

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ
ПРИКАРПАТСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ
ІМЕНІ ВАСИЛЯ СТЕФАНІКА

КАФЕДРА АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ ФІЛОЛОГІЇ

Е. Є. Мінцис, Ю.Б.Мінцис

STYLISTICS IN EXERCISES
(Part 2)

Навчально-методичний посібник
з стилістики англійської мови
для студентів 4-5 курсів англійського відділення
стаціонарної та заочної форми навчання

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Мінцис Е.Є., Мінцис Ю.Б. *Stylistics In Exercises (Part 2)*. Навчально-методичний посібник з стилістики англійської мови для студентів 4-5 курсів англійського відділення стаціонарної та заочної форми навчання. – Івано-Франківськ, 2008. – 94с.

*Друкується за ухвалою
Вченої ради факультету іноземних мов
Прикарпатського національного університету
імені Василя Стефаника*

Посібник призначений для студентів-філологів 4-5 курсів англійського відділення і являє собою систему вправ і завдань для семінарських занять з стилістики англійської мови. Вправи розташовані у відповідності до теоретичного матеріалу лекцій з даного курсу і розглядають синтаксичні стилістичні засоби, які зустрічаються у художніх і публіцистичних творах англійських та американських авторів. Окремий розділ посібника пропонує ряд уривків з художніх текстів для комплексного стилістичного аналізу. Мета посібника – формування і розвиток у студентів навичок стилістичного аналізу тексту, поглиблення їх лінгвістичної обізнаності.

Рецензент:

Я.В. Бистров

*кандидат філологічних наук, доцент
завідувач кафедрою англійської філології факультету іноземних мов
Прикарпатського національного університету
імені Василя Стефаника*

I. Find and analyze cases of **inversion**, **detachment** and **parcellation**.

Comment on the structure and functions of each:

1. As he clutched the little bundle to him he felt tears in his eyes and wondered how his own father, Michael O'Neill – amiable, drunken, good-for-nothing Michael O'Neill – felt when he held Patrick in his arms. (M.B.)

2. The children of Mountfern could talk of nothing but the O'Neills but they didn't know how or when they would meet them again. It was solved on the day that Grace was driven by her father to Ferncourt. And left there. (M.B.)

3. Father Minehan was a fussy man. Anything that could be said directly and simply, he managed to dress up and obscure. Patrick had been fifteen minutes in the dean's study and still didn't know why he was being asked to take Kerry away. That very day. (M.B.)

4. Sitting in the doorway with its tail curled neatly around its paws, watching with its beady black oilspot eyes, was the mouse. (S.K.)

5. Lean and tanned, golden and confident, he stood on the parapet of the bridge. (M.B.)

6. Canon Moran and Father Hogan had been asked by several parishioners to pray for a special intention. And indeed to offer Mass for that intention. Nowhere had the intention been defined. (M.B.)

7. He knew that Kevin Kennedy would barely comb his hair, and yet here was he – the poor country solicitor, an unimportant figure – titivating himself like a peacock. (M.B.)

8. Patrick gave several grateful looks at Jim Costello. The man was a wonder. He managed to be everywhere and yet unobtrusive. Small, handsome, and efficient, courteous and determined. What he would give to have had a son like that! (M.B.)

9. They came into the crowded forecourt and Dara saw him. There stood Kerry in his new white jacket that he had told her about. (M.B.)

10. He had the only key. Sarge knew of the room, but had not bothered to enter. Yet. (J.G.)

11. The President met Voyles at the door with a warm handshake and guided him to the sofa for a warm, friendly little chat. Voyles was not impressed. He knew Coal would be listening. And watching. (J.G.)

12. She was a lucky woman who had established a happy knack of writing what quite a lot of people wanted to read. Wonderful luck that was, Mrs Oliver thought to herself. (A.C.)

13. “I might be going to – well, bother you rather. Ask things. I want to know what you think about something.” “That I am always ready to tell anyone.” (A.C.)

14. Poirot was silent, he was thinking of a time when he had asked to go back into the past, had studied five people out of the past who had reminded him of the nursery rhyme “Five little pigs”. Interesting it had been, and in the end rewarding, because he had found out the truth. (A.C.)

15. The safety and well-being of his brother was all that mattered. All the rest – the Vatican, its power struggles and intrigues – could go to hell. (A.F.)

16. Beside them were photographs, some recent, some old, collected from family archives. (A.F.)

17. The same envelope he had brought back with him on the train. (A.F.)

18. After everything, you actually have two people who want to help you. And can.
(A.F.)

19. Never had he felt as lost or frightened or alone as he did now. (A.F.)

20. Numbers of people – tourists, it looked like – were on the steps. (A.F.)

21. Across the street to his left was a large expanse of green and beyond it a large and
apparently very old church.(A.F.)

22. Heart pounding, he picked up his pace as more people hurried past him. (A.F.)

23. A hand touched Harry's face, and he groaned, shivering. (A.F.)

24. The hand shoved him again. Hard. And he fell crying out as he hit the ground.
(A.F.)

25. It was tragic and sad, but it was reality. And when it came, you were supposed to
deal with it professionally. Pay homage and move on, without anger, outrage, or
hatred for the killer. (A.F.)

26. He had seen policemen dead. Judges dead. The bodies of murdered women and
children. Tragic as they were, he'd been able to distance himself professionally. But
not now. (A.F.)

27. It was the sort of thing Thomas Jose Alvarez-Rios Kind, native Ecuadorean born
of an English mother, might put on his resume. Patient. Painstaking. Well educated.
Multilingual. Add to that, one-time actor – and also one of the world's most-hunted
terrorists. (A.F.)

28. Not only had she decorated the cottage so it looked like Santa's grotto, she'd laid on enough food for the Third Army and planned a full itinerary for the next three days. (L.P.)

29. "I got a perfect shot. Of two dead little girls holding hands," he said in a perfectly even tone. "My paper will be very happy." (D.S.)

30. I think you remind me of ... Joan of Arc, I think you call her Jeanne d'Arc, she believed in all the same things you do. The truth, the power of the sword in the name of God, and freedom. (D.S.)

31. They came out at night, he explained, and did whatever damage they could at the base, sabotage, plastic bombs, hand grenades, sniping. (D.S.)

32. She was just like he had been her age, anxious to get out there and stick her neck out, and get the biggest and the best and the most dangerous story. (D.S.)

33. She had even told him about how awkward she had always felt with her mother. Only that one time, after Peter had died, was there something different between them. (D.S.)

34. She was bored with me. Whatever it was. She had fallen in love with my brother. He's two years older than I am, and he was always the star in the family. Tommy the Wonderful. Tommy the Fantastic. Tommy who did so great at school. (D.S.)

35. The house was just exactly what they needed. Peaceful, easy to maintain, and pleasant. (D.S.)

36. She had him in April, a bouncing beautiful dark-haired baby boy with laughing blue eyes and a delicious giggle. (D.S.)

37. There had never been any question in anyone's mind that he was a genius. Brilliant, quiet, awkward, almost taciturn at times, yet gentle, tender, and once upon a time loving. (D.S.)

38. Whether he recognized it or not, she was the perfect wife for him. Devoted, passionate, patient, understanding, long-suffering. (D.S.)

39. Ophelie was everything Sally wasn't. Gentle, kind, decent, honest, compassionate. (D.S.)

40. Otello Roscani tried to keep his personal feelings at a distance. As a policeman he had to because they would only get in the way of what had become his primary objective. The finding of Harry Addison. (A.F.)

41. On go the glasses, out of my pocket comes a magnifier. (N.S.)

42. His wife was a bird of a woman, all flutter and twitter. (S.S.)

43. Like a panther of passion stalking her prey, she leaned forward and kissed me again, slowly, carefully and seductively. (M.G.)

44. From the corner of my eye I saw Katarina. Watching me. (J.K.)

45. The entire metropolitan centre possessed a high and mighty air calculated to overawe and abash the common applicant, and to make the gulf between poverty and success seem both wide and deep. Into this important commercial region the timid Carrie went. (Th.D.)

46. More like a father to those young brothers and sisters of his, Mr Richard had been. (A.C.)

47. He was on the point of becoming engaged to a very charming girl and his father's hopes for the future were centered in this dearly loved and thoroughly satisfactory son of his. Instead had come tragedy. (A.C.)

48. Poirot's eyes went slowly round all the. Susan's, angry and watchful; Gregory's, dead and shut in; Miss Gilchrist's, foolish, her mouth wide open; George, wary; Helen, dismayed and nervous... (A.C.)

49. Jason had felt every nerve in his body tingle. He had only met Judith Shelby a few times and hadn't seen her at all in almost five years. Obviously she hadn't recognized him. Yet. (M.H.C.)

50. "Oh, George," I said. "Thank you for your note." "You were bombarding me with desperate cries. Three letters I got from you in the first week. Was it so awful?" "The first week was." (P.G.)

51. She needed the peace and quiet the place offered. The solitude. The silence. The long, seemingly endless stretch of beach and white sand. (D.S.)

52. "Give your mom my love, I'll call you tomorrow," he promised, feeling the way he used to when he called his children. Happy and sad, excited and hopeful, as though there was something to live for. (D.S.)

53. "I do remember the Ravenscrofts quite well. Yes, yes, a very nice couple. It's very sad, I think. Yes. Cancer it was." (A.C.)

54. "Nice stories he wrote, Kipling. Knew his stuff, too." (A.C.)

55. "I managed to look up the case. Accounts of it. Newspaper accounts. Various things." (A.C.)

II. Discuss different types of stylistic devices dealing with the completeness of the sentence (ellipsis, apokoinu construction, one-member sentence, aposiopesis):

1. Mrs Oliver came back a few minutes later. Celia Ravenscroft was with her. She had a doubtful, suspicious look. "I don't know," she said, "if I – " She stopped, staring at Hercule Poirot. (A.C.)

2. He pushed a piece of paper across the table. "Here you are. Hairdressers. Bond Street. Expensive firm. Eugene and Rosentelle was the name of it." (A.C.)

3. "And yet," said Poirot, "what people seem to be, they usually are." "You mean - ?" "They seem an affectionate couple, a couple who lived together happily without disputes." (A.C.)

4. And there is the little matter of your grandfather's will. Your father and I approve of young Harry and if you marry him, you will receive your inheritance. If you do not ... (J.D.)

5. Immediately he opened his right eye and the world came back. Dim lights. Stone. Concrete. Water. Rats. (A.F.)

6. They were in a quiet neighbourhood separated by the park. Old buildings interspersed with new. Big trees, lush bushes, and everywhere oleander in bloom. (A.F.)

7. "I speak English, a little, anyway," Father Bardoni said gently and with a smile. "May I offer my deepest condolences ..." "Thank you ..." (A.F.)

8. “You told him what your brother said.” “Some of it ... Most of it ... Whatever I said, it’s in the transcripts of what I told the police yesterday. “Harry felt the anger begin to rise. “What difference does it make?” (A.F.)

9. Roscani stubbed his cigarette into an ashtray in front of him. “Why did your brother murder Cardinal Parma.” “*What - ?*” Harry was stunned, taken completely off guard. (A.F.)

10. When I got to the hospital, the nurse at the front desk stopped me. “I’m afraid you’re too late, Mr. Grimes,” she said. “Mr. Fabian died at four o’clock this afternoon. We tried to reach you, but ...” (I.S.)

11. Las Vegas. The heat. The special smell. The hustle. Las Vegas. Home. From birth to seventeen. Las Vegas. Youthful memories crowding his head ... Mom and Pop. The old couple. Pop, an old-fashioned stand-up comic. Jack Golden. Dependable, a real hack. (J.C.)

12. There’s a Mr. Slattery telephones two or three times a day, a Mr. O’Neill telephones every day over and over, and others – Coyne, Walshes, Quinns, Dalys – and there’s a foreign woman called twice to see you, she was the one who left the plant. (M.B.)

13. “You told her a lie ...!” “It was so that I could ask you what was wrong.” (M.B.)

14. “Great day, John,” said Jack Coyne. “It’s been a great day all the time,” said John, preparing to pull the pints. “Bad for the crops,” the farmer said. (M.B.)

15. Roy said his ideal was what he’d already got, only with everything finished. “The kitchen all fitted out with a dishwasher and washing machine,” he said dreamily. “No

more bags of plaster, lengths of cable and pipes. A gleaming bathroom. Furniture and nice curtains.” (L.P.)

16. She used to lie and say she was going home to her family. Let them think she got the kind of Christmas portrayed in glossy magazines. A holly wreath on the door of the family home, an eight-foot tree, dozens of tastefully wrapped presents beneath. Carols and log fires, small children in party clothes, eyes wide with wonder. The dining table laid with candelabras, silver and crystal. (L.P.)

17. “And yet,” said Poirot, “what people seem to be, they usually are.”

“You mean – ?” “They seemed an affectionate couple, a couple who lived together happily without disputes.” (A.C.)

18. “Did Shipler live alone?” “Yeah, divorced.” “What about Paprock?” “No match there, either. Married, two kids.” (J.K.)

19. There was something could be done for Cousin Daisy. (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

20. “I was there son. We went in with a dozen agents and spent three days.” “And found nothing.” “You could say that.” “No trace of dynamite. No trace of blasting caps, fuses, detonators. No trace of any device or substance used in any of the bombing. Correct?” “That’s correct. So what’s your point?” (J.G .)

21. “Are you here alone?” “I’m afraid so.” He made a little sad grimace. “You have my pity. In a place like this ...” He made a wide gesture, saluting the glory of our surroundings. (I.S.)

22. The file on my nightstand was my preliminary research. Before – bed reading for the strong stomachs.

Legal jargon, police prose, unspeakable snapshots. Perfectly typed transcripts with impeccable margins. (J.K.)

23. “They also delivered papers. The co-chairs were de Bosch’s daughter, Katarina, and a New York analyst named Harvey Rosenblatt.”

“I see ... Well, as I mentioned I’m not a child analyst. And unfortunately, Grant’s no longer with us, so I’m afraid – “

“Seattle,” he said, with sudden strength in his voice. “At a conference, as a matter of fact. And it wasn’t a simple accident. It was a hit-and-run. Grant was heading out for a late-night walk; he stepped off the curb in front of his hotel and was struck down.”

“I’m sorry.” (J.K.)

24. “Of course,” said the umbrella man – that is – well, you know how these mistakes occur – I – if it’s your umbrella I hope you’ll excuse me – I picked it up this morning in a restaurant – If you recognize it as yours, why – I hope you’ll – “ “Of course it’s mine,” said Soapy, viciously. (O.H.)

25. “Listen to me, honey, I couldn’t fight with anyone, not tonight, now that I see you all dressed up to go to your Irish convent school. My heart is so full, Grace. I wish, I wish so much ...”

