -the belles-lettres style, because in it, above all, we deal with *stylistic use of language resources*, i.e. with such a handling of language elements that enables them to carry not only the basic, logical, but also additional information of various types. So the *stylistics of artistic speech*, or belles-lettres style study, was shaped.

Functional stylistics at large and its specified directions proceed from the situationally stipulated language "paradigms" and concentrate primarily on the analysis of the latter. It is possible to say that the attention of functional stylistics is focused on the message in its correlation with the communicative situation.

The message is common ground for communicants in an act of communication, an indispensable element in the exchange of information between two participants of the communicative act – the addresser (the supplier of information, the speaker, the writer) and the addressee (the receiver of the information, the listener, the reader).

Problems, concerning the choice of the most appropriate language means and their organization into a message, from the viewpoint of the addresser, are the centre of attention of *the individual style study*, which puts particular emphasis on the study of an individual author's style, looking for correlations between the creative concepts of the author and the language of his works.

In terms of information theory the author's stylistics may be named the *stylistics of the encoder*: the language being viewed as the code to shape the information into the message, and the supplier of the information, respectively, as the encoder. The addressee in this case plays the part of the decoder of the information contained in the message; and the problems connected with adequate reception of the message without any informational losses or deformations, i. e., with adequate decoding, are the concern of *decoding stylistics*.

And, finally, the stylistics, proceeding from the norms of language usage at a given period and teaching these norms to language speakers, especially the ones, dealing with the language professionally (editors, publishers, writers, journalists, teachers, etc.) is called *practical stylistics*.

Thus, depending on the approach and the final aim there can be observed several trends in style study. Common to all of them is the necessity to learn what the language can offer to serve the innumerable communicative tasks and purposes of language users; how various elements of the language participate in storing and transferring information; which of them carries which type of information, etc.

The best way to find answers to most of these and similar questions is to investigate informational values and possibilities of language units, following the structural hierarchy of language levels, suggested by a well-known Belgian linguist E. Benveniste about four decades ago - at the IX International Congress of Linguists in 1962, and accepted by most scholars today if not in its entirety, then at least as the basis for further elaboration and development.

E. Benveniste's scheme of analysis proceeds from the level of the phoneme – through the levels of the morpheme and the word to that of the sentence.

This book of practice is structured accordingly. The resources of each language level become evident in action, i.e. in speech, so the attention of the learners is drawn to the behaviour of each language element in functioning, to its aptitude to convey various kinds of information.

The ability of a verbal element to obtain extra significance, to say more in a definite context was called by Prague *linguists foregrounding*: indeed, when a word (affix, sentence), automatized by the long use in speech, through context developments, obtains some new, additional features, the act resembles a background phenomenon moving into the front line – foregrounding.

A contextually foregrounded element carries more information than when taken in isolation, so it is possible to say that in context it is loaded with basic information inherently belonging to it, plus the acquired, adherent, additional information. It is this latter that is mainly responsible for the well-known fact that a sentence always means more than the sum total of the meanings of its component-words, or a text means more than the sum of its sentences. So, stylistic analysis involves rather subtle procedures of finding the foregrounded element and indicating the chemistry of its contextual changes, brought about by the intentional, planned operations of the addresser, i.e. effected by the conscious stylistic use of the language.

For foreign language students stylistic analysis holds particular difficulties: linguistic intuition of a native speaker, which is very helpful in all philological activities, does not work in the case of foreign learners. Besides, difficulties may arise because of the inadequate language command and the ensuing gaps in grasping the basic, denotational information. Starting stylistic analysis, thus, one should bear in mind that the understanding of each separate component of the message is an indispensable condition of satisfactory work with the message as a whole, of getting down to the core and essence of its meaning.

Stylistic analysis not only broadens the theoretical horizons of a language learner but it also teaches the latter the skill of competent reading, on one hand, and proprieties of situational language usage, on the other.

### **Assignments for self-control**

1. What are the main trends in style study?
2. What forms and types of speech do you know?
3. What is a functional style and what functional styles do you know?

4. What do you know of the studies in the domain of the style of artistic speech?
5. What do you know about individual style study? What authors most often attract the attention of style theoreticians?
7. What is foregrounding and how does it operate in the text?
8. What levels of linguistic analysis do you know and which of them are relevant for stylistic analysis?
9. What is decoding stylistics?
10. What is the main concern of practical stylistics?
11. What is the ultimate goal of stylistic analysis of a speech product?

## 2. SCHEME OF A TEXT ANALYSIS

Analysis of the compositional and language means of the text can give the reader clues to its understanding. One of the possible approaches is given below. We have attached some useful expressions that should be used when analyzing the text.

**Read the text thoroughly for the gist of it.** Look up the unknown words in the dictionary. Read the text a second time for the full comprehension of it.

### **1. Look up the information about the author (8-10 sentences).**

Knowledge of biography, work, views, style and peculiarities of writing will supply you with the information that can be useful for your better understanding of the text.

The text under consideration is "(the title)....." by a well-known American/British writer...whose style is characterized with/by.../whose works concentrate on...

**2. Write a summary of the text presenting the most essential factual information. Avoid any elements of the analysis.** The given excerpt / short story is about....(5-10 sentences about the plot, place, time of action, personages).

### **3. Comment on the functional style and its aim.**

This short story belongs to the emotive prose and as such represents *the belles-lettres functional style*, the main aim of which is to give the readers aesthetic pleasure, to make them think and to entertain by appealing to their emotions.

**4. Analyze the compositional structure of the text. Distinguish the elements of the plot that can be observed in the text** (exposition vs implication of fore-knowledge, complication, rising action, culmination/climax, falling action, denouement/resolution, open end vs closed plot structure).

One of the peculiarities of the given text is that it starts with *implication of precedence*. The usage of the definite articles in the initial sentences is suggestive of it. The main aim of *implication of fore-knowledge* is to grab the reader's attention from the very beginning...

The following excerpt presents the culmination of the short story.

As the denouement of the story is only implied, the analyzed text can be considered as one having an open plot structure...

#### **5. Comment on the time and the place of action (chronotope).**

**Temporal markers:** lexical / grammatical, direct / indirect; the time planes: simultaneous/ prospection (flash-forward) / retrospection (flash-back)

**Spatial markers:** direct / indirect; open VS closed space

As for the place of action there are both direct (*the farm*) and indirect spatial markers (*the mentioning of the river Meramec suggests that the scene is laid in the state of Missouri*).

The temporal continuum of the text consists of three temporal planes (the simultaneous temporal plane, the retrospective..., the prospective...) The time of action is stated directly (*It was summer time*).

**Dwell on the balance of characters** (main character/protagonist; secondary characters and their balance).

#### **6. Define the types of narration that are employed by the author and speak about their functions in the text.**

**Author's narrative proper (anonymous 3<sup>rd</sup> person) VS entrusted narrative (1<sup>st</sup> person), dialogue, interior speech, represented inner speech, represented uttered speech.**

One of the peculiarities of the analyzed text is the usage of *entrusted narrative*, which means that the narration is carried out from the first person singular. This creates the effect of authenticity of the described events as the narrator is the personage of the novel who actually takes part in these events.

*Dialogue* imitates oral spontaneous speech by means of... Another function of dialogue – self-characterization of the personages – is achieved... Small insertions of dialogical speech are used to show the protagonist's immediate reactions to certain events.

*Represented speech* is a peculiar blend of the viewpoints and language spheres of both the author and the character. Represented speech serves to show the reproduction of either an uttered remark (*represented uttered speech*), or the character's thinking (*represented inner speech*). The latter is close to the personage's interior speech in essence, but differs from it in form, it is rendered in

a mix of the 1<sup>st</sup> and the 3<sup>rd</sup> person singular and may have the author's or personage's qualitative words, i.e. it reflects the presence of the author's viewpoint alongside that of the character.

**7. Mention narrative compositional forms employed in the text and their functions. Narration; Description: exterior (landscape, cityscape, seascape), interior, portrait; argumentation.**

As for the narrative compositional forms, narration, description and argumentation are used in the text. Narration presents the unfolding of the plot. The markers are verbs... The author employs different SDs and details to depict the place of action and the participants ... Thus, description is presented in three forms – portrait, interior and exterior (namely landscape) ... Argumentation offers considerations about moral, ethical and other issues. The markers are: indefinite articles, zero articles, words of generalizing semantics (*each, all, usually, never*).

