

М.С. Кулакович

ЛИТЕРАТУРА АНГЛОЯЗЫЧНЫХ СТРАН

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Учебно-практическое пособие предназначено для студентов старших курсов, для которых английский язык является второй специальностью. В пособие включены сведения о жизни и творчестве английских и американских писателей различных эпох, интересные факты из их жизни, а также краткое содержание произведений, отрывки из произведений данных авторов, а так же задания и вопросы к семинарам. Дисциплина: английская и американская литература, литература стран изучаемого языка, английская литература; направление: педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки); уровень: бакалавриат. Профильная направленность: дошкольное образование/ английский язык, начальное образование/ английский язык, история/ английский язык.

Данное пособие может быть использовано на групповых занятиях по дисциплинам «Английская и американская литература» и «Литература стран изучаемого языка».

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ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Основной задачей пособия является ознакомление студентов с творчеством англоязычных писателей. Вопросы и задания, предназначенные для практических занятий, помогут учащимся по-новому взглянуть на известные литературные произведения, сопоставить реалии прошедших эпох с современной жизнью и развить критическое мышление. Комментирование отрывков сформируют навык самостоятельной работы, умение формулировать и высказывать свою точку зрения.

Писатели, чьи биографии представлены в пособии, относятся к различным периодам англоязычной литературы. Начиная с эпохи превращения лондонского диалекта в литературный английский язык в XIV веке и становления США как независимого государства в XVIII веке и заканчивая модернистской литературой середины XX-го века. Произведения данных писателей отражают различные жанры и направления творчества и помогут студентам в полной мере прочувствовать многообразие и богатство англоязычной литературы.

1. BIOGRAPHIES OF BRITISH WRITERS

1.1. GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340 – 25.10.1400)

He is called the "father of English poetry". In Chaucer's age the English language was still divided by dialects. Chaucer wrote in the London dialect, the most popular one at that time. With his poetry the London dialect became the English literary language.

Chaucer was born in London, in the family of a wine merchant. His father had connections with the court and wanted his son to become a courtier. At seventeen Geoffrey became page to a lady at the court of Edward III. At twenty, Chaucer was in France, serving as a squire. The next few years Chaucer travelled much. He went to France and Italy.

Chaucer's literary career can be divided into three periods. During the first period he wrote the poems which were inspired by French romances. The second period of Chaucer's literary work was that of the Italian influence. To this period belong the following poems: *The House of Fame*, *The Parliament of Fowls*, a poem satirizing Parliament, *The Legend of Good Women* and others. The poem *The House of Fame* is written in the form of a dream vision. The poet falls asleep and finds himself in a glass temple full of the images of famous people and their deeds. With an eagle as a guide the poet meditates on the nature of fame.

When Chaucer came back to England, he received the post of Controller of the Customs in the port of London. Chaucer held this position for ten years. He devoted his free time to hard study and writing. Later Chaucer was appointed "Knight for the Shire of Kent", which meant that he sat in Parliament as a representative for Kent. He often had to go on business to Kent and there he observed the pilgrimages to Canterbury.

The third period of Chaucer's creative work begins in the year 1384, when he started writing his masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*. It's the collection of 24 stories, a story-telling competition by a group of pilgrims

who travelled from London to Canterbury for religious reasons. The author of the best story had to get free dinner and all the others participants had to pay for him. Originally this book had to consist of 120 stories but it was never finished.

Chaucer died in 1400 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Chaucer was the last English writer of the Middle Ages and the first of the Renaissance.

Interesting facts:

1. Both an asteroid and a lunar crater have been named after Chaucer.

2. On St. George's Day 1374 Edward III granted Chaucer a gallon of wine for every day for the rest of the poet's life. (1 gallon is 4.5 litres).

3. Though Chaucer died more than 600 years ago he has about 2000 fans on Facebook.

1.2. THOMAS MORE (7.02.1478 – 6.07.1535)

Sir Thomas More was born in London and educated at Oxford. He was the first English humanist of the Renaissance. The English writings of Thomas More include: discussions on political subjects, biographies, poetry.

Thomas More was a Catholic, but fought against the Pope and the king's absolute power. The king at that time was Henry VIII. He refused to obey the king as the head of the English Church, therefore he was thrown into the Tower of London and beheaded there as a traitor.

The work by which Thomas More is best remembered today is Utopia which was written in Latin in the year 1516. It has been translated into all European languages. Utopia (which in Greek means "nowhere") is the name of a non-existent island. This work is divided into two books. In the first, the author gives a profound and truthful picture of the people's

sufferings and points out the social evils existing in England at that time. In the second book Thomas More presents his ideal of what future society should be like. It is an ideal republic.

Interesting facts:

In 1935 Thomas More was canonized and became a patron saint of adopted children, lawyers, civil servants and difficult marriages. The 22 of June is the day of this saint.

1.3. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (23.04.1564 – 23.04.1616)

He is often called by British people "Our National Bard" (bard – a singer of ancient songs, a poet), "The Immortal Poet of Nature" ("the poet of Nature" meant "the poet of realism") and "the Great Unknown". He wrote 37 plays, 254 sonnets and two narrative poems.

Very little can be told about his life with certainty, as no biography of Shakespeare was published during his life time.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23rd of April, 1564. (The scientists don't know for sure his exact birthdate, they only know that he was baptized on the 26th of April. At that time children were usually baptized on the third day after being born. So it can be guessed that Shakespeare was born on the 23rd of April). Stratford was a charming little town in the very centre of England. His father, John Shakespeare, was a farmer's son, who became a prosperous tradesman. John Shakespeare was illiterate; he marked his name by a cross because he was unable to write it.

His mother, Mary Arden was a farmer's daughter. John and Mary had eight children, four girls and four boys, but their two eldest daughters died at an early age. The third child was William. For a few years he attended the local grammar school where he learned some Latin, Greek, arithmetic and a few other subjects.

When Shakespeare was about fourteen years old, his father lost his property and fell into debt and so the boy had to leave school and help his family. On leaving school, William Shakespeare began to learn foreign languages.

William was still a boy when his first poems appeared. Writing poems was very common in Shakespeare's days. It was called sonnetising.

In his nineteenth year William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. They had three children – Susanna and the twins, Judith and Hamnet. A few years later after his marriage, about the year 1587, Shakespeare left his native town for London.

At this time the drama was gaining rapidly in popularity. Shakespeare soon turned to the stage and became first an actor. Then he began to write plays of his own, first comedies and then historical plays. When the company of actors built the "Globe" theatre most of his greatest plays were performed there.

The last years of his life Shakespeare spent in Stratford. He died on the 23rd of April 1616.

On his tomb there are four lines which are said to have been written by William Shakespeare:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

Interesting facts:

1. There are more than 80 variants for the spelling of his name. He signed himself in a different way: Willm Shaksp, William Shakespe, Wm Shakspe, William Shakspere, Willm Shakspere, Willim Shakspeare.

2. He was 18 when he married a 26-year-old Anne Hathaway who was 3 months pregnant their first daughter. It was illegal at that time to be pregnant before a marriage.

1.4. DANIEL DEFOE (1660 – 24.04.1731)

His birthdate is uncertain. It is between 1659 and 1662. The most likely date is summer or early autumn of 1660.

Daniel Defoe is the founder of realistic novel in English and European literature.

He was the son of a wealthy London butcher and received a good education. His father wanted his son to become a priest. He preferred, however, the life of a merchant. He travelled in Spain, Germany, France and Italy on business. He was the earliest literary journalist in England. He wrote political pamphlets on any subject and every event.

In 1702 Defoe published a satirical pamphlet written in support of the protestants, or dissenters persecuted by the government and the Church. In the pamphlet *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* he defended the freedom of religious belief. He was punished for this and had to stand for three days in the pillory. The pillory sentence turned to his triumph. People brought him flowers and sang his *Hymn to the Pillory* in which he criticized the law.

After producing political pamphlets Defoe turned to writing novels. His first book of fiction was *Robinson Crusoe* (1719). In this novel he has confidence in himself and in mankind and believes it is within the power of a person to overcome all difficulties. It is to Defoe's credit that he portrays the Negro as an able, pleasant human being at a time when coloured people were treated very badly.

He left behind him more than three hundred published works, and the reputation of being the "First English Journalist".

Interesting facts:

1. The full title of the book is "Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Of York, Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River of Oroonoke; Having been cast on Shore by

Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. With An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by Pyrates”.

2. There are several theories who could be the prototype of Robinson Crusoe.

Theory 1: Alexander Selkirk

A Scottish sailor and notorious hothead, Alexander Selkirk worked as a naval officer aboard the Cinque Ports under Captain Thomas Stradling. In September 1704 after expressing doubts about the ship's seaworthiness, Selkirk was marooned on the Juan Fernandez Islands off the coast of Chile. Selkirk lived on the desert island before being rescued in 1709 and receiving a hero's welcome upon his return home.

Some scholars argue the timeline of Selkirk's story would not allow it to be the inspiration for Robinson Crusoe, which was published in 1719 and completed a good amount of time prior. But others argue Selkirk's exploits had a direct impact on Crusoe and choices Defoe made in composing the story.

Theory 2: Ibn Tufail's Hayy ibn Yaqdhan

Hayy ibn Yaqdhan was a 12th century philosophical novel by Ibn Tufail, an Arabic writer, philosopher, physician, and court official. Loosely translated as Philosophus Autodidactus, the novel explores the themes and ideas of a feral child raised by animals on a desert island. Initially conceived as something of a thought-experiment, the novel is concerned with what happens to human beings in the absence of other human beings, and how curiosity and the pursuit of answers and truth are innate human qualities.

Theory 3: Robert Knox

The story of English sea captain Robert Knox and his nearly two decades-long tenure on an island near what is today Sri Lanka is one of the most compelling true-life action-adventures stories ever. Knox set sail for Persia on behalf of the British East India Company in January 1658, but his ship was severely damaged during a storm about one year later,

and he and his crew were taken captive and held for 19 years by the inhabitants of the Island of Ceylon.

Though held in relatively livable conditions – Knox and his crew were given jobs and responsibilities in the village in exchange for lodging, food, and other provisions – Knox finally escaped and fled to a nearby island controlled by the Dutch before being returned home to England.

Theory 4: Henry Pitman

Henry Pitman, a former surgeon to the Duke of Monmouth, was stranded on a desert island in the Caribbean following a shipwreck. Upon his escape from the island and return home, Pitman's story was published by English publisher J. Taylor of Paternoster Street – Taylor's son would later publish Defoe's masterwork, *Robinson Crusoe*.

1.5. JONATHAN SWIFT (30.11.1667 – 19.10.1745)

The greatest of the prose satirists of the age of the Enlightenment was Jonathan Swift. He was born in Dublin, but he came from an English family. His father died before he was born. The boy saw little of his mother's care: she had to go back to her native town.

He was supported by his uncle and from his very boyhood he learned how miserable it was to be depended on the charity of relatives. He was educated at Kilkenny school and Dublin University, Trinity College, to become a clergyman. At school he was fond of history, literature and languages.

After graduating from the college he went to London and became private secretary to Sir William Temple who was a retired statesman and writer. At that time he wrote much and burned most of what he wrote.

The satire *The Battle of the Books* (1697) marked the beginning of Swift's literary career. It depicts a war between books of modern and ancient authors. The book is an allegory and reflects the literary discussion of the time.

Swift's first success was *A Tale of a Tub* (1704), a satire on religion. In the introduction to *A Tale of a Tub* the author tells of a curious custom of seamen. When a ship is attacked by a whale the seamen throw an empty tub into the sea to distract the whale's attention. The meaning of the allegory was quite clear to the readers of that time. The tub was religion which the state threw to its people to distract them from any struggle.

The satire is written in the form of a story about three brothers symbolizing the three main religions in England: Peter (the Catholic Church), Martin (the Anglican Church) and Jack (puritanism). It carries such ruthless attacks on religions that even now it remains one of the books, forbidden by the Pope of Rome.

In 1726 Swift's masterpiece *Gulliver's Travels* appeared. In the book Swift attacks his contemporary world and the social and political system of England. The curious thing is that there was a real Gulliver. He was not a ship's surgeon, but a farmer. People called him Big Doughty as he was of colossal size and had the strength of a Hercules. Swift made his acquaintance in Ireland, in the country of Cavan, where the writer used to pass his summer holidays. Big Doughty loved to show off his skill. Once he rescued a fellow-farmer from the persecution of a tax-collector by hiding him under the skirts of his overcoat. On another occasion he lifted a poor widow's cow out of pound and delivered it safely to its mistress. The highlight of this show of strength was to carry a horse from one field to another across the fence. This impressed Swift tremendously. That is how Gulliver originated.

On the first voyage Gulliver is shipwrecked and finds himself in Lilliput. Their two struggling parties, the Big-Endians and Little-Endians, distinguish themselves only by the high and low heels on their shoes. They drive the country into war over the question of whether an egg should be broken on its big or its little end. The statesmen obtain posts by dancing on a tight rope. Whoever jumps the highest before the king gets the highest post. In this Swift satirizes the English court and aristocracy.

In the third part the author takes Gulliver to Laputa and the Academy in Lagado. In this part Swift laughs at every kind of impractical science and philosophy.

Swift died on the 19th of October, 1745, in Dublin.

Interesting facts:

1. The full title of his book is "Gulliver's Travels or Travels into Several Remote nations of the World, in Four Parts by Lemuel Gulliver, First a Surgeon, and then a Captain of Several Ships".

2. In "Gulliver's Travels" Swift predicted the existence of the two major moons of Mars. A crater on one of them was named after the author.

3. The Oxford English Dictionary says Swift to be the first person who used the word "cowboy".

4. J. Swift is supposed to be the author of the phrase "There is nothing in this world constant but inconstancy".

5. He invented the female name Vanessa for his beloved.

1.6. WALTER SCOTT (15.08.1771 – 21.09.1832)

Walter Scott, the father of the English historical novel, was born in the family of a lawyer. His mother was the daughter of a famous physician and professor.

As Walter was lame and a sickly child he spent much of his boyhood on his grandfather's farm. He was in friendly relations with plain people and gained first-hand knowledge of the old Scottish traditions, legends and folk ballads.

At the age of eight Walter entered the Edinburgh High School. Later Walter Scott studied law at the University. Though he was employed in his father's profession he was more interested in literature than in law.

Walter Scott's literary career began in 1796 when he published translations of German ballads. In 1802 he prepared a collection of ballads under the title of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

His literary work began with the publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), a poem which made him the most popular poet of the day. A series of poems followed which included *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810). These poems brought fame to the author. They tell us about the brave Scottish people, their past and the beauty of their homeland.

Soon, however, Scott realized that he was not a poetic genius, and he turned to writing in prose.

