

Akhmedova E.G., Surkeeva D.B., Bakieva S.T., Mirzakmatova O.R.

Learning English through listening

Intermediate

Teacher's Book

Osh 2025

УДК

Бул усулдук колдонмо Ош мамлекеттик университетинин Дүйнөлүк тилдер жана маданият факультетинин англис тили окутуучулары үчүн англис тилин үйрөнүүгө кошумча каражат катары жарык көрдү.

Басмага Ош мамлекеттик университетинин Окумуштуулар Кенешинин тарабынан сунуш кылынды.

Түзүүчүлөр:

Э.Г.Ахмедова , Д.Б.Суркеева , С.Т.Бакиева , О.Р.Мирзакматова

Рецензенттер:

филология илимдеринин кандидаты, доцент: С.Ш. Калыгулова
филология илимдеринин кандидаты, доцент: Д.С.Сайидырахимова

“Learning English through listening” - The instruction manual is written for the teachers of English. Currently, we often face many difficulties in analyzing the work together with the students. Due to the lack of manuals for the analysis of works, various problems arise for teachers of the English language. The analysis of the work is an important teaching part in learning English. Therefore, we found it appropriate to present this creative work. The aim of the analysis at the lesson is, to master the methods of literary analysis, to develop the logical and artistic thinking of students, to develop their creative imagination, to improve practical, reading mastery of the work, independent evaluation, critical thinking and oral speaking skills.

Preface

The instruction manual is written for the teachers of English. Currently, we often face many difficulties in analyzing the work together with the students. Due to the lack of manuals for the analysis of works, various problems arise for teachers of the English language. The analysis of the work is an important teaching part in learning English. Therefore, we found it appropriate to present this creative work. The aim of the analysis at the lesson is, to master the methods of literary analysis, to develop the logical and artistic thinking of students, to develop their creative imagination, to improve practical, reading mastery of the work, independent evaluation, critical thinking and oral speaking skills. Moreover, it is important to enrich the student's personal impressions with the experience of other readers, peers, and scientific interpretation of the text given by the teacher. The purpose of the analysis is to accept the work, to empathize with the characters and the author of the work (prose, novel), to see his emotions, to recreate the ideas of the writer in his works. It is very important to recreate the life and work in his imagination, to imagine in the place of the characters, to evaluate the characters in the work, presenting, expressing one's point of view, analyzing the author's thoughts, mastering the idea, composition of the work, etc. Finding and analyzing additional images, means of revealing the soul of the main characters. (method of understanding). Asking a problematic question:

- a) the presence of contradictions and the possibility of additional supporting thoughts, opinions and alternative answers;
- b) to find interesting episodes and quotes for students and increase their interest;
- c) regulation of conflicting opinions of students, organization of discussion;
- d) to draw students' attention to relevant parts of the text, to choose convenient methods of analysis;
- e) the tasks and questions to be given regarding the content of the work should not lose the student's interest;

Every answer given by the student should be taken as valuable point of view.

Notes to the teacher:

Different people like different kinds of stories and for different reasons. One may like a story because it immediately engages our attention. But does that alone constitute the merit of a story? When we read a story, no doubt, the development of the plot arrests our immediate attention. But along with this we also notice the way language is used, the particular style, the use of images, irony and symbolism. How effectively are time and place used? Are the descriptions vivid, relevant or redundant? What is the theme and what are the effects that the author wishes to achieve? These are some of the questions that we must keep in mind while reading a story. You will read the stories that we have selected for you in the next eight Units.

GUIDELINES FOR TEACHERS

What is commentary?

What is commentary?

- * A systematic series of explanations or interpretations
- * An expression of opinion
- * A detailed analysis of text
- * Views and opinions on a local article using everybody's knowledge
- * opinions, interpretations, insight, analysis, explanation, personal reaction, evaluation.

On what comment ?

- *An article
- *a picture
- *a quote
- *text (short story)

Why we write commentary

- *To explain
- *express opinion
- *We comment when we have something to do
- *Give interpretation: explanation of something that is not clear
- *Respect the lay out
- * Use quotes, examples,...
- * Make your commentary presentable
- *Don't just give information from the text. This is commentary not another summary.
- *Don't feel you have to agree wholeheartedly with the writer.
- * Show that you can expand on these questions, issues.

What to bear in mind?

- *Understand the material well.
- *Identify the main idea, claim.

- *Highlight the important key-words.
- *Read between lines that the author wants to convey.
- *Decide on your position.
- * Find arguments(...).
- *Summarize your opinion.

What is the aim of a literary commentary?

The aim of the commentary is not to reproduce your class notes about the author the text or literary period analyzed. Rather, it is to present your personal reflections upon the text, using your own words and formulating, if possible, your own hypothesis and conclusions, new ideas, new approaches. This does not mean that class notes should be neglected; they will be extremely useful to contextualize the text or identify and explain the style of the author, etc. If you have been given any additional bibliographical references, work with them and incorporate them within your commentary : this will make your essay, look academic, and since you are philologists, this is essential.

The commentary must focus on the text chosen, which must be fully 'exploited'. When writing academic essays, many students include lots of information about the literary period, the author and the main features of his or her style but they completely forget to apply this information to the text. Remember that your teachers know all that theory: they want to see how you respond to that particular text.

How to Conduct Textual Analysis

This can be done with any type of text, including books, essays, plays, and even movies. There are a few steps you can take to ensure that your textual analysis is thorough and accurate.

First, read the text carefully. Make sure you understand the author's purpose for writing it. Once you have a good understanding of the author's intent, you can begin to look at the different elements of the text. In literature it is important to understand the subject and the theme and also be able to identify key points and create your own opinion. Before reading a story it is important to know about the author, his or her style, background, life experience to disclose the hidden idea of the story. While reading a novel you should pay attention to the following elements and use them in the comments.

We hope you will find it an interesting and rewarding experience. Short stories usually contain these fundamental components: plot, setting, characters, theme, point of view as well as good.

Elements of novels (prose) and short stories.

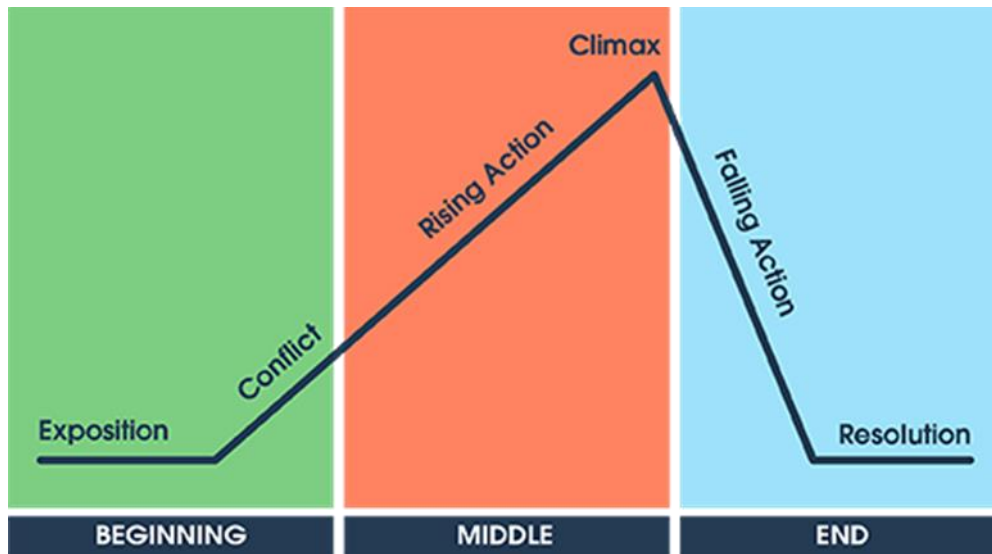
1. Author
2. The plot of the story
3. Setting
4. The character sketches of the story
5. Main idea
6. Stylistic devices
7. Point of view
- 8 Conclusion

1. Author.

If you are given a text with the author's name, use your knowledge of the author's work as background information for the commentary. But be careful: do not set aside the text you are supposed to comment in order to write an essay on the author in question. Any additional information you can use about the author, the historical period of the text or its intellectual context, will be much more valuable if you can relate that knowledge to specific aspects of the text you are commenting - matters of language, meaning, subject matter or pre suppositions. You should point out in which way these aspects of the text reflect the general thematic, ideological or stylistic characteristics of the author's work.

II

Plot of the story



- How the author arranges events to develop the basic idea; it is the sequence of events in a story or play. The plot is a planned, logical series of events having a beginning, middle, and end. The short story usually has one plot so it can be read in one sitting. There are five essential parts of plot:

1) *Exposition (introduction)* - Beginning of the story; characters, background, and setting revealed.

2) *Rising Action* - Events in the story become complicated; the conflict is revealed. These are events between the introduction and climax.

Conflict - Essential to plot, opposition ties incidents together and moves the plot. Not merely limited to arguments, conflict can be any form of struggle the main character faces. Within a short story, there may be only one central struggle, or there may be many minor obstacles within a dominant struggle. There are two types of conflict:

Internal- Struggle within one's self.

Character vs. Self - Struggles with own soul, physical limitations, choices, etc.

External - Struggle with a force outside one's self.

Character vs. Character - Struggles against other people.

Character vs. Nature - Struggles against animals, weather, environment, etc.

Character vs. Society - Struggles against ideas, practices, or customs of others.

3) *Climax* - Turning point of the story. Readers wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not? Consider the climax as a three-fold phenomenon:

- Main character receives new information.
- Main character accepts this information (realizes it but does not necessarily agree with it).
- Main character acts on this information (makes a choice that will determine whether or not objective is met).

4) *Falling action* - Resolution begins; events and complications start to fall into place. These are the events between climax and denouement.

5) *Resolution* - Final outcome of events in the story.

III. Setting

Time and location that a story takes place. For some stories, the setting is very important; while for others, it is not. When examining how setting contributes to a story, there are multiple aspects to consider:

- 1) *Place* - Geographical location; where is the action of the story taking place?
- 2) *Time* - Historical period, time of day, year, etc; when is the story taking place?
- 3) *Weather conditions* - Is it rainy, sunny, stormy, etc?
- 4) *Social conditions* - What is the daily life of the character's like? Does the story contain local colour (writing that focuses on the speech, dress, mannerisms, customs, etc. of a particular place)?
- 5) *Mood or atmosphere* - What feeling is created at the beginning of the story?

IV. Character

There are two meanings for "character": of a person.

- 1) People in a work of fiction can be a (n):

- Protagonist - Clear center of story; 1) a person in a fictional story; or 2) qualities vents are important to this character.

- *Antagonist* - Opposition or "enemy" of main character.

2) Characteristics of a character can be revealed through:

- his or her physical appearance
- what he or she says, thinks, feels, dreams and what he or she does or does not do
- what others say about him or her and how others react to him or her.

3) Characters can be ...

Round - Fully developed personalities that are affected by the story's events; they can learn, grow, or deteriorate by the end of the story. Characters are most convincing when they resemble real people by being consistent, motivated, and life-like.

- *Flat* - One-dimensional character
- *Dynamic* - Character who does go through change and "grows" during a story
- *Static* - Character does not go through a change.

V. Main idea.

While finding the main idea of a text is typically associated with informational, nonfiction texts, there are associated concepts for argumentative texts and fictional texts. When reading an argumentative text, you might be looking for the main argument. For a fictional text, you might be looking for a theme.

The process for finding the main idea, the main argument, or theme of a text is roughly the same. You have to pay attention to what a majority of details in a paragraph or the majority of paragraphs in an article are about. Sometimes, this is given explicitly. Often, you have to read between the lines to figure it out. There's no novel that just states, "the theme of this novel is how to overcome hardships." Instead, the protagonist learns to face their fear of spelling with lots of practice throughout the story. That's how we know that overcoming hardship is the theme shown in the story.

Whether the main idea is implicit or explicit, expect to see questions about main ideas when it comes to reading informational texts in school. These questions are asking you to look for what the majority of details in the paragraph or section of text are all about.

Once you know what you're looking for, finding the main idea becomes a lot easier. After all, it is the core of what the author is trying to tell you—the reader—about.

- Central message, "moral of the story," and underlying meaning of a fictional piece; may be the author's thoughts on the topic or view of human nature.

1) Story's title usually emphasizes what the author is saying.

2) Various figures of speech (symbolism, allusion, simile, metaphor, hyperbole, or irony) may be utilized to highlight the theme. -,

3) Examples of common themes occurring in literature, on television, and in film are:

- Things are not always as they appear to be.
- Love is blind.
- Believe in yourself.
- People are afraid of change.
- Don't judge a book by its cover.

VI. Stylistic Devices

Stylistic devices, also known as figures of speech or literary devices, hold a significant role in adding depth, meaning, and artistic quality to pieces of literature. But what are stylistic devices? They are the colors that paint the canvas of prose, poetry, drama, and non-fiction, enhancing the vibrancy of the work and engaging the reader's senses. In general, the literary devices are a collection of universal artistic structures that are so typical of all works of literature frequently employed by the writers to give meanings and a logical framework to their works through language. When such works are read by readers, they ultimately recognize and

appreciate them. Because of their universality, they also allow the readers to compare a work of one writer to that of the other to determine its worth. They not only beautify the piece of literature but also give deeper meanings to it, testing the very understanding of the readers along with providing them enjoyment of reading. Besides, they help motivating readers' imagination to visualize the characters and scenes more clearly. If you're learning English or trying to improve your writing skills, understanding literary devices is essential. Literary devices are specific techniques that writers use to convey deeper meanings and create a more engaging reading experience.

There are various stylistic literary devices, each serving a specific purpose. There are thirteen main types:

1. Simile

A simile is a direct comparison using 'like' or 'as.' For example,
"Her smile is as bright as the sun."

2. Hyperbole

A hyperbole is an exaggeration used for emphasis. Like saying,
"I've told you a million times."

3. Alliteration

The repeated sound of the first consonant in a series of words, or the repetition of the same sounds of the same kind at the beginning of words or in stressed syllables of a phrase.

Examples: A lazy lying lion. Peter picked a peck of pickled peppers. Sally sells seashells by the seashore.

4. Allusion

Reference to a myth, character, literary work, work of art, or an event. Example: I feel like I'm going down the rabbit hole (an allusion to Alice's Adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll).

5. Antithesis

Emphasizing contrast between two things or fictional characters. Example: “ideal thing, marriage a real thing; a confusion of the real with the ideal never goes unpunished.” (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe).

6. Ellipsis

Word or phrase omission. Example: I speak lots of languages, but you only speak two (languages).

7. Irony

There are three types of irony:

Verbal (Antiphrasis) – using words to express something different from their literal meaning for ironic effect (“I’m so excited to burn the midnight oil and write my academic paper all week long”).

Situational – result differs from the expectation (Bruce Robertson, a character of Filth, is a policeman. Nonetheless, he does drugs, resorts to violence and abuse, and so on). **Dramatic** – situation is understandable for the audience but not the fictional character/actor (audience sees that the fictional characters/actors will be killed now, though the characters don’t expect it).

8. Metaphor

Comparing two different things that have some characteristics in common. Example: “Love is clockworks and cold steel.” (U2)

9. Metonymy

Giving a thing another name that is associated with it.

Example: The heir to the crown was Richard. (the crown stands for authority).

10. Onomatopoeia

Imitating sounds in writing. Example: oink, tick tock, tweet tweet.

11. Oxymoron

Combining contradictory traits. Example: Living dead; terribly good; real magic.

12. Parallelism

Arranging a sentence in such a manner that it has parallel structure. Example: "Tell me and I forget. Teach me and I may remember. Involve me and I will learn." (Benjamin Franklin).

13. Rhetorical question

Questioning without expecting the answer. Example: Why not? Are you kidding me?

VII. Point of View

- There are several variations of Point Of View:

1) First Person - Story told by the protagonist or a character who interacts closely with the protagonist or other characters; speaker uses the pronouns "I", "me", "we". Readers experiences the story through this person's eyes and only knows what he or she knows and feels.

2) Second Person - Story told by a narrator who addresses the reader or some other assumed "you"; speaker uses pronouns "you", "your", and "yours"

Example: You wake up to discover that you have been robbed of all of your worldly possessions.

3) Third Person - Story told by a narrator who sees all of the action; speaker uses the pronouns "he", "she", "it", "they", "his", "hers", "its", and "theirs". This person may be a character in the story. There are several types of third person POV:

- Limited - Probably the easiest: POV for a beginning writer to use, "limited" POV funnels all action through the eyes of a single character; readers only see what the narrator sees.
- Omniscient- God-like, the narrator knows and sees everything, and can move from one character's mind to another. Authors can be omniscient narrators by moving from character to character, event to event, and introducing information at their discretion. There are two main types of omniscient POV.

VIII. Conclusion

The conclusion of the novel reflects on Crusoe's transformation throughout his ordeal and his inner conflict between his desire for adventure and the comfort of familiarity. The story explores themes of survival, self-reliance, and the human drive to conquer challenges.

It's important to note that "Robinson Crusoe" has been in the public domain for many years, so different adaptations and interpretations of the ending might exist in various versions or retellings of the story.

<https://study.com/academy/lesson/how-story-elements-interact-shape-one-another.html>

Unit One

Unit 2 aims to develop students' abilities in dealing with the story of Robinson Crusoe.

This theme offers a broad listening practice using a text about Robinson Crusoe's story.

Students will be able to provide fluency speaking practice discussing the main idea of the story. They can do the stages of the listening lesson (pre-while-post).

Students can analyze the structure of the lesson referring to the significance of first-person narrative to the unfolding of the plot and the development of setting, theme, character, idea and point of view.

Each student will bring their own knowledge and experience of this context to the text in question. This knowledge and experience will vary and may depend on their interest.

We need to do pre-reading tasks with our students so that they have the opportunity to share their knowledge of the context, but also to get them interested in the topic and give them a reason for reading.

Setting the context in this way can really help ease the process of reading.

Now let's have a look at some examples of pre-reading tasks that aim to achieve these objectives. Listen and make notes to answer the questions in the viewing tasks. The answers will appear at the end of each sequence.

Activities during and after reading

We've seen how pre-reading tasks can support students in understanding a text before they start reading. But in structuring a reading lesson, we should plan tasks that support students not only before, but during and after their reading too. This is called a pre-while-post model for reading.

After reading the text, exercises aimed at checking the reading comprehension are provided. The purpose of this stage: to understand the meaning of the text achieving understanding, correcting the reader's interpretation, reading is so interesting so it gives great impression till the end.

Discussion

Do the following activity:

Find someone who

How to Use

1. Preparation

Prepare 10 to 20 “Find Someone Who” statements using vocabulary or concepts that relate to your current unit of study. For example, if you are teaching a unit on medieval culture, “Find someone who can list three types of jobs a serf might have;” “Find someone who has seen a movie set in medieval times;” “Find someone who has can sketch the feudal pyramid.” Create a variety of statements so that it will be easy to find a person with some characteristics but not so easy to find others. You can use a bingo-card format or checklist.

2. Directions

Announce that the class is going to do a brief interview activity in which students will ask each other questions. The goal is to ask everyone in class until students find someone who does that activity, has that characteristic, or can answer the question. Pass out the bingo sheet or checklist to each student. Review the sheet and answer any questions. Instruct students to find someone who can answer one of their questions or say “yes” to one of the descriptions. They should write that person’s name on their checklist sheet and go on to the next question with another person. Important: A student can write a person’s name only once.

When to Use

Use Find Someone Who:

At the beginning of a lesson to review or introduce material.

Developing listening comprehension skills.

Listening comprehension is listening and understanding what others are saying, it is a time a means of learning. According to Methodologists speech activity is a difficult skill to learn. People who can speak a foreign language fluently are also language carries have difficulties in hearing speech.

The main difficulties in listening comprehension are:

- Provide information once
- Short-term broadcasting
- Pace of speech
- It is necessary to keep new information in memory
- Loss of the initial phase(speech) of new information, second lack of speech perception skills in the language, etc.

Developing writing skills

To teach students to express their thoughts independently in written form need to. They fill out questionnaires, create resumes, applications, biographies, and letters learn to write, write answers to For that students should know different ways of working with text. Are they highlight the main idea of the text, divide the text into parts, the text should learn to make a plan, shorten and change the text and remove unnecessary information.

UNIT ONE

Read and Listen

Comment on the text “Robinson Crusoe” by Daniel Defoe

1. Author

Daniel Defoe was an English writer, trader, journalist, pamphleteer and spy. He is most famous for his novel Robinson Crusoe, published in 1719, which is claimed to be second only to the Bible in its number of translations. He has been seen as one of the earliest proponents of the English novel, and helped to popularize the form in Britain with others such as Aphra Behn and Samuel Richardson. Defoe wrote many political tracts, was often in trouble with the authorities, and spent a period in prison. Intellectuals and political leaders paid attention to his fresh ideas and sometimes consulted him.

Robinson Crusoe was the first novel written by Daniel Defoe that was published in 1719. Initially, it was published as an autobiographical travelogue by Robinson Crusoe; however, Daniel Defoe was revealed to be the real author of the fictional novel and fictional character Robinson Crusoe in the later editions. Robinson Crusoe is expressed as a castaway who spends 28 years on a remote tropical desert island near the coasts of Venezuela and Trinidad.

Robinson Crusoe became hugely popular and inspired a new literary genre named Robinsonade which describes the genre of stories similar to Robinson Crusoe. While Robinson Crusoe was an accidental castaway, J. G. Ballard wrote stories in which the protagonists often choose to maroon themselves and coined the term ‘inverted Robinsonade’ to represent stories of becoming castaway willingly for a healing and empowering process.

II. The plot of the story.

Robinson Crusoe is an exciting and remarkable story about an Englishman who was shipwrecked on an uninhabited island for 28 years. Crusoe ran from home to become a sailor and a sea merchant. He had adventures at sea and in

Brazil and the Canary Islands, before being the sole survivor of a shipwreck. Crusoe spent many years living on the island before he made a horrible discovery. He discovered that some cannibals were using the island for their ritual sacrifices which involved the eating of human flesh of the victims. Crusoe was able to save one of the victims. This man was named Friday, because he was rescued on a Friday. Crusoe was also able to save Friday's father and a Spaniard, on another occasion. Crusoe also helped an English captain regain control of his ship. This English captain took Crusoe back to England. After several years, Crusoe became restless and set off for the sea again

Exposition

The story starts with a young Robinson Crusoe running away from home and becoming a sailor. He manages to trade successfully on his first voyage. On his second voyage, his ship is attacked by Turkish pirates and he becomes a slave. He manages to escape and becomes a farmer in Brazil.

Rising action

After farming for some time, Crusoe sets sail for Guinea. However, his ship is destroyed in a violent storm and Crusoe is the only survivor. He lives on an uninhabited island. Crusoe creates a comfortable life on the island. He discovers that some cannibals use the island to hold their gruesome feasts and he fears for his life.

Climax

Crusoe observes a ritual where two men are about to be sacrificed and eaten by cannibals. He manages to save one of them. He names this man Friday. Friday then becomes Crusoe's faithful companion.

Falling action

Crusoe rescues two other men from becoming human sacrifices. He also helps an English captain regain control of his ship. Crusoe returns to England.

Resolution.

After being in England for several years, he gets married and has three children. He longs for a life at sea and visits the island where he was shipwrecked for 28 years.

III. Setting

This story has a number of different settings. The one that is most famous (and which takes up the greatest part of the book) is the island on which Crusoe becomes stranded. This is a forested island somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean. There are no other permanent human inhabitants of the island. We see Crusoe as he struggles to survive physically and emotionally on this island. He spends 24 years alone and then a further three with the company of a native man that he calls Friday.

IV. Character sketches

Robinson Crusoe

The narrator of the story. Crusoe sets sail at nineteen years of age, despite his father's demand that he stay at home and be content with his "middle station" in life. Crusoe eventually establishes a farm in Brazil and realizes he is living the life his father planned for him, but he is half a world away from England. Crusoe agrees to sail to the Guinea Coast to trade for slaves, but when a terrible storm blows up, he is marooned on an island, alone. He spends 35 years there, and his time on the island forms the basis of the novel.

The Widow

The wife of the first captain to take young Crusoe under his wing. Crusoe leaves his savings with the widow, who looks after his money with great care. Crusoe sees her again after he leaves the island and returns to England; she encourages him to settle in England.

Xury

A servant on the ship on which young Crusoe is a slave; Xury is loyal to Crusoe when the two escape. Xury's devotion to Crusoe foreshadows the role

Friday later plays, although young Crusoe later sells Xury back into slavery for a profit.

the Captain of the Ship The captain of the ship that rescues young Crusoe and Xury; this man befriends young Crusoe and offers him money and guidance. They reunite after Crusoe's 35 years on the island.

Friday

A "savage" whom Crusoe rescues from certain death at the hands of cannibals. Friday is handsome, intelligent, brave, and loyal, none of which are qualities usually associated with "savages." He serves Crusoe faithfully throughout his life.

V. Main idea

1. Man and Nature

- Crusoe has to do many things for himself while living on the island. He usually succeeds when he works with Nature, for example, when he tries to build a home for himself.
- Crusoe adapts to life on the island by using whatever Nature provides. He gets food and shelter by using trees and plants on the island.
- Through the novel, we see how Nature always wins against man. Crusoe does not get to Guinea from Brazil because there is a severe storm. Crusoe cannot sail around the island in his canoe because there is a storm.

2. Courage and determination

- Crusoe is determined to become a sailor even though his parents want him to become a lawyer. He runs away from home to London where he is able to fulfill his dreams. He meets with many difficulties but he never gives up hope. When he is captured and made a slave by the Turkish captain, Crusoe does not give up. He makes plans to escape and carries them out.
- Although he is shipwrecked and alone on the desert island, Crusoe is not discouraged. He salvaged everything that he can from his ship to help him survive

on the island. He adapts to life on the island and learns to do many things in order to survive.

- Crusoe shows great courage when he fights the cannibals and saves several people's lives.

3. Friendship and loyalty

- While living on the island, Crusoe and Friday become friends. They learn to respect and trust each other.
- Through his friendship with Friday, Crusoe learns that differences, such as race, religion and the color of one's skin, are not important because people all share the same feelings and needs.

4. Courageous and determined

- Crusoe leaves his home at the young age of 18 to become a sailor.
- Crusoe saves Friday, Friday's father and two other men from the cannibals at the risk of his own life.

Crusoe helps the English captain to regain control of his ship from the mutineers.

5. Friendly and loyal

- Friday is faithful companion to Crusoe
- Crusoe's friends in Brazil take care of his farm and give him money from its sale.

Show gratitude

- Friday is grateful to Crusoe for saving his life. He becomes Crusoe's faithful and trusted companion.

The English captain is grateful to Crusoe for saving him and his loyal crew.

6. Hardworking

- Crusoe works hard to achieve his dream of becoming a sailor.
- His hard work and perseverance helps Crusoe to survive on the island for such a long time. He builds his own home, grows his own food and makes utensils and tools to help him survive.

VI. Stylistic devices

In Chapter 4, during his brief stint as a sugar planter in Brazil, Robinson begins to itch for adventure again. After being taken as a slave in Salée, he has already had a taste of how horribly a life at sea can go for him. Nonetheless, he longs for a more exciting life. He also feels dissatisfied because he appears to be reaching exactly the middle station that his father had wanted for him—and so he feels like he might as well be living comfortably in England than in a foreign, far-off place where he lacks family and friends. He uses a simile to describe his emotions: I used to look upon my condition with the utmost regret. I had no body to converse with but now and then this neighbor; no work to be done, but by the labor of my hands; and I used to say, I have just like a man cast away upon some desolate island, that had no body there but himself. But how just has it been, and how should all men reflect, that when they compare their present conditions with others that are worse, Heaven may oblige them to make the exchange.

In the second chapter of the novel, Robinson uses personification and metaphor to exaggerate the might of the ocean: I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more.

In chapter 7- Even in his most isolated periods on the island, Robinson takes comfort and pride in being the king of the island. In his journals, he uses kingship as an extended metaphor for his position of power. In his view, the island is his dominion. He even refers to one of his abodes as a castle, and another one as a country seat—"as most princes have."

Robinson uses a number of metaphors to describe the ocean throughout the novel. To emphasize the size of its waves, for example, he calls the sea mountainous and hilly. Additionally, after having lived on the island for a few years, he compares the ocean to a prison: [...] and my very heart would die within me, to think of the woods, the mountains, the deserts I was in; and how I was a prisoner locked up with the eternal bars and bolts of the ocean, in an uninhabited wilderness, without

redemption: In the midst of the greatest composes of my mind, this would break out upon me like a storm, and make me wring my hands, and weep like a child.

VII. Point of view

Robinson Crusoe tells his own story retrospectively from his personal point of view. This means we get to read every little detail that goes on his head – very important, since we'll be interested in the interior spiritual awakening that Crusoe undergoes over the course of the novel.

At the end of the novel, Robinson Crusoe is eventually rescued from the island by a passing ship. After years of isolation and survival, Crusoe is able to leave the island and return to civilization. He reunites with his family and regains his wealth. However, despite his return to civilization, he finds it difficult to fully reintegrate into society and longs for the simplicity of his life on the island.

VIII. Conclusion

The conclusion of the novel reflects on Crusoe's transformation throughout his ordeal and his inner conflict between his desire for adventure and the comfort of familiarity. The story explores themes of survival, self-reliance, and the human drive to conquer challenges. It's important to note that "Robinson Crusoe" has been in the public domain for many years, so different adaptations and interpretations of the ending might exist in various versions or retellings of the story.

UNIT TWO

Coment on the text “David Copperfield” by Charles Dickens

1. Author

Charles Dickens was a very popular writer who lived in England in the nineteenth century. He was born in 1812 in Land port and spent his childhood in Kent. He had seven brothers and sisters and he was the second child in the family. His father had many debts and was put in prison when Charles was about twelve. Charles Dickens had to earn money for his family by working at his relative's factory, labeling bottles for six shillings a week. He attended a day school at the same time. Two years later, he left school and worked at a lawyer's office. He taught himself shorthand when he was sixteen because he wanted to be a reporter. At nineteen he became one of the quickest and most accurate reporters in London. Later, he worked as an editor and a writer.