**8. Analyze the linguistic structure of the text. Mention the stylistic devices of all levels (phonemic, graphical, morphemic, lexical, syntactical). Dwell on their functions in the text. Artistic details.**

**9. Comment on thematic vocabulary and key words. Speak of the title of the text (its correlation with the author's concept, etc.). Sum up your observations and explain the author's message.**

The thematic vocabulary of the text is...

As for the title words, they belong to the key vocabulary of the text which reveals the author's concept...

## **PART II. SAMPLES OF ANALYSIS**

### **TEXT 1**

#### **A MATTER OF TIMING**

**Charlotte Armstrong Lewi**

There was a black thread tied around her right forefinger... Jane paid for the groceries and looked at the wall clock. Good. She had made it. She put the paper bag on her left hip.

“It’s not too heavy,” she said kindly to the boy who offered to help.

She batted through the door and out into the sunshine, her mind running down its list, in case she had forgotten something important.

There was a black thread tied around her right forefinger. Mike had tied it there, this morning, over the breakfast eggs. Black was for pepper. They had been out of pepper for four days.

Jane didn’t like pepper. Mike said that explained it – she wasn’t motivated. Jane said she had it written down on her shopping lists, but every time she went to market, she forgot to take the list.

So Mike had tied the black thread around her finger, telling their daughter Sally that old-fashioned methods are sometimes best, especially with an old-fashioned character like Mammy. Sally had thought Daddy was a riot.

Smiling to herself, Jane resolved that the thread would be removed at dinner with all due ceremony. Yes, she had the pepper. She was a good housekeeper, she didn’t always remember everything, but then, who did?

Jane pranced round the corner of the building into the parking lot. Her car was over there. How strange that one always remembers where one leaves a car. Memory is odd, thought Jane; maybe there are instinctive priorities.

She crossed the big lot. It had its usual complement of cars, and a few people were coming in and going out. There was a man standing beside her car – he was tucked in between Jane’s and the next one.

She walked into the slot, toward her driver’s seat, saying in her usual friendly fashion, “Excuse me?” The man shuffled and let her pass.

Then he turned and said to her startled ear, “Don’t yell, lady, or I’ll give it to you.” He was a thin, pale, red-eyed man, with a wicked-looking knife in his hand. “Get in, lady. You drive. And do as I say.”

Nobody was noticing. A woman in blue was getting into a car at the far end of the lot. Jane didn’t yell. She said, “What do you want me to do?”

“I said do as I say. Drive. I’m getting out of here. I said drive.”

Jane was remembering, as clear as bells ringing, everything that was really important. She pushed the bag against the car, lifting her knee under it. She put her right hand down into it. She scrabbled inside, watching him. He looked miserable, more frightened than she – but dangerous. Jane said, “I’ve got to find my keys, don’t I?”

“Hurry up.” The knife was pointed at her stomach. He didn’t care; she could see that.

And an automobile is not important – not as important as a life.

Jane said, “I’ll give you the keys. You want the car, don’t you? Take it.”

“Nope. Nope. Get in, lady. I’m not leaving you behind. You’d call the cops.” “That’s right,” she said. “I would.”

Jane widened her eyes, holding his gaze. Her thumb had to be strong enough. She felt it scrape past sharp metal and lose skin. “Hah,” she grunted in triumph.

She pulled her hand out of the bag and threw pepper out of the now-open can straight into his eyes. Then Jane hurled herself to the ground.

The man screamed, lunged, tripped over her body, fell, screamed again. Jane crawled out of the parking slot, somehow, anyhow, around him, over him, then out and free.

People had stopped in their tracks, a few on the sidewalk, the few who were getting in or out of cars. Jane ran. A man stepped into her way and said, “What’s the matter with him? Is he having a fit? Call an ambulance.”

“He’s got the knife! Call the police!”

People seemed to have come up out of the ground like worms after a rain. None of them went near the man. They had stunned looks – looks of distaste – don’t-bother-me looks. The woman in blue slammed her car door and frantically tried to start her engine.

The man in the parking slot was now on his feet, blind and blundering, seeking the way out. People’s feet were nervous, but nobody moved. Jane moved. She ran back into grocery store.

She was on the phone when the man with the knife, staggering, stabbing the air, stumbled blindly behind the car of the woman in blue and down under her wheels as she, in panic was trying desperately to get the motor going.

The cops came with a rush.

People said to Jane, “You were so quick.” “You were so smart.” “You were so brave.”

Jane said, "But I couldn't go off with him."

"You could have been hurt, maybe killed."

Jane said, "No. I couldn't let him stab me – I just couldn't."

"Lucky, you had just bought some pepper."

Jane said impatiently, "I'd have thought of something else. I'd have stabbed his knife with my roast of beef. What time is it?"

"I'd have been scared to death!" a woman exclaimed.

"I didn't have *time*," Jane said.

The woman in blue was having hysterics in the parking lot. The cop said to Jane, "You did okay, Ma'am."

"I'd like to go home now," Jane said to him. "You can come there and talk all you want. What time is it?"

"Three twenty-five, Ma'am."

"Then I *must* go! You see, my little girl will be home from school in a few minutes. Children shouldn't come home to an empty house. So, of course, I couldn't go with him, could I?"

"No, Ma'am," the cop said, and he cleared the way for her, tipping his cap.

### **Sample of Analysis**

#### **"A Matter of Timing" by Charlotte Armstrong Lewi**

1. The text under consideration is "A matter of timing" written by a famous American novelist, short story writer and screenwriter Charlotte Armstrong Lewi. Charlotte Armstrong frequently induced suspense in her stories. In 1957, she received an Edgar Allan Poe Award from the Mystery writers of America for her novel "A Dram of Poison". She wrote two other Edgar-nominated novels: "The Gift Shop" and "Lemon in the Basket".

2. The title of the text under analysis directly corresponds to its plot, because the events described are all about the matter of timing. The protagonist, Jane, a caring mother and a loving wife, having done her grocery shopping, crosses the parking lot to get to her car. Walking towards her driver's seat, she faces a miserable-looking man with a knife in his hand, who threatens her and demands to drive him somewhere. By the help of her quick wit, Jane manages to escape using the pepper she has bought exactly that day. Eye-witnesses and passers-by admire the woman's courage and her luck, but she says it is all about a matter of timing, as she can't let her little daughter come home into an empty house.

3. This short story belongs to the emotive prose and as such represents the belles-lettres functional style, the main aim of which is to give readers aesthetic pleasure, to make them think and to entertain them by appealing to their emotions.

4. What concerns the types of narration, author's narrative proper is used as well as dialogue, which serves as self-characterisation of the protagonist. Moreover, the insertions of the Represented Inner Speech (*Smiling to herself, Jane resolved that the thread would be removed at dinner with all due ceremony. Yes, she had the pepper. She was a good housekeeper, she didn't always remember everything, but then who did?*) and Represented Uttered Speech (*Jane didn't like pepper. Mike said that explained it – she wasn't motivated*) can be observed.

5. One of the peculiarities of the given text is that it starts with the implication of the foreknowledge. The usage of the protagonist's name – Jane – as well as such a grammatical marker as Past Perfect (*She had made it*) are suggestive of it. The complication can be observed in the sentence "*There was a man standing beside her car – he was tucked in between Jane's and the next one*". The culmination is expressed by the sentences "*Hah,*" *she grunted in triumph. She pulled her hand out of the bag and threw pepper out of the now-open can straight into his eyes. Then Jane hurled herself to the ground. The man screamed, lunged, tripped over her body, fell, screamed again. Jane crawled out of the parking slot, somehow, anyhow, around him, over him, then out and free*". In the given excerpt many stylistic devices of different levels are used, such as onomatopoeia (*grunted, screamed (2x)*), root repetition (*somewhat, anyhow*) and climax (*The man screamed, lunged, tripped over his body, fell, screamed again*), as well as emotionally coloured words (*triumph, hurled, free*) and the sequence of verbs (*grunted, hurled, screamed, lunged, tripped over, fell, crawled*), all of which add to the necessary tension of the scene. The events following the woman's escape from the criminal present the denouement. The story can be considered as one having a closed plot structure.