Scott's first historical novel *Waverley* published in 1814 was a great success. His novels appeared anonymously. Many of them are about Scotland and the struggle of this country for independence.

His most famous novel *Ivanhoe* (1820) deals with the English history of the 12th century. The events described in *Ivanhoe* take us back to the 12th century England. The power is in the hands of the Normans who oppress the conquered Anglo-Saxons.

The central conflict of the novel lies in the struggle of the Anglo-Saxons against the Norman barons. At the same time some of them want to subdue the Anglo-Saxons completely, while others are ready to cooperate with them. Walter Scott shows that the second tendency is progressive because it leads to the birth of a new nation.

His mind was so crowded with stories, characters and incidents that invention came without apparent effort. In his artwork he realized that it was ordinary people who were the makers of history.

Misfortune struck the great novelist in 1825–1826: the publishing firm, where he had been partner went bankrupt. Walter Scott had to pay a large sum of money. This affected his health and he died on September 21, 1832 at his estate in Abbotsford.

Interesting facts:

1. Walter Scott and Napoleon share the same birthdate, but Napoleon was 2 years younger.

2. In 1807 Walter Scott was training to ride a horse, preparing for a possible invasion from Napoleon forces. Scott used his training time to store away ideas for his poem *Marmion* about the battle of Flodden. The description of armed horsemen in the poem was composed as a result of Scott's experience on horseback.

1.7. JANE AUSTEN (16.12.1775 – 18.07.1817)

Jane Austen was born on the 16th of December 1775, in the Hampshire village of Steventon, where her father, the Reverend George Austen, was rector. She was the second daughter and seventh child in the family of eight: six boys and two girls.

Her formal education began in about 1782, when the sisters were sent to be taught by Mrs Cawley at Oxford; and, in 1784, they moved to the Abbey School, Reading, where they remained until 1787. After that their education continued at home. Her father encouraged the love of learning in his children. Her mother was a woman of wit. The great family amusement was acting.

Austen's earliest known writings date from 1787, and between then and 1795 she wrote a large body of material that was collected in three manuscript notebooks: *Volume the First*, *Volume the Second*, and *Volume the Third*. These contain 21 items: plays, verses, short novels, and other prose.

In 1793 – 1794 Jane Austen wrote a short novel-in-letters *Lady Susan*. Some of the letters tell of her enjoyment of local parties and dances in Hampshire and of visits to London.

Sense and Sensibility was begun about 1795 as a novel-in-letters called *Elinor and Marianne* after its heroines. She contrasted two sisters:

Elinor who is rational and self-controlled, and Marianne who is more emotional. Between October 1796 and August 1797 she completed the first version of *Pride and Prejudice*.

In these novels she showed that it was important to know oneself in order to make the right choices in love and marriage.

Jane Austen's novels are deeply concerned with love and marriage. The novels provide indisputable evidence that the author understood the experience of love and of love disappointed. The reviewers praised the novels for their moral entertainment, admired the character drawing, and welcomed the homely realism.

Jane Austen is different from other writers of her time, because her main interest is in the moral, social and psychological behaviour of her characters. She writes mainly about young heroines as they grow up and search for personal happiness. She does not write about the social and political issues.

Interesting facts:

1. Her first stories were written in a comic manner. She wrote a parody on the History of England, and on the romantic novels that were popular at that time.

2. She was first to use the word "baseball" and the phrase "dinner party".

3. There are 14 kisses in her novels.

4. The disease that she died of when she was 41 never diagnosed in her lifetime. It seems to be Addison's Disease, a tubercular disease of the kidneys.

1.8. CHARLES DICKENS (7.02.1812 – 9.09.1870)

Charles Dickens was born in Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812. He was the second child and the eldest son of John and Elizabeth Dickens. John Dickens was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office.

In 1817 John Dickens was transferred to the dockyard at Chatham, and here the family remained until 1822. These were the happiest years of Charles Dickens' childhood and youth. His recollections of these years played a very important part in his work. If he had not had this happy time, his novels would have been darker.

When Charles was about ten, the family left Chatham as John Dickens had been recalled to London.

John Dickens had left Chatham in debt, and nobody in London came to the rescue of John and Elizabeth Dickens and their six children.

A friend of the family helped Charles find work at a blacking warehouse. Charles had to paste labels on the jars of blacking.

Only a few days after Charles started work at the blacking warehouse, his father was arrested and sent to the debtors' prison. Later, Mrs. Dickens and the younger children joined him. Little Charles did not live in the prison. He had to live in miserable lodgings and to feed himself.

It came to an end when a relative of the family left Mr. Dickens a legacy which was enough to pay his debts and leave the prison. When his father was set free, Charles was sent to a private school where he remained for three years. He was fifteen when his education ended, and he was sent again to earn his living this time as a clerk in a lawyer's office in London. All his spare time he spent visiting the British Museum Library filling up the gaps in his education by reading. Just before his seventeenth birthday Charles became a reporter. Finally in 1834 he became the star reporter on the Morning Chronicle.

Young Dickens, with his restless energy and illimitable curiosity, went everywhere and noticed everything. His power of observation and memory were phenomenal.

He went all over the country getting news, writing up stories and meeting people. These early days of a reporter made very deep impressions on his mind and provided him with material for his books.

Charles Dickens began his literary career in 1833. He wrote some sketches under the title *Sketches by Boz*. Boz was his pen-name. It was a nickname of his younger brother.

In 1836 he published *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. It is a humorous description of funny adventures and misadventures of the members of the Pickwick Club which was founded by Mr. Pickwick, a rich old gentleman, who had retired from business.

His next novel *Oliver Twist* (1838) deals with social problems. It is the story of a little boy born in a workhouse and left an orphan. The novel ends happily which has become a characteristic feature of the greater part of Dickens' works.

The novel *Nicholas Nickleby* (1839) is of the education of the children in English private schools. Nicholas Nickleby becomes a teacher of a typical English boarding-school for children of parents of modest means. The scenes of the children's life were so realistic and true to life that a school reform was carried out in England after the publication of the novel.

David Copperfield is, to a great extent, an autobiographical novel. In the character of David Copperfield, Dickens shows many features of his own life. The main character of the novel is a young man who lives through hardships and injustice but in the end achieves well-being.

Dickens' novels are now translated into most languages and are highly valued for their realism, their humour and their just criticism of English life.

Interesting facts:

1. The word "dickens" was invented by William Shakespeare. Instead of saying "What the devil", people exclaimed "What the dickens".

2. He married Catherine Hogarth and together they had 10 children. Charles gave them strange nicknames: Lucifer Box, Chickenstalker and Skittles.

3. He was one of the first members of "The Ghost Club", a group in London dedicated to investigating the paranormal. He was not the only famous person there. Arthur Conan Doyle was also a member of this club.

4. He always slept facing north. He thought this would improve his writing.

5. He kept a pet raven called Grip.

1.9. LEWIS CARROLL (27.01.1832 – 14.01.1898)

The real name of Lewis Carroll , the author of the Alice stories, was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. (He translated his name Charles Lutwidge into Latin, it was Carolus Ludovicus, then reversed it – Ludovicus Carolus, then retranslated into English and got Lewis Carroll). He was born in Darisbury, England in 1832. He graduated in Mathematics at Oxford in 1854 and he remained at the University as a lecturer until 1881.

He received Holy Orders in 1861, but never became a priest. He never married and lived the rather secluded life of a bachelor within the University.

Fascinated by logarithms and mathematical problems as a child, many of the riddles and unsolvable problems in Wonderland reflect his scientific interests.

Carroll always loved children. He had nine sisters and two brothers. His favourite child was Alice Liddell, the daughter of the Dean of his College, for whom he often invented stories and who became the model for Alice.

One hot day in the summer of 1862 he, an adult friend, and three small sisters were going for a picnic. The youngest girl, Alice Liddell, was Carroll's special love. She was bored on this trip. To keep her and others amused, he began a story.

Two years after, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was published. It was the product of several afternoons of story-telling with the Liddell

children. The book is fun. It is full of delicious nonsense. But the nonsense appeal to the adult as much as to the child.

Published in 1865 *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* quickly became a classic. Certainly the story is far more than the witty and wonderful adventures of a little girl who falls down a rabbit hole into a strange, upside-down world. The book presents the themes of anger and alienation, of frustration and intolerance, malice and violence.

His most popular works are *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), *Alice through the Looking Glass* (1872) and *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876).

Interesting facts:

1. Lewis Carroll was deaf in one ear and stammered.
2. He was a photographer and took photos of important people at that time.
3. He wrote 11 books on mathematics and 12 books of fiction.
4. He could write 20 words a minute, a page of 150 words in seven and a half minutes and 12 pages in two and a half hours.
5. He liked writing letters. He wrote 2000 letters a year and sometimes wrote backwards, forcing the reader to hold the letter to a mirror to decipher.
6. The phrase "grinning like a Cheshire cat" appeared in the Cheshire county in England. It was possible because cats were so happy to live in a land of abundant dairy farms. Cheesemakers made the cheese in the form of a cat's grinning face and sliced from the back, so that the cat would slowly disappear and the last part consumed was the head.

1.10. OSCAR WILDE (16.10.1856 – 30.11.1900)

Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin on the 16th of October, 1856. His father was a famous Irish surgeon and his mother was a poetess and a highly educated woman. She did her best to make little Oscar be

interested in literature. At school Wilde was good at art and humanities. Then he received a very good education at Trinity College in Dublin and Oxford University. While at the University, Wilde joined the young "aesthetic movement", the members of which were against hypocrisy in the society.

After graduating from the University, Wilde turned his attention to writing, travelling and lecturing. In 1881 he went to America to lecture on the "aesthetic movement" in England. His lecture tours were very successful.

The next ten years saw the appearance of all his main works. In 1881 Oscar Wilde published his *Poems*. The beautiful fairytales *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* appeared in 1888, his only novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891). Oscar Wilde won his fame as a dramatist. The most significant of his comedies are: *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892); *An Ideal Husband* (1895); *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895). These comedies reveal the selfishness, vanity and corruption of English higher society.

At the height of his popular success tragedy struck. He was accused of immorality and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. In prison Oscar Wilde wrote his powerful poem *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1898). The main character of it is a young man who has killed his unfaithful sweetheart.

When released from prison Oscar Wilde went to France. He died in Paris on November 30, 1900 and is buried there.

Interesting facts:

1. Oscar Wilde was born with three middle names. His full name is Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde.
2. He knew French, German, Italian and Ancient Greek.
3. He married Constance Lloyd on the 29th of May, 1884 and had two sons: Cyril and Vyvyan. Cyril fought and died in the World War I. Vyvyan was a translator for BBC and the author of the autobiography "Son of

Oscar Wilde". Vyvyan's son Merlin published one more biography – "A Portrait of Oscar Wilde" (2008).

4. Oscar Wilde died because of cerebral meningitis.

5. His last words were "My wallpaper and I are fighting a duel to the death. One or other of us has got to go." He died in a cheap hotel room in Paris. Shabby-looking wallcovering upsetted him very much. In 2000 on the 100th anniversary of his death there was a symbolic ceremony of burying the wallpaper in honour of Oscar Wilde.

1.11. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (22.05.1859 – 7.07.1930)

Arthur Conan Doyle was born on the 22nd of May, 1859, in Edinburgh, Scotland. His mother, Mary Foley, was Irish. His father, Charles Altamont Doyle, was a not very ambitious officer or an architect with some artistic talent.

At school Arthur was fond of reading. His favourite writers were Walter Scott and Jules Verne. When he finished school he didn't study literature. In 1876, he began his medical studies at the Faculty of Edinburgh. It is there where he met two men who became the prototypes of his most famous characters: Professor Rutherford, who inspired Professor George Edward Challenger in the novel "The Lost World" and Dr. Joseph Bell with amazing deductive skills inspired Sherlock Holmes.

When he graduated, he became a doctor aboard a steamer to Western Africa. The voyage was unpleasant because of a storm and a fire on board. Moreover Conan Doyle became seriously ill. Probably it was malaria. Then he recovered, returned home and opened a practice of ophthalmology. His clientele leaves him plenty of time to read, write and try to publish other short stories but without success.

In 1886 he finished his first novel *The Firm of Girdlestone* but failed to find a publisher.

In 1887, he wrote his first Sherlock Holmes adventure, *A Study in Scarlet*. Next year he wrote the second story, *The Sign of Four*. But the young author wanted to write serious historical novels and considered detective stories not worthy. He wrote *The White Company* (published in 1891). This novel was very praised by critics and was called the second *Ivanhoe*. However the readers demanded new stories about Sherlock Holmes. That's why Conan Doyle decided to *kill* the detective. In the book "*The Adventure of the Final Problem*" Holmes and his enemy Moriarty fought at the Reichenbach Falls and fell down there. Nevertheless Arthur had later to *resurrect* Sherlock. More likely it happened because the publisher offered him a great sum of money.

Conan Doyle didn't only write detective stories, but also he used his deductive skills to investigate real crimes. For example, in 1910 Conan Doyle restored the truth in the Oscar Slater case, a German Jew accused of murder and sentenced to death. He found serious irregularities in the police investigation. Although he didn't manage to prove Oscar's innocence, his death sentence was replaced by life imprisonment.

During the last years of his life, Arthur became the *crusader* of spiritualism. This movement preaches salvation of humanity through science.

On the 7th of July, 1930 at dawn, he died from a final heart attack.

Interesting facts:

1. Arthur was 1 m 92 cm tall, weighed 100 kilos. He was a wonderful sportsman, played cricket, billiards, was a boxer.
2. Arthur Conan Doyle believed in fairies. In his book "The Coming of the Fairies" he tried to prove their existence.
3. Holding a flower in one hand and uttering the words "You're wonderful" to his wife, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died in his garden on the 7th of July, 1930.

2. BIOGRAPHIES OF AMERICAN WRITERS

2.1. FENIMORE COOPER (15.09.1789 – 14.09.1851)

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in the family of a rich landowner.

This place now called Cooperstown, was a frontier town; beyond it was wooded wilderness. The future author heard many tales of adventures and learned to feel the mystery of the dark forest.

He studied at Yale for three years but most of his education he got from out-door life. When James was ten years old, he could ride on horseback, fish, swim, shoot with bow and arrow and skate. In 1806 he joined the navy and for a year he served on a merchant ship as an ordinary sailor and then he was a midshipman in the United States Navy. In 1810 James Cooper married and settled down to a life of a farmer and country gentleman.

Cooper began writing at the age of thirty. In 1820 he produced his first novel *Precaution*. This novel on English manners was a failure. In 1821 he published his second book *The Spy* which dealt with events of the War of Independence. The book was an immediate success in England and America. Its success made him write another book *The Pioneers*, and later *The Last of the Mohicans*. In general he wrote seven novels, a lot of articles, essays and letters.