Dickens never stopped writing after he published his first novel, *The Pickwick Papers* in 1836–37. Usually he published a chapter of a novel every month. He wrote fifteen novels in total, the most popular ones include *Oliver Twist*, *A Christmas Carol*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*. His own favourite novel was *David Copperfield*, in which his own life is reflected. Dickens spent most of his life in London. He died of a stroke in 1870 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

II. The plot of the story

Exposition. At David Copperfield's house, Blunder stone Rookery, the novel opens with a description of his birth and early years. Six months after the passing of his father, he was born, and one of the nurses predicted that he would have a bad life because of the circumstances. He has a pleasant childhood thanks to his mother, Clara, and caregiver, Peggotty. He recalls his mother as carefree, and the three had laid-back attitudes. He regularly remarks that he's never been happier than he is right now. After his mother meets the mysterious but attractive Mr.

Murdstone, everything changes. Immediately hating him, Peggotty frequently quarrels with Clara about him, but the latter ignores her counsel.

Peggotty and David spend a week in Yarmouth, where Peggotty is from. During this time, David gets to know Mr. Barkis, the carrier driver, Mr. Peggotty, Mr. Peggotty's brother Ham, and Little Em'ly for the first time. However, David and Peggotty discover that his mother and Mr. Murdstone have wed, and their prior existence has vanished forever.

Clara is subject to intense supervision from Mr. Murdstone, who uses his sister, Miss Murdstone, to impose the importance of firmness on her. David is sent to Salem House, a boarding school for boys, after biting Mr. Murdstone while being thrashed by him. There he meets Traddles, an overweight but humorous and kind-hearted lad, and Steerforth, a gorgeous, cultured guy he admires. He gets one more enjoyable day with his mother and learns a lot at school before learning the sad news that she has died. He leaves Salem House after the funeral and goes back to his house. Peggotty marries Mr. Barkis after being dismissed by Mr. Murdstone. While she still writes and occasionally sees David, she cannot provide for him in the same way as previously.

1. David Copperfield's mother marries Mr. Murdstone.
2. Mr. Murdstone sends David to school; he meets Steerforth.
3. David's mother dies; he begins work in a London warehouse.
4. David is adopted by Miss Betsey; he attends a good school.
5. David visits the Peggottys with Steerforth.
6. Steerforth betrays David and runs away with Emily.
7. David falls in love and becomes engaged to Dora.
8. David changes career goals; Miss Betsey loses her fortune.
9. David succeeds in his new career and marries Dora.
10. David and Dora have marital problems; Dora is ill and dies.

Complication

David's mother dies and Mr. Murdstone turns David out of his house. But of course, things can always get worse. It's not bad enough that the Murdstones are first verbally and then physically abusive. They send David away to a terrible boarding school, where he is frequently whipped by his headmaster. And then, worst of all, David is away from home when his mother and infant baby brother die. At this point, all ties between David and the Murdstones seem broken. Mr. Murdstone sends his defenseless ten-year old stepson into London to work in his factory. So now, David is about as far from a happy family as he can possibly get: he is an orphan living alone in London, with no future and no prospect for improving his life.

Climax

David finds a new family by running away to his great-aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood. So, David's in a really bad place. He's got nothing to lose, so he risks everything on a last-ditch effort to befriend his great aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood. David writes to Peggotty, his old nurse, and finds out that Miss Betsey is living in Dover, which is about seventy miles from London. David sets out on the road. After a mishap with a thief, he has to start selling his clothes piece by piece so that he can eat on his way. Finally, he turns up at his aunt's house, and she takes David in. When the Murdstones come to collect David, she sends them away with a few words about what jerks they are. So now, David has a family: a mother figure in Miss Betsey, and a delightful brother figure in her other ward, Mr. Dick.

Suspense

David seems to have ruined his life again by marrying Miss Dora Spenlow. It looks like David has been given everything he has ever wanted. But we're only a third of the way through the novel, so there must be some future disaster waiting that will prevent David from enjoying his new family. It's not financial disaster, because when Miss Betsey goes broke, David has enough skills and dedication to support her. No, David creates his own obstacle to happiness. His affectionate

heart leads him to fall in love with a lady who is completely not right for him, Miss Dora Spenlow. And he's a stubborn, honorable guy, so he marries her and tries to make it work. We know that he's had sparks with Agnes Wickfield since around the time he first met her when he was around 11, but now there's Dora in the way. How will this get resolved?

Denouement

Dora passes away, leaving David free to marry the woman who really suits him: Agnes Wickfield. David realizes that he doesn't want to be married to Dora after he marries her. And he also knows there's nothing he can do about it. He tries to change her, to make her more serious, but it hurts her feelings. So he gives up and resigns himself to being as happy as he can be with the wrong woman. And he's genuinely sad when she starts to get sick and eventually dies.

Conclusion

David and Agnes live happily ever after.

III. The Setting

The setting of the novel is in England during the first half of the 19th century. The action of the characters takes place initially in Blunderstone in Suffolk County and then in Yarmouth three kilometers away on the North Sea. Later, the story unfolds in Dover and Canterbury in Kent County, and then in London. Characters in the novel also travel to mainland Europe, India, and Australia.

IV. Character sketches

David Copperfield

David Copperfield is the titular protagonist and narrator of the novel. Orphaned as a young boy, he's sent to work in a rat-infested London warehouse, but he sets out on his own to become a success in life. Imaginative, naive, earnest, and kind, he gains the love and support of family and friends. Through persistence and hard work, he overcomes challenges and heartache as he makes his way in the world.

Peggotty

Peggotty is a cheerful presence in David Copperfield's early childhood years. After the death of young David's mother, Peggotty marries Barkis, the stage driver, but she sets aside a bedroom for David so he can stay with them whenever he likes. An important mother figure in David's life, Peggotty continues to be a source of love and constancy for him.

James Steerforth

James Steerforth is the son of a wealthy widow. His proud, haughty demeanor, good looks, and easy self-confidence inspire a kind of hero-worship in David. David enjoys showing off his charming friend to the Peggottys, but he comes to regret the introduction when Steerforth's true nature is revealed and he betrays their friendship.

Uriah Heep

Uriah Heep is a few years older than David Copperfield and is Mr. Wickfield's clerk when David first meets him. He's a suspicious, conniving character who feigns humility as a way of gaining power. Heep uses manipulation to become partners with Mr. Wickfield and comes close to causing Mr. Wickfield to lose everything, including his home, before his plans are foiled by Mr. Micawber.

Dora Spenlow

Dora Spenlow is young, pretty, and totally impractical. David Copperfield falls in love with her at first sight. His determination to marry Dora inspires David to work hard to achieve financial stability and success. Dora's childishness and David's own naïveté cause their marriage to be less than fulfilling. A few years into their marriage, Dora becomes ill and dies.

Miss Betsey

Miss Betsey Trotwood adopts David Copperfield when he runs away from his warehouse job. She's eccentric, opinionated, and kind. She has strong opinions about marrying too young, having made the same mistake herself. Still, she's

supportive of David and Dora, and as David's third mother figure, she helps him along his career path, giving him wise and loving guidance along the way.

Agnes Wickfield

Agnes Wickfield and David Copperfield become friends when David attends school in Canterbury and rooms in Mr. Wickfield's house. He thinks of her as his sister and his "good angel," confiding in her and seeking her advice on many things. She keeps house for her widowed father and copes with his depression and tendency to overindulge in wine. Agnes becomes friends with Dora after David's marriage, and years after Dora's death, she and David finally admit their love for each other and marry.

V. Main Idea

The fundamental theme of this novel stems from the fact that it is a *Bildungsroman*, a literary genre that concentrates on the protagonist's psychological and moral growth from childhood to adulthood, and which is common in Dickens' novels, and in which character transformation is vitally essential. On his journey to maturity, David must leave his old self behind. Other significant themes revolve around Dickens' societal concerns and yearning for reform. This encompasses the predicament of "fallen women" and prostitutes, as well as middle-class society's attitude toward them; the status of women in marriage; the rigid class structure; the jail system; educational standards; and emigration to the British Empire's colonies. Individuals could use the latter to get away from some of the rigidities of British society and start over. Some of these topics are satirized outright, while others are woven throughout Dickens' story in more subtle ways.

VI. Stylistic devices

In Chapter 37, David tells Dora that Aunt Betsey has lost her fortune and that he now needs to work for money. Dora reacts badly, and Dickens emphasizes her bad reaction with a hyperbole:

At first Miss Mills thought it was a quarrel, and that we were verging on the Desert of Sahara; but she soon found out how matters stood, for my dear affectionate little Dora, embracing her, began exclaiming that I was ‘a poor laborer;’ and then cried for me, and embraced me, and asked me would I let her give me all her money to keep, and then fell on Miss Mills’s neck, sobbing as if her tender heart were broken.

Dickens uses dramatic irony early in the novel as a way of highlighting young David Copperfield’s innocence and gullibility. For example, when David travels alone to Salem House in Chapter 5, a waiter takes advantage of his good nature and ready willingness to believe everything he is told: I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking [my ale], if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn’t hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

In Chapter 4, David bites Mr. Murdstone in self-defense and is locked away in isolation. He uses metaphorical imagery to describe how it felt to spend five days alone like this:

[...] the setting in of rain one evening, with a fresh smell, and its coming down faster and faster between me and the church, until it and gathering night seemed to quench me in gloom, and fear, and remorse—all this appears to have gone round and round for years instead of days, it is so vividly and strongly stamped on my remembrance.

In Chapter 3, David meets Peggotty's extended family. Peggotty uses two idioms to describe Mr. Peggotty:

[Mr. Peggotty] was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel—those were her similes.

In Chapter 31, immediately on the heels of Mr. Barkis's death, the Peggotty family suffers another tragedy when little Em'ly runs away with Steerforth. As he describes Ham's reaction to the news, David personifies the sky:

The face he turned up to the troubled sky, the quivering of his clasped hands, the agony of his figure, remain associated with that lonely waste, in my remembrance, to this hour. It is always night there, and he is the only object in the scene.

VII. Point Of View

David writes in the first person, limiting his viewpoint to what he sees in his youth and his attitude at that time. Dickens's greatest novel is a matter of opinion, for they are all beautiful in their own way. But I think it safe to say that *Copperfield* speaks to many people and will continue to do so for a long time yet. As David says, it is a matter for personal choice, and I also happen to agree with his preference for *Great Expectations*.

David Copperfield has a large element of autobiography, and the early section, dealing with David's childhood, is one of the best things Dickens ever wrote. Throughout the rest of the novel, David meets a bunch of interesting characters, and we see the ups and downs that they go through. However, the plot is driven by coincidences - or rather, there isn't very much by way of a plot, it is the story of a man who knows lots of interesting people, and happens to meet them just as the point where interesting things are happening to them.

Bleak House does not have the same gripping opening as *David Copperfield*. It is a story in which a court case is slowly grinding its way to a conclusion, but also a story in which detectives are trying to discover the truth. (It would be very misleading to describe it as a detective story, but Mr. Bucket is one of English fiction's first great detectives, and there's something of Columbo about him). This means that there's a firmer sense of direction about the novel.

David Copperfield contains autobiographical elements, but it is an idealized autobiography. David Copperfield's first wife dies. Dickens grew bored with his wife (when he fell in love with an eighteen year-old), divorced her, and tried to have her committed to an insane asylum. Readers love David Copperfield because, despite moments of tragedy, it depicts the kind of world we would like to live in. Bleak House has a clue in the title about the kind of world that is portrayed. Critics love it because it can be seen as a statement about the follies of human nature, although it does have moments of warmth and love.

VIII. Conclusion

We like the eponymous character development in David Copperfield. He falls victim to his passion and easily falls in love with the girls he meets e.g. having a crush on Emily even as a kid. This raises several questions when he finds himself attracted to Dora even at first sight.

I find many authors would leave love in the realm of the ineffable. Instead, Dickens characterizes Dora into the Victorian stereotype of a childish woman, who prefers David to call her the 'child-wife'. Even though David's unrequited love for her was not called to question in the first-person narrative, I sympathize with David for shouldering all responsibilities of the family. Therefore, I like the ending very much since David finally comes to the realization of his mature love for Agnes.

UNIT

Three

Comment on the text “The Last Leaf ” by O. Henry

I. Author

O. Henry wrote numerous short stories while in prison. His first story, - Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking, was published by McClure's Magazine and became a steppingstone for the author's success. The mysterious author grew in fame and recognition, but publishers and readers alike were clueless regarding O. Henry's identity.

The text describes us that Johnsy has fallen ill and is dying of pneumonia. She watches the leaves fall from a vine outside the window of her room, and decides that when the last leaf drops, she too will die, While Sue tries to tell her to stop thinking like that. An old, frustrated artist named Behrman lives below Johnsy and Sue. He has been claiming that he will paint a masterpiece, even though he has never even attempted to start. Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell...

The general slant of the text is a 3rd person narration. It contains different elements: an account of events, portraiture. The description is intercepted with a dialogue.

II. The plot of the story runs as follows:

- introduction* (the author with the help of setting's description show us the place in which the main events will happen)
- exposition* (the main characters Sue, Johnsy, Mr. Pneumonia are presented after the introduction)
- the story itself (the author tells us about the illness of one of the girls)
- the climax* (this is the night when the last leaf was on the tree, the main thing is would it fall down and Johnsy dies or would it stay and keep Johnsy alive, the night when Mr. Behrman draw his masterpiece and catch a pneumonia, but about this fact the reader hasn't known yet)

- *the denouement* (the leaf stays on the tree and Johnsy recovers).

III. Setting

O. Henry's short story 'The Last Leaf' is set in an area of Greenwich Village that functions as an artists' colony. The story focuses on the lives of two artists who share a studio: Sue and Johnsy (short for Joanna). The two met at a New York restaurant in May, and our story takes place in November.

IV. Character sketches

There are five characters of the story:

Sue - a young artist, Johnsy - a young artist,

Behrman - an old artist, A Doctor. Mr. Pneumonia.

The main characters are Sue, Johnsy, and Mr. Behrman . The secondary character is a doctor. Sue, Johnsy, Mr. Behrman are protagonists and Mr. Pneumonia - antagonist. Sue is shown as a young girl who is ill. She think that she will die. Sue is an young artist. She is shown very kind and good person. Here the author uses indirect characterization of the personages. O' Henry shows only their acting. For example Sue always takes care about Johnsy. We can see the attitude of the author to this personage. We can understand from the context, that Sue is a good person. The same I can say about Mr. Behrman.

With the help of the narrative description of what Mr. Pneumonia is doing, we can guess the author's attitude towards him. The killer disease which plays so important a role is personified by O. Henry in this short story. For example: «a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places." Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer».

V. The main idea

It is difficult to not view life negatively when we think about the causes of suffering among those around us. But, this attitude can cause a lot of pain for people who are close to us, sometimes even leading them to harm themselves.

This story talks about how we need to have a positive attitude in life in order to be fruitful. This story also discusses how selfishness can be frustrating, so that our lives are as full as possible. The protagonist of the short story Painter Behrman sacrifices his life for Johnsy. The main idea of the whole story is how we treat other people. We often judge people who we don't know. So we must try to notice the ones who are lonely and need our attention.

VI. Stylistic devices.

Personification: - One street crosses itself a time or two. Here the features of a person were ascribed to the street. —*The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks*¶. Here the features of a person were ascribed to the autumn.

- *In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers.* -

In these sentence the features of a person were ascribed to the disease.

Epithet: - cold stranger, icy fingers, chivalric old gentleman, red-fisted, greedy-self, a jew's harp twang, a mite of a little woman. These devices were used to make the text more emotional and reinforce the impression about a person who is described with the help of epithets.

Simile : - *as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above ,as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock, she was just like one of those tired leaves, she was lying white as statue* . Here the simile is used to show the objects, described here more clearly. The comparison of two objects helps us better imagine and understand described object or a person.

Irony : - Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony, - Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature. Here irony shows a positive attitude of a speaker to the objects, but at the same time expresses a negative evaluation of them.

Comparison:

—Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Is used to point out some events.

Oxymoron: —Magnificent scorn- used by the speaker to show some irony.

Periphrasis: —Ravager, hermit under head- used to stress the individual perception of the object. Parallel construction: —I'm tired of waiting, —I'm tired of thinking Syntactical.

Polysyndeton: —"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together. It was used to make the sentence more rhythmical. Repetition: —Old-old, down-down, counting-counting-used to show the strong emotions of the speaker.

VII. Point of view

Third person – The point of view of the story is third person because there is a narrator who narrates the story to the readers. The narrator uses the pronoun she/he. The story was told by a person who was not involved in the story.

VIII. Conclusion

The story should be read more and more in order for people to realize that they should love themselves. Through this story, we can realize that depression is very harmful and everyone should have an optimistic life style. Moreover, having a dream and trying make it come true is also the meaning of the story.

UNIT FOUR

Comment on the text “Jane Eyre “ by Charlotte Bronte

1.Author

Charlotte Bronte was a British novelist and poet who is best known for her novel «Jane Eyre» Born in 1816, Bronte was the oldest of the Bronte sisters, a group of literary siblings that included Emily and Anne, who were also successful writers.

«Jane Eyre» which was published in 1847, is a classic of English literature and is considered one of the first novels to feature a strong, independent female protagonist. The novel tells the story of Jane, an orphan who becomes a governess and falls in love with her employer, Mr. Rochester. The book explores themes of love, independence, and social class and has been widely adapted into plays, films, and television series.

II. The plot of the story

Composition. The novel follows the story of Jane, a seemingly plain and simple girl as she battles through life's struggles. Jane has many obstacles in her life - her cruel and abusive Aunt Reed, the grim conditions at Lowood school, her love for Rochester and Rochester's marriage to Bertha. However, Jane overcomes these obstacles through her determination, sharp wit and courage. The novel ends with Jane married to Rochester with children of their own.

Conflict

Basically, Jane falls in love with her new employer, Mr. Rochester, but can't act on her feelings because they are separated by rank and fortune.

Well, really, there are lots of reasons she feels she can't act on her feelings: she doesn't want to seem like she has ideas above her station, and Rochester is pretending to be interested in this nasty hussy Blanche Ingram.

It might be difficult to see Jane's unattainable desire to be Rochester's wife as the central conflict here, but don't worry—there are a lot of different conflicts here at the center of the novel. Despite the side-conflicts between Jane and Mr. Brocklehurst or Jane and Mrs. Reed, the real conflict here is between Jane and her circumstances. She's separated from Rochester by money and status, but also by logistics, awkward situations, Rochester's own teasing, and lots more.

It's Jane against all the things that are keeping her from being with the man she loves.

Complication

It turns out that Mr. Rochester is married already—to a madwoman!

It's one heck of a complication, isn't it? The revelation that Mr. Rochester's wife is alive, living in the attic, and homicidal—and that he's legally prevented from divorcing her because she's been diagnosed as insane—seems like it will sunder Jane and Rochester forever. It also sets up one of the most important foil relationships of the novel: Bertha Mason, "the madwoman in the attic," as a foil to Jane herself.

Climax

Jane runs away from Thornfield so she won't be tempted to live in sin with Rochester. It's somewhat ironic that the climactic moment of the novel is one in which the lovers part, seemingly never to be reunited. We can tell that this is the climax because we're faced with an either-or choice for what will happen next. From here, either Jane will go back to Thornfield and be reconciled with Rochester, or she'll strike out into the world and never see him again: those are pretty much the only options.

Suspense

Jane considers going to India with St. John Rivers to do missionary work. This is the "suspense" part because we're holding our breath. Is Jane going to go with St. John because she feels she needs to devote herself to some grand cause? Is she

going to marry St. John just because he keeps pestering her to give in? Will Rochester rescue her before she makes a mistake that could last for the rest of her life? Or, knowing Jane, will she come to her senses?

Denouement

Jane mysteriously hears Mr. Rochester's voice from miles away and feels called back to him.

We breathe a sigh of relief. Whether this is actually a supernatural moment of clairaudience, where Jane really does hear Rochester from miles away through their sympathetic connection, or whether it's just a delusion that Jane's brain invents to keep her from agreeing to marry St. John, we know it's going to be a-okay now. Jane's going to go back to Thornfield and find out where Rochester is, and she's never going to leave him again.

Jane and Rochester get married and live happily ever after (even though Rochester is minus one eye and one hand). It's implied that St. John Rivers dies alone in India.

Well, that's pretty much all there is to it: a wedding and a death are pretty good signs that this is the conclusion of the novel. You might want to check out "What's Up With the Ending?" to get our thoughts on why St. John Rivers is the last character mentioned in the book.

III. The setting

The setting of the story is carefully divided into five distinct locales, each of which has its particular significance in Jane's history and each of which is like an act in a five-act drama. Her early childhood is spent in Gateshead Hall, the home of the Reeds; from there she goes to Lowood, where she comes under the influence of Mr. Brocklehurst, Miss Temple, and Helen Burns; as governess to Adele at Thornfield she falls in love with Rochester; after the discovery of the existence of Bertha, Jane runs away and is taken into Moor House, the home of her cousins, the Rivers family; in the conclusion of the book she and Rochester are united at his

crumbling hunting-lodge, Ferndean Manor. There are, in addition, two scenes in which Jane returns to an earlier home to discover changes in both herself and those she has known in the past: from Thornfield she returns to the deathbed of Mrs. Reed at Gateshead, and from Moor House she returns to Thornfield to find only its blind windows and gaping walls. Each of these settings has its own characteristic tone, the Gateshead section, for example, having that of "passion, sensuality, emotion, superstition, and the other manifestations of the non-rational" of human nature. What are the tones and associated implications of the novel's other settings?

Setting also relates to characterization as well, since many of the novel's principal figures, such as Mrs. Reed and Rochester, exist intimately related to the homes and landscapes in which we come upon them. In what sense are such parallels characteristic of realist fiction or appropriate to it? What, in other words, do such techniques tell us about narratives in the realist mode? How, for example, do they relate to fantasy?

IV. Character sketches

Jane Eyre

The eponymous girl, aged 10, Jane Eyre is the protagonist of the novel. From a sensitive orphan, she grows into an assertive and independent young woman who dares to propose to the blind Mr. Rochester, when he needs love and support. However, the journey from a sensitive and dependent teenager to an independent lady has never been an easy ride, for she has had to pay the price in the form of ill-treatment she receives at Lowood and occasional advances from St. Johns, who also proposes to her and asks her to accompany him to India. She, however, stays patient in the face of maltreatment from her uncle and resists love from St. John. This stable and balanced persona wins her the title of the heroine of the novel.

Edward Rochester

Rochester stands tall among the male characters. He displays a genuine feeling toward Jane and his heroic qualities. He has suffered so much from his hasty marriage with Bertha Mason. Although he knows that socially he is quite an aristocrat but he needs an emphatic and sympathetic person like Jane to make him a balanced person. Therefore, when he is paralyzed by the fire in which Bertha Mason burns herself, he accepts Jane's proposal understanding that it is not out of pity but his sincerity and love.

John Rivers

St. John is Jane's cousin, who has devoted his life to preaching as an evangelist and longs to visit India to spread the civilizational message. His stoic and strict brand first seduces Jane but she realizes soon his would-be patriarchal domination that may undermine her independence in the future. Therefore, instead of going for St. John, she prefers Mr. Rochester, for his sincerity of feelings and goodness of his heart in that he needs Jane at this point in his life.

Helen Burns

Helen Burns is Jane's schoolmate as well as her mentor. Her faith in Christianity and the goodness of the human heart is buried deep in her psyche that she does not budge from her stand come what may. Jane is not moved much by her staunch religiosity, yet she has a very strong influence on her personality.

Brocklehurst

Mr. Brocklehurst in the novel is known for the cruelty and torture he inflicts on the children of Lowood School. He stands as a perfect example for a hypocritical figure, delivering Christian sermons but practicing quite opposite. His embezzlement in the school funds later proves this public impression of him.

Bertha Mason

As the wife of Mr. Rochester, Bertha Mason has a strong impact on her surroundings and Mr. Rochester's life. Suffering from hereditary mental illness,

Bertha becomes a cumbersome burden for Rochester to whom he could not leave. Rather he has had to employ Grace Poole to keep watch on her in case she might commit suicide, and that she does when she burns down Thornfield Manor.

Reed

Despite being Jane's aunt, Mrs. Reed abuses her as a child such as confining her to the red-room as a punishment even for trivial situations. She continues to resent Jane's presence and does not repent her behavior even on her deathbed.

Miss Temple

A very considerate lady, Miss Temple treats children with kindness and takes up the responsibility of caring for them about their food and clothing at Lowood. She is specifically kind to Jane and her friend, Helen, and treats them with kindness. Jane and Helen both treat her as their motherly mentor to whom they follow as a role model in their lives.

John Reed

Jane's cousin and brother of Eliza and Georgiana, John Reed *does* not show his relationship with Jane by taking care of her. He rather bullies her whenever he finds a chance and conjoins with his mother to hurt and abuse Jane. Excessive motherly love spoils the kids in that he becomes a gambler when he grows up and commits suicide due to the pressure from the creditors.

Grace Poole

The significance of Grace Poole lies in his supporting role for Rochester in taking care of Bertha at Thornfield. However, his little negligence provides Bertha time enough to set the entire house on fire, causing severe injuries to Rochester and making him almost dependent on Jane.

V. Main idea in Jane Eyre

Role of the Family: Jane Eyre, the novel, shows the theme of the family role through Jane, for she is left alone in this world to fend off herself. Although she becomes independent at quite an early age, it comes at a price that she has to rely

on Miss Temple and Mrs. Fairfax instead of her parents. When it comes to her relations, she finds that even relatives do not treat a lonely relation fairly. The example of St. John and Mrs. Reed are cases in point that she has to return to Miss Temple to demonstrate her love. Because of that situation, she has to spurn Rochester's offer to verify his genuineness instead of going for marriage with him in one go. In the case of having a family, she would not have to take too many troubles.

Religion: Jane Eyre learns that religion plays an important role in a person's social life when she meets Mr. Brocklehurst but she also learns that this evangelicalism has been adopted to facilitate social superiority, for it is very much couched in hypocrisy. She sees that Mr. Brocklehurst uses the funds of the children for himself and yet mistreats them. She, then, meets Helen Burns, whose tolerance surpasses the clergy, while St. John shows piety and virtuosity to win her. However, she chooses Mr. Rochester to show her own loving side.

Social Status: The theme of social status emerges quite early and often peeps through different strands in the novel when Jane Eyre has to go through the ordeal of attending boarding school. Although Mr. Reed is her uncle, yet she becomes a butt of their ridicule only because of her social status. She sees that although Mr. Rochester is a reasonable man, he marries Bertha only because she belongs to an aristocratic family. And he suffers for it, too. Later when she finds a niche for herself in society, the same Rochester becomes very sincere and leans toward her. However, she finds sincerity in him, giving him a second chance, and accepts his proposal, though, belatedly.

Gender Equality: Jane Eyre shows gender inequality through different characters. Jane is confined to the red room merely because of her being a girl and the same goes for Bertha Mason because she depends on Rochester. It shows that the Victorian Era's idea about femininity was still based on the DE prioritizations of gender roles. For example, St. John is free to select any career, while on the other hand, Jane could not choose her career due to her gender. However, she becomes

slightly independent by the end when she visits Rochester to accept his previous proposal.

Love and Marriage: The novel shows the theme of love and marriage through the character of Jane, St. John, Mr. Rochester, and Bertha. Although St. John tells her that he is ready to marry her, she does not love him. She confesses her love for Mr. Rochester who is already married to Bertha Mason, a mentally ill person, who has become a burden in his life, causing frustration and fear. Ultimately when Bertha Mason commits suicide, Jane responds to Rochester's proposal, and both of them are ready for marriage.

Colonialism: Many aspects of the novel point to the thematic strand of colonialism that has been going on in the world at that time. Jane's uncle, John, who lives in Madeira, shows that he has amassed wealth for her. Mr. Rochester, too, has married Bertha Mason, a Jamaican Creole lady, while St. John is ready to set sail for India, an English colony at that time.

VI. Stylistic Devices in Jane Eyre

Anaphora: The novel shows examples of anaphora as given in the below example,

"I like this day; I like that sky of steel; I like the sternness and stillness of the world under this frost. I like Thornfield, its antiquity, its retirement, its old cypress trees and thorn-trees, its grey facade, and lines of dark windows reflecting that metal welkin: and yet how long have I abhorred the very thought of it, shunned it like a great plague-house? How I do still abhor-".

The example shows the *repetitious* use of "I like."

Alliteration: Jane Eyre shows the use of alliteration at several places as given in the below example,

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Iceland, Greenland, with "the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space,—that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm

fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above heights, surround the pole, and concenter the multiplied rigors of extreme cold.” (Chapter-1)

VII. Point of view

Jane Eyre is written by Charlotte Bronte who makes the story incorporated from her own's life. Based on the theoretical background which has written above, Jane Eyre is type of Novel which showing first person point of view. In here, the author makes the narrator as a protagonist story. It is using pronouns “I” and telling much about a person. Before Jane Eyre's novel was published, women did not have the same rights as men. Women should not work, school, and or even fight when they experience violence. At that time, women were highly marginalized by male social workers. But after the novel was published, the women had the same position as the men. They have the same rights as men's rights, such as work, protection, access to education, voice of opinion, work according to their identity, and so on. So, when these women have the same rights as men, they grow and develop into independent, intelligent, insightful individuals, able to compete with men in terms of work, protect themselves from violence, have freedom of choice. Not only that, they also struggle to stay alive and build their character. They learn how to life in the future from their childhood environment, building strong personality, wise, and independent individuals as Jane did in this novel.