6. As for the time of action, all three temporal planes can be observed. The simultaneous plane predominates and it is expressed by Past Simple and Past Continuous. The retrospection is presented by such temporal markers as Past Perfect (*She had made it. Mike had tied it there*) and lexical marker "*this morning*". Prospection is also present: "*the thread would be removed at dinner*", "*my little girl will be home from school in a few minutes*". The time of action is stated directly (*three twenty-five*) and indirectly (*would be removed at dinner, my little girl will be home from school in a few minutes*).

As for the place of action, both closed and open spaces are present. The direct markers of the closed place, that is *the grocery shop* at the beginning of the story, are “*the groceries, market, grocery store*”. The events themselves, however, are carried out on the parking lot. The direct markers are “*round the corner of the building, the parking lot, sidewalk*”. Moreover, we can say that the events take place in the USA. The implicit markers of that is the usage of American English words such as “*parking lot, sidewalk, Ma’am, cop*”.

7. As for the narrative compositional forms, narration and description are used in the text. Narrative proper presents the unfolding of the plot, to which the abundance of verbs points. Description is presented in the form of the physical portrait of the criminal: “*He was a thin, pale, a red-eyed man, with a wicked-looking knife in his hand. He looked miserable, more frightened than she – but dangerous*”.

8. There are some stylistic devices in this short story. On the phonographical level there can be observed onomatopoeia (“*yell, grunted, screamed, slammed etc.*”), alliteration (“*staggering, stabbing the air, stumbled blindly behind the car*”).

On the morphemic level: affixational repetition (“*staggering, stabbing the air, stumbled blindly behind the car of the woman in blue and down under the wheels as she, in panic was trying desperately to get the motor going*”).

On the lexical level: metaphor (“*her mind running down its list*”), metonymy (“*said to her ear, woman in blue*”), epithets (“*instinctive priorities, wicked-looking knife, stunned looks*”, etc.), hyperbole (“*I’d been scared to death!*”), simile (“*People seemed to have come up out of the ground like worms after a rain*”).

On the syntactical level such SD as parallelism (“*but nobody moved. Jane moved. “Call an ambulance”. “He’s got the knife! Call the police!”*”) is used.

As for the lexico-syntactical level, we can observe climax (“*The man screamed, lunged, tripped over her body, fell, screamed again. Jane crawled out of the parking slot, somehow, anyhow, around him, over him, then out and free. You could have been hurt, maybe killed*”) and repetition (“*You were so quick. You were so smart. You were so brave*”).

9. The thematic vocabulary of the text is “*grocery, pepper, black thread, parking lot, car, knife, automobile*”.

The title of the text contains the key word “*timing*” which helps reveal the author’s message that the described events are all about the matter of timing and how much everything depends on it.

**TEXT 2**  
**From THE FUN THEY HAD**  
**Isaac Asimov**

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2157, she wrote, "Today, Tommy found a real book!"

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy *his* grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to – on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

"Gee," said Tommy, "what a waste. When you're through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw it away."

"Same with mine," said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, "Where did you find it?"

"In my house."

He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. "In the attic."

"What's it about?"

"School."

Margie was scornful. "School? What's there to write about school? I hate school." Margie always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at Margie and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right, and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly, with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part Margie hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The Inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted Margie's head. He said to her mother, "It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory." And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "*Centuries* ago."

Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a *regular* teacher. It was a man." "A man? How could a man be a teacher?" "Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions." "A man isn't smart enough." "Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher." "He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher." "He knows almost as much, I betcha." Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, "I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me."

### **Sample of Analysis**

From "**The Fun They Had**" by Isaak Azimov

1. The text under consideration is an extract from a short story "*The Fun They Had*" by an American author and biochemist Isaac Asimov. He was a highly successful and exceptionally prolific writer best known for his works of science fiction and for his popular science books.

2. The given extract is about an eleven-year-old Margie, whose neighbour Tommy found a real book in the attic of his house. This made Margie recall her grandfather's words about the time when all stories had been printed on paper. The children found it funny that the words they read did not move as they did on their television screen. Margie was surprised to learn that the book was about school since she personally hated it. Tommy was proud to tell her that the book was not about their type of school but the one children had had centuries before, with a real man as a teacher. Margie didn't believe it as she considered a man not

smart enough. Tommy objected as in his opinion his father knew as much as his teacher, but the girl remained sceptical.

3. The excerpt belongs to the emotive prose and represents the belles-lettres functional style. Its main aim is to give readers aesthetic pleasure, to make them think and to entertain them while appealing to their emotions. The given text is an example of the science fiction genre that basically presents imaginative and futuristic ideas such as advanced science, technology, social innovation, space exploration etc. The beginning of the text gives a precise date in the future – *May, 17, 2157* – which is highly characteristic of the genre of science fiction. Besides providing entertainment, science fiction often criticizes present-day society. The short story “*The Fun They Had*” presents a futuristic concept of computerised home-schooling and may be considered as one reflecting on today’s pupil-teacher relationship and the role of school in society.

4. In the given extract, author’s narrative proper is the main type of narration. In other words, it is an anonymous third person narration that presents the author as an observer from the outside (e.g. *Margie even wrote about it; They turned the pages; She said; Tommy looked at her*). Dialogue or personages’ speech is another type of narration used in the text. It imitates the oral spontaneous speech by means of ellipsis (e.g. “*In my house*”; “*In the attic*”; “*School*”; “*Sure he is*”; “*He can’t*” etc.) and creates the effect of authenticity. Another function of dialogue is self-characterisation of the characters. Tommy’s cues include colloquialisms (e.g. “*Gee*”, “*I guess*”) and words with emotive connotation (e. g. “*stupid*”) that reveal his age – he is a thirteen-year-old boy. The fact that Tommy found a real book makes him a bit arrogant and the boy acts as though he is an expert in the old type of school: “... *it’s not our kind of school, stupid*”; “*Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn’t a regular teacher*”. Margie’s cues are mostly questions which present her as a naive and curious little girl: “*Where did you find it?*”; “*What’s it about?*”; “*Why would anyone write about school?*” However, she doubts if a real man could be a teacher (e.g. “*He can’t. A man can’t know as much as a teacher*”) and remains sceptical about that (e.g. “*I wouldn’t want a strange man in my house to teach me*”).

5. The peculiarity of the analysed text is that it starts with the implication of precedence. It means that the beginning of the story starts with its most essential part instead of giving background information about the characters or the time and place of action. In the given text, the marker of the implication of foreknowledge is the determiner “*that*” in the initial sentence. Since the text is an extract from a full story, it cannot be said whether it has an open or closed plot structure.

6. The time of action is mentioned directly in the text: “*On the page headed May 17, 2157, she wrote...*” It implies that events take place during one day in a particular year (in the future, from the present day readers’ point of view). However, Margie experiences a flashback that takes the narrative back in time from the current point of story. This interjected scene starts with the sentence “*The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test...*” The flashback is indicated by a grammatical temporal marker, the Past Perfect Continuous tense. The author makes the character recount the events that happened before to fill in a crucial back-story. In this case, it is the fact that the mechanical teacher was giving Margie a lot of test papers. Then it broke down but was fixed up again which was the reason the girl hated school more than ever. The sequence of events goes back to its current point: “*So she said to Tommy <...>*” The use of the Past Simple tense is a grammatical temporal marker that indicates the end of the flashback (or retrospection). As for the place of action, it is not mentioned directly in the text. The indirect spatial marker is Tommy’s cue and the author’s following comment: “*“In my house.” He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading*”. It may be inferred from these phrases that the children are in Margie’s house, i. e. in closed space.

7. As for the narrative compositional forms, narration and description are used in the text. Narration presents the unfolding of the plot. The markers are the verbs of action: *wrote, turned, said, smiled, took apart, finished, looked, read*. Description is presented by small insertions of portrait, namely County Inspector’s appearance (e.g. *He was a round little man with read face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires*) and the mechanical teacher’s appearance (e.g. *<...> there it was again, large and black and ugly, with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked*). Another example of description is the description of the book Tommy found: *It was a very old book; They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still....* A book is basically associated with an item of interior, so the description may be considered interior.

