



ТАЛАВІРА Н.М.  
МІЩЕНКО Т.В.

**ЗІСТАВНА СТИЛІСТИКА**  
АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ ТА УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ МОВ:  
ПРАКТИКУМ

Міністерство освіти і науки України  
Ніжинський державний університет імені Миколи Гоголя  
Кафедра германської філології та методики  
викладання іноземних мов

**Талавіра Н.М.**

**Міщенко Т.В.**

**ЗІСТАВНА СТИЛІСТИКА  
АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ ТА УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ МОВ:  
ПРАКТИКУМ**

Навчальний посібник

Ніжин 2026

УДК 811.111.'38 (075.4)

Т 69

Рекомендовано до друку вченою радою  
Ніжинського державного університету імені Миколи Гоголя  
(НДУ ім. М. Гоголя)  
Протокол № 9 від 26.02.2026 р.

**Рецензенти:**

**Мосієнко О.В.** кандидат філологічних наук, доцент (Житомирський державний університет імені Івана Франка)

**Лепухова Н.І.** кандидат філологічних наук, доцент (Ніжинський державний університет імені Миколи Гоголя)

**Талавіра Н.М., Міщенко Т.В.**

Т 69        Зіставна стилістика англійської та української мов: практикум: навчальний посібник (для здобувачів ОПП «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно) – англійська та німецька мови»). Ніжин: НДУ, 2026. – 238 с.

ISBN 978-617-527-363-0

*Посібник містить серію практичних завдань, спрямованих на формування й розвиток фахових компетентностей студентів-перекладачів. Вправи допомагають опрацювати ключові розділи стилістики, необхідні для адекватного розуміння, інтерпретації та перекладацького відтворення тексту, а також виявити імпліцитну інформацію й авторські смисли, закладені в літературному творі. Посібник складається з двох частин: вправ на декодування та переклад окремих фрагментів тексту та композиційно завершених уривків для стилістичної й перекладацької інтерпретації, які репрезентують різні функціональні стилі.*

ISBN 978-617-527-363-0

© Талавіра Н.М., Міщенко Т.В., 2026  
© НДУ ім. Миколи Гоголя, 2026

## CONTENTS

Передмова .....	4
<b>Part 1. Expressive means and stylistic devices</b> .....	5
Preface.....	5
Seminar 1. Phonetic, Phono-graphical and Graphical Means of Stylistics .....	8
Seminar 2. Stylistic Differentiation of the English Vocabulary .....	14
Seminar 3. Lexical Stylistic Devices: metaphor, metonymy, epithet. Part One.....	24
Seminar 4. Lexical Stylistic Devices. Part Two .....	35
Seminar 5. Syntactical Stylistic Devices. Part One.....	44
Seminar 6. Syntactical Stylistic Devices. Part Two. Lexico-Syntactical Stylistic Devices.....	51
<b>Part 2. Text and its interpretation</b> .....	59
Seminar 7. Text and its categories.....	59
Seminar 8. Functional Styles of the English Language .....	63
Recommendations on the stylistic analysis of a text.....	68
Guide to stylistic interpretation of a text.....	72
A sample of the stylistic interpretation of the text “One Stair Up” .....	74
Interpretation of the text “One Stair Up” .....	77
Seminar 9. Stylistic interpretation of a narrative text .....	81
Seminar 10. Stylistic interpretation of a public speech .....	82
Seminar 11. Stylistic interpretation of a news text .....	83
Seminar 12. Stylistic interpretation of a feature article .....	84
<b>Texts for stylistic analysis</b> .....	85
Supplement 1. Glossary of major terms.....	226
Supplement 2. Pronunciation List .....	232
List of Abbreviations.....	233
Recommended literature .....	235
References.....	237

## ПЕРЕДМОВА

Даний посібник призначений для студентів-перекладачів, які вивчають курс стилістики сучасної англійської мови, адже розуміння стилістичної організації тексту і смислового навантаження мовних засобів є важливою передумовою інтерпретації авторського задуму та адекватного перекладу. З огляду на це, посібник поетапно формує у студентів навички розпізнавання та відтворення стилістичних засобів мовою перекладу.

Посібник розпочинається низкою вправ, спрямованих на аналіз функціонування найпоширеніших тропів і стилістичних прийомів на матеріалі окремих речень і текстових фрагментів.

Наступний блок посібника присвячено стилістичній інтерпретації цілісного тексту або його фрагмента як необхідному етапу перекладацької роботи. Для полегшення самостійної діяльності студентів спочатку подано композиційно завершений уривок художнього тексту з докладним зразком аналізу відповідно до запропонованої схеми. Надалі студенти виконують аналіз самостійно, спираючись на систему запитань, що спрямовують їх до осмислення ідейного змісту тексту та його стилістичного ефекту.

Матеріал для аналізу охоплює тексти англійською мовою різної жанрової та стилістичної приналежності та їх переклади українською, що дає змогу простежити варіативність перекладацьких стратегій залежно від функціонального стилю. У посібнику використано, зокрема, переклади студентів науковця й викладача, засновника перекладацької традиції в Ніжинському виші Олександра Жомніра, чії роботи слугують зразком інтерпретаційного підходу до художнього тексту й дозволяють простежити взаємодію авторського стилю та індивідуальної перекладацької манери.

Посібник завершується словником стилістичної термінології, який у стислій формі подає понятійний апарат, необхідний для інтерпретації тексту та усвідомленого прийняття перекладацьких рішень.

Опрацювання матеріалів посібника сприятиме формуванню в студентів-перекладачів уміння читати текст як багаторівневу семантико-стилістичну структуру, інтерпретувати його смисли й адекватно відтворювати їх у перекладі, поєднуючи точність і стилістичну відповідність.

## **PART 1. EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES**

### **PREFACE**

Have you ever been so absorbed in a book that you felt detached from reality? Have you ever felt more connected to fictional characters than real people? Do you find news texts about politicians and celebrities irritating? What captures our attention in short stories and novels, poems and plays, newspapers and film scripts, text messages and advertisements? Which language means trigger our emotions, no matter positive or negative? How do linguistic theories enable us to understand our reactions to reading? Well, stylistics is the field that can answer these questions.

Stylistics is the study of how language is used in different styles and focuses on the idea of choice. To create different stylistic effects, you need a variety of language options to select from. Linguists examine these choices and pinpoint the effects they create. While many researchers study literary language, stylistics can be applied to any text. By analyzing a text stylistically, we can understand how it grabs our attention or makes us feel a certain way.

Stylistics examines how language is used in different styles, considering such factors as the author, genre, and purpose of the text. It involves a close analysis of linguistic choices and their potential effects on readers. While this course focuses on English texts, the same principles can be applied to other languages, although cultural and social differences can influence the specific effects.

In order to unfold the additional stylistic information contained in a text, it is necessary to bring out the stylistic peculiarities of separate text fragments, i.e. sentences and paragraphs. After reading the text and breaking it into compositional parts, we should analyse carefully each sentence and, in case it contains some stylistically significant elements, analyse them from the viewpoint of the additional information they convey. It goes without saying that for this purpose we should know the dictionary meaning of all the words, otherwise one might fail to understand in what way the author builds up a stylistic device. Besides, we should take into account the general context and the situation which is described in the given fragment. Study carefully the following examples and their

interpretation and be ready to suggest similar explanations for the sentences included in the exercises in seminars 1-5.

1. *His wife was shrill, languid, handsome and horrible.* (Sc.F.)

In this sentence we can see some examples of alliteration of the sounds [l] and [h]. The words in which they are used characterise the man's wife as a very unpleasant and repulsive woman. It is clear that the speaker dislikes her immensely and wants to warn his listeners against coming in contact with her.

2. *Oh, well, then, you just trot over to the table and make your little mommy a sweet big dwink.*" (E.A.)

It is obvious that this sentence belongs to the mother of a little kid. She wants her child to make a drink for her and tries to speak to him in a childish manner. The colloquial word "mommy" shows her great love for the little one, and the example of graphon in the word "dwink" shows her desire to imitate children's speech and so be closer to the child

3. *"My dad's alus on dole, " Brian informed him, "and 'e's's got a spade. It don't make no difference, 'cause when there ain't no work, Daddo's often on dole as well."* (A.J.) In this example we can see a lot of deviations from literary speech. They are: graphons (*alus* — always; *'e's's*=he is; *ain't* = isn't), slang expressions (*on dole* — unemployed; *got a spade* — unlucky), double negations (*don't make no difference, there ain't no work*). They characterise the boy's speech as very informal and colloquial. They show that the boy is a poorly educated person, he is a representative of a low class in British society.

4. *We talked and talked and falked, easily, sympathetically, wedding his experience with my articulation.* (J.Br.) Here we can observe a case of metaphor which is represented by the word *wedding*. As we can see, the verb to *wed* is used in a figurative sense, meaning "to combine", "to unite". It shows that the two people in that situation were eager to talk with each other, because one of them was an experienced person, and the other was a very communicative one, so the conversation was both interesting and informative for both of them.

5. *My dad had a small insurance agency in Newport. He had moved there because his sister had married old Newport money and was a big wheel in the*

*Preservation Society. At fifteen I'm an orphan, and Vic moves in. "From now on you'll do as I tell you," he says. It impressed me. Vic had never shown any muscle before. (N.T.)*

In this paragraph the story is told in the first person, so we have the entrusted narrative of the events. The stylistic expressive means show that the communicative situation is very informal. As far as the vocabulary is concerned, it includes both standard colloquial words and expressions (*dad, really*) and substandard elements (*a big wheel* = an important person). The syntax also helps to create the colloquial atmosphere – sentences are mostly short, structures are either simple or have a clear subordination. The author uses the following stylistic devices: a metonymy (*to show muscle*) which means that in the past Vic was a weak-willed person who never raised his voice to the boy, but now he decided to be strict with him; metaphor (*a big wheel*) indicating the lack of respect of the speaker towards his aunt, which is supported by another metonymy describing her old husband (*old Newport money*).

The change of tenses shows the change in the chronological order of the described events. The sudden introduction of the Present Indefinite Tense on the background of the Past Indefinite makes the situation more vivid and shows the importance of the events for the author.

## SEMINAR 1

### THEME: Phonetic, Phono-graphical and Graphical Means of Stylistics

#### Points for Discussion

1. Alliteration, its essence and stylistic functions.
2. Assonance and its stylistic functions.
3. Onomatopoeia and how it is created.
4. Graphon, its origin and stylistic implications.
5. Phono-graphical and graphical stylistic devices.

#### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *Determine the reasons for alliteration and specify the effects it creates. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. Both were fluttered, flushed and rumped, by the late scuffle. (D.)
2. His wife was shrill, languid, handsome and horrible. (Sc.F.)
3. The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees ... (T.)
4. He swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin. (R.K.)
5. You lean, long, lanky lath of a lousy bastard... (O'C.)
6. "Luscious, languid and lustful, isn't he?"

"Those are not the correct epithets. He is – or rather was – surly, lustrous and sadistic. (E.W.)

7. The wicky, wacky, wocky bird,  
He sings a song that can't be heard...  
He sings a song that can't be heard.  
The wicky, wacky, wocky bird.  
The wicky, wacky, wocky mouse,  
He built himself a little house...  
But snug he lived inside his house,  
The wicky, wacky, wocky mouse. (M.N.)

**Exercise 2. *Indicate the instances of assonance and specify the effects it creates. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.***

1. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew  
The furrow followed free. (S.C.)
2. Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are.  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky. (Ch.R.)
3. Dreadful young creatures – squealing and squawking. (C.)
4. Tenderly bury the fair young dead... (La Costa)

**Exercise 3. *Determine the part of speech by which onomatopoeia is expressed and its functions. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.***

1. The Italian trio tut-tutted their tongues at me. (T.C.)
2. Then with an enormous, shattering rumble, sludge-sludge puff, the train came into the station. (Th.W.)
3. “I hope it comes and zzzzz everything before it.” (Th.W.)
4. I had only one year of working without shhh! (D.C.)
5. Cecil was immediately shushed. (H.L.)
6. Streaked by a quarter moon, the Mediterranean shushed gently into the beach. (I.Sh.)
7. “But I whispering.” This continued shushing annoyed him. (A.H.)
8. In those hot summer nights, with the sea slithering and slapping below, I thought of death. (Ch.S.)

**Exercise 4. *Think of the causes originating graphon (possibilities: a physical defect of speech, young age, lack of education, the influence of dialectal norms, intoxication, affectation, carelessness of speech, etc.). Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.***

1. I did not want to sleep until I had recherished each moment and each word of that absurd thing in the Knights’ drawing-room, with Shelia sniffing her m's and n's, and saying “I wadt you to cub to the ball.” (Ch.S.)

2. He began to render the famous tune “I lost my heart in an English garden, Just where the roses of England grow” with much feeling:  
 “Ah-ee last mah-ee hawrt een ahn Angleesh gawrden,  
 Jost whahr thah rawzaz ahv England graw.” (H.C.)
3. “Look at him go. Djaver see him walk home from school? You're French Canadian, aiatcha?” (J.K.)
4. She mimicked a lisp. “I don't weally know wevver I'm a good girl. The last time he'll do would be to mix up with a howwid woman.” (J.Br.)
5. “All the village dogs are no-'count mongrels”, Papa says. “Fish-gut eaters and no class a-tall; this here dog, he gat insteek. (K.K.)
6. My daddy's coming tomorrow on a nairplane. (S.)
7. After a hum a beautiful Negress sings, “Without a song, the dahay would nehever end.” (U.)
8. “Oh, well, then, you just trot over to the table and make your little mommy a sweet big dwink.” (E.A.)
9. He spoke with the flat ugly 'a' and withered 'r' of Boston Irish, and Levi looked at him and mimicked, “All right, I'll give the caads a break and staat playing.” (N.M.)
10. “Whereja get all these pictures?” he said, “Meetcha at the corner. Wuadaya think she's doing out there” (S.)

**Exercise 5. Analyse the following sentences with graphon in advertisements and state its functions there. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. Thanx for the purchase.
2. Weather forecast for today: Hi 59, Lo 32, Wind lite.
3. We recommend a Sixty-seconds meal – Steak-Umm.
4. Choose the plane with “Finah Than Dinah” on its side.
5. Best jeans for this jeaneration.
6. Follow our advice: Drinka Pinta Milka Day.
7. Terry's Floor Fashions: We make 'em — you walk on 'em.
8. Our offer is \$15.00 per WK.
9. Ev'ybody uses our wunnerful Rackfeed Drills.

**Exercise 6. Analyse the following sentences and classify the examples of permanent graphon according to the patterns of formation. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. “I got to meet a fella,” said Joe. Alf pretended not to hear him... He saw with satisfaction that the fella Joe was going to meet would wait a long time. (St.)
2. He’s only one of your friends who’s worth tuppence, anyway. (O.)
3. Now pour us another cuppa. (A.W.)
4. How are you, dullin? (O.)
5. Come on, I’ll show you summat. (St.B.)
6. Well, I dunno. I was kinda threatening him. (St.B.)
7. “... I declare I don’t know how to spend it at all.” “Aw, Ma, – I gotta lotta things to say.” (Th.W.)
8. Wilson was a little hurt. “Listen boy,” he told him, “Ah may not be able to read eve’ thing so good, but they ain’t a thing Ah can’t do if Ah set matt mind to it.” (N.M.)
9. “That’s my nickname, Cat. Had it all my life. They say my old lady must have been scared by a cat when she was having me.” (St.)
10. Say, Ike, what do you think we oughta do? I think we oughta go down on the boat to Seattle. Wash, like a coupla dude passengers. (J.D.P.)

**Exercise 7. State the functions and the types of the following graphical devices. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. He missed our father very much.
2. He was s-l-a-i-n in North Africa. (S.)
3. Piglet, sitting in the running Kanga’s pocket, substituting the kidnapped Roo, thinks:

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

4. Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo  
We haven’t enough to do-oo-oo. (R.K.)

5. “Hey,” he said, “is it a goddam cardroom? or a latrine? Attensh — HUT! Dress right! DHRESS!” (J.)

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

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

8. “Adieu you, old man, grey. I pity you and I de-spise you.” (D.)

9. “ALL our troubles are over, old girl,” he said fondly. “We can put a bit by now for a rainy day.” (S.M.)

**Exercise 8. Compare phono-graphical means in English and Ukrainian sentences. Comment on the adequacy of translation. Suggest your variant of translation.**

1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary [...] (E.Poe) –  
Якось півночі сумної я слабкий шукав в сувої [...] (В.Гречка)

2. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me – filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before [...] (E.Poe) –

І шовків багрових кожний, шурхіт від завіс тривожний

Сповнював мене боязні, незнайомі раніш [...] (В.Гречка)

3. Luck and glass break early. – Талан та скло легко розбиваються. /Вдача та скло легко розбиваються.

4. Leaves. On the ivy vine. – Листків. На лозі плюща.

5. What we do willingly is easy. – Де руки і охота, там спориться робота;  
Пороби до поту, то й поїси в охоту.

6. unseen stranger – нечемний і недобрий чужинець.

7. Easy come, easy go. – Добре тому в дорозі, хто сидить на возі. (Л.Гаращук)

**Exercise 9. Compare the excerpt of the poem by J.Keats and two variants of its translation. Find phonographical devices in the original and check whether the translators keep them in their versions. Suggest your variant of translation.**

#### **On the sea**

It keeps eternal whisperings around

Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell

Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell  
When last the winds of heaven were unbound. [...] (John Keats)

### **Про море**

Воно одвічно шепче поміж скал,  
І враз, гойднувшись, заливає гроти,  
Ковтає без числа й кінця їх доти,  
Аж місяць їх звільнить й до вогких зал  
Поверне звуків тінявих хорал.  
То стихнути прийде йому охота,  
І черепашки береже дрімоту,  
Там, де хлиснув її останній шквал. [...] (С.Пінчук)

### **Сонет про море**

Негавно шепче в голому камінні  
І дметься, топить тисячі печер,  
Аж поки їм володарка химер  
Лишить Геката древні шуми-тіні.  
А це в такому ніжиться лелінні,  
Мов цілий світ у злагоді завмер, –  
І черепащі висохлій тепер  
Уже й не сняться хвилі білопінні. [...] (В.Мисик)

## SEMINAR 2

### THEME: Stylistic Differentiation of the English Vocabulary

#### Points for Discussion

1. Correlation between neutral, literary and colloquial words.
2. Terms and archaisms, their stylistic functions.
3. Barbarisms and foreign words.
4. Slang, its origin and peculiarities.
5. Jargonisms and professionalisms, their distinction from slang.
6. Dialectal words and their use.
7. Vulgarisms and their linguistic status.

#### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *Compare the neutral and the colloquial modes of expression. Identify the bookish elements. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. “Also it will cost him a hundred bucks as a retainer.” “Hugh?” Suspicious again. Stick to basic English.”

“Hundred dollars,” I said. “Iron men. Fish. Bucks to the number of one hundred. Me no money, me no come. Savvy?” I began to count a hundred with both hands. (R.Ch.)

2. “Do you talk?” asked Bundle. “Or are you just strong and silent?” “Talk?” said Anthony. “I babble. I murmur. I burble – like a running brook, you know. Sometimes I even ask questions.” (Ch.)

3. “The only thing that counts in his eyes is solid achievement. Sometimes I have been prostrate with fatigue. He calls it idleness. I need the stimulation of a good company. He terms this riff-raff. The plain fact is, I am misunderstood.” (D. du M.)

4. “The scheme I would suggest cannot fail of success, but it has what may seem to you like a drawback, sir, in that it requires a certain financial outlay.”

“He means,” I translated to Corcy, “that he has a pippin of an idea but it’s going to cost a bit.” (P.G.W.)

5. Mrs. Sunbury never went to bed – she retired, but Mr. Sunbury who was not so refined as his wife always said: “Me for Bedford.” (S.M.)
6. “He tried those engineers. But no soap. No answer.” (J. O’H.)
7. The famous Alderman objected to the phrase in Canning’s inscription for a Pitt Memorial “He died poor” and wished to substitute “He expired in indigent circumstances.” (Luc.)
8. “I am Alfa and Omega the first and the last,” the solemn voice would announce. (D. du M.)
9. The tall man ahead of him half-turned saying “Great God: I never, never in all my days seen so many folks.” Mr. Munn thought that he, too, had never seen so many people before. (R.W.)
10. “Obviously an emissary of Mr. Bunyan had obtained clandestine access to her apartment in her absence and purloined the communication in question.” It took Lord Uffenham some moments to work out, but eventually he was able to unravel it and to translate from the butler’s language. What the man was trying to say was that some low blighter, bought with Bunyan’s gold, had sneaked into the girl’s flat and pinched the bally things. (P.G.W.)

**Exercise 2. Identify the terms in the following examples, state their stylistic connotations. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. “... don’t you go to him for anything more serious than a pendectome of the left ear or a strabismus of the cardiograph.” No one save Kennicott knew exactly what this meant, but they laughed...” (S.L.)
2. “Good,” Abbey said, suddenly. He took up a specimen – it was an aneurism of the ascending aorta – and began in a friendly manner to question Andrew ... “Do you know anything of the history of aneurism?”  
 “Ambroise Pare,” Andrew answered, and Abbey had already begun his approving nod, “is presumed to have first discovered the condition.” (A.C.)
3. Philip Heatherhead – whom we designate Physiological Philip, – as he strolled down the lane in the glory of early June, presented the splendid picture of the young

manhood. By this we mean that his bony framework was longer than the average and that instead of walking like an ape he stood erect with his skull balanced on his spinal column in a way rarely excelled even in a museum. The young man appeared in the full glory of perfect health: or shall we say, to be more exact, that his temperature was 98, his respiration normal, his skin entirely free from mange, erysipeals and prickly heat... (L.)

4. At noon the hooter and everything died. First, the pulley driving the punch and shears and emery wheels stopped its lick and slack. Simultaneously the compressor providing the blast for a dozen smith-fires went dead. Finally, old Peter was left dead struck – as if it had never happened to him before, as if he wasn't an old miser for work specifically, piece-work, always trying to knock the extra piece before the power went. (S.Ch.)

5. He rode up to the campus, arranged for a room in the graduate dormitory and went at once to the empty Physics building. (M.W.)

6. “They're real!” he murmured. “My God, they are absolutely real!” Eric mimed. “Didn't you believe that the neutron existed?”

“Oh, I believed,” Fabermacher shrugged away the phrase. “To me neutrons were symbols, n with a mass of  $m=1.006$ . But until now I never saw them.” (M.W.)

**Exercise 3. State the type and the function of archaisms. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. “I must decline to pursue this painful conversation. It is not pleasant to my feelings; it is repugnant to my feelings.” (D.)

2. “I am not in favour of this modern mania for turning bad people into good people at a moment's notice. As a man sows, so let him reap.” (O.W.)

3. Isolde the Slender had suitors in plenty to do her lightest hest. Feats of arms were done daily for her sake. To win her love suitors were willing to vow themselves to perdition. But Isolde the Slender was heedless of the court thus paid her. (L.)

4. “He of the iron garment,” said Daigety, entering, “is bounded unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounded also.” (W.Sc.)

5. If manners maketh man, then manner and grooming maketh poodle. (J.St.)

6. “Thou art the Man,” cried Jabes, after a solemn pause, leaning over his cushion. “Seventy times didst thou gapingly contort thy visage seventy times seven did I take counsel with my soul – Lo! this is human weakness: this also may be absolved. The first of the seventy first is come. Brethren – execute upon him the judgement written. Such honour have all her saints.” (F.)

7. He kept looking at the fantastic green of the jungle and then at the orange-brown earth, febrile and pulsing as though the rain were cutting wounds into it. Ridges flinched before the power of it.

“The Lord gives and the Lord taketh away,” Ridges thought solemnly. (D.)

8. Anthony clapped him affectionately on the back. “You’re a real knight-errant, Jimmy,” he said. (Ch.)

9. He had at his back a satchel, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right hand a stout hunter’s pole. (W.Sc.)

**Exercise 4. Find the English equivalents for the following barbarisms and foreign words, state their stylistic function. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. She caught herself criticizing his belief that, since his joke about trying to keep her out of the poorhouse had once been accepted as admirable humor, it should continue to be his daily *bon mot*. (S.L.)

2. Nevertheless, despite her experience, she hadn’t yet reached the stage of thinking all men beastly; though she could readily sympathize with the state of mind of any woman driven to utter that particular *cri de coeur*. (St.B.)

3. Then, of course, there ought to be one or two outsiders – just to give the thing a *bona fide* appearance. I and Aileen could see to that – young people, uncritical, and with no idea of politics. (Ch.)

4. “Tyree, you got half of the profits!” Dr. Bruce shouted. “You’re my *de facto* partner.”

“What that *de facto* mean, Doc?”

“Papa, it means you are a partner in fact and in law”, Fishbelly told him. (Wr.)

5. Yates remained serious. “We have time, Herr Zippman, to try *schnapps*. Are there any German troupes in Neustadt?”

“No, Herr Offizier, that’s just what I’ve to tell you. This morning, four gentlemen in all, we went out of Neustadt to meet the *Herren Americaner*.” (St.H.)

6. And now the roof had fallen in on him. The first shock was over, the dust had settled and he could now see that his whole life was *kaput*. (I. Br.)

7. “I never sent any telegram. What did it say?”

“I believe it is still on the table *là-bas*.” Elsie retired, pounced upon it, and brought it to her mistress in triumph.

“*Voilà, madame!*” (Ch.)

8. When Denny came home from the army he learned that he was an heir and owner of property. The *viejo*, that is the grandfather, had died leaving Denny the two small houses on the Tortilla Flat. (St.)

**Exercise 5. Think of the types of additional information supplied by the slang words in the following sentences. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. “You know Brooklyn?” “No. I was never there. But I had a buddy at Myer was from Brooklyn.” (I.)

2. I didn’t really do anything this time. Just pulled the dago out of the river. Like all dagos, he couldn’t swim. Well, this fellow was sort of grateful about it. Hung around like a dog. About six months later he died of fever. I was with him. Last thing, just as he was pegging out, he beckoned me and whispered some excited jargon about a secret. (Ch.)

3. “Here we are now,” she cried, returning with the tray. “And don’t look so miz.” (P.)

4. “What’s the dif,” he wanted to know. (H.S.)

5. Going down the stairs he overheard one beanied freshman he knew talking to another. “Did you see that black cat with the black whiskers who had those binocks in front of us? That’s my comp prof.” (B.M.)

6. “I thought of going to the flicks,” he said. “Or we could go for a walk if it keeps fine.” (J.Br.)

7. “Let me warn you that the doc is a frisky bachelore, Carol. Come on, now, folks, shake a leg. Let’s have some stunts or dance or something.” (S.L.)

8. “Goddamn sonofabitching stool,” Fishbelly screamed, raining blows on Bert's head. “Lawd Gawd in heaven, I’ll kill, kill every chink-chink goddam chinaman on this sonofabitching bastard earth.” (Wr.)

9. There was a fearful mess in the room, and piles of unwashed crocks in the kitchen. (A.T.)

10. “Nix on that,” said Ray. “I don’t need a shyster quack to shoot me full of confidence juice. I want to go through on my own steam.” (B.M.)

11. “Li’s shoes and belt are dripping today.”

12. “Since I saw Shang-Chi, Simu Liu is living rent-free inside my head.”

13. “After his Modern Perspectives in Poetry course, he became woke to different points of view.”

14. When you have so much game, you don’t even need rizz.

**Exercise 6. Differentiate between professionalisms and jargonisms, suggest a literary equivalent if possible. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. She came out of her sleep in a nightmare struggle for breath, her eyes distended in horror, the strangling cough tearing her again and again... Bart gave her the needle. (D.C.)

2. I’m here quite often – taking patients to hospitals for majors, and so on. (S.L.)

3. “I didn’t know you knew each other,” I said.

“A long time ago it was,” Jean said. “We did History Final together at Call.” (K.A.)

4. They have graduated from Ohio State together, himself with an engineering degree. (J.)

5. The arrangement was to keep in touch by runners and by walkie-talkie. (St.H.)

6. “All the men say I’m a good noncom... for I’m fair and I take my job seriously.” (N.M.)

7. Dave: Karach... That’s where I met Libby Dodson... Me and him were going

to do everything together when we got back to Civvy Street... I'll work as a chippy on the Colonel's farms. (A.W.)

8. "So, you'll both come to dinner? Eight fifteen. Dinny, we must be back to lunch. Swallows!" added Lady Mont round the brim of her hat and passed out through the port.

"There's a house-party," said Dinny to the young man's elevated eyebrows. She means tails and a long tie.

"Oh! Oh! Best Bib and tucker, Jean." (G.)

9. He learned his English as a waiter in Jib. (H.)

10. But, after all, lie knows I'm preppers. (T.C.)

11. "I think we've had enough of the metrop for the time being and require a change." (P.G.W.)

**Exercise 7. Comment on the dialectal peculiarities of dialogue, paying special attention to changes in spelling caused by specific pronunciation. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. "By the way, Inspector, did you check up that story of Ferguson's?"

"Ferguson's?" said the schoolboy burdened with too much homework. "Oo, ay, we havena forgot Ferguson. I went tae Sparkes of them remembered him well enough. The lad downstairs in the show-room couldna speak with cairtainty tae the time, but he recognised Ferguson from his photograph, as havin' brocht in a magneto on the Monday afternoon." (D.S.)

2. "I remember having tae du much the same thing, mony years since, in an inquest upon a sailing-vessel ran aground in an estuary end got broken up by bumping herself to bits in a gale. The insurance folk thocht that the accident wasn't a'together straightforward. We took upon oorselz tae demonstrate that the wind and tide setti' as they did, the boat should ha' been well-away fra' the shore if they started at the hour they claimed tae ha' done. We lost the ease, but I've never altered my opeenion. (D.S'")

3. "We'll show Levenford what my clever lass can do. I'm looking ahead, and I can see it. When we've made ye the head scholar of Academy, then you'll see what your father means to do with you. But ye must stick into your lessons, stick in hard." (A.C.)

4. “Maria,” he exclaimed suddenly. “What would you like to have?”

She looked at him, bewildered.

“What would you like to have now, right now, if you could get it?” “Shoe alla da roun’ for da kids – seven pairs da shoe.”

“Think hard,” he cautioned, just as she was opening her mouth to speak.

“Alla right,” she answered. “I thinka da hard. I lika da house, dis house – all mine, no paya da rent, seven dollar da month.”

“You shall have it,” he answered promptly. (J.L.)

5. They went off into the dusk. “Yer know what I’m goin’ ter do when I grow up?”

“What?” Brian asked.

“I’m goin’ ter find a big wood and right in the middle o’ this wood I’m goin’ ter built an ‘ut. An I’m goin’ ter grow all my own grub in a garden, and shoot rabbits and birds so’s I’ll live like a lord wi’ lots to eat.”

“Smashin’,” Brian agreed.

“I ain’t thought about it yet – somewhere in Sherwood Forest, I suppose, near where Robin ‘Ood lived. Then when I pinch stuff from shops in villages, or poach rabbits like our dad does sometimes, I can do a bunk back to my ‘ut in this wood, and the coppers wain’t be able to find me. They wain’t if it’s far enough in, anyway. And if I pinch stuff I’ll hide it away, and live off in winter when grub don’t grow and it’ll be hard to shoot it.” (A.S.)

6. “My dad’s alus or dole,” Brian informed him, and ‘e’s got a spade. It don’t make no difference, ‘cause when there ain’t no work there ain’t no work. Doddoe’s often on dole as well.” (A.S.)

**Exercise 8. Point out trite vulgarisms and vulgarisms proper, speak on their emotional potentialities. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. A hyena crossed the open on his way around the hill. “That bastard crosses there every night,” the man said. (H.)

2. Suddenly Percy snatched the letter. “Give it back to me, you rotten devil,” Peter shouted. “You know damn well it doesn’t say that. I’ll kick your big fat belly. I swear I will.” (J.Br.)

3. “Look at the son of a bitch down there, pretending he’s one of the boys today.” (J.)
4. “How are you, Cartwright? This is the very devil of a business, you know. The very devil of a business.” (Ch.)
5. “Poor son of a bitch,” he said. “I feel for him, and I’m sorry I was bastardly.” (J.)
6. I’m no damned fool! I couldn't go on believing forever that gang was going to change the world by shooting off their loud traps on soapboxes and sneaking around blowing up a lousy building of a bridge! I got wise, it was all a crazy pipe dream! (O’H.)

**Exercise 9. Compare the English excerpts and the variants of their translation into Ukrainian. Find the units of different layers of the vocabulary in the original and check whether the translators keep them in their versions. Suggest your variant of translation.**

1. Elizabeth, having rather expected to affront him, was amazed at his gallantry; but there was a mixture of sweetness and archness in her manner which made it difficult for her to affront anybody. (J. Au.)

Елізабет, гадаючи, що образить його, була вражена його галантністю; але в її поведінці поєднувалися така чарівність і лукавість, що їй важко було когось образити. (В. Горбатько)

2. I will not risk open war,” said Elrond, “but it is plain that thou hast not yet understood the peril that lies before thee. (J. R. R. T.)

Я не наражатимуся на відкриту війну, – сказав Елронд, – але очевидно, що ти ще не збагнув небезпеки, яка стоїть перед тобою. (О. Мокровольський)

3. It was one of those lousy days when nothing works out right, and you feel like everybody in the world is just trying to drive you crazy. (J. D. S.)

Це був один із тих паскудних днів, коли все йде шкереберть і здається, ніби весь світ тільки й думає, як тебе довести. (О. Логвиненко)

4. I ain’t ever seen anything like it before, and it made me feel kind of funny, the way things turned out. (M.T.)

Я зроду такого не бачив, і якось воно мені дивно було на душі через те, як усе обернулося. (Ю. Лісняк)

5. Italy is a dream that keeps returning for the rest of your life, and the word signora seemed to echo all that beauty. (E. M. Forster)

Італія – це сон, що повертається протягом усього життя, а слово signora ніби вбирало в себе всю цю красу. (О. Мокровольський)

6. The perp was picked up after midnight, booked, and thrown into a holding cell to cool off. (E. McV.)

Підозрюваного затримали після півночі, оформили й кинули до камери тимчасового утримання, щоб охолов. (В. Горбатько)

7. She endeavoured to check the rapidity of her feelings. (J. Au.)

Вона намагалася стримати порив своїх почуттів. (В. Горбатько)

8. She had the perpetual sense, as she watched the taxi cabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone. (V.W.)

Спостерігаючи за таксі, вона постійно відчувала, ніби перебуває десь далеко-далеко в морі й зовсім одна. (О. Мокровольський)

9. A guy goes nuts if he ain't got nobody to talk to. (J.St.)

Людина з глузду з'їде, коли їй нема з ким поговорити. (В. Шовкун)

10. The traders were already talking about margins, leverage, and the possibility of a sudden crash. (T.W.)

Трейдери вже говорили про маржу, кредитне плече та можливість раптового обвалу. (Ю. Кузьменко)

## SEMINAR 3

### THEME: Lexical Stylistic Devices: metaphor, metonymy, epithet

#### Part One

#### Points for Discussion

1. Traditional approach to metaphor, its linguistic foundations and types.
2. Conceptual metaphor. The basis for metaphor and mappings.
3. Types of conceptual metaphor.
4. Metonymy: traditional vs conceptual approaches.
5. Types of metonymy.
6. Epithet, its kinds from the semantic point of view.
7. The structure of epithets.

#### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *Discuss the semantics, originality, expressiveness, syntactic functions of metaphors in the following examples. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. And the skirts! What a sight were those skirts! They were nothing but vast decorated pyramids; on the summit of each was stuck the upper half of princess. (A.B.)
2. I was staring directly in front of me, at the back of the driver's neck, which was a relief map of boiled scars. (S.)
3. She was handsome in a rather leonine way. Where this girl was a lioness, the other was a panther – lithe and quick (Ch.)
4. Wisdom has reference only to the past. The future remains forever an infinite field for mistakes. You can't know beforehand. (D.H.L.)
5. He felt the first watery eggs of sweat moistening the palms of his hands. (W.S.)
6. The man stood there in tire middle of the street with the deserted dawnlit boulevard telescoping out behind him. (T.H.)
7. Leaving Daniel to his fate, she was conscious of joy springing in her heart (A.B.)

8. We talked and talked and talked, easily, sympathetically, wedding her experience with my articulation. (Jn.B.)

9. We need you so much here. It's a dead old town, but it's a rough diamond, and we need you for the polishing, and we're ever so humble (S.L.)