They knew what he wished. They knew that Father wished their mother were alive. But he didn’t say it. (M.B.)

26. “It was wrong – wicked ... I must be punished ... I must go back there to atone ... Yes, to *atone*! Repentance! Retribution! (A.C.)

27. When his three-thirty appointment canceled, Smith decided to go home early. He would get the car and drive up to Barbara’s office and park across the street. She

usually left a few minutes after five, but he wanted to be there early just in case. The thought that she might be deliberately evading him was intolerable. If he learned that was true ... (M.H.C.)

28. I would know, Lucy thought, if my fiancé was some kind of criminal. I don't know any such thing. Why am I so willing to take the word of two FBI agents? Because ... because ... (F.M.)

29. "Have a good flight, Travis?" "Excellent. Thank you." He smiled. "Better than the Concorde. How much did it cost the taxpayers?" "Not a dime." (I.J.)

31. Jessica studied him. Strength. Intelligence. A hint of recklessness. What else lay behind that face? (I.J.)

32. Jessica cradled Mellie in her arms and watched him. Gentleness. Strength. Determination. How could he change from moment to moment? (I.J.)

33. Melissa didn't wake again until they were over the Atlantic. Vibration. Throb of engines. A plane ... (I.J.)

34. "What are you doing over here?" Johnson asked her bluntly. "Same as anyone else, I guess. Looking for a story. Covering the war. I'm here for six months to write for the "Morning Sun", in San Francisco." (D.S.)

35. "I'm taking a crew up to a firebase near Nha Trang tomorrow. You want to come?" His eyes were hard, but he was giving her a chance. "I'd love it." And then, meaning it, "Thank you." "You got boots?" "More or less." (D.S.)

36. "So what are you doing to distract yourself out here?" Andrea asked her pointedly, as the baby fell asleep. "Not much. Reading. Sleeping. Walking on the

beach.” “Escaping, in other words,” Andrea said, cutting to the heart of things as she always did. (D.S.)

37. “You all right?” “Yes. You?” “Bien sur! How is it? Marriage?” “Not too bad. Nice clothes.” “And he?” “Very grand. Always with the king, high in his favour.” (P.G.)

38. Mr Entwistle frowned. Cora, of course, was a very stupid woman. She could easily have misinterpreted a phrase, and twisted its meaning. But he did wonder what the phrase could have been ... (A.C.)

39. Cora had never been one for observing the conventions. Look at the way she had plumped out that question: “But he was murdered, wasn’t he?” (A.C.)

40. The faces all round, startled, shocked, staring at her! Such a variety of expressions there must have been on those faces ... And suddenly, seeing the picture clearly in her mind, Helen frowned ... There was something wrong with that picture ... Something ... ? Somebody ... ? Was it an expression on someone’s face? Was that it? Something that – how could she put it? – ought not to have been there ... ? She didn’t know ... She couldn’t place it ... but there had been something – someone – *wrong*. (A.C.)

41. She wanted to recall only the good times. They filled her with joy ... remembrances of her childhood and those growing up years ... spent here at Rhondda Fach ... All the seasons of the year ... She had loved them all ...

Winter days of icy skies and crystal light. Snowflakes blowing in the wind. Icicles dripping from the trees. Cool sunlight on snowdrifts taller than a man. Stalwart horses carrying them up through the trails. Up into the hills high above the

valley. The green swathe of spring and summer gone. The splashy red-gold of autumn obliterated. A great spread of white and crystal far below. Stillness. A silent landscape.

The crunch of hooves on powdered snow. The bray of horses. Laura's laughter tinkling in the air. Her own voice echoing back to her. Cooee! Cooee! Calling to the Harrison boys waiting at the top. Geoffrey. Hal. Tall in the saddle astride stallions gleaming dark in the sun. Boyish laughter. Fumbled hugs under the trees. Tender kisses. Shy looks and pounding hearts. Young love blooming under icy skies.

Sultry summer nights. Diamond stars. A sheltering sky like black velvet ...

(B.T.B.)

42. "Was it someone in the group that suggested you moved into the commune?" he asked. She nodded. "A man called Reuben Moreland. A psychic healer." (L.P.)

43. "We all have days like that sometimes," he said sympathetically, perching on the edge of the couch as he sipped his tea. "Want to tell me about it?" (L.P.)

44. "Oh, Clark, I love you, and I love Joe here, and Ben Arrot, and you – all, but you'll – you'll – " "We'll all be failures?" "Yes, I don't mean only money failures, but just sort of – of intellectual and sad and – oh, how can I tell you?" (F.S.F.)

45. There was indeed a chance to get closer. Evenings on their own. Walks together. None of the pressures of home, no traffic to cope with or talk about, since they lived in the centre of everything. No duty calls to people, no telephone ringing except from kind neighbors asking them to drop by for a barbecue or a drink. (M.B.)

46. “Where are you going to sail the boat to?” Jack asked with interest. “Everywhere. The South Pacific. Antarctica. South America. Europe. Scandinavia. Africa. I can go anywhere I want with a boat like this.” (D.S.)

47. In the next booth he saw one of these kind of career women he disliked on sight. Short practical hairdo, mannish suit, enormous briefcase, immaculate makeup, gold watch pinned to a severe lapel. (M.B.)

48. They whispered among themselves and compared the new photos to the old ones, the ones from his previous life. Smaller man, old chin, different nose. his hair was shorter and his skin darker. was it really him? (J.G.)

49. “Because you’re so ...” She tilted her head, made a face. “Elusive. You know, Dad is just always there, the same, steady as a rock and all like that. And you ... you’re different.” (S.M.)

50. She was losing them, there was no denying it. They had grown up. And it could only get worse. Boyfriends, husbands, jobs, friends, trips. A thousand things were going to come into their lives now to sweep them away from her. (D.S.)

51. Anger, love, sorrow ... All these were encoded or contained in the language of everyday life. (S.M.)

52. The store guy was so scared, he’s not sure if there were four men came in or three. (A.H.)

53. “Fred? ... oh my God, what is it? ... come on, baby ... talk to me ... tell me what it is ...” He was afraid that something might have happened to one of her kids. “Fred, sweetheart ... please ... try to calm down ... take a breath ... tell me what happened

... are you hurt? ... are you okay? ... where are you?" He was getting more desperate by the second, and she hadn't made sense yet. (D.S.)

54. "Are you hungry?" she asked. "Starving." "I'm cooking a little something." "Wonderful." (J.G.)

55. "What's the weather like in London?" "Freezing. Cold. Rainy. The usual." (D.S.)

56. "How were the boys?" "Fantastic. Big and beautiful and strong, and happy. It's the best thing that ever happened to them." (D.S.)

57. "I don't know, Brad ... maybe I was just scared ... I hated that place ... it terrified me, and I've never been good when the kids are sick," she said honestly, but without remorse. (D.S.)

III. Comment on the function of the **enumerations** used in the following sentences:

1. Steven knew the kind of group, life's rejects, the poor, the cranky, the socially inadequate and troubled ones like Susan, all gathering together for mutual consolation. He had known clients who had joined such groups for a while, and remarkably it sometimes made them turn away from crime. (L.P.)

2. Beth glanced through the pictures again and noted that the background to all of them looked like an ordinary home. There were homely things like a fireguard, a Christmas tree, a birthday cake, flowers in a vase, even a Renoir print on the wall behind the child. (L.P.)

3. She loved the way the city hadn't forgotten its sea-going past, the revamped dock area was a delight to wonder around in, with a museum, art gallery and dozens of bars and restaurants. (L.P.)

4. The Indians, the blacks, whites, browns, women, gays, tree lovers, Christians, abortion activists, Aryans, Nazis, atheists, hunters, animal lovers, white supremacists, black supremacists, tax protectors, loggers, farmers – it was a massive sea of protest. And the riot police gripped their black sticks. (J.G.)

5. She reached out and shoved every thing off the table with one wide sweep of her arm – plates, glasses, cups, silverware, the bowl of collards, the carved ham on it, the milk, the pitcher of cold tea. All off the table and onto the floor, ker-smash. (S.K.)

6. He (Father Connors) took the platter from them with ease, and set it down on a long table, next to another ham and the four turkeys they had worked so diligently to prepare. There were biscuits and buns, corn bread, vegetables of every kind, mashed potatoes, several salads, and half a dozen different varieties of pie, and homemade ice cream. (D.S.)

7. Harry's "business" is buying things. Have you looked at this place? Pictures, furniture, ornaments, horses and carriages in the stables. (J.D.)

8. For more than a year Marsciano and Weggen had been belt-tightening the Holy See's portfolio, narrowing the range of investments to focus on energy, transportation, steel, shipping, heavy equipment; corporations, companies, and spin-off companies that specialized in major international infrastructure development – the building and rebuilding of roads, waterways, power plants, and the like in emerging nations. (A.F.)

9. What have I seen and lived through? Wars in which millions of the innocent perished, holocausts, droughts, failures of all kinds, corruption in high places, the enrichment of thieves, the geometric multiplication of victims. (I.S.)

10. The champagne, the view, the triumph of the afternoon, the price of gold, the news from Nadine, the prospect of a splendid meal the company of Lily Abbott, sitting between us in all her beauty, made me feel an enormous friendliness toward the entire world. (I.S.)

11. Jefferson kept his face glued to the window, drinking in everything: the street vendors, the taxicabs, the policemen on horseback, people begging and sleeping in entryways, and many fancily-dressed people hurrying to and fro, some with umbrellas, but most without. (V.C.A.)

12. We were having a drink before lunch, seated in the sunshine on the terrace of the Corveglia Club, among the maritime Greeks, the Milanese industrialists, the people who were photographed beside pools at Acapulco, and the ladies of various nationalities who preyed on them all. (I.S.)

13. I had begun to hate winter and the sight of ruddy, happy faces, the sound of boots on snow, the tinkle of sleigh bells, the bright colors of ski caps. (I.S.)

14. The train wound its way through some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world, soaring peaks, dramatic gorges, high spidery bridges across foaming streams. (I.S.)

15. There was nothing there which could not have used – nothing which she did not long to own. The dainty slippers and stockings, the delicately frilled skirts and petticoats, the laces, ribbons, hair-combs, purses, all touched her with individual

desire, and she felt keenly the fact that not any of these things were in the range of her purchase. (Th.D.)

16. Hurstwood loved to go out and have a good time once in a while – to go to the races, the theatres, the sporting entertainments at some of the clubs. He kept a horse and neat trap, had his wife and two children, who were well established in a neat house on the North Side near Lincoln Park, and was altogether a very acceptable individual of our great American upper class – the first grade below the luxuriously rich. (Th.D.)

17. This wall was filled with photographs, large and small, of varied subjects. Most of the photos had been taken at the ranch. There were shots of longhorn cattle, deer, family pets, and many pictures of family members. (A.B.)

18. This Outer Town was built because of the oil that comes from our desert and brings riches. There were theatres, schools, hospital, libraries, policemen and beautiful women with naked shoulders. (K.S.)

19. Money was not important to either of them but recently they had realized that four children did not live off the air and neither were shoes, schoolbags, dentists' bills, notebooks, winter coats, more shoes, text books, to be found growing in the rushes along the river bank. (M.B.)

20. "It is possible to have five clerks work three months in a law firm and not one of them recognize a young associate?" "Yeah, it's only possible, it's very probable. This is a long shot, remember. Four hundred lawyers means a thousand people when you add secretaries, paralegals, law clerks, office clerks, copy room clerks, all kinds of

clerks and support people. The lawyers tend to keep to themselves in their own little sections.” (J.G.)

21. The marshlands were a marvel of natural evolution. Using the rich sediment as food, they grew into a green paradise of cypress and oak and dense patches of pickerelweed and bulrush and cattails. The water was filled with crawfish, shrimp, oysters, red snappers, flounder, pompano, bream, crabs, and alligators. The coastal plain was a sanctuary for wildlife. (J.G.)

22. He had listened impassively from his seat on the fallen tree. The drink, the dizziness, the passing out, the tears, the hangover, the arrogant behavior of Kerry going down to the shop in the morning ... All those things were capable of some kind of explanation. But why had she given in so readily to the demand for money? Unless she had hoped somehow to pay him off. (M.B.)

23. The liner was a floating resort. On one level there were all sorts of shops, including beauty shops and barber shops, drugstores and boutiques featuring the latest fashions from home and abroad. There was a continuous schedule of activities for guests including dance instruction, exercise classes, art exhibits and lectures, teas, endless meals, games of competition, shuffleboard, and of course, swimming in one of the three pools on *The Jillian*. (V.A.)

24. From what Laura now remembered hearing, Rosa had led a troubled life ... there had been a painful childhood in France, growing up during the war, the loss of her family in the Allied bombing raids, later a volatile marriage to Pierre Lavillard, then emigration to the States in the 1950s, where Philippe was born. Their only child. The

doctor. The prize-winning virologist whom the medical world called a genius.
(B.T.B.)

25. He took photos of clothing, food, furniture, bookshelves, magazine racks. (J.G.)

26. Pacing slowly along one wall with a legal pad in hand, Parrish recited the particulars: background on Patrick; his firm's representation of Benny Aricia; Patrick's death, faked now, of course; his burial; most of the details they'd read in the morning paper Parrish had just laid on the table. (J.G.)

27. Every big trial attracted the regulars – clerks and secretaries from courthouse offices, bored paralegals, retired cops, local lawyers who hung around most of the day, sipping coffee in the clerks' offices, gossiping, examining real estate deeds, waiting for a judge to sign an order, doing anything to stay away from the office – and Patrick attracted all these and more. (J.G.)

28. Along the other side of the green there were shops: a small, expensive grocery, a video store, a store with high-quality kitsch – stoneware, cute gardening tools, stationery, rubber stamps, coffee-table books, Venetian-glass paperweights. (S.M.)

29. It was a traditional Thanksgiving feast and looked like something in a magazine. The turkey was golden honey brown, and there were sweet potatoes with marshmallows, spinach, peas, mashed potatoes, stuffing, cranberry sauce, chestnut puree, and pumpkin and apple pies for dessert. It was everyone's favourite meal of the year. (S.M.)

30. It was the second e-mail she'd sent him that day. "Dear Brad," she began, "well, chaos reigns. Music to my ears. Hair dryers, curling irons, pizzas arriving, Chinese

food, giggling girls, rap music, stereos, TV, ice cream oozing down the counter to the kitchen floor. Zoe's home. And out again, with her friends." (S.M.)

31. I was going to be a doctor's wife and a high-school teacher. But here's how I saw my future: a long, narrow tunnel. A house. Children. Dogs. Money. Lovingly furnished rooms. Everything I wanted, of course, when I got married. (S.M.)

