

А.Ф. Матушак

**МАТЕРИАЛЫ К УЧЕБНОЙ ДИСЦИПЛИНЕ
«СТИЛИСТИКА АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА»**

Учебное пособие

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
Федеральное государственное образовательное учреждение
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гуманитарно-педагогический университет»

А.Ф. Магушак

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В учебном пособии представлены материалы для курсов «Стилистика», «Стилистика английского языка» и «Стилистика изучаемого иностранного языка» по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 – Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки). Работа содержит обзор теоретических тем, а также задания для практических занятий.

Рекомендуется для самостоятельной работы студентов-бакалавров, а также слушателями курсов повышения квалификации.

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ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Данное пособие представляет собой материалы к лекционным и лабораторно-практическим занятиям по стилистике английского языка в процессе обучения студентов по ФГОС 3++ и «Ядру педагогического образования». Оно предназначено для проведения занятий со студентами по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 – Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки). Оно может быть использовано по профилям (направленности) «История. Английский язык», «Информатика. Английский язык», «Начальное образование. Английский язык», «Дошкольное образование. Английский язык» и др.

Планируемые результаты обучения по данному пособию соответствуют требованиям нормативного документа, на основе которого функционирует современное педагогическое образование, – Профессиональный стандарт педагога. Данный документ предполагает, что педагог в рамках трудовой функции владеет следующими необходимыми знаниями: «преподаваемый предмет в пределах требований федеральных государственных образовательных стандартов и основной общеобразовательной программы, его истории и места в мировой культуре и науке».

Знание английского языка как преподаваемого предмета включает в себя владение его стилистической нормой и предполагает, что учитель совместного с учащимися умеет использовать иноязычные источники информации, владеет инструментами перевода, произношения, все это в свою очередь требует знаний академического стиля общения, свойственного данному языку.

Учебное пособие предназначено для студентов бакалавриата, а также рекомендуется для слушателей курсов повышения квалификации по языковым специальностям.

PART 1. A BRIEF SURVEY OF STYLISTIC DEVICES

1.1. STYLISTIC DIFFERENTIATION OF THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY

The broadest subdivision of the English vocabulary is into formal (literary) and informal (colloquial). There are several subdivisions of colloquial style: literary colloquial, familiar colloquial and low colloquial. Bookish English includes official, scientific, newspaper and oratory styles. In addition, there is always present in the language a stylistically neutral vocabulary, which can be used in all kinds of style: *begin* (neutral) – *get going* (coll.) – *commence* (formal).

Stylistically neutral words usually constitute the main member in a group of synonyms – synonymic dominant. They can be used in any style, they are not emotionally coloured and have no additional evaluatory connotations.

Unlike neutral words which only denote a certain notion and have only a denotational meaning, their stylistic synonyms usually contain some connotations which express some emotional colouring or evaluation of the object

named: an endearing connotation – *daddy, mummy*; derogatory – *rot, trash*, etc.

Emotionally coloured speech may be characterized on the one hand by a lofty emotional colouring, such as solemn, passionate, ironic, wrathful, sarcastic, etc. or on the other hand lower colouring: humorous, rude, derogatory, etc.

The lofty emotional colouring is characteristic of the oratory style, while the lower emotional colouring is typical of colloquial style.

Stylistic differences of any kind can be expressed by various language means, and one of the most vivid means is the choice of vocabulary.

1.2. LEXICAL STYLISTIC DEVICES

Lexical stylistic devices or tropes are based on the interrelations of direct and figurative meanings of words which create a vivid image. The most important and often used are:

1. **Metaphor** denotes a transference of meaning based on resemblance, in other words on a covert comparison. (*Her eyes were two profound and menacing gunbarrels*);

2. **Simile** is a comparison of objects belonging to different classes of things. Simile is usually introduced with the help of “as”, “as if”, “as though”, “like”, etc. (*Good coffee is like friendship: rich and warm and strong*);

3. **Metonymy** denotes a transference of meaning which is based on contiguity, that means that the name of one object is used instead of another, closely connected with it. (*Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears*);

4. **Epithet** is a word or phrase containing an expressive characteristics of the object, often based on metaphor and thus creating an image. (*O dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees!*);

5. **Oxymoron** is a device which combines in one phrase two words whose meanings are opposite and incompatible. (*To her own astonishment she even missed the orphanage. The terrible, wonderful orphanage...*);

6. **Zeugma** is a simultaneous realization within the same short context of two meanings of a polysemantic word which enters a free word combination and a phraseologically bound one. (*She dropped a tear and her pocket handkerchief*);

7. **Antonomasia** consists in the use of a proper name instead of a common name or vice versa. (*There are three doctors in an illness like yours...Dr. Rest, Dr. Diet and Dr. Fresh air.*);

8. **Pun** presents ‘play upon words’ (*There comes a period in every man’s life, but she is just f semicolon in his.*);

9. **Hyperbole** – exaggeration of dimensions or other properties of the object (*There I took out my pig... and gave him such a kick that he went out of the other end of the alley, twenty feet ahead of his squeal.*);

10. **Euphemism** denotes the use of a more gentle of favourable name for an object or phenomenon so as to avoid undesirable or unpleasant associations (*to be no more, to be gone, to depart* instead of to die).

1.3. SYNTACTICAL STYLISTIC DEVICES

Expressivity and emotional connotations can be rendered not only with the help of specific choice of words but also with the help of their special order within the sentence. The following devices may be mentioned:

1. **Repetition**. There are several types of repetition:

– *Lexical repetition* – reiteration of some word or phrase for the sake of expressivity. Here the following kinds can be distinguished:

– anaphora – initial repetition (*killed in the defense of our homes, killed in the defense of our rights*);

– epiphora is the repetition of the final element (*Har-ran dead, Anixter dead, Broderson dead...*);

– framing is the repetition of the opening word in the final position (*No wonder his father wanted to know what Bosinney meant, no wonder.*);

– linking is the repetition of the last prominent word in the sentence or clause at the beginning of the next (*I have faith in them, faith in Jessie Jackson...*);

2. **Parallelism** is a specific similarity of construction. It is usually combined with lexical repetition (*It was the*

best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness...);

3. **Chiasmus** – back parallelism: the order of the words of the second sentence is the inverted one of the first (*I know the world and the world knows me*);

4. **Stylistic inversion** is broader than grammatical inversion, it includes also postpositions (*At your feet I fall*);

5. **Asyndeton** is a deliberate omission of conjunctions or other connectors between the parts of the sentence (*“There is no use talking to him, he’s perfectly idiotic!” said Alice desperately.*);

6. **Polysyndeton** – a repeated use of the same connectors before several parts of the sentence (*By the time he had got all the bottles and dishes and knives and forks and glasses and plates and spoons and things piled up on big trays, he was getting very hot.*).

7. **Suspense** (*Retardation*) – a compositional device by which the most important part is given in the end of the sentence or text. Most detective stories are based on suspense.

8. **Suppression** – break in the narration, a sudden stop in the middle of a sentence, often under the influence of emotion or because the continuation is quite clear (*If the police come – find me here -*)

9. **Rhetorical questions** contain not a question but a covert statement of the opposite (*Who does not know Shakespeare?*).

1.4. LEXICO-SYNTACTICAL AND GRAPHICAL STYLISTIC DEVICES

1. **Climax** (*gradation*) – gradual increase in the degree of the same quality (*Your son is very ill, seriously ill, desperately ill.*);

2. **Anticlimax** is opposite to gradation forming a descending scale where the ideas become less and less important (*A woman who could face a devil himself and a mouse*);

3. **Antithesis** is an opposition or contrast of ideas usually expressed by parallelism (*It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness...*);

4. **Litotes** is a way of diminishing things, a way of achieving a positive quality by denying a negative one. Litotes has the form: “not + a word of negative semantics” (*Soames ...was not unlike a bulldog*);

5. **Periphrasis** is a device by which a longer phrase is used instead of a shorter and plainer one (*... you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys. = a pianist*);

6. **Represented Speech** is an interlacement of Indirect Speech and Direct Speech or a combination of the author’s speech and the speech of the characters. It is characterized by the absence of inverted commas, the use of the pronouns in the 3-d person, the use of the Past and the absence of the Sequence of Tenses.

Graphical means

There are three types of Graphical Expressive Means:

1. **Punctuation** – marks of punctuation or their absence are very strong stylistic devices as they help to express different feelings (*Margaret: Father! (runs to him) Father! Father, Father, Father, Father!*)

2. **Lettering** presents a difference in print: bald type, italics, capital letters. The difference in print marks the difference in intonation and expresses different emotions (...how are *you* treating the world?)

3. **Graphical imagery**. Authors appeal not only to the ear but also to the eye of the reader. For example, the story of the Mouse in “Alice in Wonderland” is presented in the form of a tail.

1.5. PHONETIC EXPRESSIVE MEANS

1. **Alliteration** is based on repetition of the same or similar consonant at close distance. Alliteration is often used in poetry (The **g**ood **g**rey **g**uardians of art...).

2. **Assonance** is based on repetition of the same or similar vowel at close distance. Assonance may be found in poetry:

(Early in the morning

The dark Queen said,[e]

‘The trumpets are warning

There’s trouble ahead.’[e]

3. **Onomatopoeia** is based on the use of words which denote the imitation of sounds produced by ani-

mals or it may be imitation of some natural sounds: buzz (sound of bees), moo (cows); whizz (the sound of a car moving fast).

4. *Rhythm and rhyme* also refer to phonetic expressive means.

Rhythm is produced by all kinds of repetitions or regular alternation of stressed and unstressed syllables and even images or thoughts. Rhythm is important not only in poetry but also in prose. (“*And heaved and heaved*, still unrestingly *heaved* the black sea...”H. Melville *Moby Dick*, ch. 51)

Rhyme is based on the repetition of the same sound in the last stressed syllable in two or more lines in a stanza:

Come, gentle god of soft desire,
Come and possess my happy breast,
Not fury-like in flames of fire,
Or frantic's folly's wildness drest.

(*James Thomson*)

PART 2. PRACTICAL LESSONS

PRACTICAL LESSON 1

Define metaphors and similes.

Пройдет – словно солнцем осветит!

Посмотрит – рублем подарит!

(Н. Некрасов)

Буря мглою небо кроет, вихри снежные крутя;

То, как зверь, она завоет, то заплачет, как дитя.

(А. Пушкин)

В трепетный сумрак озябшего сада

Льется со степи волнами прохлада...

(И. Бунин)

...Ведь есть же где-то Париж, и Лондон, и залитые тысячью огней театры, и бесшумные кареты на каучуковых шинах, умные лица, разговоры, дающие пищу для души, картинные галереи, дворцы, в каждой мраморной трещине которых застыла морщина веков...
Ведь есть же, есть где-то настоящая, неподдельная

жизнь, где есть место и красоте, и дружбе, и пленительной мечте... Вечером театр, где играет Сара, опера с итальянским тенором, забыл его фамилию, днем работа, имеющая смысл, нужная тебе и окружающим людям, работа, за которую можно снискать уважение и за которую не стыдно, а не это – скучные бумажки, кража белья у прачки, муха, бьющаяся в мутное стекло... Это я – муха, и жизнь моя – стекло, за которым мне грезится сказочный вид... но не попасть мне туда никогда. Слишком прочно стекло, и нет никакой надежды.

(В. Вербинина)

Сон накрыл меня мягко и бесшумно, как теплая морская волна.

(К. Тихонова)

И бог заплачет над моею книжкой.

Не слова – судороги, слипшиеся комом,

И побежит по небу с книжкой под мышкой,

И будет, задыхаясь, читать знакомым...

(В. Маяковский)

I saw him coming out of the anaesthetic of her charm.

(J. Thurber)

Her little Joyce, her frail, brave, wonderful, little
Joyce, frail and small and pale as a white flower!

(D.H. Lawrence)

And branches bloom with gold and copper
screams...

(A. Heght)

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

(S.T. Coleridge)

Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest...

(W. Blake)

...when your answers
come
 slowly, dragging
there feet, and furrows
change your face,
when the sky is a cellar
with dirty windows,
when furniture
obstructs the body, and bodies
are heavy furniture coated
with dust...

(Denise Levertov)

O businessmen like ruins,
Bankers who are Bastilles,
Windows, sadder than the shores of lakes...

(Louis Simpson)

This solitude covered with iron
Moves through the fields of night...

(Robert Bly)

In the light of the furnace she caught sight of the
drifting countenance, like a piece of floating fire.

(D.H. Lawrence)

PRACTICAL LESSON 2

Define metonymy, metaphors and similes.

Вокруг гремел и бушевал рынок, сновали и горланили люди, лежали вперемежку ковры и орехи, медные подносы и груды салата.

(К. Тихонова)

Слов моих сухие листья ли
заставят остановиться,
жадно дыша?

Дай хоть
последней нежностью выстелить
твой уходящий шаг.

(В. Маяковский)

С улицы донесся шум.
– Посмотри, – кивнул «мятый костюм».

(Т. Полякова)

Москва Онегина встречает
Своей спесивой суетой,
Своими девами прельщает,
Стерляжьей потчует ухой.
Замечен он. О нем толкует

Разноречивая молва,
Им занимается Москва,
Его шпионом именует,
Слагает в честь его стихи
И производит в женихи.

