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READ – REFLECT – REVIEW
STORIES BY BRITISH AND AMERICAN WRITERS

Навчальний посібник для студентів-філологів

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Цапро Г.Ю., Грищенко О.В., Румбешт Г.Ю.

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Цапро Галина Юріївна – к.філол.н., доцент кафедри англійської філології та перекладу Інституту філології Київського університету імені Бориса Грінченка;

Грищенко Олена Володимирівна – к.філол.н., доцент кафедри англійської філології та перекладу Інституту філології Київського університету імені Бориса Грінченка;

Румбешт Ганна Юріївна – к.філол.н., старший викладач кафедри англійської філології та перекладу Інституту філології Київського університету імені Бориса Грінченка

Рецензенти:

Денисова С.П. – доктор філологічних наук, професор кафедри загального та порівняльного мовознавства та новогрецької філології Київського національного лінгвістичного університету

Борисенко Н.Д. – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент кафедри англійської філології та перекладу Житомирського державного університету імені Івана Франка

Найдюк О. В. – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент кафедри сучасних європейських мов Навчально-наукового інституту гуманітарних наук, Університету державної фіскальної служби України

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Даний підручник створений з метою ознайомлення студентів з творами відомих британських і американських письменників. Запропоновані завдання сприятимуть формуванню та вдосконаленню мовних компетенцій студентів. Виконання різнофункціональних вправ, що містяться у підручнику, уможливить вдосконалення мовленнєвих компетенцій, а саме читання, говоріння і письма. Формат розробок, представлених у підручнику, є сприятливим для формування соціолінгвістичної та соціокультурної компетенцій студентів. Отже, система запропонованих завдань допоможе майбутнім вчителям вдосконалити комунікативну компетенцію, розвинути їх творчий потенціал, розширити світогляд, поповнити скарбничку літературних знань та сформувати витончені літературні смаки.

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Introduction

Dear students!

Welcome to the marvellous world of the British and American literature.

As reading is of vital importance for a student studying English we encourage you to read, making this process specially interesting. The system of multifunctional assignments are offered with the purpose of helping you analyze and understand the contents of the novel, realize the most important messages sent to us by the author. The exercises the manual contains will encourage you to catch all the details of this novel wondering what is going to happen next page or next chapter. The exercises presented will help you improve your grammar and develop your vocabulary. You will be involved into the most fascinating process of answering tricky questions, discussing disputable points or expanding on the most urgent problems of the centuries that are faraway and trying to be in the shoes of the characters. Surely your reading and speaking English will improve. This manual is truly helpful for the future teachers of English wishing to be intelligent personalities capable of making a wonderful literary taste a part of their lives and the lives of their future students.

Assignment 1

Introduction to the course

1. Read the story "A Haunted House" by Virginia Woolf.

2. Study the vocabulary and define the contextual meaning of these lexical units.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| ✓ margin | ✓ wander |
| ✓ loft | ✓ splash |
| ✓ thrush | ✓ seek (sought, sought) |
| ✓ stoop | ✓ stain |
| ✓ bend (bent, bent) | |

3. Transcribe and practice reading the following words.

Whatever, ghostly, pigeon, threshing, pendant, treasure, beneath, buried, rare, ceiling, gently, straightly

4. Match the given words with their definitions.

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 1. margin | A. to bend the top half of your body downwards |
| 2. loft | B. to travel from place to place, especially on foot, without a particular direction or purpose |
| 3. thrush | C. the edge of a place or thing |
| 4. stoop | D. to lean forwards and downwards, or to move the top part of your body forwards and downwards |
| 5. bend | E. to try to find something or someone |
| 6. splash | F. a space under the roof of a building, often used for storing things |
| 7. wander | G. to leave a mark on something accidentally |
| 8. seek | H. a brown bird that has spots on its front |
| 9. stain | I. when liquid hits something noisily |

5. Translate the following sentences from English into Ukrainian.

1. She bent forwards and whispered in my ear.
2. The Andes run along the western margin of South America.
3. His fingers were stained with blue ink.
4. She stooped and kissed the children.
5. I've put all the baby equipment up in the loft.
6. Water began splashing over the side of the boat.
7. My sister likes wandering around the city at night.

8. The hermit thrush, veery, song sparrow, red-eyed vireo, bunting, warbler and wren are among the song birds of the forests.
9. Many single people are seeking that special someone.

Virginia Woolf A Haunted House

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure--a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here too!" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered. "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it," one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the **margin**. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?" My hands were empty. "Perhaps it's upstairs then?" The apples were in the **loft**. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The windowpanes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling--what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a **thrush** crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe" the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room . . ." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burned behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us, coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly. "The Treasure yours."

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees **stoop** and **bend** this way and that. Moonbeams **splash** and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. **Wandering** through

the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

"Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning--" "Silver between the trees--" "Upstairs--" "In the garden--" "When summer came--" "In winter snowtime--" "The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come, cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken, we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, **stain** the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years--" he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure--" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where is the story set? When is the story set?
2. Who tells the story?
3. Who are the main characters?
4. Who are "they/them", "we/us", "he", "she"?
5. How is the house depicted? Pick up phrases from the text
6. What are they doing in the house? Why do they come back?
7. What are they looking for?
8. How is "death" described in the story? Whose vision is it?
9. Why does the house beat "Safe, safe, safe"? Who is safe there?
10. What topics are raised in the story?
11. What is the treasure?