8. The author employs a number of stylistic devices to depict the participants and the time and place of action. First of all, graphical means, namely the use of italics, foreground several words in the text. In the sentence “*Margie’s grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper*” the word *his* is in italics. That emphasises the fact that “all stories were printed on paper” a long time ago. The same effect may be observed in Tommy’s cue about the time when the

schools were different (*centuries* is in italics): “*He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, ‘Centuries ago’*”. Another example of italics is employed in Tommy’s remark about teachers in the past (*regular* is in italics): “*Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn’t a regular teacher*”. The boy makes it explicit that “*a regular teacher*” is a mechanical teacher and “*a man*” as a teacher is something unusual for him. Tommy’s cue also includes a graphon (e.g. “... *I betcha*”) that reflects the authentic pronunciation. Margie asks a rhetorical question when she finds out that the book is about school and immediately gives her feedback about it: “*What’s there to write about school? I hate school*” (so there is nothing to write about it). Catch repetition is a SD that emphasises Margie’s amusement: “*It was a man*”. “*A man?*” The use of parallel constructions shows how boring is school for Margie: “*The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse ...*”. An example of polysyndeton may be observed in the text: “*large and black and ugly*”. Antithesis: “*Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher*”. “*He can’t. A man can’t know as much as a teacher*”. The author employs a variety of epithets when speaking about Tommy (e.g. *superior, loftily*), Margie (e.g. *scornful*), her mother (e.g. *sorrowfully*), and the mechanical teacher (e.g. *ugly*).

9. The thematic vocabulary of the text is: *television screen, telebooks, mechanical, dials, wires, slot, punch code, calculated, sector*. These are words related to the theme of computerised home-schooling. The key words of the text are: *man, teacher, old, school, book*. They help reveal the author’s message — the advantages of the old schools where children of the same age studied together with a man as a teacher as opposed to boring home-schooling with a mechanical teacher.

### TEXT 3

#### THE UNICORN IN THE GARDEN

James Thurber

Once upon a sunny morning a man who sat in a breakfast nook looked up from his scrambled eggs to see a white unicorn with a golden horn quietly cropping the roses in the garden. The man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her. 'There's a unicorn in the garden,' he said. 'Eating roses.' She opened one unfriendly eye and looked at him. 'The unicorn is a mythical beast,' she said, and turned her back on him. The man walked slowly

downstairs and out into the garden. The unicorn was still there; he was now browsing among the tulips. 'Here, unicorn,' said the man, and he pulled up a lily and gave it to him. The unicorn ate it gravely. With a high heart, because there was a unicorn in the garden, the man went upstairs and roused his wife again. 'The unicorn,' he said, 'ate a lily'. His wife sat up in bed, and looked at him, coldly. 'You are a booby,' she said, 'and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch.' The man, who had never liked the words 'booby' and 'booby-hatch', and who liked them even less on a shining morning when there was a unicorn in the garden, thought for a moment. 'We'll see about that,' he said. He walked over to the door. 'He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead,' he told her. Then he went back to the garden to watch the unicorn; but the unicorn had gone away. The man sat down among the roses and went to sleep.

As soon as the husband had gone out of the house, the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could. She was very excited and there was a gloat in her eye. She telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist; she told them to hurry up to her house and bring a strait-jacket. When the police and the psychiatrist arrived they sat down in chairs and looked at her, with great interest. 'My husband,' she said, 'saw a unicorn this morning.' The police looked at the psychiatrist and the psychiatrist looked at the police. 'He told me it had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead,' she said. At a solemn signal from the psychiatrist, the police leaped from their chairs and seized the wife. They had a hard time subduing her, for she put up a terrific struggle, but they finally subdued her. Just as they got her into the strait-jacket, the husband came back into the house.

'Did you tell your wife you saw a unicorn?' asked the police. 'Of course not,' said the husband. 'The unicorn is a mythical beast.' 'That's all I wanted to know,' said the psychiatrist. 'Take her away. I'm sorry, sir, but your wife is as crazy as a jaybird.' So they took her away, cursing and screaming, and shut her up in an institution. The husband lived happily ever after.

Moral: Don't count your boobies until they are hatched.

### **Sample of Analysis**

#### **“The Unicorn in the Garden” by James Thurber**

1. James Thurber was an American cartoonist, author, and humorist. He was best known for his cartoons and short stories published mainly in The New Yorker magazine. He published more than 20 books of essays, sketches, fables and short stories, marked by wit and wisdom.

2. The fable by James Thurber *The Unicorn in the Garden* dwells on a husband who one morning sees a unicorn in his garden and tells his wife about it. She ridicules him, telling him that the unicorn is a mythical beast, calls him a “booby”, and threatens to send him to the “booby hatch”. He anyway persists on unicorn’s existence, and she summons the authorities. However, after she tells them what her husband saw they force her into a straitjacket. They then ask the husband if he told his wife he had seen a unicorn and he prudently tells them that he has not, because “the unicorn is a mythical beast”. Thus they take the wife away instead, and “the husband lived happily ever after”. The story ends with a moral, “Don’t count your boobies before they’re hatched”, a play on the popular proverb “Don’t count your chickens before they’re hatched”. Thus, the moral advises not to expect one’s hopes to be a certainty.

3. The text under consideration belongs to the belles-lettres functional style. Its main aim is to give the readers aesthetic pleasure, to make them think and to entertain them by appealing to their emotions. It is told in the third person from the viewpoint of an omniscient anonymous narrator.

The text belongs to the genre of fable. Fable is a story that is not based on a fact. It is a fictional story that features animals, different creatures or inanimate objects that behave and speak as human beings. Fable is told in order to highlight human follies and weaknesses. It illustrates a particular righteous lesson and leads to an explicitly formulated moral at the end which reveals the author’s ideas of what is right and just.

4. The main type of narration here is the author’s narrative proper, which means that the narration is carried out from the third person singular. The 3rd person narrative is interspersed with dialogue which imitates oral spontaneous speech by means of ellipsis: “*Eating roses; Of course not*”. Another function of dialogue is self-characterisation of the personages. Thus, the wife’s cues characterise her as a cold, hostile woman: “*You are a booby, and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch.*” The husband’s cues characterize him as curious, passionate, and childish: “*There’s a unicorn in the garden. The unicorn ate a lily. He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead*”. He’s impressionable and eager to share his discoveries with the world.

There is also an insertion of represented uttered speech in the text which aims at rendering the conversation of the characters in retrospect by repeating their actual words and not adhering to the dialogue proper: *she told them to hurry to her house; “He told me it ate a lily”; “He told me it had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead”*.

5. The fable consists of three logical parts and the moral, each being a separate paragraph. The first one is the longest. It introduces the main characters and sets the time and place for the events. It is the most magical part because a mythical and magical creature appears in the garden of a married couple.

The first sentence presents a cliché “*Once upon...*”, that is usually used at the beginning of a fairy tale, which is violated by a combination “*sunny morning*” instead of “*a time*”.

The second paragraph is shorter; its atmosphere is less magical and it is more about everyday life.

The third paragraph is the shortest. The humorous effect here is achieved when the author violates the cliché “*They lived happily ever after*”, saying “*The **husband** lived happily ever after*”. Another idiom is violated here which is “*naked as a jay bird*”. In the text it is “*crazy as a jaybird*”, which also produces humorous effect. At the end of the fable there is a moral which presents a violation of a proverb “*don't count your chickens until they are hatched*”; the word “*boobies*” is used instead of “*chickens*”. The humorous effect is achieved once again.

6. The events in the short story are going on in the late spring or the beginning of the summer, which is suggested by direct (*a sunny morning*) and indirect (roses, *tulips*, *lilies*) lexical temporal markers.

As for the place of action, the story takes place in the house consisting of at least two floors (*the man went up to the bedroom*) and in the garden. The open space is allotted to the husband. The direct marker of it is “*the garden*”, the indirect markers are the names of the flowers growing there – *lilly*, *rose*, *tulip*. To emphasize the correlation between the husband and the garden, the author employs the personal pronoun “*his*” - ...*there was a unicorn in **his** garden....*

The attitude of the husband towards his wife is shown by epithets and a metaphor with positive connotation – *sunny*, *shining*, *high heart*.