(А. Пушкин)

Два смешных мужичка попались ей навстречу – один в пиджачной паре и почему-то бейсболке, а второй в тренировочном костюме с надписью «Сочи-2014»...

– Степан Петрович, – сказали «Сочи», крякнули и вытащили... планшет. – Извините, я на него... наступил маленько.

(Д. Корецкий)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

(W. Shakespeare)

She was a good servant, she walked softly, she was a determined woman, she walked precisely.

(Gr. Greene)

Director Rippleton had also married money.

(В. Гуревич)

The bus station was Siberia swept by freezing winds funneled from north.

(P. Lively)

(England)...sucked the blood of other countries, destroyed the brains and hearts of Irishmen, Hindus, Egyptians, Boers and Burmese.

(J. Galsworthy)

...and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted...

(E. Hemingway)

It was a glorious morning, late spring or early summer, as you care to take it, when the dainty sheen of grass and leaf is blushing to a deeper green; and the year seems like a fair young maid, trembling with strange, wakening pulses on the brink of womanhood.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

When Einstein broke... open the old concept of length knowledge jumped forward.

(Chase)

My world is pyramid.

(Thomas Dylan)

...And the nostalgia, the doom of home-coming went through her veins like a drug.

(D.H. Lawrence)

Washington and London agree on most issues.

(Гуревич)

Why then do I love to watch
The sun moving on the chill skin of the branches?

(R. Bly)

Oh, my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.

(Burns)

...And the nostalgia, the doom of home-coming went through her veins like a drug.

(D.H. Lawrence)

They came in two of them, a man with long fair moustaches and a silent dark man... Definitely, the moustache and I have nothing in common.

(Kukhareenko)

It is the old man through the sleeping town
Comes oil-dark to a certain lip, and breaks
By the white rain's beard the word he speaks...

(H. Nemerov)

The Italians and the French bought some forty of these rotors to fulfil at least partially their commitments, but then they did not do even this under Washington's pressure.

(Moscow News)

He reminded me of a hungry cat.

(В. Гуревич)

The round game table was boisterous and happy.

(В. Гуревич)

Good coffee is like friendship: rich and warm and strong.

(Ю.М. Скребнев)

The suits on Wall Street walked off with most of our savings.

(Kukhareenko)

The new policy is considered a political time bomb for the conservative government.

(Morning Star)

Then they (women) left, still muttering threats, like the sea after storm.

Later, shivering, aching, sick, the girl dragged herself back on to the road. There was no one there now. The flock of crows had gone.

(M. Barrington)

My impatience has shown its heels to my politeness.

(R. Stevenson)

When Einstein broke... open the old concept of length knowledge jumped forward.

(J. Chase)

Ready, afraid
Of living alone till eighty,
Mother mooned in a window
As if she had stayed on a train
One stop past her destination.

(R. Lowell)

My world is pyramid.

(Th. Dylan)

The Italians and the French bought some forty of these rotors to fulfil at least partially their commitments, but then they did not do even this under Washington's pressure.

(Moscow News)

Why then do I love to watch
The sun moving on the chill skin of the branches?
(R. Bly)

Oh, my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.
(R. Burns)

Tel Aviv finds itself under a sort of American mili-
tary umbrella.
(Moscow News)

It is the old man through the sleeping town
Comes oil-dark to a certain lip, and breaks
By the white rain's beard the word he speaks...
(H. Nemerov)

Her eyes were two profound and menacing
gunbarrels.
(A. Huxley)

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
(W. Shakespeare)

The round game table was boisterous and happy.
(B. Гуревич)

The new policy is considered a political time bomb
for the conservative government.

(Morning Star)

We have always remained loyal to the crown.

(B. Гуревич)

The White House supports the bill...

(Morning Star)

PRACTICAL LESSON 3

Define stylistic devices.

Первая сотня километров шла через лес, сказочный в своей красоте. Огромные ели в горностаевых шубах и шапках стояли вдоль дороги, словно важные сивобородые бояре, с любопытством ожидавшие выхода государя с молодой государыней. Малолетние елочки толпились стайками у дороги...

(И. Мельникова)

В саду горит костер рябины красной.

(С. Есенин)

О, как мучительно тобою счастлив я.

(А. Пушкин)

Солнце греет до седьмого пота <...>

Чахнет снег и болен малокровьем.

(Б. Пастернак)

Как брань тебе не надоела?

Расчет короток мой с тобой:

Ну, так! я празден, я без дела,

А ты бездельник деловой!

(А. Пушкин)

Прячет месяц за овинами
Желтый лик от солнца яркого.
Высоко над луговинами
По востоку пышет зарево.

Пеной рос заря туманится,
Словно глубь очей невестиных.
Прибрела весна, как странница,
С посошком в лаптях берестяных.

На березки в роще теневой
Серьги звонкие повесила
И с рассветом в сад сиреневый
Мотыльком порхнула весело.

(С. Есенин)

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.

(A. Pope)

And we sit there, by its (river) margin, while the moon, who loves it too, stoops down to kiss it with a sister's kiss, and throws her silver arms around it clingingly; and we watch as it flows, ever singing, ever whispering, out to meet its king, the sea – till our voices die away in silence...

(Jerome K. Jerome)

He looked at himself in the glass. Here, then, was a modern Hercules – very distinct from that unpleasant naked figure with plenty of muscles, brandishing a club.

(A. Christie)

There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down...

(James Shirley)

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

(W. Shakespeare)

<...> but the lady upstairs was in a very delicate state, and the doctor was afraid it might injure the child.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

O brawling love! O loving hate!
O heavy lightness! Serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well – seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health...

(W. Shakespeare)

O dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees!

(R. Trench)

...when your answers
come
 slowly, dragging
their feet, and furrows
change your face,
when the sky is a cellar
with dirty windows,
when furniture
obstructs the body, and bodies
are heavy furniture coated
with dust - time
for a lagging leaden pace
a short sullen line,
measure
of heavy heart and
cold eye.

(D. Levertov)

I do not admire the tones of a concertina, as a rule,
but, oh! How beautiful the music seemed to us both then -
far, far, more beautiful than the voice of Orpheus or the lute
of Apollo, or anything of that sort could have sounded.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

Blue suit grinned, might even have winked. But big
nose in the grey suit still stared.

(J. Priestley)

She missed the wonderful silence of the convent. To her own astonishment, she even missed the orphanage. The terrible, wonderful orphanage...

(S. Sheldon)

He took little satisfaction in telling each Mary something.

(L. Borisova)

Washington says the report on the meeting, did not respond to the bold initiative of the USSR which committed itself not to use nuclear weapons first.

(Moscow News)

Give every man thine ear and few thy voice.

(W. Shakespeare)

In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores... Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman...

(O. Henry)

His eyes were no warmer than an iceberg.

(E. McBain)

He struggled violently, but whoever had got hold of him seemed to be a perfect Hercules in strength, and all his efforts to escape were unavailing.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

His honour rooted in dishonor stood
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

(A. Tennyson)

When we got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert.

(Ch. Dickens)

Where silence doth the loudest call
My secrets to betray,
As moonlight holds the night in thrall,
As sun reveals the day.

(John Clare)

PRACTICAL LESSON 4

Define stylistic devises.

Старый клен на одной ноге
Стережет голубую Русь.

(С. Есенин)

А давно ли по каналу плыл с красным обжигом гончар,
Продавал с гранитной лесенки добросовестный товар?
(О. Мандельштам)

Кроме того, он внезапно понял, что литературное выражение «глаза метали молнии» на самом деле во все не литературная метафора, потому что обладательница молниеносных глаз стояла как раз напротив него и уже испепелила его до состояния праха.

(В. Вербинина)

С 2009 года все новости только про сектор Газа и сектор без газа.

(Аргументы и факты, № 3, 2009)

Он пил чай с женой, с лимоном и с удовольствием.

(И. Арнольд)

Каждому овощу свое время. И фрукту.

(В. Хочинский)

Один шел в пальто, другой в университет, третий в плохом настроении.

(О.С. Ахманова. *Словарь лингвистических терминов* М. 1969)

Either you or your head must be off.

(L. Carroll)

...combined with the certainty that if that actor met her on the pavement she would follow him to the end of the earth.

(K. Mansfield)

I was born with an amourette in my mouth.

(D. Lawrence)

The clergy prey on bereaved families.

(Longman Dictionary)

Night's heart is full of pity for us; she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of the great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

The coldest winter I ever spent was a summer in San Francisco.

(M. Twain)

He had not been unhappy the whole day.

(E. Hemingway)

He was like a cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.

(G. Eliot)

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,

Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even:

Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,

And profoundest midnight shroud the serene light

of heaven.

(P.B. Shelley)

The professor rapped on his desk and shouted: "Gentleman, order!"

The entire class yelled: "Beer!"

(The Everyday English Almanac)

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; it rose upon a sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

(Ch. Dickens)

On his recent fishing expedition, he caught ten trout and a cold.

(The Everyday English Almanac)

I'd cross the world to find you a pin.

(A. Coppard)

We're foot - slog - slog - slog - sloggin' over Africa -
Foot - foot - foot - foot - sloggin' over Africa -
(Boots - boots - boots - boots - movin' up an' down
again)

There's no discharge in the war!

(R. Kipling)

He took his hat and his leave.

(J. Joyce)

At noon Mrs. Turpin would get out of bed and humour, put on kimono, airs, and water to boil for coffee.

(J. O'Henry)

She was not without realization already that this thing was impossible, so far as she was concerned.

(Th. Dreiser)

"I expect you'd like a wash", Mrs. Thomson said. "The bathroom's to the right and the usual offices next to it."

(J. Braine)

He was so tall that I was not sure he had a face.

(J. O'Henry)

And when half-an-hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semi-circle, ready to help.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

There are three doctors in an illness like yours...
Dr. Rest, Dr. Diet and Dr. Fresh air.

(D. Cusack)

PRACTICAL LESSON 5

Define stylistic devises.

Я шел к блаженству. Путь блестел
Росы вечерней красным светом,
А в сердце, замирая, пел
Далекий голос песнь рассвета.
Рассвета песнь, когда заря
Стремилась гаснуть, звезды рдели
И неба вышние моря
Вечерним пурпуром горели!..
Душа горела, голос пел,
В вечерний час звуча рассветом,
Я шел к блаженству. Путь блестел
Росы вечерней красным светом.

(А. Блок)

Там шли интенсивные глубинные процессы, которые грозили или разорвать это чудо архитектурной мысли, или... Или выплеснуть наружу всю неукротимую энергию, скопившуюся под непрозрачной блестящей оболочкой.

(Д. Корецкий)

И Хилькевич внял, Хилькевич снизошел, Хилькевич хлопнул в ладоши.

(В. Вербинина)

Вечер. Взморье. Вздохи ветра.
Величавый возглас волн.

(К. Бальмонт)

Он найдет убийцу и покарает его. Сам.

(А. Маринина)

Неверная, лукавая,
Коварная – пляши!
И будь навек отравною
Растраченной души!

С ума сойду, сойду с ума,
Безумствуя, люблю,
Что вся ты – ночь, и вся ты – тьма,
И вся ты – во хмелю...

(А. Блок)

Она (Анна) была прелестна в своем простом черном платье, прелестны были ее полные руки с браслетами, прелестна твердая шея с ниткой жемчуга, прелестны вьющиеся волосы расстроившейся прически, прелестны грациозные легкие движения маленьких рук и ног, прелестно это красивое лицо в своем оживлении, но было что-то ужасное и жестокое в ее прелести.

(Л. Толстой)

Нам не дано предугадать
Судьбы крутые повороты,
Ее падения и взлеты
Нам не дано предугадать.

(Ф. Тютчев)

Like Love we don't know where or why,
Like Love we can't compel or fly,
Like Love we often weep,
Like Love we seldom help.

(W. Auden)

I know the world and the world knows me.

(S. Maugham)

But the river – chill and weary, with the ceaseless rain drops falling on its brown and sluggish waters, with the sound as of a woman, weeping low in some dark chamber; while the woods, all dark and silent, shrouded in their mists of vapour, stand like ghosts upon the margin; silent ghosts with eyes reproachful, like the ghosts of evil actions, like the ghosts of friends neglected – as a spirit-haunted water through the land of vain regrets.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

Megan was watching Jaime, puzzled. She wondered what he planned to do with Amparo. Was he going to cold-bloodedly - ? She could not bear even to think about it.

(S. Sheldon)

Outwardly, Teresa seemed fine. Inside, she was sunk in an abyss of deep, desperate loneliness. Even when she was surrounded by people, she sat in a lonely chair in a lonely room, in a lonely house, in a lonely world.

(S. Sheldon)

The present breaks our hearts. We lie and freeze,
Our fingers icy as a bunch of keys.

(Adrienne Rich)

Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal mad
With poor crooked scythe and spade.

(James Shirley)

Many were the consultations that she held with Peter de Groodt, the clerk and sexton, who was her prime counselor. *(W. Irving)*

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince.

(O. Wilde)

She is peremptory suspicious, and ready to hit first. She can hold her own against ten thousand. This step of that tram-car ia her Thermopylae.