Work in groups. Write your own ghost story "A Haunted House" (100-120 words).

Assignment 2

1. Read Oscar Wilde's story "The Nightingale and the Rose" (Part 1).

2. Study the vocabulary and define the contextual meaning of these lexical units.

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| ✓ to murmur | ✓ oak-tree |
| ✓ to lean | ✓ to soar |
| ✓ clasp | ✓ weep |
| ✓ to weigh | ✓ wretched |
| ✓ to fling | ✓ seal |
| ✓ to flutter | |

3. Transcribe the following words.

nightingale, holm-oak, though, hyacinth, ivory, sorrow, dawn, upon, blood, pomegranates, purchase, emeralds, weigh, beneath, breast, oak, deny, sincerity, sacrifice, musician, touch, courtier, cynic, soar, foam

4. Match the words with their definitions

| | |
|-------------|--|
| to murmur | a type of small white flower with a yellow centre |
| to lean | to hold someone or something tightly with your hand |
| to clasp | to move your body or part of your body quickly, and with a lot of force |
| to weigh | a large tree that can live for a very long time and produces small hard fruits called acorns |
| to fling | to say something in a very quiet voice |
| to flutter | to fly high in the sky |
| an oak-tree | to have a particular weight |
| to soar | to move your body or part of your body quickly, and with a lot of force |
| a daisy | to move your body so it is closer to or further from something or someone |

5. Translate the following sentences into Ukrainian.

1. The other girl leaned forward to hear what was going on.
2. Unemployment has soared recently.
3. I looked everywhere and eventually found the wretched letter.
4. She needed to weep for the loss of her husband.
5. Frances murmured an apology as she left.
6. He clasped Lindsay's hand tightly.
7. She put down the geometry book and eagerly broke the seal of her letter.

8. Attracted by the light, moths fluttered against the windows.
9. The baby weighed 7 pounds when she was born.
10. He almost felt like weeping with frustration.
11. He returned to a wretched kingdom, torn with civil war.
12. Rick had a handkerchief clasped to his nose to try to stop the bleeding.
13. Your suitcase weighs a ton.
14. The whole family lived in one wretched room.
15. Martin flung himself to the ground to stop the ball.
16. An eagle was soaring overhead.
17. We took shelter beneath a huge oak tree.
18. Add a few words before I seal the letter.

6. Study the text and fill in the gaps with correct prepositions. Translate the phrases into Ukrainian.

1. and his beautiful eyes filled _____ tears;
2. night _____ night;
3. I told his story _____ the stars;
4. sorrow has set her seal _____ his brow;
5. she will dance with me _____ dawn;
6. she will pass me _____;
7. in the balance _____ gold;
8. my love will dance _____ the sound of the harp and the violin;
9. he flung himself _____ the grass;
10. as he ran _____ him with his tail in the air;
11. whispered a Daisy _____ his neighbour, _____ a soft, low voice;
12. soared _____ the air;
13. she sailed _____ the garden;
14. the snow _____ the mountain;
15. who grows _____ the old sun-dial

7. Complete the following sentences with the words from the box. Some words may be used more than once.

| | | | |
|-------|---------|---------|----------|
| fling | weep | flutter | |
| weigh | clasped | flung | wretched |

1. Jackson leaned back a little and _____ his hands behind his head.
2. Listen to a story and _____. There was a good artist called Watelet, the best aquafortis engraver of his day.

3. The crowd began to murmur and presently to _____ stones and cry "murderer!"
4. The book was the size of a paperback she'd buy at an airport but had to _____ fifty pounds.
5. Two of his sisters were waiting, composed and serene in their dark clothing with hands _____ in front of them.
6. Try to _____, nothing gives such relief as tears.
7. Katie _____ herself on the bed.
8. Having borrowed money from his brother-in-law, Nicholas tried to hide his _____ condition from him.
9. A breeze made her curtains _____, and she closed it, certain Claire's cries of ecstasy would soon fill the air around the mansion.

8. Put the verbs in the brackets into the correct tense form. Pay attention to the irregular verbs:

1. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I (read) all that the wise men (write), and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."
2. "Night after night I (sing) of him, though I (him) not; night after night I (tell) his story to the stars, and now I (see) him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion (make) his face like pale ivory, and sorrow (set) her seal upon his brow."
3. "Why he (weep)?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.
4. "...But with me she (not dance), for I have no red rose to give her; and he (fling) himself down on the grass, and (bury) his face in his hands, and (weep).
5. In the centre of the grass-plot (stand) a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she (see) it, she (flow) over to it, and (light) upon a spray.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who are the main characters of the tale?
2. How would you describe each of them? Make use of the text to prove your answers.
3. Does the Student really know what Love is? Can the girl love anybody?
4. What about the Nightingale? Does she know what love is?

Oscar Wilde
THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE (1888)
 Part I

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made **wretched**."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not; night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her **seal** upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," **murmured** the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will **lean** her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be **clasped** in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the market-place. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be **weighed** out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng around her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he **flung** himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he **weeping**?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was **fluttering** about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a **Daisy** to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose!" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the **oak-tree**, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and **soared** into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the Tree shook its head.

(to be continued)