The closed space is allotted to the wife. It is given through direct lexical spatial markers “*bedroom*, *in bed*”, and indirect lexical spatial markers “*upstairs*, *chairs*”. The wife stays in the house and never leaves it until being taken away. The personal pronoun “*her*” confirms her dependence on the house: “...*she told them to hurry to **her** house...*” The attitude of the wife towards her husband is revealed through her actions – *she opened one unfriendly eye*; *turned her back on him*; *she telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist*. All words and phrases that she says have negative connotation – *The unicorn is a mythical beast*; *You are a booby*, and *I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch*. There is also

a number of SDs used in the description of the wife characterizing her: epithets (*unfriendly, coldly*); metaphor (*gloat in her eye*).

7. As for the narrative compositional forms, narration and description are present in the short story.

Narration presents the unfolding of the plot. The markers of this narrative-compositional form are the verbs *sat, looked up, went up, woke, walked, was browsing, ate*, etc.

Description is presented by portrait and exterior.

As for the portrait, the unicorn is described vividly: *...a white unicorn with a golden horn...; He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead.*

As for the exterior, the garden is described by means of enumeration of flowers growing there: *cropping the roses in the garden; browsing among the tulips; the man pulled up a lily; sat among the roses.*

8. The protagonists of the short story are a man and his wife. They are in opposition to each other. The negative attitude to the husband from the viewpoint of the wife is reached by such stylistic devices as epithet and detachment: *His wife sat up in the bed and looked at him, coldly*; simile: *the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could*; metaphor – *there was a gloat in her eye*. The use of these stylistic devices show the desire of the wife to get rid of her husband.

The negative tension between the spouses is also shown with the help of the artistic details that highlight the loneliness of a man in this relations. The husband is always alone – during breakfast, during his walk in the garden and even when he wants to share the beautiful news about the magical beast in their garden, his wife confronts him with rude behaviour – *a man who sat in a breakfast nook, the man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her, she opened one unfriendly eye, you are a booby, and I 'm going to have you put in the booby-hatch.*

The desire of the wife to get rid of her husband is shown by the usage of the parallel constructions with the verbs denoting actions in the Past Simple tense – *She was very excited: she telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist; she told them to hurry and to bring a straight-jacket.*

The humorous effect in the short story is reached by the author with the help of such stylistic device as chiasmus – *The police looked at the psychiatrist and the psychiatrist looked at the police.*

Lexical repetition of the words in the sentence – *they had a hard time subduing her, but they finally subdued her* – produces humorous effect.

Simile used in the description of the wife struggling with the police *as crazy as a jay bird* shows the tension of the events.

The marriage shown in the short story isn't a happy one. The leader in it always was a non-loving wife. This idea is expressed by the defining of the characters and the change of it within the short story: at the beginning of the short story the female-protagonist was "*the wife*", and the male-protagonist was "*a man*". Only in the end of the story when his wife was taken to "*a booby-hatch*", the male character became "*the husband*" because he got rid of his wife and became happy.

9. The title of the text contains an allusion to the mythical stories (the noun "unicorn"). According to some beliefs, the unicorn is a symbol of purity. The fact that the unicorn is only seen by the husband implies the husband's purity and innocence.

The author's message is to show the readers that there is nothing good in making troubles to other people, especially to the close ones and *the key-words such as* "unicorn", "wife", "man", "husband", "booby", "garden" help in revealing the author's message.

#### TEXT 4

From **THE SWIMMERS**

**Francis Scott Fitzgerald**

In the Place Benoît, a suspended mass of gasoline exhaust cooked slowly by the June sun. It was a terrible thing, for, unlike pure heat, it held no promise of rural escape, but suggested only roads choked with the same foul asthma. In the offices of The Promissory Trust Company, Paris Branch, facing the square, an American man of thirty-five inhaled it, and it became the odor of the thing he must presently do. A black horror suddenly descended upon him, and he went up to the washroom, where he stood, trembling a little, just inside the door.

Through the washroom window his eyes fell upon a sign – 1000 Chemises. The shirts in question filled the shop window, piled, cravated and stuffed, or else draped with shoddy grace on the show-case floor. 1000 Chemises – Count them! To the left he read Papeterie, Pâtisserie, Solde, Réclame, and Constance Talmadge in Déjeuner de Soleil; and his eye, escaping to the right, met yet more somber announcements: Vêtements Ecclésiastiques, Declaration de Décès, and Pompes Funèbres. Life and Death.

Henry Marston's trembling became a shaking; it would be pleasant if this were the end and nothing more need be done, he thought, and with a certain hope he sat down on a stool. But it is seldom really the end, and after a while, as he became too exhausted to care, the shaking stopped and he was better. Going downstairs, looking as alert and self-possessed as any other officer of the bank, he spoke to two clients he knew, and set his face grimly toward noon.

"Well, Henry Clay Marston!" A handsome old man shook hands with him and took the chair beside his desk.

"Henry, I want to see you in regard to what we talked about the other night. How about lunch? In that green little place with all the trees."

"Not lunch, Judge Waterbury; I've got an engagement."

"I'll talk now, then; because I'm leaving this afternoon. What do these plutocrats give you for looking important around here?"

Henry Marston knew what was coming.

"Ten thousand and certain expense money," he answered.

"How would you like to come back to Richmond\* at about double that? You've been over here eight years and you don't know the opportunities you're missing. Why both my boys – "

Henry listened appreciatively, but this morning he couldn't concentrate on the matter. He spoke vaguely about being able to live more comfortably in Paris and restrained himself from stating his frank opinion upon existence at home.

"I'll think it over, judge." For a moment the gray and ruddy head seemed so kind; then it faded back into something one-dimensional, machine-finished, blandly and bleakly un-European. Henry Marston respected that open kindness – in the bank he touched it with daily appreciation, as a curator in a museum might touch a precious object removed in time and space; but there was no help in it for him; the questions which Henry Marston's life propounded could be answered only in France. His seven generations of Virginia ancestors were definitely behind him every day at noon when he turned home.

Home was a fine high-ceiling apartment hewn from the palace of a Renaissance cardinal in the Rue Monsieur – the sort of thing Henry could not have afforded in America. Choupette, with something more than the rigid traditionalism of a French bourgeois taste, had made it beautiful, and moved through gracefully with their children. She was a frail Latin blonde with fine large features and vividly sad French eyes that had first fascinated Henry in a Grenoble pension in 1918. The two boys took their looks from Henry, voted the handsomest man at the University of Virginia a few years before the war.

Climbing the two broad flights of stairs, Henry stood panting a moment in the outside hall. It was quiet and cool here, and yet it was vaguely like the terrible thing that was going to happen. He heard a clock inside his apartment strike one, and inserted his key in the door.

The maid who had been in Choupette's family for thirty years stood before him, her mouth open in the utterance of a truncated sigh.

"*Bonjour*, Louise."

"Monsieur!" He threw his hat on a chair. "But, monsieur – but I thought monsieur said on the phone he was going to Tours for the children!"

"I changed my mind, Louise."

He had taken a step forward, his last doubt melting away at the constricted terror in the woman's face.

"Is madame home?"

Simultaneously he perceived a man's hat and stick on the hall table and for the first time in his life he heard silence – a loud, singing silence, oppressive as heavy guns or thunder. Then, as the endless moment was broken by the maid's terrified little cry, he pushed through the portières into the next room.

An hour later Doctor Derocco, *de la Faculté de Médecine*, rang the apartment bell. Choupette Marston, her face a little drawn and rigid, answered the door. For a moment they went through French forms; then:

"My husband has been feeling unwell for some weeks," she said concisely. "Nevertheless, he did not complain in a way to make me uneasy. He has suddenly collapsed; he cannot articulate or move his limbs. All this, I must say, might have been precipitated by a certain indiscretion of mine – in all events, there was a violent scene, a discussion, and sometimes when he is agitated, my husband cannot comprehend well in French."

### **Sample of analysis**

From **The Swimmers** by F. Scott Fitzgerald

1. F. Scott Fitzgerald was an American writer known for his novels and short stories that reflect the luxury and moral decay of the Jazz Age. His works often explore themes of wealth, social mobility, and the American Dream, while delving into the complexities of personal identity, love, and disillusionment. Best known for his novel *The Great Gatsby*, F.S. Fitzgerald left a profound mark on the 20th-century literature.