(D.H. Lawrence)

Song

Love, Love to-day, my dear,
Love is not always here;
Wise maids know how soon grows sere
The greenest leaf of Spring;
But no man knoweth
Whither it goeth
When the wind bloeth
So frail a thing.

(Ch. Mew)

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The splash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

(H. Garland)

The sword sang on the barren hearth,
The sickle on the fruitful field:
The sword he sang a song of death,
But could not make the sickle yield.

(W. Blake)

PRACTICAL LESSON 6

Define stylistic devices.

Они сошлись. Волна и камень,
Стихи и проза, лед и пламень
Не столь различны меж собой.

(А. Пушкин)

<...>вот уж по Тверской
Возок несется чрез ухабы.
Мелькают мимо будки, бабы,
Мальчишки, лавки, фонари,
Дворцы, сады, монастыри,
Бухарцы, сани, огороды,
Купцы, лачужки, мужики,
Бульвары, башни, казаки,
Аптеки, магазины моды,
Балконы, львы на воротах
И стаи галок на крестах.

(А. Пушкин)

И опричник молодой застонал слегка,
Закачался, упал замертво;
Повалился он на холодный снег,
На холодный снег, будто сосенка,
Будто сосенка во сыром бору
Под смолистый под корень подрубленная...

(М. Лермонтов)

Арион

Нас было много на челне;
Иные парус напрягали,
Другие дружно упирали
В глубь мощны веслы. В тишине
На руль склонясь, наш кормщик умный
В молчанье правил грузный челн;
А я – беспечной веры полн, -
Пловцам я пел... Вдруг лоно волн
Измял с налету вихрь шумный...
Погиб и кормщик и пловец,
Лишь я, таинственный певец,
На берег выброшен грозою,
Я гимны прежние пою
И ризу влажную мою
Сушу на солнце под скалою.

(А. Пушкин)

Фокин был на голову выше своего шефа, огромный, не улыбкавый, косолапый, как медведь из Завидовского заповедника. Он распечатал новую пачку «Бонда», вытянул сигарету, по привычке прикусил зубами фильтр.

Холодные серые глаза неспешно фиксировали картину разрушения, выхватывая значимые детали: сорванная крыша микроавтобуса, развернутые «розочкой» борта – взрыв ненаправленный, очень мощный – с полпуда динамита или аммонала; если троти-

ла, то немногим меньше, да и пластида килограмма два... Зачем столько? Вон за двести метров форточки в доме повывлетали... Для микроавтобуса за глаза одной двухсотграммовой толовой пашки хватит... На почерк обычных бандитов не похоже!

(Д. Корецкий)

Old Jolyon lifted his keen eyes. June was used to go to dances with Irene as a matter of course! And deliberately fixing his gaze on her he asked: "Why didn't she get Irene?"

No! June did not want to ask Irene; she would only go if - if her grandfather wouldn't mind just for once - for a little time!

At her look, so eager and so worn, Old Jolyon had grumbly consented.

(J. Galsworthy)

Here is a man who had kept alive the old red flame of fatherhood, fatherhood that had even the right to sacrifice the child to God, like Isaac.

(D.H. Lawrence)

That punctual servant of all work - the Sun.

(Ch. Dickens)

Marriage is a wonderful institution, but who would want to live in an institution?

(S. Sheldon)

The silent house, dark, with thick, timbered walls and the big black chimney-place, and the sense of secrecy. Dark, with low, little windows, sunk into the earth. Dark, like a lair where strong beasts had lurked and mated, lonely at night and lonely by day...

(D.H. Lawrence)

I am wrapped in my joyful flesh,
As the grass is wrapped in its clouds of green.
(Robert Bly)

He gave her a ring and his heart.
(K. Mansfield)

Grabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care,
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
(W. Shakespeare)

“Not hear it? – yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long – long – long many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it – yet I dared not – oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! – I dared not – I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them – many, many days ago – yet I dared not – *I dared not speak!* And now – to-night – Ethel-

red – ha, ha! – the breaking of the hermit’s door, the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield – say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault!

(E. Poe)

November

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk,
No proper time of day.
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people,
No sky, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel of any member,
No shade, no shine,
No butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers,
No leaves, no birds,
No-vember.

(D. Hood)

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took

the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

(N. Hawthorne)

He was too young, too old, too stupid, too smart, too groovy, too impatient, too selfish, too careless, too careful, he went out too often, he drank too much, he took too many drugs.

(N. Hornby)

He was frightened, he was troubled, he was bewildered, but none of his emotions altered him underneath.

(D.H. Lawrence)

PRACTICAL LESSON 7

Define stylistic devices.

Над городом плывет ночная тишь,
И каждый шорох делается глуше,
А ты, душа, ты все-таки молчишь,
Помилуй, Боже, мраморные души...

(Н. Гумилёв)

Еще есть барышни-дизайнеры, барышни – телевизионные ведущие – никогда невозможно узнать, что именно они ведут и, собственно, куда, – есть барышни-продюсеры, барышни-журналистки, барышни – бренд-менеджеры.

Только барышень-крестьянок не осталось ни одной, все повывелись!..

Не ко времени она попалась ему на глаза, его бывшая барышня-начальник!..

(Т. Устинова)

Маяковскому

Превыше крестов и труб,
Крещенный в огне и дыме,
Архангел-тяжелоступ –
Здорово, в веках Владимир!

(М. Цветаева)

От хижины Тома до Барака Обамы.

(АиФ, № 4, 2009)

В сто сорок солнц закат пылал.

(В. Маяковский)

Гвоздями при любом режиме

Не нашими и не чужими

Мы не позволим все равно

Забить петровское окно!

(Е. Евтушенко)

Have you been seeing spirits? or taking any?

(Ch. Dickens)

Juan was a bachelor of arts, and parts, and hearts.

(В. Kukhareenko)

He had been concerned that the bullfight would make her ill and that she would attract attention to them. Instead, she seemed to be having a wonderful time.
Strange.

(S. Sheldon)

There was a look of naked hatred on Amparo's face.

No one takes my man from me. No one.

(S. Sheldon)

They drove the rest of the journey in stormy silence.

(S. Maugham)

-- "Fury" said to
a mouse, that
 he met
 in the
 house,
 "Let us
 both go
to law:
I will
prosecute
you. -
Come, I'll
take no
denial:
We must
 have a trial;
 For
 really
 this
 morning
 I've
 nothing
 to do."
Said the
mouse to
the cur,
 "Such a
 trail,

dear sir,
With no
jury or
judge,
would be
wasting
our breath."
"I'll be
judge,
I'll be
jury."
Said
cunning
old Fury;
I'll try
the whole
cause,
and
condemn
you
to
death."

(L. Carroll)

"Unless we stop a catastrophe, the whole world will be turned into a Hiroshima!" An elderly Japanese speaks from the rostrum.

(Moscow News)

Autumn Leaves

Down

down

down

Red

yellow

brown

Autumn leaves tumble down,

Autumn leaves crumble down,

Autumn leaves bumble down,

Flaking and shaking,

Tumbledown leaves.

Skittery

Flittery

Rustle by

Hustle by

Crackle and crunch

In a snapper bunch.

Run and catch

Run and snatch

Butterfly leaves

Sailboat leaves

Windstorm leaves,

Can you catch them?

Swoop,

Scoop,
Pile them up
In a stompy pile and
Jump
Jump
JUMP!

(E. Merriam)

After all this time she had come back to them. And her soul groaned, for she felt dragged down, dragged down to earth, as a bird which some dog has got down in the dust.

(D.H. Lawrence)

“Not a lady to be seen!” continued the General. Not a keeper, not a dog, not a gun or a rod or any other mortal thing one used to see here.

(J.S. Clouston)

If the waiter has a mortal enemy, it is the Primper. I hate the Primper. HATE THE PRIMPER!

(L. Rudner)

“A great woman,” said he, “a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman.”

(Ch. Dickens)

My shoes show signs of wear and tear, the wear and tear of city life.

(Ch. Dickens)

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

(H. Longfellow)

Soames shook her hand and went downstairs. He stood for fully two minutes by the hatstand whereon he had hung his hat so many times. "So it all passes," he was thinking; "passes and begins again. Poor old chap!" And he listened if perchance the sound of Timothy trailing his hobby-horse might come down the well of the stairs; or some ghost of an old face show over the banisters, and an old voice say: "Why, it's dear Soames, and we were only saying that we hadn't seen him for a week!"

Nothing - nothing! Just the scent of camphora, and dustmoted in a sunbeam through the fanlight over the door. The little old house! A mausoleum! And, turning on his heels, he went out, and caught his train.

(J. Galsworthy)

PRACTICAL LESSON 8

Define stylistic devises.

И вновь сверкнув из чаши винной,
Ты поселила в сердце страх
Своей улыбкою невинной
В тяжелозмейных волосах.

(А. Блок)

Не все французскому коту эта биотлонная масленница.

(Д. Губерниев; репортаж на ТВ 24.02.2018)

Однако кленовые листья с самого начала показали заряженность на игру.

(Д. Губерниев; репортаж на ТВ 25.02.2018)

Презренья женского кинжал
Меня пронзил...

(М. Лермонтов)

Сказал, что у меня соперниц нет.
Я для него не женщина земная,
А солнца зимнего утешный свет
И песня дикая родного края.

(А. Ахматова)

Маленькая княгиня, как старая полковая лошадь, услышав звук трубы, бессознательно и забывая свое положение, готовилась к привычному галопу кокетства, без всякой задней мысли или борьбы, а с наивным, легкомысленным весельем.

(Л. Толстой)

И современный человек
Изображен довольно верно
С его безнравственной душой,
Себялюбивой и сухой,
Мечтанью преданной безмерно,
С его озлобленным умом,
Кипящем в действии пустом.

(А. Пушкин)

The girl gave him a lipsticky smile.

(B. Kukhareenko)

The next speaker was a tall gloomy man. Sir Something Somebody.

(J. Priestley)

He missed our father very much. He was s - l - a - i - n in North Africa.

(J. Salinger)

She unchained, unbolted and unlocked the door.

(A. Bennett)

His wife was shrill, languid, handsome and horrible.

(D. Cusack)

My mother was wearing her best grey dress and gold brooch and a faint pink flush under each cheek bone.

(W. Golding)

I'm
asking
you dear to
what else could a
no but it doesn't
of course but you don't seem
to realize I can't make
it clearer war just isn't what
we imagine but please for god's O
what the hell yea it's true that was
me but that me isn't me
can't you see now no not
any Christ but you
must understand
why because
i am
dead

(E. Cummings)

Her painful shoes slipped off.

(J. Updike)

You have got two beautiful bad examples for parents.
(Sc. Fitzgerald)

His voice was a dagger of corroded brass.
(S. Lewis)

And some was sliced and some was halved,
And some was crimped and some was carved,
And some was gutted and some was starved,
When the Widow give the party/
(R. Ripling)

His dinner arrived, a plenteous platter of food – but no plate. He glanced at his neighbours. Evidently plates were an affectation frowned upon in the Oasis café.

Taking up a tarnished knife and fork, he pushed aside the underbrush of onions and came face to face with his steak.

First impressions are important, and Bob Eden knew at once that this was no meek, complacent opponent that confronted him. The steak looked back at him with an air of defiance that was amply justified by what followed. After a few moments of unsuccessful battling, he summoned the sheik. “How about a steel knife? Inquired Bob.

“Only got three and they’re in use,” the waiter replied.

Bob Eden resumed the battle, his elbows held close, his muscles swelling. With set teeth and grim face he bore

down and cut deep. There was a terrible screech as his knife skidded along the platter, and to his horror he saw the steak rise from its bed of gravy and onions and fly from him. It travelled the grimy counter for a second then dropped on to the knees of the girl and thence to the floor.

Eden turned to meet her blue eyes filled with laughter.

“Oh, I’m sorry”, he said. “I thought it was a steak, and it seems to be a lap dog.”

(D. Barthelme)

I crossed a high toll bridge and negotiated a no man’s land and came to the place where the Stars and Stripes stood shoulder to shoulder with the Union Jack.

(J. Steinbeck)

When men discovered freedom first
The fighting was on foot...

(Louis Simpson)

“Stay you sssso!” Koa hissed...

(R. Kipling)

Define the functional style:

- Don’t you reckon? Gotta show we can defend the country, you know.

(I. Arnold)

PRACTICAL LESSON 9

Define the expressive means.

– Что? – он проталкивал слова сквозь страх и кашель, и они выходили куцые, жалкие. – Что ты говоришь?! Все погибло! Там же номер, номер!!! Мы погибли, погибли! И ты так спокойно!.. А я даже не!.. И ты спишь, когда!!! Как ты можешь!!!

(Т. Устинова)

Клянусь я первым днем творенья,
Клянусь его последним днем,
Клянусь позором преступленья
И вечной правды торжеством.
Клянусь паденья горькой мукой,
Победы краткою мечтой;
Клянусь свиданием с тобой
И вновь грозящею разлукой.

(М. Лермонтов)

Стоит буржуй, как пес голодный,
Стоит безмолвный, как вопрос.
И старый мир, как пес безродный,
Стоит за ним, поджавши хвост.