Cooper left about 40 books belonging to various genres: five romances of the American frontier *The Leatherstocking Tales*, sea tales, the most famous among which are *The Pilot* (1823), *Red Rover* (1827), and *The Two Admirals* (1842), historical novels, such as *Lionel Lincoln*

(1825), *The Bravo* (1831), *The Heidenmauer* (1832) and *The Headsman* (1833), a social satire *The Monikins* (1836).

In his historical novels on Europe Cooper showed the superiority of American democracy. Later, when he returned from the trip to Europe, he was disappointed in American life. In his novels *Homeward Bound* (1838), *Home as Found* (1838) and his essays *A Letter to his Countrymen* (1834) and *The American Democrat* (1838) Cooper criticized the bourgeoisie, its lack of culture and the corruption of the press.

James Fenimore Cooper died at Cooperstown on the 14th September, 1851.

Cooper's fame as a novelist rests on his five novels of the American frontier, called *The Leatherstocking Tales: The Deerslayer* (1841), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Pathfinder* (1840), *The Pioneers* (1823) and *The Prairie* (1827). The name of the hero is Natty Bumppo.

The author describes the America of the 18th century when it was still being explored and colonized by Europeans who settled there and drove the Indians from their land.

The Deerslayer shows Bumppo's youth as a hunter brought up among the Delaware Indians. He is a perfect woodsman. Every leaf or twig tells him a whole story of people and wild animals passing through the wood. Cooper stresses that Bumppo's nobility of spirit, his self-reliance, justice and fidelity have been developed by the life he has led in the forest and his closeness to the Indians. The writer emphasizes that the white people, intruding on the Indian hunting-grounds, provoke wars and bring corruption to the noble and simple Indians.

Cooper's main merit lies in the fact, that he managed to convince the readers of the human worth of the Indians.

Interesting facts:

1. The first novel *Precaution* (1820) was written because Mrs. Cooper bet her husband that he could write a novel better than the one she was reading. The novel was published anonymously and received positive reviews.
2. Mr. Cooper was the first major American writer to include Native-Americans and African-Americans in his works.
3. In 2013, Cooper was inducted into the New York Writers Hall of Fame.

2.2. EDGAR ALLAN POE (19.01.1809 – 7.10.1849)

Edgar Allan Poe was one of the first professional writers of the United States. But in his lifetime he was more popular in Europe than at home.

Edgar Poe was born in Boston in 1809. The son of actor parents, he was left an orphan at the age of three. His father abandoned the family in 1810, his mother died the following year. And though he was taken under protection of a prosperous tobacco merchant John Allan, his childhood was miserable. From 1815 to 1820 Poe lived with the family in Scotland and England. He attended a fine classical preparatory school. There he wrote Latin verses and learned boxing. Back in the United States, he was sent to the University of Virginia. These studies he combined with writing poetry, and all the while he read and read and read. Yet Poe was unhappy at the university. His sensitive pride was wounded by the social barrier between him and the rich Southern boys. At the end of the first year Mr. Allan decided to remove him from the university. He made him a clerk in his business. Poe immediately ran away and went to Boston. In Boston he published his first volume of poetry *Tamerlane and Other Poems* (1827). Not a single copy was sold. Then he published in Baltimore his second volume of poems *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems* (1829). His

poems again passed unnoticed. In 1831 Poe published his third edition of poems, this time in New York. However, Poe first became famous not as a poet, but as a writer of fiction, with a story he wrote for a magazine. It was the story *MS (manuscript) Found in a Bottle*.

He wrote many book reviews which won popularity for the magazine. After Poe married a very young girl Virginia Clemm, the daughter of his father's sister, Maria. Soon his young wife became very ill with tuberculosis. In 1847 his wife died, and in October 1849 Edgar Allan Poe's life ended. During his lifetime only a few of his stories and poems won fame.

Edgar Poe distinguished himself in three fields: in the short story, poetry and criticism. He wrote about 60 stories and 48 poems. Poe's stories may be divided into horror and detective stories.

The most distinguished horror stories are: *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Black Cat*, *The Descent into Maelstrom*. The horror stories concentrate on various forms of suffering. They represent a psychological study of anxiety and terror, of passion, anger, revenge and other emotions suffered by men who think they are destined for some strange fate. All Poe's best stories show some triumph of mind over the danger to which the hero seems doomed.

The detective stories are mathematical at their foundation. Having invented a combination of events and circumstances the author logically follows step by step their development and the consequence comes with the precision of the solution of a mathematical problem.

Poe is the father of the detective story in America. He created the first of a long line of fictional master detectives Auguste Dupin. Dupin is a very attractive character in Allan Poe's stories. The author endows him with extraordinary powers of deduction and analysis. Dupin is the forerunner of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

Poe's best known detective stories are: *The Murders at Rue Morgue* and *The Mystery of Marie Roget*.

Poe is a poet of beauty. His constant themes are the death of a beautiful woman and the grief caused by it.

Poe's best poems are: *The Raven*, *The Bells* and *Annabel Lee*.

Edgar Allan Poe is remembered as the writer who established a new kind of poetry and the new short story based on psychological analysis.

Interesting facts:

1. Edgar Poe was obsessed with cats. He often wrote with a cat on his shoulder.

2. He was a very athletic sportsman, holding a record for swimming six miles up James River in Virginia.

3. In 2009 one of the 12 survived copies of Poe's first book "Tamerlane and Other stories" was sold at Christie's for \$662 500. A record price for a work of American literature.

4. He was 26 when he married his 13-year-old cousin who died 2 years later.

5. He invented the term "tintinnabulation" to describe the sound made by the ringing of bells.

3. EXTRACTS AND SUMMARIES OF THE LITERARY WORKS

3.1. GEOFFREY CHAUCER "THE CANTERBURY TALES"

The Prologue

It's a beautiful day! The weather is good. The birds are singing. The grass is green, and there are flowers everywhere. Now, my story can begin. My name's Geoffrey. And today, I 'm going on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. I 'm going to Canterbury with a group of people. We're going there together. I met these people yesterday, at an inn, in London.

I arrived at the inn in the afternoon. I was very tired, and hungry. "Good afternoon!" I said to the man who worked at the inn. He was the innkeeper. "I'd like a room for the night. I'm going to Canterbury tomorrow. The road to Canterbury is long. I need to sleep well before I start."

"Good afternoon," said the innkeeper. "Do you know that some other people are going to Canterbury tomorrow? They're staying here tonight."

"I'd like to meet them," I said to the Innkeeper.

In the evening, I met the other people. The inn was big and there was a lot of good food and drink. Everybody had dinner together. And the innkeeper gave good food to everybody. The innkeeper was a nice person. He was a very big man and he enjoyed speaking to people. He was very good at his job. Everybody enjoyed their dinner.

After dinner, the innkeeper spoke to the group. "You're a very nice group o f people," he said. "I know that God will listen to your prayers. You're all going to the same place. So, you must go to Canterbury together. What do you think?"

"Yes, we can go together!" I said.

"And I want to go to Canterbury with you," said the innkeeper. "Now, we have to travel for a long time. And I think we can do something interesting. We can play a game. What do you think?"

“Yes!” said everybody in the group. “Tell us about this game.”

“Now, listen to what I have to say,” said the innkeeper. “We’ll go to Canterbury together. And every person will tell a story. I’ll listen to every story then I’ll tell you which story is the best.” Everybody in the group wanted to play this game. “Very well,” said the innkeeper. “And I will give something to the person who tells the best story. That person will have dinner at my inn. And I’ll pay for the dinner.”

The people in the group were very happy. And they began to think of what story to tell. In the group there was a Knight. Everybody liked him. And he was always happy to help people. He was an important man, but his clothes were cheap. His horse was fast, but it was small.

“I ’m a Knight, and my life is very exciting,” said the Knight. “And my story is also going to be exciting. It’s about two brothers who love the same woman.”

There was also a Clerk in the group. He was a nice man, but he didn’t speak very much. He liked reading and studying. That’s all he wanted to do. He was very slim and he didn’t eat very much. And he liked books more than food.

“I read a lot of books,” said the Clerk. “I don’t want nice clothes or good food. I don’t have much money. And I use the money I have to buy books. That’s why I read a lot of stories. My story is very easy to understand. But, it’s not boring. I think everybody will enjoy it. It’s about a king who has many secrets.”

Another person in the group was a Merchant. He had a lot of money. But he wasn’t a happy man. He always had a sad face. He was different from the Knight. His clothes were very expensive. Everything he had was expensive, his clothes, his hat, and his horse.

“I have an important business,” said the Merchant. “And I have a lot of things to do. But I ’m not very happy with my life. And that’s why my story will be sad. It’ll be about an old man who can’t see.”

I also have to tell you about another man. He was a Franklin. He was different from the Clerk. He was very rich and important, but he didn’t

have a business. He had a big house in the country. And he often invited people there. He liked good food.

"I 'm very old. And my house is big. And I like inviting people there," said the Franklin. "In my house, I often tell stories. I enjoy it. My story will be very interesting. It's about a woman who doesn't like the sea. Why doesn't she like the sea? Well, you'll have to listen to my story."

There is another person I want to tell you about. He was a Pardoner. He also liked reading. And he liked to sing songs and say prayers. He had a strange face.

"I travel a lot and I always say prayers for people," said the Pardoner. "There are a lot of bad people in the world. I'll say a prayer for them, but they have to give me some money. My story will be about three people who do something very bad."

Everybody was very tired. It was late in the evening, and the Knight said, "We can go to bed now. Then we can leave early in the morning." We all went to bed. We were tired, but happy.

Early next morning, we got up. And then we left for Canterbury on our horses. We were slow. And after many hours we came to a place called Saint Thomas. And we stopped there.

We sat down. And then we had something to eat. After eating, the innkeeper said, "Listen, do you remember what we said last night?"

"Of course," said the Knight.

"Well," said the innkeeper, "who wants to begin? Who wants to tell the first story?"

"I'm happy to tell you my story," said the Knight. "I think you'll enjoy it. It's very exciting."

And then the Knight began to tell his story.

The Knight's Tale

"My story is about two brothers," said the Knight. "Their names were Palamon and Arcite, and they were knights. The brothers were from a city called Thebes. They did everything together. They weren't only brothers; they were also friends. But they were very sad."

"They were sad because they didn't live in Thebes any more. They lived in Athens. And they didn't live in a house; they lived in a prison. They couldn't leave the prison and they couldn't speak to anybody. Every morning, they looked out of the prison window. From their window, they could see a beautiful garden."

One morning, Palamon woke up and then he looked out of the window. But something was different. There was a woman in the garden. Her name was Emily. She was the daughter of the King of Athens.

"Look!" said Palamon. "That woman is beautiful. Oh! I 'm in love! Arcite! Come here! Look!"

Arcite went to the window. And he saw the woman. "Yes, you're right. She is beautiful," he said. "One day, I'll marry her."

"I saw her first!" said Palamon. "You can't love her. You must help me!"

"No!" said Arcite. "My love is perfect. You must help me!"

Arcite and Palamon both loved Emily. And they had the same conversation every day. "I love her!" "No! You can't love her!" was all you could hear from the small room, their prison.

And then, one day, a friend of Arcite's visited the King of Athens. He wanted to speak to the king about Arcite. "Can he go home?" asked Arcite's friend. "He's a good man. And I want to see him again."

"I'll do what you ask," said the king. "Arcite can go home. But he must never come to Athens again. And Palamon must stay in prison."

Arcite went back to Thebes. But he wasn't happy. "I'm going home," thought Arcite. "But, I can't see Emily. Palamon can see her in the garden. It's better in prison."

But Palamon was sad as well. "Arcite, you can come back to Athens," he thought. "You can fight the King of Athens, and you can marry Emily. I have to stay in this prison."

In Thebes, Arcite was very sad; he didn't sleep, or eat very much. "I'll wait for two years," thought Arcite. "And then I'll go to Athens again. Nobody will know me then. I'll wear different clothes. I'll change my

name. And I'll find a job. I'll be a servant in the king's house. And then I'll see Emily."

And that's why, after two years, Arcite went back to Athens. And soon he was the king's servant. The king liked Arcite because he was good at his job.

One day, Arcite went to the forest near Athens. And he sat near a tree. "What can I do?" said Arcite. "I'm the king's servant. I'm near Emily. But she doesn't know who I am. I want to die!"

Then a man spoke to Arcite. It was Palamon! "Hello brother! It's me!" said Palamon. "Stop thinking about Emily! Only I can love her."

"Palamon, it's you!" said Arcite. "Why aren't you in prison?"

"The king sent me home yesterday. But I'm not going home. I want to find Emily."

"Well, I'll fight you for Emily," said Arcite. "But not today. We're knights remember? We must do things in the right way. Tonight, I'll bring some food. And then tomorrow we'll fight."

"Alright," said Palamon. And so the brothers said goodbye. On the next day, they met in the forest. And then they started fighting.

On the same day, the king was also in the forest. He was with Emily. And he saw Palamon and Arcite. "Stop!" said the king. "What are you doing? Stop now!"

"Kill us!" said Arcite. "Now, I'm your servant. But before that I was in your prison. My name is Arcite. And this is my brother Palamon. We're fighting because we both love Emily."

"Then, you must die!" said the king.

But Emily stopped the king. "Please don't kill them!" she said. "They're fighting for love." "Well," said the king. "You're right Emily. But only one of them can marry you. Palamon, Arcite, come back to the forest next summer. Bring a hundred knights. And then you'll fight for Emily. Now, go!"

Soon it was summer. Palamon and Arcite came back to Athens. They both had a hundred knights. And they were ready to fight the next day.

That night, Palamon had a dream. In his dream a woman said, "I can see you. You are marrying Emily."

On the same night, Arcite also had a dream. In his dream a man said, "I can hear you. You are saying, Hooray! Emily will be my wife."

Which dream was right? Well, now I'll tell you.

In the morning, everybody came to the forest. The knights were ready and they began to fight!

After three hours, Emily was worried. "They're fighting for me! Who's going to be my husband? When will they stop?"

And then, after many hours, they did stop. Palamon was very tired. "Stop!" he said. "I can't fight any more!"

"Stop fighting!" said the king.

"Arcite will be Emily's husband."

"Hooray!" said Arcite. "I 'm very happy. Emily will be my wife. I must go to her and, ..." but then, Arcite stopped speaking. He didn't feel well.

People came to help Arcite. "I'm not well," said Arcite. "I can't, ... I can't feel anything. I'm dying. This is the end. Goodbye Emily, my love. Goodbye Palamon, my brother."

And then, Arcite died.