2. In the extract from the short story "The Swimmers", the story follows Henry Marston, a thirty-five-year-old American living in Paris. He is caught

between his life at the Promissory Trust Company and the pull of his past in Richmond, where his roots and heritage lie. He is approached by Judge Waterbury, who offers him a chance to return to Richmond with a more lucrative position. Although Marston listens to the offer, his thoughts are distracted, as he is troubled by an overwhelming sense of impending doom.

At his home in Paris, Marston is confronted with an eerie silence that leads to the discovery of his wife, Choupette, having an affair. As the story unfolds, Marston's internal turmoil becomes clear. His life, shaped by his American background and his wife's Latin beauty, is now torn apart by the events unfolding in his own home. In the midst of this crisis, his health fails, leading to a sudden collapse.

3. The text under consideration belongs to the belles-lettres functional style. Its main aim is to give readers aesthetic pleasure, to make them think and to entertain by appealing to their emotions. F.S. Fitzgerald uses rich descriptions and psychological depth to explore the inner work of Marston's mind. The narrative reveals the fragility of human existence and the contradictions of a life divided between ambition and personal turmoil.

4. The extract is written in the third person narrative, from the viewpoint of an anonymous narrator. There is also a dialogue that reveals the characters' personalities and relationships. Through Henry's conversation with Judge Waterbury, the reader learns about his internal struggle and unease about returning to America. The dialogue helps to build a sense of tension in the atmosphere when Henry arrives home. Represented inner speech in the given extract is a single exclamatory sentence divided from the author's narrative by a dash. The sentence is not taken into inverted commas: *1000 Chemises – Count them!)*

5. The fragment of the short story represents its exposition. The exposition introduces the characters and describes the scene of action. Then the author shows a series of events, following one another and leading to the conflict of the extract. The extract is logically divided into three parts, each reflecting the inner state and the life of Henry Marston. The first part introduces Henry, an American in Paris, who feels uneasy and overwhelmed by his surroundings. In the second part, Judge Waterbury offers him a job in America, but Henry remains distracted, revealing his growing dissatisfaction with life. The third part focuses on Henry returning home to his apartment. He discovers that his wife has an affair and it leads to his emotional collapse. A doctor later confirms his breakdown.

6. The story is set in Paris, the direct lexical marker is *Paris Branch* and several French words that were used to describe the cityscape. Indirect markers in French, like the shop signs “*1000 Chemises*” and “*Pompes Funèbres*,” also point out to Paris as the place of action. The French words serve as descriptive artistic detail. They help the reader sink into the atmosphere in which the characters of the story live. The time of action is shown directly *The oppressive June heat* – it is summer time and gasoline fumes create a suffocating atmosphere in the city. Henry Marston, the protagonist, is tired and gloomy and can’t bear the heat and dirty air of the city. The time of the day is shown directly with the lexical marker *the clock struck one*.

7. The authors narrative includes two types of narrative compositional forms : narration (*he answered, he said, Henry answered briefly*) and description (*in the place Benoit, suspended mass of gasoline exhaust cooked slowly by the June sun*). The excerpt shows Henry Marston’s growing unease through his actions and thoughts. Several artistic details prove it. The verbs like “*inhaled*,” “*trembling*,” “*sat down*,” and “*spoke*” reflect his emotional state and rising tension. For instance, Henry “*inhaled*” the heavy air, symbolizing the burden he feels. His “*trembling*” and vague answers to Judge Waterbury show his anxiety and distraction. The apartment, though luxurious, hints at his emotional distance, while the maid’s fear suggests something is wrong. Doctor Derocco’s arrival marks a turning point, showing Henry’s decline. Through the action and description, the text explores anxiety, wealth, and inner conflict of the protagonist. Subtle details, like the protagonist’s reaction to the maid's terror and the silence upon seeing the man's hat, hint at the impending tragedy, adding to the growing sense of unease.

8. The variety of stylistic devices used in the text describe the characters of the story and create an alarming, uneasy atmosphere. The text is rich in epithets (*suspended mass, handsome old man, frank opinion, grey and ruddy head...*), similes (*looking as alert and self – possessed as any other officer of the bank, silence oppressive as heavy guns of thunder*), metaphors (personifications) – *gasoline exhaust cooked slowly by the June sun, eyes fell upon a sign, eye escaping to the right, doubt melting away, oxymoron (loud silence)*. These stylistic devices help in showing tense and gloomy mood of the protagonist and add up to creating the premonition of something terrible awaiting him in the near future. The specifying artistic details (*where he stood, trembling a little, the maid who had been in Choupette's family for thirty years...*) give additional information about the inner state of the protagonist and other characters. The implying details

(her mouth open in the utterance in the of the truncated sigh, perceived a man's hat and stick on the hall table) suggest that something is wrong and bad is about to happen. Descriptive details (to the left he read *Papeterie, Pâtisserie, Solde, Réclame, and Constance Talmadge in Déjeuner de Soleil; ...his eye met...: Vêtements Ecclésiastiques, Declaration de Décès, and Pompes Funèbres.\* Life and Death*) help the reader sink into the atmosphere in which the characters of the short story live.

9. The key words include “trembling”, “black horror”, “silence”, “shaking” help to reveal the author’s message which is to show the growing tension in the feelings of the protagonist. There is no connection yet with the title of the short story, because this extract is an exposition of the short story.

### **PART III. TEXTS FOR LINGUISTIC ANALYSIS**

**Analyze the following texts answering the questions below and using the clichés from p. 57:**

1. Speak about the author of the text/extract.
2. Present the summary of the text/extract.
3. What functional style does the text/extract belong to? What is its main aim?
4. What is the prevailing type of narrative used in the text/extract? What are other types of narrative used? What is their function?
5. What part of the plot does the extract represent? Speak about the compositional/logical structure of the text/extract.
6. Dwell on the time and the place of action.
7. Speak of the narrative compositional forms presented in the text/extract and their function.
8. Speak of the lexical stylistic devices employed in the text/extract.
9. What are the key words of the text/extract? Speak of the correlation between the title of the short story and the key words. What is the author’s message?

**TEXT 1**  
**WITCHES' LOAVES**  
**O'Henry**

Miss Martha Meacham kept the little bakery on the corner (the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door).

Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of two thousand dollars, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart. Many people have married whose chances to do so were much inferior to Miss Martha's.

Two or three times a week a customer came in in whom she began to take an interest. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard trimmed to a careful point.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places, and wrinkled and baggy in others. But he looked neat, and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread was five cents a loaf. Stale ones were two for five. Never did he call for anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. No doubt he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh, and wish that the gentle-mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that draughty attic. Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

In order to test her theory as to his occupation, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale, and set it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble palazzio (so it said on the picture) stood in the foreground—or rather forewater. For the rest there were gondolas (with the lady trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky, and chiaro-oscuro in plenty. No artist could fail to notice it.

Two days afterward the customer came in.

"Two loafs of stale bread, if you please.

"You haf here a fine bicture, madame," he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

“Yes?” says Miss Martha, revelling in her own cunning. “I do so admire art and” (no, it would not do to say “artists” thus early) “and paintings,” she substituted. “You think it is a good picture?”

“Der balance,” said the customer, “is not in good drawing. Der bairspective of it is not true. Goot morning, madame.”

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had! To be able to judge perspective at a glance – and to live on stale bread! But genius often has to struggle before it is recognized.

What a thing it would be for art and perspective if genius were backed by two thousand dollars in bank, a bakery, and a sympathetic heart to... – But these were day-dreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came he would chat for a while across the showcase. He seemed to crave Miss Martha’s cheerful words.

He kept on buying stale bread. Never a cake, never a pie, never one of her delicious Sally Lunns.

She thought he began to look thinner and discouraged. Her heart ached to add something good to eat to his meagre purchase, but her courage failed at the act. She did not dare affront him. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha took to wearing her blue-dotted silk waist behind the counter. In the back room she cooked a mysterious compound of quince seeds and borax. Ever so many people use it for the complexion.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his nickel on the showcase, and called for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was reaching for them there was a great tooting and clanging, and a fire-engine came lumbering past.

The customer hurried to the door to look, as any one will. Suddenly inspired, Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairyman had left ten minutes before. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep slash in each of the stale loaves, inserted a generous quantity of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again.

When the customer turned once more she was tying the paper around them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself, but not without a slight fluttering of the heart.

Had she been too bold? Would he take offense? But surely not. There was no language of edibles. Butter was no emblem of unmaidenly forwardness.