(А. Блок)

Уже кленовые листья
На пруд слетают лебединый,
И окровавлены кусты
Неспешно зреющей рябины,

И ослепительно стройна,
Поджав незябнувшие ноги,
На камне северном она
Сидит и смотрит на дороги.

(А. Ахматова)

Та зима была
 будто война, -
 лютой.
Пробуравлена,
 прокалена ветром.
Снег лежал,
 навалясь на январь
 грудой,
И кряхтели дома
 Под его весом.

(Р. Рождественский)

No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

(E. Poe)

I (a

le

af

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ll

s)

one

l

iness

(E. Cummings)

Children, if you dare to think
Of the greatness, rareness, muchness,
Fewness of this precious only
Endless world in such you say
You live, you think of things like this...

(R. Graves)

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took

the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

(N. Hawthorne)

Break, break, break
On thy cold stones, O Sea!

(Alfred Tennyson)

Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.

(Jonathan Swift)

He *did* want the money – badly. He badly wanted to be an employer himself, not one of the employed.

(D. Lawrence)

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and high-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

(R. Burns)

Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old.

(Sc. Fitzgerald)

Kirsten said not without dignity: "Too much talking is unwise."

(A. Christie)

A neon sign reads "Welcome to Reno - the biggest little town in the world".

(A. Miller)

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace may meet.

(P.B. Shelley)

PRACTICAL LESSON 10

Define the expressive means.

То, что Хелен называла его на «ты», означало, что она перестала изображать из себя светскую львицу и директора «кумира миллионов», как писали о Никасе желтые, словно весенний цветок нарцисс, газетки, и теперь они с Владиком могут поцапаться всерьез.

(Т. Устинова)

Но песня – песнью все пребудет,
В толпе все кто-нибудь поет.
Вот – голову его на блюде
Царю плясунья подает <...>

(А. Блок)

Было солнце таким, как вошедший в столицу
Мятежник,
И весенняя осень так жадно ласкалась к нему,
Что казалось – сейчас забелеет
Прозрачный подснежник...
Вот когда подошел ты, спокойный,
К крыльцу моему.

(А. Ахматова)

Haven't we here the young middle-aged woman
who cannot quite compete with the paid models in the
fashion magazine but who yet catches our eye?

(Jn. Hawkes)

You, lean, Long, lanky lath of a lousy bastard!

(S. O'Casey)

We were sitting in the cheapest of all the cheap res-
taurants that cheapen that very cheap and noisy street,
The Rue des Petites Champs in Paris.

(E. Hemingway)

You cheat, you no-good cheat – you tricked our son.
Took our son with a scheming trick, Miss Tomboy, Miss
Sarcastic, Miss Sneerface.

(Ph. Roth)

«No, I've had a profession and then a firm to cher-
ish», said Ravenstreet, not without bitterness.

(J. Priestley)

And even so, he's stale, he's been there too long.
Touch him, and you'll find he's all gone inside
just like an old mushroom, all wormy inside, and
hollow

under a smooth skin and an upright appearance.

(D. Lawrence)

The rooms are vast as Sleep within;
When once I ventured in
Chill Silence, like a surging sea,
Slowly enveloped me.

(E. Sitwell)

Involuntarily she shut the door, and advanced like a
great, dangerous bird.

(D.H. Lawrence)

Hadrian was just an ordinary boy from a Charity
Home, with ordinary brownish hair and ordinary bluish
eyes and of ordinary rather cockney speech.

(D. Lawrence)

He felt the first watery eggs of sweat moistening the
palms of his hands.

(W. Sansom)

He made his way through the perfume and conversa-
tion.

(I. Shaw)

Two men in uniforms were running heavily to the
Administration building. As they ran, Christian saw them
throw away their rifles. They were portly men who looked
like advertisements for Munich beer, and running came
hard to them. The first prisoner stopped and picked up

one of the discarded rifles. He did not fire it, but carried it, as he chased the guards. He swung the rifle like a club, and one of the beer advertisements went down.

(I. Shaw)

Their bitter-sweet union did not last long.

(A. Christie)

Then, with an enormous, chattering rumble, sluge-puff, sluge-puff, the train came into the station.

(A. Saxton)

Now another link was added to the chain of duty: her father, herself and her child.

Egbert was out of it. Without anything happening, he was gradually, unconsciously excluded from the circle. His wife still loved him, physically. But, but - he was *almost* the unnecessary party in the affair. He could not complain of Winifred. She still did her duty towards him. She still had a physical passion for him, that physical passion on which he had put all his life and soul. But - but -

(D.H. Lawrence)

PRACTICAL LESSON 11

Define the expressive means.

Мой стих
 трудом
 громаду лет прорвет
и явится
 весомо,
 грубо,
 зримо,
как в наши дни
 вошел водопровод,
сработанный еще рабами Рима.
В курганах книг,
 похоронивших стих,
железку строк случайно обнаруживая,
вы
с уважением
 ощупывайте их,
как старое,
 но грозное оружие.

(В. Маяковский)

В тайник души проникла плесень,
Но надо плакать, петь, идти,
Чтоб в рай моих заморских песен
Открылись торные пути.

(А. Блок)

Улыбкой ясною природа
Сквозь сон встречает утро года;
Синяя блещут небеса.
Еще прозрачные леса
Как будто пухом зеленеют.

(А. Пушкин)

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the water-side pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs, fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships, fog drooping on the gunwales of larges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on the deck...

(Ch. Dickens)

Babbitt respected bigness in everything: in mountains, jewels, muscles, wealth or words.

(S. Lewis)

He was sure the whites could detect his adoring hatred of them.

(R. Wright)

The praise was enthusiastic enough to have delighted any common writer who earns his living by his pen.

(S. Maugham)

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year, when the blasts of winter appear?

(W. Blake)

There were much glare and glitter and piquancy – much of what has been since seen in “Hernani”. There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre* (the author’s print), something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust.

(Edgar Allan Poe)

The car which picked me up on that particular guilty evening was a Cadillac limousine about seventy-three blocks long.

(J. Baldwin)

A very likeable young man with a pleasantly ugly face.

(A. Christie)

There is only one brand of tobacco allowed here – “Three nuns”. None today, none tomorrow, and none the day after.

(*Br. Behan*)

He smelled the ever beautiful smell of coffee imprisoned in the can.

(*J. Steinbeck*)

She saw around her, clustered about the white tables, multitudes of violently red lips, powdered cheeks, cold, hard eyes, self-possessed arrogant faces, and insolent bosoms.

(*A. Bennett*)

There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine.

(*E.A. Poe*)

“It was easier to assume a character without having to tell too many lies and you brought a fresh eye and mind to the job.”

(*J. Priestley*)

“Now listen, Ed, stop that now. I’m desperate, *am desperate*, Ed, do you hear?”

(*Th. Dreiser*)

My friends all know that I am shy,
But the chipmunk is twice as shy as I.
He moves with flickering indecision
Like stripes across the television.

He's like the shadow of a cloud,
Or Emily Dickinson read aloud.

(O. Nash)

Some like Poe
And others like Scott,
Some like Mrs. Stowe;
Some not.

(R. Stevenson)

He had all the confidence in the world, and not without reason.

(J. O'Henry)

Some remarkable pictures in this room, gentlemen. A Holbein, two Van Dycks and if I am not mistaken, a Velasquez. I am interested in pictures.

(A. Christie)

PRACTICAL LESSON 12

Define the expressive means.

Я сразу смазал карту будня,
плеснувши краску из стакана;
и показал на блюде студня
косые скулы океана.

На чешуе жестяной рыбы
прочел я зовы новых губ.

А вы
ноктюрн сыграть
могли бы
на флейте водосточных труб?

(В. Маяковский)

В твоих глазах волнуется Нева,
И в них туман, как будто дым табачный.
Я полюбил тебя за книжные слова
И запах кожи, легкой и прозрачной.

(Р. Ивнев)

Все дико; нет нигде следов
Минувших лет: рука веков
Прилежно, долго их сметала,
И не напомним ничего
О славном имени Гудала,
И милой дочери его!

(М. Лермонтов)

Мне с Морозовою класть поклоны,
С падчерицей Ирода плясать,
С дымом улетать с костра Дидоны,
Чтобы с Жанной на костер опять.
Господи! Ты видишь, я устала
Воскресать, и умирать, и жить.
Все возьми, но этой розы алой
Дай мне свежесть снова ощутить.

(А. Ахматова)

“I’ll teach the children to look at things. Don’t let the world pass you by, I shall tell them. For the sun, I shall say, open your eyes for that laaaarge sun.”

(A.Wesker)

It was a faded white rabbit of a woman.

(A.Cronin)

Still falls the rain -
Dark as the world of ma, black as our loss -
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain...

(E. Sitwell)

“Why, it’s on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I’ll swear it’s there.”

(Ch. Dickens)

It was there again, more clearly than before: the terrible expression of pain in her eyes; unblinking, unaccepting, unbelieving pain.

(D. Uhnak)

He swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin.

(R. Kipling)

Liza Hemilton was a very different kettle of Irish. Her head was small and round and it held small and round convictions.

(J. Steinbeck)

He opened up a wooden garage. The doors creaked. The garage was full of nothing.

(P. Cheyney)

Edgar Degas purchased once
A fine El Greco, which he kept
Against the wall beside his bed
To hung his pants on while he slept.

(R. Wilbur)

The light foot hears you and the brightness begins
god-step at the margins of thought,
Quick adulterous tread at the heart.

(R. Duncan)

Quite suddenly at the theatre last night, when she and Jimmy were seated side by side in the dress-circle, without a moment's warning – in fact, she had just finished a chocolate almond and passed the box to him again – she had fallen in love with an actor. But – fallen – in – love...

(K. Mansfield)

Oh, on an early morning I think I shall live forever:
I am wrapped in my joyful flesh,
As the grass is wrapped in its clouds of green.

(R. Sly)

And a great desire for peace, peace of no matter what kind, swept through her.

(A. Bennett)

In marriage the upkeep of woman is often the downfall of man.

(A. Evans)

Young Blight made a great show of fetching from his desk a long thick manuscript volume with a brown paper cover, and running his finger down the day's appointments, murmuring: Mr. Aggs, Mr. Baggs, Mr. Caggs, MR. Daggs, MR. Faggs, Mr. Gaggs, Mr. Boffin. Yes, sir, quite right. You are a little before your time, sir.

(Ch. Dickens)

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

(S.T. Coleridge)

You have nobody to blame but yourself. The saddest
words of tongue or pen.

(I. Shaw)

From the Splendid Hotel guests and servants were
pouring in chattering bright streams.

(R. Cheyney)

PRACTICAL LESSON 13

Define the expressive means.

Воспоминанье слишком давит плечи,
Настанет миг, – я слез не утаю...
Ни здесь, ни там, – нигде не надо встречи,
И не для встреч проснемся мы в раю.

(А. Ахматова)

Люблю тебя, ангел-хранитель во мгле.
Во мгле, что со мною всегда на земле.

(А. Блок)

Смотри: я спутал все страницы,
Пока глаза твои цвели.
Большие крылья снежной птицы
Мой ум метелью замели.

(А. Блок)

Пока пьют здесь, дерутся и плачут,
Под гармоники желтую грусть
Проклинают свои неудачи,
Вспоминают московскую Русь.

(Е. Есенин)

Граждане,
 у меня
 огромная радость.
 Разулыбьте
 сочувственные лица.
 Мне
 обязательно
 поделиться надо
 Стихами
 хотя бы
 поделиться.
 Я
 сегодня
 дышу как слон,
 Походка
 моя
 легка,
 И ночь
 пронеслась,
 как чудесный сон,
 Без единого
 кашля и плевка.

(В. Маяковский)

Riglet, sitting in the running Kaiga's pocket, substituting the kidnapped Roo, thinks:

	this		shall		take	
If	is	I	never		to	
	flying			really		it.

(A. Milne)

How many sympathetic souls can you recon on in the world? One in ten – one in a hundred – one in a thousand.

(J. Steinbeck)

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food.
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

(A. King)

Through his brain, slowly, sifted the things they had done together. Walking together. Dancing together. Sitting silently together. Watching people together.

(A. Milne)

“Ye know, I got a lot of difficulty with them two words, which is which.”

(B. Shaw)

“Not a lady to be seen!” continued the General. “Not a keeper, not a dog, not a gun or a rod or any other mortal thing one used to see here...”

(J.S. Clouston)

“Is it shark?” said Brody. The possibility that he at last was going to confront the fish – the beast, the monster, the nightmare – made Brody’s heart pound.

(A. Christie)

Why do you cry, Willy?
Why do you cry?
Why, Willy, why, Willy,
Why, Willy, why?

(Children Rimes)

Mrs. Nork had a large home and a small husband.

(Ch. Dickens)

But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and while

The vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the room to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first through the blue chamber to the purple - through the purple to the green - through the green to the orange - through this again to the white - and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him.

(Edgar Allan Poe)

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

(W. Blake)

These little houses were all old, second-rate concerns; he should hope the rent was under a hundred a year; it hurt him more than he could have said, to think of a Forsyte – his own son – living in such a place.

The little maid came back. Would he please to go down into the garden?

(J. Galsworthy)

But he remembered Nag and Nagaina, and though it was very pleasant to be patted and patted by Teddy's mother, and to sit on Teddy's shoulder, his eyes would get red from time to time, and he would go off into his long war cry of "Rikk – tikk – tikki – tikki – tchk!"