Soon, it was winter. And the king called for Palamon and Emily.

"As you know, Arcite died last summer, and it was very sad," said the king. "Emily, I want you to be happy. Palamon, you must marry Emily. It's the right thing to do."

"Thank you!" said Palamon. "Arcite was a good knight. He was my dear brother. But, we had to fight for love. Emily, I know we'll be happy together. But we'll never forget my brother. He died for love."

The Clerk's Tale

The Clerk was the next person to tell his story. "I have an interesting story," he said. "It's about a king called Walter. He was the king of Saluce, in Italy. Walter wanted to marry a woman. But only he knew the name of this woman. It was a secret. The woman's name was Griselda. She was young and beautiful and she was very nice. She was very poor and she

lived in a small house with her father. She cooked and cleaned for him every day. And now I'll tell you their story," said the Clerk.

One day, Griselda was at home with her father. "Today is the day," said Griselda. "Today we'll know the name of the king's wife. Who will it be? It's very exciting."

"I think his wife will be a rich woman," said Griselda's father. But Griselda's father was wrong. And soon he heard somebody at the door. Griselda's father opened the door. And he saw Walter, the King of Saluce.

"I want to speak to you. I want to marry Griselda," said Walter.

"Griselda? M-m-m-my Griselda?" said the father. "But this is strange. We're poor. And you're the king. Why do you want a poor wife?"

"That's not important," said Walter. "She's the woman I love. Can I speak to her?"

"Well, of course," said the father.

And then Walter went inside the house. And he spoke to Griselda. "Griselda," said Walter. "Will you be my wife? You must do everything I say."

"I'm too poor for you," said Griselda. "I cook and clean. I work hard. I have a different kind of life. But, I want you to be happy. I'll be your wife. And I promise to do everything you say."

"That's good!" said Walter. And then Griselda went home with Walter. Servants arrived. They gave Griselda a beautiful dress. And on that day, Walter married Griselda.

Walter and Griselda were very happy. The people of the city liked her. Soon, Griselda had a beautiful baby girl. Walter was also happy. But he was worried about something. "Griselda is very nice," he thought. "But, does she love me? Is she only nice because I'm the king? I have to know that she loves me." Then, Walter did something very bad.

One night, Griselda was in her room. She was with her daughter. Walter's servant came into her room. "I'm sorry, it's late," said the servant. "But I must do what the king says. I must take your daughter."

The servant took the child from Griselda. Griselda was very worried. "What's he going to do with my daughter? Is he going to kill her?" thought Griselda. But Griselda said nothing. "Now go!" said Griselda to the servant. "And do what the king says."

Then the servant took the child to Walter. "Don't tell anybody about this," said Walter to his servant. "Go with my daughter to Milan. She'll live with my sister. But remember! It's a secret. Nobody must know that this girl is my daughter." And then the king's servant took the child to Milan.

What did Griselda do? Did she hate her husband? The answer to this question is no. Griselda didn't change.

"Does Griselda love me or not," thought the king. "Oh, I don't know!"

After five years, Griselda had another baby. It was a boy. Griselda was happy again. But Walter wasn't happy. "Griselda," said Walter. "Do you promise that you'll always love me?"

"Yes I do," said Griselda. "I'm your wife. And I left my old life. I left my house, and my father. I'll die for you. Is that what you want?"

But Walter wasn't happy. "I have to know that she loves me," he thought.

Soon, Griselda's son was two years old. One night, Griselda was in her room. She was with her son. Then, the servant came into her room again.

"I must take your son," he said. "It's what the king wants."

"First my daughter, and now my son," thought Griselda. "Oh, my children! What will Walter do to my son?" Griselda said goodbye to her son. And then the servant took the child to Walter.

"Take my son to Bologna," said Walter. "And remember, this must be a secret." And then the servant left. He took the boy to a family in Bologna. "Now I'll know," thought the King. "Will Griselda love me now?"

But Griselda didn't change. She didn't hate Walter. She was good to him. "I don't know what Walter is thinking," thought Griselda. "I promised to love him. And I will love him. But why does he do these bad things?"

For some years, Walter was happy. His daughter was in Milan. And she was now 18 years old. And Walter began to worry again. "Does Griselda love me?" he thought again. And then he did another bad thing. The king called for Griselda, and he said to her, "I don't need you any more. I want a new wife." Griselda said nothing. And then she left Walter's room.

Walter then spoke to his servant. "Bring me my son and daughter," he said. "But it must be a secret. Don't tell anybody who these children are. I'll say to everybody that I'm going to marry the girl."

"Of course, I'm not going to marry her. She's my daughter. But nobody will know this."

That afternoon, Walter spoke to Griselda again. "Griselda, a poor woman can't be my wife. I was wrong," he said. "My new wife is arriving. You must go back to your father's home. Leave your clothes here! I'll give them to my new wife."

"Thank you for everything," said Griselda. "I'll go home to my father. He's old. I want you to be happy with your new wife." And then she left the room.

The king was very sad. "I hate doing this," he thought. "I love her so much but I must know that she loves me."

The next day, Walter went to Griselda's house. He wanted to ask Griselda something. "Griselda, as you know, my new wife is arriving," said Walter. "I need somebody to clean her room. Will you help me?" "I'll be happy to help," said Griselda. And then she went to Walter's house. She cleaned the rooms. She made the beds. And she washed the plates.

That morning, Griselda's son and daughter arrived. When Griselda saw the girl she thought, "She's beautiful," and she thought of her daughter. "My daughter is the same age," she thought. And when Griselda saw the boy, she thought of her son, "The boy is so clever. My son is the same age." Of course, she didn't know that they were her children.

When Griselda saw the king she said, "That girl is very nice. She's beautiful. Be nice to her. I hope you'll be happy."

“Stop this!” said the king. “I don’t want to do this anymore! My dear wife Griselda. I love you very much! Griselda. You are my wife. And you’re perfect.” And then Walter called for his son and daughter.

“Griselda, this is our daughter, and not my new wife. And this is our son. I’m very sorry. I only wanted you to love me. And now I know that you do. These are our children!”

Griselda was happy to see her children again. “Thank you, thank you!” said Griselda. “My children are safe.”

That night they had a big party. Griselda and Walter were both very happy. And Walter never worried about Griselda’s love again.

The Merchant’s Tale

The Merchant told the next story. “I travel a lot,” he said. “And everywhere I go, I see that people are sad. I have a wife. But do you think I’m happy? Well, I’m not happy. My wife isn’t a nice person. And I hate my life. I want to tell you a story about a husband and wife. It’s a story about a rich, old man. His name is January. January wanted to find a wife. And he asked his friends to help him.”

“Don’t find me an old wife,” said January. “I want a young wife.”

January’s friends found a wife for him. Her name was May. She was young, but she didn’t have any money.

January was very happy with his wife. “I’m old,” he thought, “but now I’ve got a young wife. I won’t have any more problems. And May is very beautiful.”

But there was another person who thought that May was beautiful. It was January’s servant. His name was Damien. Damien thought of May all the time. He didn’t sleep very much. He didn’t want to eat. He loved May. And now, he had to see her every day, with January! Soon Damien wasn’t well. He didn’t want to go to work anymore. And he stayed in bed. In bed, he wrote a letter to May. Then he put the letter in a small bag.

That evening, January went to dinner. “Where’s my servant Damien?” he asked.

"Damien isn't well," said another servant. "He's in bed now."

"I'm sorry about that," said January. "He's a good servant. He works hard. I want to speak to him." After dinner, May and January visited Damien. May went to see Damien first. She sat next to him.

"How are you?" asked May.

Damien didn't say anything. He took the letter out of his bag. And then he gave the letter to May. "Don't speak to anybody about this letter," he said.

When May was at home, she read Damien's letter. It was a love letter. May didn't know what to do. "Damien doesn't know my secret," she thought. "I love Damien. But he is poor. And my husband is rich. How can I help Damien? I want him to be well again," thought May.

May wrote a letter to Damien. And then she visited him again. She gave Damien the letter. "Get well soon Damien," she said. And then she left.

Damien read the letter. The letter changed him. Soon he was well again. The next morning, Damien got up. Now he was happy. Now he wanted to go to work.

January had a big house and he had a beautiful garden. He often went there. It was his favourite place. Only January and May could go to the garden. January had a key. And he used the key to go into the garden.

One day, January was in his garden. He looked at the trees and the flowers. It was a beautiful day. The weather was perfect. But January didn't feel very well. "Help! Help!" said January. "I can't see. I can't see anything! I'm blind!" It was very sad. January couldn't see any more. May went to the garden and she took January back to the house. January stayed in his room for two months. He didn't want to go out and he often thought about May. "What about May?" he thought. "Now I can't see my beautiful wife. What is she doing? I can't see what she's doing. Does she love me? I know what I'll do. I'll tell her that she must always stay in the house. We'll stay here together."

The next day, January said to May, "You must always sit next to me. Then I'll know what you're doing. Sometimes we can go to the garden but we must go there together."

Now it was May who was sad. Her house was her prison. And she thought more and more about Damien.

Damien was also sad. "I can't speak to May," he thought. "January is always there. I must do something. I need to speak to May." May and Damien often wrote letters to each other. They wrote about their love. But Damien wanted more; he wanted to speak to May. He wrote a letter to her. In the letter he wrote: May, take a key to the garden. And then give the key to me. January has a lot of keys. Then tell January that you want to go the garden. Do it now!

Damien gave the letter to May, and May did what Damien asked. She gave him the key

Then Damien went to the garden. And he waited there for January and May.

Soon January and May were in the garden. January was happy again. "I'm old, and I can't see," he said to May. "But I have you, my love. I love you so much. And I want to show you how much I love you. Tomorrow, I'm going to give you all my money. And this house. And this garden."

"January, what are you saying?" said May. "You're the only man in my life." But of course, there was another man in May's life. And that man was Damien. And now she saw Damien in the garden.

"I'm hungry!" said May. "I want to go to the apple tree. Then I can eat an apple. Wait here!" But May didn't want any apples. She didn't go to the tree. She ran to meet Damien.

January waited for May. He didn't know where she was. Now, she was with Damien. But then everything changed.

"I can see again, I can see!" said January to himself. "How is this possible?" he thought. January didn't understand. "I must tell May; she'll be so happy." And so, January looked at the apple tree, but May wasn't there. "Where's May?" thought January. And then he saw her, but he

didn't only see May. He also saw a man. "Who are you? What are you doing? Leave this garden now!" said January. Damien and May looked at January.

"I think he can see us," said Damien. And then Damien ran. He was very fast and soon he was outside the garden. Then May ran to speak to January.

"What is it, my love?" she asked.

"I can see now. I was so happy. I wanted to tell you. And then I saw you with a man. I think I saw you with somebody."

"You can see again!" said May. "I'm so happy. But, what are you talking about? A man! You can look everywhere in this garden. But you won't see a man, because there is no man."

"I was excited, that I could see again," said January. "I think I saw something that wasn't there. But I thought there was somebody with you."

"There was no man," said May. "Nobody can come into the garden. I want to go back home, my love. Then you can sleep. You're tired."

"Yes, you're right," said January. "Of course, there wasn't a man. Nobody can come into the garden. I want to go home now. We have to tell everybody. We'll have a party. Isn't it great? I 'm not blind. I can see again!"

"And here my story ends," said the Merchant. "January was happy. He could see again. But there was something that January couldn't see: he couldn't see that May didn't love him. And that May loved Damien. January wasn't blind any more. But love, is always blind."

The Franklin's Tale

Everybody in the group was tired. It was the end of a long day. They were ready to listen to the Franklin's story

"My story is also about a husband and wife. But, this story is different from the Merchant's story. In my story, love is not blind. The husband and wife in my story are in love. The wife's name was Dorigen.

She loved her husband very much. The husband's name was Arviragus. He was a knight. They lived in France. But, when I start my story, Arviragus was in England. Dorigen was very sad. She thought about her husband every day. And she stayed at home."

Arviragus wrote a letter to Dorigen,
"Don't worry! I'll come home soon," he wrote.

Dorigen read the letter. "I don't want him to come back soon. I want him to come back now," she thought. "But I must go out. I must try to be happy."

And so, Dorigen started going out. Her house was near the sea. She often went for a walk there with her friends. And she always wanted to look at the sea. "Where is the boat," thought Dorigen, "that will bring me my husband." And she sometimes looked at the big black rocks in the sea. "I don't like the sea," said Dorigen to her friends. "Look at those black rocks. They're dangerous."

Dorigen's friends were very worried. "You must stop thinking about those dangerous black rocks," they said. And so Dorigen's friends took her to a dance. But, she didn't want to dance. At the dance, there was a man called Aurelius. He loved Dorigen. And he wanted to speak to her. "Dorigen, you don't know me very well. My name is Aurelius. You're so beautiful. Is there a place in your heart for me?"

Dorigen looked at Aurelius and said, "No there isn't. I'll always love my husband."

"But what will I do? I need you!" said Aurelius.

"I'm sorry!" said Dorigen.

'But,' said Aurelius, 'is there anything I can do?'

"Hmm, well, I want the black rocks in the sea to disappear. Do this, and then there will be a place in my heart for you."

"But that's not possible," said Aurelius. "Nobody can do this!"

"I know," said Dorigen.

Aurelius went home. At home he said a prayer. "Help me!" he said. And then he went to bed. And he stayed at home. He never went out: he didn't want to see anybody.

Soon Dorigen's husband came home. Dorigen and Arviragus were together again. Aurelius was at home; he was always at home.

One day, Aurelius read an interesting book. It was a book about magic. "I can use magic. With magic, the black rocks will disappear," thought Aurelius. "I know a man in Orleans. His name is Simon. He's famous for his magic. I can ask him to help me." The next day, Aurelius went to Simon's house.

"Hello," said Simon. "Have dinner with me, and you can tell me everything." At dinner there was every kind of food. There was meat, fish, fruit and vegetables. They ate, and Aurelius told Simon his story.

Simon listened to the story. And then he said, "It's true that I sometimes do magic. And now I'll do some magic for you!" And then, the food on the table disappeared.

Aurelius was very happy. "Can you help me?" asked Aurelius. "With the black rocks?"

"Yes I can," said Simon. "But, it'll be expensive. You have to pay me a thousand pounds."

"That's a lot of money," said Aurelius. "But, alright. You must be quick. I want to go home tomorrow."

In the morning, they went back to Aurelius's house. Simon started work and, after two days, he was ready. "Aurelius," he said. "We can go and see the black rocks." They went to the sea. But when they arrived the black rocks weren't there any more.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you so much!" said Aurelius. "I must show this to Dorigen."

The next day, Aurelius met Dorigen. "Hello Dorigen," he said. "Do you remember our conversation about the dangerous black rocks? Do you remember what you promised? Please tell me that you remember."