For a long time that day her mind dwelt on the subject. She imagined the scene when he should discover her little deception.

He would lay down his brushes and palette. There would stand his easel with the picture he was painting in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf – ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he – ...

The front door bell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe – a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was wildly rumpled. He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha. *At Miss Martha.*

“*Dummkopf!*” he shouted with extreme loudness; and then “*Tausendonfer!*” or something like it in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

“I vill not go,” he said angrily, “else I shall told her.”

He made a bass drum of Miss Martha’s counter.

“You haf shpoilt me,” he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. “I vill tell you. You vas von *meddingsome old cat!*”

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue-dotted silk waist. The young man took the other by the collar.

“Come on,” he said, “you’ve said enough.” He dragged the angry one out at the door to the sidewalk, and then came back.

“Guess you ought to be told, ma’am,” he said, “what the row is about. That’s Blumberger. He’s an architectural draftsman. I work in the same office with him.

“He’s been working hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished inking the lines yesterday. You know, a draftsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it’s done he rubs out the pencil lines with handfuls of stale bread crumbs. That’s better than India rubber.

“Blumberger’s been buying the bread here. Well, to-day – well, you know, ma’am, that butter isn’t – well, Blumberger’s plan isn’t good for anything now except to cut up into railroad sandwiches.”

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue-dotted silk waist and put on the old brown serge she used to wear. Then she poured the quince seed and borax mixture out of the window into the ash can.

## TEXT 2

### ROSE AT THE MUSIC-HALL

From “**They Walk in the City**” by J. B. Priestley

When they arrived at the music-hall, the doors for the second house were just opening, and they walked straight into the stalls, which were very cheap. The audience made a great deal of noise, especially in the balcony. Mrs. Burlow led the way to the front and found two very good seats for them. Rose bought a programme for twopence, gave it to Mrs. Burlow, then looked about her brightly.

It was a nice friendly little place, this music-hall, warmer and cosier and altogether more human than the picture theatres she usually attended. One thing she noticed. There were very few young people there. They were nearly all about Mrs. Burlow's age. So were the attendants. So were the members of the orchestra, who soon crept into their pit, wiping their mouths. Very few of the turns were young; they themselves, their creased and fading scenery, their worn properties, their jokes and many of their songs were getting on in years. And the loudest applause always came when a performer said he would imitate "our dear old favourite So-and-so" and named a music-hall star that Rose had never heard of, or when a singer would tell them that the new songs were all very well in their way but that the old songs were best and he or she would "endeavour to render" one of their old favourite ditties. The result of this was that though the whole place was so cosy and friendly, it was also rather sad. Youth had fled from it. There was no bloom on anything here. Joints were stiff, eyes anxious behind the mask of paint.

One turn was an eccentric fellow with a grotesque makeup, a deadwhite face and a very red nose, and his costume was that of a ragged tramp. He made little jokes, fell over himself, and then climbed on to the back of a chair, made more little jokes and played the accordion. Rose thought him quite funny at first, but very soon changed her mind about him. She was sitting near enough to see his real face, peering anxiously through that mask. It was old, weary, desolate. And from where she sat, she could see into the wings and standing there, never taking her eyes off the performer, was an elderly woman, holding a dressing gown in one

hand and a small medicine glass in the other. And then Rose wanted him to stop clowning for them, wanted the curtain to come down, so that he could put on that dressing gown, drink his medicine or whatever it is, and go away with the elderly woman, and rest and not worry any more.

But she said nothing to Mrs. Burlow, who was enjoying herself, and laughing and clapping as hard as anyone there, perhaps because she too was no longer young and was being entertained by people of her own age.

### **TEXT 3**

From **THE HAPPY MAN**

**William Somerset Maugham**

It is a dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and suchlike who are prepared to force , upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits, and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind, by conventional signs that have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; mistakes are often irreparable, and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it? Life is a difficult business and I have found it hard enough to make my own a complete and rounded thing; I have not been tempted to teach my neighbour what he should do with his. But there are men who flounder at the journey's start, the way before them is confused and hazardous, and on occasion, however unwillingly, I have been forced to point the finger of fate. Sometimes men have said to me, what shall I do with my life? and I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny.

Once I know that I advised well. I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him. He asked if he might come in.

'Certainly.' I led him into my sitting-room and begged him to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it without letting go of his hat. When he had satisfactorily achieved this feat I asked him if I should not put it on a chair for him. He quickly did this and while doing it dropped his umbrella.

'I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this,' he said. 'My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical, I believe?'

'Yes, but I don't practise! 'No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it.' 'It's not a very good book, I'm afraid.' 'The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I

know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information! 'I shall be very glad.' He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand

absentmindedly stroked it with the other. I surmised that it gave him confidence.

'I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this.' He gave an apologetic laugh. 'I'm not going to tell you the story of my life.'

When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it.

'I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm a medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't stick it any more.'

There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. They had a forcible ring. I had not given him more than a cursory glance, but now I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thick-set and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily.

'You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?'

'It's a means of livelihood,' I answered.

'Yes, I know. The money's pretty good'

'I don't exactly know why you've come to me.'

'Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain?'

'Why Spain?'

'I don't know, I just have a fancy for it'

'It's not like Carmen, you know.'

'But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?'

'What does your wife think about it?'

'She's willing.'

'It's a great risk.'

'I know. But if you say take it, I will: if you say stay where you are, I'll stay.' He was looking at me intently with those bright dark eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment. 'Your whole future is concerned: you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you don't want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life.'

#### **TEXT 4**

### **EMBROIDERY**

#### **Ray Bradbury**

The dark porch air in the late afternoon was full of needle flashes, like a movement of gathered silver insects in the light. The three women's mouths twitched over their work. Their bodies lay back and then imperceptibly forward, so that the rocking chairs tilted and murmured. Each woman looked to her own hands, as if quite suddenly she had found her heart beating there.

'What time is it?'

'Ten minutes to five.'

'Got to get up in a minute and shell those peas for dinner.'

'But —' said one of them.

'Oh yes, I forgot. How foolish of me ...' The first woman paused, put down her embroidery and needle, and looked through the open porch door, through the warm interior of the quiet house, to the silent kitchen. There upon the table, seeming more like symbols of domesticity than anything she had ever seen in her life, lay the mound of fresh-washed peas in their neat, resilient jackets, waiting for her fingers to bring them into the world.

‘Go hull them if it’ll make you feel good,’ said the second woman.

‘No,’ said the first. ‘I won’t. I just won’t.’

The third woman sighed. She embroidered a rose, a leaf, a daisy on a green field. The embroidery needle rose and vanished.

The second woman was working on the finest, most delicate piece of embroidery of them all, deftly poking, finding, and returning the quick needle upon innumerable journeys. Her quick black glance was on each motion. A flower, a man, a road, a sun, a house; the scene grew under hand, a miniature beauty, perfect in every threaded detail.

‘It seems at times like this that it’s always your hands you turn to,’ she said, and the others nodded enough to make the rockers rock again.

‘I believe,’ said the first lady, ‘that our souls are in our hands. For we do *everything* to the world with our hands. Sometimes I think we don’t use our hands half enough; it’s certain we don’t use our heads.’

They all peered more intently at what their hands were doing.

‘Yes,’ said the third lady, ‘when you look back on a whole lifetime, it seems you don’t remember faces so much as hands and what they did.’

They recounted to themselves the lids they had lifted, the doors they had opened and shut, the flowers they had picked, the dinners they had made, all with slow or quick fingers, as was their manner or custom. Looking back, you saw a flurry of hands, like a magician’s dream, doors popping wide, taps turned, brooms wielded, children spanked. The flutter of pink hands was the only sound; the rest was a dream without voices.

‘No supper to fix tonight or tomorrow night or the next night after that,’ said the third lady.

‘No windows to open or shut.’

‘No coal to shovel in the basement furnace next winter.’

‘No papers to clip cooking articles out of.’

And suddenly they were crying. The tears rolled softly down their faces and fell into the material upon which their fingers twitched.

‘This won’t help things,’ said the first lady at last, putting the back of her thumb to each under-eyelid. She looked at her thumb and it was wet.