VIII. Conclusion

The romantic reason she marries him is because she knows that she loves him, and because she sees their souls in sympathy with one another. The political and feminist reason she marries him is because he is humbled, physically infirm, and financially devastated, whereas she is strong, experienced, and socially connected in a way she wasn't before. They are on more equal footing than they were when he was a powerful and prosperous male aristocrat and she was a

penniless governess and orphan. Having discovered her cousins and inherited some family wealth, she comes back to him as a woman with family connections and means. The legal reason she marries him is because his first wife is dead, and they can now be married in law. When she finds him blind and crippled at Fanwood, all the lies are exposed, and there is only the true marriage of equals. In fact, she is morally and physically superior to him at this point. He is dependent on her kindness, and has come to admit that he needs her. As for Jane, she has not only realized that she needs his warmth and passion, but that a useful and proper marriage to someone like her bloodless cousin St. John Rivers will not suffice. In fact, she actually returns to Rochester not knowing that he is a widower. She is ready to love him even if he is still a married man. So in the end, they have both set aside their pride and their requirements, and having admitted that they love, desire, need, and appreciate one another, they can truly be happily married.

UNIT FIVE

Comment on the text “Canterville Ghost “by Oscar Wilde

I. Author.

"The Canterville Ghost" is a short story by the Irish author Oscar Wilde which contains elements of both horror and comedy. It was first published in two parts in the February 23 and March 2, 1887 issues of the British magazine The Court and Society Review. It was republished in an anthology of Wilde's works, Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and Other Stories in 1891.

The Canterville Ghost story is around a countryside house in England (long time ago). That is an interesting and quite a dramatic ghost story about a haunted house. He describes the house very well in that. He blended comedy in to the story very well. Mr Otis and his family (his wife, daughter Virginia, son Washington) are americans from New York. They just shift to the house named "Canterville Chase", even after being warned of it being haunted. They did not believe in ghosts. They hear a lot of sounds, see blood on the floor many times etc. They started believing in ghosts, but they still were not afraid of them. The name of the ghost was Sir Simon de Canterville. The ghost becomes humiliated and feels terrible, as he could not make the family frightened. The family talks of detergents and stain removers when they see mysterious red marks (resembling blood) on the floor. The various desperate attempts of Sir Simon and the funny responses of the family are narrated with a lot of humor. Sir Simon changes forms and assumes many roles like: strangled girl, blood-sucker, skeleton and corpse snatcher, headless person etc. Instead of frightening the family, he himself gets beaten every time. He falls over tripwires, slips on butter, takes on his head bucketful's of water. He even gets shocked by seeing a ghost (created by Otis twins). Sir Simon comes close and feels good with young Virginia in her teens. He tells her the story of his wife. She is serious and believing and not mischievous like other members of the family. She listens to him sympathetically. He requests her to pray for him and weep for him, as he is unable to do those (because

ghosts cannot weep or pray). He requests her to accompany him to the God of Death to show mercy on him. She does so. Then he is relieved of his ghost state and goes to the world. She returns to the house later in the night. The house is free of the ghost.

His best work, *The Value of Being Earnest*, was released in 1895. He was found guilty and sentenced to two years of hard work in jail. He authored *De Profundis* while incarcerated. He talked about how his trials had shaped his spiritual journey in this lengthy letter. After being released from prison, he travelled to France. He never went back to Britain or Ireland. His final composition, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1898), a ballad honoring the harsh rhythms of prison life, was written there. On 30 November 1900, at the age of 46, he passed away penniless in Paris.

II. Plot of the story

The story is about an American family who move to a castle haunted by the ghost of a dead nobleman, who killed his wife and was starved to death by his wife's brothers. It has been adapted for the stage and screen several times. The home of the *Canterville Ghost* was the ancient *Canterville Chase*, which has all the accoutrements of a traditional haunted house. Descriptions of the wainscoting, the library paneled in black oak, and the armor in the hallway characterize the setting. Wilde mixes the macabre with comedy, juxtaposing devices from traditional English ghost stories such as creaking floorboards, clanking chains, and ancient prophecies.

The composition

The story begins when the American Minister Mr Otis and his family move into *Canterville Chase*, despite warnings from Lord *Canterville* that the house is haunted. Mr Otis says that he will take the furniture as well as the ghost at valuation. The Otis family includes Mr and Mrs Otis, their eldest son Washington, their daughter Virginia, and the Otis twins. The other characters include the

Canterville Ghost, the Duke of Cheshire (who wants to marry Virginia), Mrs Umney (the housekeeper), and Rev Augustus Dampier. At first, none of the Otis family believe in ghosts, but shortly after they move in, none of them can deny the presence of Sir Simon de Canterville. The family hears clanking chains, they witness reappearing bloodstains on the floor just by the fireplace, which are removed every time they appear in various forms. But, humorously, none of these scare the Otis family in the least. In fact, upon hearing the clanking noises in the hallway, Mr Otis promptly gets out of bed and pragmatically offers the ghost Tammany Rising Sun Lubricator to oil his chains.

Despite the ghost's efforts to appear in the most gruesome guises, the family refuses to be frightened, and Sir Simon feels increasingly helpless and humiliated. When Mrs Otis notices a mysterious red mark on the floor, she simply replies that " she does not at all care for blood stains in the sitting room". When Mrs Umney informs Mrs Otis that the blood stain is indeed evidence of the ghost and cannot be removed, Washington Otis, the eldest son, suggests that the stain will be removed with Pinkerton's Champion Stain Remover and Paragon Detergent: a quick fix, like the Tammany Rising Sun Lubricator, and a practical way of dealing with the problem.

Climax

The climax happens when the ghost talks to Virginia about his feelings of sadness and pain and asks her for help.

Foreshadowing

Lord Canterville's initial warning about the presence of the ghost foreshadows that there will be problems for the Otis family after they move in. Virginia's distress about the bloodstain reappearing every day foreshadows that she is more sensitive than the rest of her family, and that she will have a closer relationship with the ghost later in the story.

III. Setting

The story takes place in an old English country house, Canterville Chase, which has all the accoutrements of a traditional haunted house. Descriptions of the wainscoting, the library paneled in black oak, and the armor in the hallway characterize the Gothic setting and help Wilde clash the Old World with the New. Typical of the style of the English Decadents, the gothic atmosphere reveals the author's fascination with the macabre. Yet he mixes the macabre with comedy, juxtaposing devices from traditional English ghost stories such as creaking floorboards, clanking chains, and ancient prophecies with symbols of modern American consumerism. Wilde's Gothic setting helps emphasize the contrast between cultures—setting modern Americans in what could arguably be a classic symbol of British history—and underscores the "modern" thinking of the house's mismatched residents, the Otis's.

IV. Character sketches

The characters in “The Canterville Ghost” are as diverse as they are entertaining. The Otis family, including Mr. and Mrs. Otis and their four children, bring a sense of American pragmatism to the story. They approach the supernatural with skepticism and are unimpressed by Sir Simon's haunting efforts. Their refusal to conform to traditional ghost story tropes adds depth to the narrative. On the other side of the spectrum is Sir Simon de Canterville, the ghost with a centuries-old reputation. His character undergoes a transformation as he grapples with the Otis family's unconventional response to his hauntings. Wilde's character development is remarkable, as Sir Simon evolves from a fearsome ghost to a figure who elicits sympathy and even admiration from readers.

Virginia Otis

The adolescent daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otis. She comes to live at Canterville Chase along with her family, and is one of few characters to show sympathy to the ghost.

Duke of Cheshire

The Duke of Cheshire is a wealthy young English aristocrat who falls in love with, and eventually marries, Virginia Otis.

Hiram B. Otis

Hiram Otis is a wealthy, middle-aged American man who purchases Canterville Chase in order to live there with his family. He is a pragmatic and no-nonsense character, but he also seems to be quite a lenient father since he makes no attempt to discipline his children for unruly behavior.

Lucretia Tappan Otis (Mrs. Otis)

Lucretia is the wife of Hiram Otis, and mother to Washington, Virginia, and the twins.

Stars and Stripes (the Otis twins)

The youngest Otis children are a set of twin boys who are never named in the story, instead referred to as "Stars and Stripes." They spend most of the story tormenting the ghost, and they do not seem to be afraid of him at all.

Washington Otis

Washington is the eldest child of the Otis family.

Mrs. Umney

Mrs. Umney works as the housekeeper at Canterville Chase. She is initially employed by the Canterville family, but she continues to work there after the Otis family buys the property and moves in.

Lord Canterville

Lord Canterville is an English aristocrat and the descendant of Sir Simon. At the start of the story, he sells his ancestral family home to the Otis family.

V. The main idea

The main idea of *The Canterville Ghost* is the relationship between an artist or a performer and their audience. In the story, the ghost, Sir Simon, is the performer,

and the audience is the Otis family. Although Sir Simon works hard to perfect his craft, the Otis family is unplaced and not scared.

In Chapter 1, the narrator describes the members of the Otis family. Wilde does not state outright that he intends these characters to defy Gothic tropes typical for their roles, genders, and ages, but it is quite clear in the included descriptions that juxtaposition was intended. Take, for instance, the narrator's description of Miss Virginia E. Otis, whose demeanor he outlines using both allusion and simile: Miss Virginia E. Otis was a little girl of fifteen, lithe and lovely as a fawn, and with a fine freedom of her large blue eyes. She was a wonderful amazon.

VI. Stylistic devices

Genre: Short story; gothic-comic; novella.

In the beginning part of the story, the number of complex sentences are more than the other sentence types and he quite often uses relative pronouns “who”, “which”, “that”. e.g.:

“Indeed Lord Canterville, himself who was a man ...”

“I come from a modern country where ...”

“ ... answered Lord Canterville, who did not ...”

In the beginning part of the story, there are not many long paragraphs, we only see one or two.

In the middle part of the story, we notice more long paragraphs and sentences. There are many compound sentences such as: “ ... at first, but afterwards ...” “At last everything was ready and he was very ...” “It was his solemn duty to ... and to gibber from the ...” In the ending part of the story, the writer uses long paragraphs and sentences again, but the last part ends with dialogues which are a bit suspicious. Virginia has a secret and does not tell it to her husband. The writer prefers complex sentences like the ones in the beginning part such as:

“As it is extremely old, and ... with her request.”

“They were perfectly magnificent ...necklace with old Venetian setting, which was really ...”

It's also possible to see compound sentences like:

“Virginia stepped forward and laid on it ... white and pink ...”

“They were both so charming and they loved ...”

“The Duke rose and kissed his wife lovingly.”

In the ending part, the writer also uses one-sentence paragraphs and simple sentences like:

“Virginia blushed.”

“Dear Cecil! I have no secrets from you.”

“You have always had that, Cecil.”

The writer mostly uses concrete nouns as well as abstract nouns, but not as many as concrete nouns like: Abstract Nouns: “ghost, secret, courage, pluck, memento, patriotism, death, noise ...etc.”

Concrete Nouns: “library, housekeeper, fellow, servant, rose, waggonette, butler ...etc.”

The writer mostly prefers action verbs which makes the pace of the story vivid. He uses verbs like: “stroll, tell, murmur, lock up, go down, fetch, creep down, fall down, occupy, appear, traverse, slip into, carry of...etc.”

He mostly prefers to use adjectives with positive meanings like:

“lovely, beautiful, worthy, pretty, charming, effective, good-looking, young, sensible, delicate, white ...etc.”

We also notice that the adjectives with negative meanings like:

“lonely, involuntary, serious, horrible, difficult, haunted, phantasmal...etc.” The number of adverbs is restricted. Here are some examples: “gravely, lovingly, finally, continually, extremely, silently, neatly, honorably ...etc.”

The writer mostly prefers to use descriptive words and this allows the reader to make a vivid picture in the mind.

The writer personifies “ghost” in this story, that’s because this is a story for children. The writer tells the story with a humorous style. Personification is a part of this style. There are frequent descriptions and together with dialogues story becomes livelier. Situational Irony:

In *The Canterville Ghost*, Oscar Wilde created the character of this ghost by thinking out of the traditional box for ghosts. He portrays this ghost as someone who cares about appearance, someone who have deep thoughts about life.

Ghosts are dead people that raise from the ashes, in traditional gothic novellas, they normally don’t care about anything besides revenge. But the ghost from *Canterville* cares about his appearance, and the ghost is rather polite to others. Which created this ironic situation through out the story.

“Never having seen a ghost before, he naturally was terribly frightened, and, after a second hasty glance at the awful phantom, he fled back to his room...”

Dramatic Irony:

The fake ghost that the Otis twins made scared the real ghost of *Canterville*. Ironically, the gentle *Canterville* ghost was scared by fake ghosts, and the readers are all aware that this is exactly what the Otis family hope the ghost would fail for. Wilde was trying to imply the message that although some people might be scary, they can still be gentle inside and even be frightened by other things.

VII. Point of View

The story is narrated by a third-person omniscient narrator

VIII. Conclusion:

At the end of *The Canterville Ghost*, Sir Simon is able to move onto the Garden of Death thanks to Virginia. In return, he gifts Virginia a box of expensive jewels. Virginia then goes on to marry the Duke of Cheshire, but she will not say what happened between her and the ghost.

UNITSIX

Comment on the text “The Fun They Had” by Isaac Asimov

I. Author

Asimov was born in Petrovichi, Russia, on January 2, 1920. His family moved to the United States when he was 3. When he was about 9, he began reading the science fiction magazines stocked in his parents' candy store in Brooklyn, New York. In 1938, while he was still a teenager, he sold his first short story, “Marooned Off Vesta,” to *Amazing Stories*. After postgraduate work at Columbia University, Asimov began teaching biochemistry at Boston University in 1949. The next year his first books—the futuristic satire *Pebble in the Sky* and the thriller *I, Robot*—were published. As the pace and scope of his writing increased, he moved to New York City for a freelance career but retained his academic title. Decades ahead of their time, Asimov's *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science* (1960) and *Today and Tomorrow and ...* (1973) are still popular with researchers. With his wife, Janet, he wrote a series of children's books about a mixed-up robot named Norby. Two volumes of autobiography—*In Memory Yet Green* and *In Joy Still Felt*—cover the years 1920 to 1954 and 1954 to 1978.

The more than 30 subjects in Asimov's *How Did We Find Out* series range from numbers (1973) to photosynthesis and microwaves (both 1989). Other subjects in the young people's series are dinosaurs, germs, volcanoes, DNA, and the brain. In 1989 he also published the novel *Nemesis*; *SciQuest* selections, *The Tyrannosaurus Prescription* and *100 Other Essays*; and *Asimov on Science*, a collection of Fantasy and Science Fiction columns written over a 30-year period. He died in New York City on April 6, 1992.

II. The plot of the story

The story begins with two children named, Margie and Tommy. It takes place in the world of the future where computers dominate everything. Moreover, it also shows how the concept of schools and classrooms has transformed completely.

It's the year 2157, and Margie is writing in her diary about how Tommy found a book. This book was of Tommy's grandfather when he was a little kid. Margie learns about how they use to print all the stories on paper back then. Further, they read the book themselves and find the feeling of turning pages over rather funny. It was funny because they were not in the habit of reading still words, only ones in motion that too on a screen. We learn that in the future, there are no books, only telebooks. They store them in TV sets and computers. After that, it takes an interesting turn when they discuss school. Margie learns that schools were very different back then. They had actual persons who were teachers. It is surprising because she has only robots which teach her. Moreover, she does not like school because of a lot of reasons. The school she studies in does not have any classmates. In fact, it doesn't even have recess or playground. Margie and Tommy study in a virtual classroom. They have robots as teachers. Most importantly, her 'school' is next to her bedroom only. It is a room full of electronics, robots, and gadgets. The computer software teaches her everything. When Margie attends her school after learning about the earlier ones, she starts wondering. When she starts studying, she cannot help but think about the earlier days. Margie wonders about the fun her grandparents would indulge in. She imagined kids from different neighborhoods coming together merrily to attend school. Moreover, the fact that they were taught the same thing amused her. It was because everyone would help each other out with the homework. Thus, in the end, she is left wondering about the fun they had.

III. Setting

The story takes place in the future, where students are home schooled by robots who teach them independently about all subjects in the students' homes. The setting affects the characters because of their current time period, the future in our eyes. The setting can be seen as a "conflict". Because of their time period, Margie is somewhat depressed about her plight. The setting influences the story because

the conflict in the story is man vs. society. In a way, Margie is against society because she does not like her current reformed educational system in the future.

IV. Character sketches

Margie Jones

Margie Jones is the protagonist of "The Fun They Had." She is an eleven-year-old girl living in 2155, in what appears to be a stable, middle-class home. She is inquisitive, asking many questions of her older friend Tommy. Margie hates school and particularly dislikes her mechanical teacher's lessons in geometry. She imagines that children used to have a lot more fun when school was in person.

Tommy

Tommy is Margie's neighbor and friend. He is thirteen years old, two years older than Margie, and often answers her questions in an all-knowing tone. He initiates the story by finding a paper book in his attic, and brings it over to show Margie.

Mechanical Teacher

The mechanical teacher is a robot programmed to individually suit Margie's learning needs. Margie hates the teacher, which is described as "large and black and ugly" with a slot where she has to insert homework.

Mrs. Jones

Mrs. Jones is Margie's mother. She appears in the story only in relation to Margie's schooling, about which she has strong opinions. For example, she called the County Inspector to come fix Margie's teacher when it kept giving her geography tests that were too hard. She also enforced the timing of Margie's schooling, believing that school should happen at the same time every day.

County Inspector

The County Inspector is described as a round little man with a red face. Margie's mother sends for him when Margie's teacher malfunctions and gives her geography

tests that are too hard. The Inspector takes apart the teacher and puts it back together, resetting its geography level to an average ten-year-old level. He reassures Margie and her mother that it was not her fault that the geography tests were too hard.

V. Main idea

The central idea of the story 'The Fun They had' is to build a comparison between the method of education used in the past and the present. The importance of the traditional form of education has been highlighted in the story. The computerized form of education had replaced the traditional form. The whole story focuses on two eras: One is Digital Era in which Tommy and Margie live and the other is the Normal Era, about which they learned through their grandparent's diary.

VI. Stylistic devices

Imagery;describing the robot. Personification; her describing the robot. Hyperbole; Tommy thinking he is smarter than Margie and screaming with laughter.

The text can be logically divided into four parts: finding a book, Margie's retrospection, animated discussion, and going back, down to earth. The first part is introduction. Here we can see that Tommy shows Margie a book he has found in the attic of his house, and they examine it. The author uses some epithets to describe the book here ("yellow and crinkly" pages). The children are not really happy with the form of the book ("what a waste"), they are used to electronic ones. They begin to read the book and realize that it is about school. Here we come to the second part. This is a retrospection to an episode of Margie's life. In this part we can read Margie's inner thoughts. Also we learn something about the construction of mechanical teachers. In this case author uses epithets, too, and with the help of them we learn that Margie does not like her mechanical teacher that

much ("large and black and ugly"). We can see that the "most hated" part of studying for Margie was writing homework out in a punch code for the mechanical teacher. So, it is clear that this "new" system of education is boring for children and cannot be compared with the old one on this point. The third part is circling around the discussion of differences between present time schools and old ones. The children argue whether a real teacher can know as much as mechanical one does or not. This part consists mostly of dialogues with rare insertions of the author's speech with the help of which he describes characters' manner of speaking and acting ("looked ... with very superior eyes", "screamed with laughter"). The forth part makes the characters and us go down to earth again. The children need to go to their mechanical teachers. The magic and the mystery of the old book is gone. But, sitting in the schoolroom, Margie fantasizes about regular schools and teachers, about laughing, mutual help and support. There are some stylistic devices, which are used quite often in the story. First of all, they are epithets. Secondly, it is necessary to mention that the author uses an italic font to point out some words: "his grandfather", "centuries ago". Colloquial words are also of frequent use ("gee", "I betcha", "I guess", "stupid"). They make the story more true to life. Besides, the author makes up a new word - "telebook" - to name an invention of the future.

VII. Point of View

The point of view of the story is third person limited, as the author does not use any "I, me", showing that it isn't first person, "you" that it isn't second-person, and that it isn't third person omniscient since you only know the thoughts and ideas of Margie, and only Margie, since there is no mention of Tommy's thoughts, only actions. This story makes the reader think about the teaching process of nowadays. Having read the text, one may ask oneself, "What is better for us? Regular teachers or mechanical ones? And why?" Of course, everybody should find an answer by himself or herself. Personally, I suppose that a regular teacher is much better,

although we live in the era of informational technologies. In the story we can observe that Margie is bored, she is in need of real interaction between people. She is only a child, and it is not a soulless machine that can give her motivation and help her to become a great person in the future.

VIII. Conclusion

This story makes the reader think about the teaching process of nowadays. Having read the text, one may ask oneself, "What is better for us? Regular teachers or mechanical ones? And why?" Of course, everybody should find an answer by himself or herself. Personally, I suppose that a regular teacher is much better, although we live in the era of informational technologies. In the story we can observe that Margie is bored, she is in need of real interaction between people. She is only a child, and it is not a soulless machine that can give her motivation and help her to become a great person in the future.

The fun they had is to build comparison in order to education of past and present times. 'They' refer to the people of the old times. Here, regular refers to the mechanical teacher then they had. It is contrasted with a normal teacher of earlier times, who was a living human being. Their teacher is a real person who makes them sit together and teaches them the same topic. In this way, they learn to adjust and adapt which helps them develop the values of tolerance and cooperation. Hence, Margie's view that schools today are more fun than her school is totally justified.

UNIT SEVEN

Comment on the text “Crazy Sunday” by F. Scott Fitzgerald

I. Author

F. Scott Fitzgerald was born September 24, 1896, in St. Paul, Minnesota (1896-1940). He began writing short stories in 1908 when he attended St. Paul Academy. Growing up Fitzgerald always felt that he did not belong. He was dependent on his mother's family, and was admitted to the St. Paul's social world but he was never a respected member. Later on in his career, it is evident that this estrangement was something that continued to characterize both him and his fiction. He fell in love with Zelda, and they married in 1920. His first novel was published that same year, and the success that followed made the newlyweds icons of the “Jazz Age”.

As a writer, his style changed throughout the 1920s and 30s. While his earlier work was about sad young men living in the roaring twenties, his later work showed a new fictional form that suited the emotions and needs of his audience in a tragic time. Although Fitzgerald was not directly affected by the crash, he had a personal crisis that would influence his later work. A few months after the crash, his wife, Zelda, was admitted to a French sanitarium after being diagnosed with schizophrenia. Zelda's mental and emotional collapse corresponded to the collapse of the Jazz Age, which caused Fitzgerald to associate and compare narratives in his fiction.

II. The plot of the story

In the short story, “Crazy Sunday”, the author, F. Scott Fitzgerald, shows the darker side of show business by telling about the hardships that a person in Hollywood goes through. In this story, the main character faces problems while striving for success in this industry. On the other hand, another character, who has already found great success, still has personal issues of his own. Fitzgerald shows that even the life of a celebrity can be as troubling as that of a normal citizen.

This story follows the life of Joel Coles, who is a young screenwriter in Hollywood, eager to please in order to achieve his goal of success. While describing Cole, the author writes, “He was twenty-eight and not yet broken by Hollywood” .This illustrates how the town of Hollywood is a tough one, and though many may find success in this “City of Stars”, there are thousands more who find their dreams cut short. It may seem to be that everyone finds success here, but like every other job, some people are not as qualified as others. Luckily, Joel Coles got his foot in the door from some other projects he had been working on. Early in the story, he is invited to a cocktail party hosted by the famous director, Miles Calman. There, he meets his old friend, Stella, who he knew as a struggling actress in New York. She is now married to Miles, and is enjoying the life of luxury; but she is not happy with her marriage with him. He has cheated on her with her best friend, yet she stayed with him. This fact illustrates how Stella basically depends on Miles for happiness. Although she loves Miles, the fame and fortune that he has definitely factors into her infatuation for him. She is willing to settle for less in her marriage as long as she gets what she wanted when she was struggling in New York.

Joel is invited back by Stella, with whom he starts spending more and more time. He is able to see how bad their marriage really is, and how it affects them as individuals. Joel can clearly see the difference between Miles’ life at work in contrast to his private life. “The fine instinct that moved swiftly and confidently on the set, muddled so weakly and helplessly through his personal life” .This shows how the life of a celebrity is not a perfect one. While they may achieve fame and fortune, it is not always enough for them to be happy. Their personal lives are separate from their success in entertainment.

At the end of the story, Joel and Stella have made love, and following that, they get a call with the news that Miles was killed in a plane crash. Although Stella wants Joel to stay with her, she has already told him that Miles is who she really

loves. She only wants him so that he can remind her of Miles. Realizing this, Joel leaves her in during her sorrow.

The main message in this story shows that the life of an entertainer is not a perfect one. In fact, it tends to have many flaws. It seems that it would be a dream come true to be an actor or a producer, but these people go through the same issues as everyone else., what is worse thing about their problems is that so many people can find out about them. It takes hard work for someone to make a name for themselves in the entertainment industry, and even if they do, there are going to be more that lie ahead.

III. Setting

Fitzgerald's story is set in the brutal life of the great studios of 1930s Hollywood, with their flocks of actors, writers and directors seething with interpersonal and sexual politics. Although less than 6,400 words, it has a more novel-like than story-like structure, being set over several days and settings, though the driving story and few characters make it a story rather than a novel.

IV. Character sketches

Miles Calman

Miles Calman is a Hollywood director who commands a high level of respect in the industry. The narrator explains that he “was the only director on the lot who did not work under a supervisor and was responsible to the money men alone.” The films he directs are those he considers worthy of his artistic vision, and he is known for being uncompromising. Still, he is depicted as having problems and frailties: He has been carrying on a lengthy affair with another woman (after cheating on his first wife with Stella); he is “tall, nervous, with a desperate humor and the unhappiest eyes Joel ever saw,” and “one could not be with him long without realizing that he was not a well man.” For all his success in his career, Miles is basically insecure. He is jealous of Stella to the point of being

hypocritical. He makes excuses for his inability to stop seeing his mistress altogether, yet he cannot think of Stella going to a party with Joel. In all likelihood, it is his insecurity that leads him to seek female attention and admiration in affairs.

Stella Calman

Stella Calman is Miles's young, beautiful wife. She knew Joel when she was a struggling actress (Stella Walker) in New York. Reunited, she finds herself attracted to Joel for reasons she does not fully understand. She seems to enjoy her ability to capture his attention, but she also seems to sense a certain kinship with him. Perhaps she feels out of her element among the Hollywood elite, and she associates Joel with her past.

When Stella discovers Miles's affair, however, she seems determined to find in Joel the intimacy and validation lacking in her marriage. Her insecurity and self-doubt are clear in her emotional shifts from Miles to Joel and back again. Her naïveté is evident in the fact that she was Miles's mistress during his first marriage, yet she is stunned when he takes a mistress during his marriage to her.

Joel Coles

Joel Coles is a twenty-eight-year-old screenwriter who has been in Hollywood for six months pursuing a career as a screenwriter. In his first six months, he has landed some "nice assignments" and is proud of his accomplishments and potential. The narrator tells the reader that Joel is "not yet broken by Hollywood," adding that he is an enthusiastic worker. His high opinion of himself is bolstered by the invitation he receives to Miles Calman's home for a party. Imagining the Hollywood celebrities that are sure to be there, Joel pictures himself fitting right in with them and impressing Miles in the process. The embarrassment he endures at the party does not destroy his ego, however, as he is flattered by the attentions of Miles's wife, Stella.

Nat Keogh

Nat is a screenwriter and an acquaintance of Joel's, described by the narrator as "the good humored, heavy-drinking, highly paid Nat Keogh." Although he drinks

and gambles too much, he is highly successful in his career; he makes enough money to hire a manager in addition to an agent. Nat is friendly and reassuring to Joel after the embarrassment at Miles's party.

V. Main idea.

“Crazy Sunday” is a story about the interrelationship of illusions and reality (or make-believe and actuality), of the difficulty people have separating them, and of the confusion of identity that results. Because the story's characters work in a profession that creates and markets illusions, the problem of personal identity is heightened and the thin line between acting and being is blurred. On Sundays, when they are not making films, they are thrown into the challenge of coping with the world of actuality. Because it is psychologically frustrating for them to contend with real problems of fidelity, jealousy, illness, and death, they tend to extend their work week and to find faith in the profession itself, to live in the office of creation. Their weekend lives are staged at parties in theater-like mansions. However, they are vulnerable: Miles is marked for death, Joel has a problem with alcohol, and Stella verges on hysteria with her insecurity.

Insecurity all three of the main characters exhibit insecurity that prompts them to reach out for external approval and reassurance. Fitzgerald shows how insecurity strikes anyone, regardless of background, career success, or personal egoism. More specifically, he seems to be revealing that insecurity is prevalent in Hollywood.

The story's atmosphere and action are thus intensely psychological, not only in the specifically psychiatric sense conveyed in Miles's talk of his psychoanalysis and personal troubles, but more important in that the narrative emphasizes states of feeling and the impressions people make upon one another from moment to moment. In this, Fitzgerald expresses his vision of one aspect of the Hollywood milieu which differentiates it from the run of common life: there the most private matters—marital infidelity, sexual problems—are discussed as though they were

public knowledge. Relationships that would take months, even years, to develop in "real" or "normal" life are accelerated, foreshortened, developed in one or two brief encounters. In this concentration and distillation of experience, Fitzgerald both exercises the economy of the short story form and evokes the method of a film scenario.

VI. Stylistic devices

In writing the short story, "Crazy Sunday," F. Scott Fitzgerald uses symbolism to explore the underlying themes of insecurity and appearance which are issues faced by Fitzgerald in his personal life. Fitzgerald's use of symbolism begins at the start of the story. "The first paragraph describes the characters as puppets awakening in a toy shop. The Calman house itself is "like a stage, built for great emotional moments with an air of listening as if the far silences of its vistas hid an audience" Fitzgerald is using foreshadowing to show that the characters are like puppets. The symbol of the Calman house as a stage indicates that acting will take place here.