(R. Kipling)

Young Jolyon felt a malicious desire to cut their enjoyment short.

What business had his father to come and upset his wife like this? It was a shock, after all these years! He ought to have known; he ought to have given them warning; but when did a Forsyte ever imagine that his conduct could upset anybody! And in his thoughts he did Old Jolyon wrong.

(J. Galsworthy)

PRACTICAL LESSON 14

Define the expressive means.

Ему в расписание поставили, потому что сегодня день рождения Пушкина, и российский президент должен это как-то отметить, ну вот он и приедет. Отметим.

(Т. Устинова)

Как совиные глазки, за ветками
Смотрят в шали пурги огоньки.
И стоят за дубровными сетками,
Словно нечисть лесная, пеньки.

(С. Есенин)

В тихий вечер мы встречались
(Сердце помнит эти сны).
Дерева едва венчались
Первой зеленью весны.

(А. Блок)

Ты рванулась движеньем испуганной птицы,
Ты прошла, словно сон мой легка...
И вздохнули духи, задремали ресницы,
Зашептались тревожно шелка.

(А. Блок)

Autumn winds are singing,
Singing in the trees.
The ripened corn is waving,
Waving in the breeze.

The harvest moon is shining,
Shining in the night,
Over hill and valley
In floods of silver light.

(W. Blake)

I am wrapped in my joyful flesh,
As the grass is wrapped in its clouds of green.

(Robert Bly)

He didn't know whether to starve a cold or feed a fever,
he was so untherapeutical.

(O. Nash)

And he flung the watch down, and sprang out of bed,
and had a cold bath, and washed himself and dressed himself,
and shaved himself in cold water because there was not time to wait for the hot,
and then rushed and had another look at the watch.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

His voice began on a medium key, and climbed steadily up till it reached a certain point, where it bore with strong emphasis upon the topmost word, and plunged down as if from a spring board:

beds
flowery
on
skies
the
to
carried
be
I
Shall of ease,
Blood
throu
sailed
and
prize
the
toe
fought
others
Whilst y
seas?

(M. Twain)

nonsun blob a
cold to
skylesness
sticking fire
my are your
are birds our all
and one gone
away the they
leaf of ghosts some
few creep there
here or on
unearth.

(E.Cummings)

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! Still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! Then remember me.

(Thomas Moore)

PRACTICAL LESSON 15

Define the expressive means.

Последний круг. Поворот. Рывок. Оглушительный рев трибун. Финиш.

(Ю. Скребнев)

Пойду в скуфье смиренным иноком
Иль белобрысым босяком
Туда, где льется по равнинам
Березовое молоко.

(С. Есенин)

Конечно, темные очки, закрывавшие три четверти лица – от ухоженного лобика до надутого силиконового ротика. Осенним вечером в тускло освещенном Пулкове очки эти были как нельзя кстати. Потом, разумеется, леопардовые ботфорты, доходящие почти до груди, и венчающее их произведение пластической хирургии, в волнах и всплесках дорогого белья и стразов – куда ж без них?! Белая шубейка решительно не могла сдержать напора пластической хирургии и все время расходилась на рельефных полусферах так, чтобы полусферы были хорошо видны со всех сторон.

(Т. Устинова)

Тихо я в темные кудри вплетаю
Тайных стихов драгоценный алмаз.
Жадно влюбленное сердце бросаю
В темный источник сияющих глаз.

(А. Блок)

Моя ж печаль бессменно тут,
И ей конца, как мне, не будет;
И не вздремнуть в могиле ей!
Она то ластится, как змей,
То жжет и плещет, будто пламень,
То давит мысль мою, как камень –
Надежд погибших и страстей
Несокрушимый мавзолей!..

(М. Лермонтов)

Машина покатила по шоссе. За это время диктор успел взвесить евро и доллар, посулил на завтра безоблачную погоду с возможным дождем и градом, а также магнитную бурю, неприятности для Козерогов, которые родились в тринадцатом часу в пятницу, и, наконец, обессиленный, захлебнулся и умолк, уступив место рекламе утюгов заграничной фирмы «Хлам». За рекламой последовал «Час книгочая», передача о модных новинках книжного рынка. Как и следовало ожидать, бестселлером номер один был объявлен роман модного японского писателя Накося Выкуси «Любовники безлунной ночи», повествующий

о том, как однажды ночью в заснеженном Токио герой встретил говорящего синего крокодила и что из этого вышло.

(В. Вербинина)

С Онегиным он вспоминает
Проказы, шутки прежних лет.
Они смеются. Входят гости.
Вот крупной солью светской злости
Стал оживляться разговор <...>

(А. Пушкин)

Michaelis obviously wasn't an Englishman in spite of all the tailors, hatters, barbers, booters of the very best quarter of London.

(D. Lawrence)

At that moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm not a mile high,*" said Alice.

(L. Carroll)

"It sounds like a horse," Alice thought to herself. And an extremely small voice, close to her ear, said, "You

might make a joke on that - something about "horse" and "hoarse", you know."

(L. Carroll)

Once was a fiddler. Play could he
Sweet as a bird in an almond tree

(W. de La Mare)

She rushed through the meal like a crazy dog, to the utter consternation of the servant. And the moment it was over, she darted in a queer, crab-like way upstairs. Robert and Cecilia followed her, thunderstruck, like two conspirators.

(D. Lawrence)

Says the fly on the wall,
And the flame on the coals,
And the dog on his rug,
And the mice in their holes,
And the kitten curled up,
And the spiders that spin -
"What, everyone out?
Why, everyone's in!"

(J. Fleming)

He sat down at the piano and played one of the movements from a Beethoven sonata. He did not play

very well. I looked at his music, Schumann and Schubert,
Beethoven, Bach and Chopin.

(S. Maugham)

Ah! Are there other wars, beside the wars of sword
and fire?

And are there other sorrows beside the sorrows of
poverty?

And are there other joys beside the joys of riches and
ease?

And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox?

And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains

To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life?

(W. Blake)

O Captain, my Captain! Our fearful trip is done,

The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
ing,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring:

But O heart! Heart, heart!

O the bleeding drops of red!

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

(W. Whitman)

PRACTICAL LESSON 16

Define the expressive means.

Вечер нежный. Сумрак важный.
Гул за гулом. Вал за валом.
И в лицо нам ветер влажный
Бьет соленым покрывалом.

(О. Манделштам)

Таинственно шумит лесная тишина.

(И. Бунин)

Но я люблю – за что, не знаю сам –
Ее степей холодное молчанье,
Ее лесов безбрежных колыханье,
Разливы рек ее, подобные морям.

(М. Лермонтов)

При чтении этих «Вешних вод»
И их окончивши, невольно
Читатель скажет в свой черед:
«Воды, действительно, довольно...»

(В. Вербинина)

Осень шаталась по саду, путалась в деревьях,
шуршала листьями

(Т. Устинова)

За полукруглыми окнами-витринами прямо по самой середине улицы, переименованной опять в Тверскую в прошлом году, деловито, страшно и шустро ползли танки.

(Т. Устинова)

А ведь другие поэты еще завидуют мне, думал он с горечью, когда кондуктор исхитрился-таки освободить для него целое купе, и Неседин смог, наконец, остаться один. О, эта яркая манящая заплата, именуемая славой, - заплата, которая любое ветхое рубище превращает в королевскую мантию!

(В. Вербинина)

Беспокойная ласковость взгляда,
И поддельная краска ланит,
И убогая роскошь наряда –
Все не в пользу ее говорит.

(Н. Некрасов)

Но красоты их безобразной
Я скоро таинство постиг.

(М. Лермонтов)

Редкая птица долетит до середины Днепра.

(Н. Гоголь)

Отказаться было легче, чем принять. Легче и безопаснее, безопаснее и удобнее, удобнее и спокойнее.

(Т. Устинова)

Унылая пора! Очей очарованье!
Приятна мне твоя прощальная краса –
Люблю я пышное природы увяданье,
В багрец и золото одетые леса<...>

(А. Пушкин)

When she was left alone again, a frown, like a cloud presaging a rainy morrow, crossed her face.

(J. Gasworthy)

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister – conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

To James more than to any of the others, was ‘the family’ significant and dear. There had always been something primitive and cosy in his attitude towards life; he loved the family hearth, he loved gossip, and he loved grumbling. All his decisions were formed of a cream which he skimmed

off the family mind; and, through that family, off the minds of thousands of other families of similar fibre. Year after year, week after week, he went to Timothy's and in his brother's front drawing - his legs twisted, his long white whiskers framing his clean-shaven mouth - would sit watching the family pot simmer, the cream rising to the top; and he would go away sheltered, refreshed, comforted, with an indefinable sense of comfort.

(J. Galsworthy)

Ah, my Beloved, till the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears -
TO-MORROW? - Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

(E. Nolan)

Disappointed, bewildered, ashamed, he made his way slowly from the Opera House and stood on the steps outside, thoughtful, his head bent.

He had failed, thus he told himself. In that moment of crisis, that at the time he believed had been an inspiration, he had failed.

(F. Norris)

The old red house lay there, ripe, like a dropped plum; the walls were riper than the fruits of the nectarine trees so tenderly and neatly crucified on their warm bricks.

(A. Huxley)

“I - I, Magnus loosened the collar about his throat, “it’s a lie. I will not stoop - I would not - would be - it would be beneath my - my - it would be beneath me.”

(F. Norris)

Sleepless, you hold
your pillow to your hollows like a child;
your old-fashioned tirade - loving, rapid, merciless -
breaks like the Atlantic Ocean on my head.

(R. Lowell)

And, opening the telegram, he read: -

“Jolyon Forsyte, Robin Hill. - Your son passed painfully away on June 20th. Deep sympathy” - some name unknown to him.

He dropped it, spun round, stood motionless. The moon shone in on him; a moth flew in his face... He sat there huddled forward, staring into the night. Gone out like a candle flame; far from home, from love, all by himself, in the dark! His boy! From a little chap always so good to him - so friendly! Twenty years old, and cut down like grass - to have no life at all!

(J. Galsworthy)

“Then I hope your finger is better now?” Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

“Oh, much better!” cried the Queen, her voice rising into a squeak as she went on. “Much be-etter!

Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!” he last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice quite started.

(L. Carroll)

Hurt no living thing;
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light to leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

(K. Rossetti)

PRACTICAL LESSON 17

Define the expressive means.

Омлет размером со спутник планеты Уран исчез с тарелки. Макс дожевывал последний кусок, который свешивался с двух сторон его рта, как колбаса, которую отец Федор утащил у Остапа.

(Т. Устинова)

Опять я теплой грустью болен
От овсяного ветерка.
И на известку колоколен
Невольно крестится рука.

О Русь, малиновое поле
И синь, упавшая в реку,
Люблю до радости и боли
Твою озерную тоску.

(С. Есенин)

Сайт оказался сказочной красоты – портрет величественного, как океан, простого, как правда, ясного, как летний полдень, просветленного, как сковорода, вымытая «Прил-бальзамом», человека средних лет красовался в центре экрана, а от портрета в разные стороны шли лучи – как бы сияние и одновременно как бы «пути», и все, очевидно, «к радости».

(Т. Устинова)

Заплаканная осень, как вдова
В одеждах черных, все сердца туманит.
Перебирая мужнины слова,
Она рыдать не перестанет.
И будет так, пока тишайший снег
Не сжалится над скорбной и усталой...
Забвенье боли и забвенье нег –
За это жизнь отдать не мало.

(А. Ахматова)

Давно ль для вас я забывал
И жажду славы и похвал,
И край отцов, и заточенье?
Исчезло счастье юных лет –
Как на лугах ваш легкий след.

(А. Пушкин)

Все это Лидия слышала два миллиона раз и даже
знала наизусть некоторые отрывки из текста.

(Т. Устинова)

In a sudden burst of slipping, climbing, jingling,
clinking and talking, they arrived at the convent door.

(Ch. Dickens)

We are overbrave and overfearful, overfriendly and
at the same time frightened of strangers, we're oversen-
timental and realistic.

(P. Stevens)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise...
(C.G. Rossetti)

Up the Square, from the corner of King Street, passed a woman in a new bonnet with pink strings, and a new blue dress that sloped at the shoulders and grew to a vast circumference at the hem. Through the silent sunlit solitude of the Square this bonnet and this dress floated northwards in search of romance.

(A. Bennett)

Several months ago a magazine named *Playboy* which concentrates editorially on girls, books, girls, art, girls, music, fashion, girls and girls, published an article about old-time science-fiction.

(*Morning Star*)

When Omar P. Quill died, his solicitors referred to him always as O.P.Q. Each reference to O.P.Q. made Roger think of his grandfather as the middle of the alphabet.

(G. Markey)

From the second she opens her eyes -
One million Hows, two million Wheres,
And seven million Whys.

(R. Kipling)

She stopped, and seemed to catch the distant sound of knocking. Abandoning the traveler, she hurried towards the parlour, in the passage she assuredly did hear knocking, angry and impatient knocking of someone who thinks he has knocked too long.

(A. Bennett)

Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep...