10. She and the kids have filled his sister's house and their welcome is wearing thinner and thinner. (U.)

11. The March afternoon was cloudy; I turned the gas fire full on, and it snored away, brilliant in the dark room. (Ch.S.)

12. A quarter of an hour to go. It was intolerably long, it was a no-man's-land of time, neither mine nor inimical fate's. (Ch.S.)

**Exercise 2. Differentiate between genuine and trite metaphors. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. In the spaces between the houses the wind caught her. It stung, it gnawed at nose and ears and aching cheeks, and she hastened from shelter to shelter. (S.L.)

2. Swan had taught him much. The great kindly Swede had taken him under his wing. (E.F.)

3. It being his habit not to jump or leap, or make an upward spring, at anything in life, but to crawl at everything. (D.)

4. Then would come six or seven good years when there might be 20 to 25 inches of rain, and the land would shout with grass. (St.)

5. The laugh in her eyes died out and was replaced by something else. (M.S.)

6. Death is at the end of that devious, winding maze of paths ... (Fr.N.)

7. Her expression, an unrealised yawn, put, by example, a damper on the excitement I felt over dining at so swanky a place. (T.C.)

8. Battle found his way to the blue morning-room without difficulty. He was already familiar with the geography of the house. (Ch.)

9. It was a ladylike yawn, a closed-mouthed yawn, but you couldn't miss it; her nostril-wings gave her away. (S.)

10. Neither Mr.Povey nor Constance introduced the delicate subject to her again, and she had determined not to be the first to speak about it... So, the matter hung, as it were, suspended in the ether between the opposing forces of pride and pain. (A.B.)

**Exercise 3. Analyse the following instances of personification. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. On the dawn of October, 1885, she stood by her kitchen window, watching another dismal day emerge from the tomb of the expiring night. And such an ugly, sickly-looking baby she thought it was that, so far as she was concerned, it could go straight back where it came from. (P.M.)

2. He was fainting from sea-sickness, and a roll of the ship tilted him over the rail on to the smooth lip of the deck. Then a low, gray mother-wave swung out of the fog, tucked Harvey under one arm, so to speak, and pulled him off and away to lee-ward; the great green closed over him, and he went quietly to sleep. (R.K.)

3. Here and there a Joshua tree stretched out hungry black arms as though to seize these travellers by night, and over that great waste a dismal wind moaned constantly, chilly, keen and biting. (E.D.B.)

4. The face of London was now strangely altered... the voice of Mourning was heard in every street. (D.D.)

5. Mother Nature always blushes before disrobing. (E.)

6. The rainy night had ushered in a misty morning, half frost, half drizzle, and temporary brooks crossed our path, gurgling from the uplands. (E.Br.)

7. Dexter watched from the veranda of the Golf Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest moon. Then the moon held a finger' to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. (Sc. F.)

**Exercise 4. Indicate metonymies, determine the relations existing between the object named and the object implied. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

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

2. The trenchful of dead Japanese made him feel ever worse but he felt he must not show this, so he had joined in with the others; but his heart wasn't in it. (J.)

3. If you knew how to dispose of the information, you could do the Axis quite a bit of good by keeping your eyes and ears open in Gretley. (P.)

4. "You've got nobody to blame but yourself." "The saddest words of tongue and pen." (I.Sh.)

5. The praise was enthusiastic enough to have delighted any common writer who earns his living by his pen. (S.M.)

6. There would follow splendid years of great works carried out together, the old head backing the young fire. (K.)

7. He was interested in everybody. His mind was alert, and people asked him to dinner not for old times' sake, but because he was worth his salt. (S.M.)

8. It was in those placid latitudes in the Pacific, where weeks, eye months, often pass without the marginless blue level being ruffled by any wandering keel. (Fr.B.)

**Exercise 5. Differentiate between trite and original metonymies. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. For every look that passed between them, and word they spoke, and every card they played, the dwarf had eyes and ears. (D.)

2. "He had a stinking childhood."

"If it was so stinking why does he cling to it?"

"Use your head. Can't you see it's just that Rusty feels safer in diapers than he would in skirts?" (T.C.)

3. "Some remarkable pictures in this rood, gentlemen. A Holbein, two Van Dycks, and, if I am not mistaken, a Velasques. I am interested in pictures!" (Ch.)

4. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer invented bloomers in 1849 for the very daring sport of cycling. (S.W.)

5. "I shall enjoy a bit of walk."

"It's raining, you know."

"I know. I've got a Burberry." (Ch.)

6. I get my living by the sweat of a brow. (D.)

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

8. Tom and Roger came back with an enormous tea and then played tennis till light failed. (S.M.)

9. I hope you will be able to send your mother somewhere from time to time, as we can give her a roof over her head. a place to sleep and eat but nothin' else. (J.O'H.)

10. Joe Bell's is a quiet place compared to most Lexington Square bars. It boasts neither neon nor television. (T.C.)

11. She was a sunny, happy sort of creature. Too fond of the bottle. (Ch.)

**Exercise 6. Read the lyrics of the songs and copy out all examples of metaphor. State the type of each one, indicate source and target domains. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. I dance around this empty house

Tear us down

Throw you out

Screaming down the halls

Spinning all around and now we fall

Pictures framing up the past

Your taunting smirk behind the glass

This museum full of ash

Once a tickle

Now a rash (Pink)

2. "I know the other girlies wanna wear expensive things

Like diamond rings

But I don't wanna be the puppet that you're playing on a string

This queen don't need a king" (Daya)

3. 'Cause, baby, you're a firework

Come on, show 'em what you're worth (Katy Perry)

4. When the sun shines, we'll shine together

Told you I'll be here forever

Said I'll always be your friend

Took an oath, I'ma stick it out to the end

Now that it's raining more than ever

Know that we'll still have each other

You can stand under my umbrella. (Rihanna)

5. Remember those walls I built?

Well, baby, they're tumbling down

And they didn't even put up a fight

They didn't even make a sound

I found a way to let you in

But I never really had a doubt

Standin' in the light of your halo

I got my angel now. (Beyoncé)

6. Lights will guide you home

And ignite your bones

And I will try to fix you (Coldplay)

7. I said, ooh, I'm blinded by the lights

No, I can't sleep until I feel your touch

I said, ooh, I'm drowning in the night

Oh, when I'm like this, you're the one I trust

I'm running out of time

'Cause I can see the sun light up the sky

So I hit the road in overdrive. (The Weeknd)

**Exercise 7. Copy out examples of metaphor and metonymy and state their types. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. As one of the world's biggest street festivals, Notting Hill Carnival welcomes visitors from far and wide. The BBC spoke to some of those who made the trip to London to join this year's festivities.

Candice and her friend had been to carnival-like events at home, but said they were not the scale of Notting Hill.

"People are vibin' out," Laila, from New York, said.

One city likely to give London's carnival a run for its money is Rio De Janeiro in Brazil, which also holds a festival attended by millions each year. ([www.bbc.com](http://www.bbc.com))

2. The words were gentle strokes, drawing her awake.

"Hello. Hello there."

She felt the light on her eyelids, and knew that if she opened her eyes they would sting, and she would have to shade them with her palm and let the light bleed through a crack. (W.M.)

3. I'd been shut up in my hotel for more than a week, afraid to telephone anybody or go out; and my heart scrambled and floundered at even the most innocent noises:

elevator bell, rattle of the minibar cart, even church clocks tolling the hour, de Westertoren, Krijtberg, a dark edge to the clangor, an inwrought fairy-tale sense of doom. By day I sat on the foot of the bed straining to puzzle out the Dutch-language news on television (which was hopeless, since I knew not a word of Dutch) and when I gave up, I sat by the window staring out at the canal with my camel's-hair coat thrown over my clothes – for I'd left New York in a hurry and the things I'd brought weren't warm enough, even indoors.

Outside, all was activity and cheer. It was Christmas, lights twinkling on the canal bridges at night; red-cheeked *dames en heren*, scarves flying in the icy wind, clattered down the cobblestones with Christmas trees lashed to the backs of their bicycles. In the afternoons, an amateur band played Christmas carols that hung tinny and fragile in the winter air. (D.T.)

4. After years of encouraging shoppers to scan their own groceries, some supermarkets are checking out a move back to traditional tills.

Asda said it would put more staff on checkouts, while Morrisons admitted it might have “gone too far” with self-scan. Northern upmarket chain Booths has got rid of them altogether.

The dreaded “unexpected item in the bagging area” announcement is among a list of customer complaints about self-service tills.

But some shoppers told the BBC they're happy to skip the queues and the chit chat if it speeds up their shop. ([www.bbc.com](http://www.bbc.com))

5. The carefully constructed house of cards has been swept away. It is politics more chaotic, more brutal than any thriller. The Conservative Party has a reputation for ruthlessness – getting rid of even much loved leaders when they are no longer a tool to maintaining the party's rule. The defenestration of their idol Margaret Thatcher was a sign of that. But this is far more cruel, a breathtakingly savage lesson in the exercise of power.

Mrs May has been broken on the electoral wheel but is forced to stand on splintered limbs, grimacing through the pain, for the sake of her party's chance to cling to office. She is like a medieval monarch, captured by her barons, shorn of the advisers she loved and trusted, allowed one old close friend to minister cold comfort. The government is stable as a two-legged stool, and she is sapped of strength, weakened by the demands of her colleagues. ([www.bbc.com](http://www.bbc.com))

**Exercise 8.** *Analyse the following sentences and indicate the epithets used in them. Slate which of them are affective (emotive proper) and which figurative (transferred). Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. The iron hate is Saul pushed him on again. He heard the man crashing off to his right through some bushes. The stems and twigs waved frantically with the frightened movement of the wind. (M.W.)

2. She had received from her aunt a neat, precise and circumstantial letter. (W.D.)

3. Liza Hamilton was a very different kettle of fish. Her head was small and round and it held small and round convictions. (St.)

4. And George laughed – one of those irritating, senseless, chuckle-headed, crack-jawed laughs of his. They do make me so wild. (J.K.J.)

5. He could sit on the railless porch with the men when the long, tired, dirty-faced evening rolled down the narrow valley, thankfully blotting out the streets of shacks, and listen to the talk. (I.)

6. There were his little scanty travelling clothes upon him. There was his little scanty box outside in the shivering wind. (D.)

7. His dry tailored voice was capable of more light and shade than Catharine had supposed. (Hut.)

8. All at once there is a goal, a path through the shapeless day. (A.M.)

9. With his hand he shielded his eye against the harsh watty glare from the naked bulb over the table. (S.)

10. I shock respectable sextons by the imperturbability I am able to assume before exciting inscriptions, and by my lack of enthusiasm for the local family history, while my ill-concealed anxiety to get outside wounds their feelings. (J.K.J.)

**Exercise 9.** *Suggest the object the quality of which was used in the following transferred epithets. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. He was a thin wiry man with a tobacco-stained smile. (T.H.)

2. He sat with Daisy in his arms for a long silent time. (Sc.F.)

3. There was a waiting silence as the minutes of the previous hearing were heard. (M.W.)

4. He drank his orange-juice in long cold gulps.' (I.Sh.)
5. The only place left was the desk strewn with nervous cigarette butts and sprawled legs. (J.)
6. Leaving indignant suburbs behind them they finally emerged into Oxford Street. (Ch.)
7. Nick smiled sweatily. (H.)
8. She watched his tall quick step through the radiance of the corner streetlight. (St.)
9. Lottie retreated at once with her fat little steps to the safety of her own room. (Hut.)
10. ..boys and young men ... talking loudly in the concrete accents of the New York streets. (I.Sh.)

**Exercise 10. Determine the type of epithets used in the following sentences. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. He has that unmistakable tall “lanky” loose-jointed graceful closecropped formidably clean American look. (I.M.)
2. Across the ditch Doll was having an entirely different reaction. With all her heart and soul, furiously, jealously, vindictively, he was hoping Queen would not win. (J.)
3. She has taken to wearing heavy blue bulky shapeless quilted People’s Volunteers trousers rather than the light tremendous how-the-West-was-won trousers she formerly wore. (D.B.)
4. Harrison – a fine, muscular, sun-bronzed, gentle-eyed, patrician-nosed, steak-led, well-tailored aristocrat was an out-and-out leaflet- wearing revolutionary all the time. (Jn.B.)
5. In the cold, grey, street-washing, milk-delivering, shutters-coming-off-the-shops early morning, the midnight train from Paris arrived in Strasbourg. (H.)
6. Her painful shoes slipped off. (U.)
7. She was a faded white rabbit of a woman. (A.C.)
8. And she still has that look, that don’t-you-touch-me look, that women who were beautiful carry with them to the grave. (J.B.)
9. Ten-thirty is a dark hour in a town where respectable doors are locked at nine. (T.C.)

10. He loved the afterswim salt-and-sunshine smell of her hair. (Jn.B.)
11. I was to secretly record, with the help of a powerful long-range movie camera lens, the walking-along-the-Battery-in-the-sunshine meeting between Ken and Jerry. (D.D.)
12. “Thief!” Pilon shouted. “Dirty pig of an untrue friend!” (J.St.)
13. She spent hausfrau afternoons hopping about in the sweat box of her midget kitchen. (T.C.)
14. He acknowledged an early-afternoon customer with a be-with-you-in-a-minute nod. (D.U.)
15. He thoroughly disliked this never-far-from-tragic look of a ham Shakespearian actor. (H.)
16. “What a picture!” cried the ladies. “Oh! The lambs! Oh, the sweets! Oh, the ducks! Oh, the pets!” (K.H.)
17. His shrivelled head bobbed like a dried pod on his frail stick of a body. (J.G.)
18. He sat with Daisy in his arms for a long silent time. (H.)

**Exercise 11. Compare the English excerpts and the variants of their translation into Ukrainian. Find the instances of metaphor, metonymy and epithet in the original and check whether the translators keep them in their versions. Suggest your variant of translation.**

1. She had the vague sense that she was standing on the edge of something, that a word or gesture might tip her into disaster. (I.McE.)

Вона невиразно відчувала, що стоїть на краю чогось такого, де одне слово чи жест можуть обернутися катастрофою. (В. Дмитрук)

2. Tom was pacing the room restlessly, stopping now and then to glare at Gatsby. The whole room was in a state of nervous tension. (F.Sc.F.)

Том нервово ходив по кімнаті, раз у раз зупиняючись, щоб кинути сердитий погляд на Гетсбі. Уся кімната перебувала в стані нервового напруження. (М. Пінчевський)

3. “It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances,” said Lord Henry. “The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible – that is the real secret.” (O.W.)

“Лише поверхові люди не судять за зовнішністю, – мовив лорд Генрі. – Справжня таїна світу – це видиме, а не невидиме; ось у чому справжній секрет”.

(Р. Доценко)

4. It is a narrow mind which cannot look at a subject from various points of view.

(G.E.)

Обмежений той розум, який не здатен подивитися на предмет із різних точок зору. (М. Дмитренко)

They were trying to kill him, and he lay there, scared stiff, knowing that the flak was coming closer every second. (J.Hel.)

Вони намагалися його вбити, а він лежав, заціпенілий від страху, знаючи, що зенітний обстріл з кожною секундою підповзає дедалі ближче. (О. Логвиненко)

5. There is a dread of responsibility which weighs upon the minds of men.

(Ch.D.)

Існує страх відповідальності, що тяжіє над людськими умами. (О. Терех)

6. Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. (Sc.F.)

Гетсбі вірив у зелене світло – оргіастичне майбутнє, яке з року в рік відступає від нас. (М. Пінчевський)

7. Time went on, clinging to the dead walls of the house. (W.F.)

Час плив далі, чіпляючись за мертві стіни дому. (Ю. Андрухович)

8. So many hands were employed in the factory that the town itself seemed alive.

(Ch.D.)

На фабриці працювало стільки рук, що саме місто здавалося живим.

(Олександр Терех)

9. The street was full of life and movement. The motor cars, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; a triumphal car passing; and Clarissa, with her thin, sensitive face, could feel it all, could feel the energy of London flowing past her. (V.W.)

Вулиця була повна життя й руху. Автомобілі, фургони, люди з рекламними щитами, що човгали й похитувалися; духові оркестри; шарманки; тріумфальний автомобіль, що проїжджав повз; і Кларисса зі своїм тонким, чутливим обличчям відчувала все це – відчувала, як повз неї тече енергія Лондона. (О.Мокровольський)

## SEMINAR 4

### THEME: Lexical Stylistic Devices

#### Part Two

#### Points for Discussion

1. Different types of play upon words.
2. Irony and its linguistic essence.
3. Antonomasia and its types.
4. Hyperbole and understatement.
5. Oxymoron.
6. Litotes and periphrasis.

#### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *Analyse various cases of play on words, indicate which type is used, how it is created, what effect it adds to the utterance. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. His looks were starched, but his white neckerchief was not; and its long limp ends struggled over his closely-buttoned waistcoat in a very uncouth and unpicturesque manner (D).

2. Gertrude found her aunt in a syncope from which she passed into an apostrophe and never recovered. (L.)

3. There comes a period in every man's life, but she's just a semicolon in his. (Ev.)

4. "Have you seen any spirits?" inquired the old gentleman. "Or taken any?" added Bob Allen. (D.)

5. "Sally," said Mr. Bentley in a voice almost as low as his intentions, "Let's go out of the kitchen." (Th.S.)

6. Mrs. Dave Dyer, a sallow woman with a thin prettiness, devoted to experiments in religious cults, illnesses, and scandal-bearing, shook her finger at Carol. (S.L.)

7. His disease consisted of spots, beds, honey in spoons, tangerine oranges and high temperature. (G.)

8. A Governess wanted. Must possess knowledge of Rumanian, Italian, Spanish, German, Music and Mining Engineering. (L.)

9. For a time, she put on a Red Cross uniform and met other ladies similarly dressed in the armory, where bandages were rolled and reputations unrolled. (St.)

10. “Did you hit a woman with a child?” “No, Sir, I hit her with a brick.” (Th.S.)

11. “I was such a lonely girl until you came,” she said. “There’s not a single man in all this hotel that’s half awake.’

“But I am not a single man,” Mr. Topper replied cautiously.

“Oh, I don’t mean that,” she laughed. “And anyway I hate single men. They always propose marriage.” (Th.S.)

12. She always glances up, and glances down, and doesn't know where to look, but looks all the prettier. (D.)

13. You’re incurable, Jimmy. A thousand pounds in the hand is worth a lot of mythical gold. (Ch.)

14. He remained sound to his monarchical principles, though he was reported to have his finger in all the backstairs pies that went on in the Balkans. (Ch. )

15. “Dear Adam: Forget not thy servants in the days of thy prosperity. Charles never spent a dime. He pinched the dollar until the eagle screamed.” (St.)

16. Another person who makes both ends meet is the infant, who sucks his toes. (B.)

17. The only exercise some women get is running up bills. (E.)

**Exercise 2. Indicate verbal irony, explain the conditions making possible the relations of the opposite evaluation. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. As the great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world and calls it Colonization. (B.Sh.)

2. He could walk and run, was full of exact knowledge about God, and entertained no doubt concerning a special partiality of a minor deity called Jesus towards himself. (A.B.)

3. Last time it was a nice, simple, European-style war (I.Sh.)
4. Bookcases covering one wall boasted a half-shelf of literature. (T.C.)
5. “She is a charming middle-aged lady with a face like a bucket of mud and if she’s washed her hair since Coolidge’s second term, I’ll eat my spare tyre, rim and all.” (R.Ch.)
6. With all the expressiveness of a stone Welsh stared at him another twenty seconds apparently hoping to see him gag. (R.Ch.)
7. When the war broke out she took down the signed photograph of the Kaiser and, with some solemnity, hung it in the men-servants’ lavatory; it was her one combative action. (E.W.)
8. Sonny Grosso was a worrier who looked for and frequently managed to find, the dark side of most situations. (P.M.)
9. From her earliest infancy Gertrude was brought up by her aunt. Her aunt had carefully instructed her to Christian principles. She had also taught her Mohammedanism, to make sure. (L.)
10. “I had a plot, a scheme, a little quiet piece of enjoyment afoot, of which the very essence was that this old man and grandchild should be as poor as frozen rats,” and Mr. Brass revealed the whole story, making himself out to be rather a saintlike holy character. (D.)

**Exercise 3. Analyse the following cases of antonomasia, say what additional information is created by this stylistic device. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. Her mother is perfectly unbearable. Never met such a gorgon. (O.W.)
2. Our secretary is Esther D’Eath. Her name is pronounced by vulgar relatives as Dearth, some of us pronounce it Deeth. (S.Ch.)
3. When Omar P. Quill died, his solicitors always referred to him as O.P.Q. Each reference to O.P.Q. made Roger think of his grandfather as the middle of the alphabet. (G.M.)
4. “Your fur and his Caddy are a perfect match.”  
“I respect history. Don’t you know that Detroit was founded by Sir Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, French fur trader?” (J.O`H.)

5. Now let me introduce you – that’s Mr. What’s-his-name, you remember him, don’t you? And over there in the corner, that’s the Major, and there’s Mr. What-d’you-call-him, and that’s an American. (E.W.)

6. Cats and canaries had added to the already stale house an entirely new dimension of defeat. As I stepped down, an evil-looking Tom slept by us into the kitchen. (W.Gl.)

7. Kate kept him because she knew he would do anything in the world if he were paid to do it or was afraid to do it. She had no illusions about him. In her business Joes were necessary. (J.St.)

8. In the moon-landing year what choice is there for Mr. and Mrs. Average – the programme against poverty or the ambitious NASA project? (M.St.)

9. The next speaker was a tall gloomy man, Sir Something Somebody. (P.)

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

11. She's been in a bedroom with one of the young Italians, Count Something. (I.Sh.)

12. They say they would rather be without them, that they bother them, and why don't they go and make love to Miss Smith and Miss Brown, who are plain and elderly, and haven't got any lovers? (J.K.J.)

**Exercise 4. *Indicate the leading feature of the personages characterised by the following “speaking names”. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.***

Mr.Gradgrind (D.); Mr.Goldfinger (Fl.); Becky Sharp (Th.); Bosinney the Buccaneer (G.); Lady Teazle, Josef Surface, Mr.Carefree, Miss Languish, Mr. Backbite, Mr.Snake, Mr.Credulous (Sh.); Holiday Golightly (T.C.); Mr.Butt, Mr.Beanhead, Mrs.Newrich (L.)

**Exercise 5. *Find the instances of hyperbole in the following examples, pay attention to its originality or staleness. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.***

1. I was scared to death when he entered the room. (S.)

2. The girls were dressed to kill. (J.Br.)

3. Newspapers are the organs of individual men who have jokeed themselves to be party leaders, in countries where a new party is born every hour over a glass of beer in the nearest cafe. (J.R.)

4. The car which picked me up on that particularly guilty evening was a Cadillac limousine about seventy-three blocks long. (J.E.)

5. Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. (Sc.F.)

6. She was a giant of a woman. Her bulging figure was encased in a green crepe dress and her feet overflowed in red shoes. She carried a mammoth red pocketbook that bulged throughout as if it were stuffed with rocks. (Fl.O'C.)

7. She was very much upset by the catastrophe that had befallen the Bishops, but it was exciting, and she was tickled to death to have someone fresh to whom she could tell all about it. (S.M.)

8. Babbit's preparations for leaving the office to its feeble self during the hour-and-a-half of his lunch-period were somewhat less elaborate than the plans for the general European war. (S.L.)

9. A: Try and be a lady.

G: Allah! That's been said a hundred billion times. (Th.W.)

10. This is Rome. Nobody has kept a secret in Rome for three thousand years. (I. Sh.)

11. And as he was capable of giant joy, so did he harbor huge sorrow, so that when his dog died, the world ended. (St.)

12. Splendid cheeses they were, ripe and mellow, and with a two hundred horse-power scent about them that might have been warranted to carry three miles, and knock a man over at two-hundred yards. (J.K.J.)

**Exercise 6. *Comment on the cases of understatement and the degree of their originality. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.***

1. The little woman, for she was of pocket size, crossed her hands solemnly on her middle. (G.)

2. We danced on the handkerchief-big space between the speakeasy tables. (R.W.)

3. She wore a pink hat, the size of a button. (J.R.)

4. She was a sparrow of a woman. (Ph.L.)
5. And if either of us should lean toward the other, even a fraction of an inch, the balance would be upset. (O.W.)
6. He smiled back, breathing a memory of gin at me. (W.G.)
7. About a very small man in the Navy: This new sailor stood five feet nothing in sea boots. (Th.P.)
8. The rain had thickened, fish could have swum through the air. (T.C.)
9. They were under a great shadowy train shed with passenger cars all about and the train moving at a snail pace. (Dr.)
10. She would recollect and for a fraction of a fraction of a second she would think “Oh, yes, I remember,” and build up an explanation on the recollection... (J.O'H.)
11. Her eyes were open, but only just. “Don’t move the tiniest part of an inch.” (S.)

**Exercise 7. Analyse the following cases of oxymoron. Indicate which of its members conveys the individually viewed feature of the object and which one rejects its generally accepted characteristic. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. He caught a ride home in the crowded loneliness of the barracks. (J.)
2. Sprinting towards the elevator he felt amazed at his own cowardly courage. (G.M.)
3. They were a bloody miserable lot – the miserablest lot of men I ever saw. But they were good to me. Bloody good. (J.St.)
4. He behaved pretty lousily to Jan. (D.C.)
5. There were some bookcases of superbly unreadable books. (E.W.)
6. Absorbed as we were in the pleasures of travel – and I in my modest pride at being the only examinee to cause a commotion – we were over the old bridge. (W.G.)
7. “Heaven must be the hell of a place. Nothing but repentant sinners there, isn’t it?” (Sh.D.)
8. A neon sign reads “Welcome to Reno – the biggest little town in the world.” (A.M.)
- 9.

10. Haven't we here the young middle-aged woman who cannot quite compete with the paid models in the fashion magazines but who yet catches our eye? (Jn.H.)
11. He was sure the whites could not detect his adoring hatred of them. (Wr.)
12. A very likeable young man with a pleasantly ugly face. (A.C.)
13. Sara was a menace and a tonic, my best enemy; Rossie was a disease, my worst friend. (J.Car.)

**Exercise 8.** *Comment on the structure, the semantics and the functions of litotes. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. "To be a good actress, she must always work for the truth in what she is playing," the man said in a voice not empty of selflove. (N.M.)
2. "Yeah, what the hell," Anne said and looking at me, gave that not unsour smile. (R.W.)
3. It was not unnatural if Gilbert felt a certain embarrassment. (E.W.)
4. The idea was not totally erroneous. The thought did not displease me. (I.M.)
5. I was quiet, but not uncommunicative; reserved, but not reclusive; energetic at times, but seldom enthusiastic. (Jn.B.)
6. He had all the confidence in the world, and not without reason. (J.O'H.)
7. Kirsten said not without dignity: "Too much talking is unwise." (Ch.)
8. No. I've had a profession and then a firm to cherish," said Ravenstreet, not without bitterness. (P.)
9. I wouldn't say 'no' to going to the movies. (E.W.)
10. Still two weeks of success is definitely not nothing and phone calls were coming in from agents for a week. (Ph.R.)

**Exercise 9.** *Analyse the following cases of periphrasis from the viewpoint of their semantic type, structure, originality and function. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. "But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street!" (D.)
2. The villages were full of women who did nothing but fight against dirt and hunger and repair the effects of friction on clothes. (A.B.)

3. I took my obedient feet away from him. (W.G.)

4. I am thinking an unmentionable thing about your mother. (I.Sh.)

5. Jean nodded without turning and slid between two vermilion-coloured buses so that two drivers simultaneously used qualitative word. (G.)

6. During the previous winter I had become rather seriously ill with one of those carefully named difficulties which are the whispers of the approaching age. (J.St.)

7. When I saw him again, there were silver dollars weighing down his eyes. (T.C.)

8. Bill went with him and they returned with a tray of glasses, siphons and other necessaries of life. (Ch.)

9. Jane set her bathing-suited self to washing the dishes. (Jn.B.)

**Exercise 10. Compare the English excerpts and the variants of their translation into Ukrainian. Find the instances of play upon words, irony, antonomasia, hyperbole and understatement, oxymoron, litotes and periphrasis in the original and check whether the translators keep them in their versions. Suggest your variant of translation.**

1. He had been called the Ironmaster long before he deserved the name, and the name had clung to him when the power had gone. (Ch.D.)

Його називали Залізним магнатом задовго до того, як він на це заслуговував, і це ім'я трималося за нього навіть тоді, коли влада зникла. (О Терех)

2. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand?

No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine. (W.Sh.)

Чи змиє весь океан Нептуна

Цю кров з моєї руки?

Ні, радше ця рука

Усі моря пофарбує в кривавий колір. (Б. Тен)

3. The animals were not badly off, though they did not know this. (G.O.)

Тварини жили не так уже й погано, хоч самі цього не усвідомлювали. (І.Шевченко)

4. O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms! (W.Sh.)

О важка легкосте! серйозна марното!

Потворний хаос вродливих подоб! (Ю. Андрухович)

5. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. (Ch.D.)

Землю створено для того, щоб фірма «Домбі і син» на ній торгувала, а сонце й місяць – щоб давати їй світло. (Є.Крижевич)

6. He wandered through the streets like a modern Odysseus, burdened not with adventures but with memories. (J.J.)

Він блукав вулицями, мов сучасний Одисей, обтяжений не пригодами, а спогадами. (В.Шовкун)

7. It was a peaceful violence that ruled the town, quiet yet oppressive. (W.F.)

Містом правила спокійна жорстокість – тиха, але гнітюча. (В. Морозов)

8. She was not without a certain degree of insight into her own character. (J.Au.)

Вона мала певне розуміння власного характеру. (В. Горбатько)

9. She was not altogether unhappy. She had her moments of contentment... (V.W.)

Вона була не зовсім нещасною. Бували хвилини, коли вона відчувала задоволення ... (О.Мокровольський)

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

11. "It is a long tail, certainly," said Alice. (L.C.)

“У мене довга й сумна історія,” зітхнув Миш.

“Так, хвіст у тебе й справді довгий,” відповіла Аліса. (Г.Кочур)

## SEMINAR 5

### THEME: Syntactical Stylistic Devices

#### Part One

#### Points for Discussion

1. Ellipsis, its nature and functions. Nominative sentences.
2. Break and its essence.
3. Detachment. Parcellation (Attachment).
4. Repetition and its varieties.
5. Polysyndeton, Asyndeton.
6. Parallel constructions

#### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *State the functions of ellipsis in the following sentences indicate the most frequently omitted members of the sentence. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. And if his feelings about the war got known, he'd be nicely in the soup. Arrested, perhaps – got rid of, somehow. (A.)

2. He is understood to be in want of witnesses, for the Inquest tomorrow... He is immediately referred to innumerable people who can tell nothing whatever. Is made more imbecile by being constantly informed that Mrs. Green's son "was a law-writer hisself..." (D.)

3. What happiness was ours that day, what joy, what rest; what hope, what gratitude, what bliss! (D.)

4. "I have noticed something about it in the papers. Heard you mention it once or twice, now I come to think of it." (B.Sh.)

5. "Very windy, isn't it?" said Strachan, when the silence had lasted for some time.

"Very," said Wimsey.

"But it's not raining," pursued Strachan. "Not yet," said Wimsey.

"Oh, well," said Strachan. "How long have you been on that?" "About an hour," he replied. (D.S.)

6. “Where mama?”

“She home,” his father breathed. (Wr.)

7. “What you think, Fish?” Zeke asked with an aloof smile. “Zeke, you a dog and I kind of believe you,” Fishbelly said. (Wr.)

8. “She one of your family or something?”

“Who, the one downstairs? No, she’s called Mrs. Davies.” (K.A.)

9. “Our father is dead.”

“I know.”

“How the hell do you know?”

“Station agent told me. How long ago did he die?”

“Bout a month.”

“What of?”

“Pneumonia.”

“Buried here?”

“No. In Washington...” (St.)

10. “Oh, you can give it up! I’ve found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it.” (J.E.J.)

**Exercise 2. Discuss the nature of the following elliptical and one-member sentences. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. Pain and discomfort – that was all the future held. And meantime ugliness, sickness, fatigue. (A.H.)

2. A poor boy... No father, no mother, no anyone. (D.)

3. I’m afraid you think I’m conservative. I am. So much to conserve. All this treasure of American ideals. Sturdiness and democracy and opportunity. Maybe not at Palm Beach. But, thank Heaven, we’re free from such social distinctions at Gopher Prairie. (S.L.)

4. Not that I give a hoot about jewelry. Diamonds, yes. But it’s tacky to wear diamonds before you’re forty; and even that’s risky. They really look right on the really old girls. Margaret Johnson, wrinkles and bones, white hair and diamonds. (T.C.)

5. We have never been readers in our family. It don’t pay. Staff. Idleness. Folly. No, no! (D.)

6. A dark gentleman... A very bad manner. In the last degree constrained, reserved, diffident, troubled. (D.)

7. And we got on the bridge. White cloudy sky, with mother-of-pearl veins. Pearl rays shooting through, green and blue-white. River roughed by a breeze. White as a new file in the distance. Fishwhite streak on the smooth pin-silver upstream. Shooting new pins. (J.C.)

8. “Good-night, Mr. Povey. I hope you’ll be able to sleep?” Constance’s voice: “It will probably come on again.” Mr. Povey’s voice pessimistic! Then the shutting of doors. It was almost dark. (A.B.)

9. She merely looked at him weakly. The wonder of him! The beauty of love! Her desire towards him! (Dr.)

10. A black February day. Clouds hewn of ponderous timber weighing doom on the earth; an irresolute dropping of snow specks upon the trampled wastes. Gloom but no weighing of angularity. The second day of Kennicott’s absence. (S.L.)

11. “This a comedy?” Rosa took off her gloves and surveyed the dim amphitheatre in the hope of recognizing some of her acquaintances. (C.N.)

**Exercise 3. Find the instances of break in the following examples, comment on their possible implications. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. Suddenly Miss Morgan felt fear rising in her. With difficulty she mastered her trembling voice:

“What – what is it you want?”

Tularecito smiled more broadly and whipped harder with his hat. (I.St.)

2. The boy struggled to speak, and then relapsed into his protective smile.

“Well, if you don’t want to do anything, I’ll go on.” She was really prepared for flight.

Tularecito struggled again. “About those people –”

“What people?” she demanded shrilly.

“About what people?” “About those people in the book.” (J.St.)

3. Something like despair ravaged the heart of his watching Fleur if she left him for Winfrid! But surely now her father, her house, her dog, her friends, her – her recollection of – she would not – could not give them up! (G.)

4. The examiner moved to the right and began to talk to a man whose baggage covered a space of about seven feet.

Mrs Bradley said: "Oh dear –" mildly. I started to say: "Listen could you do the lady's too, so that –" but the examiner took no notice of me. (N.Bal.)

5. "Most interesting. I bow to you." Miron's nerves tightened at this handsome woman's faculty for irrelevancy. "But you said you concealed in each of these incomparable dishes a bit of..." (C.Don.)

6. "No," he said firmly after a while, "no, it wasn't in anything like that at all. It was hidden in something with a peculiar shape though I recollect that part about it. It was sort of oblong. Like a – like a –" (E.C.)

**Exercise 4. Identify the type of repetition in the following sentences. State its function. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. Then there was something between them. There was. There was. (Dr.)

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

3. And everywhere there were people. People going into gates and people coming out of gates. People staggering and falling. People fighting and cursing. (P.A.)

4. When he blinks, a parrot-like look appears, the look of some heavily blinking tropical bird. (A.M.)

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

6. "They were careless people, Tom and Daisy. They smashed up things and then retreated. They were careless." (Sc.F.)

7. "The United States, as the world knows, will never start a war. We do not want a war. We do not now expect a war." (J.F.K.)

8. I wonder now, supposing Harris got to be a Prime Minister and died, if they would put signs over the public-houses that he had patronised: "Harris had a glass of bitter

in this house,” “Harris had two of Scotch cold here in the summer of ’88;” “Harris was chucked from here in December, 1856.” (J.K.J.)

9. “There is nothing wrong with America that cannot be cured by what is right with America.” (B.C.)

**Exercise 5. State the functions of the following examples of polysyndeton. Pay attention to the repeated conjunction and the number of repetitions. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. And the coach, and the coachman, and the horses, rattled, jangled whipped, and cursed wore, and tumbled on together, till they came to Golden Square. (D.)

2. And they wore their best and more colourful clothes. Red shirts and green shirts and yellow shirts and pink shirts. (P.A.)

3. Mr. Richard or his beautiful cousin or both, could sign something, or make over something, or give some sort of undertaking, or pledge, or bond? (D.D.)