The image of eyes is a prominent symbol and is repeated throughout the story. "Your eyes are like your mother's, she said. I used to have a scrap book full of pictures of her. Your eyes are like your own and not a bit like any other eyes". The reader is constantly being drawn to people seeing, looking, and gazing. Fitzgerald uses the symbol of eyes as a way to look more closely at the way things appear in the short story.

The day, Sunday, is another symbol used in the short story. The opening lines of the story reveal that, "It was Sunday, not a day, but rather a gap between two other days". Fitzgerald describes the other days of the week as rushed, struggles, and many personalities fighting for their lives. However, he says that Sundays are slow and an individual's life is started up again. This is ironic because any important event that happened in the story happened on a Sunday. For example, the party where Joel embarrassed himself, Joel's affair with Stella, and

Miles' death, all occurred on three crazy Sundays. "The fully dramatized Sunday Scenes are visually oriented".

Obviously, there couldn't be a Fitzgerald story without color used as a symbol. "An Italian colored sweater, a dress like ice water, made in a thousand pale-blue pieces with ice trickling at the throat". These are just a few of the many colors that Fitzgerald used to describe objects in "Crazy Sunday." Fitzgerald was known for using colors to stand for something beyond themselves in his writings. "Readers are constantly being directed to the appearances' shapes, colors, and positions" and some passages of "Crazy Sunday" also take such words and phrases as "look," "look out," "see," and "eyes" and build them into unobtrusive little runs of incremental repetition, playing off on the varying usages and shadings of meaning inherent in the colloquial language.

VII. The point of view

The point of view "Crazy Sunday" is that of a limited omniscient, or selected omniscient, narrator. Everything is seen as Joel sees it or could see it; thus, dramatic irony is provided by the contrast between Joel's perception of events and the deeper understanding afforded to the reader. When Joel makes a fool of himself at the Calman's party, he is conscious of his error, but when, at the end of the story, he makes a much more serious mistake, abandoning Stella, only the reader grasps the significance of Joel's action. Joel himself has lost the ability to distinguish between reality and fantasy, and thus he fails to see the reality of Stella's suffering.

VIII. Conclusion

At the end of the story, Joel and Stella have made love, and following that, they get a call with the news that Miles was killed in a plane crash. Although Stella wants Joel to stay with her, she has already told him that Miles is who she really loves. She only wants him so that he can remind her of Miles. Realizing this, Joel

leaves her in during her sorrow. This partly autobiographical story from F. Scott Fitzgerald deals with the relationships between an up-and-coming Hollywood screenwriter (Joel), a powerful movie director (Miles), and the director's wife (Stella). All three suffer major insecurity issues thanks to Hollywood's toxic, highly competitive culture. Miles is a troubled adulterer; he and Stella look upon Joel as a friend confidante; Joel has much stronger feelings for Stella. Unfortunately (or fortunately depending how you look at it), Miles dies before the seemingly inevitable marriage bust-up, and the future of Joel and Stella is left up in the air. Themes: insecurity, jealousy, appearances, romance, infidelity

Tapescript

Unit One.

Chapter 1

My first sea journey

Before I begin my story, I would like to tell you a little about myself. I was born in the year 1632 in the city of New York in the north of England. My father was German, but he came to live and work in England. Soon after that, he married my mother, who was English. Her family name was Robinson, so when I was born, they called me Robinson, after her.

My father did well in his business and I went to a good school. He wanted me to get a good job and live a quiet comfortable life. But I didn't want that I wanted adventure and an exciting life. 'I want to be a sailor and go to sea, I told my mother and father. They were very unhappy about this. "Please don't go, 'my father said. You won't be happy, you know. Sailors have a difficult and dangerous life. "And because I loved him, and he was unhappy, I tried to forget about the sea. But I couldn't forget, and about a year later, I saw a friend in town. His father had a ship and my friend said to me. 'We're sailing to London tomorrow. Why don't you come with us".

And so, on September 1st, 1651, I went to Hull, and the next day we sailed for London. But a few days later, there was a strong wind. The sea was rough and dangerous, and the ship went up and down. I was very ill, and very afraid.

'Oh, I don't want to die. 'I cried. 'I want to live! If I live, I'll go home and never go to sea again!'

The next day the wind dropped, and the sea was quiet and beautiful again. I stayed in London for some time, but I still wanted to go to sea. So, when the captain of a ship asked me to go with him to Guinea in Africa, I agreed. And so I went to sea for the second time. It was a good ship and everything went well at first, but I was very ill again. Then, when we were near the Canary Islands, a Turkish pirate

ship came after us. They were famous thieves of the sea at that time. There was a long, hard fight, but when it finished, we and the ship were prisoners.

The Turkish captain and his men took us to Salé in Morocco. They wanted to sell us as slaves in the markets there. But at the end the Turkish captain decided to keep me for himself, and took me home with him. This was a sudden and terrible change in my life. I was now a slave and this Turkish captain was my master.

Chapter 2

Down the coast of Africa

For two long years I lived the life of a slave. I worked in silence, but it was never possible. I thought about it day and night. My master liked to go fishing in a little boat, and he always took me with him. A man called Moely, and a young boy also went with us.

One day my master said to us, 'Some of my friends went to go fishing tomorrow. Get the boat ready. So we put a lot of food and drink on the boat, and the next morning, we waited for my master and his friends. But when my master arrived, he was alone. 'My friends don't want to go fishing today,' he said to me.' But you go with Moely and the boy, and catch some fish for our supper tonight!' Yes, master, 'I answered quietly, but inside I was excited. 'Perhaps now I can escape,' I said to myself.

My master went back to his friends and we took the boat out to sea. For a time we fished quietly, and then I moved carefully behind Moely and knocked him into the water. 'Swim!' cried. 'Swim to the shore!' My master liked to shoot seabirds and so there were guns on the boat. Quickly, I took one of these guns. Moely was swimming after the boat and shouted to him?

'Go back to the shore! You can swim there-it's not too far. I won't hurt you, but if you come near the boat, I'll shoot you through the head!' So Moely turned, and swam back to the shore as quickly as he could.

Then I said to the boy, 'Xury, if you help me, I'll go over the world with you,' he cried. I wanted to sail to the Canary Islands, but I was afraid to go too far from the shore. It was only a small boat, and so we sailed on south for some days. We had very little water, and it was dangerous country here, with many wild animals. We were afraid, but we often had to go on shore to get more water. Once I used a gun to shoot a wild animal. I don't know what animal it was, but it made a good meal. For about ten or twelve days we sailed on south, down the coast of Africa. Then one day we saw some people on the shore-strange, wild people, who did not look friendly. By now we had very little food, and we really needed help. We were afraid, but we had to go on shore. At first, they were afraid of us, too. Perhaps white people never visited this coast. We did not speak their language, of course, so we used our hands and faces to show that we were hungry. They came with food for us, but then they moved away quickly. We worried the food to our boat, and they watched us. I tried to thank them, but I had nothing to give them. Just then two big wild cats came down to the shore from the mountains. I think they were leopards. The people were afraid of these wild cats, and the women cried out. Quickly, I took a gun, and shot one of the animals. The second wild cat ran back up into the mountains. Guns were new to these African people, and they were afraid of the loud noise and the smoke. But they were happy about the dead wild cat. I gave them the meat of the dead animal, and they gave us more food and water. We now had a lot of food and water, and we sailed on. Eleven days later we came near the Cape Verde Islands. We could see them, but we couldn't get near because there was no wind. We waited. Suddenly Xury called to me, Look, a ship!

He was right! We called and shouted and sailed our little boat as fast as we could. But the ship did not see us. Then I remembered the guns which made a lot of smoke. A few minutes later the ship saw us and turned. When we were on the ship, the Portuguese captain listened to my story. He was going to Brazil and agreed to help me, but he wanted nothing for his help. 'No,' he said, when I tried to

pay him. 'Perhaps, one day, someone will help me when I need it.' But he gave me money for my boat, and for Xury, too. At first, I did not want to sell Xury as a slave, after all our dangerous adventures together. But Xury was happy to go to the captain, was a good man. 'In ten years' time, 'he said,'Xury can go free.' When we arrived in Brazil three weeks later, I said goodbye to the captain and Xury, left the ship, and went to begin a new life.

Chapter 3

The Storm and The Shipwreck

I stayed in Brazil and worked hard for some years, By then I was rich...but also bored. One day some friends came to me and said, 'we're going to Africa to do business. Why don't you come with us? We'll all be rich after this journey.!''

How stupid I was! I had an easy, comfortable life in Brazil, but ,of course, I agreed. And so in 1659, I went to sea again. At first, all went well, but then there was a terrible storm. For twelve days the wind and the rain didn't stop. We lost three men in the sea, and soon the ship had holes in its sides we're all going to die this time, 'I said to myself. Then one morning one of the sailors saw land, but the next minute our ship hit some sand just under sea.

The ship could not move and we were really in danger now. The sea was trying to break the ship into pieces, and we had very little time. Quickly, we put a boat into the sea and got off the ship. But the sea was very rough and our little boat could not live for long in that wild water. Half an hour later the angry sea turned our boat over and we were all in the water. I looked round for my friends, but I could see nobody. I was alone that day I was lucky, and the sea carried me to the shore. I could not see the land, only mountains of water all around me. Then, suddenly, I felt the ground under my feet. Another mountain of water came, pushed me up the beach, and I fell on the wet sand.

At first I was very thankful to be alive. Slowly, I got to my feet and went higher up the shore. From there, I looked out to sea. I could see our ship, but it was

wrecked and there was nobody near it. There was nobody in the water. All my friends were dead. I was alive, but in a strange wild country, with no food, no water, and no gun.

It was dark now and I was tired. I was afraid to sleep on the shore. Perhaps there were wild animals there. So I went up into a tree and I stayed there all night.

Chapter 4

A new life on an island

When day came, the sea was quiet again. I looked for our ship and to my surprise, it was still there and still in one piece. 'I think I can swim to it,' I said to myself. So I walked down to the sea and before long, I was at the ship and was swimming round it. But how could I get on to it?

In the end, I got in through a hole in the side, it wasn't easy. There was a lot of water in the ship, but the sand under the sea was still holding the ship in one place. The back of the ship was high out of the water, and I was very thankful for this because all the ship's food was there. I was very hungry, so I began to eat something at once. Then I decided to take some of it back to the shore with me. But how could I get it there?

I looked around the ship, and after a few minutes, I found some long pieces of wood. I tied them together with rope. Then I got the things that I wanted from the ship. There was a big race, and salted meat, and hard ship's bread. I also took many strong knives and other tools, the ship's sails and ropes, paper, pens, books and seven guns. Now I needed a little sail from the ship, and then I was ready.

Slowly and carefully, I went back to the shore. It was difficult to stop my things from falling into the sea, but in the end I got everything on to the shore.

Now I needed somewhere to keep my things. There was some hills around me, so I decided to build myself a little house on one of them. I walked to the top of the highest hill and looked down, I was very unhappy, because I saw then that I was on an island. There were two smaller islands a few miles away, and after that,

only the sea. Just the sea ,for mile after mile after mile. After a time, I found a little cave in the side of a hill. In front of it, there was a good place to make a home, So, I used the ship's sails, rope, and pieces of wood, and after a lot of hard work I had a very fine tent. The cave at the back of my tent was a good place to keep my food, and so I called it my 'kitchen'. That night, I went to sleep in my new home.

The next day I thought about the possible dangers on the island. Were there wild animals, and perhaps wild people too, on my island? I didn't know, but I was very afraid. So I decided to build a very strong fence. I cut down young trees and put them in the ground, in a half circle around the front of my tent. I used many of the ship's ropes too, and in the end my fence was as strong as a stone wall. Nobody could get over it, through it, or round it. Making tents and building fences is hard work. I needed many tools to help me. So I decided to go back to the ship again, and get some more things.

I went back twelve times, I was very unhappy. 'Why am I alive, and why are all my friends dead? 'I asked myself what will happen to me now, alone on this island without friends? How can I ever escape from it? Then I told myself that I was lucky-lucky to be alive. lucky to have food and tools, lucky to be young and strong. But I knew that my island was somewhere off the coast of South America. Ships did not often come down this coast, and I said to myself. 'I'm going to be on this island for a long time. 'So, on a long piece of wood, I cut these words?

I CAME HERE ON 30TH SEPTEMBER 1659

After that, I decided to make a cut for each day.

Chapter 5

Learning to live alone

I still needed as lot of things. 'Well. I said,' I'm going to have to make them. 'So, every day, I worked.

First of all, I wanted to make my cave bigger. I carried out stone from the cave, and after many days' hard work I had a large cave in the side of the hill. Then I needed a table, and a chair, and that was my next job. I had to work on them for a long time. I also wanted to make places to put all my food, and all my tools and guns. But every time I wanted a piece of wood, I had to cut down a tree. It was long, slow, difficult work and during the next months I learnt to be very clever with my tools. There was no hurry. I had all the time in the world. I also went out every day, and I always had my gun with me. Sometimes I killed a wild animal, and then I had meat to eat.

But when it got dark, I had to go to bed because I had no light. I couldn't see. For a long time, I didn't know what to do. But in the end, I learnt how to use the fat of dead animals to make a light. The weather on my island was usually very hot, and there were often storms and heavy rain. The next June, it rained all the time, I couldn't go out very often. I was also in for some weeks, but slowly, I got better. When I was stronger, I began to go out again. The first time I killed a wild animal, and the second time I caught a big turtle.

I was on the island for ten months before I visited other parts of it. During those months I worked hard on my cave and my house and my fence. Now I was ready to find out more about the rest of the island.

First, I walked along the side of a little river. There, I found open ground without trees. Later, I came to more trees with many different fruits. I decided to take a lot of the fruit, and to put it to dry in the sun for a time. Then I could keep it for many months. That night I went to sleep in a tree for the second time, and the next day I went on with my journey. Soon I came to an opening in the hills. In front of me everything was green, and there were flowers everywhere. There were also a lot of different birds and animals. I saw that my house was on the worst side of the island. But I didn't want to move from there. It was my home now. I stayed away for three days, and then I came home. But it often went back to the other, greener side of the island. And so my life went on. Every month I learnt to do or to

make something new. But I had troubles and accidents too. Once there was a terrible storm with very heavy rain. The roof of my cave fell in, and nearly killed me! I had to build it up again with many pieces of wood.

I had a lot of wood now. I cooked it over a fire or dried it in the sun. So, I always had meat during the rainy months when I could not go out with a gun. I learnt to make pots to keep my food in. But I wanted very much to make a harder, stronger pot-a-pot that would not break in a fire. I tried many times, but I could not do it. Then one day I was lucky. I made some new pots and put them in a very hot fire. They changed colour, but did not break. I left them there for many hours, and when they were cold again I found that they were hard and strong. That night I was happy. I had hot water for the first time on the island. By then, I also had my own bread. That was luck, too. One day I found a little bag. We used it on the ship, to keep the chickens' food in. There was still some of the food in the bag and I dropped some of it onto the ground. A month later I saw something bright green there, and after six months I had a very small field of corn. I was very excited. Perhaps now I could make my own bread! It was easy to say, but not so easy to do. It is a lot of work to make bread from corn. Many people eat bread, but how many people can take corn from a field and make bread out of it without help? I had to learn and to make many new things, and it was a year before I cooked and ate my first bread.

During all this time I never stopped thinking about escape. When I travelled across to the other side of the island, I could see the other islands, and I said to myself, perhaps I can get there with a boat. Perhaps I can get there with a boat. Perhaps I can get back to England one day. So I decided to make myself a boat. I cut down a big tree, and then began to make a long hole in it. It was hard work, but about six months later, I had a very fine canoe. Next, I had to get it down to the sea. How stupid I was! Why didn't I think before I began work? Of course, the canoe was too heavy. I couldn't move it! I pulled and pushed and tried everything, but it didn't move. I was very unhappy for a long time after that. That happened in

my fourth year on the island. In my sixth year I did make myself a smaller canoe, but I did not try to escape in it. The boat was too small for a long journey, and I did not want to die at sea. The island was my home now, not my prison, and I was just happy to be alive. A year or two later, I made myself a second canoe on the other side of the island. I also built myself a second house on the other side of the island. I also built myself a second house there, so I had two homes.

Chapter 6

A footprint

Then, one year, something strange and terrible happened. I often walked along the shore, and one day I saw something in the sand. I went over to look at it more carefully, and stopped in sudden surprise. It was a footprint – the footprint of a man!

Who could this be? Afraid, I looked around me. I listened. I waited. Nothing, I was more and more afraid. Perhaps this man was one of those wild people who killed and ate other men! I looked everywhere, but there was nobody, and no other footprint. I turned and hurried home. 'There's someone on my island,' I said to myself. 'Perhaps he knows about me ... Perhaps he's watching me now from behind a tree...Perhaps he wants to kill me.' That night I couldn't sleep. The next day I got all my guns ready and I put more wood and young trees around my house. Nobody could see me now. But, after fifteen years alone on the island, I was afraid, and I did not leave my cave for three days.

In the end, I had to go out to milk my goats. But for two years I was afraid. I stayed near my home and I never used my guns because I didn't want to make a noise. I could not forget the footprint, but I saw and heard nothing more, and slowly I began to feel happier. One day, a year later, I was over on the west side of the island. From there I could see the other islands, and I could also see a boat, far

out to sea. 'If you have a boat,' I thought, 'it's easy to sail across to this island. Perhaps that explains the footprint – it was a visitor from one of the other islands.' I began to move more freely around the island again, and built myself a third house. It was a very secret place in a cave. 'No wild man will ever find that,' I said to myself. Then one year something happened which I can never forget. I was again on the west side of the island and was walking along the shore. Suddenly, I saw something which made me feel ill. There were heads, arms, feet, and other pieces of men's bodies everywhere. For a minute, I couldn't think, and then I understood. Sometimes there were fights between the wild men on the other islands. Then they came here to my island with their prisoners, to kill them, cook them, and eat them. Slowly, I went home, but I was very angry. How could men do this?

For many months I watched carefully for the smoke from fires, but I didn't see anything. Somehow the wild men came and went, and I never saw them. I was angry and afraid. I wanted to shoot them all, but there were many of them and only one of me. 'Perhaps I can shoot two or three,' I said to myself, 'but then they will kill and eat me.' Then, one morning in my twenty-third year on the island, I was out in my fields and I saw the smoke from a fire. Quickly, I went up the hill to watch.

There were nine men around the fire, and they were cooking their terrible food. Then these wild men danced round the fire, singing and shouting. This went on for about two hours, and then they got into their boats and sailed away. I went down to the shore and saw the blood of the dead men on the sand. 'The next time they come, I'm going to kill them,' I said angrily

Chapter 7

Main Friday

For two years I never went anywhere without my gun. I felt lonely and afraid, and had many sleepless nights. One night there was a very bad storm, and I thought

I heard the sound of guns out at sea. The next morning I looked out, and saw a ship. It was lying on its side not far from the shore. Quickly, I put my little boat in the water and sailed out to it.

There were two dead men on the ship, but no one alive. The bodies of the other sailors were lost in the sea. I took some clothes and tools, and also a box of Spanish gold and silver money. I was a rich man now, but what use was money to me? I could not buy anything with it. I wanted people, a friend, somebody to talk to ... somebody who could help me escape from my island. One morning I woke up and made a plan. 'I'll try to catch one of the prisoners of the wild men,' I said to myself. 'He'll be happy to be alive and perhaps he'll help me to escape.' I watched day and night, but for a year and a half there were no boats.

Then one day five boats came. There were about thirty men and they had two prisoners. They made their fire on the sand and danced round it. Then they killed one of the prisoners and began to cook their terrible meal. The second prisoner waited under the trees, with two men to watch him. Suddenly, the prisoner turned and ran. The two men ran after him, but the other wild men were busy round the fire and did not see what was happening.

The prisoner ran like a wild goat, and soon I saw that he was coming near the bottom of my hill. As fast as I could, I ran down the hill and jumped out of the trees between the prisoner and the two wild men. I hit the first man with the wooden end of my gun and he fell down, but I had to shoot the second man. The poor prisoner did not move. He was afraid of the noise of my gun.

I called to him and tried to show him that I was friendly. Slowly, he moved nearer to me, but just then the first wild man began to get up from the ground. Then the prisoner spoke and I understood that he wanted my sword. How happy I was to hear words again! I gave him my sword, and at once he cut off the head of his enemy. Hurriedly, we hid the dead bodies under some leaves, and then left quickly. I took my prisoner to my secret cave on the other side of the island and gave him food and drink. After that, he went to sleep. He was a fine young man,

about twenty-five years old, tall and well-built, with a kind face and a nice smile. He had a brown skin, black hair, bright eyes and strong white teeth. I decided to give him the name of 'Man Friday', because I first saw him on a Friday. When he woke up in the morning, he ran out to me. I was milking my goats in the field, and he got down on the ground and put his head near my foot. I understood that he was thanking me, and I tried to show him that I was his friend. I began to teach him to speak English, and soon he could say his name, 'Master', and 'Yes' and 'No'. How good it was to hear a man's voice again!

Later that day we went back to my first house. We went carefully along the beach, but there were no boats and no wild men. Just blood and bones all over the sand. I felt ill, but Friday wanted to eat the pieces of men's bodies which were still on the ground. I showed him that this was terrible for me, and he understood.

When we got to my house, I gave Man Friday some trousers, and I made him a coat and a hat. He liked his new clothes very much. Then I made him a little tent to sleep in, but for a few weeks I always took my gun to bed with me. Perhaps Friday was still a wild man and would try to kill me in the night. At first, Friday was very afraid of my gun. Sometimes he talked to it, and asked it not to kill him.

Friday was a quick learner and his English got better day by day. He helped me with the goats and with the work in the cornfields, and soon we were good friends. I enjoyed teaching him and, most of all, having a friend to talk to. This was the happiest of all my years on the island.

Friday and I lived together happily for three years. I told him the story of my adventures and about life in England, and he told me about his country and his people. One day we were at the top of the highest hill on the island, and we were looking out to sea. It was a very clear day and we could see a long way. Suddenly, Friday began to jump up and down, very excited.

'What's the matter?' I said.

'Look, Master, look!' Friday cried. 'I can see my country. Look over there!'

I looked, and there to the north-west, between the sea and the sky, was a long thin piece of land. I learnt later that it was the island of Trinidad, and that my island was in the mouth of the River Orinoco on the north coast of South America. I began to think again about escape. Perhaps Friday wanted to go home too. Perhaps together we could get to his country. But what then? Would Friday still be my friend, or would his people kill me and eat me? I took Friday to the other side of the island and showed him my big canoe. It still lay under the trees. It was very old now, and there were holes in the wood.

‘Could a boat like this sail to your country, Friday?’ I asked him.

‘Oh yes,’ he answered. ‘A boat like this can carry a lot of food and drink.’

‘Then we’ll make another canoe like it, and you can go home in it,’ I said.

But Friday looked very unhappy. ‘Why are you angry with me?’ he asked. ‘What have I done? Why do you want to send me home?’

‘But I thought you wanted to go home,’ I said.

‘Yes. But you must come with me. Kill me if you want, but don’t send me away from you!’

Then I saw that Friday was a true friend, and so I agreed to go with him. We began work on the canoe at once. Friday chose the tree himself – he understood wood better than I did – and we cut it down. We worked hard and in a month the boat was finished. Two weeks later it was in the sea, and we began to get ready for our long journey.

Chapter 8

Escape from the island

I was now in my twenty-seventh year on the island, and I did not want to be there for another year. We worked hard to get the corn in, and to make a lot of bread. We had dried fruit and salted meat, and big pots to keep water in. One evening Friday went out to look for a turtle for meat and eggs. But in less than an

hour he was back, and he looked very afraid. 'Master! Master!' he cried. 'There's a great ship near the island, and men are coming to the shore in a boat!'

I jumped up and ran with him down to the shore. To my great surprise, I saw that it was an English ship! But why was it here? English ships never came this way. Perhaps they were pirates! 'Don't let them see you, Friday!' I called. 'We'll hide in the tree sand watch. 'There were eleven men in the boat, but three of them were prisoners. Their arms were tied with rope, but their legs were free and they could walk. The other sailors pushed the three prisoners up the beach, laughing and shouting and hitting them. Then some of them sat down on the sand and began to drink. Others walked away to look at the island, and two men stayed to watch the boat. The three prisoners walked slowly along the beach and sat down under a tree, not far from us. They looked very unhappy. Very quietly, I came up behind them through the trees, and called out to them in English.

'Don't be afraid,' I said. 'I'm an Englishman. Perhaps I can help you.'

The three men turned and looked at me. They did not answer at once; they were too surprised. Perhaps they thought I was a wild man myself, in my strange homemade clothes of animals' skins, and with my long hair and beard. Then the oldest man spoke. 'I am the captain of that ship,' he said, 'and these two men are my first and second officers. Last night there was a mutiny, and the seamen took the ship from me. Now they're going to leave the three of us here, to die on this island.' 'Only two,' he answered, 'and they've left those on the boat.'

'All right,' I said. 'We'll fight them, but if we get your ship back for you, you must take me back to England. 'The captain agreed immediately and thanked me very warmly for my help. Friday ran back to my house to get all the guns, and the captain and I made a plan. The first part was easy because the seamen were not ready for a fight. We shot the two men at the boat, and the captain shot another man. This man, Tom Smith, was the worst of them all and he began the mutiny on the ship. Then the captain talked to the other five men, and they agreed to help him. They did not really want to be mutineers, but they were afraid of Tom Smith.

‘Now,’ I said to the captain, ‘we must get back your ship. How many men are on it?’

‘Twenty-six,’ the captain replied, ‘and they will fight hard because they won’t want to go home. It is death for all mutineers in England. But not all the men are bad. I’m sure that some of them will help me. ’Just then we saw another boat, which was coming from the ship to the shore. There were ten men in it, and they all had guns. We ran into the trees and waited. It was a long hard fight, but by now it was dark and this helped us very much. We ran here and there in the trees, calling and shouting. The seamen could not see us and did not know how many men they were fighting. In the end the first officer shouted to them:

‘Put down your guns and stop fighting! The captain has fifty island people to help him. We can kill you all!’ So the seamen stopped fighting and we took their guns. Three of the men agreed to come back to the captain, and we put the others in my cave. Friday and I stayed to watch the prisoners, while the captain and his men went back to fight for the ship. All night we listened to the sound of guns and shouting, but in the morning, when the sun came up, the captain was master of his ship again. I went down to the shore to meet him. ‘My dear friend,’ he cried. ‘There’s your ship! I’ll take you to the ends of the world in it!’

I put my arms round him, and we laughed and cried together. How happy I was to leave the island! My good friend Friday came with me, of course, but we left the mutineers on the island. We decided not to kill them; they could begin a new life on the island. I showed them my three houses, my cornfields and my goats, and all my tools. Their life would be easy because of all my hard work for so many years.

And so, on the nineteenth of December 1686 – after twenty-seven years, two months and nineteen days – I said goodbye to my island and sailed home to England.

Chapter 9

Home in England

When I came back to England, I felt like a stranger in the country. Many things were different, and not many people remembered me. I went home to York, but my father and mother were dead, and also my two brothers. I did find the two sons of one of my brothers. They were happy to learn that I was alive, and I was pleased to find some family. After some months I decided to go down to Lisbon in Portugal. I had friends there who could help me to sell my land in Brazil, and I needed the money. Friday came with me. He was always a good and true friend to me.

In Lisbon I found the Portuguese captain, who took me in his ship to Brazil, all those years ago. It was good to see him again, and he helped me with my business. Soon I was ready to go home again – by land. No more adventures and dangers by sea for me! It was a long, hard journey. We had to cross the mountains between Spain and France in winter, and the snow was deep. Poor Friday was very afraid of the snow. In his country it was always hot, and he did not like cold weather.

Back in England I found a house and began to live a quiet life. My two nephews came to live with me. The younger one wanted to be a sailor, and so I found him a place on a ship. After a while I married, and had three children, two sons and a daughter. Then my wife died, and my nephew, who was now the captain of a ship, came home to see me. He knew that I did not really like a quiet life. ‘I have a fine ship, uncle,’ he said. ‘I’m going out to the East Indies – India, Malaya, the Philippines ... Why don’t you come with me?’

And so, in 1694, I went to sea again, and had many more adventures. Perhaps one day I’ll write another book about them.

Tapescript

Unit two David Copperfield by Charles Dickens

Chapter One

The beginning of my story

My story starts in Suffolk, in the east of England, where I was born. Unfortunately, my father died before I was born and this made my young mother very unhappy. She knew that life without a husband and with a new baby was difficult. She called me David - David Copperfield. A kind servant called Peggotty live with us. One of my father's aunts, Miss Betsey Trotwood, came to visit the day before I was born. She was a strange, rich woman who lived alone with a servant in a cottage by the sea. She hated all men because her previous marriage was unhappy. My mother was not happy to see her. "Well, Mrs Copperfield, when will the baby girl be born?" asked Aunt Betsey. My mother quite surprised and said, 'Perhaps it'll be a boy'. "Oh, don't be stupid" said Miss Betsey angrily, 'Of course ,it'll be a girl, and I'm going to send her to the best school and educate her well, I don't want her to make the same mistakes I made in my life". My mother suddenly felt ill and Peggotty, who helped her go upstairs to her room. The doctor came and stayed with my mother all evening. At about midnight the doctor came downstairs to the sitting room, where Miss Betsey was waiting nervously.' The young mother is well', said the doctor smiling. But the baby, how is she? She insisted the doctor looked strangely at Miss Betsey and said, it's a boy'. Miss Betsey says nothing. She walked out of the house angrily and never came back. And that is the story of the day when I was born. My early childhood was very happy because my beautiful mother and kind Peggotty looked after me, and we did a lot of things together. But when I was about eight, things changed for the worse. A gentleman called Mr. Mudstone started to come to our house. He had black hair and black eyes and wore black clothes. He was unfriendly and never smiled, and Peggotty and I didn't like him, but my mother did. A few months later my mother decided to go on a short holiday with Mr Mudstone and Peggotty took me stay with her

family in the town of Yarmouth, on the sea. Mr. Barkis the local driver, took us with his horse and cart. He was a good man, and he liked Peggotty a lot. I was excited about this holiday because I loved Peggotty and I wanted to see the sea.