(A.Ch. Swinburne)

I might as well face facts: good-bye, Susan, good-bye a big car, good-bye a big house, good-bye power, good-bye the silly handsome dreams.

(J. Braine)

She narrowed her eyes a trifle at me and said I looked exactly like Celia Briganza's boy. Around the mouth.

(J. Salinger)

Of all my old association, of all my old pursuits and hopes, of all the living and the dead world, this one poor soul alone comes natural to me.

(Ch. Dickens)

There is Mr. Guppy, who was at first as open as the sun at noon, but who suddenly shut up as close as midnight.

(Ch. Dickens)

His coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes.

(Ch. Dickens)

“Of course it’s important. Incredibly, urgently, desperately important.”

(D. Sayers)

I will not thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

(R. Bridges)

I never told you about that letter Jane Crofut got from her minister when she was sick. He wrote Jane a letter and on the envelope the address was like this: Jane Crofut; The Crofut Farm; Graver’s Corners; Sutton County; New Hampshire; United States of America. “What’s funny about it?” “But listen, it’s not finished: the United States of America; Continent of North America; Western

Hemisphere; the Earth; the Solar system; the Universe; the Mind of God - that's what it said on the envelope."

(Th. Wilder)

For that one instant there was no one else in the room, in the house, in the world, besides themselves.

(M. Wilson)

PRACTICAL LESSON 18

Define the expressive means.

Любопытство, как неугомонная мышь, прогрызло себе дыру и с тоненьким свистом начало просачиваться наружу.

(Т. Устинова)

Моя душа твой вечный храм;
Как божество твой образ там;
Не от небес, лишь от него
Я жду спасенья своего.

(М. Лермонтов)

Мильоны – вас. Нас – тьмы, и тьмы, и тьмы.
Попробуйте, сразитесь с нами!
Да, скифы – мы! Да, азиаты – мы,
С раскосыми и жадными очами!

(А. Блок)

Здесь Пушкина изгнание началось
И Лермонтова кончилось изгнание.
Здесь горных трав легко благоуханье,
И только раз мне видеть удалось
У озера, в густой тени чинары,
В тот предвечерний и жестокий час –
Сияние неуголенных глаз
Бессмертного любовника Тамары.

(А. Ахматова)

Он нашел даму, которая ассистировала на вскрытии профессору Свечникову. Та обратила его внимание на странные травмы черепа, но профессор тем не менее уверенно подмахнул заключение о рядовом несчастном случае.

– И таким образом вскрытие превратилось в скрытие.

(В. Вербинина)

In moments of utter crises my nerves act in the most extraordinary way. When utter disaster seems imminent my whole being is simultaneously braced to avoid it. I size up the situation in a flash, set my teeth, contract my muscles, take a firm grip of myself, and without a tremor always do the wrong thing.

(B. Shaw)

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread –
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!

(Thomas Hood)

Carming middle-aged lady with a face like a bucket of mud and if she has washed her hair since Coolidge's second term, I'll eat my spare tire, rim and all."

(R. Cheyne)

With all the expressiveness of a stone Welsh stared at him another twenty seconds apparently hoping to see him gag.

(R. Cheyney)

It was a cold, black winter's morning and everywhere was as quiet as the grave.

(R.L. Stevenson)

Now let me introduce you - that's Mr. What's-his-name, you remember him, don't you? And over there in the corner, that's the Major, and there's Mr. What-d'you-call-him, and that's an American.

(E. Waugh)

There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogard and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up resemblance.

(S. Lewis)

And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,
And both to the road again.
Both to the road again, again!

(R. Ripling)

Bill went with him and they returned with a tray of glasses, siphons and other necessities of life.

(A. Christie)

Her startled glance descended like a beam of light, and settled for a moment on the man's face. He was fortyish and rather fat, with a moustache that made her think of the yolk of an egg, and a nose that spread itself. His face had an injected redness.

(W. Deeping)

"Did you see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex to induce you to believe all this?"

(Ch. Dickens)

Where silence doth the loudest call
My secrets to betray,
As moonlight holds the night in thrall,
As suns reveal the day.

(John Clare)

Naturally, I jumped out of the tub, and before I had thought twice, ran out into the living room in my birthday suit.

(B. Malamud)

There was no moon, a clear dark, like some velvety garment, was wrapped around the trees, whose thinned branches, resembling plumes, stirred in the still, warm air.

(Ch. Galsworthy)

The lift had two people and rose slowly, groaning with diffidence.

(I. Murdoch)

She brought no life with her; she absorbed what there was, she was like so much blotting paper.

(A. Huxley)

Jane set her bathing-suited self to washing the lunch dishes.

(Jn. Braine)

Cats and canaries had added to the already stale house an entirely new dimension of defeat. As I stepped down, an evil-looking Tom slid by us into the house.

(W. Golding)

After so many kisses and promises – the lie given to her dreams, her words, the lie given to kisses, hours, days, weeks, months of unspeakable bliss.

(Th. Dreiser)

It is safer to be married to the man you can be happy with than to the man you cannot be happy without.

(E. Esar)

PRACTICAL LESSON 19

Define the expressive means.

И так начинается песня о ветре,
О ветре, обутом в солдатские гетры,
О гетрах, идущих дорогой войны.
О войнах, которым стихи не нужны.

(В. Луговской)

Вся Ивановская площадь шеи вытянула...

(Р. Рождественский)

Когда бы ты знала, каким сиротливым томительно-сладким, безумно-счастливым я горем в душе опьянен.

(А. Фет)

Мы помним все – и жар холодных чисел,
И дар божественных видений.

(А. Блок)

Как только я выдержала экзамены, то сейчас же поехала с мамой, мебелью и братом Иоанном, учеником третьего класса, на дачу.

(А. Чехов)

Мою любовь, широкою, как море,
Вместить не могут жизни берега.

(Л. Толстой)

Бой барабанов, клики, скрежет,
Гром пушек, топот, ржанье, стон,
И смерть и ад со всех сторон.

(А. Пушкин)

“It’s very hard”, said my mother, “that in my own house - “

“My own house?” repeated Mr. Murdstone. “Clara!”

“Our own house, I mean, faltered my mother, evidently frightened - “I hope you must know what I mean, Edward - it’s very hard that in *your* own house I may not have a word to say about domestic matters.

(Ch. Dickens)

On her father’s being groundlessly suspected, she felt sure. Sure. Sure.

(Ch. Dickens)

On the half hour Phillips had finished his duties as a slave of the lamp.

(O. Henry)

And a great desire for peace, peace of no matter what kind, swept through her.

(A. Bennett)

And everywhere were people. People going into gates and coming out of gates. People staggering and falling. People fighting and cursing.

(P. Abrahams)

...you are a part of Nature! Your heart is throbbing against hers. Her glorious arms are round you, raising you up against her heart! Your spirit is at one with hers; your limbs grow light! The voices of the air are singing to you.

(Jerome K. Jerome)

He beat me then as if he would have beaten me to death. Above all the noise we made, I heard them running up the stairs, and crying out - I heard my mother crying out - and Peggotty. Then he was gone; and the door was locked outside; and I was lying, fevered and hot, and torn, and sore, and raging in my puny way, upon the floor.

(Ch. Dickens)

"Pull your right - you, you idiot! back with your left. No, not *you* - the other one - leave the lines alone, can't you - now, both together. NOT *that* way. Oh, you - !"

(Jerome K. Jerome)

"Sit down, you dancing, prancing, shambling, scrambling fool parrot! Sit down!"

(Ch. Dickens)

No, he, Vanamee, could never, never forget; never was the edge of his grief to lose its sharpness; never would the lapse of time blunt the tooth of his pain.

(Fr. Norris)

He ran away from the battle. He was an ordinary human being that didn't want to kill or to be killed. So he ran away from the battle.

(St. Heym)

There are sunsets who whisper a good-by,
It is a short dusk and a way for stars.

(Carl Sandburg)

We sat down at a table with two girls in yellow and three men, each one introduced to us as Mr. Mumble.

(Sc. Fitzgerald)

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

(H. Longfellow)

Had I left the room a minute, when his man told me that "Young Innocence" (so he called you, and you may call him "Old Guilt" all the days of your life) had set his heart upon her...

(Ch. Dickens)

“In an accumulation of Ignominy, Want, Despair, and Madness, I entered the office – or, as our lively neighbor the Gaul would term it, the Bureau – of the Firm, nominally conducted under the appellation of Wickfield and HEEP, but, in reality, wielded by HEEP alone. HEEP and only HEEP, is the mainspring of that machine. HEEP and only HEEP, is the Forger and the Cheat.”

(Ch. Dickens)

Still the million fires burn
Still the million souls can learn,
Ever loving and reviling,
Hating and then reconciling.

(Ch. Madge)

“You have heard of Jefferson Brick, I see, Sir,” quoted the Colonel with a smile. “England has heard of Jefferson Brick, Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick.”

(Ch. Dickens)

PRACTICAL LESSON 20

Define the expressive means.

Жить, храня веселье горя, помня радость прошлых вёсен.

(В. Брюсов)

В России две напасти:
Внизу – власть тьмы,
А наверху – тьма власти.

(В. Гиляровский)

Лес. Палатка. Песок речной волны.

(А. Яшин)

Нет, я хотел... быть может, вы... я думал, что уж барону время умереть.

(А. Пушкин)

Только в спальне горели свечи
Равнодушно-желтым огнем.

(А. Ахматова)

Кофе пах так вкусно, как пах только, когда его варила мать, сто лет назад.

(Т. Устинова)

Шипят пергаментные речи,
С трудом шевелятся мозги.

(А. Блок)

Fedgeby hasn't heard of anything. "No, there's not a word of news," says Lammle. "Not a particle," added Boots. "Not an atom," chimes in Brewer.

(Ch. Dickens)

The Pottery itself was now closed, the great doors of the yard permanently shut. No more the great crates with yellow straw showing through, stood in stacks by the packing shed. No more the drays drawn by great horses rolled down the hill with a high load. No more the pottery-lasses in their clay-coloured overalls, their faces and hair splashed with grey fine mud, shrieked and larked with the men. All that was over.

(D.H. Lawrence)

Rup wished he could be swift, accurate, compassionate and stern instead of clumsy and vague and sentimental.

(I. Murdoch)

"To think better of it," returned the gallant Blandois, "would be to slight a lady, to slight a lady would be to be deficient in chivalry towards the sex, and chivalry towards the sex is a part of my character."

(Ch. Dickens)

The Major and the two Sportsmen form a silent group as Henderson, on the floor, goes through a protracted death agony, moaning and gasping, shrieking, muttering, shivering, babbling, reaching upward toward nothing once or twice for help, turning, writhing, struggling, giving up at last, sinking flat, and finally, after a waning gasp lying absolutely still.

(J. Heller)

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet.

(W. Shakespeare)

A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

(Ch. Dickens)

Fleur was so much to him that his wife was very little – very little... It was odd how, with all this ingrained care for moderation and secure investment, Soames, ever put his emotional eggs into one basket. First Irene – now Fleur. He was dimly conscious of it, sitting there, conscious of its odd dangerousness.

(J. Galsworthy)

The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public.

(O. Wilde)

It is such a beautiful day I had to write you a letter
From the tower, and to show I'm not mad:
I only slipped on the cake of soap of the air
And drowned in the bathtub of the world.

(John Ashbery)

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something, and she heard it muttering to itself, "the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets!

(L. Carroll)

But why, why? Damn it all – it doesn't make sense. I might have taken the money – I suppose we're all capable of that, under certain circumstances – but never on earth could I have let somebody else – and especially Martin, take the blame for it. How could you think me capable of such a thing?"

(J. Priestley)

“Flowers! You wouldn’t believe it, madam, the flowers he used to bring me.”

(R. Mansfield)

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

(H. Longfellow)

...his liver was a little constricted, and his nerves rather on edge. His wife was always out when she was in Town, and his daughter *would* flibberty-gibbet all over the place.

(J. Galsworthy)

PRACTICAL LESSON 21

Define the expressive means.

Сама Марья Алексеевна сидит у камина в превосходном расположении духа и в светло-зеленом платье, которое к ней идет.

(Ф. Достоевский)

Страдать! Страдают все, страдает темный зверь;
Без упования, без сознанья,
Но перед ним туда навек закрыта дверь,
Где радость теплится страданья.

(А. Фет)

Взоры полусонные,
Нежные влюбленные,
Дымкой окаймленные,
Тонкие черты,
То мои несмелые,
То воздушно-белые,
Сладко онемелые,
Легкие цветы.
Чувственно-неясные,
Девственно-прекрасные,
В страстности бесстрастные,
Тайны и слова...

(К. Бальмонт)

Тебя, Офелию мою,
Увел далеко жизни холод,
И гибну, принц, в родном краю,
Клинком отравленным заколот.

(А. Блок)

О красном вечере задумалась дорога,
Кусты рябин туманней глубины.
Изба-старуха челюстью порога
Жует пахучий мякиш тишины.

(С. Есенин)

Я памятью живу с увядшими мечтами,
Виденья прежних лет толпятся предо мной,
И образ твой меж них, как месяц в час ночной
Между бродящими блистает облаками.

(М. Лермонтов)

“Merchant’s smile was as meaningless as an asterisk
without a footnote.”