4. First the front, then the back, then the sides, then the superscription, then the seal, were objects of Newman’s admiration. (D.)

5. Women are not made for attack. Wait they must. (J.C.)

6. By the time he had got all the bottles and dishes and knives and forks and glasses and plates and spoons and things piled up on big trays, he was getting very hot, and red in the face, and annoyed. (A.T.)

7. There seemed a good deal of luggage, when we put it all together. There was the Gladstone and the small handbag, and the two hampers, and a large roll of rugs, and a Japanese umbrella, and a frying-pan, which, being too long, we had wrapped round with brown paper. (J.K.J.)

**Exercise 6. Analyse the following sentences and classify parallel constructions into complete and partial parallelism. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. The sky was dark and gloomy, the air damp and raw, the streets wet and sloppy. (D.)

2. The one was all the other failed to be. Protective, not demanding; dependable, not weak; low-voiced, never strident. (D. du M.)

3. The expression of his face, the movement of his shoulders, the turn of his spine, the gesture of his hands, probably even the twiddle of his toes, all indicated a half-humorous apology. (S.M.)

4. They all stood, high and dry, safe and sound, hale and hearty, upon the steps of the Blue Lion. (D.)

5. The Reverend Frank Milvey's abode was a very modest abode, because his income was a very modest income. (D.)

6. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. (S.M.)

7. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. (S.M.)

8. What is it? Who is it? When was it? Where was it? (D.)

9. Secretly, after nightfall, he visited the home of the Prime Minister. Ice examined it from top to bottom. He measured all the doors and windows. He examined the furniture. He found nothing. (L.)

10. Talent Mr. Micawber has. Capital Mr. Micawber has not. (D.)

**Exercise 7. Classify the following isolated members of the sentence according to their syntactic function. Pay special attention to the punctuation. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. And he stirred it with his pen – in vain. (K.M.)

2. I have to beg for money. Daily! (S.L.)

3. The people are awful this year. You should see what sits next to us in the dining room. At the next table. They look as if they drove down in a truck. (S.)

4. A hawk, serene, flows in the narrowing circles about. (A.M.)

5. Despiere had been nearly killed, ingloriously, in a jeep accident. (I.Sh.)

6. He is alert to his fingertips. Little muffs, silver garters, fringed gloves draw his attention; he observes with a keen quick glance, not unkindly, and full rather of amusement than of censure. (V.W.)

7. “How do you like the Army?” Mrs. Silsbum asked. Abruptly, conversationally. (S.)

8. And life would move slowly and excitingly. With much laughter and much shouting and talking and much drinking and much fighting. (P.A.)

9. She narrowed her eyes a trifle at me and said I looked exactly like Ceila Briganza’s boy. Around the mouth. (S.)

10. He left behind him the Blue Alsatian Express containing the fat millionaire who would be late – for what? For what could one be late? One was in Blue Alsatia. To which there were no tickets. (E.F.)

**Exercise 8. Compare the original excerpt from a short story by Alan Marshall and its Ukrainian translation. Copy out all syntactical devices in both variants, comment on the applied transformations. Suggest your own variant of their translation.**

After the islands came up from the deep sea, trees grew thickly upon them. On some islands, the water was trapped in hollows and became saltwater lagoons. In these lagoons were many fish.

At this time, two sisters, Nakari and Kurramara, lived there and went to Bribie Island to look for food. Nakari had a baby, and she carried it upon her shoulders.

Bribie Island was young, and the new trees had no tracks between them. The sisters got lost among the trees and could not find the way. They walked till they came to the centre of the island where the grass trees were. Near the grasslands was a saltwater lagoon.

Після того, як острови вийшли з моря, вони густо поросли деревами. На деяких островах морська вода потрапила в пастки западин і утворила солоні лагуни. Там водилось багато риби.

У той час жило собі дві сестри, на ім’я Накарі та Куррамара, які в пошуках їжі забрели на острів Брібі. Накарі мала дитину й носила її на плечах.

Острів Брібі був молодим, і між молодими деревами не було стежок, і сестри заблукали серед дерев. Вони йшли, ішли аж до середини острова, де росли трав’яні дерева. Там була солоні лагуна. (пер. Марко Новоселицький)

## SEMINAR 6

### THEME: Syntactical Stylistic Devices. Part Two

#### Lexico-Syntactical Stylistic Devices

##### Points for Discussion

1. Climax and anticlimax.
2. Antithesis, its distinction from logical contrast.
3. Inversion and its types.
4. Rhetoric question and its stylistic value.
5. Parenthetical sentences.
6. Simile and its distinction from metaphor.

##### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *Discuss the nature and distribution of the components of logical climax in the following examples. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. "I swear to God I never saw the beat of this winter. More snow, more cold, more sickness, more death." (M.W.)
2. "Say yes. If you don't, I'll break into tears. I'll sob. I'll moan. I'll growl. " (Th.S.)
3. There are drinkers. There are drunkards. There are alcoholics. But these are only steps down the ladder. Right down at the bottom is the meths drinker – and man can't sink any lower than that. (W.D.)
4. I was well inclined to him before I saw him. I liked him when I did see him; I admire him now. (Ch.Br.)
5. A storm's coming. A hurricane, A deluge. (Th.W.)
6. He was numbed. He wanted to sleep, to vomit, to die, to sink away. (A.B.)
7. Poor Ferse! Talk about trouble, Dinny – illness, poverty, vice, crime – none of them can touch mental derangement for the tragedy of all concerned. (G.)
8. It was a mistake... a blunder... a lunacy... (W.D.)
9. What I have always said, and what I always shall say, is, that this ante-post betting is a mistake, an error, and a mug's game. (P.G.W.)

10. And you went down the old steep way... the well-known toboggan run... insane pride... lies... treachery... murder. (P.)

11. Sympathy from you! I never want to set eyes on you again, Stanton. You are a thief, a cheat, a liar, and a dirty cheap seducer. (J.B.)

12. It is done – past – finished! (D.)

**Exercise 2. Analyse the following cases of emotive climax paying attention to their structure and the number of components. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. Of course it's important. Incredibly, urgently, desperately important. (D.S.)

2. "I have been so unhappy here, dear brother," sobbed poor Kate; "so very, very miserable." (D.)

3. The mother was a rather remarkable woman, quite remarkable in her way. (W.D.)

4. That's a nice girl; that's a very nice girl, a promising girl! (D.)

5. She felt better, immensely better, standing beside this big old man. (W.D.)

6. He who only five months before had sought her so eagerly with his eyes and intriguing smile. The liar! The brute! The monster! (Dr.)

7. I am a bad man, a wicked man, but she is worse. She is really bad. She is bad, she is badness. She is Evil. She not only is evil, but she is Evil. (J.O'H.)

8. "An unprincipled adventurer – a dishonourable character, a man who preys upon society, and makes easily-deceived people his dupes, sir, his absurd, his foolish, his wretched dupes, sir," said the excited Mr.P. (D.)

9. "I abhor the subject. It is an odious subject, an offensive subject, a subject that makes me sick." (D.)

10. "I'll smash you. I'll crumble you; I'll powder you. Go to the devil!" (D.)

**Exercise 3. Comment on the modes of organization of anticlimax. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

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

2. This was appalling – and soon forgotten. (G.)
3. Women have a wonderful instinct about things. They can discover everything – except the obvious. (O.W.)
4. They were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, inflicting no pinches, and making no grimaces, for full two minutes afterwards. (D.)
5. In marriage the upkeep of woman is often the downfall of man. (Ev.)
6. He was unconsolable – for an afternoon. (G.)
7. After so many kisses and promises – the lie given to her dreams, her words, the lie given to kisses, hours, days, weeks, months of unspeakable bliss. (Dr.)
8. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. (S.M.)

**Exercise 4.** *Discuss the semantic centres and structural peculiarities of antithesis. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

1. It is safer to be married to the man you can be happy with than to the man you cannot be happy without. (E.)
2. There was something eery about the apartment house, an unearthly quiet that was a combination of overcarpeting and underoccupancy. (E.St.)
3. His coat-sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes. (D.)
4. Rup wished he could be swift, accurate, compassionate instead of clumsy and vague and sentimental. (I.M.)
5. Such a scene as there was when Kit came in! Such a confusion of tongues, before the circumstances were related, and the proofs disclosed! Such a dead silence when all was told! (D.)
6. Married men have wives, and don't seem to want them; and young single fellows cry out that they can't get them. Poor people who can hardly keep themselves have eight hearty children. Rich old couples, with no one to leave their money to, die childless. (J.K.J.)
7. Mrs Nork had a large home and a small husband. (S.L.)
8. Don't use big words. They mean so little. (O.W.)

9. I like big parties. They are so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy. (Sc.F.)

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

**Exercise 5. Analyse the following cases of complete and partial inversion, state the difference between inversion in interrogative and negative sentences. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. The film ended a few minutes after they had come in. Down swung the looped curtain, pot-plants and palms leapt up under the stage apron, and three bowls flushed suddenly to ruby color. (C.N.)

2. And Dr. Bester, my immediate supervisor, Chairman of the English Department, I can't figure out at all. (B.K.)

3. "Ah, the bally idiot!" you hear him mutter to himself; and then comes a savage haul, and away goes your side. (J.K.J.)

4. Gay and merry was the time; and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming. (D.)

5. How have I implored and begged that man to inquire into Captain's family connections; how have I urged and entreated him to take some decisive step. (D.)

6. "Benny Gollan, a respected guy, Benny Gollan wants to marry her?" "An agent could ask for more?" (T.C.)

7. And she saw that Gopher Prairie was merely an enlargement of all the hamlets that they had been passing. Only to the eyes of a Kennicot was it exceptional. (S.L.)

8. Out came the chase – in went the horses – on sprang the boys – in got the travellers. (D.)

**Exercise 6. Discuss the nature and functions of the following rhetorical questions, comment on the additional information they convey. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. But who wants to be foretold the weather? It is bad enough when it comes, without our having the misery of knowing about it beforehand. (J.K.J.)

2. Gentleness in passion! What could have been more seductive to the scared, starved heart of that girl? (J.C.)
3. What courage can withstand the everduring and all besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? (W.I.)
4. But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him? (D.)
5. How should a highborn lady be known from a sunburns milkmaid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel-poles shattered for the other? (W.Sc.)
- 6 ...but who would scold the month of June,  
Because December, with his breath so hoary,  
Must come? (B.)
7. Who will be open where there is no sympathy, or has call to speak to those who never can understand? (Th.)
8. Is it wise, I asked, to aim higher than one's capacity? Does it not doom one to failure? (B.K.)
9. Wouldn't we all do better not trying to understand, accepting the fact that no that no human being will ever understand another, not a wife a husband, a lover a mistress, nor a parent a child? (Cir.Gr.)

**Exercise 7. Indicate the similes in the following sentences. Pay attention to the semantics of the tenor and the vehicle. indicate the foundation of the simile. Find examples of disguised similes. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.**

1. The menu was rather less than a panorama, indeed, it was as repetitious as a snore. (O.N.)
2. The topic of the Younger Generation spread through the company like a yawn. (E.W.)
3. She has always been as live as a bird. (R.Ch.)
4. She was obstinate as a mule, always had been, from a child. (G.)
5. Children! Breakfast is just as good as any other meal and I won't have you gobbling like wolves. (Th W.)

6. Six o'clock still found him in indecision. He had had no appetite for lunch and the muscles of his stomach fluttered as though a flock of sparrows was beating their wings against his insides. (Wr.)

7. He felt that his presence might, like a single drop of some stain, tincture the crystal liquid that was absolutely herself. (R.W.)

8. He has a round kewpie's face. He looks like an enlarged, elderly, bald edition of the village fat boy, a sly fat boy, congenitally indolent, a practical joker, a born grafter and con merchant. (O.N.)

9. It was an unforgettable face, a tragic face. Its sorrow welled out of it as purely, naturally and unstoppably as water out of a woodland spring. (J.F.)

10. Indian summer is like a woman. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, she comes and goes as she pleases so that one is never sure whether she will come at all nor for how long she will stay. (Gr.M.)

11. On the wall hung an amateur oil painting of what blind man's conception of fourteen whistling swan landing simultaneously in the Atlantic during a half-gale. (Jn.B.)

12. The weather is a thing that is beyond me altogether. The barometer is useless: it is as misleading as the newspaper forecast. (J.K.J.)

**Exercise 8. Suggest the corresponding Ukrainian equivalents for the following English trite similes.**

as wet as a fish – as dry as a bone;

as live as a bird – as dead as a stone;

as plump as a partridge – as crafty as a rat;

as strong as a horse – as weak as a cat;

as hard as a flint – as soft as a mole;

as white as a lily – as black as coal;

as plain as a pike – as rough as a bear;

as tight as a drum – as free as air;

as blind as a bat – as deaf as a post;

as cool as a cucumber – as warm as toast;

as savage as a tiger – as mild as a dove;

as stiff as a poker – as limp as a glove. (O.N.)

**Exercise 9.** *Study the following similes and their Ukrainian equivalents. Analyze the objects of comparison in both variants and the linguistic units used for translation. Suggest your own variants and explain your choice.*

as cold as a fish – нечутливий до людей  
as hard as nails – черствий  
as bright as the morning sun – У хаті як у віночку  
as easy as falling off a log – дуже легко, просто  
as fresh as a bean – свіжий, як сирोїжка  
as drunk as a Lord – п'яний, як чіп  
as quick as a monkey – швидкий, як блискавка  
as dry as a bone – сухий, як тріска

**Exercise 10.** *Suggest your variant of translating these Ukrainian similes, justify your choice and explain what makes your translation adequate.*

прибрався, як чорт на утренью;  
веселий, як горобець  
пасує, як корові сідло;  
засмикати, як циган сонце;  
сидіти, як на ножах;  
бреше, як собака на вітер;  
багатий, як циган на блохи;  
дивитися, як баран на нові ворота;  
боятися, як чорт ладану;  
спокійний, як удав;  
жити, як пес з котом;  
надутися, як півтора нещастя;  
писати, як курка лапою.

**Exercise 11.** *Read the news text, copy out stylistic devices, indicate their type and function. Provide an adequate translation of each example and explain the transformations you have used.*

## **CHINA RESTAURANT APOLOGISES FOR WEIGHING CUSTOMERS**

**A restaurant in central China has apologised for encouraging diners to weigh themselves and then order food accordingly.**

The policy was introduced after a national campaign against food waste was launched.

The celebrated beef restaurant in the city of Changsha placed two large – some say scary – scales at its entrance this week.

It then asked diners to enter their measurements into an app that would then suggest menu items accordingly.

Signs reading “be thrifty and diligent, promote empty plates” and “operation empty plate” were pinned up.

The policy caused huge uproar on Chinese social media.

Hashtags about the notorious restaurant have been viewed more than 300 million times on the social platform Weibo.

The restaurant said it was “deeply sorry” for its interpretation of the national “Clean Plate Campaign”.

“Our original intentions were to advocate stopping waste and ordering food in a healthy way. We never forced our devoted customers to weigh themselves,” it said in a quick apology posted online.

Xi Jinping, the president of the PRC, ignited the campaign this week, calling the levels of national food wastage “shocking and distressing”.

Following Mr Xi’s message, the Wuhan Catering Industry Association urged restaurants in the city to limit the number of dishes served to diners – implementing a system where groups have to order one dish fewer than the number of diners.

State TV also criticised livestreamers who filmed themselves eating enormous amounts of food, claiming a feckless folly it was.

**PART 2**  
**TEXT AND ITS INTERPRETATION**

**SEMINAR 7**

**THEME: Text and its categories**

**Points for Discussion**

1. What is a text?
2. Basic categories of the text:
  - informativity,
  - integrity,
  - personality/ impersonality,
  - aim at the addressee,
  - discreetness.
3. Composition of the text (a narrative text; a news text; an oratory speech).

**Practice Assignments**

**Exercise 1.**

**a) *Read a short story. Find examples of each text category realization.***

**LEG**

(Paul Milenski)

Looking out his living room window, Frank saw a brown object fluttering on the stockade fence that separated his yard from the neighbour's. The fluttering was near the top of the fence where the flat laths took the shape of rounded arrowheads. Frank assumed the object was a leaf blown down by the Autumn breeze; it rested when the wind died, fluttered when it blew again.

But then lately Frank had been seeing things. He had quit smoking, was straining terribly to control his habit. His daughter had encouraged him to do so. "Daddy, it's so bad for you. It gives you heart attack and cancer. Please don't smoke." So with his

daughter living apart from him at her mother's, Frank quit as appeasement to his little child. But there was this side effect to his abstinence: what he gained in peripheral vision from the smoke cloud lifted him from his retinae, he lost in clarity (no, it was not clarity) – he lost in definition among the many more objects he now as non-smoker could see.

To keep his hands busy, he went into the kitchen, did the crossword in the daily paper, made himself a snack, washed the dishes. Then he went into the bedroom, put his clothes away, made the bed, was passing through the living room to get the vacuum cleaner when he looked out the window again. There was the fluttering, more compelling, even urgent. He pressed his face to the window, realized a new condition: the wind had died down; there was not a stir of leaves or branches. He ought to ignore it, he told himself, it was such a little thing. But after he readjusted his daughter's photograph on the table, he opened the door, stepped outside. But even closer to the object, his vision unobstructed, he could still not make out what it was. he was going to turn, go back inside, but there was something imperative about the fluttering, something that made him move forward.

He walked towards the fence, his eyes fixed on the object, but here a ray of sunshine gleamed, caught him with its brightness. He closed his eyes, saw a vision from his past. He was in the kitchen of his old house, with his ex-wife (then wife), his daughter, a tad younger, as faithfully filial as now-daddy's girl. But she was under the kitchen table, her legs pulled to her chest, sobbing uncontrollably. He was holding packed bags, his ex-wife pointing demonstrably to the door. "Get out, Frank!" But then his daughter reached out from under the table, grasped her daddy's leg. "No, daddy. Please don't go. Please, daddy." He felt little daughter's soft hands against his leg.

He was half way across the lawn when he noticed the object was not a leaf. It was fuller, rounder, didn't have the shape or thinness of a leaf. It was a little bird, and at the fence he saw it was a sparrow, its breast mottled brown, its throat white, bright yellow slashes above its eyes. Its spindly thinnish leg was caught between laths, pinched and held there, so the sparrow could only spin around, flutter, as on a short tether. Its leg was twisted, turned round and round from its fluttering, like a thin copper wire when turned and bent repeatedly. The leg was bleeding, thin watery drops of blood.

Frank reached the bird, wanted to hold it, to break the laths away. But the bird fluttered, spun away from him; then to escape from being touched by a human hand, it gave itself a violent suicidal jerk, ore itself off the fence leaving its sticklike leg behind. Oh God! Frank felt for his own leg, actually fell to the ground, pulled its thinness to his chest.

**b) *Look through the text again and copy out stylistic devices that underscore its main idea.***

**Exercise 2. *Read the extracts below. Is either of them a text? Why/not? Justify your viewpoint.***

I.) He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with porringers and tommycans to be filled. Devour contents in the street. John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity women and children cabmen priests parsons fieldmarshals archbishops. From Ailesbury road, Clyde road, artisans' dwellings, north Dublin union, lord mayor in his gingerbread coach, old queen in a bathchair. My plate's empty. After you with our incorporated drinkingcup. Like sir Philip Crampton's fountain. Rub off the microbes with your handkerchief. Next chap rubs on a new batch with his. Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all. Have rows all the same. All for number one. Children fighting for the scrapings of the pot. Want a souppot as big as the Phoenix park. Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it. Hate people all round you. City Arms hotel table d'hôte she called it. Soup, joint and sweet. Never know whose thoughts you're chewing. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

II.) Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrne's. Moral pub. He doesn't chat. Stands a drink now and then. But in leapyear once in four. Cashed a cheque for me once.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now. Shandygaff?

– Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

– Hello, Flynn.

– How's things?

– Tiptop... Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and... let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there. Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat. Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White missionary too salty. Like pickled pork. Expect the chief consumes the parts of honour. Ought to be tough from exercise. His wives in a row to watch the effect. There was a right royal old nigger. Who ate or something the somethings of the reverend Mr MacTrigger. With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked and minced up. Puzzle find the meat. Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat drink and be merry. Then casual wards full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mity cheese.

– Have you a cheese sandwich?

– Yes, sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Italian I prefer. Good glass of burgundy take away that. Lubricate. A nice salad, cool as a cucumber, Tom Kernan can dress. Puts gusto into it. Pure olive oil. Milly served me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley. Take one Spanish onion. God made food, the devil the cooks. Devilled crab.

– Wife well?

– Quite well, thanks... A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?

– Yes, sir.

(Joyce)

## SEMINAR 8

### THEME: Functional Styles of the English Language

#### Points for Discussion

1. What is a functional style?
2. What are the classifications of functional styles?
3. Define the peculiarities of these styles:
  - Belles-lettres style
  - Publicistic style
  - Newspaper style
  - Scientific prose style
  - Official documents style

#### Practice Assignments

**Exercise 1.** *Determine the style these examples refer to, indicate their peculiarities in each case:*

1. Six-Quart Basket

The six-quart basket

one side gone

half the handle torn off

sits in the centre of the lawn

and slowly fills up

with the white fruits of the snow

(Raymond Souster)

2. A MAN'S VOICE [in the darkness, subduedly, but threateningly] Sh–sh! Don't call out; or you'll be shot. Be good; and no harm will happen to you. [She is heard leaving her bed, and making for the door]. Take care: it's no use trying to run away. Remember: if you raise your voice my revolver will go off. [Commandingly]. Strike a light and let me see you. Do you hear. [Another moment of silence and darkness as she retreats to the

dressing-table. Then she lights a candle; and the mystery is at an end. He is a man of about 35, in a deplorable plight, bespattered with mud and blood and snow, his belt and the strap of his revolver-case keeping together the torn ruins of the blue tunic of a Servian artillery officer. He reckons up what he can guess about Raina – her age, her social position, her character, the extent to which she is frightened, – at a glance, and continues, more politely but still most determinedly] Excuse my disturbing you; but you recognize my uniform – Servian! If I'm caught I shall be killed. [Menacingly] Do you understand that?

RAINA. Yes.

MAN. Well, I don't intend to get killed if I can help it. [Still more formidably] Do you understand that? [He locks the door with a snap].

RAINA [disdainfully] I suppose not. [She draws herself up superbly, and looks him straight in the face, saying, with cutting emphasis] Some soldiers, I know, are afraid of death.

3. Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate – we can not consecrate – we can not hallow – this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honored dead we take increased devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

4. Harry suppressed a snort with difficulty. The Dursleys really were astonishingly stupid about their son, Dudley. They had swallowed all his dim-witted lies about having tea with a different member of his gang every night of the summer holidays. Harry knew perfectly well that Dudley had not been to tea anywhere; he and his gang spent every evening vandalising the play park, smoking on street corners and throwing stones at passing cars and children. Harry had seen them at it during his evening walks around Little Whinging; he had spent most of the holidays wandering the streets, scavenging newspapers from bins along the way.

The opening notes of the music that heralded the seven o'clock news reached Harry's ears and his stomach turned over. Perhaps tonight – after a month of waiting – would be the night.

'Record numbers of stranded holiday makers fill airports as the Spanish baggage-handlers' strike reaches its second week –

'Give 'em a lifelong siesta, I would,' snarled Uncle Vernon over the end of the newsreader's sentence, but no matter: outside in the flowerbed, Harry's stomach seemed to unclench. If anything had happened, it would surely have been the first item on the news; death and destruction were more important than stranded holidaymakers.

He let out a long, slow breath and stared up at the brilliant blue sky. Every day this summer had been the same: the tension, the expectation, the temporary relief, and then mounting tension again: and always, growing more insistent all the time, the question of why nothing had happened yet.

5. Dear Sirs,

I have recently read *The Subversive Stitch* written by Rozsika Parker and found it very impressive. I would also be interested in reading Parker's book *Old Mistresses*. However, I could not find the book anywhere in Finland. I am presently studying Textile Design at the University of Art and Design in Helsinki. This book would be very useful for my study project in textile history. Would it be possible to receive a copy of the book (ISBN 0-7043-3883-1)? If not, could you please tell me how I could go about getting a copy for my project?

Thank you for your help and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours faithfully,

Max Tannen

6. For sociolinguists the whole notion of linguistic prescriptivism is anathema. For them, colloquial, vernacular usage, far from being something to be eliminated, is the main focus of interest. Variation in language, instead of being an accidental, dysfunctional element which impedes efficient communication, and which should be suppressed, is crucial to the effective functioning of a language. Such features of language variation are taken as axiomatic:

(1) Variability is inherent in language and central to its social role. Without it we would be incapable of communicating all manner of nuances in our everyday use of language, in particular, vital information about our personal identity (along the social axis of variation) and about our relationship with the addressee (along the stylistic axis).

(2) There are no natural breaks between language varieties, no pure homogeneous styles and dialects, no neat word boxes, only gradations along social and stylistic continua. These fluid categories are susceptible to quantificational analysis.

**Exercise 2. Copy out and analyse the stylistic devices in texts 3 and 4 (exercise 1).**

**Exercise 3. Compare two news text headlines, represented on the English and Ukrainian versions of the online site *www.bbc.com*. Comment on the transformations applied by the Ukrainian translators. Generalise the typical features of translating news text headlines.**

1. Gaza farmer finds Byzantine mosaic while planting tree – Хотів посадити дерево – а знайшов візантійську мозаїку (BBC, 19.09.2022).

2. Live worm found in Australian woman's brain in world first – У мозку жінки знайшли гігантського живого хробака (BBC, 29.08.2023).

3. Emma Raducanu wins US Open by beating Leylah Fernandez for maiden Grand Slam (BBC, 11.09.2021) – US Open виграла британська сенсація Емма Радукану (BBC, 12.09.2021).

4. Anti-5G necklaces found to be radioactive (BBC, 17.12.2021) – Браслети й намиста, що "захищають" від 5G, виявились радіоактивними (BBC, 18.12.2021).

5. Duchess of Cambridge releases photos of visit to army training – Герцогиня Кейт показала фото з армійських навчань (BBC, 25.06.2022).

6. Van Gogh's Sunflowers back on display after oil protesters threw soup on it – Легендарну картину Ван Гога залили супом. Усе заради клімату (BBC, 14.10.2022).
7. Gatwick Airport apologises to disabled passenger left on plane – У Британії жінку з інвалідністю забули на борту літака (BBC, 06.06.2022).
8. Lost village emerges from Italian lake – Втрачене село виринуло з дна італійського озера (BBC, 18.05.2021).
9. King Charles: New coins featuring monarch's portrait unveiled – У Британії показали перші монети з портретом короля Чарльза III (BBC, 30.09.2022).
10. The everyday foods that could become luxuries (23 вер. 2021) – Кава, спеції й м'ясо можуть стати предметом розкоші (BBC, 02.10.2021).
11. Australia baffled as unidentified mystery object washes up on beach – На австралійському пляжі знайшли таємничий купол. Ніхто не знає, що це таке (BBC, 17.07.2023).
12. Why Henry Ford imported a Cotswold cottage to Michigan – Як Генрі Форд перевіз з Англії цілий будинок, розібравши його на цеглу (BBC, 03.09.2023).
13. Metal monolith found by helicopter crew in Utah desert – У пустелі Юти знайшли таємничу металеву стелу (BBC, 24.11.2020).
14. Ruby Franke: Parenting advice YouTuber pleads guilty to child abuse (BBC, 18.12.2023) – Авторка YouTube-каналу з порадами батькам визнала, що знущалася з власних дітей (BBC, 19.12.2023).
15. New Alan Turing £50 note design is revealed – Банк Англії показав нову полімерну купюру з Аланом Тюрінгом (BBC, 25.03.2021).

## **RECOMMENDATIONS ON THE STYLISTIC ANALYSIS OF A TEXT**

The stylistic analysis (interpretation) of a text is based on the theoretical knowledge of the available expressive resources of stylistics and is aimed at unfolding the author's message through bringing out the implicit information created by such means as the choice of vocabulary, the use of stylistic devices of different language levels, the peculiarities of the presentation of characters and events.

The stylistic interpretation consists of two stages: the analysis of a text and the synthesis of the main idea (message) of this text. The first stage, in its turn, is subdivided into four successive procedures. Firstly, the student is supposed to speak on some aspects of the writer's creative activities, mention his most important books and outline the peculiarities of the writer's outlook. The necessary information can be obtained from the course of English and American literature. Besides, some relevant facts can be found in the preface to the book or the commentary at the end of it. However, the student should not go into a detailed analysis of the writer's creative concepts in order not to make his answer too long, but concentrate more on the linguistic aspects of the text. After this the text should be divided (in accordance with its contents) into a few compositional parts, such as the introduction (exposition), the plot development, the climax, the denouement and the closing part. However, these parts are not always found in the text, which can be homogeneous in its structure. If this is the case, the student should mention it.

After this we should specify the type of narration used in the text, i.e. the way of presenting characters and events. In general, there exist five types of narration.

1. Author's narrative, when the events are narrated in the third person singular and the author does not take part in them. He just stands by, so to say, though he often supplies his commentary as to the plot development.

2. Entrusted narrative, when the author is a participant of the events and one of the main characters. His presence is indicated by the pronoun "I". Naturally, in this case the narration becomes more intimate and we get the impression that the writer is sharing his observations and meditations with the reader. This is observed in such works as "A Farewell to Arms" by E. Hemingway or "The Moon and Sixpence" by S. Maugham.

3. Interior speech. Here a personage's thoughts are presented without any inverted commas (as in the case of direct speech), being naturally included into the author's narration. E.g.: *Andrew wriggled with enjoyment, then started and laughed gleefully as the dialogue was cut short by a sudden loud explosion. Haha! There was the fat man with a black eye, no beard, half a collar, and no trousers Oh, this was good! Rosa must be liking this.* (C.N.)

4. Represented speech, which conveys a character's thoughts or words and is similar in form to interior speech, the exception being that it is accompanied by the author's words "he said" or "he thought". E.g. *He refused a taxi. Exercise, he thought, and no drinking, at least a month. That's what does it. The drinking. Beer, martinis, have another. And the way your head felt in the morning.* (I.Sh.)

5. Dialogue. It is observed when personages express their minds in the form of uttered speech. It is one of the most important forms of the personages' self-characterisation.

The next stage is characteristic of stylistically colored elements (expressive means and stylistic devices) of each compositional part, taking into account the following aspects.

1. Phonetic level. The student is expected to point out such expressive means as alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia and to show what stylistic effects they create, how they help to unfold the author's message, what additional information they give the reader about the personage's traits of character and the author's attitude to them.

2. Phono-graphical level. Attention should be paid here to graphons, changes in the spelling of words, macro- and microsegmentation of the text.

3. Lexical peculiarities. The student should characterise the vocabulary of the extract from the stylistic viewpoint, specify their stylistic colouring (neutral, literary, colloquial), their belonging to various stylistic groups, such as archaisms, neologisms, dialectal or slang words, professionalisms, etc. It should also be explained for what purpose the author uses such words. Besides, the student is to comment on the use of tropes and stylistic devices which help to unfold the message of the text (metaphors, metonymies, play on words, irony, hyperboles, oxymorons, understatements). Special attention should be paid to epithets, through which the author displays his attitude to characters and events.

4. Syntactic peculiarities. Here attention should be paid to the length and complexity of the sentences, the types of syntactic structures (characteristic of oral and written speech), the use of specific syntactic devices, i.e. repetitions, inversion, break, etc. Besides, mention should be made of the types of connection between the parts of a complex sentence – asyndetic or syndetic, pointing out the relevant stylistic effects.

5. Lexico-syntactic stylistic devices. One should comment on the implications of such devices as antithesis, climax and anticlimax. However, in the process of analysing the text the student should not break the tropes into the above-mentioned groups, but just comment on the stylistically marked elements as they occur in the text. E.g.: *In the first part of the text (the exposition) the author uses a number of stylistic devices to better describe the atmosphere of the cinema house.: a metaphor (... , page...), which shows the reader that..., a few parallel constructions (... , page...), which emphasise the fact that..., a number of epithets (... , page...), which show the author's attitude to the characters, etc.* After that the student should sum up his observations as to the author's stylistic inventory and highlight the main features which characterise the author's style. (*See Guide to the Stylistic Interpretation of a text p. 62*).

At the end of the analysis the student formulates the message of the text, i.e. what the author wanted to convey in this extract, his attitude to its characters, the way he expresses his likes and dislikes. The formulation of the message should be based on the above-mentioned linguistic peculiarities of the text.

While formulating the message, you should not retell the contents of the extract once more, but concentrate on revealing the moral and philosophical aspect of the text. E.G.: *Keeping in mind the linguistic peculiarities of the text, we can formulate the message of the story. The author wants to tell the reader that in our ordered and organised world one sometimes feels the need for a change. And when an opportunity crops up to get away from it, if only for a few days, you shouldn't hesitate to follow this call. Away from crowds and products of civilization you will find peace and become closer to Nature – after all, we have never stopped being part of it.*

While analysing the text, make up a plan of your answer on a sheet of paper, write out the sentences with stylistically colored elements and tropes, mention the corresponding page and the formulation of the message. When you pass from one part of

the text over to another, use the following linking phrases to make your answers logical and coherent:

*Speaking about the author we can say that ... The analysed extract of the text is from the book entitled ... It describes ... The composition of the extract is as follows ... As far as the type of narration is concerned, ... As for the expressive peculiarities of the vocabulary, we can point out ... In order to unfold the message, the author uses the following stylistic devices: . , On the whole the author's style is characterized by... From the above-mentioned stylistic peculiarities of the text we can say that the author's message is as follows...*

While answering, make use of the information contained in the Guide to the stylistic interpretation of a text. Besides, consult your plan, as it will reduce the time spent on the search for the stylistic devices which you found at the preparatory stage. Also keep in mind the necessity to correlate the implications of the stylistic devices with the concrete content of the text and the events described in it. Avoid using too general phrases, e.g. *“it creates an expressive effect”*, but concentrate on the additional information hidden behind a certain stylistic device, taking into account the contextual peculiarities of the text. (*See the sample of the analysis of the text “One Stair Up”, page 68*).

## GUIDE TO STYLISTIC INTERPRETATION OF A TEXT

1. *A few words about the author.*

2. *What is the extract about? What composition has it?*

The text from the book ... which I've just read is about ... The extract under analysis is about ...

The extract from the book ... by ... depicts ...

I've just read an extract from the book by ... entitled ...

It depicts ...

The analysed extract of the text is from the book by ... entitled ...

It describes ...

I have read and analysed an extract from the book ... written by ...

It presents

The analysed extract is taken from the book entitled ... which was written by ...

It tells the story ...

From the point of view of its composition it falls into some parts.

Its composition is as follows.

It has the following composition.

3. *From whose point of view is it told? What type of narration (presentation) is it? What is the narrative compositional form?*

<i>Types of narration</i>	<i>Narrative compositional forms</i>
author's narrative	description
entrusted narrative	argumentation
interior speech	meditation
represented speech	narrative proper
dialogue	

4. *What are the expressive peculiarities of its vocabulary and grammar? (Neutral, colloquial, bookish words, word-combinations, syntactic structures).*

5. *Speak on the stylistic devices which help to intensify the message. (Phonetical, lexical, syntactical, lexico-syntactical SDs).*

6. *What can you say about the author's style judging from this extract?*

7. *Speak on the message of the extract.*

(What the author wanted to express; the author's attitude to his characters, his sympathies, likes and dislikes)

## **PECULIARITIES OF THE WRITER'S STYLE**

Judging from the analysed extract we can draw some conclusions as regards the author's style of writing. It may be high-flown and elaborate, with long, syntactically complicated structures, which create the atmosphere of gravity, solemnity and sophistication. Parallel constructions with a string of homogeneous members make an effect of measured rhythm, smoothness and impartiality, the abundance of image-bearing epithets, sustained and phrase epithets contributes to the vividness of narration, serves to convey the author's personal attitude to the described events.

The use of short, simple sentences without an excessive use of stylistic devices usually produces an effect of objectiveness and impartiality. It occurs in narrative proper, when the author wants to relate a succession of events closely following each other. Description and argumentation involves the use of syndetically connected sentences, with clearly indicated syntactic dependencies between the clauses. Lack of conjunctions suggests quickness, briskness and adds a note of excitement.

In case of dialogue speech the syntax becomes more colloquial in character. The wide use of elliptical and one-member sentences enhances the effect of informality, suggesting live communication intercourse. Break often occurs in dialogues, with the implication of uncertainty, hurriedness, hesitation or deliberation. Graphic and phonographical stylistic devices also convey a shift of logical stress and draw the reader's attention to some key elements of the sentence structure, helping to shape the author's message.