"Yes, I remember," said Dorigen.

"Well," said Aurelius. "The black rocks aren't there any more. Come and see!"

When they arrived, Dorigen looked at the sea. And then she said, "But, how can black rocks disappear? What can I do? I have to speak to my husband." And then she ran back home.

When Dorigen arrived home, she started to think. "I made a promise. And promises are important. But I'll never do anything bad to my husband. What can I do?" For two days, Dorigen thought about her problem. "What can I say to my husband?" she thought. Then Dorigen spoke to her husband. She told him everything.

"Don't worry," said Arviragus. "You did nothing wrong. But, you promised this to Aurelius. And that's why you must leave me."

"But, I love you, Arviragus!" said Dorigen. "Oh, what can I do?" Dorigen went to a garden. She needed to think. When she was in the garden, a man spoke to her,

"Hello, where are you going?" It was Aurelius.

"I don't know," said Dorigen. "My husband says I must leave him. The black rocks aren't there anymore. And I promised to be with you." Dorigen was very sad.

Dorigen stopped speaking. And then something changed inside Aurelius's heart. "I hate to see you this sad," he said. "Your husband is a good man. You and Arviragus have a perfect love. I must stop this. Go home to your husband. We'll forget about your promise."

"Thank you, Aurelius! Thank you! Oh, I'm so happy!" said Dorigen. And then she went home to tell her husband.

Then, Aurelius remembered something. "I have to pay Simon a thousand pounds. And I only have five hundred pounds. What am I going to do? I'll bring him five hundred pounds. I think he'll understand."

Aurelius went back to Simon's house. Aurelius was very worried. "Simon won't be very happy," he thought.

"Hello!" said Simon. "Do you have my money?"

"I can give you five hundred pounds," said Aurelius.

"Why don't you pay me everything? I did everything you asked of me, didn't I? The black rocks disappeared."

"Yes, they did," said Aurelius. "And I 'm very sorry about the money." And then Aurelius told Simon everything. He told him about Dorigen and Arviragus. He told him about their perfect love.

"You're all very good people," said the man. "You did a very good thing. You have a good heart. And I want to be good as well. You forgot about Dorigen's promise. And so I'll forget about the thousand pounds. I won't take any money from you."

"Thank you, Simon," said Aurelius. And then Aurelius went home. "I'll never be with Dorigen," he thought. "But I'm happy. Because I did a good thing."

"And that is the end of my story," said the Franklin. "As you can see, it's different from the Merchant's story. Because this story tells us that there are also many good people in the world."

The Pardoner's Tale

"And now I have a story for you," said the Pardoner to the other people in the group. "It's a story about three men. They were called Ames, Lucien and Morise. Ames talked a lot. The other two men didn't talk very much. These men were very bad. They only thought about money. They were always together, but they weren't friends. Friends help you. Friends listen to your problems. They were greedy, and they had no love in their hearts. I will begin my story in an inn. The three men were together at a table near the window."

"I 'm hungry!" said Ames.

"So am I," said Lucien. "I want something to eat." But then Ames saw something strange.

"Look!" he said. "Look out of the window! What are those two men doing?"

"Oh, yes!" said Lucien. "They're carrying a man."

"Yes, you're right," said Ames. "Who is he? I think we know him. Yes, it's Adranus. Innkeeper!" said Ames. "Is that Adranus?"

"Yes, it is. Adranus died last night. Somebody killed him," said the innkeeper.

"Who did this to Adranus?" asked Ames.

"Death did it!" said the innkeeper.

"Death! That's a strange name," said Ames. "Why is he called Death?"

"Because of the things he does," said the innkeeper. "Last week he met five people. And he killed them all. Nobody can find him. Everybody is worried about Death."

"We'll look for him!" said Ames. "It'll be good fun. We'll find him, and we'll fight this strange man called Death."

"Don't do it!" said the innkeeper. "He's very dangerous."

"Don't worry! We know what to do," said Ames.

"People say that Death lives near the mountain," said the innkeeper. "Don't go near the mountain! Or you'll be the next people to die."

"Well we're going to the mountain. Nothing will stop us." And so the three men left the inn. And then they started walking to the mountain.

The three men walked for a long time. They often had to stop. After some hours, the three men met an old man.

"Hey, old man!" said Ames.

"What do you want?" said the old man.

"Do you know a man called Death?"

"Yes, I know about him," said the old man. "But why are you asking me this? Don't go near that man! He's dangerous."

"Tell us where we can find him," said Ames

"Nobody knows where he is," said the old man. "But people say he often goes to a place. They say that he puts his money there."

"Money!" said Ames. "Where is this place?"

"Before you walk up the mountain; there's a very old tree. It's near the road that goes to the mountain. Sometimes he goes there. They say he's got a lot of money."

"I think I know where this tree is," said Ames.

"We can go there now!"

"No! Stop!" said the old man. But it was too late. The friends wanted to find the tree.

After two hours, they arrived at the place. And they saw the tree. "I want to look for the money now," said Ames. "Do you remember? The old man said that Death put it here." They looked for the money, and soon they found it. It was under a small rock. There was a lot of money in a big bag. The bag was very difficult to carry.

"Here it is! Look how much there is! We're rich," said Ames.

"Hooray!" they said. "We've got a lot of money!" They were very excited.

"I want to get something to eat and drink," said Ames.

"OK," said Lucien. "We can go to the town and buy something."

"But, wait," said Ames. "Two of us must wait here with the money. Morise, you go to the town. We'll wait for you here."

"OK," said Morise. And he went to the town. The other two men waited under the tree. After an hour, Ames thought of something. "Listen!" said Ames. "There's a lot of money in that bag."

"Yes, you're right," said Lucien. "There's about six hundred pounds. That's two hundred pounds each."

"Yes, but I think we can have three hundred pounds each."

"How?" asked Lucien.

"Well, we can kill Morise when he comes back. Then we'll have more money."

"Yes! I want to do that!" said Lucien. And then the two men waited for Morise.

Morise was near the town. And he started thinking. "Well, there's about six hundred pounds in that bag. That's about two hundred pounds

for me. Two hundred pounds is a lot of money. But six hundred pounds is much more. Six hundred pounds will change my life. I know what I'll do. I'll kill Ames and Lucien. Then I'll have all the money."

Ten minutes later, Morise arrived at the town. He bought some food and drink. But he also bought some poison. He put the poison in the drink. And then he went back to the tree. It was getting late when Morise arrived. "Ames, Lucien, I've got the food and ..." And they were the last words that Morise spoke. Because then Ames and Lucien killed him.

"And now we have more money," said Ames. They didn't worry about Morise.

The two men were happy. They drank together. Soon the poison was in their bodies. And after one minute, the poison killed them.

"That's the end of my story," said the Pardoner. "The three men wanted to fight Death. They were greedy. And that's why they died. I want you to remember this story, when we arrive at Canterbury. And when we say our prayers."

The others thought it was a very good story. And then the people in the group thought about all the stories. There were a lot of things to think about. And, after four days, Canterbury was very, very near.

3.2. Thomas More "Utopia"

General information

The island of Utopia is in the middle just 200 miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns, the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current, the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbour, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce; but the entry into

the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand, and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and may therefore be easily avoided.

The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter into the bay, without one of their pilots, he would run great danger of shipwreck; for even they themselves could not pass it safe, if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, would be certainly lost.

There are 54 cities in the island, all large and well-built: the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same. The nearest lie at least 24 miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant, but that a man can go on foot in one day from it, to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot [the capital] to consult about their common concerns; for that is chief town of the island, being situated near the centre of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles: and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground: no town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords. They have built over all the country, farmhouses for husbandmen, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labour. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves.

There is a master and a mistress set over every family; and over thirty families there is a magistrate.

Town and country living

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them, that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it; they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice; they being led out often into the fields, about the town, where

they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves.

Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat, in order to be hatched, and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them.

Communal living

Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wool, or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them. Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes without any other distinction, except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes, and the married and unmarried.

At the hours of dinner and supper, the whole Syphogranty being called together by sound of trumpet, they meet and eat together, except only such as are in the hospitals, or lie sick at home. Yet after the halls are served, no man is hindered to carry provisions home from the market-place; for they know that none does that but for some good reason; for though any that will may eat at home, yet none does it willingly, since it is both ridiculous and foolish for any to give themselves the trouble to make

ready an ill dinner at home, when there is a much more plentiful one made ready for him so near hand.

Engagement and marriage

Their women are not married before eighteen, nor their men before two-and-twenty, and if any of them run into forbidden embraces before marriage they are severely punished, and the privilege of marriage is denied them, unless they can obtain a special warrant from the Prince. Such disorders cast a great reproach upon the master and mistress of the family in which they happen, for it is supposed that they have failed in their duty. The reason of punishing this so severely is, because they think that if they were not strictly restrained from all vagrant appetites, very few would engage in a state in which they venture the quiet of their whole lives, by being confined to one person, and are obliged to endure all the inconveniences with which it is accompanied. In choosing their wives they use a method that would appear to us very absurd and ridiculous, but it is constantly observed among them, and is accounted perfectly consistent with wisdom.

Before marriage some grave matron presents the bride naked, whether she is a virgin or a widow, to the bridegroom; and after that some grave man presents the bridegroom naked to the bride. We indeed both laughed at this, and condemned it as very indecent. But they, on the other hand, wondered at the folly of the men of all other nations, who, if they are but to buy a horse of a small value, are so cautious that they will see every part of him, and take off both his saddle and all his other tackle, that there may be no secret ulcer hid under any of them; and that yet in the choice of a wife, on which depends the happiness or unhappiness of the rest of his life, a man should venture upon trust, and only see about a hand's-breadth of the face, all the rest of the body being covered, under which there may lie hid what may be contagious, as well as loathsome.

All men are not so wise as to choose a woman only for her good qualities; and even wise men consider the body as that which adds not a little to the mind; and it is certain there may be some such deformity

covered with the clothes as may totally alienate a man for his wife when it is too late to part with her. If such a thing is discovered after marriage, a man has no remedy but patience.

They therefore think it is reasonable that there should be good provision made against such mischievous frauds.

Moral philosophy and religion

As to moral philosophy, they have the same disputes among them as we have here: they examine what are properly good both for the body and the mind, and whether any outward thing can be called truly good, or if that term belong only to the endowments of the soul.

They inquire likewise into the nature of virtue and pleasure; but their chief dispute is concerning the happiness of a man, and wherein it consists. Whether in some one thing, or in a great many. They seem, indeed, more inclinable to that opinion that places, if not the whole, yet the chief part of a man's happiness in pleasure; and, what may seem more strange, they make use of arguments even from religion, notwithstanding its severity and roughness, for the support of that opinion so indulgent to pleasure; for they never dispute concerning happiness without fetching some arguments from the principles of religion, as well as from natural reason, since without the former they reckon that all our inquiries after happiness must be but conjectural and defective.

Education

There are but few people in any town that are so wholly excused from labour as to give themselves entirely up to their studies, these being only such persons as discover from their childhood an extraordinary capacity and disposition for letters; yet their children, and a great part of the nation, both men and women, are taught to spend those hours in which they are not obliged to work in reading: and this they do through the whole progress of life. They have all their learning in their own tongue, which is both a copious and pleasant language, and in which a man can fully express his mind. They had never so much as heard of the

names of any of those philosophers that are so famous in these parts of the world, before we went among them; and yet they had made the same discoveries as the Greeks, both in music, logic, arithmetic, and geometry. But as they are almost in everything equal to the ancient philosophers, so they far exceed our modern logicians; for they have never yet fallen upon the barbarous niceties that our youth are forced to learn.

It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak; at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others, that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that take care to serve their country. After supper, they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat; where they entertain each other, either with music or discourse.

Laws

They have but few laws, and such is their constitution that they need not many. They very much condemn other nations, whose laws, together with the commentaries on them, swell up to so many volumes; for they think it an unreasonable thing to oblige men to obey a body of laws that are both of such a bulk, and so dark as not to be read and understood by every one of the subjects.

They have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters, and to wrest the laws; and therefore they think it is much better that every man should plead his own cause, and trust it to the judge, as in other places the client trusts it to a counselor.

Every one of them is skilled in their law, for as it is a very short study, so the plainest meaning of which words are capable is always the sense of their laws. And they argue thus; all laws are promulgated for this

end, that every man may know his duty; and therefore the plainest and most obvious sense of the words is that which ought to be put upon them.

Life and death

When any die cheerfully, and full of hope, they do not mourn for them, but sing hymns when they carry out their bodies, and commending their souls very earnestly to God: their whole behaviour is then rather grave than sad, they burn the body, and set up a pillar where the pile was made, with an inscription to the honour of the deceased. When they come from the funeral, they discourse of his good life and worthy actions, but speak of nothing oftener and with more pleasure than of his serenity at the hour of death.

They think such respect paid to the memory of good men is both the greatest incitement to engage others to follow their example, and the most acceptable worship that can be offered them; for they believe that though by the imperfection of human sight they are invisible to us, yet they are present among us, and hear those discourses that pass concerning themselves.

3.3. THE BALLAD ABOUT ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale
Come listen to me, you gallants so free
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshier.
As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man
As fine as fine might be.
The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,

In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.
As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.
The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alack and a well-a-day!"
Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.
"Stand off, stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"
"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.
Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."
"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me without any fail:"

"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allan-a-Dale."
"What wilt thou give me?" said Robin Hood,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her into thee?"
"I have no money" then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."
"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile:"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither sting nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allan should keep his wedding.
"What hast thou here", the bishop then said
"I prithee now tell unto me:"
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."
"O welcome, o welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me;"
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."
With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a bonnie lass,
Did shine like the glistening gold.
"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,

The bride shall choose her own dear."
Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.
And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all on a row,
The very first man was Allan-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.
"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allan as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."
"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."
Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."
When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.
"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John;
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I,"
And he that takes her from Allan-a-Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy.
And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green

3.4. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE "ROMEO AND JULIET"

1. In the town of Verona, in Italy, there were two rich families, the Capulets and the Montagues. There was an old quarrel between these two families and when a Capulet met a Montague, they always fought. There was a daughter Juliet, in the Capulet family, who was fourteen years old at the time of the story, and a son, Romeo, in the Montague family, who was sixteen.

One day old Capulet made a great supper and invited many people to it but no one of the house of Montague. At that time Romeo liked a girl whose name was Rosaline. He knew that she was invited to the Capulets', so he went here with his friend Mercutio. The young men wore masks on their faces.