But at the same time I was sad because my mother was leaving with Mr. Murdstone. Peggotty's family lived in an old boat on the beach. It had doors, windows and chimney, just like a real house, and everything was tidy. I was very happy to be there. I met Peggotty's brother, Daniel met Peggotty's brother Daniel Peggotty a friendly fisherman he was not married but he adopted two orphans who lived with him. Ham and Emily they called him uncle Daniel. I fell in love with Emily because she was such a beautiful little girl with red hair and blue eyes and we played together on the beach. When it was time to go back home, I was said to leave everyone, especially Emily. " Goodbye, David," said Daniel Peggotty. " Please, come back soon," Peggotty I rode back in Mr. Barkis's cart and when we got near home she looked at me sadly. Then she said, " David I have to tell you something. While we were away your mother married Mr Murdstone. He is your step father now!" I looked at the Peggotty's kind eyes and didn't know what to say I was shocked. My heart beat fast and there were tears in my eyes. How could my beautiful mother marry an unpleasant man like Mr Murdstone? I was confused. When he got home I was very upset and run upstairs to my room and started crying. My mother came in and she was unhappy too. She sat next to me and took my hand. Mr. Murdstone came in suddenly and said, " What's this Clara? Remember you must be strict with the boy! I have already told you this. You are too weak with him!" " Oh, yes, Edward": said my mother, " you are right. I am sorry. I'll be more strict with him. As soon as my mother left the room-Mr. Murdstone said to me." Listen carefully, David!" If you don't obey me, I'll hit you like a dog! Remember that! I was frightened of Mr. Murdstone, because I was still quiet young, I hated him, because he had a great influence over my mother, who loved me. But she also wanted to please her husband now. A few days later, Mr Murdstone's sister arrived to help my mother in the house. She was a tall woman

with dark hair and a plain face and she smiled. She was like her brother. She planned to stay with us for a long time.” Well, Clara” said Mr. Murdstone to my mother. I am here to help you. Just give me the keys. From that moment on Miss Murdstone was in complete control of the house and kept the keys all the time. “This was a terrible time for me” – my mother continued to give me lessons. I always enjoyed my lessons with her, but now both Mr. Murdstone and his sister were present. Mr. Murdstone hold a thin stick in his hand during the lessons, I was always nervous and couldn’t answer properly. My lessons became more difficult, if I don’t study your lessons, we’ll punish you, David! Mr. Murdstone said looking at me and at the stick. But Edward, he’s trying my mother protested weakly. Mr. Murdstone interrupted and said : “ David, you haven’t studied your lessons. Come upstairs with me. He took the stick and we went to my bedroom. I could hear my poor mother crying downstairs. “ Please, Mr. Murdstone, don’t hit me” – I cried. I studied my lessons yesterday, but today I’m nervous and I forgot some things. He didn’t listen to me and hit me with the stick. He was such a bad man. I screamed and my mother and Peggotty were crying outside the door. I suddenly turned my head and beat his hand, which made him even angrier. Then he left and closed the door with his key. Mr. Murdstone punished me and I stayed in my room for five long days and nights. Only Miss Murdstone came to bring me some bread and milk. I was terribly frightened and lonely. Then one night Peggotty came to the door and whispered. Listen David, Mr. Murdstone is going to send you away to boarding school tomorrow. “ Oh, Peggotty that means I won’t see you and my mother very often! ” I whispered. “ No, my dear boy”-replied Peggotty sadly, ” But I’ll take care of your mother and I’ll always love you ! And I’ll write to you! Thank you, Peggotty! – I said crying. ‘ Thank you!’

Chapter Two

Boarding school.

My boarding school was far away in London. When the horse and cart arrived. I said a quick goodbye. To my mother and got on with my suitcase. I started crying because I was leaving my home, my mother and Peggotty. I felt very alone in this big world. Salem House was the name of the boarding school. It was a large old building surrounded by a high stone wall. It was a horrible school. As soon as I arrived the headmaster. Mr. Creakle, put a sign around my neck that said. Be careful! He bites. I had to wear it all day long and I was terribly embarrassed. Luckily I made friends with two boys, Tommy Traddles and James Steerforth was about my age, but Steerforth was one of the oldest and most popular boys. He was good-looking and came from a rich family. He called me ...and protected me from the other boys and the teachers. Give me your pocket money, Daisy said Steerforth one day, and I'll buy food and drink for everyone. The boys will like you then. I agreed and that evening we had a pleasant time sitting on our beds, eating drinking and whispering to each other. I soon discovered that all the boys hated Salem House, which was one of the worst schools in England. They especially hated Mr. Creakle, who carried a heavy stick and used it to hit the students. However Mr. Creakle never hit Steerforth and so I admired Steerforth. He became my best friend. I was glad to go home for the Christmas holidays and was surprised to find that my mother had a new baby. However, she looked tired and worried, and she was also very thin. The Murdstone hated even more than before, I was even happy to go back to Salem House – where I could see my friends Traddles and Steerforth again. Two months later in March on the day of my birthday, Mr. Creakle called me to his office.

As soon as waiting for me, I knew that something was wrong. Mrs. Creakle looked at me kindly and took my hand. My dear David, your mother has been ill, very ill, I'm so sorry to tell you She is dead. My legs felt weak and tears ran down my face, I couldn't stop crying. I felt terrible. Now I was an orphan and I

was really alone in the world. I returned home for my mother's funeral, which was such a sad experience. The Murdstone's were as cold and horrible as ever. Only Peggotty comforted me. She told me baby died too. After the funeral Miss Murdstone said : " We don't need a servant any more, Peggotty. You must leave. Peggotty didn't have another job, so and she decided to go and stay with her brother in Yarmouth. She invited me to go with her for a holiday and the Murdstones surprisingly, agreed. I was glad to see Daniel Peggotty, Ham and Emily again. They were wonderful people." Peggotty decided to marry Barkis, who had a nice little house in Yarmouth, they were very happy together. Before going back to the Murdstones Peggotty said: - " Remember, David. I always love you and I'll always help you." When I returned home, the Murdstones were not happy to see me. My stepmother said to me : ' Education is too expensive. You must work and be independent. I was only ten years old and quiet small for my age, but I was sent to London to work in a warehouse."

My job was to wash bottles and put labels on them. I earned very little and I worked long hours in bad conditions. Several other boys worked with me, but I didn't make any friends because they treated me badly. " Is this going to be my life? I often asked myself. Am I going to wash bottles forever? I'll probably forget everything I learned from my mother and at school." I was extremely unhappy and alone.

In London I needed an unexpensive place to stay, so I rented a room from the Micowber's family, who always needed extra money. Mr.Micowber was a tall man a bald head that looked like an egg. He always spent more money than he had always owed money to shopkeepers. The Micowbers were quite poor butt they tried not to show it. I often bought my own food-some bread and cheese – because the Micowbers hardly had enough for themselves. I liked them because they were always kind to me. Although the family had problems. Mrs. Micowers often said: - " Mr.Micowber will be a great man one day. He's my husband, the father of my children and I'll never leave him. One day Mr.Micowber was taken to prison,

because he owed so much money. However, after several weeks Mr. Micowbers' debts were paid and he left prison and was free. The Micowbers then left London and went to Plymouth in the North of England. I didn't have friends in London who could help me or give me a place to stay. I didn't know what to do and I felt very lonely. My job at the warehouse was horrible and I hated it. I couldn't continue to work, I really wanted a better life and a brighter future for myself and I decided to run away.

Chapter 3

Dover

I didn't know where to go, but I remembered my father's aunt, Betsey Trotwood. She was my only relative in the world. Perhaps she could help me. She lived near Dover and I decided to go and find her. I left for Dover with very little money and a small suitcase, and I was extremely unlucky. A thief pushed me against a wall and stole the little money and suitcase. I sat down in the street and started crying. I've lost everything I own in the world, I thought sadly. "Now what can I do?" I had to walk to Dover because I didn't have money to pay the coach. The journey took six days, and I had to sell my jacket for a few coins so that I could buy some food. At night I slept under the trees or in old, empty buildings. When I got to the seaside town of Dover I asked a few people where Miss Betsey Trotwood lived. They told me where to go and I walked up to the top of a hill, where I saw a small cottage with a garden in front. Suddenly I was afraid. "What will my aunt think of me?" - I asked myself. My face and hands are dirty and my clothes are old. Perhaps she won't even invite me into the house. When Miss Betsey saw me she shouted. "Go away! Don't walk on my grass!" "Please, madam!" - said bravely, - "Please, aunt Betsey ...". "What! - she cried, looking at me in great surprise. "Please aunt Betsey, I am your nephew David Copperfield. You came on the night I was born and saw my dear mother." My life has been very unhappy since she died. My stepfather sent me to work in London and hated it and

ran away. Then someone stole my money and suitcase, I had to walk all the way from London...., I felt weak and suddenly fell to the ground. My aunt picked me up gently and took me into her sitting-room. She wrapped me in a big blanket and put me on her sofa. Then she called Mr. Dick, a man who stayed with her. People thought he wasn't intelligent, but he was very kind. "Mr. Duck, what can we do with this boy?" – she asked. " You remember that I had a nephew in Suffolk? This is his son, David! " Oh! " he exclaimed. "Well, first of all wash him! And then give him some clean clothes and some good food!". "Well done, Mr. Duck!" – said my aunt happily. "You always have the right answer!" While I was eating my aunt asked me a lot of questions, and I told her the story of my life. I was very tired after the long day and Janet, her servant, showed me my room. I fell asleep immediately in a warm, comfortable bed. At breakfast the next morning I asked my aunt. " What's going to happen to me?"

" I've already written to your stepfather and explained the situation."- said aunt Betsey. " Oh... Are you going to send me back to the Murdstones? I asked her. Please don't! Please let me stay here!" " I don't know yet, David "- she said, looking kindly at me. " We'll have to wait and see." " I was worried because I didn't want to go back to the Murdstones. Several days later the Murdstones arrived and they began to talk with my aunt". " David is violent and lazy" – said Mr. Murdstone slowly and loudly. "Yes" – said Miss Murdstone, we found him a good job in London, but he ran away. I've never seen such a bad boy! We'll punish him! Aunt Betsey listened to them carefully and replied, I don't believe a word you say. Then my aunt looked at me and said: -" Well, David, what do you have to say?" They've always been unkind to me and they made my poor mother very unhappy" – I said. " Please, aunt Betsey, don't send me away with them!" Aunt Betsey asked Mr. Dick- " What can we do with this boy? Buy him some new clothes!" - said Mr. Dick. " Leave my house immediately!" – said aunt Betsey to the Murdstones! " I know you have been cruel to this boy and to his poor mother! I'll look after David from now on. Now get out

of here. Mr. Murdstone's face was white and his sister's was red. They quickly walked out of the house. I was delighted! Thank you. I felt so happy and kissed her many times.

A new life began for me and I soon forgot about the horrible warehouse job and the cruel Murdstones. One day my aunt asked me – “ David, would you like to continue your education? “ Oh. yes!”- I replied happily. I like studying and learning new things. I want to know about the world! The next day my aunt and I went to Canterbury, a beautiful city near Dover. She took me to the of Mr. Wickfield, who was my aunt's lawyer and was responsible for her money. When we arrived, a strange young man with red hair and a thin face opened the door. I thought he was a servant. “ Is Mr. Wickfield at home, Uriah Heep?” – asked my aunt. “ Yes, he is, madam!” – replied Uriah, with an unpleasant smile. ”Mr. Wickfield” – said aunt Betsey, “This is my nephew, David. I have recently adopted him and I want to send him to a good school here in Canterbury. Do you have any suggestions? Mr. Wickfield thought for a moment and said: - “ Yes, there is a very good school near the Cathedral. Dr. Strong's school. David can live here with me and my daughter. Agnes, we have plenty of room!” My aunt looked at me and asked: - “Do you like that, David?” – “Yes, very much!” – I said smiling.” Thank you, aunt Betsey! I'll study hard.”

Chapter 4

Steerforth

Dr. Strong's family was very different from Salem House. The headmasters Dr. Strong was an excellent and intelligent man. He enjoyed teaching and never punished anyone. I liked the new school immediately and made friends with the other boys and with the teacher too. I lived at Mr. Wickfields' house and his daughter, Agnes was like a sister to me. She often helped me with my studies. Mr. Wickfield was sad because his wife was dead, but Agnes did everything to help him, because she loved him very much. There were happy years for me. However,

I didn't like Uriar Heep, who was studying to be a lawyer. He had such an ugly smile and he moved his body like a snake. As time passed, he began to have a strange power over Mr. Wickfield. One day I went to his home for tea and met his mother. She was exactly like her son-unpleasant. During this time I met the Micawbers, who moved from Plymouth to Canterbury. I was very glad to see them. But unfortunately, they still had bad money problems. At the age seventeen I completed my studies at Dr.Strong's school. On that occasion my aunt said: - "Why don't you go on a holiday before you choose your profession? You need a rest!" I was now a young adult with an education and some money so I decided to go and visit London for a few days. Then I planned to go to Yarmouth to see Peggotty and her family. In London I was very surprised to meet my friend Steerforth, who didn't recognize me at first. " Goodness!"- he exclaimed," He's little Copperfield! What are you doing in London! I haven't seen you since we were at Salem House!" I have just finished school and decided to take a short holiday before I decide on my future; I explained. " What about you?" "Well, I am studying at Oxford University, where nothing exciting ever happens, so I often come to London." – he said cheerfully. " Have you visited London yet?" - I replied. We went sightseeing in London for a few days and then I invited him to come to Yarmouth with me. He accepted my invitation happily. I still admired Steerforth greatly. When we got to Yarmouth everyone was delighted to see me. I introduced Steerforth to Peggotty. Daniel, Ham and little Emily, who was now a beautiful young woman. " Welcome to our home gentelman" – said Daniel Peggotty, smiling. " This is a very special day because little Emily and Ham are engaged! Ham is the perfect husband for Emily, he is a rough fisherman like me, but he's honest and sincere". Steerforth and I congratulated them, and Steerforth kept looking at lovely Emily. We spent a pleasant evening in the old boat-house with the Peggotty family. As Steerforth and I were walking one evening , he said: - " Emily is such a beautiful girl! Why is she engaged to that stupid fisherman, Ham?" I was shocked by these words and said: - "You are not serious, are you,

Steerforth? ” He smiled at me and said: - “ I’ m not as good as you are, David. I hate myself sometimes!”. “ Steerforth, what are you saying!” – I exclaimed. “ You are the most intelligent man I know! I have always admired you and I still do!” “ Thank you, David!”- he said, shaking his head; but you don’t know how bad I am. I didn’t believe him and I soon forgot his words, but I remembered them later. We stayed in Yarmouth for two weeks and I spent time with Peggotty and barkis, while Steerforth went sailing or fishing with Ham or Daniel. When I got back to London I met aunt Betsey and we discussed my future. “ David – she said seriously, would you like to become a lawyer?” I thought for a moment and replied. I’ve never considered that possibility, but I think so. “ Good! Now come with me” – she said, quite satisfied. I followed her to Doctor’s Commons an area in London where lawyers have their offices. She introduced me to Mr. Spenlow, an important lawyer. “ I’ll give Mr. Spenlow a thousand pounds and you’ll work with and learn about the law. Then after several years you’ll become a lawyer in Doctor’s Commons. Do you like this idea?” “ Yes, aunt Betsey! “-I said enthusiastically. ”Thank you! I promise to work very hard and do my best.” I moved to London I rented a small flat. I was excited because I was beginning a new life. One day I invited Steerforth and his Oxford friends to dinner. We ate and drank a lot, I was quite drunk. Then we went to see a play at the theatre, where I met Agnes Wickfield. “ Agnes! – I shouted – you are in London!” “ David!” – she whispered, smiling at me. – Be quiet! You are at the theatre. Please, ask your friends to take you home. I took her advice and Steerforth and his friends accompanied me home”. The next day I received a letter from Agnes, where said: - “ Please, come and visit me in London.” I went to see her after work and said: - “ I’m sorry for my bad behavior last night, Agnes. I was drunk. David, you’ll always be my friend”- she said.” But stay away from Steerforth. He’s a dangerous friend, he has a bad influence over you.” “ My. Agnes! – I said – you are wrong. He’s always been a good friend and he helps me.”

- “ Oh, David, you are a good person and you can’t see certain things” - she said.

- “Please, believe me. Stay away from Steerforth!” I looked at her kind eyes.

– “I believe you, Agnes! David, I need your help!- said Agnes nervously.

- ” My father has serious problems. Uriah, Heep is going to be my father’s partner!” – “ What! Uriah Heep! “ - I exclaimed . - “ That hypocrite! He’s so terribly unpleasant and I give never liked him. What’s happening? “

- “ My poor father has no choice” – said Agnes with tears in her eyes

– “ He started drinking heavily after my mother died, because he was unhappy. He was careless with his work and Uriah did all the work that my father didn’t do And now my father’s afraid of him. I don’t know what to do! Please, help me, David!”

–“ Of course I’ll help you, Agness.” I promised, I’ll think a good plan. Agnes was worried and upset, because Uriah Heep had a lot of power over her father, Mr. Wickfield. Uriah wanted to become Mr. Wickfield’s partner. Agnes asked David to help her and he promised to do so.

Chapter5

Disappointment.

I wanted to learn more about Uriah’s plans because I really wanted to help Agnes. So I invited him to coffee one day while he was in London. We shook hands as soon as we met. I noticed that his hand was cold and wet. Everything about him was unpleasant. Uriah accepted my invitation by saying: -“ How very kind of you, Mr. Copperfield! I’m too humble to accept your invitation but I would like it!” As we sat down in my flat to have coffee, he looked at me and said: -“ Perhaps you’ve already heard that I’m going to become Mr. Wickfield’s partner! -“Yes -I replied, Agnes told me.“ I’m glad she did”–he said smiling.

– “ You know I’ve been always helped poor Mr. Wickfield with his work. During these years he’s been very careless with it, but I solved all his problems. I admire him greatly ,in spite of my humble position, I’m in love with beautiful Miss

Agness. And I hope to marry her one day. I was furious, I really wanted to hit him his ugly face. But I thought of Agnes and I tried to be calm.

-“Have... have you spoken to Agnes about your love yet?”

– I asked looking evil eyes. “ Oh, no, Mr. Copperfield, not, yet!”

- he said humbly.” I’ll wait until I’m her father’s partner!” Uriah had power over Mr. Wickfield and his daughter now. Could Agnes ever marry such a worthless insect? I continued to work for Mr. Spenlow who was an excellent lawyer and I learned a lot of about the law. One day he invited me to spend the weekend at his country house outside London. He lived here with his daughter Dora because his wife was dead .He introduced me to her and I felt in love with her. She was beautiful and gentle, with long blonder hair and lively blue eyes. I couldn’t stop looking at her. I was very surprised when Dora introduced me to her companion.

– “ I’d like you to meet my new companion, Miss Murdstone”

– said Nora. She came to look after me when my mother died. Miss Murdstone seemed embrassed to see me. But I didn’t think about her because my only thoughts were for Dora. One evening we were walking together in the garden when Dora said: -” You know, David, I hate Miss Murdstone. My father pays her to look after me, but she’s unpleasant and terribly strict. ”While I was walking around London one day. I met my old friend Tommy Traddles. He was living in a poor part of London and he was studying to become a lawyer. I discovered that he knew Mr and Mrs Micawber, and that they were back in London. I want to visit them because they were good people and I liked them. They were very happy to see me, but unfortunately they still had money problems. One evening Steerforth came to see me. It’s good to see you, Steerforth. I said:- “ Come and sit down.” “Thanks, David!”

– he said quietly. There was something strange about him that I couldn’t understand. At first he seemed sad and then a minute later, he was laughing.”

Where have you been?”

– I asked. “ I’ve just been to Yarmouth.”

- he said. "I have bad news for you - old Barkis is very ill." "Oh, no" - I said - not old Barkis!" "Yes" - Steerforth replied sadly, - and the doctor thinks he'll die soon" "Poor, Peggotty!" - I exclaimed. "She'll be so sad without him. I must leave for Yarmouth now. I want to see them" "Yes, that's good idea!" - said Steerforth. He got up and threw back his handsome head. Then he put his hand on my shoulders and said: -" Goodbye, David. promise me that anything ever happens to me, you'll always think well of me. Please, promise me that!" "Steerforth, you know I'll always admire you!"- I said, trying to understand what he meant." The morning after I got to Yarmouth, Mr. Barkis died and left Peggotty all his money. The evening before the funeral Peggotty, Daniel and I met at the old boat. I was surprised to see that Ham and Emily were not there. Then Ham called me outside the front door of his house. He was holding a letter in his hand. He was holding a letter in his hand and he was desperate. "What's wrong, Ham?" - I asked, looking at him. "David, please read this letter from little Emily!" - he said, his voice shaking.

"Dear Ham!" Please forgive me! I'm running away and leaving you and uncle Daniel! When you read this, I'll be far away and I'll never return home unless he worries me. I'm truly sorry if I broke your heart I'm a bad woman. Forgive me! Emily Ham and I were both shocked when he told Daniel, who loved his little Emily more than anyone in the world, he was furious. "Who is the man?"- Daniel shouted angrily. "I want to know his name!" Ham and I looked at each other and we couldn't speak. I was so upset and disappointed. "Is his name Steerforth? Tell me!"- Daniel shouted again. "It is!" - cried Ham wildly. Today people saw him and Emily was going away in his coach. -"I'm sorry, David, but that Steerforth is such an evil man!" I looked at poor Ham and felt terribly disappointed by Steerforth's behavior. Daniel Peggotty suddenly looked older and said: "I'm going to look for her and bring her back home. Don't try to stop me! I'm travelling to London, France and all over the world until I find her. If something happens to me, tell little Emily that I forgive her and that my love for

her is always the same!” He took his coat, hat, stick and bag and left the house. Nothing could stop him.

Chapter 6

Good and bad news

During all this time I continued loving Dara more and more. I knew that Steerforth was an evil man, but the more evil there was in this world, the more I appreciated lovely Dara. Although Steerforth caused much suffering to Ham, Daniel and Peggotty, I couldn't hate him. Then something exciting happened. Mr. Spenlow invited me to a picnic to celebrate Dara's birthday. I wanted to look my best so I bought expensive new clothes and boots for this occasion. On the day of the picnic I got up early and went to the market to buy fresh flowers for Dara. I got to the picnic before noon and saw Dara, who looked splendid in her sky – blue dress and white hat. Hello, Mr. Copperfield, she said cheerfully you'll be glad to know that horrible Miss Mudstone isn't here. She'll be away for at least three weeks! Hello, Miss Spenlow, I said it's delightful to see you flowers are for you. There were a lot of other young men of the picnic, and most of them knew Dara and talked to her. This made me quite jealous because they took Dara away from me. There were plenty of good things to eat at the birthday picnic, and towards the end of the afternoon Dara's best friend, Julia Mills, spoke to me privately. Mr. Copperfield, Dara is going to stay with me next week. Please come and visit her at my house in London.

How can I ever thank you, Miss Mills?! I said excitedly. You have a true friend to Miss Spenlow...and to me!.

Dara wanted to see me! I was extremely happy and I soon visited her. She was happy to see me and we were soon sitting on the sofa together holding hands. I told her that I loved her more than anything or anyone, and she loved me too. We became secretly engaged but we didn't tell anyone, it was our secret. I often visited her and sent her secret love letters. She wrote to me too and called me Darling

Daddy! This was a wonderful time of my life! One day aunt Betsey and her Dick came to see me. They were carrying suitcases and my aunts cat. I have bad news, David: said my aunt seriously. I don't have anymore money, I'm poor during my life I've always saved money and Mr. Wickfield helped me to invest it in the right companies. But recently he wasn't doing a good job, so I decided to invest my money by myself. What a mistake! I lost it all and now I have nothing. I was shocked to hear this. How terrible! I said what can I do to help you and Mr .Dick? Can we live here with you for sometime? Asked Aunt Betsy. Yes of course! I said happily. It'll be a pleasure to have you here! I was extremely sorry for my aunt and Mr. Dick, so I decided to work hard to make more money. I needed another job, and with Agnes`s help I became a secretary for Doctor Strong, my old teacher, who now lived in London. I wrote reports for the newspapers about Parliament and I continued to study and work with Mr. Spenlow. I was busy but I found the time to see my lovely Dara.

I knew I had to tell Dora about what was happening one evening while she was visiting with her friend Julia, I asked her, Dara, my dear, can you love a beggar? Dora looked at me with her beautiful, innocent eyes and replied, what do you mean, David?!

Oh, Dora, my aunt all her money and I must look after her now. I've already found another job to earn more money. I'm certainly not afraid of hand work. What are talking about David? I don't understand these things! She was frightened and started crying on my shoulder. My dear Dora, don't worry; I said holding her hand. I'll always love you and look after you! Ill work hard to buy our bread. After all, we don't need much because we have each other! Oh, David, I love you and I want to marry you! But please don't frighten me again! She said. Don't talk about hard work and bread. I've never worked in my life. I've always had servants. I'm not a strong person. I'm weak and not practical. I'm just a silly girl! Now I realized that Dora was born into a rich family and couldn't understand the problems of the poor.

After many months Mr. Spenlow called me to his office, and I was surprised to see Miss. Mudstone there. She opened her handbag and showed me all love letters to Dora. I found these letters and showed them to Mr. Spenlow! She said with an unfriendly smile. Mr. Spenlow was very angry and his face was red I'm very disappointed in you, David! I was extremely embarrassed and said, Mr. Spenlow I can explain everything...! 'No , David! 'he cried! You must never see my daughter again. Do you understand?! 'But Mr. Spenlow, we love each other, and were engaged!

'Forget Dora! 'he shouted. 'she will marry a rich gentleman, not a poor student like you! I want back to my desk and felt terrible. When I returned to Mr.Spenlows office the next morning, all the clerks were standing at the door.

"Have you heard , David? !'they asked me. 'No, I replied. 'What happened?! 'Mr. Spenlow had had a heart attack and died last night"! I was shocked to hear this. I later learned that Mr. Spenlow had many debts. Poor Dora was extremely upset and went to live with her two aunts. Now she and I were both poor and we couldn't see each other anymore.

Tapescript

Unit Three

The Last Leaf

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low

rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places." Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow. "She has one chance in - let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples someday," said Sue. "Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice - a man for instance?". "A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from

the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside. Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks. "What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now." "Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie." "Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too." "Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves." "Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn lose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in

the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above. Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings. "Vass!" he cried. "Is dare people in de world mit der foolishness toe die because leafs drop off from a confounded vine? I have not heard of such a thing. No, I will not booze as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Why do you allow dot silly business to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old - old flibbertigibbet." "You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not booze? Go on. I come meet you. For half an hour I half peen trying to say dot I am ready to booze. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so good as Miss Johnsy shall lie sick. Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade. "Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper. Wearily Sue obeyed. But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time. "Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?". But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesome st thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves. When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised. The ivy leaf was still there. Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring a me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook.

"And hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win." And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now - that's all." And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

Unit Four

Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte

Chapter 1

My story begins

In 1825, I was ten years old. My father and mother were dead. I lived with my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Their house was called Gateshead Hall. The house was in Yorkshire, in the north of England. My Aunt and Uncle Reed had two children - a boy, John, and a girl, Eliza. I liked my Uncle Reed and he liked me. But in 1825, my uncle died. After that, I was very unhappy. My Aunt Reed did not like me. And John and Eliza were unkind to me. It was a cold, rainy day in December. All of us were in the house. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to read. I opened a book. Then I heard my Cousin John's voice. 'Jane! Jane Eyre! Where are you?' John shouted. He came into the room and he saw me 'Why are you reading my book?' he asked. 'Give it to me!' John took the book. He hit my head with it. I screamed. John hit me again. I pulled his hair and I kicked him. 'Help! Help, Mamma!' John shouted. 'Jane Eyre is hurting me!' Aunt Reed ran into the room. She pulled me away from John.

'John hit me with a book,' I said. 'I hate him. And I hate you too!' 'You are a bad girl, Jane,' my aunt said. 'Why do you hate me?' 'You don't like me,' I replied. 'John and Eliza are unkind to me. I want to leave Gateshead Hall.' 'You want to leave!' Aunt Reed said. 'Where will you go? Your parents are dead. You cannot live alone.' Aunt Reed thought for a moment. 'My friend, Mr. Brocklehurst, is the owner of a school,' she said. 'I will send you to Mr. Brocklehurst's school.' A few days later, Mr. Brocklehurst came to Gateshead Hall. He was a very tall man. His eyes were dark and his face was cruel. 'Jane Eyre,' he said to me. 'God does not like bad children. God punishes bad children, Jane Eyre.' 'God will punish John Reed,' I replied. 'John Reed hits me and he shouts at me.' 'That is not true. You are a liar, Jane Eyre,' Mr. Brocklehurst said. 'You must not tell lies. And you must not live here with your cousins. You will come to Lowood School. You will become a

good girl.' 'I want to come to your school, sir,' I said. 'I want to leave this house.'
'Bad girls are punished at my school, Jane Eyre,' Mr. Brocklehurst said. 'The girls work very hard at Lowood.'

'I will work hard. I will be a good pupil, Mr. Brocklehurst,' I said.

Two weeks later, I left Gateshead Hall. I went to Lowood School

Chapter2

Lowood School

It was the month of January. I arrived at Lowood School at night. A servant took me up some stairs and into a big bedroom. There were many beds in the room. The girls in the beds were asleep. The servant took me to an empty bed. I put on my nightclothes and I got into bed. Soon, I was asleep too. I woke up very early. A loud bell was ringing. The bedroom was dark and cold. I watched the other girls. They washed in cold water and they dressed quickly.