32. I told Sadie a longer version now, about my confusion in running away from Ted, about my staying out of touch with him and my mother for all those months, about my return, my leaving again for Maine, my depression, and then my finding my way – to my work, to her father, to the life that brought us here in the middle of a cold New England night, to this room, this table, this story. (S.M.)

33. At last he had a clew to her interest, and followed it deftly. In a few minutes he had come about into her seat. He talked of sales of clothing, his travels, Chicago, and the amusements of that city. (Th.D.)

34. But there were other things they didn't say, the heartbreak, the agony, the grief of losing a friend, the horror of stepping on a mine, or killing a woman with a baby because you were so scared you couldn't think straight. (D.S.)

35. It had been excruciatingly hot all afternoon, and she was overwhelmed by the sights and smells, the endless noises, the sound of planes, the smell of fuel, and the smoke that burnt her eyes in the Chinese quarter. (D.S.)

36. If divorce had presented itself as the dastardly antithesis of all this, it could easily have been cast onto the other pan of the scales, along with betrayal, illness, thieving, assault and mendacity. (I.McE.)

37. If I lived to be a hundred I won't miss the sickness and disease, the grinding poverty, the cruelty of the politicians, the barbarity of the soldiers. Nor will I miss the droughts, the famine, the violent wars, the wholesale death and destruction on an unimaginable level. (B.T.B.)

38. He stared at it when Karl opened the box at the foot of his bed. He closed his eyes and sucked in the heavenly aroma of black olives, Portobello mushrooms, Italian sausage, green peppers, and six different cheeses. He had eaten a thousand pizzas from Hugo's, especially during the last two years of his old life and he had been dreaming of this one for a week now. (J.G.)

39. So there have been memories leading to theories – theories of infidelity, of illness, of suicide pacts, of jealousy, all these have been suggested to you. Further search could be made as to points if they seem in any way probable. (A.C.)

40. She had everything she wanted from him. Respectability, limited companionship, and the convenience of not unwinding a marriage they had had for years, which it would have bothered her to give up, as much as it would him. (D.S.)

41. By the second week, Brad had fallen in love with Africa itself, the people, the sounds, the smells, the warm nights, the incredible sunrises and sunsets, the light that was impossible to describe. (D.S.)

42. It was a treat to watch him bargain. He would argue, cajole, lose temper, appeal to the seller's better nature, ridicule him, point out the defects of the object in question, threaten never to cross his threshold again, sigh, shrug his shoulders, admonish, start for the door in frowning anger, and when finally he had won his point shake his head sadly as though he accepted defeat with resignation. (W.S.M.)

43. I think when he turned the pages of the *Almanach de Gotha* his heart beat warmly as one name after another brought back to him recollections of old wars, historic sieges, and celebrated duels, diplomatic intrigues, and the love affairs of kings.
(W.S.M.)

IV. Analyze the **emphatic constructions** and speak on their stylistic value:

1. Looking over what I have written so far, it occurs to me that I
r e m e m b e r everything that happened back in '32; it's the order of events that
sometimes gets confused in my head. (S.K.)

2. Extraordinary, one couldn't remember these things. She couldn't even remember
whether she herself had been Molly's bridesmaid. She thought she had. Rather a
smart wedding at the Guards Chapel or something like that. But one *did* forget so.
(A.C.)

3. "Well, I'd have thought it more likely he'd just have shot the General. If he shot
the General and the wife came along, then he'd have had to shoot her too. You read
things like that in books." "Yes," said Mrs Oliver thoughtfully, "one does read all
sorts of things in books." (A.C.)

4. She loved her sister. She loved her with a very deep and protective love. That I do
know. It was she who always asked that her sister should come and make her home
with her. (A.C.)

5. It was pure instinct that made Muriel leap back into the office, slam the door and
lock it behind her. Only when she realized that the screaming she could hear wasn't

just from herself, but from the patients in the waiting room as well, did she become fully aware that this was real, not some kind of nightmarish illusion. (L.P.)

6. It was when she mentioned that Harry's dead brother was one of her heroes that he sucked a cherry pit down his windpipe and nearly choked to death. (J.D.)

7. For a long list of clients, Wong provided guarantees that their business premises and homes were not bugged, their phones untapped, their privacy – from surreptitious electronics – inviolate. With surprising frequency he did discover planted listening devices and when it happened his clients were impressed and grateful. (A.H.)

8. Yet although he was very attractive in a rugged sort of way, it was his passion for gardening that appealed to her most that day. (L.P.)

9. She stood in front of her mirror that night and looked long and hard at herself and for the first time in her life she did see a pretty woman looking back at her. (L.P.)

10. Beth had lived for August so she could be with Suzie, for it was only there in Stratford that she felt free from oppression. It was Suzie who made her believe she was clever. (L.P.)

11. Neither of them benefited by what happened because they both died. So that the people who did profit, were the daughter, Celia, and a younger child, Edward, who I gather is now at a university abroad. (A.C.)

12. The mother was badly affected. She broke down completely and had to go into hospital. They do say she was never the same woman again afterwards. (A.C.)

13. It was with weak knees and a slight catch in her breathing that she came up to the great shoe company at Adams and Fifth Avenue and entered the elevator. (Th.D.)

14. It wasn't the secret – the secret that wasn't a secret anyway – that led to the

austerity in our lives. It was the austerity that led to the secret. (S.M.)

15. Mr. Entwhistle frowned. Cora, of course, was a very stupid woman. She could easily have misinterpreted a phrase, and twisted its meaning. But he did wonder what the phrase could have been ... (A.C.)

16. I was no help to him. I could be no help to him. It was Anne who had the brain he needed. (P.G.)

17. The Mass went on interminably. The queen's attention never wavered, her fingers were never idle on her beads, her eyes were always closed in prayer. Only when the service ended and the priest wiped the chalices in the white cloths and took them away did she give a lingering sigh, as if she had heard something that none of us had ears for. (P.G.)

18. Yet it was the third day of the holiday that meant the most to Beth. Tony took Becky and Louise to Brighton in the morning, so Serena could spend a few hours alone with her sister. (L.P.)

19. It was only since October that she had finally been brought to her knees. And Andrea was convinced she'd get back on her feet eventually. She wanted to do all she could to help her in the meantime. (D.S.)

20. Sometimes I literally could not believe what had happened, it seemed a long nightmare I would wake from soon. And then I did believe, and I started to cry again, to weep for Dana. (S.M.)

21. But he did offer prayers of thanks to somewhere, that he had met Kate. He could so easily have not met her. (M.B.)

22. Yet her mother did seem to understand how much Susan needed her friendship

with Beth. (L.P.)

23. It was during those months that Susan began to notice how attractive their house was. (L.P.)

24. Not only did she live in a lovely home in a pretty village, but her parents were good to her and shared things. (L.P.)

25. On Sunday nights it would be he who was washing and ironing the school uniforms for the morning, just as it was he who did the shopping, the cooking and the cleaning. (L.P.)

26. And it was in those last weeks that she shared all her journals and poems with him. He had always thought he knew his wife, and it was only at the very end that he discovered he hadn't. (D.S.)

V. Discuss the following types of **parallelism** and comment on their functions:

1. There are other things that could have happened that day at Overcliffe. It may have been a double suicide, it could have been a murder, it could have been several other things. (A.C.)

2. They had both made normal wills, leaving in each case, the money to the other partner. The wife left her money to the husband and the husband left his money to his wife. (A.C.)

3. "What an extraordinary thing to say," said Mrs Oliver. "I told you I was done with elephants." "Ah," said Poirot, "but elephants perhaps have not done with you." (A.C.)

4. I've been pursuing elephants madly. Here, there and everywhere. The amount of petrol I have used, the amount of trains I have taken, the amount of letters I have written, the amount of telegrams I've sent – you wouldn't believe how exhausting it all is. (A.C.)

5. Jimbo Doyle was in and instructions were given in crisp barks by Marian. No expense was spared, chimneys were swept, baskets of logs were cut, the best bedding from the Grange Hotel was brought to the Lodge. Some of the antiques that Patrick had admired in the house were also given a new home. Windows were stripped clean of the overhanging ivy; the little garden was dug, a space cleared for Patrick's car, and he was assured that all would be ready when he came back from America with his children. (M.B.)

6. Susan had always loved the garden, the many fruit trees and flowering shrubs, the winding paths she played hopscotch on, the little pond always full of frogs. (L.P.)

7. Lean and tanned, golden and confident, he stood on the parapet of the bridge. (M.B.)

8. "Kerry, why do you like me? Seriously. I'm not joking." Dara's big dark eyes were troubled. "Because I like to be with you. You are beautiful and loving, you are bright and intelligent, and funny. And that's enough for a start, isn't it?" (M.B.)

9. Senator Larkin from Ohio hated Voyles, and Voyles hated Senator Larkin from Ohio. (J.G.)

10. He wondered idly whether she was a poor conversationalist because she got no attention or got no attention because she was poor conversationalist. (F.S.F.)

11. No matter how much he ate and drank his eyes remained clear, his skin an even healthy pink, his gait springy, his moustache bristling with virility. (I.S.)

12. I am terribly romantic, a failing in a man my age, and what was offered I wouldn't have and what I wouldn't have wasn't offered. (I.S.)

13. I wanted to keep the conversation going at any cost, and I wanted to keep the lady in the bar as long as possible. (I.S.)

14. Sam would never see New Orleans, never again eat oysters or red beans and rice, never taste a cold beer or a good coffee. He would never hear jazz or watch artists paint. He would never again fly on a plane or stay in a nice hotel. He would never fish or drive or do a thousand things free people take for granted. (J.G.)

15. Dad was simply having another "bad time". The curtains were drawn; the shades were pulled; the lights were unplugged; the voices were lowered; the television was turned off as the family endured another of Eddie's bad times. (J.G.)

16. The brochure even had a photograph of two young lawyers, jackets off, sleeves rolled up, ties loosened about the neck, sweat in the armpits, eyes filled with compassion. (J.G.)

17. Men mold some cities, some cities mold men. (S.S.)

18. Mel understood these magazines and they understood her. (M.G.)

19. Jimmy never said no to me. He was crazy about me and I was crazy about him. It was never the same after he died. (D.S.)

20. I don't think either Sadie or I had ever lived among so many white folks before, and it was a bit of a shock to us. Of course, we were a bit of a shock to them. (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

21. The teachers are as afraid of the wild bandits who are their pupils as the pupils are afraid of their teachers. (K.S.)

22. My father had insisted on the Kotchi, either to safeguard me from strangers or strangers from me. (K.S.)

23. “I had what they called a “gray area”, a mass that turned up on a mammogram a month ago, just before I tried the Schultz case. I tried it anyway,” which he knew, “and then I took care of business. But business, in this case, is not quite taken care of.” (D.S.)

24. For a long time it had been difficult to decide if he had disappeared on trips because her mother drank, or if she drank because Papa was always gone. Whatever the reason, Deanna was alone. (D.S.)

25. It was nice to be back in London where you didn’t know everyone and everyone didn’t know you. (M.B.)

26. Candles winked, glasses clinked, silent waiters served lavish dishes, and the wine kept coming – champagne, too. (J.P.)

27. “You’re not lucky,” Jack said quietly. “You’re smart. You’re educated. You’re a lot better than I am, and you always will be.” (D.S.)

28. He didn’t bother with a turkey, since he had no one to share it with, and he did not even bother to let any of their friends know he was back in the city. (D.S.)

29. Maybe she should lock the dogs when she drove into the city. She could leave dry dog food and water, lock the door so they wouldn’t bother the cleaning crew and the cleaning crew wouldn’t bother them. It was doable. (F.M.)

30. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and

politics. He was patriotic. (W.S.M.)

31. He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. (W.S.M.)

32. When Grange had finished he ... filled his pipe and lit it, rose from the table and went out on to the veranda. (W.S.M.)

33. It was a year of agony and bliss, of fear and thrill. (W.S.M.)

34. No thought passed through their minds. No words issued from their lips. (W.S.M.)

35. Christ, how I hate this country. I hate that river. I hate this house. I hate that damned rubber. (W.S.M.)

36. It was lovely to be married; it was lovely to have nothing to do from morning till night ... It was lovely to think one hadn't got to bother about one's future. (W.S.M.)

37. She had to stay – or starve; and Norman had to keep her – or hang. (W.S.M.)

38. You declared war. And now we're going to make France a decent country. We're going to put order into it. We're going to teach you to work. (W.S.M.)

39. Her face hard, her eyes hostile, she stood against the wall and watched him. (W.S.M.)

40. His only beauty is the intelligence that shines in his face, his his only strength is the greatness of his soul. (W.S.M.)

41. And then when he grows older I'll teach him all I know. I'll teach him to ride and I'll teach him to shoot ... I'll teach him to fish; I'm going to be the proudest father in the world. (W.S.M.)

42. It seemed to her that she'd done the same damned thing day after day for ever and it frightened her to think that she'd have to go on doing the same damned thing day after day for ever more. (W.S.M.)

43. When these things would fall upon Drouet's ears, he would straighten himself a little more stiffly and eat with solid comfort. If he had any vanity, this augmented it, and if he had any ambition, this stirred it. He would be able to flash a roll of greenbacks too some day. As it was, he could eat where *they* did. (Th.D.)

44. Her day of love and the mysteries of courtship were still ahead. She could think of things she would like to do, of clothes she would like to wear, and of places she would like to visit. (Th.D.)

45. His wife had died, his daughter hated him, or thought she did, his son had died years before. He was alone in the world with no one to love him, or care about what he did. (D.S.)

46. She took the long trip back to Deerfield again, and rode to Shelburne as often as she could to watch them build her house, log by log, piece by piece, bit by bit, as they fitted it magically together. And they had been as good as their word. (D.S.)

47. She would sit back and watch, saying very little but hearing everything. And there had been a great deal to see and hear, whether she was observing her brother Dylan, the rebel, her father, the composer and conductor; or her mother, the artist. (B.T.B.)

48. It was a lovely room at any time, but especially so at night, with the candles burning, the silk-shaded lamps glowing and the fire blazing in the hearth. There was a welcoming warmth here, and a great deal of love. (B.T.B.)