When the dancing began Romeo saw a young and very beautiful girl whom he didn't know. That was Juliet and Romeo fell in love and forgot all about Rosaline. He went to the girl and began to speak to her, but Juliet's cousin, Tybalt, recognized Romeo and wanted to fight with him: there was a Montague in the house of the Capulet. The fight didn't take place because old Capulet didn't give Tybalt his permission, but Romeo had to leave the house.

He didn't go home, he went to the Capulets' garden. Juliet could not sleep that night, she fell in love with Romeo too. She went up to the window of her room and from there she saw Romeo in the garden. They talked about their love and about the quarrel between their families. Romeo asked Juliet to marry him the next day. They decided that nobody must know about their love or about their plan to marry.

2. In the early morning Romeo went to see Friar Lawrence, an old man who could marry him to Juliet. Friar Lawrence was a friend of the Capulets and of the Montagues. He thought that a marriage between Romeo and Juliet could end the old quarrel, so he decided to marry them.

The next day Romeo and Juliet came to Friar Lawrence and he married them. Juliet went home to wait for her young husband, Romeo, who promised to come at night into the Capulets' garden and meet Juliet there.

Romeo went into the town and met his friend Mercutio. In one of the streets they saw Tybalt with the group of Capulets. Romeo didn't want to fight with Tybalt, the cousin of Juliet, but Tybalt attacked Mercutio and killed him. That made Romeo very angry and he fought with Tybalt. Soon Tybalt was killed too.

This fight in the street in the middle of the day was seen by many people. Old Capulet and old Montague ran there with their wives. The prince of Verona also came there. He asked the people about the fight and decided that Romeo must get some punishment. Romeo had to leave Verona and go to some other town.

This was a terrible thing for Romeo and Juliet. They were very unhappy and didn't know what to do. Romeo went for help to Friar Lawrence who told him to leave Verona. Friar Lawrence promised to send Romeo a letter when the quarrel between the families ended.

3. Some days passed and Juliet's father called his daughter to him and told her that she must marry a young man whose name was Paris. Juliet didn't know what to do. She was afraid to tell her father about her marriage to Romeo. She told him that she was too young to marry, but old Capulet got very angry and didn't want to listen to her. Then Juliet went to Friar Lawrence for help.

He listened to the girl and then told her to go home and be ready to marry Paris. But the night before her marriage, she must drink some medicine from a little bottle which the friar gave her. "This medicine will put you to sleep for forty-two hours", said the friar. Juliet went home and did as the friar told her.

When her mother went into the room, Juliet lay on her bed. She was unconscious. The mother thought that Juliet was dead. The parents cried very much, then they put Juliet into the family tomb.

Romeo didn't get Friar Lawrence's letter, but he heard that Juliet was dead and he was very unhappy. He bought some poison and came back to Verona. He went to the tomb of the Capulets where Juliet lay and found Paris there. Romeo fought with him and killed the young man. Then he looked at Juliet for a long time. Kissed her on the lips and drank the poison. He fell down at Juliet's feet.

At this moment Juliet woke up and saw Romeo. She saw the poison and understood that Romeo was dead. She began to cry very much, she cried for a long time, then she kissed her husband on his lips. Juliet took Romeo's dagger that was on the floor and killed herself.

3.5. SONNET 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

3.6. DANIEL DEFOE "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

1. Robinson Crusoe lived in the city of York. When he was a small boy, he wanted to go to sea. But he could do it only when he was eighteen. He had a friend whose father was captain of a ship. The captain took the two boys on his ship when it went to London. That was Robinson's first voyage. After that Robinson Crusoe made three or four voyages over the sea. Now he was a sailor and liked his work very much.

One day when the ship was at sea, a great storm came on them. The ship broke and the people went into a small boat.

The high waves picked their boat up and threw it on large stones. All the people were drowned. Robinson could swim well, so he stayed in the water for a long time. The waves carried him to the shore.

When a high wave threw him on large stones, he held on to them for some time. Soon the wave was back in the sea and Robinson ran to the shore very quickly. When he reached the shore, he sat there for a long time.

Then he wanted to know where he was.

2. Robinson Crusoe saw that he was on an island. It was not large. Robinson went along the shore; he wanted to see the people from the ship. But there were no people there. It was evening already and Robinson wanted to sleep. He was afraid to sleep in the open place, so he got on a tree and slept there.

When he woke up, it was morning. The storm was over. The sea was low and Robinson saw their ship. One part of it was over the water. It was not very far from the shore. Robinson swam to the ship and got on it. He saw many good things there.

Robinson found some wood and some tools on the ship and began to make a raft. When the raft was ready, Robinson put it on the water. Then he took two large boxes and put into them things which he found on the ship. There were tools, guns, powder and many other things. He put the boxes on the raft, jumped on it and went to the shore. Now he

had guns and powder and could get some food. With the tools he could make a house.

Robinson went to the ship every day and brought to the island all the things that he could find there. During one of his visits to the ship he found a dog there and two cats. He took them to the island too. Now he had good friends with him. He was on the island for ten days already when another storm came. After it was over Robinson could not see the ship. It broke to pieces.

3. Some time passed and Robinson began to build a house. He made it of thick trees and grass. Then he made a chair and a table. All this took a lot of time because he could work only when the sun shone. He had no light and went to bed when it was dark.

Early in the morning Robinson usually got up and went to the wood. He caught birds and picked berries, fruit and birds' eggs. His dog helped him.

Some years passed. One day Robinson was at the seashore when he saw five boats near the island. He ran to some trees and stood behind them. The boats came up to the shore and many black men came out of them. They made a big fire on the shore and danced round it.

Suddenly they ran to one of the boats and took two men out of it. They brought the men to the fire and killed one of them. The second man ran into the water near the place where Robinson stood. Only two men went into the water after him. Robinson killed those two men with his gun. Then he called the man to come up to him. The man understood Robinson, came up to him and fell down at his feet. The black man was young and Robinson liked him. He took the young man to his house and gave him some food to eat and some clothes. After that the young man lived in Robinson's house and helped him in his work. Robinson gave him the name of Friday because the man came to his house on that day. Friday learned to speak English very quickly. He helped Robinson to get

food in the wood and did it very well. Robinson Crusoe was happy now that he had a friend.

3.7. DANIEL DEFOE AN EXTRACT ABOUT ROBINSON AND FRIDAY

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight, strong limbs, not too large; tall, and well-shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance, too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive-colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat, like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory.

In a little time I began to speak to him; and teach him to speak to me: and first, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life: I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say Master; and then let him know that was to be my name: I likewise taught him to say Yes and No and to know the meaning of them.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. Friday began to talk pretty well and understand the names of almost everything I had occasion to call for, and of every place I had to send him to, and talk a great deal to me; so that, in short, I began now to have some use for

my tongue again, which, indeed, I had very little occasion for before; that is to say, about speech.

Besides the pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular satisfaction in the fellow himself: his simple, unfeigned honesty appealed to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature; and on his side, I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him ever to love anything before...

3.8. JONATHAN SWIFT "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

Part I: A Journey to Lilliput

Gulliver sets off on the ship *Antelope* to the South Seas, but strong winds wreck it. Gulliver lands on an island and when he wakes up he finds himself tied to the ground. A large number of little men (no larger than Gulliver's hands) keep him prisoner and when he tries to break free, they attack him with arrows. Gulliver stays still not to get hurt. Then they bring him food and drink and plan to take him to the king but still tied with strings.

He is given a house, an old church, but Gulliver is still tied to the wall of the church. Lilliputians think he is dangerous. Some men attack Gulliver and when the king's men throw them to Gulliver, he pretends he is going to eat them, but then sets them free. Gulliver is kind, so the king will not kill him, and he teaches Gulliver their language. The king promises to untie Gulliver's strings if he follows his written rules. Gulliver hands over his belongings: his sword and his guns. Now he can walk again.

Gulliver learns about the war between Lilliput and Blefuscu and offers to help the king: he pulls forty large Blefuscu ships to Lilliput. The king is happy, but as he is very ambitious he wants Gulliver to help him kill the Big-endians, enemies of his people, the Little-endians. Gulliver refuses to do so. The people from Blefuscu and Lilliput finally put an end to their

war. The king of Blefuscu invites Gulliver to his island. Gulliver finally decides to leave Lilliput and goes to the enemy island.

After a short stay at Blefuscu, Gulliver leaves for home.

Part II: Gulliver in Brobdingnag

When Gulliver sets off again to the Indies, his ship is hit by another storm and he is once again marooned on an unknown island: Brobdingnag, land of giants. He lives on a farm and the farmer's daughter teaches Gulliver their language. The farmer, an ambitious man, makes money by showing Gulliver around the country. Gulliver falls ill.

When he is brought before the queen of Brobdingnag she buys Gulliver because she likes him a lot. The farmer's daughter stays with him. The king shows interest in England's political system and asks Gulliver questions which embarrass him. He wants to impress the king with his country's wonders only to discover that in Brobdingnag there is no war and people help each other instead of fighting.

His happy stay ends when a huge bird lifts him high into the air then drops him into the sea, but he is soon rescued and on his way back home again.

Part III: A Voyage to Laputa, Balnibarbi, Luggnagg, Glubbdubdrib and Japan

Setting out again, Gulliver's ship is attacked by pirates and he is marooned close to a desolate rocky island near India. He is rescued by the flying island of Laputa, a kingdom devoted to the arts of music, mathematics, and astronomy but unable to use them for practical ends. Laputa's custom of throwing rocks down at rebellious cities on the ground prefigures air strikes as a method of warfare.

Gulliver tours Balnibarbi, the kingdom ruled from Laputa, as the guest and sees the ruin brought about by the blind pursuit of science without practical results. It's a satire on bureaucracy and on the Royal

Society and its experiments. At the Grand Academy in Balnibarbi, great resources and manpower are employed on absurd researching such as extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, softening marble for use in pillows, learning how to mix paint by smell and others. Gulliver is then taken to Maldonada, the main port of Balnibarbi, to wait for a trader who can take him on to Japan.

While waiting for a passage, Gulliver takes a short trip to the island of Glubbdubdrib which is southwest of Balnibarbi. On Glubbdubdrib, he visits a magician's dwelling and discusses history with the ghosts of historical figures. The ghosts consist of Julius Caesar, Brutus, Homer, Aristotle and others.

Part IV: Gulliver in the country of the Houyhnhnms

After a brief stay with his family, Gulliver sets off again in 1710. His crew falls ill, so he stops for more men in Barbados. The new crew stages a mutiny and keeps Gulliver in his room for a long time until he is left ashore. He ends up in the land of the Houyhnhnms, peaceful horses with a strange language and monkey-like Yahoos who work for them. A grey horse takes him to his house, but Gulliver finds their food distasteful.

Gulliver learns the new language and talks to his new *owner*, who asks questions about life in Gulliver's country but is puzzled by some of the answers. The horse cannot understand why creatures who think make war and destroy each other. The grey horse has to attend the meeting held every four years, where they discuss important matters.

Back home, the horse tells Gulliver he should leave because the other horses are afraid he might help the Yahoos against them. Although Gulliver looks like a well-kempt Yahoo, he wants to be a Houyhnhnm and belong to that perfect society but in the end he decides to leave. Even on his return to England, he prefers the company of horses to the company of men, whom he now sees as bestial Yahoos.

3.9. WALTER SCOTT "IVANHOE"

1. It is a dark time for England. Four generations after the Norman conquest of the island, the tensions between Saxons and Normans are at a peak; the two peoples even refuse to speak one another's languages. King Richard is in an Austrian prison after having been captured on his way home from the Crusades; his avaricious brother, Prince John, sits on the throne, and under his reign the Norman nobles have begun abusing their power. Saxon lands are repossessed, and many Saxon landowners are made into slaves. These practices have enraged the Saxon nobility, particularly Cedric of Rotherwood. Cedric disinherited his son Ivanhoe for following King Richard to war. Additionally, Ivanhoe fell in love with Cedric's high-born ward Rowena, whom Cedric intends to marry to Athelstane, a descendent of a long-dead Saxon king.

2. Ivanhoe has returned to England disguised as a religious pilgrim. Assuming a new disguise as the Disinherited Knight, he fights in the great tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche. Here, with the help of a mysterious Black Knight, he vanquishes his great enemy, the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and wins the tournament. He names Rowena the Queen of Love and Beauty, and reveals his identity to the crowd. But he is badly wounded. In the meantime, the wicked Prince John has heard a rumor that Richard is free from his Austrian prison. He and his advisors, Waldemar Fitzurse, Maurice de Bracy, and Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, begin plotting how to stop Richard from returning to power in England.

3. John has a scheme to marry Rowena to de Bracy; unable to wait, de Bracy kidnaps Cedric's party on its way home from the tournament, imprisoning the Saxons in the castle. The party is Cedric, Rowena, and Athelstane, as well as Isaac and Rebecca, a Jewish father and daughter who have been taking care of Ivanhoe after his injury, and Ivanhoe himself. De Bracy attempts to convince Rowena to marry him, while de Bois-Guilbert attempts to seduce Rebecca, who has fallen in love with Ivanhoe. Both men fail, and the castle is attacked by a force led by the

Black Knight who helped Ivanhoe at the tournament. Fighting with the Black Knight are the legendary outlaws of the forest, Robin Hood and his merry men. The villains are defeated and the prisoners are freed, but de Bois-Guilbert succeeds in kidnapping Rebecca.

4. It is speculated among the Templars that perhaps Rebecca is a sorceress who has enchanted de Bois-Guilbert against his will; the Grand Master of the Templars orders a trial for Rebecca. To his dismay, de Bois-Guilbert is appointed to fight for the Templars: if he wins, Rebecca will be killed, and if he loses, he himself will die. At the last moment, Ivanhoe appears to defend Rebecca, but he is so exhausted from the journey that de Bois-Guilbert unseats him in the first pass. But Ivanhoe wins a strange victory when de Bois-Guilbert falls dead from his horse, killed by his own conflicting passions.

5. In the meantime, the Black Knight has announced himself as King Richard, returned to England at last. When Athelstane steps out of the way, Ivanhoe and Rowena are married; Rebecca visits Rowena one last time to thank her for Ivanhoe's role in saving her life. Rebecca and Isaac are sailing for their new home in Granada; Ivanhoe goes on to have a heroic career under King Richard.

3.10. Jane Austen "Pride and Prejudice"

1. The five Bennet sisters will be left without a home or income when their father dies, and their mother is very anxious to get them well married. Of the sisters, Jane is the most beautiful and good-natured, Elizabeth is witty and spirited, Mary is plain, Kitty silly and Lydia, barely sixteen, is wild and self-willed. Their parents are ill-matched, Mrs. Bennet being embarrassingly foolish, and Mr. Bennet sardonic, shutting himself in his study and fond only of his two eldest daughters.