There was a plain brown dress next to my bed. And there was a pair of ugly, heavy shoes. I washed quickly. Then I put on my new clothes. I was very hungry. I followed the other girls down the stairs. We sat down at long tables in a large dining-room. Our food was terrible. 'The food is bad again,' one of the girls said. 'Stand up!' a teacher shouted. 'Don't talk!' We stood up. We did not speak. We walked into a big schoolroom and we sat down. There were about eighty girls in the schoolroom. And there were four classes. The oldest girls were in the fourth class. I was in the first class. Four teachers came into the room and we began our lessons. The lessons were not interesting. First, we read some pages in a book. Then our teacher asked us questions about those pages. After four hours, we went outside. It was very cold. Very soon, a bell rang. Lessons started again. Three weeks passed. One afternoon, the head teacher came into the schoolroom. The head teacher's name was Miss Temple. Mr. Brocklehurst was with her. We all stood up. I stood behind an older girl. I did not want Mr. Brocklehurst to see me. Mr. Brocklehurst walked slowly round the room. Everybody was very quiet. And

then I dropped my book! Mr. Brocklehurst stopped walking. He looked at me 'Ah! The new girl,' he said. 'Come here, Jane Eyre!' Then he pointed at two of the older girls. 'You two girls — put Jane Eyre on that high chair!' he said. 'Look at Jane Eyre, everybody!' Mr. Brocklehurst said. 'This child is bad. She is a liar. She will be punished! Miss Temple! Teachers! Girls! Do not talk to this child.' Then he spoke to me again. 'Jane Eyre, you must stand on that chair for two hours,' he said. 'You are a bad girl!' That evening, I cried and cried. But Miss Temple was kind to me. 'You are a good pupil, Jane,' she said. 'And you are not a bad girl. I am your friend, Jane.' 'Thank you, Miss Temple,' I said. Lowood School was in an unhealthy place. The buildings were wet and cold. Mr. Brocklehurst owned the school. He was a rich man. But he did not buy warm clothes for us. And he did not buy good food for us. Everybody hated him. In the spring, many of the girls became sick. Some of them left the school. They never came back. Many of the girls died. That spring was a terrible time. We had no lessons. Miss Temple and the other teachers took care of the sick pupils. Mr. Brocklehurst had to buy better food for us. And he had to buy warm clothes for us. Mr. Brocklehurst never came to the school. The next year, Lowood School moved to a better place. It was a healthier place. There were new schoolrooms, new bedrooms and a new dining-room. The new buildings were bright and clean. The teachers were happy. After that, I was happy at Lowood School too. I was a pupil at Lowood School for six years. Then I became a teacher. I was a teacher at the school for two years. But I never returned to Gateshead Hall. And the Reeds never wrote to me.

Chapter 3

Thornfield Hall

In 1833, I was eighteen years old. In the summer, Miss Temple left Lowood School. She got married. I wanted to leave Lowood too. I wanted a new life. 'I will be a governess,' I thought. I put an advertisement in a newspaper. I had a reply to my advertisement. The reply was from Mrs Fairfax of Thornfield Hall, near

Millcote. Millcote was about seventy miles from Lowood School. Mrs Fairfax wanted a governess for a little girl. I wrote to Mrs Fairfax immediately. I was going to be a governess at Thornfield Hall! I travelled to Millcote in a coach. At Millcote, a servant met me. He took me to Thornfield Hall. At Thornfield Hall, another servant opened the door. She was smiling. She took me into a small, warm room. A lady was in the room. She was sitting by the fire. 'Are you Mr. s Fairfax?' I asked her. 'Yes, my dear,' she said. 'And you are Miss Eyre. Are you cold? Sit by the fire, Miss Eyre, A servant will bring you some food.' 'Mrs Fairfax is very kind,' I said to myself. 'I will be happy here.' 'Will I see Miss Fairfax tonight?' I asked. Mrs Fairfax looked at me. She smiled. 'Miss Fairfax? No, no,' she said. 'Your pupil's name is not Miss Fairfax. Your pupil is Adele Valens. Adele's mother was a Frenchwoman. Adele is Mr. Rochester's ward. He takes care of her.' 'Mr. Rochester? Who is Mr. Rochester?' I asked. 'Mr. Edward Rochester is the owner of Thornfield Hall,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'I am his housekeeper. I take care of Thornfield Hall. Mr. Rochester is not here now. He does not like this house. He is often away from home.' I was very tired. Mrs Fairfax took me up the wide stairs. She took me to my room. I went to bed immediately. And I slept well. The next morning, I woke early. The sun was shining. I put on a plain black dress. I opened my bedroom door. I walked along a corridor and down the wide stairs. I walked out into the sunny garden. I turned and I looked up at my new home. Thornfield Hall was a beautiful house with many large windows. The garden was beautiful too. After a few minutes, Mrs Fairfax came into the garden. She spoke to me. 'Good morning, Miss Eyre,' she said. 'You have woken early. Miss Adele is here. After breakfast, you must take her to the schoolroom. She must begin her lessons.' A pretty little girl walked towards me. She was about eight years old. She spoke to me in French and I replied in French.

After breakfast, I took Adele to the schoolroom. We worked all morning. Adele enjoyed her lessons and I was happy.

In the afternoon, Mrs Fairfax took me into all the rooms of Thornfield Hall. We looked at the paintings and at the beautiful furniture. We walked along the corridors, 'Come up onto the roof, Miss Eyre,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'You will see the beautiful countryside around Thornfield Hall.' We walked up many stairs. At last, we were at the top of the house. We walked along the top corridor. Mrs Fairfax opened a small door and we walked onto the roof. 'Look, Miss Eyre,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'You can see for many miles.' We stood on the roof for a few minutes. Then we went back into the house. We walked carefully towards the stairs. The top corridor was narrow and dark. Suddenly, I heard a strange laugh. 'Who is that, Mrs Fairfax?' I asked. Mrs Fairfax did not reply. She knocked on a door. 'Grace!' she said. The door opened. Behind the door was a small room. A servant was standing at the door. 'Be quiet, Grace, please,' Mrs Fairfax said. The woman looked at Mrs Fairfax. Then she closed the door. 'That was Grace Poole,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'She works up here. Sometimes she laughs and talks with the other servants. Don't worry about Grace. Please come downstairs now, Miss Eyre.'

Chapter 4

Mr Rochester

Three months passed. I had not met the owner of Thornfield Hall. Mr. Rochester had not come home. One January afternoon, I went out and I walked towards the road. I was going to the village of Hay. I was going to post a letter in the village. Hay was two miles from Thornfield Hall. The day was fine but it was very cold. I walked quickly and soon I was near the village. Suddenly, a big black-and-white dog ran past me. A moment later, a man on a black horse followed the dog. Then, I heard an angry shout. The dog ran past me again. It was barking loudly. I turned round. The horse had fallen on the icy ground and the man had fallen from the horse. I walked towards them. 'Can I help you, sir?' I asked. 'My horse fell. I've hurt my foot,' the man said. The horse stood up. The man tried to stand up too. But he could not stand. He fell onto the ground again. The man was about thirty-five years old. He was not handsome but he had a strong face. He had

dark eyes and black hair. He was not very tall but his body was powerful. 'I'll bring somebody from Thornfield Hall,' I said. 'Do you live at Thornfield?' the man asked.

'I am the governess,' I replied. 'Ah, yes. The governess,' the man said. 'Help me, please.' The man stood up very slowly, and he put his hand on my shoulder. He walked slowly towards his horse. I helped him. He pulled himself onto the horse. 'Thank you. Now go home quickly,' the man said. And he rode away. I walked on to the village and I posted my letter. Then I returned to Thornfield Hall. Bright lights were shining in the big house. I went inside. A big black-and-white dog walked towards me. It came from the dining-room. I had seen the dog before. 'Whose dog is that?' I asked a servant. 'It's Mr. Rochester's dog,' the servant replied. 'Mr. Rochester has come home. But he has hurt his foot. His horse fell on some ice.' I smiled. The owner of Thornfield Hall had returned! But I did not see Mr. Rochester again that day.

I saw Mr. Rochester the next day. He sent for me in the evening. I put on a clean dress. I brushed my hair carefully. Mr. Rochester was in the large sitting-room. He was sitting in a big chair. His right foot was on a small chair. Mrs Fairfax and Adele were sitting with him. 'This is Miss Eyre, sir,' Mrs Fairfax said. Mr. Rochester looked at me. He did not smile. 'Sit by the fire, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'Where have you come from?' 'From Lowood School,' I replied. 'I was there for eight years.' 'Eight years!' Mr. Rochester said. 'That is a long time! Who are your parents?' 'I have no parents, sir,' I answered. 'They are dead.' 'But where is your home, Miss Eyre?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'I have no home, sir. I have no family,' I said. 'Why did you come to Thornfield Hall?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'I wanted to leave Lowood, sir,' I replied. 'I put an advertisement in a newspaper. Mrs Fairfax replied to my advertisement.' 'Yes, I did,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'Miss Eyre is a good teacher, Mr. Rochester.' Mr. Rochester smiled for the first time. 'You are very young, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'I am eighteen, sir,' I replied. Mr. Rochester smiled again. He did not ask me more questions. After that evening, I did not see Mr.

Rochester for a few days. Then, one night, he sent for me again. 'Sit near me, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'Mrs Fairfax will talk to Adele.' I sat down quietly, but I did not speak. The fire was very bright. I saw Mr. Rochester's face clearly. I saw his large, dark eyes. He was smiling. He was happy. After a minute, Mr. Rochester spoke. 'Miss Eyre,' he said. 'You are looking at me very carefully. Am I a handsome man?' 'No, sir,' I said. 'You speak the truth, Miss Eyre!' Mr. Rochester said. 'Look at me again. Am I a kind man?' 'No, sir,' I said again. 'You are smiling now. But you are not always kind.' 'That is true,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'I have had a difficult life. I have met bad people. I have been a bad person myself. Now Thornfield Hall is my home. But I hate this house. You are very young, Miss Eyre. You cannot understand me.' 'You are right. I don't understand you, sir,' I said. I stood up. 'Where are you going?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'It is late. Adele must go to bed,' I said. 'Are you frightened of me, Miss Eyre?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'No, sir,' I replied. 'But you say strange things, sir.' Mr. Rochester smiled. 'Take Adele to her bedroom now, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'We will talk again tomorrow.' After that night, we talked together many times. Mr. Rochester was an interesting man. But he was a strange man too. I often thought about him. 'Why does Mr. Rochester hate Thornfield?' I asked myself. 'Thornfield Hall is a beautiful place. But Mr. Rochester is not happy.'

Chapter 5

Fire

It was March. One night, I was in bed. But I was not asleep. The house was quiet. Suddenly, I heard a sound in the corridor outside my room. 'Who's there?' I said. Nobody answered. Then I heard a strange laugh. I got out of my bed and I went quietly to the door. I listened. I heard another sound. Somebody was walking up the stairs to the top corridor. Then I heard somebody close a door. 'Was that Grace Poole?' I said to myself. 'Yes, it was Grace. Why was she laughing? And why is she walking in the house at night? Is she mad? I must tell Mrs Fairfax about

this. I will speak to her now.' I put on some clothes and I opened the door. There was a candle on the floor outside my room. The candle was burning. There was thick smoke in the corridor. I went into the corridor. I looked around me. The door of Mr. Rochester's bedroom was open. And the smoke was coming from Mr. Rochester's room!

I ran into the room. I sat in a chair by the window. Time passed. At last, Mr. Rochester returned. 'Please don't worry, Jane,' he said. 'Grace Poole is a strange woman. But she won't hurt anybody tonight.' I stood up. 'Goodnight, sir,' I said. Mr. Rochester held my hand. He looked at me and he smiled. 'Thank you, my dear friend,' he said. 'You saved my life tonight, Jane.' 'Goodnight, sir,' I said again. I went back to my bed. I was very tired. But at first, I could not sleep. Suddenly, I understood something. I loved Mr. Rochester! He had smiled at me. He had held my hand. Did he love me? I did not know. But I thought about Mr. Rochester for a long time. I did not see Mr. Rochester the next day. He did not send for me. In the evening, I went down to Mr. s Fairfax's sitting-room. The housekeeper was looking out of the window. 'The weather has been good today,' Mr. s Fairfax said. 'Mr. Rochester had a good day for his journey.' 'His journey? Where has he gone?' I asked. I was surprised. 'He has gone to Ingram Park,' Mr. s Fairfax replied. 'Mr. Rochester will stay there for a week or more. He has many friends. All his friends will be at Ingram Park this week.' 'Will there be any ladies at Ingram Park?' I asked. 'Yes,' Mr. s Fairfax said. 'There will be many ladies there. Miss Blanche Ingram will be there. Mr. Rochester has known her for many years.' 'Is Miss Ingram beautiful?' I asked. 'She is very beautiful,' Mr. s Fairfax said. 'Will Mr. Rochester marry her?' I asked. Mr. s Fairfax smiled. 'I don't know, Miss Eyre,' she replied. 'I don't know.' I was very unhappy. I went up to my bedroom. I looked in my mirror. 'Jane Eyre,' I said to myself. 'You are not pretty. And you are poor. Mr. Rochester will never marry you. He will marry Miss Blanche Ingram. She is a rich lady. You are a poor governess. Forget Mr. Rochester, Jane Eyre! Forget him!'

Chapter 6

Guests at Thornfield Hall

Two weeks later, a letter arrived for Mrs Fairfax. 'Mr. Rochester will return on Thursday,' Mrs Fairfax said. 'Some of his friends will come here with him. There will be many guests at Thornfield Hall.' On Thursday evening, Mrs Fairfax, Adele and I were in Adele's bedroom. Mrs Fairfax was looking out of the window. 'The guests are arriving now!' Mrs Fairfax said. I went to the window and I looked out. There were three carriages. Two people were riding horses. Mr. Rochester was riding his big black horse. A beautiful young woman was riding a white horse.

Mrs Fairfax pointed to the young woman. 'That is Miss Ingram,' the housekeeper said. Then she went downstairs. Adele wanted to go downstairs too, 'No, Adele,' I said. 'We cannot go downstairs tonight. Mr. Rochester is talking to his guests.' The next day, Mrs Fairfax came into the schoolroom. 'Mr. Rochester wants you to meet his guests tonight, Miss Eyre,' she said. 'Adele must meet them too.' Later, Adele and I went quietly into the sitting-room. And soon, eight ladies came into the room. One of them was tall, dark and very beautiful. She was Blanche Ingram. Adele ran towards her. 'Good evening, beautiful lady,' she said in French. 'What a pretty little girl!' Blanche Ingram said. Miss Ingram spoke to the other ladies. And she spoke to Adele. But she did not speak to me. Half an hour later, the gentlemen came into the room. I looked at Mr. Rochester. He saw me, but he did not speak to me. Miss Ingram pointed at Adele. 'Why doesn't this little girl live at a school, Mr. Rochester?' she asked. 'Adele learns her lessons at home,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'She has a governess.' 'Oh, yes. That small woman by the window,' Miss Ingram said. 'I had many governesses. I hated all of them. They were all ugly and stupid!' Later, Miss Ingram and Mr. Rochester sang some songs together, Mr. Rochester had a fine voice. I listened to the songs, then I left the room. Mr. Rochester followed me. 'What is wrong, Jane?' he asked. 'Nothing is wrong, sir,' I said. 'But I am tired. I am going to my room. Goodnight, sir.' 'You are tired. And you are unhappy too,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'There are tears in your

eyes. Rest now, Jane. But please come and meet my guests tomorrow evening. Don't forget, don't forget, Jane.' The guests stayed at Thornfield Hall for two weeks. Every evening, I went to the sitting-room with Adele. Nobody spoke to me. Mr. Rochester and Miss Ingram were always together. One afternoon, Mr. Rochester went to Millcote. He returned late in the evening. I met him at the front door. 'Another guest has arrived, sir,' I told him. 'His name is Mr. Mason. He has come from the West Indies.' Suddenly, Mr. Rochester's face was pale. He held my hand tightly. 'Mason. The West Indies. Mason —' he said. 'Are you ill, sir?' I asked. 'Jane, my little friend, I've had a shock,' he said. 'Bring me a glass of wine, please.' I went quickly to the dining-room. I returned with a glass of wine and I gave it to Mr. Rochester. 'What are my guests doing?' he asked. 'They are eating and laughing, sir,' I replied. 'Mr. Mason is talking to the other guests.' 'One day, they will all hate me,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Now go into the dining-room again. Tell Mason to meet me in the library.' I gave Mr. Mason the message. Then I went to my bedroom. I got into my bed. Later, I heard Mr. Rochester coming up the stairs with Mr. Mason. They were laughing and talking. Soon, I was asleep.

Chapter 7

A Terrible Night

Some hours later, I woke up. A terrible cry had woken me. The moon was bright. Its light was shining through my window. I listened. Then I heard somebody shouting. 'Help! Help! Rochester, help me!' The voice came from the top corridor. 'Help! Help!' I got out of bed and I put on a dress and some shoes. I opened my door. All the guests were in the corridor outside the bedrooms. They were all asking questions. 'What happened?' they asked. 'Is there a fire? Who is hurt? Where is Mr. Rochester?' 'I am here!' Mr. Rochester said. He was walking down the stairs from the top corridor. 'What is wrong, Mr. Rochester?' Miss Ingram asked. 'What has happened?' 'Nothing is wrong, Mr. Rochester replied. 'One of the servants has had a bad dream. Go back to bed!' I went back to my

room. But something was wrong. I did not get into my bed. I waited. Soon, somebody knocked on my door. I opened the door. Mr. Rochester was standing in the corridor. 'Jane, follow me. Do not make a sound,' Mr. Rochester said. We went up to the top corridor. Mr. Rochester unlocked a door and we went inside a room. Mr. Mason was sitting on a chair in the room. His face was pale. And his shirt was covered with blood! Then I heard a terrible laugh. The sound came from the next room. 'Grace Poole is a madwoman,' I thought. 'Why does Mr. Rochester have a mad servant?' Mr. Rochester spoke quietly to Mr. Mason. 'I am going to bring a doctor, Richard,' he said. Then he spoke to me. 'Stay here, Jane. Wash Mr. Mason's arm. But do not speak to him.' Mr. Rochester left the room. I washed Mr. Mason's arm. We waited for Mr. Rochester and the doctor. Mr. Mason did not speak to me and I did not speak to him. After two hours, Mr. Rochester returned. The doctor was with him. The doctor looked at Mr. Mason's arm. 'She bit me,' Mr. Mason said. 'I came up here. I wanted to see her. I wanted to help her. But she bit me!' 'Be quiet now, Richard,' Mr. Rochester said quickly. The doctor put a bandage on Mr. Mason's arm. Mr. Rochester put Mr. Mason's coat round the injured man's shoulders. Then he spoke to me again. 'Run downstairs, Jane. Unlock the small door at the side of the house,' he said. 'We will follow you.' I went quickly downstairs and I opened the door. Outside the door, a servant was waiting with a carriage. Mr. Mason and the doctor came out of the house. They got into the carriage. Then Mr. Rochester came out of the house too. Mr. Mason spoke to him through the window of the carriage. 'Help her. Be kind to her, Rochester,' he said. 'Yes, I will, Mason,' Mr. Rochester said. The servant drove the carriage away. 'Will you walk in the garden with me, Jane?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'I do not want to sleep now.' 'Yes, I will, sir,' I said. Soon, it was morning. The birds were beginning to sing. The flowers had a sweet smell. 'It has been a strange night, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Were you frightened?' 'I am frightened of Grace Poole,' I said. 'She will hurt you, one day.' 'I am stronger than she is. She will not hurt me,' Mr. Rochester said. He looked at me for a few moments. 'Are you my friend, Jane?' he

asked me. 'Yes, sir. I will be your friend forever!' I replied. 'Thank you, my dear,' Mr. Rochester said. 'I have made mistakes. Now, I want to be happy. That is not wrong, is it, Jane?' He stopped speaking for a minute. Then he said, 'Go into the house. I'll talk to you tomorrow.' But the next day, I had a letter from Gateshead Hall, my Aunt Reed's house. The letter was from my Cousin Eliza. I started the journey to my Aunt Reed's house immediately. I arrived there the next day. My Aunt Reed was very, very ill. She could not move. And she did not speak to me. I wanted to return to Thornfield Hall. I wanted to see Mr. Rochester. But Eliza wanted me to stay at Gateshead Hall. After three weeks, my aunt spoke to me at last. She spoke very slowly. 'Are you Jane Eyre?' she asked. 'Yes, Aunt Reed. I am Jane Eyre,' I replied. 'There is a letter for you,' Aunt Reed said. 'It is in my desk. Call Eliza, please. She will get the letter.' Eliza came into the room. She opened the desk and she gave me a letter.

'Read the letter, Jane,' my aunt said. The letter had come from Madeira. But it was three years old. 'I answered that letter,' Aunt Reed said. 'I hated you, Jane. I did not want you to have your uncle's money. I wrote to John Eyre. I wrote, "Jane Eyre is dead. She died at Lowood School." I am sorry, Jane, I was wrong.' Mrs Reed died that night. I left Gateshead Hall a few days later. I took my uncle's letter with me. Mr. Rochester met me at Thornfield Hall. 'Welcome back to my house,' he said. 'This is your home, Jane.' 'Thank you, sir,' I said. 'I am very happy here.' Mr. Rochester's guests had left. No other visitors came to Thornfield Hall. Every day, Mr. Rochester and I talked together. And every day, I loved him more.

Chapter 8

In the Garden

In June, the weather was hot. One evening, I walked into the garden, Mr. Rochester was there too. 'Do you like this house, Jane?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Soon, Adele will go to live at a school, Jane,' he said. 'Then, I will not want a governess here. Will you be sad then, Jane? Will you leave Thornfield

Hall?' 'Leave?' I said quickly. 'Must I leave Thornfield?' 'My dear —' Mr. Rochester stopped. He was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'I am going to be married soon.' 'Oh, sir,' I said. 'Then I must go far away. Far away from Thornfield. Far away from you, sir.' I started to cry. 'I will always remember you, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Will you forget me?' 'No, sir,' I replied. 'I will never forget you. I don't want to leave Thornfield, sir. I don't want to leave you.' 'Don't leave, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Stay here.' He smiled at me. 'I must not stay here, sir,' I said. 'You are going to marry Miss Ingram. I am poor. I do not have a pretty face. But I have a heart. It is a loving heart, sir!' 'Jane - I am not going to marry Miss Ingram,' Mr.

Rochester said. 'She is rich. She is beautiful. You are poor. You are not beautiful. But I want to marry you! Will you marry me, Jane?' For a moment, I could not speak. At last, I asked, 'Do you love me, sir?' 'I do,' he replied. 'Then, sir, I will marry you,' I said. And Mr. Rochester kissed me.

'My dearest Jane,' he said. 'Nothing can stop our marriage now. We will be married in a month, Jane!' We kissed again. Then I said goodnight and I went into the house. I went upstairs to my room. Later, I remembered my Uncle John Eyre's letter. 'I will write to him in Madeira,' I said to myself. 'I will tell him about my marriage to Mr. Rochester. I am very happy. My uncle will be happy too.'

Four weeks passed. Mr. Rochester was going to buy me many beautiful things. He was going to give me many presents. But I did not want these things. 'No, Edward,' I said. 'I am not beautiful. I don't want beautiful things. I want you, Edward.' It was the month of July. Two days before our wedding-day, Mr. Rochester went away. 'I will return tomorrow,' he said. 'I love you, Jane.' That night, I went to my bedroom early. My wedding dress and my wedding veil were in my room. I looked at them. 'In two days, I will be Jane Rochester,' I said to myself. Then I went to bed. But I did not sleep well. The next day, Mr. Rochester returned. He looked at me carefully. 'What is wrong, Jane?' he asked. 'Your face is pale. Are you frightened?' 'I had a very strange dream last night,' I said. 'It was a dream about this house. But

in my dream, Thornfield Hall had no roof. The walls were burnt. They were black. In my dream, I tried to find you. But you were not in the house.' 'Are you afraid of a dream, Jane?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'No, Edward,' I replied. 'But I woke up from my dream. There was a woman in my room. She was tall and heavy. She had long, black hair.' 'The woman was holding a candle,' I said. 'She put the candle by my mirror. She put my wedding veil over her head and she looked in the mirror. Then I saw her face!' 'It was a strange, terrible face, Edward,' I said. 'Suddenly, the woman tore my veil into two pieces. She threw the pieces on the floor!' 'What happened next?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'The woman held her candle near my face,' I replied. 'She looked at me and she laughed. Then she went away.'

'This happened in your dream, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'It did not happen in my dream, Edward,' I said. 'This morning, my wedding veil was on the floor of my room. It was torn. It was in two pieces!' 'But the woman did not hurt you, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Sleep in Adele's room tonight, my dear. You will have no more bad dreams.'

Chapter 9

Mr. Rochester's Wife

It was our wedding day. We were going to be married in a church near Thornfield Hall. After the marriage, we were going to travel to London. I got up early. I put on my wedding dress and I went downstairs. Mr. Rochester was waiting for me. At eight o'clock, we walked together to the church. The clergyman was standing by the door of the church. There were two other people inside the church -two men. They were sitting in a dark corner. I could not see them very well. The clergyman started to speak. At every marriage, the clergyman asks an important question. He asks the people in the church, 'Is there a problem about this marriage?' The clergyman spoke loudly. He asked this question and he waited. There was silence for a moment. And then one of the men in the dark corner stood up. He spoke loudly. 'There is a problem. These two people must not be married!'

he said. 'There is not a problem!' Mr. Rochester said to the clergyman. 'Please go on with the marriage.' 'No, I cannot go on with the marriage,' the clergyman replied. He spoke to the man in the corner. 'What is the problem, sir?' he asked.

Mr. Rochester turned and looked at the man. 'Who are you? What do you know about me?' he asked angrily. 'My name is Briggs, sir. I am a lawyer,' the man replied. 'I know many things about you. Fifteen years ago, you were married in the West Indies. Your wife's name is Bertha Mason. She is alive. She lives at Thornfield Hall.' 'How do you know that?' Mr. Rochester shouted. The other man in the dark corner stood up. He walked towards us. It was Richard Mason. 'Bertha Mason is my sister,' he said. 'I saw her at Thornfield Hall in April.' Mr. Rochester's face was pale. For a minute he was silent. Then he spoke quietly. 'It is true,' he said. 'My wife is living at Thornfield Hall. She is mad. Come to the house - all of you! Come and see Mr. s Rochester! Come and see the madwoman!' We all left the church. Nobody spoke. At Thornfield, Mr. s Fairfax and Adele were waiting for us. They were smiling happily. 'Nobody will be happy today!' Mr. Rochester said. 'We are not married!' Briggs, Mr. Mason, the clergyman and I followed Mr. Rochester. We followed him up the stairs. He took us to the top corridor. He unlocked a door and we went into a small room. I had seen this room before! We walked through the room to another door. Mr. Rochester unlocked this door and we saw a larger room. Grace Poole was sitting in the room. But another woman was there too. She was tall and heavy. Her dark hair was in front of her face. The woman turned and looked at us. I knew that terrible, mad face. I had seen it in my bedroom, two nights before. The madwoman saw Mr. Rochester. She screamed and she ran towards him. 'Be careful, sir!' Grace Poole said. The madwoman was very strong. She screamed and she hit Mr. Rochester. But Mr. Rochester held her arms.

'This woman is my wife!' Mr. Rochester said angrily. 'I wanted to forget about her. I wanted to marry this young girl, Jane Eyre. Was I wrong?' He was silent for a few moments. Then he spoke quietly. 'Yes. I was wrong,' he said. 'I love Jane Eyre. But I was wrong. Now, go, all of you. I must take care of my mad

wife!' I went slowly downstairs. Mr. Briggs, the lawyer, spoke to me. 'I am sorry for you, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'You did nothing wrong. Your uncle, John Eyre, is sorry for you too. He read your letter. And then he met Richard Mason in Madeira. Your uncle is dying, Miss Eyre. He could not come to England. He sent me here. He wanted me to stop this marriage.'

I did not answer. I went to my room and I locked the door. I took off my wedding dress. I put on a plain black dress. I lay down on my bed. 'I am Jane Eyre today,' I thought. 'I will be Jane Eyre tomorrow. I will never be Jane Rochester. I must leave Thornfield Hall. I must never see Mr. Rochester again. My life here is finished.' Many hours later, I got off the bed. I unlocked my door. Mr. Rochester was waiting outside my room.

'You are unhappy, Jane,' he said. 'I am very, very sorry. Jane, we will leave Thornfield, We will go to another country. We will be happy again.' 'I cannot be your wife. I cannot live with you,' I said. 'I must leave you, Edward.' 'Listen, Jane,' Mr. Rochester said. 'My father wanted me to marry Bertha Mason. Her family was very rich. I married her. My father was happy. But I was not happy. Bertha was mad, and she was a bad woman. Nobody told me about her. She was married to me, but she met other men. She was drunk every day. She tried to kill me many times.' 'After four years, I brought Bertha here to Thornfield Hall,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Then I went away. Grace Poole took care of Bertha. I met other women. One of them was a French singer. She was Adele's mother. Adele is my daughter, Jane. But I did not love the French singer. I did not love anybody. I came home to Thornfield Hall. Then you came here and I loved you. I will always love you. Please stay with me, Jane.' 'No, Edward,' I said. 'I am going away. We will be unhappy. But we must not be together. Goodbye, Edward.' 'Oh, Jane! Jane, my love!' Mr. Rochester said. 'Don't leave me!' I kissed Mr. Rochester. 'God will help you, Edward,' I said. Quickly, I went into my room. I put some clothes into a bag. Later, I heard Mr. Rochester go into his room. Very quietly, I went downstairs. I opened the small door at the side of the house. I left Thornfield Hall and I walked

to the road. It was dark. Soon, a coach came along the road. I gave all my money to the driver of the coach. I got into the coach. Many hours later, the coach stopped. It was ten o'clock in the morning. 'You must give me more money now,' the driver said. 'I have no more money,' I said. 'You have no more money? Then you must get out of the coach,' the driver said, I got down onto the road. The coach moved away quickly. But I had left my bag in the coach.