### **OTHER TERMS TO CHARACTERISE THE WRITER'S STYLE**

- brevity, precision, coherence, clarity, transparency, lack of sophistication;
- floridness, over-abundance of epithets, stylistic devices used in convergence, emotiveness, emotional charge;
- lack of sophistication, the presence of implication, the skilful use of the artistic detail, sparing use of epithets, coordination instead of subordination, polysyndeton.

## A SAMPLE OF THE STYLISTIC INTERPRETATION OF THE TEXT "ONE STAIR UP"

*by C. Nairne*

*Nairne, Campbell (1898), a Scottish novelist, the author of two books "One Stair Up" (1932) and "Stony Ground" (1934). "One Stair Up" deals with the life of an Edinburgh working class family and is characterized by realism, a fine style and a sense of humour.*

They went up a short marble staircase, treading without sound on a rich carpet of some green material that yielded like springing turf, and moved across a salon hung everywhere with the coloured and signed portraits of film stars. Back in this dim region of luxury, quite still except for the soft whirring of fans, they could hear a tea-spoon chink, a cup grate on a saucer, a voice rise above another voice and sink again into voluptuous stillness. Out of a door marked "Circle" over the bull's-eye in each of its two folding partitions, a trim girl in a chocolate uniform with blue pipings silently emerged, glanced at the tickets, and admitted them, flashing her torch into a hot darkness lit here and there by red lamps and speared diagonally by a shaft of white light falling on the rounded oblong of the screen. "Gee baby, you're a swell kid." There was a murmur in the audience, and a man's face came surprisingly out of shadow as he struck a match in the lower part of the gallery. Still flashing her torch, the girl hopped in front of them down the steps of the circle, picked out a couple of vacant seats, and stood back to let them squeeze past her into the row. "Thank you," Andrew said huskily. Several faces glared at them as they sat down.

"This a comedy?" Rosa took off her gloves and surveyed the dim amphitheatre in the hope of recognizing some of her acquaintances. It pleased her to be seen in the dress circle, even with Andrew. But her eyes were still unaccustomed to the obscurity. She noted that the cinema, as usual, was nearly full, and looked for the first time at the screen. Two shadowy faces, enormous on the white background, moved together and kissed.

"It isn't the big picture," Andrew said. "That doesn't come on till eight-forty. You see all right?"

She nodded. He risked no further inquiries, knowing how often she had forbidden him to talk to her in a cinema. He promised himself that tonight he would resist that awful

temptation to explain the story in a whisper when he fancied he saw the end of it. Nor would he even say: “Liking it, Rosa?” – “Not bored, are you? ’Cos if you are we’ll go out.” – “It’s hot stuff, isn’t it?” No, he would say nothing and enjoy himself... Ah, this was better. Nice and warm in a cinema, and dark: you couldn’t see anybody else, and *they* couldn’t see you. Prefer cinemas to theatres any day.

The film ended a few minutes after they had come in. Down swung a looped curtain, pot-plants and palms leapt up under the stage apron, one row of lights and then another shed a pink radiance over the exits, in the domed roof a shower of small stars twinkled and glittered and three bowls flushed suddenly to ruby colour. A dozen or so of the audience got up and pushed out to the exits. Swiftly the light dimmed again. The curtain rattled back and the white oblong emerged from folds already caught by lines of flickering grey print. A draped girl swam into view and began to blow bubbles out of a long pipe. One of these expanded and expanded until it filled the whole screen. It then burst into the letters “All Next Week”, which in turn dissolved and announced a film called “Mothers of Broadway” as a forthcoming attraction. The film seemed to have smashed all records. It drew tears from the hardest hearts. It sent thrills down the spine. It was a rapid-fire drama. It was a heart-searing tale of studio parties, million-dollar prize fights, and supercharged automobiles. It was, according to other statements that rushed out of the screen, packed with heart-throbs, tingling with reality, vibrant with love and hate –and what a story it had! “You will love it,” the screen confidently asserted. “You must see it: the film you’ll never forget.” Beautiful blondes evidently abounded in this tale of thrill-thirsty young bloods. One of them, it seemed, was to find, after rushing through “gaiety, temptation, and sorrow”, that motherhood is the greatest of all careers. “A film that plucks the heart-strings. Bewitching Minnie Haha in the mightiest drama of Broadway.”

“Not much good, I expect,” Andrew said. “Hullo” – the lights dimmed and a chorus of metallic jazz broke out. – “I think that’s the big picture on now.”

He had now a pleasant feeling that he was going to enjoy himself.

There was some rare fun in this picture. That fat man with the beard – you had to laugh! First of all you saw a shelf with a basket of eggs on it, then a cat moved along, then the eggs tumbled one by one on the man’s head. Oh dear! the way he squeezed that yolk

out of his eyes and staggered forward and plumped headfirst into a water-butt. And then the lean chap, coming into the corridor, didn't look where he was going and hit a cook who was marching out of the kitchen with a tray of custards. What a mix-up. Custards all over the place. Holding his seat tight to control his laughter, Andrew wondered whether these chaps really allowed themselves to be knocked down and swamped with custards. No wonder they got big salaries if they had to put up with that kind of thing every day of their lives. Perhaps they faked some of it. Anyhow it was too funny for words. And now here was that dog – must be a hard-worked dog, for you saw it, or another like it, in dozens of these comic films and of course it was carrying something in its mouth. Oh yes, a stick of dynamite. Where was it going to put that? Under the fat man's bed. Andrew wriggled with enjoyment, then started and laughed gleefully as the dialogue was cut short by a sudden loud explosion. Haha! There was the fat man with a black eye, no beard, half a collar, and no trousers. Oh, this was good! Rosa must be liking this.

What a baby he is, Rosa was thinking. You can't really be angry with him. He doesn't seem to have grown up at all. Talk about Peter Pan. He's just a big hulking kid. Faintly contemptuous, she watched his blunt nose and chin silhouetted in the darkness. Is he really so stupid, she wondered. Yes, I suppose he is. Oh, for heaven's sake stop that cackling. The explosion shattered its way into the hall. She started.

“Good, isn't it?” he broke out, forgetful in his excitement.

She tossed her head.

“I don't see anything funny in that.” “Och, Rosa!”

His hands dropped: all the joy died out of his face and eyes. He looked so abject that she was sorry for him against her will.

“I thought – it was quite funny, you know – I mean, people laughed. I wasn't the only one. But if you don't like it –”

She tried hard, still moved by pity, to reply with gentleness, but the retort shaped itself and was uttered before she had command of it.

“I haven't your sense of humour, that's all.”

## **INTERPRETATION OF THE TEXT “ONE STAIR UP”**

### **1. Who is the author of the book from which the extract is taken?**

#### **What do you know about him?**

The analysed extract is taken from the book by the Scottish novelist Campbell Nairne entitled “One Stair Up”. Speaking about the author, we can say that he isn’t so well-known in English literature. As a matter of fact, he wrote only two books “One Stair Up” and “Stony Ground”. The book “One Stair Up” deals with the life of an Edinburgh working-class family and is characterised by realism, a fine style and a keen sense of humour.

### **2. What is the extract about?**

The extract under analysis tells a story of two young people – Rosa and Andrew – going to see a comedy film. Apparently, this is not their first visit to the cinema together, and in this joint undertaking their characters manifest themselves quite clearly. The visit begins on a happy note, but by the end of it the attitude of Rosa to Andrew begins to change.

### **3. What is the composition of the extract? What type of narration does it represent?**

From the point of view of its composition the extract consists of several parts: exposition, plot development, climax, denouement. Mostly they are told from the author’s viewpoint, so we can define the type of narration as author’s narrative. At the same time, throughout the text we can observe short in-sets of interior speech, represented speech and dialogue. Their use is not accidental, as it serves to better describe the events and reflects the various shades of the characters’ attitude to each other.

### **4. Give a general characteristic of the vocabulary of the extract. Give examples of colloquial and literary words.**

As far as the vocabulary is concerned, it is mostly neutral. Still, the text contains a few bookish words and phrases, used principally in descriptions, for example, “sink

into voluptuous stillness”, “surveyed”, “obscurity” and colloquialisms — “gee, baby, you’re a swell kid” (American); “’cos” (because), “hot stuff” and the dialect word “och” indicating that the scene is laid in the north of Britain.

**5. Analyse in detail every part of the extract, point out the stylistic devices you have observed and say who purposes they serve.**

As it has already been mentioned, the extract may be divided into logical parts. The first part – the exposition – is a description of Andrew and Rosa’s arrival at the cinema. It may be entitled “Rosa and Andrew arrive at the cinema”. It consists of structurally long, syntactically complicated sentences, with clauses connected both syndetically and asyndetically. The long sentences produce an effect of measured rhythm, the homogeneous members (as in the sentence “Back in this dim region of luxury...”) introduce a note of refinement and solemnity. A similar effect is also created by the use of metaphors (“soft whirring of fans; to sink into stillness; the girl hopped”) and a simile (“yielded like .springing turf”), as well as a few image-bearing epithets (“rich carpet; dim region; a trim girl; said huskily; hot darkness).

The second part may be entitled “Rosa and Andrew are seated”. It’s a combination of author’s narrative and direct speech. This part consists mostly of short simple sentences and has some elliptical constructions and inversions typical of informal colloquial speech: “This a comedy?” “You see all right?” At the end of this part Andrew’s thoughts are presented, so this is interior speech. It is also highly informal, and the use of syntactical inversion (“Nor would he even say...”) and one-member sentences (e.g. “Nice and warm in a cinema”) enhances the effect of informality. In this part we can also observe phonetical and graphical stylistic devices (“ ’cause” because – graphon: the italicizing of the pronoun “they” bearing a logical stress).

The third part begins with the words “The film ended...” and may be entitled “Advertising a new film”. The author uses various stylistic devices to better convey the atmosphere of a cinema house and the impression produced by it on the audience. The quickness and unexpectedness of the events is conveyed by frequent stylistic inversion

(“Down swung a looped curtain”, “Swiftly the light dimmed again”), by the asyndetic structure of the second sentence with parallel organisation. To enliven the narration the author widely uses metaphors (“stage apron”, “palms leapt up”, “a shower of small stars”), epithets (“flickering grey print”, “pink radiance”), as well as other means of foregrounding: onomatopoeia (“the curtain rattled tack”), irony (A drapped girl...), hyperbole (“one of these expanded...”) which show the suspense created by the film advertisement.

The second part of this long paragraph describes how film advertisers try to make film-goers see the new film. The new movie is presented to the best advantage and various stylistic devices help the reader see the merits of the new film. Here we can observe the anaphoric repetition of the pronouns “it” and “you”, hyperboles (“it drew tears...”, “It sent thrills”) and a great number of very vivid, image-bearing epithets (“rapid-fire drama”, “heart-searing tale”, “thrill-thirsty young bloods”). Besides, a metaphor is used (“The film plucks the heart-strings”). All these devices are used in convergence and create a terse, invigorating effect. Especially unexpected against this emotional background is Andrew’s indifferent remark about the film – “Not much good, I expect” serving as an anticlimax to the preceding words.

The fourth part of the extract describes the plot and content of the film and may be entitled “The main film show”. The use of the personal pronoun “you” shows that the events are depicted through Andrew’s eyes. The picture is very dynamic, which is shown by the wide use of verbs (“fumbled, squeezed, staggered”, etc.). The extract bears a colloquial colouring and abounds in special colloquial words and phrases (“that fat man”, “chap”, “a mix-up”, “that kind of thing”, etc.). Its syntax is also informal, which is shown by the break (“that fat man with the beard – you had to laugh”), nominative sentences (“Custards all over the place”, “Oh, yes, a stick of dynamite”), the use of emotional interjections (“Oh”, “haha”). Broadly speaking, the whole of this part may be considered as an example of interior speech.

Finally, the fifth part of the extract. It is mixed in character and features represented inner speech (Rosa’s thoughts) and dialogue together with the author’s narrative. Its colloquial vocabulary and syntax are contrasted with the sentence “She

tried hard...” which characterises Rosa as a sympathetic person, who doesn’t want to hurt her companion’s feelings.

**6. Give your observations about the peculiarities of the author’s style of writing, speak on the message of the whole extract.**

The author is a real master of the belles-lettres style, which is remarkable for its vividness, clarity, dynamism and precision. Elaborate descriptions are combined with rapid-moving dialogues, all of which sparkle with power and a sense of humour; various stylistic devices help the author to unfold the message and bring the reader over to his vision of the events described.

Judging from the careful analysis of the linguistic expressive means and stylistic devices, we can say that the message consists in the author’s intention to throw light on the inner worlds of Andrew and Rosa through their reactions to the film show. Thus, Andrew is perceived by the reader as a common, unsophisticated fellow, who is anxious to please his girlfriend and goes out of his way to live up to her expectations. Though plain in appearance, he is very generous, warm-hearted and considerate. On the contrary, Rosa is depicted as a snob, who accepts Andrew’s invitation to the picture out of pity for him and because of her desire to be seen in public, even with such a simpleton as Andrew. Already at this stage in their relations a conflict is growing, which is likely to culminate in their break-up in future.

## **SEMINAR 9**

### **THEME: Stylistic interpretation of a narrative text**

#### **Points for Discussion**

1. What are the basic categories of the text?
2. What is the composition of a narrative text?
3. What functional style do narrative texts belong to? What are its peculiarities?

#### **Practice Assignment**

*Read the short story suggested by the teacher from the section “TEXTS FOR STYLISTIC ANALYSIS” and its translation. Prepare a stylistic interpretation of the short story in English, using the guide on pp. 72-73 to help you. Comment on the specificities of translation of the stylistic devices employed in the original text into Ukrainian. Suggest your variant of translation of each device.*

## **SEMINAR 10**

### **THEME: Stylistic interpretation of a public speech**

#### **Points for Discussion**

1. What are the basic categories of the text?
2. What is the composition of an oratory speech?
3. What functional style do oratory speeches belong to? What are its peculiarities?

#### **Practice Assignment**

*Read the public speech suggested by the teacher from the section “TEXTS FOR STYLISTIC ANALYSIS” and its translation. Prepare a stylistic interpretation of the public speech in English, using the guide on pp. 72–73 to help you. Comment on the specificities of translation of the stylistic devices employed in the original text into Ukrainian. Suggest your variant of translation of each device.*

## **SEMINAR 11**

### **THEME: Stylistic interpretation of a news text**

#### **Points for Discussion**

1. What are the basic categories of the text?
2. What is the composition of a news text?
3. What functional style do news texts belong to? What are its peculiarities?

#### **Practice Assignment**

*Read the news text suggested by the teacher from the section “TEXTS FOR STYLISTIC ANALYSIS” and its translation. Prepare a stylistic interpretation of the news text in English, using the guide on pp. 72–73 to help you. Comment on the specificities of translation of the stylistic devices employed in the original text into Ukrainian. Suggest your variant of translation of each device.*

## SEMINAR 12

### THEME: Stylistic interpretation of a feature article

#### Points for Discussion

1. What are the basic categories of the text?
2. What is the composition of a feature article?
3. What functional style do feature articles belong to? What are its peculiarities?

#### Practice Assignment

*Read the feature article suggested by the teacher from the section “TEXTS FOR STYLISTIC ANALYSIS” and its translation. Prepare a stylistic interpretation of the feature article in English, using the guide on pp. 72–73 to help you. Comment on the specificities of translation of the stylistic devices employed in the original text into Ukrainian. Suggest your variant of translation of each device.*

## **TEXTS FOR STYLISTIC ANALYSIS**

## I. SHORT STORIES

### THE IDEAL MAN

John O'Hara

Breakfast in the Jensen home was not much different from breakfast in a couple of hundred thousand homes in the Greater City. Walter Jenssen had his paper propped up against the vinegar cruet and the sugar bowl. He read expertly, not even taking his eyes off the printed page when he raised his coffee cup to his mouth. Paul Jenssen, seven going on eight, was eating his hot cereal, which had to be sweetened heavily to get him to touch it. Myrna L. Jenssen, Walter's five year-old daughter, was scratching her towhead with her left hand while she fed herself with her right. Myrna, too, was an expert in her fashion: she would put the spoon in her mouth, slide the cereal off, and bring out the spoon upside down. Elsie Jenssen (Mrs Walter) had stopped eating momentarily, so it was better to explore with her tongue a bicuspid that seriously needed attention. That was the only thing she held against the kids - what having them had done to her teeth.

Everybody'd warned her, but she wanted.

"Holy hell!" exclaimed Walter Jenssen. He slammed down his coffee cup, splashing the contents on the tablecloth.

"What kind of talk is that in front of the children?" said Elsie.

"In front of the children! A hell of a fine one you are to be worrying about the children," said Walter. "Just take a look at this. Take a look at it!" He handed her the paper as though he were stabbing her with it.

She took the paper. Her eyes roved about the page and stopped. "Oh, that? Well, I'd like to know what's wrong with that. Hereafter, I'll thank you to keep your cursing and swearing."

"You! You!" said Walter.

"Myrna, Paul, off to school. Get your coats and hats and bring them in here; hurry now", said Elsie. The children got up and went to the hall.

"Just hold your temper till the children are where they won't bear you, with your raving like somebody insane." She buttoned Myrna's coat and made Paul button his and warned him to keep it buttoned and warned Myrna not to let go of Paul's hand; then she shoed them off with a smile that would have been approved by the Good Housekeeping

Institute. But as soon as they were out of the apartment, the smile was gone. "All right, you big baboon, go ahead and curse your head off. I'm used to it."

Walter said, "Gimme back that paper."

"You can have it," said Elsie. She handed him the paper. "Go ahead, read it till you get a stroke. You oughta see yourself."

Walter began to read aloud. "Is your husband as attentive to you now that you are married as when he was courting you? Answer: Mrs Elsie Jenssen, West 174th Street, housewife: Yes, in fact, more so."

Before we were married, my husband was not exactly what would be called the romantic type. He was definitely shy. However, since our marriage, he has become the ideal man from a romantic point of view. None of your Tyrone Powers or Clark Gables for me."

"For God's sake!"

"Well, so what?" said Elsie.

"So what? Do you think that's funny or something? What the hell kind of a thing is that you are putting in the paper? Go around blabbing about private matters; I guess all the neighbours know how much we owe on the car. I suppose you tell everybody how much I get. How do you think a person's going to have any self-respect if you go running around and shooting off your face to newspaper reporters?"

"I didn't go around anywhere. He stopped me."

"Who stopped you?"

"The reporter. On Columbus Circle. I was just coming around the corner, and he came up, tipped his hat like a gentleman, and asked me. It says so there."

Walter wasn't listening. "The office," he said.

"Oh, God. What are they going to do to me at that Office, McGonigle? Jeffries. Hall. Wait, 'll they see it? They probably read it already. I can just see them waiting till I get in. I go to my desk, and then they all start calling me Tyrone Power and Clerk Gable." He stared at her. "You know what's gonna happen, don't you? They'll start kidding till they get too loud, and the boss wants to know what it's all about, and he'll find out. Maybe they won't come out and snitch, but he'll find out. And he'll call me in his office and say I'm fired, and he'll be right. I oughta be fired. Listen, when you work for a finance corporation you don't want your employees going around getting a lot of silly publicity."

"What happens to public confidence? It doesn't say a word about you. It says Elsie Jenssen. It doesn't say where you work or anything else. You look in the phone book, and there's a number for Walter Jenssens."

"Three, including Queens, too."

"Well, it could be another one."

"Not living on 174th Street. Even if the public doesn't know, they'll know at the office."

"What if they don't care about the publicity part?"

All the boss'll want to know if I have a wife that goes blabbing around, and believe me, they don't want employees with wives that go blabbing around. The public -"

"Oh, you and the public."

"Yes, me and the public. This paper has a circulation of two million."

"Oh, hooey," said Elsie and began to stack the breakfast dishes.

"Hooey. All right, but I'm not going to that office today. You call up and tell them I have a cold."

"You are a big baby. If you want to stay home, call them up yourself," said Elsie.

"I said you call them up. I'm not going to that office."

"You go to the office, or I'll - who do you think you are anyway? The time you had off this year. Your uncle's funeral and your brother's wedding. Go ahead, take the day off, take the week off. Let's take a trip around the world. Just quit your job, and I'll go back and ask Mr.Fenton to give me back my old job. I'll support you. I'll support you while you sit here, you big baboon." She put down the dishes, her apron to her eyes, and ran out of the room.

Walter took out a cigarette, put it in his mouth, and did not light it. He took it out of his mouth, tapped it on the table, and lit it. He went up and looked out the window. He stood there a rather long time, with one foot on the radiator and his chin in his hand, looking at the wall across the court. Then he went back to his chair, picked the paper off the floor and began to read.

First, he reread his wife's interview, and then, for the first time, he read the other interviews. There were five others. The first, a laughing Mrs Bloomberg, Columbus Avenue housewife, said her husband was so tired when he came home nights that, as far as she was concerned, romance was only a word in the dictionary.

Mrs Petrucelli, an East 123rd Street housewife, said she hadn't noticed any difference between her husband's premarital and present attentiveness. But she had only been married five weeks.

There were three more. The husband of one woman was more attentive, but she didn't compare him with Tyrone Power and Clark Gable. The husband of another woman was less attentive, but she did not get sarcastic like Mrs. Bloomberg. The last woman said her husband was a radio operator on a ship, and she didn't really have much way of telling because she only saw him about every five weeks.

Jenssen studied their photographs, and one thing you had to say for Elsie: she was the prettiest. He read the interviews once more and reluctantly admitted that – well, if you had to give an interview, Elsie was the best. Mrs Bloomberg's was the worst. He certainly would hate to be Bloomberg when his friends saw that one.

He put down the paper, lit another cigarette and stared at his shoes. He began by feeling sorry for Mr. Bloomberg, who was probably a hardworking guy who really did come home tired. He ended – he ended by beginning to plan what retorts he would have when the gang at the office began to kid him. He began to feel pretty good about it.

He put on his coat and hat and overcoat and then he went to the bedroom. Elsie was lying there, her face deep in the pillow, sobbing.

"Well, I guess I'll go to the office now," he said. She stopped sobbing.

"What?" she said, but did not let him see her face.

"Going downtown now," he said.

"What if they start kidding you?"

"Well, what if they do?" he said.

She sat up. "Are you cross at me any more?" she said.

"Nah, what the hell?" he said.

She smiled and got up and put her arm around his waist and walked down the hall with him to the door. It wasn't a very wide hall, but she kept her arm around him. He opened the door and set his hat on his head. She kissed his cheek and his mouth. He rearranged his hat again. "Well," he said. "See you tonight." It was the first thing that came into his head. He hadn't said that in years

## ІДЕАЛЬНИЙ ЧОЛОВІК

*Джон О'Хара*

Сніданок Дженсенів проходив як і в тисячах родин Великого Міста. Вальтер Дженсен посьорбував каву, не відриваючи очей від газети, яку він притулив до графинчика та цукерниці. Семіліток Пол Дженсен їв гарячу кашу, добряче підсолоджену, інакше, він не торкнувся б до неї. П'ятирічна Мірна Дженсен, чухала потилицю лівою рукою, а їла правою на свій особливий манер: піднесе ложку до рота, злиже кашу, а тоді виймає ложку догори дном. Елсі Дженсен, господиня дому, враз перестала їсти і кінчиком язика помацала болючий кутній зуб. Єдина морока, як з'являються діти – починають псуватись зуби! Правда, її застерігали, але ж вона так хотіла.

– Що за чортівня? – крикнув Вальтер і грюкнув чашкою.

– Ти що лаєшся при дітях?

– При дітях! Чорта лисого тебе цікавлять діти! На, дивись, дивись! Ось це! – він тицьнув їй газету, так ніби прохромити хотів.

Елсі пробігла очима по сторінці.

– А-а-а! це?.. Ну і що ж тут такого? Тільки прошу: не розпускай так свого язика.

– Ти! – Ти! – Ти – аж затинався Вальтер.

– Мірна, Поль, пора до школи. Швиденько несіть сюди пальтечка і шапочки.

Діти пішли у вітально.

– Хоч при дітях не верещи, як недорізаний, – мовила вона.

Застегнувши пальтечко Мірні, Елсі наказала їй триматися за руку Поля, а він нехай позастібається та не ходить розхристаний. Потім вона провела їх з сьайною посмішкою, мов на рекламах інституту зразкових домогосподарок.

Та ба: тільки но діти пішли, посмішка враз злетіла.

– Ну, пришелепуватий, тепер лайся, поки не замакітриться! Мені не звикати.

– Дай сюди газету!

– На, читай, щоб тобі повилазило, ах доки не розчовпаєш.

Вальтер почав уголос:

– Чи такий же уважний ваш чоловік зараз, як і до одруження?

Елсі Дженсен, сто сімдесят четверта вулиця, західний район, домогосподарка:  
– Так, звичайно, навіть уважніший. Я б не сказала, що до одруження він був романтичний. Тоді йому ще явно не вистачало сміливості. Це вже потім він став ідеальним чоловіком з романтичної точки зору. І Бога ради, не треба мені вашого Тайрона Пауера, чи там Кларка Гейбла.

– Ну і що?

– Як то, що?! Для неї хихоньки!!! Ти на чорта пятакала репортерів про сімейні справи?! Од тебе, напевно, вже сусіди знають, скільки ми винні за автомобіль, і цілому світу роздзвонила, скільки я заробляю. От і вважай себе порядною людиною, коли твоя жінка швендяє по вулицях і виставляється перед репортерами!

– Ніде я не швендяла. Він сам зупинив мене.

– Хто?

– Та репортер же. Тільки-но повернула на Коламбус Сіркус, а він підходить, знімає капелюха, як джелтмен, і питає, як там написано.

Та Вальтер уже не слухав.

– Там на службі, Боже! Макгонікел, Джефріс, Холл... чого тільки не вироблятимуть, коли прочитають, а може, уже й прочитали. Так і бачу; всі припишкли, ждуть. Я підходжу до столу, а вони в один голос як загорляють: «А-а-а! Он прийшов наш Пауер! Наш Кларк Гейбл!»

Вальтер витріщився на дружину.

– А знаєш до чого дійде? Ото стануть викривлятися та реготати, поки не дійде до шефа. Хоч самі й не донесуть, він все одно дознається. Викличе в кабінет і скаже, що мене звільнено – і правильно зробіть! А що тут панькатись! «Послухайте, – скаже – у банківській справі, ми зацікавлені, щоб службовці не дозволяли собі зайвих балачок на людях. Бо довіра клієнтів».

– Там і слова немає про тебе. Написано: Елсі Дженсен і нічого про твою роботу чи адресу. Поглянь у довідник телефонів: скільки там Вальтерів Дженсенів.

– Три, разом з тим, що на Квінсі.

– Ну, може, котрийсь із них.

– Ти ж назвала вулицю. Та й без того все розкриється в конторі.

Начальство дізнається, що в мене є дружина, котра... плеще язиком де попало, і, повір: такого службовця їм не треба. Усе місто...

– Ти – і все місто?

– Іменно, я – і все місто: тираж газети – два мільйони.

– Ну, годі вже! – мовила Елсі, збираючи тарілки після сніданку.

– Тобі годі, а я на роботу сьогодні не піду. Подзвони їм, скажи, що застудився.

– Ти як маленький! Хочеш прогуляти – дзвони сам.

– А я кажу подзвони ти, бо на службу я не піду.

– Ні, підеш! – а то я... ти що собі думаєш? Скільки пропускав цього року? То похорон дядька, то братове весілля... гуляй! Гуляй ще! День, цілий тиждень! Давай гайнем у навколосвітні мандри! Кидай роботу, а я попрошуся у містера Фентона на старе місце. Станеш у мене нахлібником! Буду утримувати тебе, одороблю!

Вона вибігла з кімнати, притисши фартуха до очей....

Вальтер добув цигарку, засунув у рот, витяг, постукав по столу, тоді запалив. Устав, виглянув у вікно. Поставив ногу на радіатор, і довго стояв так, підперши рукою підборіддя, – роздивлявся глуху стіну у дворі. Згодом знову сів, підняв з підлоги газету і почав читати. Перечитав інтерв'ю своєї дружини, а потім інші п'ять.

Перша, якась місіс Блумберг, з Каламбус авеню, домогосподарка із сміхом сказала, що її чоловік повертається щовечора утомлений, як колода, а слово «романтика», для неї існує хіба що в словниках.

Місіс Петруцелі, 123 Істстріт, домогосподарка: до одруження чоловік був уважний, та й зараз такий. Щоправда, вони побрались п'ять тижнів тому.

Було ще три. Чоловік одної уважніший, та хіба його зрівняєш з Гайроном Пауером, чи Кларком Гейблем?! Чоловік іншої менш уважний, та все ж вона не глузувала як та Блумберг. А ще одній нічого було сказати, бо її чоловік працює радистом на пароплаві, і вони бачаться, може, раз у п'ять неділь.

Приглядаючись до фотографії, Вальтер впевнився, що Елсі найкрасивіша. Тоді ще раз перечитав інтерв'ю і, як-не-як, визнав: коли вже дає інтерв'ю, то... Елсі зробила це найкраще. Найгірше вийшло в місіс Блумберг. Нізащо не хотілося бути на місці того Блумберга, коли його приятелі прочитають все це.

Вальтер знову запалив цигарку, відклав газету і втупивсь у свої черевики. Спочатку йому було жаль Блумберга-трудяку, який, мабуть, і справді приходив додому втомлений. Потім почав мізкувати, якби то дотепніше одбиватися на

службі, коли та згряя почне глузувати. Що ж, хай спробують – він уже знає, що відповісти!

Одягнувши піджак, пальто і капелюх, Вальтер зайшов у спальню. Там лежала Елсі. Вона хлипала, зануривши лице в подушку.

– Послухай, я, мабуть, піду на роботу, – промимрив він.

– Що? – перепитала вона, не ворухнувшись.

– Та, от, до міста йду.

– А що як сміятимуться?

– Нехай поспробують.

– Що ти вже не сердитися?

– Чого там сердитись?

Вона всміхнулася, схопилась на ноги, обняла чоловіка за стан і пішла з ним так до дверей. У коридорі було вузько, тож притиснулася до нього щільніше. Одчинивши двері, Вальтер поправив на голові капелюха. Елсі поцілувала його в щоку і в уста. Вальтер ще раз поправив капелюха і буркнув перше що спало на думку:

Ну – до вечора!

Давно не казав він такого.

*Переклав Володимир Балабась*

## THE STORY OF AN HOUR

*Kate Chopin*

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself, she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life

might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came, they said she had died of heart disease – of the joy that kills.

## *ІСТОРИЯ ОДНІЄЇ ГОДИНИ*

*Кейт Шопен*

Всі знали, що місіс Меллард мала хворе серце, тому про смерть її чоловіка розповіли с особливою обережністю.

Про те, що трапилось їй розповіла її сестра Жозефіна. Вона говорила розірваними реченнями, завуальованими натяками, розкриваючи половину правди. Поруч з нею був друг чоловіка Річардс. Саме він був в редакції газети в той час, коли прийшла звістка про залізничну катастрофу, в якій ім'я Brently Мелларда значилось першим у числі загиблих. Щоб точно переконатись у цьому Річард дочекався другої телеграми, і поспішив повідомити цю сумну новину його сім'ї, поки це не зробив якийсь менш турботливий та ніжний друг.

Вона не чула того, що їй говорили, її наче паралізувало, вона була нездатна прийняти таку болісну втрату. Вона відразу нестримно заплакала на руках у сестри. А коли буря її горя стихла, вона пішла до своєї кімнати.

Вона впала на велике, м'яке крісло біля відчиненого вікна. Вона була фізично виснажена і їй здавалось, що це нещастя підкрадалось до її душі.

На відкритій площі, перед її будинком, виднілись верхівки дерев, які тремтіли від нового весняного життя. Після дощу у повітрі відчувалась приємна свіжість. Внизу, під вікнами, вуличний торговець закликав покупців. До неї долітали ледве чутні нотки пісні, яку хтось співав удалині, і незліченні горобці цвірінькали на карнизах.

Тут і там проглядалися клаптики блакитного неба крізь хмари, що зійшлися і нагромадилися одна на одну на заході, навпроти її вікна.

Вона сиділа, закинувши голову на спинку крісла, абсолютно нерухомо, за винятком того, коли ридання піднімалося до її горла, і вона схлипувала, здригаючись всім тілом, як схлипує дитина уві сні, наплакавшись за вечір.

Вона була молодою, зі світлим та спокійним обличчям, яке випромінювало силу та стриманість. Але тепер байдужий погляд був спрямований в далечінь, неначе застряг в клаптику синього неба. Думки зупинились, і порожні очі не кліпаючи дивилися в одну точку.

Щось наближувалось до неї, і вона зі страхом чекала на це. Що це було? Вона не знає; це було щось тонке, неуловиме, що неможливо описати словами. Але вона чітко відчувала його приближення: пробирається через небо, тягнеться до неї через звуки, запахи, кольори, які заповнили повітря.

Тепер її дихання стало схвильованим. Вона починала здогадуватися, яке почуття опановує нею, і зусиллям волі намагалася заглушити його в собі, але ці спроби були так само слабкі, як і її тонкі білі руки. А з напіврозкритих губ вирвалося одне єдине слово. Вона тихо повторювала його знову і знову: “вільна, вільна, вільна!” В її порожньому погляді промайнув страх, але відразу ж зник. В очах з’явився блиск. Її пульс забився швидше, а кров почала зігрівати кожен частинку тіла.

Вона не могла зрозуміти, чи то була жахлива радість, чи ні. Ясна і піднесена усвідомленість змусили її відкинути цю пропозицію як дріб’язкову. Вона знала, що вона знову буде плакати, коли побачить ті добрі та ніжні схрещенні руки; скам’яніле, сіре, мертво обличчя, яке ніколи не дивилось на неї з любов’ю. Але за гіркою хвилиною вона бачила довгі роки, які належали тільки їй. І вона люб’язно простягнула свої руки до нових років.

Нове життя буде належати тільки їй. Там не ніхто не буде зі сліпою наполегливістю розпоряджатись її бажаннями, як це роблять чоловіки та жінки,

вважаючи, що мають на це повне право. У короткі миті осяяння їй здавалось, що таке бажання є справжнім злочином.

І все ж таки, вона кохала чоловіка – принаймні інколи. Але частіше – ні. І взагалі, яке це має значення! Кохання – це нерозгадана таємниця, у зрівнянні зі свободою, на яку вона так чекала усі ці роки.

“Вільна! Душею та тілом вільна!” продовжувала вона нашіптувати.

Жозефіна стояла на колінах перед зачиненими дверима і через замкову щілину благала сестру впустити її.

“Луїза, відчини двері! Ну ж бо, прошу тебе! Відчини двері! Навіщо ти мучиш себе! Що ти там робиш, Луїза? Заради Бога, відчини двері!”

“Ідіть усі геть. Я анітрохи не мучу себе!” Ні; вона просто вбирала в себе еліксир життя через відчинене вікно.

Вона вже почала фантазувати, що вона буде робити потім. Весняні дні і літні дні, і всякі дні, будуть її власними днями. Вона вимовила коротку молитву, в якій вона просила Бога продовжити їй життя. А ще вчора вона з жахом думала про те, яке ж довге життя.

Нарешті вона підвелась з крісла та відчинила двері своїй надокучливій сестрі. В її очах проблискував гарячковий тріумф, і вона вела себе мимоволі, як богиня Перемоги. Обійнявшись, сестри спустились по сходах. А внизу їх вже чекав Річардс.

Раптом, хтось відчинив вхідні двері. До кімнати увійшов Брентлі Меллард, який трохи забруднився по дорозі, а в руках він спокійнісінько тримав саквояж і парасольку. Про катастрофу він навіть і не чув. Він був вражений пронизливим криком Жозефіни; і швидким рухом Річардса, який намагався затулити собою Луїзу.

Лікарі встановили, що місіс Меллард померла від хвороби серця – її вбила радість.

(пер. див.: Т.Володіна, О. Рудківський)

## THE FUN THEY HAD

*Isaak Asimov*

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2157, 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 there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, 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 been the same words on it had been when they read it the first time.

“Gee,” said Tommy, “what a waste. When you’re through 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 tale books 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 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 Margie 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 Margie hated 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 Margie's 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 quickly. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the overall 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 once took 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." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "Centuries 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, 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 even 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 into 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 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 arithmetic 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 little boy. All the kids from the whole neighbourhood came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, and going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things, so they 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 loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

## ОТО БУЛА ПОТІХА!

*Айзек Азімов*

Того вечора Марджі навіть занотувала про це у щоденнику. На сторінці, датованій «17 травня 2157 року» з'явився запис: «Сьогодні Томмі знайшов справжню книгу».