Two rich young men come into the neighbourhood, Mr. Bingley, who appears to fall in love with Jane, and his haughty friend Mr. Darcy, who first scorns but then finds himself drawn to Elizabeth.

2. Elizabeth has taken against him, however, a prejudice confirmed when a new friend, George Wickham, spreads stories about Darcy's double dealing. Elizabeth now receives an unwelcome proposal from her pompous cousin, Mr. Collins, and is horrified when three days later it is accepted by her unromantic friend, Charlotte Lucas, who fears being left an *old maid*. Darcy and Bingley leave the neighbourhood, leaving an unhappy Jane behind them, and Elizabeth feels her faith in human nature undermined.

3. Visiting the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Collins at their vicarage in Kent, she is introduced to his patron, haughty Lady Catherine de Bourgh, aunt to Mr. Darcy, who comes to visit. To Elizabeth's surprise she receives a proposal from Darcy, which she angrily rejects, accusing him of separating Jane and Bingley. Darcy stays up all night writing a detailed letter in his own defence, and when Elizabeth reads it she begins to revise her opinion of him, though still with no wish to marry him.

4. A few months later Elizabeth accompanies her aunt and uncle on a tour of Derbyshire, including a visit to Darcy's house, Pemberley, having been assured that the master is absent. The housekeeper speaks highly of Darcy as master, landlord and brother, and Elizabeth's feelings soften still further. Darcy himself now appears, and shows by his changed demeanour that he has taken some of Elizabeth's criticisms to heart. Just as they seem to be understanding one another at last, a letter arrives carrying the news of Lydia's elopement with Wickham.

5. Back home, Elizabeth finds a mother in hysterics and a father absent on a quest to find the young couple and make them marry. He returns home from London defeated, but Darcy is more successful, paying off Wickham's debts and buying him a commission in the army up north. Now completely won over, Elizabeth joyfully accepts Darcy's second proposal, while Jane becomes engaged to Bingley, who has never ceased

to love her. "Happy for all Mrs. Bennet's maternal feelings," begins the last chapter, "was the day on which she got rid of her two most deserving daughters."

3.11. CHARLES DICKENS "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

1. A mean-spirited, miserly old man named Ebenezer Scrooge sits in his counting-house on a frosty Christmas Eve. His clerk, Bob Cratchit, shivers because Scrooge refuses to spend money on heating coals for a fire. Scrooge's nephew, Fred, pays his uncle a visit and invites him to his annual Christmas party. Two gentlemen also drop by and ask Scrooge for a contribution to their charity. Scrooge reacts to the holiday visitors with bitterness, spitting out an angry "Bah! Humbug!" in response to his nephew's "Merry Christmas!"

2. Later that evening, after returning to his dark, cold apartment, Scrooge receives a visit from the ghost of his dead partner, Jacob Marley. Marley tells his unfortunate story. As punishment for his greedy and self-serving life his spirit has been condemned to wander the Earth weighted down with heavy chains. Marley hopes to save Scrooge from sharing the same fate. Marley informs Scrooge that three spirits will visit him during each of the next three nights. After the ghost disappears, Scrooge falls into a deep sleep.

3. He wakes moments before the arrival of the Ghost of Christmas Past, a strange childlike phantom with a brightly glowing head. The spirit escorts Scrooge on a journey into the past to previous Christmases. Invisible to those he watches, Scrooge revisits his childhood school days, his apprenticeship with a jolly merchant named Fezziwig, and his engagement to Belle, a woman who leaves Scrooge because his lust for money eclipses his ability to love another. Scrooge, deeply moved, sheds tears of regret before the phantom returns him to his bed.

4. The Ghost of Christmas Present, a majestic giant clad in a green fur robe, takes Scrooge through London to unveil Christmas as it will happen that year. Scrooge watches the large Cratchit family prepare a miniature feast. He discovers Bob Cratchit's crippled son, Tiny Tim, a courageous boy whose kindness and humility warms Scrooge's heart. The ghost then takes Scrooge to his nephew's to witness the Christmas party. Scrooge finds the gathering delightful and pleads with the spirit to stay until the very end of the festivities. As the day passes, the spirit ages, becoming noticeably older.

5. The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come leads Scrooge through a sequence of mysterious scenes relating to an unnamed man's recent death. Scrooge sees businessmen discussing the dead man's riches and a poor couple expressing relief at the death of their unforgiving creditor. Scrooge, anxious to learn the lesson of his latest visitor, begs to know the name of the dead man. After pleading with the ghost, Scrooge finds himself in a churchyard, the spirit pointing to a grave. Scrooge looks at the headstone and is shocked to read his own name. He desperately implores the spirit to alter his fate, promising to renounce his avaricious ways and to honor Christmas with all his heart. Whoosh! He suddenly finds himself safely tucked in his bed.

6. Overwhelmed with joy by the chance to redeem himself and grateful that he has been returned to Christmas Day, Scrooge rushes out onto the street hoping to share his newfound Christmas spirit. He sends a giant Christmas turkey to the Cratchit house and attends Fred's party, to the surprise of the other guests. As the years go by, he holds true to his promise and honors Christmas with all his heart: he treats Tiny Tim as if he were his own child, provides gifts for the poor, and treats his fellow human beings with kindness, generosity, and warmth.

3.12. LEWIS CARROLL "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND"

1. Alice sits on a riverbank on a warm summer day, drowsily reading over her sister's shoulder, when she catches sight of a White Rabbit in a waistcoat running by her. The White Rabbit pulls out a pocket watch, exclaims that he is late, and pops down a rabbit hole. Alice follows the White Rabbit down the hole and comes upon a great hallway lined with doors. She finds a small door that she opens using a key she discovers on a nearby table.

Through the door, she sees a beautiful garden, and Alice begins to cry when she realizes she cannot fit through the door. She finds a bottle marked "DRINK ME" and downs the contents. She shrinks down to the right size to enter the door but cannot enter since she has left the key on the tabletop above her head. Alice discovers a cake marked "EAT ME" which causes her to grow to an inordinately large height. Still unable to enter the garden, Alice begins to cry again, and her giant tears form a pool at her feet. As she cries, Alice shrinks and falls into the pool of tears.

The pool of tears becomes a sea, and as she treads water she meets a Mouse. The Mouse accompanies Alice to shore, where a number of animals stand gathered on a bank. Alice scares the animals away with tales of her cat, Dinah, and finds herself alone again.

2. Alice meets the White Rabbit again, who mistakes her for a servant and sends her off to fetch his things. While in the White Rabbit's house, Alice drinks an unmarked bottle of liquid and grows to the size of the room. The White Rabbit returns to his house, fuming at the now-giant Alice, but she swats him and his servants away with her giant hand. The animals outside try to get her out of the house by throwing rocks at her, which inexplicably transform into cakes when they land in the house. Alice eats one of the cakes, which causes her to shrink to a small size. She wanders off into the forest, where she meets a Caterpillar sitting on a mushroom and smoking a hookah.

The Caterpillar and Alice get into an argument, but before the Caterpillar crawls away in disgust, he tells Alice that different parts of the mushroom will make her grow or shrink. Alice tastes a part of the mushroom, and her neck stretches above the trees. A pigeon sees her and attacks, deeming her a serpent hungry for pigeon eggs.

3. Alice eats another part of the mushroom and shrinks down to a normal height. She wanders until she comes across the house of the Duchess. She enters and finds the Duchess, who is nursing a squealing baby, as well as a grinning Cheshire Cat, and a Cook who tosses massive amounts of pepper into a cauldron of soup. The Duchess behaves rudely to Alice and then departs to prepare for a croquet game with the Queen. As she leaves, the Duchess hands Alice the baby, which Alice discovers is a pig. Alice lets the pig go and reenters the forest, where she meets the Cheshire Cat again. The Cheshire Cat explains to Alice that everyone in Wonderland is mad, including Alice herself. The Cheshire Cat gives directions to the March Hare's house and fades away to nothing but a floating grin.

Alice travels to the March Hare's house to find the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, and the Dormouse having tea together. Treated rudely by all three, Alice stands by the tea party, uninvited. She learns that they have wronged Time and are trapped in perpetual tea-time. After a final discourtesy, Alice leaves and journeys through the forest. She finds a tree with a door in its side, and travels through it to find herself back in the great hall. She takes the key and uses the mushroom to shrink down and enter the garden.

4. After saving several gardeners from the temper of the Queen of Hearts, Alice joins the Queen in a strange game of croquet. The croquet ground is hilly, the mallets and balls are live flamingos and hedgehogs, and the Queen tears about, frantically calling for the other player's executions. Amidst this madness, Alice bumps into the Cheshire Cat again, who asks her how she is doing. The King of Hearts interrupts their conversation and attempts to bully the Cheshire Cat, who impudently

dismisses the King. The King takes offense and arranges for the Cheshire Cat's execution, but since the Cheshire Cat is now only a head floating in the air, no one can agree on how to behead it.

The Duchess approaches Alice and attempts to befriend her, but the Duchess makes Alice feel uneasy. The Queen of Hearts chases the Duchess off and tells Alice that she must visit the Mock Turtle to hear his story. The Queen of Hearts sends Alice with the Gryphon as her escort to meet the Mock Turtle. Alice shares her strange experiences with the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon, who listen sympathetically and comment on the strangeness of her adventures. After listening to the Mock Turtle's story, they hear an announcement that a trial is about to begin, and the Gryphon brings Alice back to the croquet ground.

5. The Knave of Hearts stands trial for stealing the Queen's tarts. The King of Hearts leads the proceedings, and various witnesses approach the stand to give evidence. The Mad Hatter and the Cook both give their testimony, but none of it makes any sense. The White Rabbit, acting as a herald, calls Alice to the witness stand. The King goes nowhere with his line of questioning, but takes encouragement when the White Rabbit provides new evidence in the form of a letter written by the Knave. The letter turns out to be a poem, which the King interprets as an admission of guilt on the part of the Knave.

Alice believes the note to be nonsense and protests the King's interpretation. The Queen becomes furious with Alice and orders her beheading, but Alice grows to a huge size and knocks over the Queen's army of playing cards. All of a sudden, Alice finds herself awake on her sister's lap, back at the riverbank. She tells her sister about her dream and goes inside for tea as her sister ponders Alice's adventures.

3.13. OSCAR WILDE "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"

1. The Picture of Dorian Gray is the story of one beautiful, innocent young man's seduction, moral corruption, and eventual downfall. And, oh

yeah: it's also the story of a really creepy painting. We meet our three central characters at the beginning of the book, when painter Basil Hallward and his close friend, Lord Henry Wotton, are discussing the subject of Basil's newest painting, a gorgeous young thing named Dorian Gray. Basil and Henry discuss just how perfectly perfect Dorian is – he's totally innocent and completely good, as well as being the most beautiful guy ever to walk the earth.

Lord Henry wants to meet this mysterious boy, but Basil doesn't want him to; for some reason, he's afraid of what will happen to Dorian if Lord Henry digs his claws into him. However, Lord Henry gets his wish – Dorian shows up that very afternoon, and, over the course of the day, Henry manages to totally change Dorian's perspective on the world. Dorian's previously innocent point of view is dramatically different – he begins to see life as Lord Henry does, as a succession of pleasures in which questions of good and evil are irrelevant.

2. Basil finishes his portrait of Dorian, and gives it to the young man, who keeps it in his home, where he can admire his own beauty. Lord Henry continues to exert his influence over Dorian, to Basil's dismay. Dorian grows more and more distant from Basil, his former best friend, and develops his own interests. One of these interests is Sybil Vane, a young, exceptionally beautiful, exceptionally talented – and exceptionally poor – actress. Though she's stuck performing in a terrible, third-rate theatre, she's a truly remarkable artist, and her talent and beauty win over Dorian. He falls dramatically in love with her, and she with him. For a moment, it seems like everything will turn out wonderfully.

However, this is just the beginning of Dorian's story. Once he and Sybil are engaged, her talent suddenly disappears – she's so overcome with her passionate love for Dorian that none of her roles on stage seem important to her anymore. This destroys Dorian's love for her, and he brutally dumps her. Back home, he notices something different in his portrait – it looks somehow crueler. In the meanwhile, distraught Sybil

commits suicide, just as Dorian decides to return to her and take back his terrible words.

3. Sybil's suicide changes everything. At first, Dorian feels horrible... but he rather quickly changes his tune. On Lord Henry's suggestion, Dorian reads a mysterious *yellow book*, a decadent French novel that makes him reevaluate his whole belief system. The protagonist of the book lives his life in pursuit of sensual pleasures, which intrigues Dorian. From this moment on, Dorian is a changed man. Dorian starts to live as hedonistically as his wicked mentor, Lord Henry, does.

The only thing that documents this turn for the worst is the portrait, which alarmingly begins to exhibit the inward corruption of Dorian's soul; the beautiful image changes, revealing new scars and physical flaws with each of Dorian's dastardly actions. As years pass, the man in the picture grows more and more hideous, as Dorian himself stays unnaturally young and beautiful. Rumors start to spread about the various people whose lives Dorian has ruined, and his formerly good reputation is destroyed.

4. On Dorian's 38th birthday, he encounters Basil, who desperately asks his former friend if all the horrifying rumors about him are true. Dorian finally shows Basil the portrait, in which the horrible truth about his wicked nature is revealed. Basil recoils, and begs Dorian to pray for forgiveness. In response, Dorian murders Basil, stabbing him brutally. He blackmails another of his former friends into disposing of the body. Dorian retreats to an opium den after dealing with all of the evidence, where he encounters an enemy he didn't know he had – Sybil Vane's brother, James. Through a rather complicated turn of events, James (who's on a mission to punish Dorian for his mistreatment of Sybil) ends up dead.

Dorian isn't directly responsible, but it's yet another death to add to Dorian's tally of life-wrecking disasters. Dorian is relieved that his enemy is out of the way, but this event sparks a kind of mid-life crisis: he begins to wonder if his vile but enjoyable lifestyle is worth it. He actually does a good(ish) deed, by deciding not to corrupt a young girl he's got the hots for, which makes him question his past actions even more. Seeking some

kind of reassurance, Dorian talks to Lord Henry, who's not any help at all, unsurprisingly. Dorian even practically admits to murdering Basil, but Henry laughs it off and doesn't believe him.

5. That night, Dorian returns home in a pensive mood. Catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror, he hates his own beauty and breaks the mirror. Again, he vows to be good, but we find out that his various crimes don't really haunt him, because he doesn't consider them his fault. Instead, he selfishly wants to be good for the painting to become beautiful again. Heartened by this thought, he goes up to see if his recent good deed has improved the painting. In fact, it only looks worse. Frustrated, Dorian decides to destroy the picture, the visible evidence of his dreadful crimes.