I looked around me. I was on a cold, empty moor. I was tired and hungry. I walked and walked. I had no money. I had no food. I walked until the evening came. At last, I lay down on the ground. I fell asleep immediately.

Chapter 10

Moor House

The next morning, I woke late. I walked along the road for many miles. It started to rain. Soon my clothes were wet. I saw no one. I walked on the moor all day. In the evening, I was very tired again. 'I must sleep soon,' I thought. 'Where shall I sleep?' Then I saw a light. I walked slowly towards it. The rain was falling heavily. But I saw a house near the road. I walked up to the house. I knocked on the door. I waited, but nobody opened the door. I stood outside the house. I was very cold and very tired. I could not move. 'I am going to die here,' I said. Then I heard a young man's voice. The man was standing behind me. 'No, you will not die at Moor House,' the man said. Then he unlocked the door of the house. He took me into the house. He took me into a warm sitting room. 'Please sit down,' he said. Two pretty young women came into the room. 'Give this poor woman some food, Diana,' the young man said. 'Give her some dry clothes, Mary.' Then he spoke to me again. 'My name is St John Rivers,' he said. 'These are my sisters, Diana and Mary. What is your name, young woman?'

'My name is Jane — Elliot,' I said. I closed my eyes. 'Jane is very tired,' Diana said. 'She must go to bed now.' I stayed in bed at Moor House for three days. Diana and Mary Rivers were governesses. They were staying at Moor House for a few days.

St John, their brother, was a clergyman. They were very kind to me. Soon, we were good friends.

One day, St John asked me about my life. 'I was a governess too,' I told him. And I told him about Lowood School. But I did not tell him about Thornfield Hall. I did not tell him about Mr. Rochester. 'I want to work, St John,' I said. 'Will you help me?' 'I have a plan,' St John said. 'A few miles from here, there is a village. Many of the girls in the village can-not read or write. I am going to pay for a girls' school in the village. But I must find a teacher for these girls.' 'I will teach them, St John,' I said. 'Good!' he said. 'There will be a small house next to the school. You will live there.' Three days later, a letter arrived for St John. 'Diana, Mary - our Uncle John is dead,' he told his sisters. 'But we will not have any of his money.' He gave the letter to his sisters. They read it. 'Uncle John was our mother's brother,' Diana told me. 'He was very rich. But he has given all his money to another niece. We do not know her.' Soon, I went to live in the village. I lived in the house next to the school. Every day, I taught the girls. My pupils worked hard. But I was not happy. Every day, I thought about Edward Rochester. 'Does he think about me?' I asked myself. Four months passed. One day, St John Rivers came to my house. He was holding a letter. He was worried.

'What is wrong?' I asked. 'I want to ask you three questions, Jane,' he replied. 'Is your name Jane Elliot? Do you have another name? Do you know Jane Eyre?' I looked at him for a moment. I did not speak. 'I have some news for Jane Eyre,' St John said. 'Jane Eyre was a pupil at Lowood School. And she was a teacher there. Then she was a governess at Thornfield Hall - the home of Mr. Edward Rochester.' 'How do you know this?' I asked. 'What do you know about Mr. Rochester? How is he?' 'I don't know,' St John said. 'This letter is from a lawyer. The lawyer tells a story about Mr. Rochester. Mr. Rochester had a mad wife. But he tried to marry Jane Eyre. She left Thornfield. Now this lawyer, Mr. Briggs, is trying to find her.' 'I will tell you the truth, St John,' I said. 'My name is not Jane Elliot. My name is Jane Eyre. And I was a governess at Thornfield Hall. I know Mr. Rochester. Did

Mr. Briggs write anything about Mr. Rochester?' 'No. The letter is about you, Jane,' St John said. 'Your uncle, John Eyre is dead. John Eyre has given you twenty thousand pounds. You are rich, Jane.' 'But why did Mr. Briggs write to you?' I asked. 'My mother's name was Eyre,' St John said. 'She was your father's sister, Jane.' 'Then you, Diana and Mary are my cousins!' I said. I thought carefully for a moment. 'Write to Diana and Mary,' I said. 'They must come home. I will give all of you some of Uncle John's money.' The next day, I wrote to Mr. Briggs. I gave St John, Diana and Mary five thousand pounds each. I wrote to Mr.s Fairfax too, but she did not reply. Six months passed. I heard nothing from Thornfield Hall. I heard nothing about Mr. Rochester. Then, one day, I was walking on the moor. Suddenly, I heard a voice. There was nobody on the moor. But the voice was calling my name - 'Jane! Jane! Jane!'

'That is Mr. Rochester's voice,' I said to myself. Then I shouted, 'I am coming, Edward. I am coming!' I ran to Moor House. I spoke to my cousins. 'I am going to Thornfield Hall tomorrow,' I told them. I began my journey the next day.

Chapter11

My Story Ends

Two days later, I got out of a coach. I was standing on the road near Thornfield Hall. I ran across the fields. Was Mr. Rochester at Thornfield? Was he ill? And then I saw the house. The house had no roof. Its walls were burnt and black. Nobody was living there.

I looked at the burnt, black house. I had seen this before. I had seen it in a dream! I was frightened. Where was Edward Rochester? I went to the village of Hay. I asked about Thornfield Hall. I asked about Mr. Rochester. 'Three months ago, there was a fire at Thornfield Hall,' a man told me. 'The madwoman burnt the house. She was Mr. Rochester's wife.' 'Was Mr. Rochester in the house?' I asked. 'Yes, he was there,' the man replied. 'He tried to save his wife's life. He went into the burning house. But the madwoman jumped from the roof. She died.' 'Was Mr.

Rochester hurt?' I asked quickly. 'Yes, he was badly hurt,' the man said. 'He is blind -he can't see. And he has only one hand.' 'Where is he?' I asked. 'Where is he?' 'He is living at Ferndean. It is an old house, about thirty miles away,' the man said. 'Do you have a carriage?' I asked. 'I must go to Ferndean immediately.' I got out of the carriage near Ferndean. I walked to the house. I knocked on the door. A servant opened it. I knew her. 'Oh, Miss Eyre! You have come,' she said. 'Mr. Rochester has been calling your name.' A bell rang in another room. 'That is Mr. Rochester's bell,' the woman said. 'He wants some candles.'

There were two candles on a table near the door. The woman lit them and she picked them up. 'Mr. Rochester is blind, but he always burns candles in his room in the evenings,' she said. 'Give the candles to me.' I said. 'I'll take them to him.' I opened the door of Mr. Rochester's room. His black-and white dog was sitting by the fire. The dog jumped up and ran towards me. 'Who is there?' Mr. Rochester said. 'Don't you know me, Edward?' I asked. 'Your dog knows me.' I put the candles on a table. I held Mr. Rochester's hand. 'I know that voice. And I know this little hand,' Mr. Rochester said. 'Is that you, Jane?' 'Yes, sir, I have found you at last,' I said. 'I will never leave you again.' Then I told Mr. Rochester my story. 'Why did you leave your cousins, Jane?' Mr. Rochester asked. 'Why did you come back to me? I am blind. I have only one hand.' 'I will take care of you, Edward,' I said. 'But I don't want a servant,' Mr. Rochester replied. 'I want a wife.' 'You will have a wife, Edward,' I said. 'I will be your wife. I will marry you. I loved you very much at Thornfield Hall. Now I love you more.'

Mr. Rochester and I got married. After a time, his eyes were better. He could see a little. He saw the face of our first child! My dear Edward and I are very happy.

Tapescript

Unit Five

Oscar Wilde "The Canterville Ghost".

Chapter1

When the American, Mr Otis, bought Canterville Castle, everyone told him that this was very foolish, as the place was haunted. But Mr Otis answered, "I come from a modern country, where we have everything that money can buy. And if there were such a thing as a ghost in Europe, we would have it at home in one of our museums." A few weeks later, on a lovely July evening, Mr Otis, his wife and their children, Washington, Virginia and the twins, went down to their new home. When they entered the avenue of Canterville Castle, the sky suddenly became dark and a spooky stillness was in the air. Mrs Umney, the housekeeper, led them into the library of the castle, where they sat down and began to look around. Suddenly, Mrs Otis saw a red stain on the floor just by the fireplace and said to Mrs Umney, 'I am afraid something has been spilt there'.

'Yes, madam,' said the old housekeeper in a low voice, 'blood has been spilt on that spot'. 'How terrible', said Mrs Otis; "I don't want any blood-stains in my sitting-room. It must be removed at once."

The old woman smiled and answered, "It is the blood of Lady Eleanore de Canterville, who was murdered on that spot by her husband, Sir Simon de Canterville, in 1575. Sir Simon disappeared seven years later. His body has never been found, but his ghost still haunts the Castle. The blood-stain is a tourist attraction now and it cannot be removed." 'That is all nonsense', said Washington, the eldest son of the Otis family, "stain remover will clean it up in no time," and he took a bottle of stain remover out of his pocket and cleaned the spot. But as soon as the blood-stain had disappeared, a terrible flash of lightning lit up the room and a fearful peal of thunder made the whole building shake.

Chapter 2

There was a horrible storm that night, but apart from that nothing scary happened. The next morning, however, when the family came down to breakfast, they found the terrible stain of blood once again on the floor. Washington cleaned it a second time, but the second morning it appeared again. The third morning it was there, too, although the library had been locked up at night by Mr Otis himself. The following night, all doubts about the existence of the ghost were finally removed forever. At eleven o'clock the family went to bed and some time after, Mr Otis was awakened by a strange noise in the corridor, outside his room. It sounded like the clank of metal, and it came nearer every moment. Mr Otis got up and looked at the time. It was exactly one o'clock. So Mr Otis put on his slippers, went to the door and opened it. There, right in front of him, stood the ghost - his eyes were as red as burning coals; long grey hair fell over his shoulders and from his wrists and ankles hung heavy chains.

“My dear Sir,” said Mr Otis, “you must oil those chains. It's impossible to sleep with such a noise going on outside the bedrooms. I have therefore brought you this bottle of lubricator, and I will be happy to supply you with more if you require it.” With these words Mr Otis laid the bottle down, closed his door and went back to bed. Shocked, the Canterville ghost stood quite motionless for a moment, but then he growled angrily. Just at this moment, the twins appeared on the corridor and threw a large pillow at him! The ghost hastily escaped through the wall, and the house became quiet again. When the ghost reached his small secret chamber, he took a deep breath. No ghosts in history had ever been treated in this manner!

Chapter3

The ghost did not appear for the rest of the week. The only strange thing that happened was the blood-stain, which they found on the library-floor every morning. It was also quite strange that the color of the stain changed from time to time. Some mornings it was red, then brown or purple, or even green. These

changes amused the family very much, and bets on the color were made every evening. The only person who did not enter into the joke was Virginia. For some unexplained reason, she was rather annoyed at the sight of the blood-stain, and nearly cried the morning it was green. The second appearance of the ghost was on Sunday night. Shortly after the family had gone to bed they heard a fearful crash in the hall. A suit of armor had fallen on the floor and in a chair sat the Canterville ghost and rubbed his knees, which seemed to hurt. When the twins started shooting peas at him with their pea-shooters, the ghost stood up with an angry growl and passed through them like a mist. He also blew out the candle, leaving them all in total darkness. On top of the stairs the ghost turned around and, in order to frighten the Otis boys, laughed his most horrible laugh. Just then, a door opened and Mrs Otis came out of her bedroom. "I am afraid you are not well," she said, "I have therefore brought you this bottle of medicine." The ghost looked at her furiously, and then he disappeared. When he reached his room, he was completely exhausted. This American family was extremely annoying. But what annoyed him most was, that he had not been able to wear the suit of armour. The weight of it had made him fall and hurt his knees.

For some days after this the ghost only left his room to renew the blood-stain. However, on Friday, the 17th of August, he tried to frighten the Otis family again. At half-past ten the family went to bed. For some time the ghost heard the twins laugh, but at a quarter past eleven all was still. So, at midnight he left his secret chamber and glided through the corridors, when suddenly, behind one corner, a horrible ghost stood right in front of him. As the Canterville ghost had never seen another ghost before, he was terribly frightened. He quickly hurried back to his room. But then he thought that he should go and speak to the other ghost. After all, two ghosts were better than one, and his new friend might help him to frighten the twins. However, when he came back to the spot, he found that this 'other ghost' was not real, but only a white sheet which the twins had hung there to play a trick on him. Very upset the Canterville ghost went back to his chamber.

Chapter 4

For five days, the ghost did not leave his room. He was very weak and tired and his nerves were completely shattered. He also gave up the point of the blood-stain on the library floor. If the Otis family did not want it, they clearly did not deserve it. Whenever the Canterville ghost roamed the house now, he was careful to have oiled his chains and not to make a sound. However, the twins still played their tricks on him. They stretched strings across the corridor, over which he tripped in the dark, and once he slipped on a butter-slide, which the twins had constructed for him on the staircase. This so annoyed the ghost, that he decided to teach the twins a lesson and give them the fright of their lives.

All day long the ghost had prepared this grand event and at a quarter past one at night he finally glided out of his room and crept down the corridor. When he reached the twins' bedroom, he found the door slightly open. In order to frighten the boys enormously, he flung the door wide open, when a heavy jug of water fell right down on him, wetting him to the skin. The twins burst out in shrieks of laughter and the ghost fled. He now gave up all hope of ever frightening this rude American family and, as he was very afraid of the twins, from now on he crept around the house as quietly as possible. One night, it was on the 19th of September, he went downstairs to see if there were any traces left of the blood-stain. It was about a quarter past two in the morning, and he thought that everyone was fast asleep, when suddenly from a dark corner two figures came running at him who waved their arms wildly above their heads and shouted "BOO!" in his ear. Full of panic, which under the circumstances was only natural, the ghost hurried back to his room. After this he was not seen again at night. His feelings were so wounded that he just did not appear anymore.

Chapter 5

One day, Virginia was walking along the corridor, when she saw a person in one of the rooms and went in. To her surprise, it was the Canterville ghost himself

and he looked really sad. 'I am so sorry for you', she said, 'but my brothers are going back to Eton tomorrow, and then, if you behave yourself, no one will annoy you'.

"It is absurd asking me to behave myself," the ghost answered, "I must rattle my chains, and groan through keyholes, and walk about at night. It is my only reason for existing'. 'It is no reason at all for existing, and you know you have been very nasty. Mrs Umney told us that you had killed your wife'. 'Well, I quite admit it," said the ghost, "but my wife was not very nice, you know, and she knew nothing about cookery. However, it is all over now, and I don't think it was very nice of her brothers to starve me to death." "Starve you to death? Oh, Mr Ghost, I mean Sir Simon, are you hungry? I have a sandwich in my case. Would you like it? 'No, thank you, I never eat anything now; but it is very kind of you. You are much nicer than the rest of your rude, dishonest family." "Stop!" cried Virginia, stamping her foot, "it is you who are rude, and as for dishonesty, you stole the paints out of my box to renew that ridiculous blood-stain in the library. First you took all my reds and I couldn't do any more sunsets, then you took the green and the yellow. Finally I had nothing left but blue and white, and I could only do moonlight scenes, which are not at all easy to paint." Having said this, Virginia turned around to leave the room.

"Please don't go, Miss Virginia," the ghost cried; "I am so unhappy and I really don't know what to do. I want to go to sleep and I cannot. I have not slept for three hundred years, and I am so tired. 'Poor, poor Ghost', she murmured; 'have you no place where you can sleep?' 'Well, I know a place where I could sleep – it's the Garden of Death, the churchyard. But only if you weep for me and my sins and pray with me for my soul, the Angel of Death will have mercy on me." When Virginia promised to help the ghost and pray for him, he rose from his seat, took her hand and kissed it thankfully. Then he led her across the room. Virginia saw the wall slowly fading away like a mist, and a bitter cold wind was around them.

“Quick, quick,” cried the ghost, “or it will be too late.” Then the wall closed behind them, and the chamber was empty.

Chapter 6

About ten minutes later, the bell rang for dinner, and, as Virginia did not come down, Mrs Otis sent up one of the servants. After a little time he returned and said that he could not find Miss Virginia anywhere. So, the whole family started looking for her. The hours passed, but they could find no trace of Virginia. So, after dinner, Mr Otis ordered them all to bed, saying that nothing more could be done that night, and that he would contact Scotland Yard in the morning. Just when everybody was about to leave the dining-room, the clock struck midnight, and when the last stroke sounded, a secret door opened in the wall and in that door stood Virginia with a little box in her hand. Everybody ran up to her. ‘Good heavens! child, where have you been?’ said Mr Otis, rather angrily, as he thought she had been playing a trick on them. ‘Papa’, said Virginia quietly, I have been with the ghost. He is dead, and you must come and see him. He had been very nasty, but he was really sorry for all that he had done, and he gave me this box of beautiful jewels before he died. Then she led the others down a narrow secret corridor to a little low room. There the family found the skeleton of Sir Simon, who had been starved to death by his wife's brothers. Virginia knelt down beside the skeleton, and, folding her little hands together, began to pray silently. Meanwhile, one of the twins was looking out of the window in the little room and suddenly said, “Look! The old almond-tree has blossoms.” ‘Then God has forgiven him,’ said Virginia and stood up.

Chapter 7

Four days later, a funeral started from Canterville Castle. In a quiet corner of the churchyard, Sir Simon's skeleton was buried. When the ceremony was over,

Virginia stepped forward and laid a large cross made of white and pink almond-blossoms on the coffin.

The next morning, Mr Otis talked to Sir Simon's descendant, Sir Canterville, about the jewels the ghost had given to Virginia. Their value was so great that Mr Otis had scruples about allowing his daughter to keep them. But Sir Canterville shook his hand and said, "My dear Sir, your charming little daughter saved my ancestor's soul. The jewels are hers."

The jewels were admired by everyone when, in the spring of 1890, Virginia married the Duke of Cheshire. After their honeymoon, Virginia and her husband went down to Canterville Castle and on the day after their arrival they walked over to the churchyard. Virginia had brought some lovely roses, which she strewed upon the grave, and after they had stood by it for some time her husband took her hand. "You have never told me what happened to you when you were locked up with the ghost."

"Please don't ask me, I cannot tell you," she said, "but I owe Sir Simon a great deal. He made me see what Life is, and what Death signifies, and why Love is stronger than both."

Tapescript

Unit 6

Isaak Asimov 'The Fun They Had'.

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2155, she wrote, Today Tommy found a real book!

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper. They turned the pages, which were yellow and crankily, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to – on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time. Gee, said

Tommy, what a waste. When you're though with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw it away. Same with mine, said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, Where did you find it?

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

What's it about? School.

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

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

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

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

because the history sector had blanked out completely. So she said to Tommy, Why would anyone write about school? Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Margie was hurt. Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago. She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, Anyway, they had a teacher. Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man. A man. How could a man be a teacher?

Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions. A man isn't smart enough. Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher. He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher. He knows almost as much I betcha.

Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me. Tommy screamed with laughter. You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there. And all the kids learned the same thing? Sure, if they were the same age. But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently. Just the same, they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book. I didn't say I didn't like it, Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools. They weren't nearly half finished when Margie's mother called, Margie! School! Margie looked up. Not yet, mamma. Now, said Mrs. Jones. And it's probably time for Tommy, too. Margie said to Tommy, Can I read the book some more with you after school? Maybe, he said, nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went to the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except for Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours. The screen was lit up, and it said:

Today's arithmetical lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot.

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the school yard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it. And the teachers were people... The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen. When we add the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$...Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

Tapescript

Unit 7

Francis Scott Fitzgerald

Crazy Sunday

It was Sunday-not a day, but rather a gap between two other days. Behind, for all of them, lay sets and sequences, the long waits under the crane that swung the microphone, the hundred miles a day by automobiles to and fro across a county, the struggles of rival ingenuities in the conference rooms, the ceaseless compromise, the clash and strain of many personalities fighting for their lives. And now Sunday, with individual life starting up again, with a glow kindling in eyes that had been glazed with monotony the afternoon before. Slowly as the hours waned they came awake like "Puppenfeen" in a toy shop: an intense colloquy in a corner, lovers disappearing to neck in a hall. And the feeling of "Hurry, it's not too late, but for God's sake hurry before the blessed forty hours of leisure are over."

Joel Coles was writing continuity. He was twenty-eight and not yet broken by Hollywood. He had had what were considered nice assignments since his arrival six months before and he submitted his scenes and sequences with enthusiasm. He referred to himself modestly as a hack but really did not think of it that way. His mother had been a successful actress; Joel had spent his childhood between

London and New York trying to separate the real from the unreal, or at least to keep one guess ahead. He was a handsome man with the pleasant cow-brown eyes that in 1913 had gazed out at Broadway audiences from his mother's face.

When the invitation came it made him sure that he was getting somewhere. Ordinarily he did not go out on Sundays but stayed sober and took work home with him. Recently they had given him a Eugene O'Neill play destined for a very important lady indeed. Everything he had done so far had pleased Miles Calman, and Miles Calman was the only director on the lot who did not work under a supervisor and was responsible to the money men alone. Everything was clicking into place in Joel's career. ("This is Mr. Calman's secretary. Will you come to tea from four to six Sunday--he lives in Beverly Hills, number--.")

Joel was flattered. It would be a party out of the top-drawer. It was a tribute to himself as a young man of promise. The Marion Davies' crowd, the high-hats, the big currency numbers, perhaps even Dietrich and Garbo and the Marquise, people who were not seen everywhere, would probably be at Calman's.

"I won't take anything to drink," he assured himself. Calman was audibly tired of rummies, and thought it was a pity the industry could not get along without them.

Joel agreed that writers drank too much--he did himself, but he wouldn't this afternoon. He wished Miles would be within hearing when the cocktails were passed to hear his succinct, unobtrusive, "No, thank you."

Miles Calman's house was built for great emotional moments--there was an air of listening, as if the far silences of its vistas hid an audience, but this afternoon it was thronged, as though people had been bidden rather than asked. Joel noted with pride that only two other writers from the studio were in the crowd, an ennobled limey and, somewhat to his surprise, Nat Keogh, who had evoked Calman's impatient comment on drunks.

Stella Calman (Stella Walker, of course) did not move on to her other guests after she spoke to Joel. She lingered--she looked at him with the sort of beautiful look

that demands some sort of acknowledgment and Joe drew quickly on the dramatic adequacy inherited from his mother:

"Well, you look about sixteen! Where's your kiddy car?"

She was visibly pleased; she lingered. He felt that he should say something more, something confident and easy--he had first met her when she was struggling for bits in New York. At the moment a tray slid up and Stella put a cocktail glass into his hand.

"Everybody's afraid, aren't they?" he said, looking at it absently. "Everybody watches for everybody else's blunders, or tries to make sure they're with people that'll do them credit. Of course that's not true in your house," he covered himself hastily. "I just meant generally in Hollywood."

Stella agreed. She presented several people to Joel as if he were very important. Reassuring himself that Miles was at the other side of the room, Joel drank the cocktail.

"So you have a baby?" he said. "That's the time to look out. After a pretty woman has had her first child, she's very vulnerable, because she wants to be reassured about her own charm. She's got to have some new man's unqualified devotion to prove to herself she hasn't lost anything."

"I never get anybody's unqualified devotion," Stella said rather resentfully.

"They're afraid of your husband."

"You think that's it?" She wrinkled her brow over the idea; then the conversation was interrupted at the exact moment Joel would have chosen.

Her attentions had given him confidence. Not for him to join safe groups, to slink to refuge under the wings of such acquaintances as he saw about the room. He walked to the window and looked out toward the Pacific, colorless under its sluggish sunset. It was good here--the American Riviera and all that, if there were ever time to enjoy it. The handsome, well-dressed people in the room, the lovely girls, and the--well, the lovely girls. You couldn't have everything.

He saw Stella's fresh boyish face, with the tired eyelid that always drooped a little over one eye, moving about among her guests and he wanted to sit with her and talk a long time as if she were a girl instead of a name; he followed her to see if she paid anyone as much attention as she had paid him. He took another cocktail--not because he needed confidence but because she had given him so much of it. Then he sat down beside the director's mother.

"Your son's gotten to be a legend, Mrs. Calman--Oracle and a Man of Destiny and all that. Personally, I'm against him but I'm in a minority. What do you think of him? Are you impressed? Are you surprised how far he's gone?"

"No, I'm not surprised," she said calmly. "We always expected a lot from Miles."

"Well now, that's unusual," remarked Joel. "I always think all mothers are like Napoleon's mother. My mother didn't want me to have anything to do with the entertainment business. She wanted me to go to West Point and be safe."

"We always had every confidence in Miles." . . .

He stood by the built-in bar of the dining room with the good-humored, heavy-drinking, highly paid Nat Keogh.

"--I made a hundred grand during the year and lost forty grand gambling, so now I've hired a manager."

"You mean an agent," suggested Joel.

"No, I've got that too. I mean a manager. I make over everything to my wife and then he and my wife get together and hand me out the money. I pay him five thousand a year to hand me out my money."

"You mean your agent."

"No, I mean my manager, and I'm not the only one--a lot of other irresponsible people have him."

"Well, if you're irresponsible why are you responsible enough to hire a manager?"

"I'm just irresponsible about gambling. Look here--"

A singer performed; Joel and Nat went forward with the others to listen.

II

The singing reached Joel vaguely; he felt happy and friendly toward all the people gathered there, people of bravery and industry, superior to a bourgeoisie that outdid them in ignorance and loose living, risen to a position of the highest prominence in a nation that for a decade had wanted only to be entertained. He liked them--he loved them. Great waves of good feeling flowed through him.

As the singer finished his number and there was a drift toward the hostess to say good-by, Joel had an idea. He would give them "Building It Up," his own composition. It was his only parlor trick, it had amused several parties and it might please Stella Walker. Possessed by the hunch, his blood throbbing with the scarlet corpuscles of exhibitionism, he sought her. "Of course," she cried. "Please! Do you need anything ." "Someone has to be the secretary that I'm supposed to be dictating to." "I'll be her."

As the word spread the guests in the hall, already putting on their coats to leave, drifted back and Joel faced the eyes of many strangers. He had a dim foreboding, realizing that the man who had just performed was a famous radio entertainer. Then someone said "Sh!" and he was alone with Stella, the center of a sinister Indian-like half-circle. Stella smiled up at him expectantly--he began.

His burlesque was based upon the cultural limitations of Mr. Dave Silverstein, an independent producer; Silverstein was presumed to be dictating a letter outlining a treatment of a story he had bought. "-a story of divorce, the younger generators and the Foreign Legion," he heard his voice saying, with the intonations of Mr. Silverstein. "But we got to build it up, see?"

A sharp pang of doubt struck through him. The faces surrounding him in the gently molded light were intent and curious, but there was no ghost of a smile anywhere; directly in front the Great Lover of the screen glared at him with an eye as keen as the eye of a potato. Only Stella Walker looked up at him with a radiant, never faltering smile.

"If we make him a Menjou type, then we get a sort of Michael Arlen only with a Honolulu atmosphere." Still not a ripple in front, but in the rear a rustling, a perceptible shift toward the left, toward the front door. "--then she says she feels this sex appil for him and he burns out and says 'Oh go on destroy yourself'--"

At some point he heard Nat Keogh snicker and here and there were a few encouraging faces, but as he finished he had the sickening realization that he had made a fool of himself in view of an important section of the picture world, upon whose favor depended his career.

For a moment he existed in the midst of a confused silence, broken by a general trek for the door. He felt the undercurrent of derision that rolled through the gossip; then--all this was in the space of ten seconds--the Great Lover, his eye hard and empty as the eye of a needle, shouted "Boo! Boo!" voicing in an overtone what he felt was the mood of the crowd. It was the resentment of the professional toward the amateur, of the community toward the stranger, the thumbs-down of the clan. Only Stella Walker was still standing near and thanking him as if he had been an unparalleled success, as if it hadn't occurred to her that anyone hadn't liked it. As Nat Keogh helped him into his overcoat, a great wave of self-disgust swept over him and he clung desperately to his rule of never betraying an inferior emotion until he no longer felt it.

"I was a flop," he said lightly, to Stella. "Never mind, it's a good number when appreciated. Thanks for your conservation."

The smile did not leave her face--he bowed rather drunkenly and Nat drew him toward the door. . . .

The arrival of his breakfast awakened him into a broken and ruined world. Yesterday he was himself, a point of fire against an industry, today he felt that he was pitted under an enormous disadvantage, against those faces, against individual contempt and collective sneer. Worse than that, to Miles Calman he was become one of those rummies, stripped of dignity, whom Calman regretted he was compelled to use. To Stella Walker, on whom he had forced a martyrdom to

preserve the courtesy of her house--her opinion he did not dare to guess. His gastric juices ceased to flow and he set his poached eggs back on the telephone table. He wrote:

Dear Miles : You can imagine my profound self-disgust. I confess to a taint of exhibitionism, but at six o'clock in the afternoon, in broad daylight! Good God! My apologies to your wife.

Yours ever, Joel Coles.

Joel emerged from his office on the lot only to slink like a malefactor to the tobacco store. So suspicious was his manner that one of the studio police asked to see his admission card. He had decided to eat lunch outside when Nat Keogh, confident and cheerful, overtook him.

"What do you mean you're in permanent retirement? What if that Three Piece Suit did boo you?"

"Why, listen," he continued, drawing Joel into the studio restaurant. "The night of one of his premiers at Grauman's Joe Squires kicked his tail while he was bowing to the crowd. The ham said Joe'd hear from him later but when Joe called him up at eight o'clock next day and said, 'I thought I was going to hear from you,' he hung up the phone."

The preposterous story cheered Joel, and he found a gloomy consolation in staring at the group at the next table, the sad, lovely Siamese twins, the mean dwarfs, the proud giant from the circus picture. But looking beyond at the yellow-stained faces of pretty women, their eyes all melancholy and startling with mascara, their ball gowns garish in full day, he saw a group who had been at Calman's and winced.