...Це була дуже стара книга. Дідусь Марджі якось розповідав, що, коли він був маленьким хлопчиком, то його дідусь говорив, ніби був час, коли казки друкувались на папері.

Том і Марджі гортали поживклі крихкі сторінки, і чудно їм було читати нерухомі слова, замість звичайних рухомих на екрані. Перегорнеш сторінку назад – і вертаються слова, що були раніше.

– Ти диви! – сказав Томмі. Яке марнотратство. Прочитаєш книжку і хоч викидай. А от через екран нашого телевізора пройшло з мільйон книжок, і є місце, і викидати не треба.

– Авжеж! – сказала Марджі. Їй було одинадцять, і вона ще не бачила стільки телекниг, як Томмі, якому було тринадцять років.

– Де ти її знайшов? – запитала.

– У нас, – мовив він, не відриваючись від читання, – на горищі.

– Про що там?

– Про школу.

Марджі глузливо скривилась. «Про школу? Що можна писати про школу? Одна бридота!»

Марджі школа завжди була противна, а зараз – ненависна, як ніколи. Електронний учитель кілька разів підряд давав їй контрольні роботи з географії, і вона виконувала їх все гірше і гірше, аж поки мати журливо похитала головою і викликала повітового інспектора. Приїхав таки червонолиций круглий чоловічок зі скринькою, повною різних відмичок, циферблатів і дротів. Він посміхнувся до Марджі, дав їй яблуко, а потім розібрав учителя на шматочки. Марджі сподівалася, що він не зуміє зібрати вчителя до купи, та інспектор знав свою справу, і через якусь годину перед нею знову стояв учитель – великий, чорний і бридкий, з широким екраном, де показувались уроки та ставились

питання. Ну, це ще нічого. А от Марджі найбільше ненавиділа у своєму вчителеві, так це щілину, щоб всовувати домашні завдання й контрольні роботи. Такі роботи доводилось виконувати пунктирним кодом на перфокарті. Ще 6-літню її змусили навчитися цьому, і відтоді електронний учитель моментально виставляв оцінки.

Закінчивши роботу, інспектор посміхнувся і погладив Марджі по голівці. А матері сказав: «Дівчинка тут не винна, місіс Джонс. Вийшло так, що програму географічного сектора заклали з певним прискоренням. Інколи таке трапляється. Я підрегулював і сповільнив його до середнього рівня десятилітньої дитини. На даний час загальна картина її успіхів цілком задовільна». І він знову погладив Марджі по голівці.

Це розчарувало Марджі. Вона сподівалась, що вчителя зовсім заберуть з дому. У Томмі було таке – забрали вчителя майже на місяць, бо щось перегоріло в секторі історії.

Тому вона й сказала: «Кому ще заманеться писати про школу?»

Томмі зверхньо поглянув на неї.

– Нічого ти не тямиш! То зовсім не така школа, я у нас. То – давня школа, яка була давно-давно.

І він зарозуміло, карбуючи кожне слово, додав: «Сотні років тому».

Це образило Марджі:

– Подумаєш! Не знаю, яка там була школа!

Вона якусь мить позирала в книжку через його плече, потім сказала:

– Але вчитель у них все одно був.

– Звичайно, у них був учитель, але то був несправжній учитель. То була людина.

– Людина?! Хіба людина може бути вчителем?

– Ну, він розповідав хлопчикам і дівчаткам всяке-різне, давав їм домашні завдання, а потім запитував.

– Але ж людина не така вдатна!

– А чом ні! Адже тато знає стільки як учитель.

– Нізачо! Людина не знає стільки як учитель.

– А я кажу – знає!

Марджі не хотілося сперечатися. Вона просто сказала:

– Не хотіла б, щоб удома сидів хтось чужий і вчив мене.

Томмі зайшовся сміхом.

– Ти багато чого не знаєш, Марджі. Учителі вдома не жили. У них були окремі будинки, і всі діти ходили туди.

– І всі діти вчили те саме?

– Звичайно, коли вони були одного віку.

– А мама каже, що вчителя треба налаштувати так, щоб він підходив до кожного хлопчика або дівчинки, яку він вчить, і що кожную дитину треба вчити по-різному.

– Але у них тоді все було не так, як тепер. Коли тобі не подобається їхня школа, то можеш не читати книжку.

– Я не сказала, що не подобається, – похопилася Марджі. Їй закортіло почитати про ті чудернацькі школи.

...Не дочитали й до половини, коли озвалась мати:

– Марджі, школа!

Марджі не могла одірватися.

– Зараз, мамуню.

– Пора вже! – сказала місіс Джонс. – Пора й для Томмі.

Марджі сказала:

– Після школи почитаємо ще трохи, добре?

– Що ж, можна!

Він пішов собі, посвистуючи зі старою припорошеною книжкою під рукою.

Марджі зайшла в клас, що був одразу за її спальнею. Електронного вчителя вже ввімкнули, він чекав. Так було щодня в один і той же час, крім суботи й неділі, бо казала мати, що дівчатка краще вчать, коли вони це роблять в один і той же час.

На екрані блимнуло і сказало:

– На сьогоднішньому уроці арифметики будемо вивчати додавання правильних дробів. Вклади в щілину завдання, що було на вчора.

Марджа виконала, зітхнувши. Вона думала про стару школу, коли її прапрадід був маленьким хлопчиком. Туди приходили всі діти з околиці, сміялися і грались на подвір'ї, разом сиділи в класі, разом йшли додому після уроків. Вони вивчали одне й те ж і могли допомагати одне одному з домашніми завданнями, могли побалакати про це. І вчителями були люди...

Електронний учитель поблимував екраном:

– Коли додавати дріб  $\frac{1}{2}$  до дробу  $\frac{1}{4}$ ...

А Марджі думала про те, що колись дітворі, мабуть, подобалось учитись, бо то не школа була, а потіха.

*З англійської переклав Федір Величенко*

## OUR FIRST HARVEST

*S. Rudd*

If there is anything worse than burr-cutting or breaking stones, it's putting corn in with a hoe.

We had just finished. The girls were sowing the grain when Fred Dwyer appeared on the scene. Dad stopped and talked with him while we (Dan, Dave and myself) sat on our hoe handles, like kangaroos on their tails, and killed flies. Terrible were the flies, particularly when you had sore legs or the blight.

Dwyer was a big man with long, brown arms and red, bushy whiskers.

"You must find it slow work with a hoe?" he said.

"Well-yes-pretty," replied Dad (just as if he wasn't quite sure).

After a while, Dwyer walked over the "cultivation" and looked at it hard, then scraped a hole with the heel of his boot, spat, and said he didn't think the corn would ever come up. Dan slid off his perch at this, and Dave let the flies eat his leg nearly off without seeming to feel it, but Dad argued it out.

"Orright, orright," said Dwyer; "I hope it do."

Then Dad went on to speak of places he knew of where they preferred hoes to a plough for putting corn in with, but Dwyer only laughed and shook his head.

"Damn him!" Dad muttered when he had gone. "What rot! Won't come up!"

Dan, who was still thinking hard, at last, straightened himself up and said he didn't think it was any use either. Then, Dad lost his temper.

"No use?" he yelled, "you whelp, what do you know about it?"

Dan answered quietly: "On'y this, that it's nothing but tomfoolery, this hoe business."

"How would you do it then?" Dad roared, and Dan hung his head and tried to button his buttonless shirt wristband while he thought.

"With a plough," he answered.

Something in Dad's throat prevented him from saying what he wished, so he rushed at Dan with the hoe, but – was too slow.

Dan slept outside that night.

No sooner was the grain sown that it rained. How it rained! For weeks! And in the midst of it all, the corn came up – every grain – and proved Dwyer a bad prophet. Dad was in high spirits and promised each of us something – new boots all around.

The corn continued to grow – so did our hopes, but a lot faster. Pulling the suckers and “heeling it up” with hoes was but child’s play – we liked it. Our thoughts were all on the boots. It was months and months since we had pulled on a pair. Every night, in bed, we decided twenty times over whether they would be lace-ups or bluchers, and Dave had a bottle of “goanna” oil ready to keep his soft with.

Dad now talked of going up the country – as Mother put it, “to keep the wolf from the door” – while the four acres of corn ripened. He went and returned on the day Tom and Bill were born –twins. Maybe his absence did keep the wolf from the door, but it didn’t keep the dingoes from the fowl-house!

Once the corn ripened, it didn’t take long to pull it, but Dad had to put on his considering cap when we came to the question of getting it in. To hump it in bags seemed inevitable till Dwyer asked Dad to give him a hand to put up a milking yard. Then Dad’s chance came, and he seized it.

Dwyer, in return for Dad’s labour, carted in the corn and took it to the railway station when it was shelled. Yes, when it was shelled! We had to shell it with our hands, and what a time we had! For the first half-hour, we didn’t mind it and shelled cob after cob as though we liked it, but the next day, talk about blisters! We couldn’t close our hands for them, and our faces had to go without a wash for a fortnight.

Fifteen bags we got off the four acres, and the storekeeper undertook to sell it. Corn was then at 12 and 14 shillings per bushel, and Dad expected a big cheque.

Every day for nearly three weeks, he trudged to the store (five miles), and I went with him. Each time, the storekeeper would shake his head and say, “No word yet.”

Dad couldn’t understand. At last, word did come. The storekeeper was busy serving a customer when we went in, so he told Dad to “hold on a bit”.

Dad felt very pleased – so did I.

The customer left. The storekeeper looked at Dad and twirled a piece of string round his first finger, then said – “Twelve pounds your corn cleared, Mr Rudd; but, of course” (going to a desk) “there’s that account of yours which I have credited with the amount of the cheque – that brings it down now to just three pounds, as you will see by the account.”

Dad was speechless and looked sick.

He went home, sat on a block, and stared into the fire with his chin resting in his hands till Mother laid her hand upon his shoulder and asked him kindly what was the matter. Then he drew the storekeeper's bill from his pocket and handed it to her, and she, too, sat down and gazed into the fire.

That was our first harvest.

## НАШ ПЕРШИЙ УРОЖАЙ

*Стіл Радд*

Коли є що гірше, ніж обрубувати вузлуваті сучки, чи дробити камінь, то це садити кукурузу мотикою.

Ми майже закінчували. Дівчатка досаджували останні зерна, коли з'явився Фред Дваєр. Батько облишив роботу і завів з ним розмову, а ми (Ден, Дейв і я) вмостилися зверху на мотиках, як кенуру на хвостах, і відбивалися від мух. Мухи – це суцільний жах особливо тоді, коли у вас подряпані босі ноги чи на тілі виразки.

А тут ще той Дваєр: здоровило, довгорукий, засмаглий, оброслий кущуватими рудими бачками.

– Ви ж бачите, що садити під мотику то нескінченна робота.

– Та воно-то так...– промимрив батько, так, наче б він був упевнений.

За хвильку Дваєр обійшов нашу ділянку, потім, вдаряючи ногою видовбав ямку підбором свого чобота, сплюнув і заявив: що ця кукуруза чорта лисого зійде. Почувши таке, Ден зліз з мотики, Дейв залишив свої ноги на поталу мухам, а батько став сперечатись.

Ну, нехай, – поступився Дваєр, – може, й зійде.

Тоді батько пустився розповідати про місця, де, як він знав, кукурудзу садять під мотику, а не під плуг. Дваєр тільки посміхався та похитував головою.

– Чорти б його забрали! – кинув батько усід Дваєру. – Верзе таке! – Не зійде!

Ден, зсутулившись щось напружено міркував, зрештою випростався і сказав, що він теж вважає, що то марна затія. Тоді батько невтерпів.

– Марна затія?! – зарепетував він. – Що ти, щеня, знаєшся на цьому?

– Тільки те, що вся ця робота мотикою, ні до чого, – відказав Ден тихо.

– Ну, а як би ти зробив? Га? – кричав батько, а Ден похнюпив голову і щось думав, марно намагаючись застебнути вилогу своєї сорочки, де давно не було гудзиків.

– Плугом, – сказав він нарешті.

Батькові перехопило дух, відібрало мову, і він кинувся на Дена з мотикою. Але куди йому.

Тієї ночі Ден спав на дворі.

Тільки-но посадили, як пішов дощ, та ще й обложний, на кілька тижнів. І десь серед дощу зійшла вся кукурудза, кожна зернинка – немов на доказ, що з Дваєра поганий пророк. Батько ходив у чудовому настрої і наобіцяв кожному з нас нові черевики.

Кукурудза росла і росла, а з нею росли наші надії, тільки набагато швидше. Ми прополювали її та обгортали навіть залюбки, бо всі наші помисли були про черевики. Скільки-то місяців минуло, як ми взували їх востаннє! Кожної ночі, перед сном, ми ще і ще раз по двадцять разів гадали, чи будуть вони на шнурках чи на застібках. А в Дейва вже була напихваті бляшанка з олією, щоб змащувати їх. Тепер батько поговорював, що поїде вглиб пущі «відгонити вовків», як висловлювалась мати, – а тим часом наші чотири акри кукурудзи достигали. Батько поїхав таки і повернувся того дня, коли народилися близнюки Том і Біл. Можливо, його відсутність і відігнала вовків від домівки, але не врятувала пташника від дінго.

Коли кукурудза дозріла, збирати її було не важко. Тільки як її переносити? Тут не обійшлося без батькової кобети, а то неминуче тягали б у мішках на власному горбі.

Дваєр попрохав батька допомогти йому спорудити загін для корів. Батько охоче скористався з доброї нагоди. Дваєр, в обмін на батькову роботу, приїхав з підводою і перевіз кукурудзу на залізничну станцію, коли ми її облушили.

Легко сказати – облушили! Ми робили це вручну, і натерпілися – ще й як! Протягом першої півгодини ми залюбки лушили один качан за іншим – і нічого. А наступного дня, на тобі маєш! – руки геть у пухирях, навіть стулити не в силі. Зо два тижні довелось ходити не вмитими.

З чотирьох акрів зібрали п'ятнадцять мішків, і крамар взявся їх продати. Кукурудза йшла по дванадцять-чотирнадцять шилінгів за бушель, і батько сподівався на добрячу виручку.

Кожного дня протягом майже двох тижнів він стомлено плентався до крамниці (п'ять миль), а я за ним. І кожного разу крамар, заперечно хитнувши головою кидав:

– Ще нічого не обіцяю!

Батько не міг уторопати, у чому річ. Згодом крамар сказав. Він саме обслуговував покупця, коли ми зайшли, але помітив нас і мовив:

– Хвилиночку.

Батько і я були на сьомому небі. Покупець пішов собі. Тоді крамар зиркнув на батька, накрутив собі на великий палець шворочку і сказав:

– За вашу кукурудзу виходить дванадцять фунтів, містер Радд, але бачите (він підійшов до своєї конторки), тут є ваша розписка – за вами боржок, то ми його погасимо з виручки. Так що вам лишається ще три фунти.

Батько зацікавився і зовсім поник. Він прийшов додому, сів на чурбак, поклав підборіддя на руки, і втупився у вогнище, аж поки мати не поклала йому руку на плече і спитала ласкаво, що ж трапилось. Тоді він витягнув з кишені крамарський рахунок і передав їй. Вона теж опустила поруч і задивилася на вогонь.

Отаким-от був наш перший врожай.

*Переклав Микола Стельмах*

## THE MAN WITH THE SCAR

*Somerset Maugham*

It was on account of the scar that I first noticed him, for it ran broad and red in a great crescent from his temple to his chin. It must have been due to a formidable wound, and I wondered whether this had been caused by a sabre or by a fragment of shell. It was unexpected on that round, fat, and good-humoured face. He had small and undistinguished features, and his expression was artless. His face was oddly with his corpulent body. He was a powerful man of more than common height. I never saw him in anything but a very shabby grey suit, a khaki shirt, and a battered sombrero. He was far from clean. He used to come into the Palace Hotel at Guatemala City every day at cocktail time and strolling leisurely round the bar offer lottery tickets for sale. If this was the way he made his living, it must have been a poor one, for I never saw anyone buy, but now and then, I saw him offer a drink. He never refused it. He threaded his way among the tables with a sort of rolling walk as though he were accustomed to traversing long distances on foot, paused at each table, with a little smile, mentioned the numbers he had for sale, and then, when no notice was taken of him, with the same smile passed on. I think he was, for the most part, a trifle the worse for liquor.

I was standing at the bar one evening, my foot on the rail, with an acquaintance – they make a very good dry Martini at the Palace Hotel in Guatemala City – when the man with the scar came up. I shook my head as, for the twentieth time since my arrival, he held out for my inspection of his lottery tickets. But my companion nodded affably.

“Que tal, general? How is life?”

“Not so bad. Business is none too good, but it might be worse”.

“What will you have, general?”

“A brandy”.

He tossed it down and put the glass back on the bar. He nodded to my acquaintance.

“Gracias. Hasta luego”.

Then he turned away and offered his tickets to the men who were standing next to us.

“Who is your friend?” I asked him. “That’s a terrific scar on his face.”

It doesn’t add to his beauty, does it? He’s an exile from Nicaragua. He’s a ruffian, of course, and a bandit, but not a bad fellow. I give him a few pesos now and then. He was

a revolutionary general, and if his ammunition hadn't given out he'd have upset the government and be Minister of War now instead of selling lottery tickets in Guatemala. They captured him, along with his staff, such as it was, and tried him by court-martial. Such things are rather summary in these countries, you know, and he was sentenced to be shot at dawn. I guess he knew what was coming to him when he was caught. He spent the night in gaol and he and the others, there were five of them altogether, passed the time playing poker. They used matches for chips. He told me he'd never had such a run of bad luck in his life; they were playing with a short pack, Jacks to open, but he never held a card; he never improved more than half a dozen times in the whole sitting and no sooner did he buy a new stack than he lost it. When day broke, and the soldiers came into the cell to fetch them for execution, he had lost more matches than a reasonable man could use in a lifetime.

They were led into the patio of the gaol and placed against a wall, the five of them side by side, with the firing party facing them. There was a pause, and our friend asked the officer in charge of them what devil they were keeping him waiting for. The officer said that the general commanding the government troops wished to attend the execution, and they awaited his arrival. "Then I have time to smoke another cigarette", said our friend. "He was always unpunctual".

But he had barely lit it when the general, it was San Ignacio, by the way, I don't know whether you ever met him, followed by his A.D.C., came onto the patio. The usual formalities were performed, and San Ignacio asked the condemned men whether there was anything they wished before the execution took place. Four of the five shook their heads, but our friend spoke.

"Yes, I should like to say goodbye to my wife".

"Bueno", said the general, "I have no objection to that. Where is she?"

"She is waiting at the prison door".

"Then it will not cause a delay of more than five minutes". "Hardly that, Senor General", said our friend.

Have him place on one side." Two soldiers advanced, and between them, the condemned rebel walked to the spot indicated. The officer in command of the firing squad, on a nod from the general, gave an order, there was a ragged report, and the four men fell. They fell strangely, not together, but one after another, with movements that were almost

grotesque, as though they were puppets in a toy theatre. The officer went up to them, and one who was still alive emptied two barrels of his revolver. Our friend finished his cigarette and threw away the stub. There was a little stir at the gateway. A woman came onto the patio with quick steps, and then, her hand on her heart stopped suddenly. She gave a cry and, with outstretched arms, ran forward.

“Caramba”, said the General.

She was in black, with a veil over her hair, and her face was dead white. She was hardly more than a girl, a slim creature with little regular features and enormous eyes. But they were distraught with anguish. Her loveliness was such that as she ran, her mouth slightly open and the agony of her face beautiful, a gasp of surprise was wrung from those indifferent soldiers who looked at her. The rebel advanced a step or two to meet her. She flung herself into his arms and with a hoarse cry of passion: *alma de mi corazon*, soul of my heart, he pressed his lips to hers. And at the same moment, he drew a knife from his ragged shirt – I haven’t a notion how he managed to retain possession of it – and stabbed her in the neck. The blood spurted from the cut vein and dyed his shirt. Then he flung his arms round her and once more pressed his lips to hers.

It happened so quickly that many did not know what had occurred, but from the others burst a cry of horror; they sprang forward and seized him. They loosened his grasp, and the girl would have fallen if the A.D.C. had not caught her. She was unconscious. They laid her on the ground and, with dismay on their faces, stood round watching her. The rebel knew where he was striking, and it was impossible to staunch the blood. In a moment, the A.D.C. who had been kneeling by her side rose.

“She’s dead”, he whispered.

The rebel crossed himself.

“Why did you do it?” asked the general.

«I loved her».

A sort of sigh passed through these men who crowded together, and they looked with strange faces at the murder. The general stared at him for a while in silence.

“It was a noble gesture,” he said at last. “I cannot execute this man. Take my car and have him led to the frontier. Senor, I offer you the homage which is due from one brave to another.”

A murmur of approbation broke from those who listened. The A.D.C. tapped the rebel on the shoulder, and between the two soldiers, without a word, he marched to the waiting car.

My friend stopped, and for a little I was silent. I must explain that he was a Guatemalan and spoke to me in Spanish. I have translated what he told me as well as I could, but I have made no attempt to tone down his rather high-flown language. To tell the truth, it suits the story.

“But how then did he get the scar?” I asked at length.

“Oh, that was due to a bottle that burst when I was opening it. A bottle of ginger ale”.

“I never liked it”, said I.

## ЛЮДИНА ЗІ ШРАМОМ

*Сомерсет Моєм*

То був саме шрам на його обличчі, що привернув мою увагу – широкий, червоний, він вигинався півмісяцем від підборіддя аж до скроні. І яка страхітна мусила бути рана! – міркував я. І що її завдало: шабля чи осколок? Той шрам був несподіваним на його круглому опасистому обличчі, що світилося простодушною щирістю дрібних рис. До того ж обличчя якось дивно сполучалось з його дебелою статурою, бо він був кремезний, досить високий чолов’яга. Скільки я його бачив, на ньому завжди був сірий заношений костюм, сорочка кольору хакі та пом’яте сомбреро. Навряд чи він дбав про охайність. Кожного дня він з’являвся в ресторані Паласготелю, що в Гватемала-сіті і, неквапливо походжаючи у час коктейлів уздовж бару, пропонував лоторейні квитки. Якщо він з того жив, то це був кепський засіб, бо я ніколи не бачив, щоб у нього їх купляли; зате не раз помічав, як його частували, і він ніколи не відмовлявся. Вештався поміж столиками легким перевальцем, як людина, звикла до далеких переходів, зупинявся біля кожного і, ледь посміхаючись, називав номери квитків. Якщо на нього не звертали уваги, з тією ж посмішкою проходив далі і поволеньку все більше п’янів. Якось увечері стояв я коло бару зі знайомим, спершись ногою на приступку (у тому Палас-готелі, що в Гватемала-сіті, подають непогане сухе мартіні), і чоловік зі шрамом підійшов

до нас. Язаперечно похитав головою, коли він, удвадцять за моє перебування тут, простяг для огляду свої квитки. Та мій супутник люб'язно кивнув:

– Quitar, general. – Як ся маєте, генерале?

– Не так вже й погано, хоч і негаразд, але бува й гірше.

– Що вам, генерале?

– Бренді.

Він вихилив чарку, поставив на прилавок і хитнув головою

Ciracias. Hasta luego. –Дякую, мені пора.

Потому простяг свої квитки чоловікам, що стояли неподалік.

– Що за один? – запитав я. Такий жахливий шрам на обличчі.

– Який не додає йому краси, еге ж? Це вигнанець з Нікарагуа. Шалапута, звичайно, і розбійник, а взагалі непоганий хлопець. У повстанців був за генерала, і якби їм вистачило боєприпасів повалив би уряд і зараз був би воєнним міністром, замість торгувати лоторейними квитками. Його захопили разом зі штабом і потягли до трибуналу. Ви знаєте, що в цих країнах процедури спрощено: розстріл на світанку наступного дня і баста. Зрештою, він розумів, до чого йдеться, ще як його схопили. Отже, його з чотирма товаришами замкнули на ніч у в'язниці, де вони зводили час, граючи в покер. За ставки їм правили сірники. Потім він розповідав мені, що за все життя ще так не програвався в карти. Грали неповною колодою, валети відкриті, але карта не йшла. За ніч і шести разів не завістував, а тільки но брав прикуп, відразу програвав. Коли розвиднілось, і до камери ввійшли солдати, щоб вивести їх на страту, він програв більше сірників, ніж нормальна людина використає за все життя.

Їх вивели у внутрішній двір в'язниці і поставили під муром п'ятьох у ряд, а напроти вишикувався взвод солдат. Ті чомусь зволікали, і наш приятель запитав офіцера, що командував розстрілом, якого дідька він повинен чекати. Офіцер відповів, що вони чекають, коли прибуде генерал, командуючий урядовими військами, який бажає подивитися на страту.

– Коли так, то я ще встигну випалити цигарку, – сказав наш приятель. – Ваш генерал завжди запізнюється.

Та ледве встиг він запалити, як генерал (то був, між іншим, Сан-Ігнасіо: може, ви знайомі?) ввійшов у двір у супроводі ад'ютанта. Хутенько покінчили з

формальностями, і Сан-Ігнасіо запитав приречених, чи не мають вони якогось бажання перед смертю. Четверо заперечливо хитнули головами, та наш приятель озвався.

– Так, я волів би попрощатися з моєю дружиною.

– Bueno – гаразд, сказав генерал. Не заперечую, де вона?

– Чекає коло воріт в'язниці.

– Тоді це не забере в нас більше п'яти хвилин.

– Навіть менше, señor general, – сказав наш приятель. – Відведіть його вбік.

Наблизились два солдати, і поміж них приречений відійшов на вказане місце. Дочекавшись кивка генерала, командир солдатів віддав наказ. Пролунав недружний залп, і четверо чоловіків впали. Падали незграбно, не разом, а один за одним химерно сіпаючись, наче маріонетки з театру ляльок. Офіцер наблизився до них і розрядив обидва стволи свого револьвера. Наш приятель допалив цигарку і відкинув недокурк.

Біля брами зчинилась невелика метушня. У двір поспішно увійшла жінка і раптом стала, притиснувши руку до серця. Тоді скрикнула і, простерши руки, кинулась уперед.

– Caramba! – побий мене грім, – сказав генерал.

Вона була в чорному, з відкинутою на волосся вуаллю, бліда як смерть. Майже дівча, тендітна істота, з витонченими правильними рисами і величезними очима, які ошаліли від муки. І такою була її краса, як вона ото бігла, ледь розтуливши уста, з виразом страждання, яке робило ще виразнішим її обличчя, що байдужі солдати хрипло зітхнули, витріщившись на неї. Приречений ступив крок чи два їй назустріч. Вона кинулась в його обійми, і з пристрасним криком – *alma de mi corazón!* – душа мого серця, – він уп'явся в її губи. У цю ж мить вихопив з-під рваної сорочки ножа (і як йому вдалося зберегти його?) вдарив її в шию. Кров бризнула зрозчухнутої вени і просочила йому одяг. Тоді він міцно обхопив жінку і ще раз притис її губи до своїх. Усе це відбулося в одну мить, і багато хто й не зрозумів, що трапилось, тоді як в інших прохопився зойк жаху. Вони метнулися й схопили його. Це послабило обійми, і жінка впала б, якби її не підхопив ад'ютант. Вона була непритомна. Її поклали на землю і з повними жаху обличчями

скупчились навкруги. Бунтівник знав, куди вдарити – зупинити кров було неможливо. За хвилину ад'ютант, що стояв навколішках над нею, підвівся.

– Померла, – прошепотів він.

Бунтівник перехрестився.

– Ти нащо це зробив? – запитав генерал.

– Я кохаю її.

Щось схоже на зітхання схитнуло зібраних чоловіків, і вони зчудовано поглянули на вбивцю. Генерал якийсь час теж мовчки розглядав його.

– Це – шляхетний жест, озався він нарешті. – Я не можу стратити цю людину. Візьміть мій автомобіль і відвезіть його до кордону. Сеньор, я віддаю вам належне, як водиться серед хоробрих людей.

Серед присутніх почувся схвальний гомін. Ад'ютант поплескав повстанця по плечу і між двох солдатів, не вимовивши й слова він покрокував до автомобіля, що чекав на нього.

Тут мій знайомий закінчив свою розповідь. Я теж деякий час не порушував мовчанки. Треба пояснити, що він – гватемалець, і ми розмовляли іспанською мовою. Я переклав його розповідь як умів, намагаючись зберегти і пишномовність. По-правді, вона-таки пасує до цього оповідання.

– А звідки в нього цей шрам ? – нарешті запитав я.

– Це від пляшки, що вибухнула, коли я її відкорковував. Імбирне пиво.

– Гидота, – сказав я.

*Переклав Сергій Огольцов*

## A TENT IN AGONY

*Stephen Crane*

Four men once came to a wet place in the roadless forest to fish. They pitched their tent fair upon the brow of a pine-clothed ridge of riven rocks whence a boulder could be made to crash through the brush and whirl past the trees to the lake below. On fragrant hemlock boughs they slept the sleep of unsuccessful fishermen, for upon the lake alternately the sun made them lazy and the rain made them wet. Finally, they ate the last bit of bacon and smoked and burned the last fearful and wonderful hoecake.

Immediately a little man volunteered to stay and hold the camp while the remaining three should go the Sullivan County miles to a farmhouse for supplies. They gazed at him dismally. "There's only one of you – the devil make a twin," they said in parting malediction, and disappeared down the hill in the known direction of a distant cabin. When it came night and the hemlocks began to sob, they had not returned. The little man sat close to his companion, the campfire, and encouraged it with logs. He puffed fiercely at a heavy built brier, and regarded a thousand shadows which were about to assault him. Suddenly he heard the approach of the unknown, crackling the twigs and rustling the dead leaves. The little man arose slowly to his feet, his clothes refused to fit his back, his pipe dropped from his mouth, his knees smote each other. "Hah!" he bellowed hoarsely in menace. A growl replied and a bear paced into the light of the fire. The little man supported himself upon a sapling and regarded his visitor.

The bear was evidently a veteran and a fighter, for the black of his coat had become tawny with age. There was confidence in his gait and arrogance in his small, twinkling eye. He rolled back his lips and disclosed his white teeth. The fire magnified the red of his mouth. The little man had never before confronted the terrible and he could not wrest it from his breast. "Hah!" he roared. The bear interpreted this as the challenge of a gladiator. He approached warily. As he came near, the boots of fear were suddenly upon the little man's feet. He cried out and then darted around the campfire. "Ho!" said the bear to himself, "this thing won't fight – it runs. Well, suppose I catch it." So, upon his features there fixed the animal look of going – somewhere. He started

intensely around the campfire. The little man shrieked and ran furiously. Twice around they went.

The hand of heaven sometimes falls heavily upon the righteous. The bear gained.

In desperation the little man flew into the tent. The bear stopped and sniffed at the entrance. He scented the scent of many men. Finally, he ventured in.

The little man crouched in a distant corner. The bear advanced, creeping, his blood burning, his hair erect, his jowls dripping. The little man yelled and rustled clumsily under the flap at the end of the tent. The bear snarled awfully and made a jump and a grab at his disappearing game. The little man, now without the tent, felt a tremendous paw grab his coat tails. He squirmed and wriggled out of his coat like a schoolboy in the hands of an avenger. The bear bowed triumphantly and jerked the coat into the tent and took two bites, a punch and a hug before he, discovered his man was not in it. Then he grew not very angry, for a bear on a spree is not a black-haired pirate. He is merely a hoodlum. He lay down on his back, took the coat on his four paws and began to play uproariously with it. The most appalling, blood-curdling whoops and yells came to where the little man was crying in a treetop and froze his blood. He moaned a little speech meant for a prayer and clung convulsively to the bending branches. He gazed with tearful wistfulness at where his comrade, the campfire, was giving dying flickers and crackles. Finally, there was a roar from the tent which eclipsed all roars; a snarl which it seemed would shake the stolid silence of the mountain and cause it to shrug its granite shoulders. The little man quaked and shrivelled to a grip and a pair of eyes. In the glow of the embers, he saw the white tent quiver and fall with a crash. The bear's merry play had disturbed the center pole and brought a chaos of canvas upon his head.

Now the little man became the witness of a mighty scene. The tent began to flounder. It took flopping strides in the direction of the lake. Marvellous sounds came from within – rips and tears, and great groans and pants. The little man went into giggling hysterics.

The entangled monster failed to extricate himself before he had walloped the tent frenziedly to the edge of the mountain. So it came to pass that three men, clambering

up the hill with bundles and baskets, saw their tent approaching. It seemed to them like a white-robed phantom pursued by hornets. Its moans riffled the hemlock twigs.

The three men dropped their bundles and scurried to one side, their eyes gleaming with fear. The canvas avalanche swept past them. They leaned, faint and dumb, against trees and listened, their blood stagnant. Below them it struck the base of a great pine tree, where it writhed and struggled. The three watched its convolutions a moment and then started terrifically for the top of the hill. As they disappeared, the bear cut loose with a mighty effort. He cast one dishevelled and agonized look at the white thing, and then started wildly for the inner recesses of the forest.

The three fear-stricken individuals ran to the rebuilt fire. The little man reposed by it calmly smoking. They sprang at him and overwhelmed him with interrogations. He contemplated darkness and took a long, pompous puff. "There's only one of me – and the devil made a twin," he said.

## SIMMERING

*Margaret Atwood*

It started in the backyards. At first the men concentrated on heat and smoke, and on dangerous thrusts with long forks. Their wives gave them aprons in railroad stripes, with slogans on the front – Hot Stuff, The Boss – to spur them on. Then it began to get all mixed up with who should do the dishes, and you can't fall back on paper plates forever, and around that time the wives got tired of making butterscotch brownies and jello salads with grated carrots and baby marshmallows in them and wanted to make money instead, and one thing led to another. The wives said that there were only twenty-four hours in a day; and the men, who in that century were still priding themselves on their rationality, had to agree that this was so.

For a while they worked it out that the men were in charge of the more masculine kinds of food: roasts, chops, steaks, dead chickens and ducks, gizzards, hearts, anything that had obviously been killed, that had visibly bled. The wives did the other things, the glazed parsnips and the prune whip, anything that flowered or fruited or was soft and gooey in the middle. That was all right for about a decade. Everyone praised the men to keep them going, and the wives, sneaking out of the houses in the mornings with their squeaky new briefcases, clutching their bus tickets because the men needed the station wagons to bring home the carcasses, felt they had got away with something.

But time is not static, and the men refused to stay put. They could not be kept isolated in their individual kitchens, kitchens into which the wives were allowed less and less frequently because, the men said, they did not sharpen the knives properly, if at all. The men began to acquire kitchen machines, which they would spend the weekends taking apart and oiling. There were a few accidents at first, a few lost fingers and ends of noses, but the men soon got the hang of it and branched out into other areas: automatic nutmeg graters, electric gadgets for taking the lids off jars. At cocktail parties they would gather in groups at one end of the room, exchanging private recipes and cooking yarns, tales of soufflés daringly saved at the last minute, pears flambées which had gone out of control and had to be fought to a standstill. Some of these stories had risqué phrases in them, such

as chicken breasts. Indeed, sexual metaphor was changing: bowls and forks became prominent, and eggbeater, pressure cooker and turkey baster became words which only the most daring young women, the kind who thought it was a kick to butter their own toast, would venture to pronounce in mixed company. Men who could not cook very well hung about the edges of these groups, afraid to say much, admiring the older and more experienced ones, wishing they could be like them.

Soon after that, the men resigned from their jobs in large numbers so they could spend more time in the kitchen. The magazines said it was a modern trend. The wives were all driven off to work, whether they wanted to or not: someone had to make the money, and of course they did not want their husbands' masculinity to be threatened. A man's status in the community was now displayed by the length of his carving knives, by how many of them he had and how sharp he kept them, and by whether they were plain or ornamented with gold and precious jewels.

Exclusive clubs and secret societies sprang up. Men meeting for the first time would now exchange special handshakes – the Béchamel twist, the chocolate mousse double grip – to show that they had been initiated. It was pointed out to the women, who by this time did not go into the kitchens at all on pain of being thought unfeminine, that chef after all means chief and that Mixmasters were common but no one had ever heard of a Mixmistress. Psychological articles began to appear in the magazines on the origin of women's kitchen envy and how it could be cured. Amputation of the tip of the tongue was recommended, and, as you know, became a widespread practice in the more advanced nations. If Nature had meant women to cook, it was said, God would have made carving knives round and with holes in them.