49. When Judd had first seen Burke, he had wondered whether the executive had

- created his stereotyped image, or whether the image had created the executive. (S.S.)
50. Patrick could've picked up a hitchhiker from Australia, a hobo from parts unknown, a drifter from a bus station. (J.G.)
51. The damned reporters beat them to the courthouse. They wanted to be on the front row, near the table where the defendant always sat. They wanted to see him, to make eye contact, to whisper threats and vulgarities, if at all possible, to spit as much bile as they could in this civilized setting. (J.G.)
52. "Please try and understand that my client is a very frightened man right now. I'm here acting on his behalf. He's been stalked for over four years. He's been caught. He hears voices we don't hear. He sees shadows we don't see. He's convinced people will try to kill him, and he expects me to protect him." (J.G.)
53. She was their doll, their toy, their beloved. (S.M.)
54. When I came back, I announced, "If I thought I caused their antagonism to each other, I'd kill myself. If I thought I seemed *elusive* to my children, I'd kill myself." (S.M.)
55. It wasn't the secret – the secret that wasn't a secret anyway – that led to the austerity in our lives. It was the austerity that led to the secret. (S.M.)
56. He looked as moved to see her as she was to see him. (D.S.)
57. "For Pam, it's all about status and prestige, who you know, what other people think, what clubs you belong to, what parties you get invited to. (D.S.)
58. "Take care of yourself. I worry about you." He looked down at her with concern, and she looked up at him with a brave smile. (D.S.)

59. He had been too obsessed with Debbie to ever cheat on her, although she had cheated on him, and he had been devastated by it when he found out. (D.S.)

60. Without tidy clothes I couldn't get a decent job, without a job I didn't have any money to buy them. (L.P.)

VI. Analyze the **question** parts in the following sentences, state their type and comment on their stylistic effect:

1. Did he not wish too that he could take his son back to Mountfern? No, Patrick's father must have felt no such thing. (M.B.)

2. "I'd have thought you'd be very put out. Isn't that all your kind of business that he's going to be taking?" Kate said, avoiding the look of caution that her husband was trying to beam at her. Marian tossed her head. "Heavens no, isn't it all to the good, isn't it going to build the whole thing up for all of us? They're going to want horses. Apparently I'll be expanding all that side of our business. It's going to change the whole place." (M.B.)

3. "You know the way it is sometimes. There seems no point in anything. Anything at all," Michael said. "Do I know how it is? Of course I know how it is. I feel that way most of the time." (M.B.)

4. So I howled at the very first lash, and one lash was all I got. I'm into surviving, and I can see when I'm licked. What's the sense in getting licked, if you don't have to?" (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

5. Harry glanced at the front door. Who was this guy? FBI? Checking him out, making sure he was unarmed and alone? (A.F.)

6. The way Andy looked at me – frozen for an eternal moment – what was it? It wasn't hate. Was it shock? Was it disbelief? Or, was it pity – for me? Or forgiveness? (J.C., M.V.H.)

7. What have I seen and lived through? Wars in which millions of the innocent perished, holocausts, droughts, failures of all kinds, corruption in high places, the enrichment of thieves, the geometric multiplication of victims. (I.S.)

8. I know it sounds like I lived in my office, but I did make room in my life for relaxation. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have lived this long. (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

9. It's only now that I'm telling anyone about how I helped Cousin Daisy. I never told anyone at the time, except Bessie. (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

10. John sighed. Every day he realized more how much of the running of the household Kate had done. Had he been properly grateful? No of course he had not. He had taken it for granted. (M.B.)

11. What could Jonathan possibly have done to make the FBI place him and, as a consequence, her, under their microscope? And why would her own life be in danger? Did the agents think she knew something damaging about Jonathan? Lucy finished the coffee in her cup. (F.M.)

12. She promised him that she had been happy with him for the years they shared, which only made his guilt worse. How could she have been happy with a man who was never there, and paid almost no attention to her? He knew what he had been guilty of and why he had done it. He had been obsessed with his empire, his achievements, and his own doings. (D.S.)

13. And whenever he woke from that dream, he felt panicked. How could he have done that to her? Why had he left so often? Why had his own pursuits always seemed so important? Why didn't he listen? (D.S.)

14. Philippe Lavillard had realized when he walked into Claire's bedroom that Claire and his mother had made their peace. Why does understanding always come too late? He wondered to himself. Why does it always have to be a catastrophic event that brings people together? (B.T.B.)

15. Other dreams were intriguing musings of the return home. Who would be there to greet him? Would the Gulf air feel and smell the same? When would he return, in what season? How many friends would seek him, and how many would avoid him? He could think of a handful of people he wanted to see, but he was not sure if they wanted to see him. Was he a leper now? Or celebrity to be embraced? Probably neither. (J.G.)

16. I was glad, when the music started, to sink into it and my own thoughts ... Of Mother and her curious, proud, and lonely life. Did she regret it? Any of it? Did she sense the end of it closing in on her and wish she'd done things she hadn't? Wish she'd gone places she should not have gone? Or was it enough for her to have done steadily and honorably and carefully and thoroughly all the things she'd undertaken to do? Perhaps it was. My heart ached for her, suddenly. (S.M.)

17. I was wondering again that she could have thought I didn't know this, especially after Fred was told. Did she not understand the hard currency of painful knowledge that siblings paid each other off in? Did she not understand how everything slowly – or quickly – rises to the surface in family life? (S.M.)

18. She should never have discussed Susan and her case with Roy, it was totally unprofessional. She felt ashamed she'd gone to Luddington to look for Liam with him, and even more angry with herself for asking him to check on Zoe Fremantle. Why couldn't she have anticipated that it might cause a conflict of interests? (L.P.)

19. She had operated a candy store until she got sick, after which she mostly slept or sat by the window, looking frail and weak. Sometimes she would yell out for her son to get her some medicine, and young Morrie, playing stickball in the street, would pretend he did not hear her. In his mind he believed he could make the illness go away by ignoring it. How else can a child confront death? (M.A.)

20. The murdered supervisor had two teenage sons whom she had been raising alone. Who was going to take care of them now? Suppose something happened to me, Kerry thought. Where would Robin go? Surely not to her father; she would not be happy, not welcome, in his new household. (M.H.C.)

21. "But I would have him see no-one and speak to no-one but me, and those I could trust. And who can I trust?" I shook my head. "You – perhaps. George – always. Father – usually. Mother – sometimes, Uncle Howard – if it suits him." (P.G.)

22. "You know what I think? I think you should go home. We all have our limits here. All of us." (D.S.)

23. "That's why I'm here. I want to know the truth." "The truth?" He looked at her cynically. "The truth is, it's hopeless." It was what she'd suspected all along, what Peter had thought all along. Before the place had killed him. (D.S.)

24. “One *small* bag!” he shrieked, as the words echoed down the stairs. “Do you have any idea what this thing weighs? It must weigh four hundred pounds if it weighs an ounce.” (D.S.)

25. The way Andy looked at me – frozen for an eternal moment – what was it? It wasn’t hate. Was it shock? Was it disbelief? Or, was it pity – for me? Or forgiveness? (J.C., M.V.H.)

26. Steven gave her a long, cool look. “It’s good to find you’ve got a heart tucked away under those designer clothes. I’d begun to doubt it.”

Leaning her elbows on her desk and supporting her head in her hands, she thought about Steven’s last remark to her... But what had started people seeing her that way? Was it her manner? Or did she do something which created an image that never left her? Did she inherit it from her father? He was after all the best example of real heartlessness she knew. (L.P.)

27. For years, I had been asking Sam to tell me her story. I wanted to hear it, and record it for my own children to hear. And now here it was. Had she known what was going to happen to her? Had she been feeling sick? (J.P.)

VII. Indicate the type of the **repetitions** and speak on their stylistic value:

1. I hated good-byes, especially when I said good-bye to people I really loved. It gave me an empty feeling that started in my stomach, and then spread all over until I felt like a shadow of myself. Each good-bye diminishes me a little, I thought. Some part of me leaves along with the person I love, too. And there’s always that horrid feeling that I might have said good-bye forever without realizing it. (A.V.C.)

2. There's always a letdown after something as big as this, honey. But there will be other good times, many, many other good times. (A.V.C.)

3. I was not a crying child except when it came to being treated badly because of my race, like when they wouldn't serve us at the drugstore counter. In those instances I would go home and sit on my bed and weep and weep and weep, the tears streaming down my face. (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

4. Negroes, more than anyone, need to make sure they vote, to make themselves heard in the system. We've come a long, long way in a short, short time since slavery days, and there ain't no use in quitting now. (S.L.D., A.E.D.)

5. My cousin Aishe waved to me. She was walking hand in hand with Nino Kipiani, and Nino Kipiani was the most beautiful girl in the world. When I told the girls of my geographical battle, 'the most beautiful girl in the world' looked down the most beautiful nose in the world and said: "Ali Khan, you are stupid." (K.S.)

6. "Did Hewitt have any children?" "Nope. The report has him as unmarried, unemployed, un-everything." (J.K.)

7. Patrick was eight when he heard that the Ferns' house had been burned down. There was no O'Neill around to watch the flames lick through the windows of this house, the house which had held the family and brought them down. (M.B.)

8. "If you knew how many times I dreamed of this, and often I had to say it aloud to myself, you know like a chant or a prayer, It will happen; it will." He looked at them both with an engaging smile. "Now I almost have to tell myself it has happened, it has happened." He looked so boyish and delighted it was hard not to like him. (M.B.)

9. Fergus was old-fashioned, he wanted things to remain the same. The same kind of quiet practice, the same kind of food. He didn't like moving on, cutting losses. He didn't at all like the notion of a stage-Irish bar across the Fern. (M.B.)

10. There were never quite enough hours in the day for all the form-filling, document-signing, telephoning, crating, packing, sorting, and deciding what had to be done. (M.B.)

11. This is a dangerous damned place. You don't realize it at first, at first you think it's only a boring place, about as dangerous as a nursery school at naptime, but it's dangerous all right. (S.K.)

12. He could see now why his countrymen back home had achieved nothing, *nothing*. No wonder their economy was so pathetic, so shabby. (M.B.)

13. She stared at him with hard, hard eyes. (W.S.M.)

14. I know all the best pearls in the world and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing. (W.S.M.)

15. And what would our life be with that child between us, your child, a German child? Big like you, and blond like you, and blue-eyed like you. (W.S.M.)

16. Others may despise me, I will never do anything that can make me despise myself. You are my enemy and you will always be my enemy. (W.S.M.)

17. "The beast," she cried. "Lies, lies, lies. And I was weak enough to be almost sorry for him." (W.S.M.)

18. It was true life was difficult, so difficult sometimes that she felt she just couldn't cope with it. (W.S.M.)

19. All day I pray with her and when I leave her I pray again, I pray with all my

might and main, so that Jesus may grant her his great mercy. (W.S.M.)

20. Do you mean to say you don't want money, big money, money running into millions? (W.S.M.)

20. Discussion turned into argument and argument to altercation. (W.S.M.)

21. And that's all I've got to look forward to till I die - till I die without a doctor to take care of me, without a friend to hold my hand. (W.S.M.)

22. For three days he could not leave Soissons and for three days, three days and three nights, he thought of Annette and the child she would bear. (W.S.M.)

23. Is that - what we come into the world for, to hurry to an office, and work hour after hour till night, then hurry home and dine and go to the theatre? Is that how I must spend my youth? (W.S.M.)

25. "I think he and the hotel are going to take all our trade." Fergus was silent. "So I just wanted your advice. I was thinking of all kinds of things we might do. I mean I could do anything. *Anything!*" (M.B.)

26. "But you're only saying what I know. I know you love me." He was smiling a huge smile of pleasure. (M.B.)

27. "It was a terrible accident, that's what it was. An accident," he called after them into the night. (M.B.)

28. The heckling, praying, singing, chanting and screaming grew louder, and the riot police inched closer together. (J.G.)

29. "My mother never told my father the truth about me. We've been living a lie all this time, and now she has taken me from him and brought me here to live with a man twenty years younger than she is. More lies. Everything is lies, lies, lies!" (V.A.)

30. “Why were you crying?” “My daddy’s not the same, Troy. He has a new wife.” Troy fluttered his eyelashes. I could almost hear his thought. “You have another mommy?” “No. She’s not my mommy; *never, never, never!*” (V.A.)

31. But maybe I could find another world, a world very different from Farthy, and bring my child into that world. If only I could, if only I could, if only I could. I chanted it like a prayer in rhythm with the train’s wheels. (V.A.)

32. To Laura, Paris was a city full of nostalgia and memories, memories happy and sad ... so much had happened to her here. (B.T.B.)

33. It was hard to believe it had all come to an end. Ten years in London gone, finished, closed and suddenly behind him. (D.S.)

34. And he found himself thinking on the way down, as Monique chattered on, what messes most people made of their lives. Cheating on each other, telling lies, marrying the wrong woman or man, losing respect, losing hope, losing heart. It seemed miraculous to him now that anyone managed to make it work and stayed married. (D.S.)

35. He took their money. Their millions. Money they had already spent long before it arrived, as only lawyers can do. Money for their richly renovated office building Biloxi. Money for their new homes, yachts, condos in the Caribbean. (J.G.)The money was on the way, approved, the papers signed, orders entered; they could see it, smell it, almost touch it when their dead partner snatched it at the last possible second. (J.G.)

36. There were dozens of lawyers Patrick could turn to now, bigger lawyers with more death penalty experience, connected lawyers on the Coast with local clout,

lawyers in bigger firms with more resources, and, undoubtedly, lawyers who'd been closer friends than Sandy had been for the past eight years. (J.G.)

37. "What do they want?" "Pictures of you. Pictures of me. Pictures they can put in the newspapers when they talk about Patrick and all the bad things he's done." (J.G.)

38. "Everybody wants this guy alive. Think about it. Everybody. Feds. The lawyers. The cops. The guy whose money got stolen. Everybody." (J.G.)

39. She was one of those children possessed by a desire to have the world just so. Whereas her big sister's room was a stew of unclosed books, unfolded clothes, unmade bed, unemptied ashtrays, Briony's was a shrine to her controlling demon ... (I.McE.)

40. On the face of it, Arabella, whose hair was as dark as Briony's, was unlikely to be descended from freckled parents, or elope with a foreign freckled count, rent a garret room from a freckled innkeeper, lose her heart to a freckled prince and be married by a freckled vicar before a freckled congregation. But all this was to be so. (I.McE.)

41. But I still needed a job. Any job. Any job but waitressing, I told myself. I was done with that. (S.M.)

41. She'd run away, of course. She'd vanished. And now, now that she was gone we began to get the explanations. Every day, there was new gossip. Tony Z was so jealous that she couldn't even go shopping with a friend. He'd monitored her phone calls. He'd had her followed. He'd sometimes parked all night outside her house; when she looked out she could see his cigarette glowing in the car. He'd his her a few times. And now she was gone. She'd escaped. (S.M.)

42. Now I realized that I just hadn't liked the people I met.

I liked this. I liked the ease these people had with each other. In particular I liked Dana, her generosity, the warm attentiveness that I felt like a bright light on me. (S.M.)

43. I didn't want to think of myself either, of what I would do next, *after this*. Since it suddenly seemed there might be an *after this*. Instead I tried to keep busy. (S.M.)