(E. McBain)

“His wife,” I said. “W_I_F_E. Homebody. Helpmate.
Didn’t he tell you?”

(A. Myrer)

Then I grasped the horn like a vice, inflated my
lungs; jammed the mouthpiece against my lips and set my

teeth until it nearly cut me, and spat fiercely into it. The result was a titanic blast. My ears received a deafening shock; the lamp glasses whirred; the hats of my visitors rained from their pegs; and I pressed my bursting temples between my palms as the soldier reeled out, pale as though the last trumpet had roused him, and confronted the throng of amazed guests who appeared on the stairs.

(G. Bernard Shaw)

What else do I remember? Let me see.

There comes out of the cloud our house, our house not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard...

(Ch. Dickens)

"I'm like a navigator on a strange sea without chart or compass."

(J. London)

The horror! The flight! The exposure! The police! The first to desert him - these - all save Sondra perhaps. And even she, too. Yes, she, of course. The horror in her eyes."

(Th. Dreiser)

"Talent, Mr. Micawber has, capital, Mr. Micawber has not."

(Ch. Dickens)

Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland!
Oh, the barren, barren shore!

(A. Tennyson)

“She was smartly dressed... And her cheeks and lips were rouged a little. And her eyes sparkled. And as usual she gave herself the airs of one very well content with herself.”

(Th. Dreiser)

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran...

(D. Hood)

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,
And – which is more – you’ll be a Man, my son!

(R. Kipling)

“One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh – and two of them died.”

(M. Twain)

His grey face was so long that he could wind it twice round his neck.

(R. Chandler)

We smiled at each other, but we didn't speak because there were ears all around us.

(J. Chase)

"This is a day of your golden opportunity, Sarge. Don't let it turn to brass."

(J. Pendelton)

After two centuries of crusades the Crescent (the Moslem religion) defeated the Cross in all Southwestern Asia.

(Daily Worker)

The strong leaves of the box-elder tree,
Plunging in the wind, call us to disappear
Into the wilds of the universe,
Where we shall sit at the foot of a plant,
And live forever, like the dust.

(R. Bly)

If he wishes to float into fairyland, he reads a book; if he wishes to dash into the thick of battle, he reads a book; if he wishes to soar into heaven, he reads a book.

(G. Chesterton)

He held out a hand that could have been mistaken for a bunch of bananas in a poor light.

(K. Gardner)

A little after midnight Dolores Lane came in and stood holding a microphone the way a drowning man hangs on to a lifebelt.

(J. Chase)

There comes a period in every man's life, but she is just a semicolon in his.

(S. Evans)

She possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart.

(J. O'Henry)

Mr. Witte's method of paying off debts would be a form of feeding a dog with bits of its own tail.

(J. Nesfield)

She told his name to the trees. She whispered it to the flowers. She breathed it to the birds.

(St. Leacock)

PRACTICAL LESSON 22

Define the expressive means.

И меркнет звезд алмазный трепет в безбольном
холоде зари...

(М. Волошин)

Зима. Мороз. Село коптит в стылое ясное небо се-
рым дымом – люди согреваются.

(В. Шукшин)

О, как мне хочется смутить веселость их
И дерзко бросить им в глаза железный стих,
Облитый горечью и злостью!.

(М. Лермонтов)

Слуга влиятельных господ,
С какой отвагой благородной
Громите речью вы свободной
Всех тех, кому зажали рот.

(Ф. Тютчев)

С того часу начались для Ильи сладостные муче-
нья, светло опаляющие душу.

(Т. Шмелев)

Театр уж полон; ложи блещут;
Партер и кресла – все кипит...

(А. Пушкин)

Лед неокрепший на речке студеной
Словно как тающий сахар лежит.

(Н. Некрасов)

Твоих задумчивых ночей прозрачный сумрак...

(А. Пушкин)

Легче навести порядок в одной комнате, нежели во всем доме, в одном доме, нежели на всей улице, на одной улице, нежели во всем городе, и в одном городе, нежели во всей стране.

(Б. Акунин)

Врача пригласить, а фельдшера позвать.

(А. Чехов)

Then we looked for the knife to open the tin with. We turned out everything in the hamper. We turned out the bags. We pulled up the boards at the bottom of the boat. We took everything out on to the bank and shook it. There was no tin-opener to be found.

(J.K. Jerome)

He had a little nobbed nose, not unlike the ace of spades, with a pair of spectacles gleaming on each side of his dusky countenance, like a couple of bow-windows.

(W. Irving)

I saw a Chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

(W. Blake)

“You won’t get much more bacon, shall you, you little b?”¹

(D.H. Lawrence)

Such a scene as there was when Kit came in! Such a confusion of tongues, before the circumstances were related, and the proofs disclosed! Such a dead silence when all was told!

(Ch. Dickens)

Women have a wonderful instinct about things. They can discover everything except the obvious.

(O. Wilde)

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling’s bonnet when she came upstairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of wom-

¹ b – “bastard” was conceded unprintable.

en. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her – which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoiled Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Pross had, and would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted them in his declining years to a Home. But no Hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfillment of Miss Pross's prediction.

(Ch. Dickens)

The precious twins – untried, unnoticed, undirected – and I say it quiet with my hands down-undiscovered.

(J. Salinger)

“Gentlemen, I put it to you that this band is a swindle. This band is an abandoned band. It cannot play a good godly tune, gentlemen.

(W. Deeping)

She was a lone spectator, but never a lonely one, because the warmth of company was unnecessary to her.

(P. Cheyney)

There was then a calling over of names, and great work of singing, stamping, inking, and sanding, with exceedingly blurred, gritty and undecipherable results.

(Ch. Dickens)

He wished she would not look at him in this new way. For things were changing, something was changing now, this minute, just when he thought they would never change again, just when he found a way to live in that changelessness.

(R. Warren)

From her earliest infancy Gertrude was brought up by her aunt. Her aunt had carefully instructed her to Christian principles. She had also taught her Mohammedanism, to make sure.

(St. Leacock)

The oldest and simplest thoughts
Rise with the antique moon:
How she enamels men
And artillery under her sphere,
Eyelids and hair and throats
Rigid in love and war;
How this has happened before.

(R. Fuller)

We bent it in a Christmas box
And scattered blazing weeds to scare the crow
Until the snake-tailed sea-winds coughed and howled
For alms outside the church whose double locks
Wait for St Peter, the distorted key.

(R. Lowell)

ЗАКЛЮЧЕНИЕ

Целью пособия является дополнение курса стилистики английского языка материалами, необходимыми студентам и слушателям в процессе изучения учебной дисциплины. В подготовке учебного издания основной акцент сделан на материалах для лабораторно-практических занятий, что актуально в условиях практического бакалавриата.

Пособие состоит из трех частей: краткого обзора стилистических средств, практических заданий и приложений. В Приложения включены тексты для стилистического анализа и терминологический словарь. Поскольку стилистические средства универсальны, каждое практическое занятие начинается с примеров на русском языке. Это позволяет студентам лучше «почувствовать» выразительность того или иного стилистического средства и испытывать меньше затруднений при анализе английских примеров.

Пособие способствует развитию способности выделять и анализировать особенности системы языка в целом и различных уровней в единстве их содержания. Оно также совершенствует способность к коммуникации в устной и письменной формах на русском и иностранном языках для решения задач межличностного и межкультурного взаимодействия.

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ПРИЛОЖЕНИЯ

Приложение 1

ТЕКСТЫ

Edward Kennedy National Convention, 1988

...We are strengthened because we will enter this campaign as the party of hope, the party of all confidence and concern, the party of Mike Dukakis and Lloyd Benson. I know Mike Dukakis, I know his decency and his talent, I know his spirit. He cares about making government work because he cares deeply about people. I have seen the presidency of both. And I have seldom seen anyone as matched to the domains and possibilities of that office as Mike Dukakis. We know Mike Dukakis and Lloyd Benson as friends, and I admire them as leaders, I have faith in them, faith in Jessie Jackson. We have a chance to do together. And if all of us are together we shall not fail!

The rails of continuity between the Dukakis-Benson ticket of 1988 and the Kennedy-Johnson ticket of 1960, the rails of continuity of commitment and not just geography.

For Mike Dukakis and Lloyd Benson like John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson believe that we cannot be content with things as they are. That there is a newer frontier to be cost, and a greater society to be built.

After eight years of complacency and indifference, of problems unattended and pains untreated, it is time to restore purpose and principle to America from Atlanta to Seattle, from Houston to Boston. Everywhere in our land there are men and women willing to work who deserve a chance to work, there are children to be taught, families to be housed, farms to be saved, diseases to be cured, hungry to be fed, homeless to be cared for and justice to be done. And in the larger world from the Persian Gulf to Central America, from the Soviet Union to South Africa there are wars to be halted, arms to be reduced, families to be united, children rights to be defended and apartheid to be ended.

President Raygan deserves credit for the Moscow summit, but I wish that just once this President would speak as forcefully for civil rights in the United States as he does for human rights in the Soviet Union. But at least Ronald Raygan accepts the blame as well as the credit for the policy of the past eight years. He comes without excuses and equivocation, he stands up, looks us in the eye.

But not George Bush who on question after question keeps burring his head in his hand and hiding from the record of the Raygan-Bush mistakes. The Vice president says he wasn't there, or can't recall, or never heard as the Administration secretly wanted to sell arms to Iran. So

when this fundamental mistake being made I think it fair to ask: "Where was George?"

The Vice president says he never saw, or can't remember, or didn't comprehend the intelligence report on general Norris Raygan involvement in the Cocaine hotel. So when this report was being prepared and discussed I think it fair to ask: "Where was George?"

The Vice president claims he cares about the elderly but evidently he didn't know or wasn't there when the Administration tried repeatedly to slash social security and medical care. So we know sensations were being made I think it fair to ask: "Where was George?"

And the Vice president who knows speech perfectly of civil rights apparently wasn't around or didn't quite hear when the Administration was planning to weaken voting rights, give tax rates to segregated schools and beat elder civil rights restoration act. So when all those assaults were being amounted I think it fair to ask: "Where was George?" ...

**Invitation to San Francisco conference,
MARCH 5, 1945**

The Government of the United States of America, on behalf of itself and the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and the Republic of China, in-

vites the Government of (*the name of land invited*) to send representatives to a Conference of the United Nations to be held on April 25, 1945, at San Francisco in the United States of America to prepare a charter for a general international organization for the maintenance of international peace and security...

Harrison Bergeron
by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

THE YEAR WAS 2081, and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law. They were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General.

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though. April for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime. And it was in that clammy month that the H-G men took George and Hazel Bergeron's fourteen-year-old son, Harrison, away.

It was tragic, all right, but George and Hazel couldn't think about it very hard. Hazel had a perfectly average intelligence, which meant she couldn't think about anything

except in short bursts. And George, while his intelligence was way above normal, had a little mental handicap radio in his ear. He was required by law to wear it at all times. It was tuned to a government transmitter. Every twenty seconds or so, the transmitter would send out some sharp noise to keep people like George from taking unfair advantage of their brains.

George and Hazel were watching television. There were tears on Hazel's cheeks, but she'd forgotten for the moment what they were about.

On the television screen were ballerinas.

A buzzer sounded in George's head. His thoughts fled in panic, like bandits from a burglar alarm.

"That was a real pretty dance, that dance they just did," said Hazel.

"Huh" said George.

"That dance - it was nice," said Hazel.

"Yup," said George. He tried to think a little about the ballerinas. They weren't really very good-no better than anybody else would have been, anyway. They were burdened with sashweights and bags of birdshot, and their faces were masked, so that no one, seeing a free and graceful gesture or a pretty face, would feel like something the cat drug in. George was toying with the vague notion that maybe dancers shouldn't be handicapped. But he didn't get very far with it before another noise in his ear radio scattered his thoughts.

"Boy!" said Hazel, "that was a doozy, wasn't it?"

It was such a doozy that George was white and trembling, and tears stood on the rims of his red eyes. Two of the eight ballerinas had collapsed to the studio floor, were holding their temples.

"All of a sudden you look so tired," said Hazel. "Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, so's you can rest your handicap bag on the pillows, honeybunch." She was referring to the forty-seven pounds of birdshot in a canvas bag, which was padlocked around George's neck. "Go on and rest the bag for a little while," she said. "I don't care if you're not equal to me for a while."

George weighed the bag with his hands. "I don't mind it," he said. "I don't notice it any more. It's just a part of me."

"You been so tired lately-kind of wore out," said Hazel. "If there was just some way we could make a little hole in the bottom of the bag, and just take out a few of them lead balls. Just a few."

"Two years in prison and two thousand dollars fine for every ball I took out," said George. "I don't call that a bargain."

"If you could just take a few out when you came home from work," said Hazel. "I mean-you don't compete with anybody around here. You just sit around."

"If I tried to get away with it," said George, "then other people'd get away with it-and pretty soon we'd be right back to the dark ages again, with everybody competing against everybody else. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I'd hate it," said Hazel.

"There you are," said George. "The minute people start cheating on laws, what do you think happens to society?"

If Hazel hadn't been able to come up with an answer to this question, George couldn't have supplied one. A siren was going off in his head.

"Reckon it'd fall all apart," said Hazel.

"What would?" said George blankly.