This is history. But it is not a history familiar to many people. It exists only in the few archival collections that have not yet been destroyed, and in manuscripts like this one, passed from woman to woman, usually at night, copied out by hand or memorized. It is subversive of me even to write these words. I am doing so, at the risk of my own personal freedom, because now, after so many centuries of stagnation, there are signs that hope and therefore change have once more become possible.

The women in their pinstripe suits, exiled to the living rooms where they dutifully sip the glasses of port brought out to them by the men, used to sit uneasily, silently, listening to the loud bursts of male and somehow derisive laughter from behind the closed kitchen doors. But they have begun whispering to each other. When they are with those they trust, they tell of a time long ago, lost in the fogs of legend, hinted at in packets of letters found in attic trunks and in the cryptic frescoes on abandoned temple walls, when women too were allowed to participate in the ritual which now embodies the deepest religious convictions of our society: the transformation of the consecrated flour into the holy bread. At night they dream, long clandestine dreams, confused and obscured by shadows. They dream of plunging their hands into the earth, which is red as blood and soft, which is milky and warm. They dream that the earth gathers itself under their hands, swells, changes its form, flowers into a thousand shapes, for them too, for them once more. They dream of apples; they dream of the creation of the world; they dream of freedom.

## THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY

*James Thurber*

“WE'RE going through!” The Commander's voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. “We can't make it, sir. It's spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me.” “I'm not asking you, Lieutenant Berg,” said the Commander. “Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8500! We're going through!” The pounding of the cylinders increased: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. “Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!” he shouted. “Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!” repeated Lieutenant Berg. “Full strength in No. 3 turret!” shouted the Commander. “Full strength in No. 3 turret!” The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. “The Old Man'll get us through,” they said to one another. “The Old Man ain't afraid of hell!”. . .

“Not so fast! You're driving too fast!” said Mrs. Mitty. “What are you driving so fast for?”

“Hmm?” said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. “You were up to fifty-five,” she said. “You know I don't like to go more than forty. You were up to fifty-five.” Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind. “You're tensed up again,” said Mrs. Mitty. “It's one of your days. I wish you'd let Dr. Renshaw look you over.”

Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done. “Remember to get those overshoes while I'm having my hair done,” she said. “I don't need overshoes,” said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. “We've been all through that,” she said, getting out of the car. “You're not a young man any longer.” He raced the engine a little. “Why don't you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?” Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven on to a red light, he took them off again. “Pick it up, brother!” snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty

hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

. . . “It’s the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan,” said the pretty nurse. “Yes?” said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. “Who has the case?” “Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Dr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over.” A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. “Hello, Mitty,” he said. “We’re having the devil’s own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you’d take a look at him.” “Glad to,” said Mitty.

In the operating room there were whispered introductions: “Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Dr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty.” “I’ve read your book on streptothricosis,” said Pritchard-Mitford, shaking hands. “A brilliant performance, sir.” “Thank you,” said Walter Mitty. “Didn’t know you were in the States, Mitty,” grumbled Remington. “Coals to Newcastle, bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary.” “You are very kind,” said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketapocketa. “The new anesthetizer is giving away!” shouted an intern. “There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!” “Quiet, man!” said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was now going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. “Give me a fountain pen!” he snapped. Someone handed him a fountain pen. He pulled a faulty piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place. “That will hold for ten minutes,” he said. “Get on with the operation.” A nurse hurried over and whispered to Renshaw, and Mitty saw the man turn pale. “Coreopsis has set in,” said Renshaw nervously. “If you would take over, Mitty?” Mitty looked at him and at the craven figure of Benbow, who drank, and at the grave, uncertain faces of the two great specialists. “If you wish,” he said. They slipped a white gown on him, he adjusted a mask and drew on thin gloves; nurses handed him shining . . .

“Back it up, Mac!! Look out for that Buick!” Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. “Wrong lane, Mac,” said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. “Gee. Yeh,” muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked “Exit Only.” “Leave her sit there,” said the attendant. “I’ll put her away.” Mitty got out of the car. “Hey, better

leave the key.” “Oh,” said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up with insolent skill, and put it where it belonged.

They’re so damn cocky, thought Walter Mitty, walking along Main Street; they think they know everything. Once he had tried to take his chains off, outside New Milford, and he had got them wound around the axles. A man had had to come out in a wrecking car and unwind them, a young, grinning garageman. Since then Mrs. Mitty always made him drive to a garage to have the chains taken off. The next time, he thought, I’ll wear my right arm in a sling; they won’t grin at me then. I’ll have my right arm in a sling and they’ll see I couldn’t possibly take the chains off myself. He kicked at the slush on the sidewalk. “Overshoes,” he said to himself, and he began looking for a shoe store.

When he came out into the street again, with the overshoes in a box under his arm, Walter Mitty began to wonder what the other thing was his wife had told him to get. She had told him, twice before they set out from their house for Waterbury. In a way he hated these weekly trips to town – he was always getting something wrong. Kleenex, he thought, Squibb’s, razor blades? No. Tooth paste, toothbrush, bicarbonate, Carborundum, initiative and referendum? He gave it up. But she would remember it. “Where’s the what’s-its-name?” she would ask. “Don’t tell me you forgot the what’s-its-name.” A newsboy went by shouting something about the Waterbury trial.

. . . “Perhaps this will refresh your memory.” The District Attorney suddenly thrust a heavy automatic at the quiet figure on the witness stand. “Have you ever seen this before?” Walter Mitty took the gun and examined it expertly. “This is my Webley-Vickers 50.80,” he said calmly. An excited buzz ran around the courtroom. The Judge rapped for order. “You are a crack shot with any sort of firearms, I believe?” said the District Attorney, insinuatingly. “Objection!” shouted Mitty’s attorney. “We have shown that the defendant could not have fired the shot. We have shown that he wore his right arm in a sling on the night of the fourteenth of July.” Walter Mitty raised his hand briefly and the bickering attorneys were stilled. “With any known make of gun,” he said evenly, “I could have killed Gregory Fitzhurst at three hundred feet with my left hand.” Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom. A woman’s scream rose above the bedlam and suddenly a lovely, dark-haired girl was in Walter Mitty’s arms. The District Attorney struck at her savagely. Without rising from his chair, Mitty let the man have it on the point of the chin. “You miserable cur!” . . .

“Puppy biscuit,” said Walter Mitty. He stopped walking and the buildings of Waterbury rose up out of the misty courtroom and surrounded him again. A woman who was passing laughed. “He said ‘Puppy biscuit,’” she said to her companion. “That man said ‘Puppy biscuit’ to himself.” Walter Mitty hurried on. He went into an A. & P., not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. “I want some biscuit for small, young dogs,” he said to the clerk. “Any special brand, sir?” The greatest pistol shot in the world thought a moment. “It says ‘Puppies Bark for It’ on the box,” said Walter Mitty.

His wife would be through at the hairdresser’s in fifteen minutes’ Mitty saw in looking at his watch, unless they had trouble drying it; sometimes they had trouble drying it. She didn’t like to get to the hotel first, she would want him to be there waiting for her as usual. He found a big leather chair in the lobby, facing a window, and he put the overshoes and the puppy biscuit on the floor beside it. He picked up an old copy of Liberty and sank down into the chair. “Can Germany Conquer the World Through the Air?” Walter Mitty looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined streets.

. . . “The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir,” said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through tousled hair. “Get him to bed,” he said wearily, “with the others. I’ll fly alone.” “But you can’t, sir,” said the sergeant anxiously. “It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman’s circus is between here and Saulier.” “Somebody’s got to get that ammunition dump,” said Mitty. “I’m going over. Spot of brandy?” He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. “A bit of a near thing,” said Captain Mitty carelessly. “The box barrage is closing in,” said the sergeant. “We only live once, Sergeant,” said Mitty, with his faint, fleeting smile. “Or do we?” He poured another brandy and tossed it off. “I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir,” said the sergeant. “Begging your pardon, sir.” Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. “It’s forty kilometers through hell, sir,” said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. “After all,” he said softly, “what isn’t?” The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers.

Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming “Aupres de Ma Blonde.” He turned and waved to the sergeant. “Cheerio!” he said. . . .

Something struck his shoulder. “I’ve been looking all over this hotel for you,” said Mrs. Mitty. “Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?” “Things close in,” said Walter Mitty vaguely. “What?” Mrs. Mitty said. “Did you get the what’s-its-name? The puppy biscuit? What’s in that box?” “Overshoes,” said Mitty. “Couldn’t you have put them on in the store?” “I was thinking,” said Walter Mitty. “Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes thinking?” She looked at him. “I’m going to take your temperature when I get you home,” she said.

They went out through the revolving doors that made a faintly derisive whistling sound when you pushed them. It was two blocks to the parking lot. At the drugstore on the corner she said, “Wait here for me. I forgot something. I won’t be a minute.” She was more than a minute. Walter Mitty lighted a cigarette. It began to rain, rain with sleet in it. He stood up against the wall of the drugstore, smoking. . . . He put his shoulders back and his heels together. “To hell with the handkerchief,” said Waker Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last.

## II. POEMS

### SONNET 130

*William Shakespeare*

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

### СОНЕТ 130

Її очей до сонця не рівняли,  
Корал ніжніший за її вуста,  
Не білосніжні пліч її овали,  
Мов з дроту чорного, коса густа.  
Троянд багато зустрічав я всюди,  
Та на її обличчі не стрічав,  
І дише так вона, як дишуть люди, –  
А не конвалії між диких трав.  
І голосу рівнять її не треба,  
До музики, милішої мені,  
Не знаю про ходу богинь із неба,  
А кроки милої цілком земні.  
І все ж вона – найкраща поміж тими,  
Що славлені похвалами пустими.

*Переклав Дмитро Паламарчук*

### СОНЕТ 130

Не сонця блиск з її очей зрина,  
І не коралові її вуста.  
І перса – ні, не снігу білизна,  
Волосся ж чорним дріттям пророста.  
Я бачив цвіт троянд дамаських пишних –  
Нема його у неї на щоках!  
Парфумів запах надто приємніший,  
Аніж із вуст її гарячий пах!  
Її слова не звуки мелодійні,  
Хоча душа моя в них потопа.  
Не знаю я, яка хода в богині,  
Бо мила просто по землі ступа.  
І все ж вона для мене наймиліша  
Між тими, що оббріхані у віршах.

*Переклала Ганна Васильченко*

### SONNET 60

*William Shakespeare*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

*E. Dickinson*

Sweet mountains,  
ye tell me no lie,  
Never deny me, never fly.  
Those same unvarying eyes  
Turn on me, when I fail or feign  
Oh take the royal names in vain,  
Their far, slow, violet gase.  
My strong madounas cherish still  
The wayward nun beneath the hill  
Whose service is to you  
Her latest worship when the day  
Fades from the firmament away  
To lift her brows on you.

*Е. Дікінсон*

О, милі гори,  
Я вам вірю!  
І горе і радість – все вам звірю,  
Бо ви не зрадите мене,  
Ваш синій погляд не змигне.  
Ніщо – й моя пиха надмірна –  
Величність вашу не схитне.  
Мої мадонни кам'яні,  
Чи жаль вам бідної черниці? –  
Заблукана, в ногах у вас –  
Дозвольте ж у прощальний час,  
Як день за обрієм погас  
На вашу гордість помолиться.

*Переклала Ганна Васильченко*

## **“HOPE” IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS**

*Emily Dickinson*

“Hope” is the thing with feathers –  
That perches in the soul –  
And sings the tune without the words –  
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –  
And sore must be the storm –  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm –

I’ve heard it in the chillest land –  
And on the strangest Sea –  
Yet – never – in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb – of me.

## **WEBCAM THE WORLD**

*Heather McHugh*

Get all of it. set up the shots  
at every angle; run them online  
24-7. Get beautiful stuff (like  
scenery and greenery and style)  
and get the ugliness (like cruelty  
and quackery and rue). there’s nothing  
unastonishing – but get that, too. We have  
to save it all, now that we can, and while.  
Do close-ups with electron microscopes  
and vaster pans with planetcams.  
it may be getting close

to our last chance –  
how many  
millipedes or elephants are left?  
How many minutes for mind-blinded men?  
Use every lens you can – get Dubliners  
in fisticuffs, the last Beijinger with  
an abacus, the boy in Addis Abada who feeds  
the starving dog. And don't forget the cows  
in neck-irons, when barns begin  
to burn. the rollickers at clubs,  
the frolickers at forage – take it all,  
the space you need: it's curved. Let  
mileage be footage, let year be light. Get  
goggles for the hermitage, and shades for whorage. Don't be  
boggled by totality: we're here to save the world without exception.  
it will serve  
as its own storage.

### III. PUBLIC SPEECHES

#### ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF UKRAINE TO THE PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

8 March 2022 - 20:36

**Mr. Speaker! Mr. Prime Minister! Members of the government, parliament, lords.**

**Ladies and gentlemen!**

I'm addressing all the people of the United Kingdom. All the people of Great Britain. Great people. With a great history. I'm addressing you as a citizen, as President of a great country as well. With a great dream. And a great struggle. I want to tell you about our 13 days. 13 days of fierce war, which we did not start and did not want. But we are waging it.

Because we do not want to lose what we have, what is ours - Ukraine. Just as you did not want to lose your island when the Nazis were preparing to start the battle for your great power, the battle for Britain.

13 days of our defense.

On the first day at 4 am, cruise missiles were fired at us. So that everyone woke up - we, the children, all of us, living people, all of Ukraine. And we haven't slept since. We all took up arms becoming a large army.

The next day we fought off attacks in the air, on land and at sea. And our heroic border guards on Zmiinyi Island in the Black Sea told everyone about the end of the war. Namely: where the enemy will go in the end. When a Russian ship demanded that our guys lay down their weapons, they answered him... As firmly as one cannot say in the parliament. And we felt the power. Great power of our people who will persecute the invader to the end.

On the third day, Russian troops openly fired at people and apartment buildings without hiding. Used artillery, air bombs. And it finally showed us, showed the world who is who. Who are great people and who are just savages.

On the fourth day, when we have already begun to take dozens of prisoners, we have not lost our dignity. We didn't abuse them. We treat them like people. Because we remained human on the fourth day of this shameful war.

On the fifth day, the terror against us has already become outright. Against cities, against small towns. Ruined districts. Bombs, bombs, bombs, again bombs on houses, on schools, on hospitals. This is genocide. Which did not break us. It mobilized each and every one of us. And it gave us a sense of great truth.

On the sixth day, Russian missiles hit Babyn Yar. This is the place where the Nazis executed 100,000 people during World War II. 80 years later, Russia killed them for a second time.

On the seventh day, we realized they were destroying even the churches. Using bombs! Rockets again. They do not know the holy and great as we know.

On the eighth day, the world saw Russian tanks firing at a nuclear power plant. The largest in Europe. And the world began to understand that this is terror against all. This is a great terror.

On the ninth day, we listened to a meeting of NATO countries. Without the desired result for us. Without courage. That's how we felt - I don't want to offend anyone - we felt that alliances don't work. They can't even close the sky. That is why security guarantees in Europe must be built from scratch.

On the tenth day, unarmed Ukrainians protested everywhere in the occupied cities. Stopping armored vehicles with bare hands. We have become unbreakable.

On the eleventh day, when residential areas were already bombed, when everything was destroyed by explosions, when children were evacuated from a damaged children's oncology hospital... We realized: Ukrainians became heroes. Hundreds of thousands of people. Entire cities. Children, adults - all.

On the twelfth day, when the losses of the Russian army have already exceeded 10,000 killed, the general also appeared in this number. And this gave us confidence: for all crimes, for all shameful orders there will still be responsibility before the International Court or Ukrainian weapons.

On the thirteenth day, a child died in Russian-occupied Mariupol. Died of dehydration. They do not allow food or water to people. They just blocked it - and people are in the basements. I think everyone hears: people don't have water there!

In 13 days of the Russian invasion, 50 children were killed. 50 great martyrs. This is dreadful! This is emptiness. Instead of 50 universes that could live, they took them away. They just took them away.

Great Britain!

Ukraine did not strive for that. It did not seek greatness. But it became great during these days of this war.

Ukraine that saves people despite the terror of the invaders. Defends freedom despite the blows of one of the world's largest armies. Defends despite the open sky. Still open to Russian missiles, aircraft, helicopters. "To be or not to be?" - You know this Shakespearean question well.

13 days ago, this question could still be raised about Ukraine. But not now. Obviously, to be. Obviously, to be free. And if not here, where should I remind you of the words that Great Britain has already heard. And which are relevant again.

We shall not give up and shall not lose!

We shall go the whole way.

We shall fight in the seas, we shall fight in the air, we shall defend our land, whatever the cost may be.

We shall fight in the woods, in the fields, on the beaches, in the cities and villages, in the streets, we shall fight in the hills ... And I want to add: we shall fight on the spoil tips, on the banks of the Kalmius and the Dnieper! And we shall not surrender!

Of course, with your help, with the help of the civilization of great countries. With your support, for which we are grateful and on which we rely. And I am especially grateful to you, Boris, my friend!

Increase sanctions against the terrorist state. Recognize it as a terrorist state finally. Find a way to make our Ukrainian sky safe. Do what you can. Do what you have to. Do what the greatness of your state and your people obliges to.

**Glory to the great Ukraine! Glory to Great Britain.**

<https://www.president.gov.ua/en/news/zvernennya-prezidenta-ukrayini-volodimira-zelenskogo-do-parl-73441>

## **ЗВЕРНЕННЯ ПРЕЗИДЕНТА УКРАЇНИ ВОЛОДИМИРА ЗЕЛЕНСЬКОГО ДО ПАРЛАМЕНТУ ВЕЛИКОЇ БРИТАНІЇ**

8 березня 2022 року - 20:36

*Пане Спікере! Пане Прем'єр-міністре! Члени уряду, парламенту, лорди.  
Леді та джентльмени!*

Я звертаюся до всіх людей Сполученого Королівства. До всіх людей Великої Британії. Великого народу. З великою історією. Я звертаюся до вас як громадянин, як Президент, але теж великої країни. З великою мрією. І великою боротьбою. Я хочу розповісти вам про наші 13 днів. 13 днів міцної війни, яку ми не розпочинали й не хотіли. Але ведемо.

Тому що не хочемо втратити те, що в нас є, те, що наше, – Україну. Так само, як ви не хотіли втратити свій острів, коли нацисти готувалися розпочати битву за вашу велику державу, битву за Британію.

13 днів нашого захисту.

У перший день о 4-й ранку на нас полетіли крилаті ракети. Так, що всі прокинулися – ми, діти, всі ми, живі люди, вся Україна. І відтоді не спить. Ми всі стали до зброї. Ставши великою армією.

На другий день відбивалися від атак у повітрі, на суші й на морі. І наші героїчні прикордонники на острові Зміїний у Чорному морі розповіли всім про фінал війни. А саме: куди зрештою вирушить ворог. Коли російський корабель вимагав від наших хлопців скласти зброю, вони відповіли йому... Так міцно, як не можна сказати в парламенті. І ми відчули силу. Велику силу нашого народу, який до кінця гнатиме окупанта.

На третій день російські війська не ховаючись били просто по людях, по житлових будинках. Артилерією. Авіабомбами. І це остаточно показало нам, показало світу, хто є хто. Хто великі люди, а хто – просто звірі.

На четвертий день, коли полонених ми вже почали брати десятками, ми не втратили гідності. І не знущалися над ними. Ми ставимося до них, як до людей. Бо ми залишилися людьми на четвертий день цієї ганебної війни.

На п'ятий день терор проти нас уже був відвертим. Проти міст, проти маленьких містечок. Зруйновані райони. Бомби, бомби, бомби, знову бомби на будинки, на школи, на лікарні. І це геноцид. Який не зламав нас. Мобілізував кожного й кожна з нас. І дав нам відчуття великої правди.

На шостий день російські ракети впали на Бабин Яр. Це місце, де нацисти стратили 100 тисяч людей у роки Другої світової війни. Через 80 років потому Росія вбила їх удруге.

На сьомий день ми зрозуміли, що вони руйнують навіть церкви. Бомбами! Знову ракетами. Вони не знають святого й великого, як знаємо ми.

На восьмий день світ побачив, що з російських танків стріляють по атомній електростанції. Найбільшій у Європі. І світ почав розуміти, що це терор проти всіх. Це великий терор.

На дев'ятий день ми слухали зустріч країн НАТО. І без бажаного для нас результату. Без мужності. Так ми відчули це – я не хочу нікого образити – ми відчули, що альянси не діють. Навіть небо закрити не можуть. І тому гарантії безпеки у Європі треба будувати з нуля.

На десятий день беззбройні українці в окупованих містах повсюдно протестували, масово. Зупиняючи бронетехніку голіруч. Ми стали незламними.

На 11-й день, коли бомбили вже житлові райони, коли від вибухів усе руйнувалося, коли евакуювали дітей з пошкодженої дитячої онколікарні... Ми усвідомили: українці стали героями. Сотні тисяч людей. Цілі міста. Діти, дорослі – всі.

На 12-й, коли втрати російської армії вже перевищили 10 тисяч убитих, у цьому рахунку з'явився й генерал. І це дало нам упевненість: за всі злочини, за всі ганебні накази все ж таки буде відповідальність. Міжнародного суду або української зброї.

На 13-й день у блокованому російськими військами Маріуполі померла дитина. Від зневоднення. Вони не пускають ні харчові продукти, ні воду не дають людям. Просто заблокували – і вони у підвалах. Я думаю, всі чують: там у людей немає води!

За 13 днів російського вторгнення було вбито 50 дітей. 50 великомучеників. Це страшно! Це порожнеча. Замість 50 всесвітів, які могли б жити, але вони їх забрали. Просто забрали.

Велика Британіє!

Україна не прагнула цього. Не шукала величі. Але стала великою за ці дні цієї війни.

Україна, яка рятує людей попри терор окупантів. Яка захищає свободу попри удари однієї з найбільших армій світу. Яка обороняється попри відкрите небо. Все ще відкрите для російських ракет, літаків, гвинтокрилів. «Бути чи не бути?» – ви добре знаєте це шекспірівське питання.

13 днів тому це питання ще могло прозвучати про Україну. Але зараз – уже ні. Очевидно, що бути. Очевидно, що бути вільними. І де, як не тут, нагадати вам слова, які Велика Британія вже чула. І які знову актуальні.

Ми не здамося й не програємо!

Ми підемо до кінця.

Ми будемо боротися на морях, будемо битися в повітрі, ми будемо захищати нашу землю, хоч би якою була ціна.

Ми будемо битися в лісах, на полях, на узбережжях, у містах і селах, на вулицях, ми будемо битися на пагорбах... І я хочу від себе додати: ми будемо битися на териконах, на березі Кальміуса та Дніпра! І ми не здамося!

Звичайно, з вашою допомогою, допомогою цивілізації великих країн. З вашою підтримкою, за яку ми вдячні і на яку ми дуже розраховуємо. І я окремо вдячний тобі, Борисе, мій друже!

Посилуйте санкції проти держави-терориста. Визнайте її нарешті державою-терористом. Знайдіть спосіб зробити безпечним наше українське небо. Зробіть те, що ви можете. Те, що ви повинні. До чого зобов'язує велич вашої держави і вашого народу.

***Слава великій Україні! Слава Великій Британії***

<https://www.president.gov.ua/news/zvernennya-prezidenta-ukrayini-volodimira-zelenskogo-do-parl-73441>

## THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS TRUMP (2017)

Chief Justice Roberts, President Carter, President Clinton, President Bush, President Obama, fellow Americans, and people of the world: thank you.

We, the citizens of America, are now joined in a great national effort to rebuild our country and to restore its promise for all of our people.

Together, we will determine the course of America and the world for years to come.

We will face challenges. We will confront hardships. But we will get the job done.

Every four years, we gather on these steps to carry out the orderly and peaceful transfer of power, and we are grateful to President Obama and First Lady Michelle Obama for their gracious aid throughout this transition. They have been magnificent.

Today's ceremony, however, has very special meaning. Because today we are not merely transferring power from one Administration to another, or from one party to another – but we are transferring power from Washington, D.C. and giving it back to you, the American People.

For too long, a small group in our nation's Capital has reaped the rewards of government while the people have borne the cost.

Washington flourished – but the people did not share in its wealth.

Politicians prospered – but the jobs left, and the factories closed.

The establishment protected itself, but not the citizens of our country.

Their victories have not been your victories; their triumphs have not been your triumphs; and while they celebrated in our nation's Capital, there was little to celebrate for struggling families all across our land.

That all changes – starting right here, and right now, because this moment is your moment: it belongs to you.

It belongs to everyone gathered here today and everyone watching all across America.

This is your day. This is your celebration.

And this, the United States of America, is your country.

What truly matters is not which party controls our government, but whether our government is controlled by the people.

January 20th 2017, will be remembered as the day the people became the rulers of this nation again.

The forgotten men and women of our country will be forgotten no longer.

Everyone is listening to you now.

You came by the tens of millions to become part of a historic movement the likes of which the world has never seen before.

At the center of this movement is a crucial conviction: that a nation exists to serve its citizens.

Americans want great schools for their children, safe neighborhoods for their families, and good jobs for themselves.

These are the just and reasonable demands of a righteous public.

But for too many of our citizens, a different reality exists: Mothers and children trapped in poverty in our inner cities; rusted-out factories scattered like tombstones across the landscape of our nation; an education system, flush with cash, but which leaves our young and beautiful students deprived of knowledge; and the crime and gangs and drugs that have stolen too many lives and robbed our country of so much unrealized potential.

This American carnage stops right here and stops right now.

We are one nation – and their pain is our pain. Their dreams are our dreams; and their success will be our success. We share one heart, one home, and one glorious destiny.

The oath of office I take today is an oath of allegiance to all Americans.

For many decades, we've enriched foreign industry at the expense of American industry;

Subsidized the armies of other countries while allowing for the very sad depletion of our military;

We've defended other nation's borders while refusing to defend our own;

And spent trillions of dollars overseas while America's infrastructure has fallen into disrepair and decay.

We've made other countries rich while the wealth, strength, and confidence of our country has disappeared over the horizon.

One by one, the factories shuttered and left our shores, with not even a thought about the millions upon millions of American workers left behind.

The wealth of our middle class has been ripped from their homes and then redistributed across the entire world.

But that is the past. And now we are looking only to the future.

We assembled here today are issuing a new decree to be heard in every city, in every foreign capital, and in every hall of power.

From this day forward, a new vision will govern our land.

From this moment on, it's going to be America First.

Every decision on trade, on taxes, on immigration, on foreign affairs, will be made to benefit American workers and American families.

We must protect our borders from the ravages of other countries making our products, stealing our companies, and destroying our jobs. Protection will lead to great prosperity and strength.

I will fight for you with every breath in my body – and I will never, ever let you down.

America will start winning again, winning like never before.

We will bring back our jobs. We will bring back our borders. We will bring back our wealth. And we will bring back our dreams.

We will build new roads, and highways, and bridges, and airports, and tunnels, and railways all across our wonderful nation.

We will get our people off of welfare and back to work – rebuilding our country with American hands and American labor.

We will follow two simple rules: Buy American and Hire American.

We will seek friendship and goodwill with the nations of the world – but we do so with the understanding that it is the right of all nations to put their own interests first.

We do not seek to impose our way of life on anyone, but rather to let it shine as an example for everyone to follow.

We will reinforce old alliances and form new ones – and unite the civilized world against Radical Islamic Terrorism, which we will eradicate completely from the face of the Earth.

At the bedrock of our politics will be a total allegiance to the United States of America, and through our loyalty to our country, we will rediscover our loyalty to each other.

When you open your heart to patriotism, there is no room for prejudice.

The Bible tells us, “how good and pleasant it is when God’s people live together in unity.”

We must speak our minds openly, debate our disagreements honestly, but always pursue solidarity.

When America is united, America is totally unstoppable.

There should be no fear – we are protected, and we will always be protected.

We will be protected by the great men and women of our military and law enforcement and, most importantly, we are protected by God.

Finally, we must think big and dream even bigger.

In America, we understand that a nation is only living as long as it is striving.

We will no longer accept politicians who are all talk and no action – constantly complaining but never doing anything about it.

The time for empty talk is over.

Now arrives the hour of action.

Do not let anyone tell you it cannot be done. No challenge can match the heart and fight and spirit of America.

We will not fail. Our country will thrive and prosper again.

We stand at the birth of a new millennium, ready to unlock the mysteries of space, to free the Earth from the miseries of disease, and to harness the energies, industries and technologies of tomorrow.

A new national pride will stir our souls, lift our sights, and heal our divisions.

It is time to remember that old wisdom our soldiers will never forget: that whether we are black or brown or white, we all bleed the same red blood of patriots, we all enjoy the same glorious freedoms, and we all salute the same great American Flag.

And whether a child is born in the urban sprawl of Detroit or the windswept plains of Nebraska, they look up at the same night sky, they fill their heart with the same dreams, and they are infused with the breath of life by the same almighty Creator.

So to all Americans, in every city near and far, small and large, from mountain to mountain, and from ocean to ocean, hear these words:

You will never be ignored again.

Your voice, your hopes, and your dreams, will define our American destiny. And your courage and goodness and love will forever guide us along the way.

Together, We Will Make America Strong Again.

We Will Make America Wealthy Again.

We Will Make America Proud Again.

We Will Make America Safe Again.

And, Yes, Together, We Will Make America Great Again. Thank you, God Bless You, And God Bless America.

<https://trumpwhitehouse.archives.gov/briefings-statements/the-inaugural-address/>

## ІНВГУРАЦІЙНА ПРОМОВА ДОНАЛЬДА ТРАМПА

Голово Верховного Суду Робертс, президенте Картер, президенте Клінтон, президенте Буш, президенте Обама, дорогі американці і люди всього світу, дякую вам.

Ми, громадяни Америки, у цю мить об'єднали свої загальнонаціональні зусилля у справі відновлення нашої країни та здійснення обіцянок для всіх наших людей. Разом ми будемо визначати курс Америки й світу на багато-багато років вперед. Ми зіткнемося з випробуваннями. Нас чекають труднощі. Але ми виконаємо поставлену роботу.

Кожні 4 роки ми збираємося на цих сходах, для того, щоб стати свідками мирної та упорядкованої передачі влади. Ми вдячні президенту Обамі і першій леді Мішель Обамі за їх люб'язну допомогу впродовж перехідного періоду. Вони були прекрасні. Дякую вам.

Нинішня церемонія набуває особливого значення, тому що сьогодні ми не просто передаємо владу від однієї адміністрації до іншої, або від однієї партії іншій. Ми передаємо владу з Вашингтону, округ Колумбія, і повертаємо її вам, людям.

Занадто довго невелика група людей у столиці пожинала плоди правління, тоді як народ ніс на собі весь тягар. Вашингтон процвітав, але не ділився з народом своїми багатствами. Процвітали політики, але робочі місця скорочувалися, а заводи закривалися.

Вищі класи захищали себе, а не громадян нашої держави. Їх перемоги не були вашими перемогами, їх тріумфи не були вашими тріумфами. Поки вони святкували у національній столиці, для страждених сімей по всій країні було мало приводів для свят.

Все це зміниться з цього дня. Саме тут. Бо цей момент – ваш момент. Він належить вам. Він належить всім, хто прийшов сюди, і всім, хто дивиться нас по всій Америці. Це ваш день. Це ваше свято. І ці Сполучені Штати Америки – ваша країна.

Насправді важливо не те, яка партія отримала контроль над урядом, а те, що уряд підпорядковується народу. 20 січня 2017 року увійде в історію як день, коли

народ знову став правителем нашої нації. Забуті чоловіки й жінки нашої країни більше не будуть забуті. Тепер усі слухають вас.

Ви прийшли десятками мільйонів, щоб стати частиною історичного руху, якого світ ще ніколи не бачив раніше. У його центрі – ключове переконання, що держава існує для того, щоб служити громадянам. Американцям потрібні хороші школи для своїх дітей, безпечні райони для своїх сімей та гідна робота для себе. Це справедливі та розумні вимоги добросовісних людей і добросовісного суспільства.

На жаль, багатьох наших громадян переслідує зовсім інша реальність. Матері й діти ледь животіють у злиднях, заржавілі заводи розкидані по наших мальовничих пейзажах, немов надгробні плити, а система освіти, хоч і переповнена грошима, не дає молоді достатніх знань. І злочинність, і банди, і наркотики вкрали стільки життів, лишили у нашої країни так багато нереалізованого потенціалу.

Але ця американська бійня припиниться тут і зараз!

Ми – єдина нація. Їх біль – це наш біль, їх мрії – це наші мрії, їх успіхи стануть нашими успіхами. У нас спільне серце, спільний дім і спільне славне майбутнє. Присяга, яку я склав сьогодні – це присяга на вірність всім американцям.

Десятиліття за десятиліттям ми збагачували промисловість інших країн коштом американської індустрії. Ми вкладали кошти в армії інших держав, дозволяючи при цьому виснажуватися нашому війську. Ми захищали кордони інших націй, але не стежили за власними рубежами. Ми витрачали трильйони і трильйони доларів за океаном, а тим часом інфраструктура Америки занепадала і руйнувалася. Ми збагачували інші країни, а достаток, сила і впевненість нашої держави зникали за обрієм.

Один за одним заводи й підприємства закривались і покидали наші береги без гадки про мільйони і мільйони американських робітників, яких просто забули. Наш середній клас розорили, відібравши його багатство для того, щоб роздати по всьому світу.

Але це все вже в минулому. Зараз ми дивимося тільки в майбутнє.

Сьогодні ми зібралися тут і хочемо, щоб нас почули в кожному місті, в кожній іноземній столиці та в усіх коридорах влади. З цього дня наша держава буде

керуватися новою стратегією: Америка передусім. Кожне рішення щодо торгівлі, податків, імміграції, іноземних справ, буде прийматися на користь американських робітників і американських сімей.

Америка знову почне перемагати, перемагати так, як ніколи раніше. Ми повернемо наші робочі місця. Ми повернемо наші кордони. Ми повернемо наше багатство. І ми повернемо наші мрії.

Ми побудуємо нові дороги і шосе, мости і аеропорти, тунелі і залізниці по всій нашій чудовій країні. Замість залежності від соцзахисту, ми повернемо нашим людям роботу, відновлюючи нашу країну американськими руками і працею. В цій справі ми повинні керуватися двома простими принципами: купуй американське і наймай на роботу американців.

Ми будемо шукати дружби і доброї волі з народами світу – але з розумінням того, що кожна нація орієнтується в першу чергу на власні інтереси. Ми нікому не будемо нав'язувати наш спосіб життя, а радше дозволимо йому стати осяйним прикладом для наслідування всім іншим.

Ми будемо зміцнювати старі союзи й укладати нові. Й об'єднаємо цивілізований світ проти радикального ісламського тероризму, який ми повністю викоринимо з лиця землі. Міцним фундаментом нашої політики буде цілковита і безумовна вірність Сполученим Штатам Америки, і через нашу вірність до нашої країни ми заново відкриємо нашу вірність один одному. Коли ви відкриваєте своє серце патріотизму, в ньому не залишається місце для забобонів. Біблія каже нам: «як добре і приємно, коли Божий народ живе разом у єдності».

Ми мусимо відкрито говорити, що думаємо, чесно обговорювати наші розбіжності, але завжди прагнути до солідарності. Коли Америка об'єднана, її неможливо зупинити. Ми не повинні нічого боятися – ми захищені, і завжди будемо захищені видатними чоловіками і жінками, які служать у наших збройних силах і правоохоронних органах. І найголовніше – нас оберігає Господь.

Ми повинні мислити масштабно, а мріяти ще масштабніше. В Америці нація живе до тих пір, поки вона хоче більшого. Ми не будемо миритися з політиками, які

постійно говорять і нічого не роблять, постійно скаржаться і не ворухнуть пальцем. Часи порожніх розмов завершилися. Прийшов час діяти.

Не дозволяйте нікому сказати вам, що щось неможливо зробити. Жоден виклик не може зрівнятися з серцем і духом Америки. Ми не зазнаємо невдачі. Наша країна знову буде успішною і квітучою.

Ми стоїмо на порозі народження нового тисячоліття, готові розкрити таємниці космосу, звільнити Землю від страждань, хвороб та мобілізувати енергію, промисловість і технології майбутнього.

Нова національна гордість буде рухати наші душі, визначати наш погляд і загоїть наші відмінності. Час згадати стару мудрість, яку ніколи не забували наші солдати: чи ми чорні, чи білі – у всіх нас тече та ж червона кров патріотів. Всі ми користуємось славною свободою, і салютуємо величному американському прапору.