44. "But pain may be a gift to us. To us, and to that child. Remember, after all, that pain is one of the ways we register in memory the things that vanish, that are taken away. We fix them in our minds forever by yearning, by pain, by crying out. Pain, the pain that seems unbearable at the time, is memory's first imprinting step, the cornerstone of the temple we erect inside us in memory of the dead. Pain is part of memory, and memory is a God-given gift." "Loss brings pain. Yes. But pain triggers memory. And memory is a kind of new birth, within each of us. And it is that new birth after long pain, that resurrection – in *memory* – that, to our surprise, perhaps, comforts us. (S.M.)

45. Though their marriage had never been violent, it had been lived – in a continual state of divorce – threats of divorce, plans for divorce, filings for divorce, retreat from divorce, negotiations for divorce, vows to avoid divorce. (J.G.)

46. And Lon paled then, remembering. Remembering what had been said so long ago. Remembering what Allie's mother had said. (N.S.)

47. "One way or another in the next year or two you're bound to get married." "Why?" "Because people do. Because you're fairly good-looking. Because you're going to seem like a rich young man. Because some girl will want you as her husband and will pick the right moment to make her move. Because as you've told me, you've

had enough of being lonely. Because you'll finally want children. Does all that sound reasonable?" (I.S.)

48. "Say you just happened to be strolling through the Piazza Navona by accident. At night. If the subject comes up." He stared thoughtfully at the fountain. "Dwarfing, isn't it?" "What's dwarfing?" "Those big girls. That's one of the reasons I prefer Rome to New York, say. Here you're dwarfed by art and religion, not by the steel and glass fantasies of insurance companies and stockbrokers." (I.S.)

49. There's an account I handle in the office. A small new company. A couple of very smart young guys. Two kids out of MIT. They are on to something. Something that can be very big. Big, *big*. (I.S.)

50. "I love Harry. And I love this house and this way of life. I love the people and the country." "You love the romance. You love what you *think* is real. You so very conveniently love exactly what your parents want so you can become a duchess ..."
(J.D.)

51. But not long after I came back to the States, I had money problems of my own. The Depression was getting deeper and deeper, and money got tighter and tighter.
(S.L.D., A.E.D.)

52. And when she had learned how to propel the bloody thing with her weak arms and learned how to lift her wasted legs out of it and onto some hideous-looking lavatory bowl, they would say she was cured and send her home. Cured! Cured to go home a cripple and watch this Mary Donnelly, whoever she was, taking Kate's place.
(M.B.)

53. Sister Laura couldn't bear it when she heard people speaking badly of him. It was

only envy, envy of a man who had done so well and come home to spend his money where his father had been nobody. (M.B.)

54. “How about it, Mr. Sallinger? Can you explain Rosenberg’s dissent?” Instantly from the fourth row, Sallinger said, “No sir.” “I see. Might that be because you haven’t read Rosenberg’s dissent?” “It might. Yes sir.” “And why not?” “Because I try not to read dissents. Especially Rosenberg’s.”

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Sallinger had opted to fight back, but he had no ammo. (J.G.)

55. They stopped at the bank, and Darby left with fifteen thousand in cash. Carrying the money scared her. Linney scared her. White and Blazewich suddenly scared her. (J.G.)

56. “Point two. You know a little more about money.” “Where does money come into it?” said Mrs Oliver, in some surprise. “It does not come into it,” said Poirot. “That is what is so interesting. Money usually comes in. Money someone got as a result of it. Money somewhere causing difficulties, causing trouble, causing covetousness and desire.” (A.C.)

57. He was always at home, sitting reading the paper, pottering around in the garden, checking their mother’s household accounts and berating her for extravagance. (L.P.)

58. “Things *will* be hard. You don’t have to want them to,” I said. “Yeah, Nora said. “Hard is easy to get. It’s when you want things to be good, when you *want* all sweetness and light, that you understand what’s really hard.” (S.M.)

59. Believe that the aim of life is to have a nice time, go to nice places and meet nice people. (Now: to have a nice time means to have two more drinks daily than you can

carry; nice places are the halls of great hotels, intimate little clubs, night clubs and private houses with large radiograms and no bookshelves; nice people are those who say silly things in good English – nasty people are those who drop clever remarks as well as their aitches.) (G.M.)

60. The Preston-Greys lived at Hatters Green in Sussex. Identical twins – usual kind of history of that kind of twin. Cut their first tooth the same day – both got scarlet fever the same month – wore the same kind of clothes – fell in love with the same kind of man – got married about the same time – both husbands in the Army. (A.C.)

VIII. Indicate the type of **climax** and **anticlimax**. Pay attention to their structure and the semantics of the components.

1. The train wound its way through some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world, soaring peaks, dramatic gorges, high spidery bridges across foaming streams. The sun shone brightly over it all in a clear blue sky. I appreciated none of it. (I.S.)

2. Dread at her own inefficiency crept upon her. She would not be quick enough. Had not all the other places refused her because she did not know something or other? She would be scolded, abused, ignominiously discharged. (Th.D.)

3. You see, everyone, my brother and sister, teachers, neighbours, pitied me. I used to see it in their faces. That saps your ambition, it weakens your resolve, and it makes you feel worthless. (L.P.)

4. “I will. I have to.” She had promised her father’s memory. She had promised him before that. She had sworn she would make him proud of her and follow in his footsteps. (D.S.)

5. She had learned a long time since that it was very dangerous to love someone completely. She had learned that lesson a long time before with the man (her father) she’d loved so deeply, the man who’d been everything to her, and then it was all over in a single moment, when his plane crashed. (D.S.)

6. Life that had once had been as simple and pleasing as a child’s storybook tale was now so complicated and hard. I hated it here, *hated it!* I hated being in this dress preparing for this rehearsal, hated the idea that I would be a bridesmaid at my own mother’s wedding, hated this house, and the servants, and the grounds, and. ...

“Hi. Are you ready?” (V.A.)

7. I clenched my hands into fists to grind away my tears and then I looked about my room. I looked at all the things I had that reminded me of Daddy, looked at his picture, looked at the models of ships. It was over. This life I had known had passed on into that empty night below. (V.A.)

8. She had bought her clothes, her terribly expensive shoes, the knockout beach gear. (M.B.)

9. Quinn Thompson was a man whom many admired, some feared, a few hated, sometimes with good reason. (D.S.)

10. And when John and Mary got engaged, they assumed, that it was a shotgun marriage, which it wasn’t, and that it would be in a Roman Catholic Church full of

images of saints and the Virgin, which it was. And they said they couldn't come to the wedding. (M.B.)

11. A more courageous woman would have told him to forget it. A tougher woman would have told him in no uncertain terms what he could do with this halfhearted offer. Frankie was neither brave nor tough. (M.B.)

12. "I had a friend in New York, a great friend. She was going to come here and run the Greener Grass with me. You know, a joint enterprise. Then she said she'd join me later. Then she said she needed thinking time. Then she said she'd write." They walked in silence: there seemed no need to say anything. (M.B.)

13. An idea, a terrible idea was forming itself in her mind. (W.S.M.)

14. We didn't do badly in Cairo and I think we made money in India, but Burma wasn't much good, and Siam was worse; Penang was a disaster and so were the rest of the Malay States. (W.S.M.)

15. She hated him, yes, God, how she hated him ... (W.S.M.)

16. I love him. I love him with all my heart and soul. (W.S.M.)

17. Hans gave a great cry, the cry of an animal wounded to death. (W.S.M.)

18. When I went on board I found Mr. Kelada's luggage already below. I did not like the look of it ... I did not at all like Mr. Kelada. (W.S.M.)

19. Mrs. Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little ... Mr. Kelada flushed ... He flushed deeply. (W.S.M.)

20. There's only one thing I ask for you; leave me alone with my disgrace. Go, go – for God's sake go and never come back. (W.S.M.)

21. Oh, Christ, how I hate this country ... I loath the filthy natives. (W.S.M.)

22. Mr. O'Neill thought he would be out of the lodge and into his new castle in a year but he didn't understand about the way things were done here. It would be several years. And in that time Olive Hayes could gather a small fortune, enough to take her to New Zealand, and to give her sister's order a financial contribution which would make her a welcome visitor for as long as she wanted to stay. Indeed she thought sometimes that if the weather was as good as her sister wrote it was, and if she liked it there, she might stay altogether. But these were only half-formed plans and nobody except Sheila Whelan in the post office had any inkling of them. She hadn't told that bossy Marian Johnson who hired her, and she certainly wouldn't tell that crook Jack Coyne. She closed the door after him and went to refill the coffee pot. (M.B.)

23. Kerry told her little about school, less about his father and nothing about their life as it used to be in America. (M.B.)

24. She had mothered and bossed and bullied the old man for years. In return she had received a courteous fearful attention from him. (M.B.)

25. At first the words came in little bursts of phrasing, then in whole sentences, then in a torrent. (S.K.)

26. It was a dispiriting drive. The back of the car was filled with Kerry's stuff, they couldn't give a lift to any of the girls they saw on the road even if they had wanted to. Which Kerry didn't. (M.B.)

27. Dara walked toward it slowly. Was she being very cheap, very easy-to-get by going with him right away? He hadn't written. Not once. Not even a card. (M.B.)

28. "Kate, you know ..." "I know nothing. I'm scared sick about this café I've talked them all into doing. I don't want to make John into some kind of clown doing party

pieces for Americans, the next thing we'll have his cap on the floor and ask them to throw dimes into it. I don't want the boys to be serving cakes and potato bread in case their friends call them sissies. I don't want Michael to be besotted by Grace with her honeyed words and smiles. I don't want that bloody Kerry O'Neill raising his little finger and taking the clothes off my daughter, my beautiful Dara, and then throwing her aside ... So now tell me about the wonderful trouble-free family life I have."

(M.B.)

29. She had been in all the rooms, and felt confident she could feel around in the darkness. The confidence was gone. Vanished. Replaced with trembling fear. (J.G.)

30. "I want to personally deliver the paper to Coal. I want to knock on his door at midnight, see him in his pajamas, and flash the paper in his face. Then I want to tell him I'll be back with a grand jury, and shortly after that I'll be back with an indictment. And shortly after that, I'll be back with the handcuffs." (J.G.)

31. "She was a widow, I think. Used to borrow money from them, I think, too." "Did you like her?" "Well, if you don't mind my saying so, ma'am, no, didn't like her. I disliked her very much." (A.C.)

32. She said she thought the wife came to London and consulted a doctor and had an operation and then came home and was very miserable, and her husband was very upset about her. So of course he shot her and himself. (A.C.)

33. Patrick beat him with a violence he didn't even know he possessed. With every blow he grunted and spat out more rage. *This* was for false smiles and the drinks after a day spent cheating. *This* was for letting Patrick fire an innocent Italian two months back. *This* was for the sleazy shabby way the goods were stolen taking them out in

trash cans and coming back later to root among the garbage and remove the good bottles of liquor. *This* was for taking a bonus last Christmas, and *this*, the hardest blow of all, had been for being an Irishman and doing it all to another Irishman. (M.B.)

34. The money was on the way, approved, the papers signed, orders entered; they could see it, smell it, almost touch it when their dead partner snatched it at the last possible second. (J.G.)

35. He could've been grabbed by the shadows from his past, tortured, killed, buried in the jungle. (J.G.)

36. "Look, Lance, we've picked up some pretty serious tips that you're in the market for a trigger." "Lies, lies, total lies." (J.G.)

37. "My job was to find it. I tried, I got paid, I've closed the file." (J.G.)

38. He could live in a country he loved, in a pleasant little town he adored. (J.G.)

39. He was always forgiving, never critical, and fiercely loyal. (D.S.)

40. Between then and now he had restored the company's fortune, enlarged it to a spectacular conglomerate, thrice split its shares, and quadrupled its dividend. (A.H.)

41. It's not a big deal. It's not even a medium-sized deal. If it's any sort of deal at all, it's a teeny weeny teeny tiny one. (M.G.)

42. To noone's surprise, the widest planks in his platform had been more jails, longer sentences and an unwavering affinity for the death penalty. (J.G.)

43. The demon of choice confronted her then, teased her, challenged her. (N.S.)

44. Gino saw. Gino wanted. Gino got. (J.C.)

45. The happy couple honeymooned in India, lived for three months in Athens, and

divorced in Paris ... (J.C.)

46. The diagnosis was that he had suffered acute trauma; and that aside from the burns and broken legs, the main damage and the one bearing the closest watching had been a severe concussion. He could recover from it fully, partially, or not at all. (A.F.)

47. But I must wait. For this I feel dimly: whoever may win this war – danger is building up for us, drawing closer, a danger greater than all the Czar's conquests put together. Therefore enough men must be left in our country to fight this future enemy when he invades our town, our country, our continent. (K.S.)

48. He had abandoned her. He had failed her completely. In six weeks he had negated everything they'd ever shared, denied anything they'd ever felt, and destroyed all the hope and respect they had built in seventeen years together. And the promise of "for better or worse, in sickness and in health" had been completely forgotten. (D.S.)

49. According to Gus, Jay was charming one minute, explosive and demanding the next and drove everyone he worked with crazy. (D.Stew.)

50. Shortly after parking on a shaded crest overlooking the forest, the two of them got high, made love, talked, argued, fought, raged and finally clawed at one another. (J.K.)

51. The long wires of the telegraph-poles doubled; two tracks ran up beside the train – three – four; came a succession of white-roofed houses, a glimpse of a trolley-car with frosted windows, streets – more streets – the city. (F.S.F.)

52. She had decided that next time she saw Gordon their relations were going to be changed. She would say something that would change them. There was this evening.

This was her evening. All evenings were her evenings. (F.S.F.)

53. “Willy, listen to me. Would you have called Bessie a “dear, sweet old girl?”

Willy did not take his eyes off the screen. “No. Never. Not on the best day of her life.” (M.H.C.)

54. I’ve had ten telexes from San Francisco this week about some Greenseed who must be someone’s nephew. They don’t want him up north. They don’t want him out of Saigon. They don’t want him to get hurt. They don’t want him anywhere, except high tea at the palace. (D.S.)

55. “Perhaps like all men, I like the danger. Paxton, don’t let me lie to you. We all like to play with guns, to pretend we have an enemy, to take a hill away from a friend, or a house, or a mountain ... or a country.” (D.S.)

56. She knew too many of those horror stories from Viet Cong who talked about the way they treated prisoners, and one GI who had escaped and talked to her several months before. But at least he wouldn’t be dead. At least there would be hope. Maybe. (D.S.)

57. He was a man who had known pain, and had survived. He had made his peace with it, but like everyone else, at a price. A high price. (D.S.)

58. “And what is money when all is said and done,” said Tim Brady, who had spent all his working hours, weeks and years, advising people about money and nothing else. (M.B.)