"Society," said Hazel uncertainly. "Wasn't that what you just said?"

"Who knows?" said George.

The television program was suddenly interrupted for a news bulletin. It wasn't clear at first as to what the bulletin was about, since the announcer, like all announcers, had a serious speech impediment. For about half a minute, and in a state of high excitement, the announcer tried to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

He finally gave up, handed the bulletin to a ballerina to read.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the ballerina, reading the bulletin. She must have been extraordinarily beautiful, because the mask she wore was hideous. And it was easy to see that she was the strongest and most graceful of all the dancers, for her handicap bags were as big as those worn by two-hundred pound men.

And she had to apologize at once for her voice, which was a very unfair voice for a woman to use. Her voice was a warm, luminous, timeless melody. "Excuse

me" - she said, and she began again, making her voice absolutely uncompetitive.

"Harrison Bergeron, age fourteen," she said in a grackle squawk, "has just escaped from jail, where he was held on suspicion of plotting to overthrow the government. He is a genius and an athlete, is under-handicapped, and should be regarded as extremely dangerous."

A police photograph of Harrison Bergeron was flashed on the screen-upside down, then sideways, upside down again, then right side up. The picture showed the full length of Harrison against a background calibrated in feet and inches. He was exactly seven feet tall.

The rest of Harrison's appearance was Halloween and hardware. Nobody had ever born heavier handicaps. He had outgrown hindrances faster than the H-G men could think them up. Instead of a little ear radio for a mental handicap, he wore a tremendous pair of earphones, and spectacles with thick wavy lenses. The spectacles were intended to make him not only half blind, but to give him whanging headaches besides.

And to offset his good looks, the H-G men required that he wear at all times a red rubber ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his even white teeth with black caps at snaggle-tooth random.

"If you see this boy," said the ballerina, "do not - I repeat, do not - try to reason with him."

"My God" - said George, "that must be Harrison!"

The realization was blasted from his mind instantly by the sound of an automobile collision in his head.

When George could open his eyes again, the photograph of Harrison was gone. A living, breathing Harrison filled the screen.

Clanking, clownish, and huge, Harrison stood – in the center of the studio. The knob of the uprooted studio door was still in his hand. Ballerinas, technicians, musicians, and announcers cowered on their knees before him, expecting to die.

"I am the Emperor!" cried Harrison. "Do you hear? I am the Emperor! Everybody must do what I say at once!" He stamped his foot and the studio shook.

"Even as I stand here" he bellowed, "crippled, hobbled, sickened – I am a greater ruler than any man who ever lived! Now watch me become what I can become!"

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper, tore straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds.

Harrison's scrap-iron handicaps crashed to the floor.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

He flung away his rubber-ball nose, revealed a man that would have awed Thor, the god of thunder.

"I shall now select my Empress!" he said, looking down on the cowering people. "Let the first woman who dares rise to her feet claim her mate and her throne!"

A moment passed, and then a ballerina arose, swaying like a willow.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all he removed her mask.

She was blindingly beautiful.

"Now" - said Harrison, taking her hand, "shall we show the people the meaning of the word dance? Music!" he commanded.

The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

The music began. It was normal at first-cheap, silly, false. But Harrison snatched two musicians from their chairs, waved them like batons as he sang the music as he wanted it played. He slammed them back into their chairs.

The music began again and was much improved.

Harrison and his Empress merely listened to the music for a while-listened gravely, as though synchronizing their heartbeats with it.

They shifted their weights to their toes.

Harrison placed his big hands on the girls tiny waist, letting her sense the weightlessness that would soon be hers.

And then, in an explosion of joy and grace, into the air they sprang!

Not only were the laws of the land abandoned, but the law of gravity and the laws of motion as well.

They reeled, whirled, swiveled, flounced, capered, gamboled, and spun.

It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling. They kissed it.

And then, neutraling gravity with love and pure will, they remained suspended in air inches below the ceiling, and they kissed each other for a long, long time.

It was then that Diana Moon Glampers, the Handicapper General, came into the studio with a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun. She fired twice, and the Emperor and the Empress were dead before they hit the floor.

It was then that the Bergerons' television tube burned out.

Hazel turned to comment about the blackout to George. But George had gone out into the kitchen for a can of beer.

George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying" he said to Hazel.

"Yup," she said.

"What about?" he said.

"I forget," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What was it?" he said.

"It's all kind of mixed up in my mind," said Hazel.

"Forget sad things," said George.

"I always do," said Hazel.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a rivetting gun in his head.

"Gee - I could tell that one was a doozy," said Hazel.

"You can say that again," said George.

"Gee" - said Hazel, "I could tell that one was a doozy."²

Irene's Return **By John Galsworthy**

On reaching home, and entering the little lighted hall with his latchkey, the first thing that caught his eye was his wife's gold-mounted umbrella lying on the rug chest. Flinging off his coat, he hurried to the drawing-room.

The curtains were drawn for the night, a bright fire of cedar logs burned in the grate, and by its light he saw Irene sitting in her usual corner on the sofa. He shut the door softly, and went towards her. She did not move, and did not seem to see him.

"So you've come dark?" he said. "Why are you sitting here in the dark?"

Then he caught sight of her face, so white and motionless that it seemed as though the blood must have

² "Harrison Bergeron" is copyrighted by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., 1961.

stopped flowing in her veins; and her eyes, that looked enormous, like the great, wide, startled eyes of an owl.

Huddled in her grey fur against the sofa cushions, she had a strange resemblance to a captive owl, bunched in its soft feathers against the wires of a cage. The supple erectness of her figure was gone, as though there were no longer any reason for being beautiful, and supple, and erect.

“So you’ve come back,” he repeated.

She never looked up, and never spoke, the firelight playing over her motionless figure.

Suddenly she tried to rise, but he prevented her; She had come back like an animal wounded to death, not knowing where to turn, not knowing what she was doing. It was then that he understood. The sight of her figure, huddled in the fur, was enough.

He knew then for certain that Bosinney had been her lover; knew that she had seen the report of his death – perhaps, like himself, had bought a paper at the draughty corner of a street, and read it.

She had come back then of her own accord, to the cage she had pined to be free of – and taking in all the tremendous significance of this, he longed to cry: “Take your hated body, that I love, out of my house. Take away that pitiful white face, so cruel and soft – before I crush it. Get out of my sight, never let me see you again.” and at those unspoken words, he seemed to see her rise and move away, like a woman in a terrible dream, from which she was fighting to awake – rise and go out into the dark

and cold, without a thought of him, without so much as the knowledge of his presence.

Then he cried, contradicting what he had not yet spoken. "No, stay there!" And turning away from her he sat down in his accustomed chair on the other side of the hearth.

They sat in silence/

And Soames thought: "Why is all this? Why should I suffer so? What have I done? It is not my fault!"

Again he looked at her, huddled like a bird that is short and dying, whose poor breast you see panting as the air is taken from it, whose poor eyes look at you who have shot it, with a slow, soft, unseeing look, taking farewell of all that is good - of the sun, and the air, and its mate.

So they sat, by the firelight, in the silence, one on each side of the hearth.

And the fume of the burning cedar logs, that he loved so well, seemed to grip Soames by the throat till he could hear it no longer. And going out into the hall he flung the door wide, to gulp down the cold air that came in; than without hat or overcoat went out into the Square.

Along the garden rails a half-starved cat came rubbing her way towards him, and Soames thought: "Suffering! When will it cease, my suffering?"

At a front door across the way was a man of his acquaintance named Rutter, scraping his boots, with an air of "I am master here." And Soames went on.

From far in the clear air the bells of the church where he and Irene had been married were pealing in "practice" for the traffic. He felt a craving for strong drink, to lull him to indifference, or rouse him to fury. If only he could burst out of himself, out of this web that for the first time in his life he felt around him. If only he could surrender to the thought: "Divorce her - turn her out! She has forgotten you. Forget her!"

If only he could surrender to the thought: "Let her go - she has suffered enough!"

If only he could surrender to the desire: "Make a slave of her - she is in your power!"

If only even he could surrender to the sudden vision: "What does it all matter?" Forget himself for a minute, forget that it mattered what he did, forget that whatever he did he must sacrifice something.

If only he could act on an impulse!

He could forget nothing; surrender to no thought, vision, or desire; it was all too serious; too close around him, an unbreakable cage.

(The Man of Property)

ТЕРМИНОЛОГИЧЕСКИЙ СЛОВАРЬ

Аллегория - выражение отвлечённого понятия или идеи в конкретном художественном образе.

Аллитерация - повторение одинаковых или сходных звуков в начале слогов или слов.

Анафора - фигура речи, состоящая в повторении начального слова в каждом параллельном элементе речи.

Антиклицмакс - фигура речи, состоящая в таком расположении частей высказывания, что каждая последующая часть оказывается менее насыщенной, менее выразительной или впечатляющей, чем предыдущая.

Антитеза - фигура речи, состоящая в антонимировании сочетаемых слов.

Антоним - слова, имеющие в своем значении качественный признак и потому способные противопоставляться друг другу как противоположные по значению.

Архаизм - троп, состоящий в употреблении старого слова или выражения в целях исторической стилизации, придания речи возвышенной стилистической окраски, достижения комического эффекта.

Асиндетон - бессоюзная связь.

Бессоюзие – см. *асиндетон*.

Гипербола – фигура речи, состоящая в заведомом преувеличении, усиливающем выразительность, придающем речи эмфатический характер.

Градация – Обобщенное название, объединяющее климакс и антиклимакс.

Диалектизм – диалектные слова, употребляющиеся в языке художественной литературы как средство стилизации слога.

Зевгма – ряд сочиненных предложений, организованных вокруг одного общего для всех них главного члена (реализуемого только в одном из них, а в остальных подразумеваемого).

Инверсия – нарушение обычного расположения составляющих предложения слов и словосочетаний, в результате чего «переставленный» элемент предложения оказывается выделенным и привлекает к себе внимание.

Ирония – троп, состоящий в употреблении слова в смысле обратном буквальному с целью тонкой или скрытой насмешки; насмешка, нарочито облеченная в форму положительной характеристики или восхищения.

Историзм – троп, состоящий в употреблении старого слова или выражения в целях исторической стилизации.

Климакс – фигура речи, состоящая в таком расположении частей высказывания, что каждая после-

дующая часть оказывается более насыщенной, более выразительной или впечатляющей, чем предыдущая.

Контраст – фигура речи, состоящая в антонимировании лексико-фразеологических, фонетических и грамматических единиц, воплощающих контрастное восприятие художником действительности.

Литота – троп, состоящий в употреблении антонима с отрицанием как средства риторического «умаления».

Метафора – троп, стоящий в употреблении слов и выражений в переносном смысле на основании сходства, аналогии и т.п.

Метонимия – троп, стоящий в том, что вместо названия одного предмета дается название другого, находящегося с первым в отношении «ассоциации по смежности», т.е. в отношении процесс – результат.

Многосоюзие – см. *полисиндетон*.

Неологизм – слово или оборот, созданное для обозначения нового, прежде неизвестного предмета или для выражения нового понятия.

Оксюморон – фигура речи, состоящая в соединении двух антонимических понятий (двух слов, противоречащих друг другу по смыслу).

Олицетворение – троп, состоящий в том, что неодушевленным предметам приписываются свойства и признаки одушевленных, такие как: дар речи, способность вступать в отношения, свойственные человеческому обществу и т.п.

Омоним – две разные языковые единицы, совпавшие по звучанию.

Параллелизм – связь между отдельными образами, мотивами и т.п. в произведении речи, выражающаяся в одинаковом расположении сходных элементов; одинаковое расположение сходных членов предложения в двух или нескольких смежных предложениях.

Плеоназм – избыточность выражения.

Повтор – фигура речи, состоящая в повторении звуков, слов и выражений в известной последовательности.

Полисиндетон – сочленение ряда сочиненных членов посредством соединительных служебных слов (союзов).

Риторический вопрос – фигура речи, состоящая в придании утверждению или отрицанию вопросительной формы для того, чтобы привлечь усиленное внимание слушателя, повысить эмоциональный тон.

Синекдоха – троп, состоящий в замене названия целого названием какой-то его части, в названии частного вместо названия общего, и наоборот.

Сравнение – фигура речи, состоящая в уподоблении одного предмета другому, у которого предполагается наличие признака, общего с первым.

Троп – стилистический перенос названия, употребление слова в переносном (не прямом) его смысле в целях достижения большей его выразительности.

Умолчание – фигура речи, состоящая в экспрессивно-эмоциональном обрыве высказывания, предполагающем возможность для слушающего или читающего догадаться, что именно осталось невысказанным.

Фигура речи – оборот речи, особое сочетание слов, синтаксическое построение, используемые для усиления выразительности высказывания.

Эвфемизм – троп, состоящий в непрямом, прикрытом, вежливом, смягчающем обозначении какого-либо предмета или явления.

Эллипсис – пропуск элемента высказывания, легко восстанавливаемого в данном контексте или ситуации.

Эпитет – разновидность определения, отличающаяся от обычного экспрессивностью, переносным характером.

Эпифора – фигура речи, состоящая в повторении слова или звукосочетания в конце фразы или нескольких фраз в целях усиления выразительности поэтической речи.

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