Неважливо, чи дитина народилась в міських багатоповерхівках Детройту, чи на відкритих вітрах рівнинах Небраски, вони споглядають на те ж нічне небо, вони наповнюють свої серця тими ж мріями, в них вирує життя, подароване Всемогутнім Творцем. Тому хай всі американці, у кожному місті, ближньому і дальньому, великому і малому, від гори до гори, і від океану до океану, почують ці слова:

Вас ніколи знов не проігнорують. Ваш голос, надії і мрії будуть визначати наш американський курс. Ваша мужність, доброта і любов завжди будуть спрямовувати нас по цій дорозі. Разом ми знову зробимо нашу країну сильною, багатою, гордою, безпечною. І, так, разом ми знову зробимо Америку великою. Дякую.

Хай Господь береже всіх вас. І Боже, благослови Америку.

[surl.lt/xccrxm](http://surl.lt/xccrxm)

## **PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS (2009)**

My fellow citizens: I stand here today humbled by the task before us, grateful for the trust you've bestowed, mindful of the sacrifices borne by our ancestors.

I thank President Bush for his service to our nation as well as the generosity and cooperation he has shown throughout this transition.

Forty-four Americans have now taken the presidential oath. The words have been spoken during rising tides of prosperity and the still waters of peace. Yet, every so often, the oath is taken amidst gathering clouds and raging storms. At these moments, America has carried on not simply because of the skill or vision of those in high office, but because we, the people, have remained faithful to the ideals of our forebears and true to our founding documents.

So it has been; so it must be with this generation of Americans.

That we are in the midst of crisis is now well understood. Our nation is at war against a far-reaching network of violence and hatred. Our economy is badly weakened, a consequence of greed and irresponsibility on the part of some, but also our collective failure to make hard choices and prepare the nation for a new age. Homes have been lost, jobs shed, businesses shuttered. Our health care is too costly, our schools fail too many – and each day brings further evidence that the ways we use energy strengthen our adversaries and threaten our planet.

These are the indicators of crisis, subject to data and statistics. Less measurable, but no less profound, is a sapping of confidence across our land; a nagging fear that America's decline is inevitable, that the next generation must lower its sights.

Today I say to you that the challenges we face are real. They are serious and they are many. They will not be met easily or in a short span of time. But know this America: They will be met.

On this day, we gather because we have chosen hope over fear, unity of purpose over conflict and discord. On this day, we come to proclaim an end to the petty grievances and false promises, the recriminations and worn-out dogmas that for far too long have strangled our politics. We remain a young nation. But in the words of

Scripture, the time has come to set aside childish things. The time has come to reaffirm our enduring spirit; to choose our better history; to carry forward that precious gift, that noble idea passed on from generation to generation: the God-given promise that all are equal, all are free, and all deserve a chance to pursue their full measure of happiness.

In reaffirming the greatness of our nation we understand that greatness is never a given. It must be earned. Our journey has never been one of short-cuts or settling for less. It has not been the path for the faint-hearted, for those that prefer leisure over work, or seek only the pleasures of riches and fame. Rather, it has been the risk-takers, the doers, the makers of things – some celebrated, but more often men and women obscure in their labor – who have carried us up the long rugged path towards prosperity and freedom.

For us, they packed up their few worldly possessions and traveled across oceans in search of a new life. For us, they toiled in sweatshops, and settled the West, endured the lash of the whip, and plowed the hard earth. For us, they fought and died in places like Concord and Gettysburg, Normandy and Khe Sahn.

Time and again these men and women struggled and sacrificed and worked till their hands were raw so that we might live a better life. They saw America as bigger than the sum of our individual ambitions, greater than all the differences of birth or wealth or faction.

This is the journey we continue today. We remain the most prosperous, powerful nation on Earth. Our workers are no less productive than when this crisis began. Our minds are no less inventive, our goods and services no less needed than they were last week, or last month, or last year. Our capacity remains undiminished. But our time of standing pat, of protecting narrow interests and putting off unpleasant decisions – that time has surely passed. Starting today, we must pick ourselves up, dust ourselves off, and begin again the work of remaking America.

For everywhere we look, there is work to be done. The state of our economy calls for action, bold and swift. And we will act, not only to create new jobs, but to lay a new foundation for growth. We will build the roads and bridges, the electric grids and digital lines that feed our commerce and bind us together. We'll restore science to

its rightful place, and wield technology's wonders to raise health care's quality and lower its cost. We will harness the sun and the winds and the soil to fuel our cars and run our factories. And we will transform our schools and colleges and universities to meet the demands of a new age. All this we can do. All this we will do.

Now, there are some who question the scale of our ambitions, who suggest that our system cannot tolerate too many big plans. Their memories are short, for they have forgotten what this country has already done, what free men and women can achieve when imagination is joined to common purpose, and necessity to courage. What the cynics fail to understand is that the ground has shifted beneath them, that the stale political arguments that have consumed us for so long no longer apply.

The question we ask today is not whether our government is too big or too small, but whether it works – whether it helps families find jobs at a decent wage, care they can afford, a retirement that is dignified. Where the answer is yes, we intend to move forward. Where the answer is no, programs will end. And those of us who manage the public's dollars will be held to account, to spend wisely, reform bad habits, and do our business in the light of day, because only then can we restore the vital trust between a people and their government.

Nor is the question before us whether the market is a force for good or ill. Its power to generate wealth and expand freedom is unmatched. But this crisis has reminded us that without a watchful eye, the market can spin out of control. The nation cannot prosper long when it favors only the prosperous. The success of our economy has always depended not just on the size of our gross domestic product, but on the reach of our prosperity, on the ability to extend opportunity to every willing heart – not out of charity, but because it is the surest route to our common good.

As for our common defense, we reject as false the choice between our safety and our ideals. Our Founding Fathers, faced with perils that we can scarcely imagine, drafted a charter to assure the rule of law and the rights of man – a charter expanded by the blood of generations. Those ideals still light the world, and we will not give them up for expedience sake.

And so, to all the other peoples and governments who are watching today, from the grandest capitals to the small village where my father was born, know that America is a friend of each nation, and every man, woman and child who seeks a future of peace and dignity. And we are ready to lead once more.

Recall that earlier generations faced down fascism and communism not just with missiles and tanks, but with the sturdy alliances and enduring convictions. They understood that our power alone cannot protect us, nor does it entitle us to do as we please. Instead they knew that our power grows through its prudent use; our security emanates from the justness of our cause, the force of our example, the tempering qualities of humility and restraint.

We are the keepers of this legacy. Guided by these principles once more we can meet those new threats that demand even greater effort, even greater cooperation and understanding between nations. We will begin to responsibly leave Iraq to its people and forge a hard-earned peace in Afghanistan. With old friends and former foes, we'll work tirelessly to lessen the nuclear threat, and roll back the specter of a warming planet.

We will not apologize for our way of life, nor will we waver in its defense. And for those who seek to advance their aims by inducing terror and slaughtering innocents, we say to you now that our spirit is stronger and cannot be broken – you cannot outlast us, and we will defeat you.

For we know that our patchwork heritage is a strength, not a weakness. We are a nation of Christians and Muslims, Jews and Hindus, and non-believers. We are shaped by every language and culture, drawn from every end of this Earth; and because we have tasted the bitter swill of civil war and segregation, and emerged from that dark chapter stronger and more united, we cannot help but believe that the old hatreds shall someday pass; that the lines of tribe shall soon dissolve; that as the world grows smaller, our common humanity shall reveal itself; and that America must play its role in ushering in a new era of peace.

To the Muslim world, we seek a new way forward, based on mutual interest and mutual respect. To those leaders around the globe who seek to sow conflict, or blame

their society's ills on the West, know that your people will judge you on what you can build, not what you destroy.

To those who cling to power through corruption and deceit and the silencing of dissent, know that you are on the wrong side of history, but that we will extend a hand if you are willing to unclench your fist.

To the people of poor nations, we pledge to work alongside you to make your farms flourish and let clean waters flow; to nourish starved bodies and feed hungry minds. And to those nations like ours that enjoy relative plenty, we say we can no longer afford indifference to the suffering outside our borders, nor can we consume the world's resources without regard to effect. For the world has changed, and we must change with it.

As we consider the role that unfolds before us, we remember with humble gratitude those brave Americans who at this very hour patrol far-off deserts and distant mountains. They have something to tell us, just as the fallen heroes who lie in Arlington whisper through the ages.

We honor them not only because they are the guardians of our liberty, but because they embody the spirit of service – a willingness to find meaning in something greater than themselves.

And yet at this moment, a moment that will define a generation, it is precisely this spirit that must inhabit us all. For as much as government can do, and must do, it is ultimately the faith and determination of the American people upon which this nation relies. It is the kindness to take in a stranger when the levees break, the selflessness of workers who would rather cut their hours than see a friend lose their job which sees us through our darkest hours. It is the firefighter's courage to storm a stairway filled with smoke, but also a parent's willingness to nurture a child that finally decides our fate.

Our challenges may be new. The instruments with which we meet them may be new. But those values upon which our success depends – honesty and hard work, courage and fair play, tolerance and curiosity, loyalty and patriotism – these things are old. These things are true. They have been the quiet force of progress throughout our history.

What is demanded, then, is a return to these truths. What is required of us now is a new era of responsibility – a recognition on the part of every American that we have duties to ourselves, our nation and the world; duties that we do not grudgingly accept, but rather seize gladly, firm in the knowledge that there is nothing so satisfying to the spirit, so defining of our character than giving our all to a difficult task.

This is the price and the promise of citizenship. This is the source of our confidence – the knowledge that God calls on us to shape an uncertain destiny. This is the meaning of our liberty and our creed, why men and women and children of every race and every faith can join in celebration across this magnificent mall; and why a man whose father less than 60 years ago might not have been served in a local restaurant can now stand before you to take a most sacred oath.

So let us mark this day with remembrance of who we are and how far we have traveled. In the year of America's birth, in the coldest of months, a small band of patriots huddled by dying campfires on the shores of an icy river. The capital was abandoned. The enemy was advancing. The snow was stained with blood. At the moment when the outcome of our revolution was most in doubt, the father of our nation ordered these words to be read to the people:

“Let it be told to the future world...that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive... that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet [it].”

America: In the face of our common dangers, in this winter of our hardship, let us remember these timeless words. With hope and virtue, let us brave once more the icy currents, and endure what storms may come. Let it be said by our children's children that when we were tested we refused to let this journey end, that we did not turn back nor did we falter; and with eyes fixed on the horizon and God's grace upon us, we carried forth that great gift of freedom and delivered it safely to future generations.

Thank you. God bless you. And God bless the United States of America.

(<https://obamawhitehouse.archives.gov>)

## ІНВГУРАЦІЙНА ПРОМОВА БАРАКА ОБАМИ (2009)

Співгромадяни!

Я промовляю тут сьогодні, смиренно усвідомлюючи те завдання, що стоїть перед нами, вдячний вам за виказану мені довіру, і пам'ятаючи про жертви, принесені нашими предками. Я дякую президентові Бушу за його службу нашій країні, а також за його великодушну співпрацю під час передачі влади.

Уже сорок чотири американці принесли президентську присягу. Її слова промовляли на тлі припливних хвиль процвітання та тихих вод мирних часів. Однак доволі часто ця присяга звучала на фоні зловісних темних хмар та шалених буревіїв. І в таку годину Америка невпинно йшла вперед не лише завдяки вмінню чи проникливій мудрості тих, хто обіймав найвищу посаду, але й завдяки тому, що ми, народ, залишалися відданими ідеалам наших предків, вірними нашим основоположним документам.

Так було. І так буде й з цим поколінням американців.

Тепер уже цілком очевидно, що криза набирає обертів. Наша країна перебуває в стані війни з розгалуженою мережею насильства та ненависті. Наша економіка дуже серйозно послаблена, і це результат не лише пожадливості та безвідповідальності з боку певних кіл, але й нашої колективної неспроможності вдаватися до рішучих кроків і готувати країну до нової доби. Люди втрачають домівки, скорочується кількість робочих місць, підприємства закриваються. Наша медицина надто дорога, наші школи надто часто не дають потрібної освіти, і кожен день приносить свідчення того, що способи витрачання енергетичних ресурсів зміцнюють наших ворогів і загрожують нашій планеті.

Це – показники кризи, що підтверджують статистичні дані. Менш підвладною вимірам і більш глибокою за своїми наслідками є зневіра, яка поволі шириться повсюдно в нашій країні – повзучий страх того, що занепад Америки неминучий і що наступне покоління має знизити свої очікування.

Сьогодні я кажу вам: проблеми, що стоять перед нами, – реальні. Вони серйозні та численні. Їх не можна буде подолати легко та швидко. Але знай, Америко, – вони будуть подолані!

Цього дня ми гуртуємося, бо обрали надію, а не страх, єдність мети, а не конфлікти й чвари.

Цього дня ми прийшли сюди, щоб оголосити про кінець дріб'язковим образам та фальшивим обіцянкам, взаємним звинуваченням та заялуженим догмам, які аж надто довго чинили задушливий вплив на нашу політику.

Ми залишаємося молодою нацією, але, як сказано у Святому Письмі, настав час позбуватися дитячих звичок. Настав час підтвердити наш незламний дух, обрати собі кращу історичну долю, зберегти і примножити той безцінний дар, ту шляхетну ідею, що передавалася від покоління до покоління, той Божий заповіт, що всі люди рівні і всі заслуговують на можливість здобувати повну міру свого щастя.

Знову стверджуючи велич нашої нації, ми свідомі того, що велич ніколи не дається просто так. Її треба заслужити. Наша подорож ніколи не була позначена короткими обхідними шляхами чи прагненням задовольнитися меншим. Це була подорож не для слабодухих – тих, хто воліє байдикувати, а не працювати, або ж прагнути тих задовольень, що їх приносять із собою багатство та слава. Ні, це була подорож людей, здатних на ризик, людей дії, творців — інколи відомих, але частіше то були чоловіки та жінки, непримітні своєю працею, які просували нас довгим вибоїстим шляхом до процвітання та свободи.

Заради нас збирали вони свої скромні пожитки та подорожували через океан у пошуках нового життя.

Заради нас тяжко працювали вони в майстернях та оселялися на Заході, терпіли удари батога та обробляли негіддатливу землю.

Заради нас вони билися і помирали в таких місцях, як Конкорд та Геттисберг, Нормандія та Кхесань. Ці чоловіки й жінки невтомно боролися, приносили жертви і працювали до кривавих мозолів, щоб ми з вами жили краще. Вони сприймали Америку як дещо більше, ніж просто суму наших індивідуальних прагнень, більше, ніж усі розбіжності в походженні, багатстві чи фракційній належності.

І ця подорож триває й сьогодні. Ми залишаємося найзаможнішою і найпотужнішою країною на Землі. Наші робітники не стали трудитися менш продуктивно відтоді, як почалася криза. Наші голови не стали менш

винахідливими, а наші товари — менш потрібними, аніж вони були минулого тижня, минулого місяця чи минулого року. Наш творчий потенціал не зменшився. Але наш час уперто гнути свою лінію, захищати чийсь вузькі інтереси та відкладати неприємні та важкі рішення – цей час, безперечно, минув. Відсьогодні ми мусимо змобілізуватися, струсити з себе пилюку і знову заходитися перебудовувати Америку.

Куди не поглянь – скрізь повно роботи. Стан нашої економіки кличе до дій – сміливих та швидких, і ми будемо діяти – і не лише для створення нових робочих місць, а й для того, щоб закласти нові підвалини зростання.

Ми будуватимемо дороги й мости, електромережі та лінії цифрового зв'язку, які живитимуть нашу комерцію та зв'язуватимуть нас воєдино. Ми повернемо науці її заслужене місце і використаємо численні чудеса техніки для підвищення рівня медичного обслуговування і зниження його вартості. Ми запражемо енергію сонця, вітру та землі, щоб рухати наші автомобілі і забезпечувати роботу наших фабрик. І ми реформуємо наші школи, коледжі та університети у відповідності до потреб нової доби. Усе це ми можемо. І все це ми неодмінно зробимо.

Утім, є ті, хто ставить під сумнів масштаб наших амбіцій, – ті, хто натякають, що наша система не потягне надто багато грандіозних планів. Але у цих людей коротка пам'ять. Бо вони забули те, чого вже досягла наша країна, забули про те, чого можуть досягнути вільні чоловіки та жінки, якщо їхня уява поєднується зі спільністю мети та потребою мужності.

Ці циніки не розуміють одного: земля зрушилися під їхніми ногами, і заяложені політичні аргументи, що так довго тримали нас у своєму полоні, вже втратили свою актуальність. Ми сьогодні не ставимо собі питання – чи зavelикий наш уряд, чи замалий. Питання в тому, щоб він працював: допомагав родинам знаходити роботу з пристойною платнею, обслуговування, яке вони собі можуть дозволити, а також пристойне пенсійне забезпечення. І там, де відповідь на це запитання буде ствердною, ми будемо йти вперед. Там, де відповідь буде негативною, програми будуть згорнуті. А ті з нас, хто розпоряджається державними грошима, будуть поставлені в умови жорсткої звітності – щоб витратити кошти мудро, позбуватися шкідливих звичок марнотратства і

здійснювати фінансові операції уряду прозоро і гласно, бо лише так зможемо ми відновити життєво необхідну довіру між народом та його урядом.

Не стоїть також перед нами питання корисності чи шкідливості ринкової економіки. Її здатність створювати багатства та ширити свободу є неперевершеною, але нинішня криза нагадала нам, що без пильного ока ринок може розкрутитися так, що вийде з-під контролю і що країна не зможе процвітати тривалий час, коли вона створюватиме сприятливі умови лише тим, хто процвітає. Успіх нашої економіки завжди залежав не лише від розміру нашого валового національного продукту, а й від ступеню поширення нашого процвітання; від нашої здібності забезпечувати можливості самореалізації кожному охочому, і не як подачку, а як найнадійніший шлях до нашого спільного добробуту.

Що стосується нашої спільної оборони, то ми відкидаємо як фальшивий вибір між нашою безпекою та нашими ідеалами. Наші батьки-засновники, зітнувшись із небезпеками, які нам тепер важко навіть уявити, створили Хартію, щоб забезпечити верховенство закону та прав людини, Хартію, яка зміцнювалася та стверджувалася кров'ю поколінь. Ці ідеали і досі освітлюють нашу землю, і ми не відмовимося від них заради якоїсь скороминущої вигоди.

Тож нехай чують усі інші народи та уряди, що спостерігають за цією подією, – від найвеличніших столиць і до маленького села, де народився мій батько: знайте, що Америка – друг кожній країні та кожному чоловікові, жінці та дитині, які прагнуть майбутнього, де пануватимуть мир та повага до людської гідності, і що ми знову готові взяти на себе ініціативу.

Пам'ятайте, що покоління наших попередників перемогли фашизм та комунізм не лише ракетами і танками, але й міцними союзницькими угодами та непохитними переконаннями. Вони розуміли, що одна лише наша сила не зможе нас захистити, не зможе наділити нас правом чинити так, як нам заманеться. Натомість наші попередники знали, що наша сила зростає через її обачливе й розумне використання, що наша безпека обумовлюється справедливістю нашого діла, силою нашого прикладу, пом'якшувальними властивостями скромності та стриманості.

Ми – хранителі цієї спадщини. Якщо ми знову триматимемося цих принципів, то нам буде до снаги здолати нові небезпеки, які вимагають іще більших зусиль, іще тіснішого співробітництва між країнами. Ми розпочнемо – з належною відповідальністю – виходити з Іраку, передаючи управління народу цієї країни, і почнемо зміцнювати так важко здобутий і крихкий мир в Афганістані. Разом зі старими друзями та колишніми ворогами ми невтомно працюватимемо заради зменшення ядерної загрози та зупинення примари глобального потепління. Ми не перепрошуватимемо за наш спосіб життя і без вагань захищатимемо його, а тим же, хто прагне досягати своїх цілей, сприяючи терору та жорстоко вбиваючи невинних, ми, знову зміцнілі духом і незламні, кажемо: ви нас не здолаєте, ми вас переможемо.

Бо ми знаємо, що наша строкатість – це сила, а не слабкість. Ми – нація християн та мусульман, євреїв та індусів, а також невір. Ми виховані в різних мовах та культурах, що беруть початок у кожному з куточків нашої Землі, і через те, що ми вже скуштували гіркого пійла громадянської війни та сегрегації і вийшли з того лихого періоду сильнішими та згуртованішими, ми не можемо не вірити в те, що згодом ненависть та старі образи минуться, що міжплемінні межі зникнуть, що в міру того, як наш світ ставатиме дедалі меншим, дедалі сильніше проявлятиметься наша загальнолюдська сутність і що Америка мусить відіграти свою роль у наближенні нової доби миру.

Що стосується мусульманського світу, то ми прагнемо знайти новий шлях уперед, шлях, котрий ґрунтуватиметься на взаємних інтересах та взаємній повазі. Тим же лідерам в усьому світі, які сіють зерна конфлікту чи звинувачують Захід у проблемах своїх суспільств, ми кажемо: знайте, що ваші народи судитимуть вас за вашою здатністю будувати, а не руйнувати. Тим, хто чіпляється за владу корупцією, обманом та придушенням незгодних, ми кажемо: знайте, що історія не на вашому боці, але ми простягнемо вам руку, якщо ви розтиснете свій кулак.

Народам бідних країн ми обіцяємо співпрацю, щоб ваші ферми стали багатими, а вода у річках – чистою, щоб нагодувати зголоднілі тіла і наситити спрагли душі. А всім країнам на кшталт нашої, які користуються плодами відносного багатства, ми кажемо: ми не залишимося байдужими до страждань за

межами наших кордонів, не будемо ми і споживати світові ресурси без огляду на наслідки. Бо світ змінився, і разом із ним мусимо змінитися й ми.

Споглядаючи шлях, що лежить перед нами, ми зі смиренною вдячністю згадуємо тих хоробрих американців, що саме в цю годину патрулюють далекі пустелі та віддалені гори. У них є що сказати нам сьогодні, як і тим загиблим героям, котрі лежать на Арлінгтонському цвинтарі, стиха промовляючи до нас крізь віки. Ми шануємо їх не лише тому, що вони охоронці нашої свободи, а й тому, що вони втілюють ідею служіння країні, бажання знайти сенс у тому, що є чимось більшим, аніж вони самі. І тому в цю мить, мить, яка визначатиме життя покоління, саме цей дух має оселитися в наших душах.

Бо, скільки б не робив і не мусив зробити уряд, урешті наша країна спирається саме на віру та рішучість американського народу. Бо якраз доброта, що спонукає прийняти незнайомця, котрий утратив житло під час повені, бо якраз безкорисливість робітників, які радше скоротять свій робочий день, але не допустять, щоб їхній товариш утратив роботу, допомагають нам пережити найважчі часи. Нашу долю вирішує не лише сміливість пожежника, що кидається сходами і рятує дитину, але й бажання батьків цю дитину ростити і виховувати.

Перед нами можуть постати нові проблеми. Інструменти для їх подолання теж можуть бути новими і досі не баченими. Але ті цінності, від яких залежить наш успіх, – наполеглива праця та чесність, мужність та справедливість, терпимість та допитливість, вірність та патріотизм, – усі вони давні. Вони істинні. Саме ці цінності були мовчазним рушієм прогресу впродовж усієї нашої історії. Зараз нам необхідно повернутися до цих істин. Зараз від нас вимагається розпочати нову добу відповідальності – свідомості кожного американця, що ми маємо обов'язки – перед собою, перед нашою країною і перед світом, обов'язки, що ми їх будемо брати на себе не з невдоволенням, а з радістю, твердо знаючи: ніщо так повно не задовольняє душу і ніщо так не формує наш характер, як спрямування всіх своїх сил на вирішення важкого завдання.

Отакі ціна та перспектива американського громадянства.

Ось у чім джерело нашої впевненості – у знанні того, що Господь кличе нас утілити в реальність історичну долю, обриси якої поки що ледве бринять.

Ось сенс наших вольностей і нашої віри: чоловіки, жінки та діти всіх віровизнань можуть прийти на свято на цю величну алею, і чоловік, чийого батька іще менше шістдесяти років тому могли б не обслужити в місцевому ресторані, має тепер змогу стояти перед вами, приймаючи найсвятішу з присяг.

Тож відзначмо цей день спогадом про те, хто ми і який великий шлях ми вже здолали. У той рік, коли народилася Америка, у найхолодніший місяць року невеличка купка патріотів сиділа, скупчившись біля згасаючого вогнища на березі замерзлої ріки. Столицю довелося покинути. Ворог наступав. Сніг був забризканий кров'ю. І в той момент, коли доля нашої революції висіла на волосинці, батько нашої нації наказав зачитати народу оці слова:

«Нехай нащадки знають, <...> що в розпал зими, коли живими лишалися тільки надія та доброчесність, <...> столиця та країна, стривожені спільною небезпекою, виступили проти неї».

Америко! Перед лицем наших спільних небезпек, в цю зиму, сповнену тяжких випробувань, не забудьмо ці непідвладні часу слова. З надією та доброчесністю хоробро здолаймо крижані потоки і вистіймо всі шторми та буревії.

Нехай діти наших дітей скажуть, що, коли настав час випробувань, ми не зійшли зі свого шляху, не дали скінчитися нашій подорожі, що ми не злякалися і не втратили мужність, і, пильно вдивляючись в обрій та з Божим благословенням над нами, понесли далі той великий дарунок свободи, щоб передати його майбутнім поколінням.

(пер. див.: <https://surl.lu/sqrdvo>)

## **KING CHARLES III'S ADDRESS TO THE NATION AND COMMONWEALTH**

09 September 2022

I speak to you today with feelings of profound sorrow. Throughout her life, Her Majesty the Queen - my beloved Mother – was an inspiration and example to me and to all my family, and we owe her the most heartfelt debt any family can owe to their mother; for her love, affection, guidance, understanding and example.

Queen Elizabeth's was a life well lived; a promise with destiny kept and she is mourned most deeply in her passing.

That promise of lifelong service I renew to you all today.

Alongside the personal grief that all my family are feeling, we also share with so many of you in the United Kingdom, in all the countries where the Queen was head of state, in the Commonwealth and across the world, a deep sense of gratitude for the more than 70 years in which my mother, as Queen, served the people of so many nations.

In 1947, on her 21st birthday, she pledged in a broadcast from Cape Town to the Commonwealth to devote her life, whether it be short or long, to the service of her peoples.

That was more than a promise: it was a profound personal commitment which defined her whole life.

She made sacrifices for duty. Her dedication and devotion as sovereign never wavered, through times of change and progress, through times of joy and celebration, and through times of sadness and loss.

In her life of service we saw that abiding love of tradition, together with that fearless embrace of progress, which make us great as nations.

The affection, admiration and respect she inspired became the hallmark of her reign. And, as every member of my family can testify, she combined these qualities with warmth, humour and an unerring ability always to see the best in people.

I pay tribute to my mother's memory and I honour her life of service. I know that her death brings great sadness to so many of you and I share that sense of loss, beyond measure, with you all.

When the Queen came to the throne, Britain and the world were still coping with the privations and aftermath of the Second World War, and still living by the conventions of earlier times.

In the course of the last 70 years we have seen our society become one of many cultures and many faiths.

The institutions of the state have changed in turn. But, through all changes and challenges, our nation and the wider family of realms – of whose talents, traditions and achievements I am so inexpressibly proud – have prospered and flourished. Our values have remained, and must remain, constant.

The role and the duties of monarchy also remain, as does the sovereign's particular relationship and responsibility towards the Church of England – the Church in which my own faith is so deeply rooted.

In that faith, and the values it inspires, I have been brought up to cherish a sense of duty to others, and to hold in the greatest respect the precious traditions, freedoms and responsibilities of our unique history and our system of parliamentary government.

As the Queen herself did with such unswerving devotion, I too now solemnly pledge myself, throughout the remaining time God grants me, to uphold the constitutional principles at the heart of our nation.

And wherever you may live in the United Kingdom, or in the realms and territories across the world, and whatever may be your background or beliefs, I shall endeavour to serve you with loyalty, respect and love, as I have throughout my life.

My life will of course change as I take up my new responsibilities. It will no longer be possible for me to give so much of my time and energies to the charities and issues for which I care so deeply. But I know this important work will go on in the trusted hands of others.

This is also a time of change for my family. I count on the loving help of my darling wife, Camilla. In recognition of her own loyal public service since our marriage seventeen years ago, she becomes my Queen Consort. I know she will bring to the demands of her new role the steadfast devotion to duty on which I have come to rely so much.

As my heir, William now assumes the Scottish titles which have meant so much to me. He succeeds me as Duke of Cornwall and takes on the responsibilities for the Duchy of Cornwall which I have undertaken for more than five decades.

Today, I am proud to create him Prince of Wales, Tywysog Cymru, the country whose title I have been so greatly privileged to bear during so much of my life and duty.

With Catherine beside him, our new Prince and Princess of Wales will, I know, continue to inspire and lead our national conversations, helping to bring the marginal to the centre ground where vital help can be given.

I want also to express my love for Harry and Meghan as they continue to build their lives overseas.

In a little over a week's time we will come together as a nation, as a Commonwealth and indeed a global community, to lay my beloved mother to rest. In our sorrow, let us remember and draw strength from the light of her example. On behalf of all my family, I can only offer the most sincere and heartfelt thanks for your condolences and support. They mean more to me than I can ever possibly express.

And to my darling Mama, as you begin your last great journey to join my dear late Papa, I want simply to say this: thank you. Thank you for your love and devotion to our family and to the family of nations you have served so diligently all these years.

May "flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest".

(<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-62856395>)

## ЗВЕРНЕННЯ КОРОЛЯ ЧАРЛЬЗА ІІІ ДО НАЦІЇ ТА КРАЇН СПІВДРУЖНОСТІ

9 вересня 2022

Я звертаюся до вас сьогодні з почуттям глибокої скорботи. Впродовж всього свого життя Її Величність Королева – моя улюблена мати – була натхненням і прикладом для мене та всієї моєї сім'ї. І ми, як і будь-яка сім'я, у величезному боргу перед нею за її любов, прихильність, керівництво, розуміння та приклад.

Королева Єлизавета прожила гарне життя, обіцянку служити Британії, яку вона дала долі, – дотримала, а її смерть викликає глибокий сум.

Цю обіцянку довічного служіння я повторюю усім вам сьогодні.

Окрім особистого горя, яке відчуває вся моя родина, ми також поділяємо разом з багатьма з вас у Сполученому Королівстві, в усіх країнах, де королева була головою держави, у країнах Співдружності та в усьому світі глибоку вдячність за понад 70 років, впродовж яких моя матір, як королева, служила людям багатьох країн.

У 1947 році, у свій 21-й день народження, в ефірі з Кейптауна вона пообіцяла країнам Співдружності присвятити своє життя, яким би воно не було – коротким чи довгим, служінню своїм народам.

Це було більше, ніж обіцянка: це було глибоке особисте зобов'язання, яке визначило все її життя.

Вона пішла на жертви заради виконання обов'язку. Її відданість як суверена була непохитною в часи змін і прогресу, у часи радості та святкування, а також у часи смутку і втрат.

У її служінні ми побачили незмінну любов до традицій разом із безстрашними обіймами прогресу, які роблять нас великими як нації.

Прихильність, захоплення та повага, які вона викликала, стали візитівкою її правління. І, як може підтвердити кожен член моєї родини, вона поєднувала ці якості з теплотою, гумором і безпомилковою здатністю завжди бачити в людях найкраще.

Я віддаю належне пам'яті моєї матері та шануюю її життя, віддане служінню. Я знаю, що її смерть приносить великий сум багатьом із вас, і я поділяю це почуття безмірної втрати з усіма вами.

Коли королева зійшла на престол, Велика Британія та світ все ще долали злидні й наслідки Другої світової війни та жили за правилами попередніх часів.

Впродовж останніх 70 років ми спостерігали, як наше суспільство стало одним із багатьох культур і багатьох конфесій.

Своєю чергою змінювалися і державні інституції. Але попри всі зміни та виклики, наша нація та ширша сім'я країн, талантами, традиціями та досягненнями яких я так невимовно пишаюся, досягали успіхів і процвітали. Наші цінності незмінні і мають такими залишатися і надалі.

Незмінні також і роль та обов'язки монархії, як і особливі стосунки монарха та відповідальність перед англіканською церквою, у якій знайшла основу моя власна віра.

Саме в цій вірі та її цінностях я виріс, щоби плекати почуття обов'язку перед іншими та з великою повагою ставитися до дорогих традицій, свобод і обов'язків нашої унікальної історії та нашої системи парламентського правління.

Як це робила і сама королева з такою непохитною відданістю, так і я урочисто зобов'язуюся протягом усього часу, що дарує мені Бог, підтримувати конституційні принципи, які є основоположними для нашої нації.

І де б ви не жили у Сполученому Королівстві чи на інших територіях корони по всьому світу, і яким би не було ваше походження, які б переконання ви не мали, я намагатимусь служити вам з відданістю, повагою та любов'ю, як робив це усе своє життя.

Звичайно, моє життя зміниться, коли я приступлю до виконання своїх нових обов'язків. Я більше не зможу приділяти стільки свого часу та енергії благодійним організаціям і проблемам, які мене так хвилюють. Але я знаю, що ця важлива робота буде продовжена в інших надійних руках.

Це також час змін для моєї сім'ї. Я розраховую на люблячу допомогу моєї дорогої дружини Камілли. На знак визнання її вірної державної служби після нашого шлюбу сімнадцять років тому вона стане моєю королевою-консортом. Я знаю, що вона серйозно ставиться до обов'язків у своїй новій ролі і я дуже сильно на неї покладаюся.

Як мій спадкоємець, Вільям тепер отримує шотландські титули, які так багато означали для мене. Він змінив мене на посаді герцога Корнуольського та бере на себе відповідальність за герцогство Корнуольське, яку я ніс понад п'ять десятиліть.

Сьогодні я пишаюся тим, що зробив його принцом Уельським, Туwysog Сутги, країни, титул якої я мав велику честь носити впродовж стількох років свого життя та служіння.

Я знаю, що Вільям та Кетрін, наші нові принц і принцеса Уельські, й надалі надихатимуть, вестимуть дискусії в нашій країні та спрямовуватимуть увагу туди, де найбільше потрібна допомога.

Я також хочу висловити свою любов до Гаррі та Меган, які продовжують будувати своє життя за кордоном.

Трохи більше, ніж за тиждень, ми зберемося разом як нація, як Співдружність, і навіть як глобальна спільнота, щоби попрощатися з моєю улюбленою матір'ю. У нашій скорботі пам'ятаймо та черпаймо сили зі світла її прикладу. Від імені всієї своєї родини я можу лише висловити найщирішу та сердечну подяку за ваші співчуття та підтримку. Вони значать для мене більше, ніж я можу передати словами.

І моїй дорогій мамі, у той час, як ти починаєш свою останню велику подорож, щоби приєднатися до мого дорогого покійного тата, я хочу просто сказати: дякую. Дякую тобі за твою любов і відданість нашій сім'ї та сім'ї народів, яким ти служила так старанно всі ці роки.

Хай янголи вас проводять на спочинок.

(<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/news-62857122>)

## FOURTH INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

January 20, 1945

Mr. Chief Justice, Mr. Vice President, my friends, you will understand and, I believe, agree with my wish that the form of this inauguration be simple and its words brief.

We Americans of today, together with our allies, are passing through a period of supreme test. It is a test of our courage – of our resolve – of our wisdom – our essential democracy.

If we meet that test – successfully and honorably – we shall perform a service of historic importance which men and women and children will honor throughout all time.

As I stand here today, having taken the solemn oath of office in the presence of my fellow countrymen – in the presence of our God – I know that it is America's purpose that we shall not fail.

In the days and in the years that are to come we shall work for a just and honorable peace, a durable peace, as today we work and fight for total victory in war.

We can and we will achieve such a peace.

We shall strive for perfection. We shall not achieve it immediately – but we still shall strive. We may make mistakes – but they must never be mistakes which result from faintness of heart or abandonment of moral principle.

I remember that my old schoolmaster, Dr. Peabody, said, in days that seemed to us then to be secure and untroubled: “Things in life will not always run smoothly. Sometimes we will be rising toward the heights – then all will seem to reverse itself and start downward. The great fact to remember is that the trend of civilization itself is forever upward; that a line drawn through the middle of the peaks and the valleys of the centuries always has an upward trend.”

Our Constitution of 1787 was not a perfect instrument; it is not perfect yet. But it provided a firm base upon which all manner of men, of all races and colors and creeds, could build our solid structure of democracy.