59. The king, the court, the whole country knew that a boy must be born to the queen, and born soon. (P.G.)

60. George strolled into the room and kneeled before the queen with his easy grace.

“Your Majesty,” he said. “I have come to visit the fairest lady in Kent, in England and the world.” (P.G.)

61. *We didn't know what would happen next:* that was our great gift. The gift of youth. The thing we miss, it seems to me, no matter what we've made of our lives, as we get older. When we do know what will happen next. And next and next, and then last. (S.M.)

IX. Comment on the structure and functions of **suspense** in the following examples:

1. Olive Hayes had no relations left except a sister who was a nun in New Zealand. She had always dreamed of going out to spend a winter in the South Island. If she worked for Mr. O'Neill, if she let her little place behind Meagher's jewelry to this building fellow who needed a place in Mountfern, if she continued her making of curtains and any other dressmaking she could manage, then she would have the fare in a year. (M.B.)

2. The crowd was larger and rowdier than in recent years. Things were more tense. Violence had become common. Abortion clinics had been bombed. Doctors had been attacked and beaten. One was killed in Pensacola, gagged and bound into the fetal position and burned with acid. Street fights were weekly events. Churches and priests had been abused by militant gays. White supremacists operated from a dozen known, shadowy parliamentary organizations, and had become bolder in their attacks on blacks, Hispanics, and Asians. Hatred was now America's favorite pastime. (J.G.)

3. “We judge each other on who we are, what we think, what we believe, what we stand for, what we *do*, not the color of each other’s skin. (D.S.)

4. She wanted to know what it was like over there, why they wanted to go back, why they hated it or loved it, the essence of it and what it meant to them, but as she listened to them, she wasn’t sure she understood them. They talked about what a bitch of a place it was, about what bastards the VC were, about how Charlie had killed their friends, and in the same breath they spoke of the country’s beauty, the mountains, the streams, the green of the hills, the stink, the smells, the perfume, the women, the whores, the friends they loved, the buddies they’d lost, the danger. It was hard to make head or tail of it unless you’d been there. And they seemed to have an odd respect for the enemy and their fierce loyalty to their cause, how hard they fought, how tireless they were, how they never gave up until they died. It was an odd kind of respect for their opponents. They talked about Charly a lot, and about what jerks their COs were, how they never knew what in hell was going on. And more importantly, how there was no way America could win the war in Viet Nam. (D.S.)

5. They did not lecture me about the role I was to play. Cunningly they waited for me to come to them and tell them that it was beyond me. I said nothing while my clothes were moved from one end of the palace to the other. I said nothing when the whole court packed and moved to the king’s favourite place, Eltham in Kent, for the spring. I said nothing when my husband rode beside me during the progress and talked to me kindly of the weather and the condition of my horse, which was Jane Parker’s, lent under protest, as her contribution to the family ambition. But when I had George and

Anne to myself in the garden at Eltham Palace, I said to George, “I don’t think I can do this.” (P.G.)

6. Henry Percy of Northumberland went to Wolsey at York and said that he was charged with treason and must travel the long road back to London and stay not in his wonderful palace of Hampton Court which now belonged to the king, not in his beautiful London home of York Place which was now renamed Whitehall and belonged to Anne; instead he was to go, like a traitor, to the Tower and wait for his trial, as others had gone before him and taken the short walk to the scaffold. (Ph.G.)

7. George had told us all his news over dinner and he wanted to know everything that had happened since he had been away from court. I noticed that Anne was careful what she told him. She did not tell him that she could not go into the City without an armed guard. She did not tell him that in the country she had to ride swiftly through peaceful little villages. She did not tell him that the night after Cardinal Wolsey had died she had designed and danced in a masque entitled “Sending the Cardinal to Hell” which had shocked everyone who saw it by its tasteless triumphing over the king’s dead friend and its outright bawdiness. She did not tell him that Bishop Fisher had nearly died of poison. When she did not tell him these things I knew, as I had in truth known before, that she was ashamed of the woman that she was becoming. She did not want George to know how deep this canker of ambition had spread inside her. She did not want him to know that she was not his beloved little sister any more but a woman who had learned to throw everything, even her mortal soul, into the battle to become queen. (Ph.G.)

8. He started a project called Greenhouse, where poor people could receive mental health services. He read books to find new ideas for his classes, visited with colleagues, kept up with old students, wrote letters to distant friends. He took more time eating and looking at nature and wasted no time in front of TV sitcoms of “Movies of the Week”. He had created a cocoon of human activities – conversation, interaction, affection – and it filled his life like an overflowing soup bowl. (M.A.)

9. For now, when I was about to begin my adult life, father had to instruct son in the wisdom of life, formally and in public. It was touching and a bit old fashioned. “My son, now that life begins for you I have to remind you once more a Muslim’s duties. We are living here in the country of unbelievers. If we are not to perish we must keep the old customs, and our way of life. Pray often, my son, do not drink alcohol, do not kiss strange women, be good to the poor and the frail, and always be prepared to draw your sword for our faith. If you die on the battlefield, I, the old man, will mourn you, but if you live dishonorably, I, the old man, will be ashamed. Do not forgive your enemies, we are not Christians. Do not think of tomorrow, for that would make you a coward. And never forget the Faith of Mohammed, in the Shiitic interpretation of Iman Dshafar.” My uncle and the servants seemed to be in a solemn trance. They listened to my father’s words as if they were revelations. Then my father rose, took my hand and said, his voice suddenly forced and shaking: “And one thing I beg of you – do not enter politics! Do anything you want, but not politics!” (K.S.)

10. But there was always some obstacle in the way, something to be got through first, some unfinished business, time still to be served, a debt to be paid. Then life would begin. (J.P.)

11. Mattiece went over the edge. He spent weeks with his lawyers plotting and scheming. He would spare no expense to win. Do whatever it took, he instructed them. Break any rule, violate any ethic, hire any expert, commission any study, cut any throat, spend any amount of money. Just win the damned lawsuit. (J.G.)

12. His face darkened with a storm that seemed to come out of nowhere. He looked me straight in the eye. "If you ever stand up against me, if you ever cross me in any way, if you ever become a bore or a simpleton, I will leave you and without a dime." (J.P.)

X. Discuss the semantic and structural peculiarities of **antithesis**:

1. Sometimes it seems to me that all we Orientals become mature, old and clever far too soon. And yet, sometimes it seems to me that we are all just stupid and simple. (K.S.)

2. This camel is the symbol of the desert: this strange being, bastard of animal and bird, graceful and awkward, attractive and repulsive, born from and made for the hot dreams of the desert. (K.S.)

3. But she assured him she thanked God for his honesty and his kindness and the marvelous way he had of looking at things, and for the four marvelous children. She, who had nobody for so long, had everybody who mattered now. (M.B.)

4. She looked into her glass and saw a prettier Carrie than she had seen before; she looked into her mind, a mirror prepared of her own and the world's opinions, and saw a worse. Between these two images she wavered, hesitating which to believe. (Th.D.)

5. He was a man of infinite ideas, endless imagination in his field, and few words, except when he was in one of his rare expansive moods. (D.S.)

6. I stood there alone, staring at everything. This would be my new world, the place where I would think and have dreams and build my hopes, the place where I would cry and laugh, feel lonely and sad, and, maybe, someday, feel happy again. I loved and hated it at the same time. (V.A.)

7. I couldn't stand it any longer. I wasn't the jealous one; she was. I wasn't the one who had been promiscuous; she was. I wasn't the one who lied and betrayed. I wasn't selfish and blind to anything that didn't please me; she was. And now, to keep her little world the way she wanted it, she was painting me as evil. (V.A.)

8. "It's a feast or a famine with your parents," her grandmother would say. "They're either in each other's arms or at each other's throats." (B.T.B.)

9. She met and married Patrick, a promising young lawyer who was new to the Coast. Their courtship had been long on passion and short on planning. (J.G.)

10. Trudy's lawyer, J. Murray Riddleton, was a jovial, thick-necked man of sixty who specialized in two types of law: big, nasty divorces, and financial advice aimed at cheating the government. He was a quick study in contrasts; successful but badly dressed, intelligent but plain-faced, smiling but vicious, mild-spoken but sharp-tongued. (J.G.)

11. I was sometimes miserable, often bitterly lonely with the distance my situation imposed. At the same time, I was happier than I'd ever been. I felt I'd come to see and understand, finally, that there was a way to live among others that didn't require falsifying yourself. (S.M.)

12. “I wonder what she would have made of our Susan?” “I don’t even know what to make of her myself,” Steven said. “One moment I feel angry with her, the next sorry for her. I understand, yet I don’t.” (L.P.)

13. And Queenie held her as they both cried for a man they had never known and who had been felled so young, and for what? Why? Why had they done it? How angry could anyone be? What purpose would it serve? And why him as an example? Why a man with two small children and a young wife? Why anyone? And why someone so alive and so full of hope and promise for so many? Paxxie mourned him in Queenie’s arms. (D.S.)

14. It made Paxton think again about her father. Although he hadn’t been assassinated, he had died unexpectedly, and his absence still hurt her. Maybe it always would. And surely the President’s children would always feel his absence too. Why did it have to happen? (D.S.)

15. Beatrice Andrews looked prim as she turned off the TV, and Paxton stared at her, wondering if she would ever understand her. “You think this is because of civil rights? You think that’s why it happened?” Paxton sounded suddenly angry. Why did she think that way? Why did she want to keep everything in the Dark Ages? Why did they have to live in the South? Why had she been born in Savannah? (D.S.)

16. “And you’d better think twice about upsetting Mama.” Why did he have to do this to her? It wasn’t fair. Why did she have to sacrifice her life for them? What did they want from her, and why did they want her there in Savannah? It seemed so pointless. (D.S.)

17. They had turned her down. All her dreams dashed in a single instant. Randcliffe had denied her. And what would she do now? Where would she go? Did she really have to stay in the South, with all its narrow thinking, familiar themes, and proximity to her mother and brother? Was that it? Had it come to that, then? Or would she go to Vassar? Smith? Wellesley? Somehow they seemed so boring. (D.S.)

18. "I'll be back," she said softly, but even as she said the words, she wondered if she really meant them. Would she be back? Would she want to? Would she be dying to come home once she got away, or would she fall in love with California and want to stay forever? In some ways, she was desperately anxious to leave, in others she was sorry to go. (D.S.)

19. Paxton still blamed herself for not marrying him long before and yet it had seemed so sensible to wait until she finished college. But what was sensible now? What made sense? A war half a world away, in a place that no one really cared if we won or lost, a war we couldn't win and never would, in a country where we couldn't defend ourselves because we were too afraid of retaliation? Nothing made sense to them, or anyone. And none of it made sense to Paxton. (D.S.)

20. "You wanna know why I came back to Viet Nam? I came back to help my buddies out, until we can all go home together." (D.S.)

21. Izrael Katz's aunt turned out to be a middle-aged, gray-haired woman with the face of a harpy and the soul of an angel. (S.S.)

22. The tea was strong on lemon and short on sugar. (J.G.)

23. This woman is different. This one is fire and ice. This one is woman and child. This one knows a great deal, yet is the personification of innocence. (J.D.)

24. Rachel smiled, “Yes, I feel very much at home, very peaceful here. More so than Patrick does in ways. He expected so much and I expected so little. That must be it.”

(M.B.)

25. “And you promise me you’ll remember what I said? It doesn’t make you weak, it makes you strong.” “I’ll remember,” she said. (M.B.)

26. Mary’s face was flushed with anger and loyalty to her stance about the rightness of everything the Ryans did and the wrongness of the O’Neills. (M.B.)

27. “I reward my friends, and I punish my enemies. That’s how you survive in politics.” (J.G.)

28. We were keen on tennis and we were keen on being taken to the opera and we were bored to death being taken to the picture galleries. I really can only give you a general idea. (A.C.)

29. “Elephants can remember,” said Mrs. Oliver, “but we are human beings and mercifully human beings can forget.” (A.C.)

30. If Susan had been a couple of years older, she would already have had a job; if she’d been a couple of years younger, she would have had to go to school. (L.P.)

31. Serena and Robert were gentle, kind beings. They were loving and giving, slow to take offence, quick to praise. (L.P.)

32. She knew what Paxton needed, and she wanted to see her fly free of the two people who seemed to expect so much from her and had always given so little. (D.S.)

33. “I think they know it now, but they don’t know what to tell your people. They’re afraid to admit disgrace.” (D.S.)

34. There was something so peaceful and joyous about having a baby in their midst. It was all about beginnings and not endings, about hope instead of disappointment, loss and grief. (D.S.)

35. “Sometimes I think the group depresses me, and sometimes I think it helps. Most of the time, I’m not sure.” (D.S.)

36. It was only since October that she had finally been brought to her knees. And Andrea was convinced she’d get back on her feet eventually. She wanted to do all she could to help her in the meantime. (D.S.)

37. “We have a lot of fun here, but some of what we do is just plain awful, dirty, depressing, grueling, dangerous, exhausting. You may go home feeling great some days, or cry yourself to sleep other days. (D.S.)

38. They sat companionably as he told her all about the dramas in his life and she told him nothing about the dramas in hers. (M.B.)

39. There could hardly be a world for me without Anne, there was hardly world enough for us both. (P.G.)

40. His lordship and Anne took to sitting in the window seat together, their heads very close, as they worked on one of Lord Henry’s poems. He swore that he would become a great poet under Anne’s tuition and she swore that he would never learn anything, but that it was all a ruse to waste her time and her learning on such a dolt. (P.G.)

41. “I shall be dark and French and fashionable and difficult and you shall be sweet and open and English and fair. What a pair we shall be. What man could resist us?” (P.G.)

42. “Why would I watch your opponent, Your Majesty? When you are on the court?”
“The game would make no sense to you then,” Henry said. “Since you see only half the play.” “I see all the sun and none of the shadow,” she riposted. “All the day and none of the night.” “You call me the sun?” he asked. (P.G.)
43. A woman who could be intelligent about everything else in the world could be a complete fool when it came to some particular man. (A.C.)
44. Doctors could never be sure about the individual reaction of a patient to disease. Cases given up, unexpectedly recovered. Patients on the way to recovery, relapsed and died. So much depended on the vitality of the patient. On his own inner urge to live. (A.C.)
45. “And I wanted ... everything.” He laughed. “To be loved, but to be alone. Because I was only truly comfortable by myself. To be great in science, but not to be, God forbid, a scientist ... I loved science, but I could tell it cut me off from the world I wanted to be in.” (S.M.)
46. He was blunt about what he saw, and it bothered him that Eloise was so kind to her father, and so hard on Faith. (D.S.)
47. Queen Katherine gave a little snort of genuine laughter. “I had not thought of that,” she admitted. “What a great gamble for a young man! Who knows how far he might rise with you? Who knows how far he might fall?” (P.G.)
48. Timothy was a big man with a marked resemblance to his brother Richard. But what was strength in Richard, in Timothy was weakness. (A.C.)
49. Land there is dried-up leather, and everyone wants to leave. But this place is as green as the Garden of Eden, and no one can go hungry. (R.F.)