Dorian slashes at the painting with the same knife that killed Basil, trying to destroy the work as he did the artist. A tremendous crash and a terrible cry alert the servants that something very, very bad has happened – it's even audible outside the house. Finally, they go upstairs to check it out, and are horrified by what they find: a portrait of their master, as beautiful as ever, hangs on the wall, and a mysterious, grotesquely hideous dead man is lying on the floor with a knife in his heart. Upon close examination, the rings on the dead man's hand identify him as Dorian Gray.

3.14. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE "A STUDY IN SCARLET"

1. The story begins with Dr. John Watson, the narrator, settling in London to recover from a wound and illness he got while acting as a military doctor during the Second Afghan War. One day he runs into an acquaintance, Stamford, while at a bar. Watson confides in his friend that he needs a new living arrangement, as his previous one was too expensive. Stamford responds that another friend of his has also

expressed this desire, and takes Watson to the university laboratory where his friend – Sherlock Holmes – is working on an experiment.

Stamford gives some information about Holmes, such as the fact that his true profession is unknown, that he is eccentric and brilliant, and that his knowledge is specialized but diverse. Holmes and Watson decide to live together. Watson watches the enigmatic Holmes and notes his strange behavior and interests.

2. One morning Watson notices an article about the art of deduction. The tiniest detail can give a multiplicity of information. Watson scoffs at this theory, but is surprised to learn that Holmes was the article's author. Holmes explains that he is a consulting detective; his powers of rational, reasoned observation and deduction allow him to help clients and even solve crimes. He complains that there have been very few good cases of late.

However, a good case soon appears when he is asked by Scotland Yard detective Gregson to assist him in solving a crime just recently committed. Holmes asks Watson to accompany him and they travel to an empty house in a London neighborhood. There they observe a crime scene that includes cab prints in the street and footprints in the yard, a dead man who has been poisoned but not robbed laid out in a room, and the word RACHE (the German word for revenge) in blood on the wall. A woman's wedding ring falls off of the body when it is lifted. The dead man's name is Enoch Drebber, and he was from Cleveland. There was a note to his secretary, Joseph Stangerson.

3. Over the next couple of days Watson watched more pieces of the puzzle fall into place for Holmes. He informed Watson how he determined the murderer's age and height from his observations, as well as his complexion. An interview with the constable on duty that night revealed that a drunken man in the street was actually probably the murderer returned for the ring. In the middle of the investigation, another Scotland Yard detective on the case named Lestrade, whom Holmes respected,

bursts into the Holmes and Watson's apartment announcing that Stangerson had also been killed.

This turned out to be a result of a stabbing, not poison. In Stangerson's room was a box of the pills that Holmes identified as the method of death for Drebber. With this piece of information Holmes excitedly announces that his investigation is complete. Moments later, a cab driver that Holmes called for arrived to pick him up. Holmes burst out that this man, Jefferson Hope, is the murderer of Drebber and Stangerson. With the help of Watson and the detectives, the man was subdued. This is the end of part one.

4. Part two begins with a vivid description of the wild, isolated, and dangerous great American desert. There were two travelers struggling to survive after the deaths of their companions – the tall John Ferrier, and his tiny and lovely adopted daughter Lucy. They were rescued from starvation by a massive caravan – the Latter Day Saints. Their leader Brigham Young allowed Ferrier to travel with them if he converts; the latter agreed. The caravan continued to Utah.

Ferrier grew prosperous amongst the Mormons, but refused to marry. Lucy grew up beautiful and independent. One day she was saved from near death in a herd of stampeding cattle by the handsome, solitary, and industrious hunter/miner Jefferson Hope. The two fell in love and Ferrier gave them his permission to marry when Hope returned from a few months' journey. This was unacceptable to Brigham Young, who personally visited Ferrier and commanded Lucy to marry one of the sons of the Elders, Enoch Drebber or Joseph Stangerson.

He gave Ferrier a month for her to decide. Young's behavior was typical of the manner in which the Mormons had been conducting themselves; they were once persecuted but had now turned persecutors. Their community was secretive, violent, controlling, and exclusive. Ferrier had long hated the Mormons and promised his daughter she would not have to marry either of the sons and that they could escape.

5. Drebber and Stangerson visited Ferrier's house to talk to him about Lucy, but he threw them out. This act of disrespect increased the surveillance upon Ferrier and his daughter. Finally, the night before the month was up, Jefferson Hope arrived at their home in the middle of the night and the three escaped into the mountains. Unfortunately, when Hope went off to hunt, he returned to an empty campsite – Ferrier had been murdered and Lucy abducted for marriage. Hope made his way back down to Salt Lake City where the Mormons lived and learned that Lucy had been married to Drebber a few days before. Within a month she died from heartsickness.

Hope swore that he would spend his life exacting revenge for the murders. Taking her wedding ring off her dead finger before she was buried, Hope left Utah. He tracked Drebber and Stangerson all over Europe. They were aware that Hope had been dogging their steps for many years, and always managed to be a step ahead of him. Hope finally learned they were in London and set in motion his plan to murder them.

6. At this point the narrative returns to Holmes, Watson, the detectives, and their detainee. Hope was taken to the police station but asks to tell his tale because he had an aortic aneurism that could burst any day. He was allowed to finish his narrative. Hope explained how he got a job as a cab driver and tracked Drebber and Stangerson. He caught Drebber drunk one night and killed him with poison. He tried to do the same with Stangerson but had to stab him in self-defense when the latter fought back. He remained driving the cab for a few days so as to not appear suspicious. The next day Hope was discovered dead of the aneurism, a peaceful smile upon his face. The novel ends with Holmes and Watson reading a newspaper article about the end of the investigation; it only mentions Holmes as an amateur detective who helped but gave primary credit to Lestrade and Gregson.

3.15. FENIMORE COOPER "THE DEERSLAYER"

1. The Deerslayer is the opening novel in a series about frontiersman Nathaniel Bumppo, nicknamed Deerslayer. The novel follows Deerslayer as he lives alongside his Native American friends and develops into a legendary figure during the decades leading up to the American Revolution. His honesty sets him apart from the other settlers and his strongest relationships remain with the Native American tribes of his youth, particularly a young chief known as Chingachgook. The novel opens with the French and Indian war.

The French and British colonial governments are fighting for territory in North America, with Native American tribes taking sides. The principal characters are aligned with the English side, including the Delaware tribe. Their enemies, sometimes known as the Iroquois, the Huron are aligned with the French. A small group of these French allies have been delayed in their journey to the French territory when they cross paths with Deerslayer and his friends.

2. Deerslayer, a young and inexperienced frontiersman who has spent a great part of his life living with the Mohican and Delaware tribes, is meeting his friend Chingachgook in order to rescue Chingachgook's bride, Wah-ta-Wah, who has been kidnapped by Briarthorn (Briarthorn is one of the Indians depicted in this story as cruel and completely amoral when it comes to any code by which they should live and to which they should be loyal) of the Iroquois. On his way there, Deerslayer meets Hurry Harry March, who is going to propose to Judith Hutter, who lives with her family on an isolated lake. The two of them meet up with the Hutter family just in time to rescue the family from the attacking Iroquois tribe.

3. The Hutter family consists of Tom Hutter, a fugitive pirate, and his two daughters, Judith, a local beauty with a bad reputation, and Hetty, a simple-minded girl with strong religious feelings. Hutter and Harry devise a plan to sneak into the Iroquois tribe and scalp all the members in order to collect a reward from the colonial government. Despite warnings from

Deerslayer and Hetty, they go out on this foolish and greedy mission and are captured. Hetty goes to preach to the tribe to release her father on Biblical grounds. They do not hurt her out of respect for her innocent mental condition. Eventually, Deerslayer negotiates for the release of the two prisoners in exchange for trinkets he finds in the Hutter home.

4. Deerslayer and Chingachgook set out to rescue Wah-ta-Wah. In order to help Chingachgook and Wah-ta-Wah escape, Deerslayer is taken prisoner. He is ordered to marry one of the tribe or die. He is given a furlough, or twenty-four hours freedom, to decide. His return from the furlough proves his honor, but his refusal to marry the Native American woman insults them. They torture him for some time. They are about to torture him with fire when the local garrison arrives and massacres the tribe. Hetty Hutter is accidentally killed in the shooting, but all the other principal characters survive. Judith Hutter tries to convince Deerslayer to marry her, but he refuses because of the rumors about her past. Instead he returns to the Delaware tribe with Chingachgook and Wah-ta-Wah. Deerslayer and Chingachgook become legend in the area, but the others all disappear into history.

3.16. EDGAR ALLAN POE "THE BLACK CAT"

From my early childhood I was noted for the calm and kind behaviour. My tenderness of heart made me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and, in my manhood, I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and clever dog, I need not explain the nature or the intensity of the gratification it gives.

There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere Man.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and clever to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever serious upon this point – and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto – this was the cat's name – was my favorite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets. Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character – through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance – had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse.

I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way.

But my disease grew upon me – for what disease is like Alcohol! – and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently

somewhat peevish – even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill temper.

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat-pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grabbed the poor beast, and deliberately cut one of its eyes out! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning – when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch – I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account.

Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart – one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man.

Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should not?

Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is Law, merely because we understand it to be such?

This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul to vex itself – to offer violence to its own nature – to do wrong for the wrong's sake only – that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute, and I hanged the DAMN BEAST! On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of fire.

The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the situation. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect, between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts – and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day after the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed.

The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire – a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words *strange! singular!* and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in bas relief upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic cat. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous.

There was a rope about the animal's neck. When I first beheld this apparition – for I could scarcely regard it as less – my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat,

I remembered, had been hanged in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd – by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber.

This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames, and the ammonia from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat; and, during this period, there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat, half stupified, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense barrels of Gin, or of Rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this barrel for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat – a very large one – fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it

of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it – knew nothing of it – had never seen it before. I continued my caresses, and, when I prepared to go home, the animal wanted to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the opposite of what I had anticipated; but – I know not how or why it was – its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the memory of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently ill use it; but gradually – very gradually – I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its evil presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its favor for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps clingingly which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its disgusting caresses. If I arose to walk it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly – let me confess it at once – by absolute dread of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil – and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own – yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own – that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimæras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite; but, by slow degrees – degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my Reason struggled to reject as fanciful – it had, at length, assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name – and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster had I dared – it was now, I say, the image of a hideous – of a ghastly thing – of the GALLOWS! – oh, mournful and terrible engine of Horror and of Crime – of Agony and of Death!

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere Humanity. And a brute beast – whose fellow I had hatefully destroyed – a brute beast to work out for me – for me a man, fashioned in the image of the High God – so much of insufferable w! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of Rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight – an incarnate Night-Mare that I had no power to shake off – incumbent eternally upon my heart!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates – the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which

I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife.

Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I determined to wall it up in the cellar – as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

By means of a crow-bar I easily dislodged the bricks, and, having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I re-laid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself, "Here at least, then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it, at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been

alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forebore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night – and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a freeman. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted – but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained.

I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness. "Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By the bye, gentlemen, this – this is a very well constructed house." (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.) "I may say an excellently well constructed house. These walls – are you

going, gentlemen? – these walls are solidly put together;” and here, through the mere phrenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brick-work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! By a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman – a howl – a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

1. Create a modern Utopia. Work in groups, choose a sphere of life and say what can be done to make it ideal.
2. What would have happened if Romeo and Juliet had stayed alive?
3. Defoe's Robinson Crusoe is the best example of a new idea of modern man. Why?
4. How do you explain the popularity of Robinson Crusoe?
5. Create a crossover comic story about Robin Hood and Ivanhoe.
6. Role play: one student is Gulliver, others are his relatives, they ask him about his adventures.
7. Comment on the quotes from "Pride and Prejudice".

"It's a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife."

"Happiness in marriage entirely a matter of chance."

"... it's better to know as little as possible of the defects of the person with whom you are about to pass you life."

"To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love."

"Vanity and pride are different things, though the words are often used synonymously. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves, vanity to what we would have others think of us."

"We all know him to be a proud, unpleasant sort of man; but this would be nothing if you really liked him."

"How little of permanent happiness could belong to a couple who were only brought together because their passions were stronger than their virtue."

"A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment."

"There is something so amiable in the prejudices of a young mind; that one is sorry to see them give way to the reception of more general opinions."

8. Translate the passages from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland".

a) "Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats?"

b) In the second chapter in the sea of tears there are strange creatures: "a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and some others".

c) In the book "Alice through the Looking Glass" there is a conversation between Alice and flowers. Alice asks them if they are not afraid to live in the forest.

"There is the tree in the middle", said the Rose. "What else is it good for?"

"And what could it do, if any danger came?" Alice asked.

"It could bark", said the Rose.

"It says 'Bough-wough", cried a Daisy. "That's why its branches are called boughs."

d) In the third chapter Alice asks the mouse to tell the story of her life.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

"It is a long tail, certainly", said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this..."

e) Rocking-horse + horse-fly = rocking-horse-fly.

f) "Maybe it's always pepper that makes people so hot-tempered <...> and vinegar that makes them sour – and camomile that makes them bitter – and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew that: then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know."

g) The Mock Turtle tells Alice what he studied at school.

“Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic – Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision...”

9. Create Dorian Gray’s life line.

10. Lord Henry’s lifestyle can be called hedonistic. Do you agree that life should be only a succession of pleasures?

11. Why is the novel called “The Picture of Dorian Gray” not “The Portrait”?

12. Comment on the quotes from “The Deerslayer”.

a) “God planted the seeds of all the trees,” continued Hetty, after a moment's pause, “and you see to what a height and shade they have grown! So it is with the Bible. You may read a verse this year, and forget it, and it will come back to you a year hence, when you least expect to remember it.”

b) “Whatever may be the changes produced by man, the eternal round of the seasons is unbroken.”

c) Judith: “And where, then, is your sweetheart, Deerslayer?”

Deerslayer: “She's in the forest, Judith – hanging from the boughs of the trees, in a soft rain – in the dew on the open grass – the clouds that float about in the blue heavens – the birds that sing in the woods – the sweet springs where I slake my thirst – and in all the other glorious gifts that come from God's Providence!”

d) “When men speak, they should say that which does not go in at one side of the head and out at the other. Their words shouldn't be feathers, so light that a wind ... can blow them away.”

e) “I look upon the redmen to be quite as human as we are ourselves, Hurry. They have their gifts, and their religion, it’s true; but that makes no difference in the end, when each will be judged according to his deeds and not according to his skin.”

f) “The woods are but the ears of the Almighty, the air is his breath, and the light of the sun is little more than a glance of his eye.”

g) “When the colony’s laws, or even the King’s laws, run against the laws of God, they get to be onlawful, and ought not to be obeyed.”

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