‘Now look what I’ve done!’ cried the second lady exasperated. The others stopped and peered over. The second lady held out her embroidery. There was the scene, perfect except that while the embroidered yellow sun shone down upon the embroidered green field, and the embroidered brown road curved toward an

embroidered pink house, the man standing on the road had something wrong with his face.

‘I’ll just have to rip out the whole pattern, practically, to fix it right,’ said the second lady.

‘What a shame.’ They all stared intently at the beautiful scene with the flaw in it.

The second lady began to pick away at the thread with her little deft scissors flashing. The pattern came out thread by thread. She pulled and yanked, almost viciously. The man’s face was gone. She continued to seize at the threads.

‘What are you *doing*?’ asked the other woman. They leaned and saw what she had done.

The man was gone from the road. She had taken him out entirely.

They said nothing but returned to their own tasks.

‘What time is it?’ asked someone.

‘Five minutes to five.’

‘Is it supposed to happen at five o’clock?’

‘Yes.’

‘And they’re not sure what it’ll do to anything, really, when it happens?’

‘No, not sure.’

‘Why didn’t we stop them before it got this far and this big?’

‘It’s twice as big as ever before. No, ten times, maybe a thousand.’

‘This isn’t like the first one or the dozen later ones. This is different. Nobody knows what it might do when it comes.’

They waited on the porch in the smell of roses and cut grass.

‘What time is it now?’

‘One minute to five.’

The needles flashed silver fire. They swam like a tiny school of metal fish in the darkening summer air.

Far away a mosquito sound. Then something like a tremor of drums. The three women cocked their heads, listening.

‘We won’t hear anything, will we?’

‘They say not.’

‘Perhaps we’re foolish. Perhaps we’ll go right on, after five o’clock, shelling peas, opening doors, stirring soups, washing dishes, making lunches, peeling oranges...’

‘My, how we’ll laugh to think we were frightened by an old experiment!’ They smiled a moment at each other.

‘It’s five o’clock.’

At these words, hushed, they all busied themselves. Their fingers darted. Their faces were turned down to the motions they made. They made frantic patterns. They made lilacs and grass and trees and houses and drivers in the embroidered cloth. They said nothing, but you could hear their breath in the silent porch air.

Thirty seconds passed.

The second woman sighed finally and began to relax.

‘I think I just *will* go shell those peas for supper,’ she said. ‘I -’

But she hadn’t time even to lift her head. Somewhere, at the side of her vision, she saw the world brighten and catch fire. She kept her head down, for she knew what it was. She didn’t look up, nor did the others, and in the last instant their fingers were flying; they didn’t glance about to see what was happening to the country, the town, this house, or even this porch. They were only staring down at the design in their flickering hands.

The second woman watched an embroidered flower go. She tried to embroider it back in, but it went, and then the road vanished, and the blades of grass. She watched a fire, in slow motion almost, catch upon the embroidered house and unshingle it, and pull each threaded leaf from the small green tree in the hoop, and she saw the sun itself pulled apart in the design. Then the fire caught upon the moving point of the needle while still it flashed; she watched the fire come along her fingers and arms and body, untwisting the yarn of her being so painstakingly that she could see it in all its devilish beauty, yanking out the pattern from the material at hand. What it was doing to the other women or the furniture or the elm tree in the yard, she never knew. For now, yes, now! it was plucking at the white embroidery of her flesh, the pink thread of her cheeks, and at last it found her heart, a soft red rose sewn with fire, and it burned the fresh, embroidered petals away, one by delicate one ...

## CLICHES TO BE USED WHILE INTERPRETING A TEXT

**The author reveals:** depicts; describes; portrays; emphasizes; specifies; asserts; affirms; claims; confirms; states; reproduces; achieves the impression of...; resorts to...; exposes...

**The passage** (extract/period/instance) is intended as a piece of objective characterization of...; the extract is an accurate description of...; the extract under analysis (...under discussion, ...discussed) deals with.../dwells on...; the passage reveals among other things that. ...; the paragraph is piled up with (artistic details), abounds in...; the implication of foreknowledge, the short story begins with, is aimed to excite the reader's interest; the extract opens with...(closes with..., ends with, ..); instead of the traditional chronological ordering the text offers a different outline of events; despite the text's chronological irregularities the reader can find.. .; the extract introduces a series of motifs that recur in subsequent paragraphs; the most reiterated motif of... occurs in the extract; the final surprise paragraph results in the effect of defeated expectation.

**The title of...** is suggestive of N's... (bitter irony, sweet, sparkling, light humor); the title suggests/implies/infers... .

**The idea of...** permeates the short story/the novel/the parable. The idea is summed up in (metaphors); ...is rendered in (lofty poetic speech); ...is exposed in juxtaposition of (stylistically discordant elements); ...is revealed in (abundance of various linguistic means); ...is actualized: ...is made manifest; is manifested in... ...is made conspicuous; ...is neatly summarized in...; certain repetitive motifs are discernible.

**The author draws** the reader's attention to... : resorts to ample amount of language means to describe...; skillfully employs...; makes ample use of...; employs ample amount of... to emphasize...; foregrounds ample amount of language means to emphasize...; does not voice his ideas in any direct form/way, but they are evident enough from his choice of words and figures of speech...; favours the device of...; conveys the contrast/identity between...; describes...against the background/backcloth of (nature); plays on contrasts and contradictions; hardly ever obtrudes himself upon the reader; affirms the opposite of the obvious truth; further refines his concept is highly critical of. ...; organizes his material in the shape of (a se box); makes a reference back to... .

The author's descriptions are never (objective) but always (emotional). The author's own attitude towards (the subject-matter of his description) is most clearly expressed in his use of... To produce an impact upon the reader the author recurrently repeats...

To impress the reader the author...

There is a predilection for rare and high-flown words. A deliberate attempt to confuse the reader is made by the author in... The intention of the author is to show...

**The reader** makes his first acquaintance with... in the first paragraph; should have background knowledge to be able to decipher the implication of the (title); is expected not to overlook...; cannot but notice...

The merits of the **compositional structure** of the text are obvious: ... The analysis of the compositional structure of the text provides direct evidence of... There is a discrepancy/an incongruity/harmony between the character's mood and the nature against the background/backdrop/backcloth of which it is described. This discrepancy can aid rather than hinder the... These discrepancies are due to... A parallel between the two characters can be drawn. The distinction between the chosen places of action is evident. The choice of the time of action (temporal plane), of the place of action (spatial plane) is not accidental. All the temporal planes – simultaneous, retrospective and prospective – are made use of to provide a description...

Convergence of **language means** is used/employed/made use of to describe...; one of the language means used to specify the author's point of view is...; the means of conveying the concept the main idea are...; the prevailing means used to emphasize... is/are the most recurrent stylistic means made use of to lay bare the contrast (identity) is/are...; the emphasis laid on... by the writer depends largely on the use of various lexical/syntactical means, among which the most recurrent are...; the emphasis is laid on... the deliberate scarcity of imagery suggests... the metaphor is used/is made use of/is employed/is applied/occurs (twice)/contributes to... /adds up to... to lay bare the main idea/concept of the text; it is used to produce a humorous effect, to sum up the idea of. ... to specify...; these metaphors (based on the association between...) constantly crop up throughout the text; the antithesis is brought out a) by contrasting groups of sentences. identical or similar in construction but opposite in meaning; b) by contextual antonyms.

## **РЕКОМЕНДОВАНА ЛІТЕРАТУРА**

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*Навчальне видання*

## **PRACTICE IN TEXT ANALYSIS**

### **ЕЛЕКТРОННІ МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ**

до навчальних дисциплін «Основна іноземна мова (англійська)»  
та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)»  
для здобувачів першого (бакалаврського) рівня вищої освіти  
спеціальності 035 Філологія  
спеціалізації 035.041 Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно), перша – англійська  
та спеціалізації 035.043 Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно), перша – німецька

### **Електронне практичне видання**

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*В авторській редакції*

Затвердж. авт. 20.05.2025. Шрифт Times New Roman.  
Системні вимоги: операційна система сумісна з програмним забезпеченням  
для читання файлів формату PDF.  
Обсяг 0,9 МБ. Зам. № 2953.

Видавець і виготовлювач  
Одеський національний університет імені І. І. Мечникова  
Свідоцтво суб'єкта видавничої справи ДК № 4215 від 22.11.2011 р.  
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