50. It struck Brad as he brought up the rear how different Pam was from Faith. She was powerful, confident, didn't hesitate to tell people what to do, and gave everyone the impression that she could have run the world, and would, given half the chance. Faith was infinitely gentler, quieter, more subtle in her approach, and whenever he was around her, Brad had a sense of peace.

When he was with Pam, he had the feeling that he was standing on a volcano, that was about to erupt. One had a sense of tension and energy that was inadequately confined. And he never knew when the velocity would be directed toward him. (D.S.)

51. I was sometimes miserable, often bitterly lonely with the distance my situation imposed. At the same time, I was happier than I'd ever been. I felt I'd come to see and understand, finally, that there was a way to live among others that didn't require falsifying yourself. (S.M.)

XI. Specify stylistic functions of the types of connection (**asyndeton**,
polysyndeton)

1. Then he, Coal, would load up a box of the day's junk, take it home, read it, decipher it, store it, then come in a few hours later blazing away with all the painfully boring mishmash he had just devoured. (J.G.)

2. They were both consumed with guilt and grief, and everything she had never allowed herself to feel for their unborn child, she felt now, all the love and fear and shame and regret and longing she had never felt before. (D.S.)

3. Sam only stirred for an instant as she climbed back into bed next to him. He had never known she was gone, and when she turned off the light, she lay next to him

thinking about him, and about Anabelle, and about her trial the following week, and the new client she'd seen that day, whom she'd decided to decline, and the English prospective Partner Sam had talked to her about. (D.S.)

4. Of them all, Sam would be closest to the truth. Sometimes she thought she was going crazy. Proper Laura Dalton, perfect wife and home-maker, pillar of the church, past-matron of The Eastern Star, mother of three, survivor of domestic disasters, keeper of the peace, tender of the flame of fidelity for fifty years. (H.V.S.)

5. He was dressed for work: blue hopsack blazer, gray slacks, white shirt stretched tight over his belly, blue and gray plaid tie tagged loose, suede desert boots in need of new soles. (J.K.)

6. The gulls flew slowly with us, their screaming unwinding the scream inside me. By degrees, the sky darkened, a mist rose from the sea; the stars lit up. (E.O'B.)

7. The hairdressing had been a success; her reddish mass of hair was piled and crushed and creased to an arrogant marvel of mobile curves. (F.S.F.)

8. A *fiesta* was in progress at El-Remo that evening, and what with paper streamers and confetti and noisemakers and champagne, everything was moving well at two a.m. (MK.K.)

9. Gabriella was so gentle and so loving, and so alive, and so happy with all her sisters. (D.S.)

10. He loved the old nuns, their bright eyes, their shy smiles, the sharp wit, which so often took him by surprise. (D.S.)

11. Drouet could talk races with Hurstwood, tell interesting incidents concerning himself and his experiences with women, and report the state of trade in the cities

which he visited, and so managed to make himself almost invariably agreeable.
(Th.D.)

12. Parker shifted his feet, removed his hat, smoothed his hair, replaced his hat, then looked toward the rolling hills that surrounded them. “I don’t know what to think,” he finally admitted. “He’s never just disappeared like this before.” (A.B.)

13. In the kitchen, she did everything automatically. She filled the coffeepot, plugged in the toaster, took bread out of the wooden bread drawer, reached for the jam, which was nestled behind a quart container of orange juice. She poured. She softened the butter in the microwave and reached for the vitamin bottle. The beginning of a new day. Something she looked forward to. (F.M.)

14. Travis glanced back at the porch and watched Melissa go inside. Christ, she was stubborn. And strong and bold and generous. And so bright and beautiful that she made him feel ... Scared to death. (I.J.)

15. The poems and journals, and his regret and love for her, were all he had left of her that mattered. (D.S.)

16. Quinn had come home for three days for the funeral. He’d been in Bangkok, concluding a business deal, when he got the news, and turned around and left again the morning after the funeral, leaving eleven-year-old Alex and her mother to grieve and mourn, and cling to each other in their solitary anguish. (D.S.)

17. Alex had known when she married him that she would never be sacrificed to his career or accomplishments or passions. (D.S.)

18. The next morning, he showered, shaved, dressed, swallowed a cup of coffee, rolled up his sleeves, and began digging into closets...

He had never felt closer to her than in those final months before her death. And now again, as he waded through everything she'd owned, not only her papers, but her evening gowns, her gardening clothes, the faded nightgowns that she slept in, her underwear, her favorite sweaters. (D.S.)

19. But Jack didn't want excitement, he wanted roots and stability and a family, and an education, all the things he'd never had, and were within his grasp now. (D.S.)

20. Sometimes Miss Vogel wasn't quite as available to baby-sit, walk dogs, listen to problems, arrange flowers. (M.B.)

21. "I'm a gypsy, you see. I don't need possessions. I use everybody else's. I'll watch your television, look at your clocks, listen to your radio, boil your kettle ... I don't need to clutter myself up with a lot of things. (M.B.)

22. Always being bright and cheerful, always thinking up a different little dish to make them ooh and aah, blow-drying her hair, putting on makeup, reading the Sunday papers so as not to be out of the conversation, bribing Andrew and Celia to behave. It was always the same. (M.B.)

23. They walked back to the Green Grass in a companionable silence, because they knew there was no need to say anything, or plan anything, or spell anything out, or indeed say anything at all. (M.B.)

24. When the unexpected serenade began, Quintin had one of his fits of temper, which he inherited from his ancestors. He rose from the sofa, walked unhurriedly to the door, crossed the garden path under the purple bougainvillea vine massed over the veranda's roof, went through the hedge of hibiscus that grew in front of the house, his

belt in his hand, and mercilessly lashed the unfortunate bard. I ran after him crying, but I couldn't make him stop. (R.F.)

25. None of us even knew that his heart was bad. But Charles had never been careful about what he ate or drank or smoked, or especially how he carried on late at night. (J.P.)

26. The two girls were fast friends. They shared much of the same schedule, met for lunch, went to the library, went for long walks around the lake, talking about life, about boys, about parents and friends. (D.S.)

27. She chatted and giggled and laughed and talked about the runs there and compared them to Courchevel ... The skiing was not exactly comparable, but it would be fun anyway. (D.S.)

28. Attorney Ethan Rapley left his dark attic, showered and shaved, and poured eyedrops into his bloodshot retinas, and slipped strong coffee. (J.G.)

29. The shotgun was on a shelf, next to the tent and the sleeping bag, and the jogging shoe and the photographs, and the few other sparse items of evidence to be used against Patrick. (J.G.)

30. His heart was always in the street, just above the gutter, where he hung out with loan sharks and bookies and fences and reputable drug dealers, the smart white-collar boys of local crime. (J.G.)

31. The notion of clandestine hearing to complete a backroom deal made for a frenzy of phone calls; calls to other lawyers, to wives, to favourite reporters, to partners out of town. (J.G.)

32. She looked festive and beautiful and statuesque. She was a handsome woman, but every time Brad looked at her he saw who she had become. She was tougher and harder and stronger than he would ever have dreamed. (D.S.)

33. “He’s arrogant and inconsiderate and supercilious and disrespectful and cold,” Zoe said, reeling off what she felt were his main faults ... (D.S.)

34. Zoe arrived half an hour later, with a small overnight bag, and the two looked more like sisters than mother and daughter as they chatted and laughed and hugged, and sprawled out comfortably in the cozy room. (D.S.)

35. He had been enchanted by Faith’s open easy ways, her warmth, her energy, her joy. (D.S.)

36. Faith looked sedate and subdued and dignified, and beautiful, and despite what she wore, she looked younger than her years. (D.S.)

37. They pulled out clutches of each other’s wispy black hair. They pushed and scratched and grabbed and would not let go, and woe unto him who tried to separate them. We rarely got through a meal without one of them attacking the other, without wails and shrieks and inconsolable sorrow. (S.M.)

38. “How’s Anne?” “Enchanting,” he said. “First up in the morning. Laughing and singing all day, delighting the eye, diverting the mind, up with the king to hear Mass, riding out with him all day, walking in the gardens with him, watching him play tennis, sitting beside him while the clerks read the letters to him, playing word games, reading philosophy with him and discussing it like a theologian, dancing all night, choreographing masques, planning entertainments, last to bed.” (P.G.)

39. I could have run after her and pulled her off her horse, and slapped her for that piece of spite. But I stayed where I was on the doorstep, smiling at the king and waving at my sister, and then, as the horsemen and wagons and outriders and soldiers and the whole household clattered past me, I turned and went slowly into the castle. (P.G.)

40. This someone then deliberately takes the hatchet that was lying by the woodshed, smashes the kitchen window with it, gets into the house, goes upstairs, attacks Mrs Lansquenet with the hatchet – and attacks her savagely. (A.C.)

41. Mr Guthrie wiped his feet carefully on the mat, stepped inside, divested himself of his overcoat, laid it down with his hat on a small oak chest and followed Susan into the sitting room. (A.C.)

42. If you don't have the support and love and caring and concern that you get from a family, you don't have much at all. (M.A.)

43. When it was Cassie's turn, she howled and wailed and shrieked and grunted, but it was strong and powerful music if you gave yourself over to it, and her voice was the centre of all of it, lifting from a growl to a clear, pure singing, and then back again effortlessly. (S.M.)

44. He loved everything he did with her. Making breakfast for her, talking for hours, going to church, taking walks, even eating the banana split the night before. (D.S.)

45. And for an instant, she felt a wave of disgust and hatred and hurt wash over her. (D.S.)

46. She was tall and lean and lanky, like her father had been, and oddly graceful. (D.S.)

47. She liked talking about serious things with the teachers at her school, the recent developments in Viet Nam, the ramifications of Kennedy's death, Johnson's stand on civil rights, Martin Luther King and his marches and sit-ins. She had a passion about the important events going on around the world, and their links and ties and effect on each other. It was what she liked to write about, and think about, and be involved with. (D.S.)

48. Ophelie kicked off her sandals, walked out onto the deck, looked down the beach with a worried frown, and saw her daughter. (D.S.)

49. I would attack him, hurt him, wound him, disgust him, with my wish for things to be as I wanted them to be again, too fast. (S.M.)

50. He had always been quiet and reserved, and cautious with his words. (D.S.)

51. Just looking at the logs hissing and spurting and flaring in the grate made her feel drowsy. (B.T.B.)

SUPPLEMENT

Extracts for comprehensive stylistic analysis:

1. The court in progress was always a mighty sight, part-way between a country fair, a market day and a joust. It was all arranged by Cardinal Wolsey, everything in the court or the country was done by his command. He had been at the king's side at the Battle of the Spurs in France, he had been almoner then to the English army and the men had never lain so dry at night nor eaten so well. He had a grasp of detail that made him attentive to how the court would get from one place to another, a grasp of politics that prompted him as to where we should stop and which lord should be honoured with a visit when the king was on his summer progress, and he was wily enough to trouble Henry with none of these things so the young king went from pleasure to pleasure as if the sky itself rained down supplies and servants and organization.

It was the cardinal who ruled the precedence of the court on the move. Ahead of us went the pages carrying the standards with the pennants of all the lords in the train fluttering above their heads. Next there was a gap to let the dust settle and then came the king, riding his best hunter with his embossed saddle of red leather and all the trappings of kingship. Above his head flew his own personal standard, and at his side were his friends chosen to ride with him that day: my husband William Carey, Cardinal Wolsey, my father, and then trailing along behind them came the rest of the king's companions, changing their places in the train as they desired, lagging back or spurring forward. Around them, in a loose formation, came the king's personal guards mounted on horses and holding their lances at the salute. They hardly served

to protect him – who would dream of hurting such a king? – but they kept back the press of people who gathered to cheer and gawp whenever we rode through a little town or a village.

Then there was another break before the queen's train. She was riding the steady old palfrey which she always used. She sat straight in the saddle, her gown awkwardly disposed in great folds of silk fabric, her hat skewered on her head, her eyes squinting against the bright sunshine. She was feeling ill. I knew because I had been at her side when she had mounted her horse in the morning and I had heard the tiny repressed grunt of pain as she settled into the saddle.

Behind the queen's court came the other members of the household, some of them riding, some of them seated in carts, some of them singing or drinking ale to keep the dust from the road out of their throats. All of us shared a careless sense of a high day and a holiday as the court left Greenwich and headed for London with a new season of parties and entertainments ahead of us, and who knew what might happen in this year? (P.G.)

2. But it was the unexpected intensity of the rest of him – the grace with which he moved, his broad smile and riveting gray eyes under an unruly shock of stonewhite hair, the iron grip of his hand as he took yours addressing you directly and most often in your language – that so took you off guard. (A.F.)

3. "You're American, aren't you?" he said with a British accent.

Father Daniel glanced past him. The other passengers were riding as they had been, looking out, talking, relaxing. The nearest, a half dozen seats away.

"Yes ..."

“I thought so.” The man grinned broadly. He was pleasant, even jovial. “My name is Livermore. I’m English if you can’t tell. Do you mind if I sit down?” Without waiting for a reply, he slid into the seat next to Father Daniel.

“I’m a civil engineer. On vacation. Two weeks in Italy. Next year it’s the States. Never been there before. Been kind of asking Yanks as I meet them where I should visit.” He was talky, even pushy, but pleasant about it, and that seemed to be his manner. “Mind if I ask what part of the country you’re from?”

“Maine ...” Something was wrong, but Father Daniel wasn’t sure what it was.
(A.F.)

4. They were at a function at the Century Plaza Hotel. Table for twelve. His table. No, her table. He paid. She invited.

He was seated between Susan and her good friend, Paige Wheeler. He liked Paige. She had a sense of humor, which is more than could be said for most of Susan’s “Good friends”.

The other guests included Paige’s husband, Ryder, a film producer who had no conversation except “the industry”. And an assortment of Susan’s attendants. Her hairdresser, her interior designer, and her dentist. And of course her children. Gemma, Miss High and Mighty. And Nathan – “mustn’t-soil-my-hands-with-a-day’s-work-now-that-I’ve-graduated-from-college.” (J.C.)

5. As much as she loved her son, she was glad Kevin wasn’t with her. Every mother needs a break sometimes, and she was looking forward to taking it easy while she was here. No evening soccer games or swim meets, no MTV blaring in the

background, no homework to help with, no waking up in the middle of the night to comfort him when he got leg cramps. (N.S.)

6. As he got older, he grew even more sympathetic toward the Africans. I tried to talk to him.

“Of course you did. You tried to straighten him out, didn’t you?”