"Never again," he exclaimed aloud, "absolutely my last social appearance in Hollywood!"

The following morning a telegram was waiting for him at his office:

You were one of the most agreeable people at our party. Expect you at my sister June's buffet supper next Sunday.

Stella Walker Calman.

The blood rushed fast through his veins for a feverish minute. Incredulously he read the telegram over.

"Well, that's the sweetest thing I ever heard of in my life!"

III

Crazy Sunday again. Joel slept until eleven, then he read a newspaper to catch up with the past week. He lunched in his room on trout, avocado salad and a pint of California wine. Dressing for the tea, he selected a pin-check suit, a blue shirt, a burnt orange tie. There were dark circles of fatigue under his eyes. In his second-hand car he drove to the Riviera apartments. As he was introducing himself to Stella's sister, Miles and Stella arrived in riding clothes--they had been quarrelling fiercely most of the afternoon on all the dirt roads back of Beverly Hills.

Miles Calman, tall, nervous, with a desperate humor and the unhappiest eyes Joel ever saw, was an artist from the top of his curiously shaped head to his niggerish feet. Upon these last he stood firmly--he had never made a cheap picture though he had sometimes paid heavily for the luxury of making experimental flops. In spite of his excellent company, one could not be with him long without realizing that he was not a well man.

From the moment of their entrance Joel's day bound itself up inextricably with theirs. As he joined the group around them Stella turned away from it with an impatient little tongue click--and Miles Calman said to the man who happened to be next to him:

"Go easy on Eva Goebel. There's hell to pay about her at home." Miles turned to Joel, "I'm sorry I missed you at the office yesterday. I spent the afternoon at the analyst's."

"You being psychoanalyzed?"

"I have been for months. First I went for claustrophobia, now I'm trying to get my whole life cleared up. They say it'll take over a year." "There's nothing the matter with your life," Joel assured him.

"Oh, no? Well, Stella seems to think so. Ask anybody--they can all tell you about it," he said bitterly.

A girl perched herself on the arm of Miles' chair; Joel crossed to Stella, who stood disconsolately by the fire. "Thank you for your telegram," he said. "It was darn sweet. I can't imagine anybody as good-looking as you are being so good-humored."

She was a little lovelier than he had ever seen her and perhaps the unstinted admiration in his eyes prompted her to unload on him--it did not take long, for she was obviously at the emotional bursting point.

"--and Miles has been carrying on this thing for two years, and I never knew. Why, she was one of my best friends, always in the house. Finally when people began to come to me, Miles had to admit it."

She sat down vehemently on the arm of Joel's chair. Her riding breeches were the color of the chair and Joel saw that the mass of her hair was made up of some strands of red gold and some of pale gold, so that it could not be dyed, and that she had on no make-up. She was that good-looking--

Still quivering with the shock of her discovery, Stella found unbearable the spectacle of a new girl hovering over Miles; she led Joel into a bedroom, and seated at either end of a big bed they went on talking. People on their way to the washroom glanced in and made wisecracks, but Stella, emptying out her story, paid no attention. After a while Miles stuck his head in the door and said, "There's no use trying to explain something to Joel in half an hour that I don't understand myself and the psychoanalyst says will take a whole year to understand."

She talked on as if Miles were not there. She loved Miles, she said--under considerable difficulties she had always been faithful to him.

"The psychoanalyst told Miles that he had a mother complex. In his first marriage he transferred his mother complex to his wife, you see--and then his sex turned to me. But when we married the thing repeated itself--he transferred his mother complex to me and all his libido turned toward this other woman."

Joel knew that this probably wasn't gibberish--yet it sounded like gibberish. He knew Eva Goebel; she was a motherly person, older and probably wiser than Stella, who was a golden child.

Miles now suggested impatiently that Joel come back with them since Stella had so much to say, so they drove out to the mansion in Beverly Hills. Under the high ceilings the situation seemed more dignified and tragic. It was an eerie bright night with the dark very clear outside of all the windows and Stella all rose-gold raging and crying around the room. Joel did not quite believe in picture actresses' grief. They have other preoccupations--they are beautiful rose-gold figures blown full of life by writers and directors, and after hours they sit around and talk in whispers and giggle innuendoes, and the ends of many adventures flow through them.

Sometimes he pretended to listen and instead thought how well she was got up--sleek breeches with a matched set of legs in them, an Italian-colored sweater with a little high neck, and a short brown chamois coat. He couldn't decide whether she was an imitation of an English lady or an English lady was an imitation of her. She hovered somewhere between the realest of realities and the most blatant of impersonations.

"Miles is so jealous of me that he questions everything I do," she cried scornfully.

"When I was in New York I wrote him that I'd been to the theater with Eddie Baker. Miles was so jealous he phoned me ten times in one day."

"I was wild," Miles snuffled sharply, a habit he had in times of stress. "The analyst couldn't get any results for a week."

Stella shook her head despairingly. "Did you expect me just to sit in the hotel for three weeks?"

"I don't expect anything. I admit that I'm jealous. I try not to be. I worked on that with Dr. Bridgebane, but it didn't do any good. I was jealous of Joel this afternoon when you sat on the arm of his chair."

"You were?" She started up. "You were! Wasn't there somebody on the arm of your chair? And did you speak to me for two hours?" "You were telling your troubles to Joel in the bedroom."

"When I think that that woman"--she seemed to believe that to omit Eva Goebel's name would be to lessen her reality--"used to come here--"

"All right--all right," said Miles wearily. "I've admitted everything and I feel as bad about it as you do." Turning to Joel he began talking about pictures, while Stella moved restlessly along the far walls, her hands in her breeches pockets. "They've treated Miles terribly," she said, coming suddenly back into the conversation as if they'd never discussed her personal affairs. "Dear, tell him about old Beltzer trying to change your picture."

As she stood hovering protectively over Miles, her eyes flashing with indignation in his behalf, Joel realized that he was in love with her. Stifled with excitement he got up to say good night. With Monday the week resumed its workaday rhythm, in sharp contrast to the theoretical discussions, the gossip and scandal of Sunday; there was the endless detail of script revision--"Instead of a lousy dissolve, we can leave her voice on the sound track and cut to a medium shot of the taxi from Bell's angle or we can simply pull the camera back to include the station, hold it a minute and then pan to the row of taxis"--by Monday afternoon Joel had again forgotten that people whose business was to provide entertainment were ever privileged to be entertained. In the evening he phoned Miles' house. He asked for Miles but Stella came to the phone.

"Do things seem better?"

"Not particularly. What are you doing next Saturday evening?"

"Nothing."

"The Perrys are giving a dinner and theater party and Miles won't be here--he's flying to South Bend to see the Notre Dame-California game. I thought you might go with me in his place."

After a long moment Joel said, "Why--surely. If there's a conference I can't make dinner but I can get to the theater."

"Then I'll say we can come."

Joel walked his office. In view of the strained relations of the Calmans, would Miles be pleased, or did she intend that Miles shouldn't know of it? That would be out of the question--if Miles didn't mention it Joel would. But it was an hour or more before he could get down to work again.

Wednesday there was a four-hour wrangle in a conference room crowded with planets and nebulae of cigarette smoke. Three men and a woman paced the carpet in turn, suggesting or condemning, speaking sharply or persuasively, confidently or despairingly. At the end Joel lingered to talk to Miles.

The man was tired--not with the exaltation of fatigue but life-tired, with his lids sagging and his beard prominent over the blue shadows near his mouth.

"I hear you're flying to the Notre Dame game."

Miles looked beyond him and shook his head. "I've given up the idea." "Why?"

"On account of you." Still he did not look at Joel. "What the hell, Miles?"

"That's why I've given it up." He broke into a perfunctory laugh at himself. "I can't tell what Stella might do just out of spite--she's invited you to take her to the Perrys', hasn't she? I wouldn't enjoy the game." The fine instinct that moved swiftly and confidently on the set, muddled so weakly and helplessly through his personal life.

"Look, Miles," Joel said frowning. "I've never made any passes whatsoever at Stella. If you're really seriously cancelling your trip on account of me, I won't go to the Perrys' with her. I won't see her. You can trust me absolutely." Miles looked at him, carefully now.

"Maybe." He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow there'd just be somebody else. I wouldn't have any fun." "You don't seem to have much confidence in Stella. She told me she'd always been true to you."

"Maybe she has." In the last few minutes several more muscles had sagged around Miles' mouth, "But how can I ask anything of her after what's happened? How can I expect her--" He broke off and his face grew harder as he said, "I'll tell you one thing, right or wrong and no matter what I've done, if I ever had anything on her I'd divorce her. I can't have my pride hurt--that would be the last straw."

His tone annoyed Joel, but he said: "Hasn't she calmed down about the Eva Goebel thing?" "No." Miles snuffled pessimistically. "I can't get over it either." "I thought it was finished."

"I'm trying not to see Eva again, but you know it isn't easy just to drop something like that--it isn't some girl I kissed last night in a taxi! The psychoanalyst says--"

"I know," Joel interrupted. "Stella told me." This was depressing. "Well, as far as I'm concerned if you go to the game I won't see Stella. And I'm sure Stella has nothing on her conscience about anybody."

"Maybe not," Miles repeated listlessly. "Anyhow I'll stay and take her to the party. Say," he said suddenly, "I wish you'd come too. I've got to have somebody sympathetic to talk to. That's the trouble--I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like--it's very difficult." "It must be," Joel agreed.

IV

Joel could not get to the dinner. Self-conscious in his silk hat against the unemployment, he waited for the others in front of the Hollywood Theatre and watched the evening parade: obscure replicas of bright, particular picture stars, spavined men in polo coats, a stomping dervish with the beard and staff of an apostle, a pair of chic Filipinos in collegiate clothes, reminder that this corner of the Republic opened to the seven seas, a long fantastic carnival of young shouts which proved to be a fraternity initiation. The line split to pass two smart limousines that stopped at the curb.

There she was, in a dress like ice-water, made in a thousand pale-blue pieces, with icicles trickling at the throat. He started forward. "So you like my dress?" "Where's Miles?"

"He flew to the game after all. He left yesterday morning--at least I think--" She broke off. "I just got a telegram from South Bend saying that he's starting back. I forgot--you know all these people?" The party of eight moved into the theater.

Miles had gone after all and Joel wondered if he should have come. But during the performance, with Stella a profile under the pure grain of light hair, he thought no more about Miles. Once he turned and looked at her and she looked back at him, smiling and meeting his eyes for as long as he wanted. Between the acts they smoked in the lobby and she whispered:

"They're all going to the opening of Jack Johnson's night club--I don't want to go, do you?"

"Do we have to?" "I suppose not." She hesitated. "I'd like to talk to you. I suppose we could go to our house--if I were only sure--" Again she hesitated and Joel asked: "Sure of what?"

"Sure that--oh, I'm haywire I know, but how can I be sure Miles went to the game?"

"You mean you think he's with Eva Goebel?"

"No, not so much that--but supposing he was here watching everything I do. You know Miles does odd things sometimes. Once he wanted a man with a long beard to drink tea with him and he sent down to the casting agency for one, and drank tea with him all afternoon."

"That's different. He sent you a wire from South Bend--that proves he's at the game."

After the play they said good night to the others at the curb and were answered by looks of amusement. They slid off along the golden garish thoroughfare through the crowd that had gathered around Stella. "You see he could arrange the telegrams," Stella said, "very easily."

That was true. And with the idea that perhaps her uneasiness was justified, Joel grew angry: if Miles had trained a camera on them he felt no obligations toward Miles. Aloud he said: "That's nonsense."

There were Christmas trees already in the shop windows and the full moon over the boulevard was only a prop, as scenic as the giant boudoir lamps of the corners. On into the dark foliage of Beverly Hills that flamed as eucalyptus by day, Joel saw only the flash of a white face under his own, the arc of her shoulder. She pulled away suddenly and looked up at him.

"Your eyes are like your mother's," she said. "I used to have a scrap book full of pictures of her."

"Your eyes are like your own and not a bit like any other eyes," he answered.

Something made Joel look out into the grounds as they went into the house, as if Miles were lurking in the shrubbery. A telegram waited on the hall table. She read aloud: Chicago. Home tomorrow night.

Thinking of you. Love.Miles.

"You see," she said, throwing the slip back on the table, "he could easily have faked that." She asked the butler for drinks and sandwiches and ran upstairs, while Joel walked into the empty reception rooms. Strolling about he wandered to the piano where he had stood in disgrace two Sundays before.

"Then we could put over," he said aloud, "a story of divorce, the younger generators and the Foreign Legion."

His thoughts jumped to another telegram.

"You were one of the most agreeable people at our party--"

An idea occurred to him. If Stella's telegram had been purely a gesture of courtesy then it was likely that Miles had inspired it, for it was Miles who had invited him. Probably Miles had said:

"Send him a wire--he's miserable--he thinks he's queered himself."

It fitted in with "I've influenced Stella in everything. Especially I've influenced her so that she likes all the men I like." A woman would do a thing like that because she felt sympathetic--only a man would do it because he felt responsible.

When Stella came back into the room he took both her hands.

"I have a strange feeling that I'm a sort of pawn in a spite game you're playing against Miles," he said.

"Help yourself to a drink."

"And the odd thing is that I'm in love with you anyhow."

The telephone rang and she freed herself to answer it.

"Another wire from Miles," she announced. "He dropped it, or it says he dropped it, from the airplane at Kansas City."

"I suppose he asked to be remembered to me."

"No, he just said he loved me. I believe he does. He's so very weak."

"Come sit beside me," Joel urged her.

It was early. And it was still a few minutes short of midnight a half-hour later, when Joel walked to the cold hearth, and said tersely:

"Meaning that you haven't any curiosity about me?"

"Not at all. You attract me a lot and you know it. The point is that I suppose I really do love Miles."

"Obviously."

"And tonight I feel uneasy about everything."

He wasn't angry--he was even faintly relieved that a possible entanglement was avoided. Still as he looked at her, the warmth and softness of her body thawing her cold blue costume, he knew she was one of the things he would always regret.

"I've got to go," he said. "I'll phone a taxi."

"Nonsense--there's a chauffeur on duty."

He winced at her readiness to have him go, and seeing this she kissed him lightly and said, "You're sweet, Joel." Then suddenly three things happened: he took down

his drink at a gulp, the phone rang loud through the house and a clock in the hall struck in trumpet notes.

Nine--ten--eleven--twelve--

V

It was Sunday again. Joel realized that he had come to the theater this evening with the work of the week still hanging about him like cerements. He had made love to Stella as he might attack some matter to be cleaned up hurriedly before the day's end. But this was Sunday--the lovely, lazy perspective of the next twenty-four hours unrolled before him--every minute was something to be approached with lulling indirection, every moment held the germ of innumerable possibilities. Nothing was impossible--everything was just beginning. He poured himself another drink.

With a sharp moan, Stella slipped forward inertly by the telephone. Joel picked her up and laid her on the sofa. He squirted soda-water on a handkerchief and slapped it over her face. The telephone mouthpiece was still grinding and he put it to his ear.

--the plane fell just this side of Kansas City. The body of Miles Calman has been identified and--"

He hung up the receiver.

"Lie still," he said, stalling, as Stella opened her eyes.

"Oh, what's happened?" she whispered. "Call them back. Oh, what's happened?"

"I'll call them right away. What's your doctor's name?"

"Did they say Miles was dead?"

"Lie quiet--is there a servant still up?"

"Hold me--I'm frightened."

He put his arm around her.

"I want the name of your doctor," he said sternly. "It may be a mistake but I want someone here."

"It's Doctor--Oh, God, is Miles dead?"

Joel ran upstairs and searched through strange medicine cabinets for spirits of ammonia. When he came down Stella cried:

"He isn't dead--I know he isn't. This is part of his scheme. He's torturing me. I know he's alive. I can feel he's alive."

"I want to get hold of some close friend of yours, Stella. You can't stay here alone tonight."

"Oh, no," she cried. "I can't see anybody. You stay. I haven't got any friend." She got up, tears streaming down her face. "Oh, Miles is my only friend. He's not dead--he can't be dead. I'm going there right away and see. Get a train. You'll have to come with me."

"You can't. There's nothing to do tonight. I want you to tell me the name of some woman I can call: Lois? Joan? Carmel? Isn't there somebody?" Stella stared at him blindly.

"Eva Goebel was my best friend," she said.

Joel thought of Miles, his sad and desperate face in the office two days before. In the awful silence of his death all was clear about him. He was the only American-born director with both an interesting temperament and an artistic conscience. Meshed in an industry, he had paid with his ruined nerves for having no resilience, no healthy cynicism, no refuge--only a pitiful and precarious escape.

There was a sound at the outer door--it opened suddenly, and there were footsteps in the hall.

"Miles!" Stella screamed. "Is it you, Miles? Oh, it's Miles." A telegraph boy appeared in the doorway.

"I couldn't find the bell. I heard you talking inside."

The telegram was a duplicate of the one that had been phoned. While Stella read it over and over, as though it were a black lie, Joel telephoned. It was still early and he had difficulty getting anyone; when finally he succeeded in finding some friends he made Stella take a stiff drink.

"You'll stay here, Joel," she whispered, as though she were half-asleep. "You won't go away. Miles liked you--he said you--" She shivered violently, "Oh, my God, you don't know how alone I feel." Her eyes closed, "Put your arms around me. Miles had a suit like that." She started bolt upright. "Think of what he must have felt. He was afraid of almost everything, anyhow."

She shook her head dazedly. Suddenly she seized Joel's face and held it close to hers.

"You won't go. You like me--you love me, don't you? Don't call up anybody. Tomorrow's time enough. You stay here with me tonight."

He stared at her, at first incredulously, and then with shocked understanding. In her dark groping Stella was trying to keep Miles alive by sustaining a situation in which he had figured--as if Miles' mind could not die so long as the possibilities that had worried him still existed. It was a distraught and tortured effort to stave off the realization that he was dead.

Resolutely Joel went to the phone and called a doctor.

"Don't, oh, don't call anybody!" Stella cried. "Come back here and put your arms around me."

"Is Doctor Bales in?"

"Joel," Stella cried. "I thought I could count on you. Miles liked you. He was jealous of you--Joel, come here."

Ah then--if he betrayed Miles she would be keeping him alive--for if he were really dead how could he be betrayed?

--has just had a very severe shock. Can you come at once, and get hold of a nurse?" "Joel!"

Now the door-bell and the telephone began to ring intermittently, and automobiles were stopping in front of the door.

"But you're not going," Stella begged him. "You're going to stay, aren't you?"

"No," he answered. "But I'll be back, if you need me."

Standing on the steps of the house which now hummed and palpitated with the life that flutters around death like protective leaves, he began to sob a little in his throat.

"Everything he touched he did something magical to," he thought. "He even brought that little gamin alive and made her a sort of masterpiece."

And then: "What a hell of a hole he leaves in this damn wilderness--already! "And then with a certain bitterness, "Oh, yes, I'll be back--I'll be back!"

Keys to the Exercises:

Robinson Crusoe.

Chapter One

Exercise A

1. northern 2. journey 3. unsuccessful 4. poor 5. permission 6. Rough 7. panic 8. on foot 9. seasickness 10. Business

Exercise B

1. b) 2. a) 3. b) 4. d) 5. d) 6. c) 7. c) 8. a)

Exercise C

E. 1. to 2. in 3. with 4. at 5. at 6. of 7. on 8. By

Exercise D

1. settling 2. advice 3. Begged 4. course 5. Insignificant 6. faded
7. rescued 8. ashamed 9. ship 10. Addiction

Exercise E

Buying – selling ; elder – younger; sea – land; early – late; together alone;

Exercise F.

1. Robinson Crusoe was born in York, England.
2. He had two elder brothers.
3. His father wanted him to have a career in law
4. They tried to persuade him not to do so.
5. Middle-class boys should be happy with a life of work.
6. He met a friend who was going to London by sea.
7. He thought it was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.
8. He would be too ashamed to go home.

Chapter Two

Exercise A

B. 1.T 2.F 3.F 4.T 5.F 6.F 7.F 8.T 9.T 10.F

C. 1. signs 2. cannibals 3. catch 4. exchange 5. honest 6. farm 7. slave
8. safe 9. merchants 10. disaster

Exercise B

1. He left 200 pounds with the widow of the captain.
2. They were attacked by Turkish pirates.
3. He was a prisoner for two years.
4. A boy called Xury accompanied Robinson.
5. They were forced to land to search for fresh water.
6. The ship was sailing to Brazil.
7. The captain bought his boat, all his worldly goods, and even Xury.
8. He decided to become a farmer himself and started to buy land.
9. He felt confused and sad.
10. He boarded the ship on September 1, 1659.

Chapter 3

Exercise A

J. 1. d) 2. c) 3. b) 4. a) 5. b) 6. b) 7. a) 8. d) 9. d) 10. c)

Exercise B

1. It wouldn't make it to its destination because of massive leakage.
2. Eleven people were left on the ship.
3. The ship crashed into the seabed.
4. He climbed a tree because he wanted to sleep safely. He was afraid of the animals
or men that inhabited the island.
5. He felt fortunate because he had been the only one to avoid death and had been able to keep many of the ship's provisions.
6. He could remember how long he was on the island by cutting lines into a large square post.
7. He made a list of advantages and disadvantages to make himself feel better.
8. He began thinking he could learn to make or do anything if he needed to.

Chapter 4

Exercise A

1. the
2. the
3. the
4. some
5. an
6. the
7. some
8. The

Exercise B

1. further
2. amount
3. generally
4. through
5. middle
6. directly
7. much
8. Rest

Exercise C

1. Robinson started to build a wall around his house.
2. He described it as a horrible unfortunate island.
3. Robinson preserved its skin.
4. They kept the place tidy inside.
5. The darkness became Robinson's greatest annoyance.
6. The hurricane caused the ship to come closer to shore.
7. He had terrible visions of a huge man coming down from a rain cloud.
8. It was made from rum, tobacco and water.

Chapter 5

Exercise A

- 1.T
- 2.F
- 3.T
- 4.T
- 5.F
- 6.F
- 7.F
- 8.T
- 9.T
- 10.T

Exercise B

1. outdoors
2. luxuries
3. society
4. sittings
5. complicated
6. canal
7. wind
8. butter
9. footprint

Exercise C

1. c)
2. b)
3. a)
4. c)
5. d)
6. c)
7. b)
8. a)

Exercise D

1. He felt unhappy.
2. His greatest wish was for a smoking pipe.
3. A parrot and a young goat used to follow him around.

4. No, it wasn't a simple operation to make bread.
5. He couldn't get it to the water's edge because of the weight.
6. The skins of animals were used to make an umbrella.
7. The sea was incredibly rough.
8. Poll, Robinson's parrot, was calling his name.

Chapter Six

Exercise A

1.T 2.F 3.T 4.T 5.T 6.F 7.T 8.F 9.T 10.F

Exercise B

1. abroad 2. location 3. goats 4. attacking 5. lookout 6. bones 7. souls
8. prisoner 9. exhausted 10. graves

Exercise C.

1. a) 2. c) 3. b) 4. d) 5. d) 6. a) 7. a) 8. B

Exercise D

1. Robinson thought he made the footprint himself.
2. Robinson found human bones.
3. Robinson promised to kill them.
4. There were no survivors on the wreck of the Spanish ship.
5. He was called "Friday" after the day they first met.
6. Robinson became furious.
7. Robinson found out they were close to the Caribbean.
8. Friday rejoiced at being able to see his homeland in the distance.

Chapter Seven

Exercise A

1. Friday saw three canoes arrive on the island.
2. One of the victims was Friday's father.
3. The reunion was joyous.

4. Christianus was impressed with the island.
5. Friday and Robinson spotted a long boat and a ship that appeared to be English.
6. They were the captain, first mate and a passenger from the English ship.
7. The conditions were that they swear loyalty to Robinson and take him and Friday to England.
8. He handed Robinson brand new clothes.
9. Robinson took his cap made of goatskin, the umbrella he had made, and his parrot Poll.
10. His only relations were his two sisters and the two children of one of his brothers.

Exercise B 1.F 2.F 3.T 4.F 5.F 6.T 7.F 8.F 9.F 10.F

Exercise C. 1. blood 2. bring 3. caution 4. conditions 5. battle 6. mutineers
7. disaster 8. secrets 9. plantation 10. invitation

Exercise D. 1. a) 2. a) 3. c) 4. b) 5. d) 6. d) 7. b) 8. a)

Exercise D

1. Friday saw three canoes arrive on the island.
2. One of the victims was Friday's father.
3. The reunion was joyous.
4. Christianus was impressed with the island.
5. Friday and Robinson spotted a long boat and a ship that appeared to be English.
6. They were the captain, first mate and a passenger from the English ship.
7. The conditions were that they swear loyalty to Robinson and take him and Friday to England.
8. He handed Robinson brand new clothes.
9. Robinson took his cap made of goatskin, the umbrella he had made, and his parrot Poll.

10. His only relations were his two sisters and the two children of one of his brothers.

Chapter Eight

Exercise A

1. who 2. himself 3. he 4. them 5. whose 6. who 7. which 8. that

Exercise B

naked – dressed; alive – dead; ecstatic – depressed; populated – uninhabited; angel – devil

Chapter Nine

Exercise A

Exercise B

1. should – could 2. shooting – shoot 3. touching – touched 4. to become – becoming 5. increase – to increase 6. to win – won 7. done – doing 8. looks – look

Exercise C

1. A long boat was seen approaching the shore.
2. The following morning the boat was pulled up onto the beach.
3. The main mutineer was shot dead by the captain.
4. A letter was left for Christians explaining what had happened.
5. The old Portuguese captain was found in Lisbon

Unit Two

Multiple Choice Test

Setting. Test I. Keys: 1a:2d:3b:4:5d:6c:7c:8b:9d:10a.

Characters. Test II. Keys: 11b,12b,13c,14a,15b,16c,17d,18d,19d,20c.

Vocabulary .Test III. 21a,22d,23c,24b,25c,26a,27d,28c,29b,30a

Plot. Test IV. Keys: 31c,32a,33d,34b,35d,36c,37a,38d,39b,40d

Unit Three

The Last Leaf

Pre-activity Keys: 1C; 2E; 3F; 4A;5G; 6B 7D:

While-activity Keys; 1.Effect-Sue will earn money and buy food to make Johnsy strong again.2.Effect-He had no success as a painter

3.Effect-Old Behrman lets Sue paint a picture of him. They realize last leaf must not fall.

4.Effect-Johnsy says that when that happens she will die.

5.Effect-Old Behrman dies of pneumonia, but he leaves behind his ‘masterpiece’, the painted leaf.

Exercise A. Multiple Choice

Keys: 1B; 2D; 3A; 4D; 5A; 6B; 7A; 8C; 9A; 10A; 11C; 12C; 13A; 14A; 15A; 16C; 17B; 18C;19C; 20D.

The List of literatures:

- 1.Eble, Kenneth, "F. Scott Fitzgerald: Chapter 7: Stories and Articles, 1926–34," in Twayne's United States Authors Series Online, G. K. Hall, 1999; originally published as "Chapter 7: Stories and Articles, 1926–34," in F. Scott Fitzgerald, rev. ed., Twayne's United States Authors Series, No. 36, Twayne, 1977.
- 2..Fitzgerald, F. Scott, "Crazy Sunday," in The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Collier Books, 1986, pp. 404, 410, 412, 415.
- 3.Grebstein, Sheldon, "The Sane Method of 'Crazy Sunday,'" in The Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald: New Approaches in Criticism, edited by Jackson R. Bryer, University of Wisconsin Press, 1982, p. 283.
- 4..Fitzgerald, F. Scott, Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald: A New Collection, Scribner, 1995. Edited by Fitzgerald expert Matthew
- J. Bruccoli, this collection contains forty-three of Fitzgerald's short stories.
- 5..Bal, M. (1997) Introduction to the Theory of Narrative (Toronto, Buffalo, London: University of Toronto Press).
- 6..Barthes, R. (1977) Introduction to the Structural Analysis of Narratives, in: Image-Music-Text (London :Fontana).
- 7.Brooks, P. (1984) Reading For The Plot (Cambridge, London: Harvard University Press).
- 8..Bruner, J. (1986) Actual Minds, Possible Worlds (Cambridge, London: Harvard University Press).

9..Bruner, J. (1990) Acts of Meaning (Cambridge, London: Harvard University P

<https://www.bespokeclassroom.com/blog/2016/7/4/teaching-students-how-to->

<https://study.com/academy/lesson/how-story-elements-interact-shape-one-another>

<https://thegrimoirereliquary.com/2022/02/21/david-copperfield-by-charles->

[dickens-book-review/](https://thegrimoirereliquary.com/2022/02/21/david-copperfield-by-charles-dickens-book-review/)

<https://ru.scribd.com/document/247939036/robinson-docx>

<https://thegrimoirereliquary.com/2022/02/21/david-copperfield-by-charles->

[dickens-book-review/](https://thegrimoirereliquary.com/2022/02/21/david-copperfield-by-charles-dickens-book-review/)

<https://www.sparknotes.com/short-stories/the-last-leaf/plot-analysis/>

<https://rewirethewest.com/jane-eyre-summary-and-analysis/>

<https://www.owleyes.org/text/canterville-ghost>

<https://www.gradesaver.com/the-fun-they-had/study-guide/summary-the-fun-they->

[had](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-fun-they-had/study-guide/summary-the-fun-they-had)

<https://www.gradesaver.com/short-stories-of-f-scott-fitzgerald/study->

[guide/summary-crazy-sunday](https://www.gradesaver.com/short-stories-of-f-scott-fitzgerald/study-guide/summary-crazy-sunday)

Contents

Preface.....

Guidelines for the teachers

What is commentary?.....

Unit One

Robinson Crusoe.....

Unit Two

David Copperfield.....

Unit Three

The Last Leaf.....

Unit Four

Jane Eyre.....

Unit Five

Canterville Ghost

Unit Six

The Fun They Had.....

Unit Seven

Crazy Sunday.....