“I tried to explain things to him.”

“Such as?”

“Such as the need to keep the races separate. There’s nothing wrong with separate but equal schools. Nothing wrong with laws prohibiting miscegenation. Nothing wrong with keeping the Africans in their place.”

“Where’s their place?”

“Under control. Let ’em run wild, and look at what’s happened. Crime, drugs, AIDS, illegitimate births, general breakdown in the moral fabric of society.” (J.G.)

7. Lee was struggling with a pasta dish when he entered her apartment. The table was set with china and silver and fresh flowers. The recipe was baked manicotti, and things were not going well in the kitchen. On more than one occasion in the past week she’d confessed to being a lousy cook, and now she was proving it. Pots and pans were scattered along the countertops. Her seldom used apron was covered with tomato sauce. She laughed as they (she and her nephew) kissed each other on the cheeks and said there was a frozen pizza if matters got worse. “You look awful,” she said, suddenly staring at his eyes.

“It was a rough night.”

“You smell like alcohol.”

“I had two bloody marys for breakfast. And I need another one now.”

“The bar’s closed.”

She picked up a knife and stepped to a pile of vegetables. A zucchini was the next victim. “What did you do up there?”

“Got drunk with the FBI man. Slept on the floor next to his washer and dryer.”

“How nice.” (J.G.)

8. He sat in the rocker again, this time alone, trying once again to fathom the evening that had just passed. Thinking about it. Replaying it. Seeing it again. Hearing it again. Hearing it again. Running it by in slow motion. He didn’t feel like playing his guitar now, didn’t feel like reading. Didn’t know what he felt. (N.S.)

9. Even more than on previous occasions they had met, Heyward decided, the name “Big George” seemed apposite in every way. Physically their host was a mountain of a man – at least six and a half feet in height, his chest, arms and torso like a village blacksmith’s. His head was half the size again of most other men’s and his facial features matched – prominent, large eyes, swift-moving and darkly shrewd, the mouth wide-lipped and strong, as accustomed to issuing commands as a Marine drill sergeant’s, though on larger issues. Equally clearly, surface jovialty could be banished instantly by powerful displeasure. (A.H.)

10. Activity was always to Inspector Slack’s taste. To rush in a car, to silence rudely those people who were anxious to tell him things, to cut short conversations on the plea of urgent necessity – all this was the breath of life to Inspector Slack. In an incredibly short time, therefore, he had arrived at Danemouth, reported at police headquarters, had a brief interview with a distracted and apprehensive hotel manager,

and, leaving the latter with the doubtful comfort of “Got to make sure it is the girl first, before we start raising the wind,” was driving back to Much Benham in company with Ruby Keene’s nearest relative. He had put through a short call to Much Benham before leaving Danemouth, so the chief constable was prepared for his arrival, though not perhaps for the brief introduction of “ This is Josie, sir.”

Colonel Melchett stared at his subordinate coldly. His feeling was that Slack had taken leave of his senses. The young woman who had just got out of the car came to the rescue. “That’s what I’m known as professionally,” she explained with a momentary flash of large, handsome white teeth. “Raymond and Josie, my partner and I call ourselves, and of course all the hotel know me as Josie. Josephine Turner’s my real name.” (A.C.)

11. “Ah, New York,” she said ambiguously. “You hate it and love it at the same time. Everything presses on you – the good things as well as the bad things. You always seem to be behind schedule there. Here you go fast on skis – there it’s your soul that’s racing. Here, hardly anybody seems to read the newspapers. You forget there’s a war on, people killing each other in the jungle, Americans. In New York, when you read the “Times” you feel it’s intolerable, that your own security, your good meals, your warm bed is unbearably selfish. You look at the faces of the people in the street and you wonder how they can take it day after day. Don’t you ever feel that way?” (I.S.)

12. I was lying on the divan on the terrace, dreaming of love. My love was so very different from that of my father, my uncles and my grandfathers, so different from the way it should have been. Instead of meeting Nino at the well, when she was

filling her pitcher, I met her on Nicolai Street, on her way to school. It is at the well the Oriental's love begins, at the small murmuring village well or at the big singing fountains in the towns rich with water. Every evening the girls go to the well carrying big clay pitchers on their shoulders. Near the well the young men sit in a circle, chattering of war and robberies, not taking any notice of the girls. Slowly the girls fill the pitchers, slowly they walk back. The pitchers are heavy, filled to the brim. The girls might stumble, so they push back their veils and look down chastely. Every evening the girls go to the well, every very evening the young men sit at one end of the square, and that is how love begins in the Orient. (K.S.)

13. Maggie seemed to be slowly coming back to life. Quinn's friendship had been an immense source of strength and peace for her, as had Jack's. But it was Quinn who, in some ways, was the anchor of the group. Jack was the common bond they shared. And Maggie was the light and joy and fun for Quinn, far more than she guessed, or knew. He enjoyed her sunny spirit, her energy, her dry humor, and occasionally insightful wit. But more than anything, he appreciated her tenderness and compassion, which she shared with him and Jack. She was the motherly woman's touch he and Jack both needed and sometimes longed for, without even knowing it. She was Peter Pan's Wendy to the two lost boys they had both been when they all met. And now they were all getting stronger. (D.S.)

14. We rode back to Winterhaven sitting very close to each other in the back of the taxi, Daddy's arm around me. I listened to him tell me about his travels, the things he had seen and the people he had met, but I didn't hear his words, just the rhythm of his voice.

Instead, I was thinking about the daddy I knew as a little girl, the daddy who had lifted me on his shoulders to carry me along the River Thames when we toured London, the daddy who took me in his arms and danced with me in the ballroom of his ship, the daddy who held my hand and took me about the luxury liners, introducing me to his crews, showing me how things worked, kissing and hugging me and twirling my hair in his fingers when I sat on his lap.

That daddy was gone, I thought, almost as gone as Jennifer Longstone's daddy. We weren't so different, she and I, and when we lay awake at night telling stories about our childhood days, we were both thinking about times we would never see again, moments we would never have, words we would never hear, kisses and smiles that were as thin as smoke, running off into our memories and lost forever in the maze of storm clouds that had come to block out the blue sky of happiness we had both once known.

Daddy kissed me in front of the school. He kissed me goodbye and hugged me to him and told me again that he would write and think of me all the time, but I knew the moment he got in his cab and started away, that his mind was already racing around with the problems of his business. I didn't hate him for it; I knew he was burying himself in his work to keep himself from being unhappy. (V.A.)

15. Closing her eyes, Megan let herself sink down into herself. Remembering, remembering ... so much to remember, so many memories. They filled her heart. It was still young. Sometimes she thought she was only eighteen in her heart. It was her mind that was old and wise – full of knowledge, too much knowledge, she often thought, of people and their strange ways of human nature with all its frailties and

weaknesses, as well as its strengths ... She drifted with her thoughts and her memories ... and she dozed. (B.T.B.)

16. And what triggered that flight? What was the itch that time? This: My older brother had told me – it seems to me only a few days before, but it might have been weeks, or even months – about my father’s previous life, his first marriage. I don’t know why he chose the moment. Some smugness on my part he wanted to pierce. Some casual remark that seemed to claim ownership of our parents’ history. Some minor offence to him. At any rate, he told. Cruelly, harshly, the correction being to my stupidity for not having known earlier – though how could I? no one had even hinted at it – that our father had had another wife, another whole existence, before he met our mother, before we were born. That if things had been as he first planned them, we never *would* have been born, there would have been other children living in our house, with another mother, with different rules, different notions of what was important in life.

This shattered my understanding of the universe, the feeling I’d had – I think every child has it until some point in life – that my life was somehow sacred and foreordained, the one absolutely necessary life I had to live.

Apparently not. Apparently I might never have been. Or might have been other than I was.

And it occurred to me then, mightn’t I yet be? It seemed suddenly that what had been the cornerstone of my existence was shifting sand. That what had been a given was merely a whim. It seemed possible that there was another life waiting somewhere out there for me. This was not exactly how I thought it out, of course.

Mostly I *felt* it: a yearning, suddenly justified, for something other for myself. Better. More real somehow. More like the lives I read about in books. (S.M.)

17. When Cass was at her most difficult, I occasionally panicked, convinced she was using drugs or in danger of getting pregnant or about to run away. I spied on her. I went through her room when she was at school. I dug deep in her drawers, checked all her pockets for hidden stashes. I read letters and notes she kept in her desk or in a box in her closet. I felt so guilty about this that I talked to several other mothers about what they did – not to Daniel; I knew what he'd think of me. We divided about in half as a group, the other mothers and I: those who never sneaked around, those who did. It didn't make me feel any more comfortable about it, but I excused myself. Even when I thought about those trusting, honorable other mothers, I excused myself. I told myself that they didn't have Cassie. Cassie, who could look you coolly in the eye and deny what you knew, absolutely knew, to be true.

Once, I saw her driving a friend's car, one hand draped out the window, waving a cigarette around. She was fourteen at the time, and not only did she not have a license but I had no idea when and where she'd learned how to drive. I had intermittently suspected she smoked – she often smelled of cigarettes – but I had tried to deny it to myself by blaming the fast crowd she was with. Sitting in cars, sitting in teenage bedrooms around town with all that smoke, of course she'd stink.

When I asked her casually about it one day – had anyone been teaching her to drive? maybe she'd like lessons? – she looked at me steadily and said no. When I told her then that I'd seen her, she got furious. She said I'd tried to trap her, trick her, she

accused me of not trusting her. She said I was dishonest, because I'd been so indirect, "so fucking devious." And around we went.

The most painful episode for me at around this time was finding a journal she'd been keeping. I was a sort of bogeyman in this book, a nightmare figure of falsity and hypocrisy and self-satisfaction. She wrote: "God, I hope I will never be as unconscious of how stupid I seem as Mother is, constantly trying to be so nice to all my friends, laughing and ridiculously flirty for someone her age, while she's meanwhile grilling everybody about me, about where we go, what we do together, etc. etc." And: "Mother just left my room – *my room*, which she acts like she can come in whenever she wants... I was late getting back last night, so now I must be punished. 'What do you think would be appropriate, Cass?' Well how do I know? Why doesn't she just say what she thinks, why isn't she honest enough just to be angry and invent her own goddamn punishment? No. There has to be this fake *talk*. Does she realize????? we are ENEMIES!!!! Meanwhile, she's sitting on MY bed, touching MY stuff. There is nothing about her that doesn't disgust me."

It was painful, of course, to read this, but in the end I'm glad I did. It helped me know how to be around Cass. I had thought that what was most important was that she feel loved, that I continue to behave as lovingly toward her as I could. But it seemed she needed from me an austerity that honesty matched the distance between us. I began to provide it.

None of this made her warmer then, or easier, but it did feel oddly more comfortable to me not to pretend to any warmth, not really ever to wish any longer for ease, Simply to give up for a while and have my love be utterly a private,

unexpressed thing, waiting for a signal from her that some aspect of it might be welcome. And perhaps in some way all of that restraint helped allow for our long, slow rapprochement. I don't know...

Well, all right. Having children teaches you, I think, that love can survive your being despised in every aspect of yourself. That you need not collapse when the shriek comes: *Don't you get it? I hate you!* But you do need to get it. You do need to understand and accept being hated. I think this is one of the greatest gifts children can give you, as long as it doesn't last.

Cass had taught me well. (S.M.)

18. Jim Costello was twenty-four and he knew how to spot trouble. The man at the bar who was going to be troublesome, the customer who might not pay his bill. The respectable woman who was using a hotel foyer as a pick-up place. One of Jim's strengths was that he always saw it in time, just *before* the incident happened, and managed to head it off.

With Kerry he spotted it the very first time he met him. When he sauntered into the hotel with Tony McCann from Derry.

There was something about Tony McCann that seemed like a challenge. He greeted Jim as if he expected to be thrown out.

Kerry on the other hand was full of charm. "My father tells me there's nothing you don't know about the hotel business," he began.

"Let's hope he still says that when his hotel is open," Jim laughed back easily.

"Bit of a backwater this – for a hotshot like you," said Tony McCann.

“I don’t think so, it’s a friendly place and we hope to be so busy that I won’t have much time for the bright lights myself.”

Tony McCann looked at Jim Castello without much pleasure. “One of these ambitious fellows, all work and up a ladder, I suppose.”

“That’s me, the fellows at school used to hate me too – study, study, creep, teacher’s pet. Are you in the hotel business too, Mr McCann?”

“No.”

“You’re in what?”

“This and that.”

Kerry stepped in smoothly. “Tony’s a friend of mine up in the far north, just brought him in to see the ancestral home rise again.”

“Are you pleased with it?” Jim spoke directly to Kerry.

He shrugged. “It’s my father’s dream, I guess he’s really got what he wanted. It’s looking good.”

“But you’ll be coming back ...”

“Relax, Jim, there’s going to be no fatted calf killed for me, not for a long time. No, you’re safe here for a few years yet.”

Jim blushed with annoyance. He had to decide now how to handle Kerry. Did he remain poker-faced and remote, loyal entirely to his employer? This way he would build a wall of resentment between him and the boy, who was only a few years younger. Or did he make Kerry an ally of sorts? Wouldn’t that be easier? He decided to go the friendship way.

“I’d say there’s plenty to keep us both occupied if you *do* come back. Your father has some very grand plans.”

“Do you think they’ll work out?”

“Not all of them by any means, but enough of them will and I’d say he’s a man who would learn by mistakes. Am I right?”

Kerry seemed amused to be consulted. “Yes, that’s true in most areas. He’s extraordinarily practical, but I’m not sure about this one. He wants so much for it to succeed it could blind him.”

“As I said, let’s hope it will and the problem won’t arise.” Jim had decided how to play it: friendly but not servile, discreet but not what the Americans called tight-assed. He would always repeat pleasantly to Patrick any conversation he had with the son. With Kerry you’d need to cover your back. (M.B.)

19. When he had been in Montana for less than a month and things were going very poor indeed, he stumbled on his great discovery. He had lost his way when riding in the hills, and after a day without food he began to grow hungry. As he was without his rifle, he was forced to pursue a squirrel, and in the course of the pursuit he noticed that he was carrying something shiny in its mouth. Just before it vanished into its hole – for Providence did not intend that this squirrel should alleviate his hunger – it dropped its burden. In ten seconds he had completely lost his appetite and gained one hundred thousand dollars. The squirrel which had refused with annoying persistence to become food, had made him a present of a large and perfect diamond. (F.S.F.)

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імені Василя Стефаника*

Е. С. Мінцис, Ю.Б.Мінцис

**Stylistics In Practice
(Part 2)**

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з стилістики англійської мови
для студентів 4-5 курсів англійського відділення
стаціонарної та заочної форми навчання*

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