And so today, in this year of war, 1945, we have learned lessons at a fearful cost – and we shall profit by them.

We have learned that we cannot live alone, at peace; that our own well-being is dependent on the well-being of other nations far away. We have learned that we must live as men, not as ostriches, nor as dogs in the manger.

We have learned to be citizens of the world, members of the human community.

We have learned the simple truth, as Emerson said, that “The only way to have a friend is to be one.” We can gain no lasting peace if we approach it with suspicion and mistrust or with fear.

We can gain it only if we proceed with the understanding, the confidence, and the courage which flow from conviction.

The Almighty God has blessed our land in many ways. He has given our people stout hearts and strong arms with which to strike mighty blows for freedom and truth. He has given to our country a faith which has become the hope of all peoples in an anguished world.

So, we pray to Him now for the vision to see our way clearly – to see the way that leads to a better life for ourselves and for all our fellow men – to the achievement of His will to peace on earth.

[https://avalon.law.yale.edu/20th\\_century/froos4.asp](https://avalon.law.yale.edu/20th_century/froos4.asp)

## **KING CHARLES'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE**

December 25, 2025

A few weeks ago, the Queen and I were delighted to make a state visit to the Vatican where we prayed with Pope Leo in a historic moment of spiritual unity. Together, we celebrated the Jubilee theme, 'Pilgrims of Hope'.

Pilgrimage is a word less used today, but it has particular significance for our modern world, and especially at Christmas. It is about journeying forward, into the future, while also journeying back to remember the past and learn from its lessons.

We did this during the summer, as we celebrated the 80th anniversaries of VE and VJ Day.

The end of the Second World War is now remembered by fewer and fewer of us, as the years pass. But the courage and sacrifice of our servicemen and women, and the way communities came together in the face of such great challenge, carry a timeless message for us all.

These are the values which have shaped our country and the Commonwealth. As we hear of division, both at home and abroad, they are the values of which we must never lose sight.

A few weeks ago, the Queen and I were delighted to make a state visit to the Vatican where we prayed with Pope Leo in a historic moment of spiritual unity. Together, we celebrated the Jubilee theme, 'Pilgrims of Hope'.

Pilgrimage is a word less used today, but it has particular significance for our modern world, and especially at Christmas. It is about journeying forward, into the future, while also journeying back to remember the past and learn from its lessons.

We did this during the summer, as we celebrated the 80th anniversaries of VE and VJ Day.

The end of the Second World War is now remembered by fewer and fewer of us, as the years pass. But the courage and sacrifice of our servicemen and women, and the way communities came together in the face of such great challenge, carry a timeless message for us all.

These are the values which have shaped our country and the Commonwealth. As we hear of division, both at home and abroad, they are the values of which we must never lose sight.

For instance, it is impossible not to be deeply moved by the ages of the fallen – as the gravestones in our war cemeteries remind us. The young people who fought and helped save us from defeat in both world wars were often only 18, 19 or 20 years of age.

Journeying is a constant theme of the Christmas story. The holy family made a journey to Bethlehem and arrived homeless without proper shelter.

The wise men made a pilgrimage from the east to worship at the cradle of Christ; and the shepherds journeyed from field to town in search of Jesus, the saviour of the world. In each case, they journeyed with others, and relied on the companionship and kindness of others. Through physical and mental challenge, they found an inner strength.

To this day, in times of uncertainty, these ways of living are treasured by all the great faiths and provide us with deep wells of hope: of resilience in the face of adversity; peace through forgiveness; simply getting to know our neighbours and, by showing respect to one another, creating new friendships.

Indeed, as our world seems to spin ever faster, our journeying may pause, to quieten our minds – in TS Eliot's words 'At the still point of the turning world' – and allow our souls to renew.

In this, with the great diversity of our communities, we can find the strength to ensure that right triumphs over wrong.

It seems to me that we need to cherish the values of compassion and reconciliation; the way our Lord lived and died.

This year, I have heard so many examples of this, both here and abroad. These stories of the triumph of courage over adversity give me hope, from our venerable military veterans to selfless humanitarian workers in this century's most dangerous conflict zones; to the ways in which individuals and communities display spontaneous bravery, instinctively placing themselves in harm's way to defend others.

As I meet people of different faiths, I find it enormously encouraging to hear how much we have in common; a shared longing for peace and a deep respect for all life. If we

can find time in our journey through life to think on these virtues we can all make the future more hopeful.

Of course, the greatest pilgrimage of all is the journey we celebrate today – the story of The One who ‘came down to Earth from Heaven’, ‘whose shelter was a stable’ and who shared his life with ‘the poor and lowly’.

It was a pilgrimage with a purpose, heralded by angels, that there should be peace on Earth. That prayer for peace and reconciliation – for ‘doing to others as we would have them do to us’ – which rang out over the fields near Bethlehem more than two thousand years ago, still reverberates from there and around the world today.

It is a prayer for our times, and our communities too, as we journey through our lives.

So, with these words and my whole heart, I wish you all a most peaceful and very happy Christmas.”

<https://www.royal.uk/media-centre/speeches>

## MICHELLE OBAMA'S SPEECH

May 25, 2011

Most of all, I want to recognise these brilliant young women from the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson School.

And I'm not the only one who's excited to see you all here today. Students and faculty at this university were eager to visit with you all, as well.

And there's a reason for that. It's because all of us – and it's important for you to know that – all of us believe that you belong here; that this is a place for you, as well. We passionately believe that you have the talent within you, you have the drive, you have the experience to succeed here at Oxford and at universities just like it across the country and across the world, because you attend a school that has been labelled “outstanding”, a school that's preparing you for whatever course of study that you might choose.

I know that you spend each day with girls from many different countries, who speak 59 different languages in your school. So, you're already learning how to fit into a university like Oxford, which has students from more than 140 different countries.

And finally, by overcoming challenges in your lives – by adjusting to a new culture, and learning a new language, many of you enduring hardships in your own families – through those experiences, you have gained strength, courage and maturity that is far beyond your years.

And those qualities will help you succeed in school and in life. So, in other words, all of us who brought you here today don't just think that universities have a lot to offer you. We believe that you all have a lot to offer these universities – your talent, your passion, your unique life experiences. And we very much want you to believe that's true, as well.

And I know that from my own experience, that can be hard sometimes. And I remember back when I was your age, trying to decide which schools that I would apply to. And I remember how well meaning but misguided people sometimes questioned whether someone with my background could succeed at an elite university.

And when I was accepted at one of those universities, I had all kinds of worries and fears and doubts before I entered. I worried that I wouldn't be as well prepared as students who had come from more privileged families. I worried that I wouldn't fit in somewhere

so different from where I'd grown up, or with people whose backgrounds were so different from mine.

But after a few months in college, away from home on my own, I realised that I was just as capable and I had just as much to offer any of my classmates. I realized that if I worked hard enough, I could do just as well as anyone else. I realised that success is not about the background you're from. It's about the confidence that you have and the effort you're willing to invest. [...]

And I want you to know that you have everything you need to succeed at a place like this. You just have to work hard. That's it. You have to push yourselves. That's the only thing. This does not come easy for anyone. Everyone here, regardless of their background, got here because they worked hard. And you stay here because you work hard. But more importantly, you have to believe in yourself. You have to mentally believe that you can be here. You have to paint that picture for yourself.

And most of all, when you eventually get to a place like Oxford, I want every last one of you to reach back and to help others get here, too.

That's one of the reasons why I'm here, reaching back, even as First Lady of the United States, making sure that other young girls get the same opportunities that I have. Maybe that means mentoring or tutoring young people in your community. Or maybe it means keeping in touch with students at Elizabeth Garrett Anderson and helping them with their university applications, because many kids don't have the experience to even apply.

And the one thing is that you don't have to wait until you've made it yourself. You don't have to wait until you're big time. You can start the minute that you get back to school, because for every one of you here, there's someone else from your school who could be here, who won't have this opportunity. So, I want you to tell your classmates about the people that you met here today, about the classes you attended here. And I want you to get them all inspired and excited about what you've seen here today. You all have so much to offer.

You have to believe that. And I look forward to seeing all of you fulfill whatever dreams you have, and I know they're big. So, I want to see you all in the future, visiting me somewhere around the world, doing great things.

[surl.li/nguikw](http://surl.li/nguikw)

## 2024 COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS BY ROGER FEDERER (excerpts)

June 9, 2024

Hello, Class of 2024!

It's an incredible feeling to be here with you. I am so excited to join you today. Really, you have no idea how excited I am. Keep in mind, this is literally the second time I have ever set foot on a college campus. Second time ever. [...]

President Beilock, the Board of Trustees, faculty members – thank you for this honor. President Beilock, I'm incredibly grateful. And I'll try my best not to choke.

[...]

I'm even more impressed, because I left school at the age of 16 to play tennis full-time.

So, I never went to college... but I did graduate recently. I graduated tennis. I know the word is “retire.” “Roger Federer retired from tennis.” Retired... The word is awful. You wouldn't say you retired from college, right? Sounds terrible.

Like you, I've finished one big thing and I'm moving on to the next. Like you, I'm figuring out what that is. Graduates, I feel your pain. I know what it's like when people keep asking what your plan is for the rest of your life. They ask me: “Now that you are not a professional tennis player, what do you do?” I don't know... and it's OK not to know.

So, what do I do with my time? I'm a dad first, so, I guess, I drive my kids to school? Play chess online against strangers? Vacuum the house? No, in truth, I'm loving the life of a tennis graduate. I graduated tennis in 2022, and you are graduating college in 2024. So, I have a head start in answering the question of what's next.

Today, I want to share a few lessons I've relied on through this transition. Let's call them... tennis lessons. I hope they will be useful in the world beyond Dartmouth.

Here's the first:

**“Effortless”... is a myth.**

I mean it. I say that as someone who has heard that word a lot. “Effortless.”

People would say my play was effortless. Most of the time, they meant it as a compliment... But it used to frustrate me when they would say, “He barely broke a sweat!” Or “Is he even trying?”

The truth is, I had to work very hard... to make it look easy. I spent years whining... swearing... throwing my racket... before I learned to keep my cool. [...]

So, I started training harder. A lot harder. But then I realized: winning effortlessly is the ultimate achievement. I got that reputation because my warm-ups at the tournaments were so casual that people didn't think I had been training hard. But I had been working hard... before the tournament, when nobody was watching.

Maybe you've seen a version of this at Dartmouth.

How many times did you feel like your classmates were racking up "A" after "A" without even trying... while you were pulling all-nighters... loading up on caffeine... crying softly in a corner of Sanborn Library?

Hopefully, like me, you learned that "effortless" is a myth.

I didn't get where I got on pure talent alone. I got there by trying to outwork my opponents.

I believed in myself. But BELIEF in yourself has to be earned.

There was a moment in 2003 when my self-belief really kicked in. It was at the ATP Finals, where only the best eight players qualify. I beat some top players I really admired – by aiming right at their strengths. Before, I would run away from their strengths. If a guy had a strong forehand, I would try to hit to his backhand. But now... I would try to go after his forehand. I tried to beat the baseliners from the baseline. I tried to beat the attackers by attacking. I tried to beat the net rushers from the net.

I took a chance by doing that. So why did I do it? To amplify my game and expand my options. You need a whole arsenal of strengths... so if one of them breaks down, you've got something left.

When your game is clicking like that, winning is easy – relatively. Then there are days when you just feel broken. Your back hurts... your knee hurts... Maybe you're a little sick... or scared... But you still find a way to win. And those are the victories we can be most proud of. Because they prove that you can win not just when you are at your best, but especially when you aren't.

Yes, talent matters. I'm not going to stand here and tell you it doesn't. But talent has a broad definition. Most of the time, it's not about having a gift. It's about having grit. In tennis, a great forehand with sick racquet head speed can be called a talent. But in tennis... like in life... discipline is also a talent. And so is patience. Trusting yourself is a

talent. Embracing the process, loving the process, is a talent. Managing your life, managing yourself... these can be talents, too.

Some people are born with them. Everybody has to work at them.

From this day forward, some people are going to assume that because you graduated from Dartmouth, it all comes easy for you. And you know what? Let them believe that... As long as you don't.

[...]

From one graduate to another, I can't wait to see what you all do next.

Whatever game you choose, give it your best.

Go for your shots. Play free. Try everything.

And most of all, be kind to one another... and have fun out there.

Congratulations again, Class of 2024!

<https://singjupost.com/roger-federers-speech-at-2024-dartmouth-commencement-transcript/>

## IV. NEWS TEXTS

### **AUSTRALIA SCIENTISTS FIND 'SPOOKY' SPINNING OBJECT IN MILKY WAY**

27 January 2022

**Australian scientists say they have discovered an unknown spinning object in the Milky Way that they claim is unlike anything seen before.**

The object – first discovered by a university student – has been observed to release a huge burst of radio energy for a full minute every 18 minutes.

Objects that pulse energy in the universe are often documented. But researchers say something that turns on for a minute is highly unusual.

The team is working to understand more.

The object was first discovered by Curtin University Honours student Tyrone O'Doherty in a region of the Western Australian outback known as the Murchison Widefield Array, using a telescope and a new technique he had developed.

Mr O'Doherty was part of a team led by astrophysicist Dr Natasha Hurley-Walker, from the Curtin University node of the International Centre for Radio Astronomy Research (ICRAR).

"[It] was appearing and disappearing over a few hours during our observations," she was quoted as saying in a media release from ICRAR that documented the discovery.

"That was completely unexpected. It was kind of spooky for an astronomer because there's nothing known in the sky that does that."

Objects that turn on and off in the Universe are not new to astronomers – call them "transients".

But an object that turned on for a full minute was "really weird," ICRAR-Curtin astrophysicist Dr Gemma Anderson, was quoted as saying in the release.

ICRAR added that after trawling back through years of data, the team was able to establish that the object is about 4,000 light-years from Earth, is incredibly bright and has an extremely strong magnetic field.

Theories around what the object might be include a neutron star or a white dwarf – a term used for the remnants of a collapsed star. However, much of the discovery remains a mystery.

"More detections will tell astronomers whether this was a rare one-off event or a vast new population we'd never noticed before," Dr Hurley-Walker said. "I'm looking forward to understanding this object and then extending the search to find more."

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-australia-60150542>

## **АСТРОНОМИ ЗНАЙШЛИ В ЧУМАЦЬКОМУ ШЛЯХУ ЗАГАДКОВИЙ ОБ'ЄКТ**

27 січня 2022

**Австралійські вчені виявили у галактиці Чумацький шлях "дивний об'єкт", який крутиться та випромінює енергію в радіодіапазоні з рівномірною періодичністю. За їхніми словами, нічого подібного у Всесвіті астрономи досі ще не зустрічали. Свою знахідку вони називають моторошною.**

Першим космічне тіло побачив аспірант Університету Кертіна в Західній Австралії Тайрон О'Доєрті за допомогою телескопа та розробленої ним нової методики. Це сталося ще наприкінці 2020 року, але проміжні результати досліджень опублікували в журналі Nature лише напередодні 26 січня.

Спочатку вчені сприйняли відкриття О'Доєрті досить спокійно. За їхніми словами, космічні об'єкти, що випромінюють імпульси енергії, зустрічаються досить часто. Але незабаром з'ясувалося, що новий об'єкт робить потужний викид енергії тривалістю в хвилину кожні 18 хвилин.

"Протягом кількох годин нашого спостереження він [об'єкт] то зникав, то знову з'являвся", – каже науковий керівник О'Доерті, астрофізик доктор Наташа Харлі-Вокер із Міжнародного центру радіоастрономічних досліджень (ICRAR).

"Це було дуже несподівано і моторошно, тому що нічого подібного в небі астрономи ніколи не бачили", – додає вона.

За словами астрофізика ICRAR Джеммі Андерсона, незвичайною є не сама нерегулярно-змінна поведінка об'єкта, – такі об'єкти відомі в астрономії як транзієнти, – а те, що він перебуває в активному стані викиду енергії впродовж хвилини.

Таке тривале радіовипромінювання стало для вчених несподіванкою.

"Ми не думали, що таке можливо, але це факт, і він свідчить про те, що там [у космосі] відбуваються якісь екстремальні фізичні процеси", – каже Наташа Харлі-Вокер.

Команді з ICRAR вже вдалося встановити, що об'єкт перебуває на відстані приблизно 4 тис. світлових років від Землі, він неймовірно яскравий і має надпотужне магнітне поле.

Поки що є дві теорії щодо природи виявленого тіла. Воно може виявитися нейтронною зіркою або "білим карликом" – стиснутими залишками старої зірки.

За словами вчених, вони зіткнулися з очевидною загадкою, і їх чекають тривалі дослідження.

"Нам належить зрозуміти, чи є наша знахідка чимось поодиноким, чи вона є частиною великої нової популяції тіл, яку ми раніше не помічали", – говорить голова дослідницької групи Наташа Харлі-Вокер.

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/news-60160660>

## **VENEZUELAN NOBEL PEACE PRIZE WINNER PRESENTS HER MEDAL TO TRUMP**

16 January 2026

**Max Matza**

Venezuelan opposition leader María Corina Machado has given her Nobel Peace Prize medal to President Donald Trump during a meeting at the White House, saying it was a recognition of his commitment to her country's freedom.

"I think today is a historic day for us Venezuelans," she said after meeting Trump in person for the first time, weeks after US forces seized Venezuelan President Nicolás Maduro in Caracas and charged him in a drug-trafficking case.

Trump said on social media that the move was "a wonderful gesture of mutual respect", but the Nobel committee has said the prize itself was not transferable.

The US president has declined to endorse Machado as Venezuela's new leader, despite her movement claiming victory in 2024's widely contested elections.

Trump has instead been dealing with the acting head of state in Venezuela, Delcy Rodríguez, Maduro's former vice-president.

But he said meeting Machado was a "great honor", calling her a "wonderful woman who has been through so much".

After leaving the White House, Machado spoke to supporters gathered at the gates outside, telling them in Spanish, according to the Associated Press: "We can count on President Trump."

"I presented the president of the United States the medal of the Nobel Peace Prize," Machado later told journalists in English, calling it "a recognition for his unique commitment with our freedom".

Trump, who often speaks about his desire to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, had expressed displeasure when it was given to Machado and she decided to accept the honour last year.

The BBC has reached out to the White House for comment.

Machado said last week that she would share it with Trump, but the committee later clarified that it was not transferable.

"Once a Nobel Prize is announced, it cannot be revoked, shared, or transferred to others," it said in a statement last week. "The decision is final and stands for all time."

Asked for a reaction to Machado's remarks, the committee directed the BBC to their previous statement. [...]

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cx2w94wp4p1o>

## **ЛАУРЕАТКА НОБЕЛІВСЬКОЇ ПРЕМІЇ МИРУ З ВЕНЕСУЕЛИ ВІДДАЛА СВОЮ МЕДАЛЬ ТРАМПУ. ВІН НАЗВАВ ЇЇ "ЧУДОВОЮ ЖІНКОЮ"**

16 січня 2026

**Лідерка венесуельської опозиції Марія Коріна Мачадо повідомила журналістам, що в четвер під час приватної зустрічі в Білому домі вона подарувала президенту США Дональду Трампу медаль Нобелівської премії миру.**

Вона не уточнила, чи прийняв американський лідер нагороду, бажання отримати яку він раніше неодноразово висловлював. Водночас телеканал Fox News із посиланням на посадовців Білого дому стверджує, що Трамп медаль прийняв. Про це також пише Reuters із посиланням на посадовця Білого дому.

"Я вважаю, що сьогодні – історичний день для нас, венесуельців", – заявила Мачадо після їхньої першої особистої зустрічі з Трампом.

Після того як американський спецназ у Каракасі захопив президента Венесуели Ніколаса Мадуро, Трамп відмовився підтримати Мачадо як нового лідера країни, попри те, що очолюваний нею рух заявляв про перемогу на виборах 2024 року.

Натомість він веде переговори з виконувачкою обов'язків глави держави Делсі Родрігес, яка за правління Мадуро обіймала посаду віцепрезидентки.

## **"Медаль може змінити власника"**

Після виходу з Білого дому Марія Коріна Мачадо звернулася до своїх прихильників, які зібралися біля воріт. Як повідомляє Associated Press, іспанською мовою вона сказала: "Ми можемо розраховувати на президента Трампа".

"Я вручила президенту Сполучених Штатів медаль Нобелівської премії миру", – заявила Мачадо журналістам англійською, назвавши цей жест "визнанням його унікальної відданості нашій свободі".

Білий дім у мережі X опублікував фото Трампа й Мачадо, на якому президент США тримає велику рамку із зображенням медалі.

"Президенту Дональду Дж. Трампу з вдячністю за Ваше надзвичайне лідерство у сприянні миру через силу", – йдеться у супровідному тексті.

Сам Трамп вчинок Мачадо назвав "чудовим жестом взаємної поваги".

"Для мене було великою честю зустрітися сьогодні з Марією Коріною Мачадо з Венесуели. Вона чудова жінка, яка так багато пережила. Марія вручила мені свою Нобелівську премію миру за виконану роботу. Такий чудовий жест взаємної поваги. Дякую, Маріє!" – написав він у власній соцмережі.

Минулого тижня Мачадо заявила, що має намір розділити нагороду з Трампом, однак Нобелівський комітет уточнив, що передача премії неможлива.

"Після оголошення Нобелівської премії вона не може бути відкликана, поділена або передана іншій особі, – йдеться в заяві комітету, оприлюдненій минулого тижня. – Рішення є остаточним і чинним назавжди".

Напередодні зустрічі в Білому домі в четвер Нобелівський центр миру опублікував у соцмережі X повідомлення, в якому зазначив: "Медаль може змінити власника, але звання лауреата Нобелівської премії миру – ні". [...]

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/articles/c0er9271191o>

## **KILOGRAM OF NAILS, SCREWS AND KNIVES REMOVED FROM MAN'S STOMACH**

2 October 2021

**A Lithuanian man has had more than a kilogram of nails, screws, nuts and knives removed from his stomach by doctors, local media report.**

He had been swallowing metal objects for a month after quitting alcohol, doctors said.

Some of the objects retrieved during a surgery in Klaipeda University Hospital were 10cm (4in) long, according to Lithuania's LRT public broadcaster.

Surgeon Sarunas Dailidenas called it a "unique case".

In its article (in Lithuanian), LRT published a KUH photo showing a surgical tray full of metal objects after the emergency three-hour operation.

The man was brought by ambulance with severe abdominal pain to the hospital on the Baltic Sea coast.

He is now reported to be in a stable condition, and is being monitored at KUH.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-58771370>

## **У ЧОЛОВІКА В ШЛУНКУ ЗНАЙШЛИ КІЛОГРАМ ШУРУПІВ І ЦВЯХІВ**

2 жовтня 2021

**У литовця видалили зі шлунка понад кілограм цвяхів та шурупів.**

Про це повідомила лікарня при Клайпедському університеті.

Чоловік почав ковтати металеві предмети місяць тому після відмови від алкоголю, кажуть лікарі.

Його ушпиталили з сильними болями в животі.

За даними литовського мовника LRT, деякі з предметів, вилучених під час тригодинної операції, були до 10 см завдовжки.

Лікарня надала місцевим ЗМІ фото хірургічного лотка, заваленого цвяхами і шурупами, які дістали зі шлунка пацієнта.

Медики зізналися, що ніколи не бачили нічого подібного. "Це унікальний випадок", – ділиться враженнями хірург Шарунас Дайліденас.

Після операції пацієнт перебуває у стабільному стані.

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/news-58774562>

## **TEXAS WOMAN INJURED AFTER HAWK DROPS SNAKE ON HER**

9 August 2023

**Max Matza**

**A Texas woman was attacked by a hawk and a snake at the same time after the bird – which eats snakes - accidentally dropped the wriggling serpent on her.**

Peggy Jones, 64, was mowing her lawn last month when a passing hawk dropped a snake on her before swooping down to angrily try to reclaim its meal.

The snake wrapped itself around her arm and began striking her face as the bird sunk its talons deep into her flesh.

The terrifying ordeal left her with cuts and bruising to her arm and face.

The bizarre incident took place on 25 July in the town of Silsbee, Texas, near the Louisiana border.

It began after a snake suddenly fell out of the sky and landed on her. Before she could remove it, the hawk attack began.

"As I was trying to sling my arm and sling the snake off, the snake wrapped around my arm," she told CBS News, the BBC's US partner.

"The snake was striking in my face, it struck my glasses a couple of times... I was slinging and slinging, he was striking and striking, and he just kept hanging on."

She realised it must have been dropped by a passing bird, since she was not standing under trees when it happened. Her assumption was quickly confirmed when the hawk swooped down and joined in the melee.

"Then the hawk appeared just as fast as the snake appeared," Mrs Jones said.

"The hawk grabbed the snake that was wrapped around my arm and pulled it like he was going to carry it away. And when he did, it flung my arm up. The hawk was carrying my arm and the snake with it."

The hawk struggled to remove the snake from Mrs Jones body, stabbing her with its talons repeatedly as it attempted to snatch back its food.

Eventually the snake was pulled from her arm, leaving her startled husband to drive her to the hospital.

"There were puncture wounds, cuts, abrasions, scratches and severe bruising," she said, adding that the snake's attacks to her face damaged her glasses.

Mrs Jones described the attack as severely traumatic, adding that she thought she was going to die and has had trouble sleeping since it happened.

She told CBS that living in rural Texas, she is no stranger to wildlife encounters.

"I've actually seen a hawk pick up a snake. That's something they do, that's how they kill their prey," she said.

But now, she says, it's something that she will always keep in mind.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-66446697>

## **ЗМІЯ І ЯСТРУБ ОДНОЧАСНО НАПАЛИ НА ЖІНКУ, ЯКА СТРИГЛА ГАЗОН**

**Макс Маца**

BBC News

9 серпня 2023

**Мешканка Техасу серйозно постраждала після того, як на неї просто з неба впала змія, а потім атакував яструб.**

Інцидент стався 25 липня у місті Сілсбі, штат Техас, неподалік від кордону з Луїзіаною.

64-річна Пеггі Джонс косила газон у дворі, коли яструб, що пролітав повз, випустив свою здобич.

Змія приземлилася на жінку, обвилася навколо її руки, почала її кусати й бити хвостом по обличчю, розбивши їй окуляри.

Намагаючись скинути змію, Джонс почала розмахувати рукою, як тут на неї напав яструб, який підлетів та почав відбирати свою здобич.

Птах, очевидно, упіймав змію і ніс у гніздо, щоб там з'їсти, але не втримав у пазурах.

За словами жінки, яструб з'явився так само швидко, як і змія. Щосили намагаючись повернути свою "їжу", він кілька разів відлітав і знову повертався, нападаючи на жінку.

Врешті-решт птах отримав те, що хотів. Роздерши кігтями руку Джонс, яструб полетів геть, прихопивши з собою змію.

На руці й обличчі жінки залишилися колоті рани, порізи, садна, подряпини та сильні синці.

На крики й звуки боротьби прибіг чоловік американки. Він відвіз її до лікарні, де медики оглянули і надали їй допомогу.

Пеггі Джонс каже, що отримала серйозну психологічну травму. "Я думала, що помру", – розповіла вона CBS. Після інциденту у жінки виникли проблеми зі сном.

Живучи в сільській місцевості Техасу, вона неодноразово зустрічалася з дикою природою. "Я бачила, як яструб підбирає змію. Як він убиває свою здобич", – розповіла вона журналістам.

Але додала, що, попри любов до живої природи, до такої "зустрічі" вона не була готова. Цей інцидент Пеггі запам'ятає назавжди.

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/news-66449337>

## **'MANNEQUIN' ARRESTED AFTER WARSAW SHOP BURGLARY**

19 October 2023

**Gem O'Reilly**

**A man has been accused of posing as a mannequin in a Warsaw shop window to steal jewellery after closing time.**

The 22-year-old was pictured standing still and holding a bag in a window of the store, which police have not named.

Police said the accused went "hunting" in various departments after closing, before settling on a jewellery stand.

The man is also accused of stealing items from a second mall. He has been charged with burglary and theft and faces up to 10 years in prison.

Warsaw Police said that staff and shoppers failed to notice anything unusual as the man stood in the window, and blended in with several mannequins.

Police said that he stood still until "he felt it was safe", then walked through various departments after closing time before taking jewellery.

He was eventually spotted by security staff.

The man is accused in two other incidents. In the first, police say he dined late at a restaurant in a second shopping centre and waited for it to close.

Police said he then entered a clothing store and "exchanged his clothes for new ones", before returning to the restaurant for another meal.

He was caught on CCTV slipping under the clothing store's partially open shutters.

Robert Szumiata, a police spokesman, said that in the third incident at another location, the man waited until after closing time and then "took money from several cash registers and tried to steal other items".

Police have released pictures of the suspect's eventual arrest.

The man has been remanded in custody for three months, prosecutors in Warsaw said.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-67155928>

# **ЧОЛОВІК ПРИКИНУВСЯ МАНЕКЕНОМ, ЩОБ ПОГРАБУВАТИ МАГАЗИН. ПРАЦІВНИКИ НЕ ПОМІТИЛИ РІЗНИЦІ**

19 жовтня 2023

У Варшаві чоловік намагався пограбувати магазин, прикинувшись манекеном. Таким чином він планував непомітно залишитися всередині приміщення після його закриття.

За даними польської поліції, 22-річний хлопець став поряд з іншими манекенами у вітрині магазину, тримаючи в руках сумку, і чекав закриття.

Персонал і покупці не помітили нічого незвичайного, оскільки хлопець зливався з іншими манекенами. У вітрині він стояв нерухомо, аж поки не відчув, що "все безпечно".

Коли магазин закрився, чоловік "ожив" і пішов на "полювання" в різні відділи. Зрештою він зупинився біля стенда з ювелірними виробами, який і вирішив пограбувати.

Але довести справу до кінця йому не вдалося, бо його помітили працівники служби безпеки магазину.

Цього ж чоловіка також звинувачують у крадіжці товарів з інших магазинів.

За даними поліції, раніше він обідав у ресторані одного з торгових центрів і теж чекав, поки він закриється. Потім увійшов до магазину одягу, "обміняв свій старий одяг на новий" і знову повернувся до ресторану, щоб продовжити обід.

Зловмисника зафіксували камери відеоспостереження, коли він прослизнув під напіввідкриті ролети магазину одягу.

Був ще й третій інцидент, стверджує місцева поліція. Хлопець так само дочекався закриття вже іншого магазину, а потім спорожнив касові апарати.

Поліція оприлюднила фотографії затриманого підозрюваного.

Чоловіка арештували на три місяці, йому загрожує до 10 років позбавлення волі.

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/articles/cle6z834ny4o>

## **'BABY, DON'T MOVE': AUSTRALIAN WOMAN WAKES TO FIND MASSIVE PYTHON ON HER CHEST**

16 January 2026

**Tiffanie Turnbull**

Sydney

In the middle of the night on Monday, Rachel Bloor stirred in her bed to find a heavy weight curled up on her chest.

Half asleep, she reached out for her dog – and instead found herself petting a smooth, slithering object.

As Bloor retreated further under the covers and pulled them up to her neck, her partner switched on the bedside lamp and confirmed the Brisbane couple's fears.

"He goes, 'Oh baby. Don't move. There's like a 2.5m python on you,'" Bloor told the BBC.

Her first words were expletives. The second, an order to evacuate the dogs.

"I thought if my Dalmatian realises that there's a snake there... it's gonna be carnage."

The dogs secured outside the room – and her husband wishing he was with them – Bloor began carefully extricating herself.

"I was just trying to shimmy out from under the covers... in my mind, going, 'Is this really happening? This is so bizarre'."

She believes the carpet python – which is non-venomous – had squeezed itself through the shutters on her window and onto her bed below.

Once freed from the python, she began casually feeding it back out the way it came in.

"It was that big that even though it had been curled up on me, part of its tail was still out the shutter."

"I grabbed him, [and] even then he didn't seem overly freaked out. He sort of just wobbled in my hand."

The same couldn't be said for her stunned husband, but Bloor herself was barely fazed, having grown up on acreage around snakes.

"I think if you're calm, they're calm."

Though if it had been a cane toad – one of the country's most damaging, and ugly pests – that would be another story, she said.

"I can't stand them, like they make me dry retch. So if it was a cane toad, it would have scared me."

All animals and humans escaped from the interaction unharmed.

Carpet pythons are constrictors that are common in coastal areas of Australia, and usually eat small animals such as birds.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cdex34930r4o>

## **DANIEL CRAIG DONATES JAMES BOND MOTORBIKES TO RNLI**

Actor Daniel Craig has donated two limited edition James Bond themed motorbikes to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (RNLI).

Craig, who grew up near the lifeboat station in Hoylake, Wirral, gifted the 007 Triumph bikes to mark the charity's 200th anniversary year.

The bikes were inspired by the motorcycles featured in 25th Bond film, No Time to Die, and will be sold at auction to raise money for the RNLI.

The winning bidder will also get the chance to ride with James Bond stunt co-ordinator Lee Morrison and stunt double Paul Edmondson.

Mr Craig, who played the fictional super-spy in five films between 2006 and 2021, had previously been involved in a campaign to support Hoylake station and had been out on a ride-along with a lifeboat crew in Ramsgate.

“The RNLI has been close to my heart all my life since growing up near the RNLI station at Hoylake,” he said.

“I have incredible memories of going afloat with the RNLI crew at Ramsgate to experience first-hand what it's like to be part of the organisation that has saved over 146,000 lives since starting up over 200 years ago.”

Jayne George, RNLI director of funding, said: “The money raised from the auction will make a huge difference.

“It will enable us to invest in vital training and equipment for our lifesavers as well as helping us to deliver water safety advice to the public so we can prevent people getting in trouble at sea.”

The auction, arranged by Bonhams, will take place at the Classic Motorcycle Mechanics Show in Stafford on 12 and 13 October.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cvg34e4y3xmo>

## **STORM LILIAN WINDS DISRUPT FESTIVALS AND TRAVEL**

Storm Lilian saw strong winds and heavy rain hit parts of the UK on Friday, bringing travel disruption and power cuts which left thousands without electricity.

Powerful gusts forced organisers at the Leeds Music festival to close three stages, while Creamfields Festival in Cheshire had to delay opening its gates.

Northern Powergrid said more than 60,000 customers were affected by “high levels of disruption” to electricity supplies.

The storm brought 70mph winds to the north west of England and Wales early on Friday, before moving eastwards.

It is expected to hit parts of the south of England on Saturday.

Gusts of 50-60mph were recorded widely on Friday and winds have reached 72mph at Capel Curig in Wales.

Met Office weather warnings were in force for parts of the UK but have now expired after conditions improved for most.

However, the Met Office has issued a further yellow weather warning for heavy rain on Saturday from 06:00-13:00 BST for much of south east England, meaning some disruption and flooding is possible.

### **‘Tents in the sky’**

Festivalgoers hoping for an early start in Leeds had their plans disrupted when organisers said they would delay the opening of the site’s main arena.

The BBC Radio 1, Chevron and Aux were closed due to high winds and will not open until Saturday.

Attendees were advised to stay in their tents and cars until it was safe enough to venture out amid 60mph winds.

University student Carrie Gill, 19, said the weather had made the experience the “worst day ever”.

She said she had seen “people’s tents in the sky”, adding that her own had flooded with rainwater and had to be replaced.

Tegan Mcivor told the BBC how she and her partner became a “bit lost” on the way to the festival after road signs were knocked over by the wind.

“I’m pregnant and I’m hoping the wind doesn’t blow the tent away,” she added.

With the weather improving at the site and across much of northern England as Friday progressed, festivalgoers were heard sharing tips on repairing damaged tents as the first acts took to the main stage.

Northern Powergrid – which supplies electricity to the north east of England, Yorkshire and northern Lincolnshire – said 36,000 people were still waiting to be reconnected as of Friday afternoon.

Electricity North West said engineers had restored power to almost 15,000 homes in north-west England, and were working to restore power in 3,000 more.

On Friday morning, National Rail reported disruption caused by trees blocking lines in several parts of the country. It later said many services have returned to normal.

Metrolink tram services in Greater Manchester were also suspended on some routes.

British Airways cancelled 14 flights scheduled to take off from Heathrow on Friday morning and delayed others due to strong winds.

The M48 Severn Bridge in Gloucestershire was temporarily closed, while motorists were told to expect disruption on the M6 motorway, A66 and A1.

Winds are expected to calm over the bank holiday weekend, although wet weather is set to continue.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cn71668r548o>

## **STROUD LONELINESS PROJECT USING ART TO HELP PEOPLE HEAL FROM TRAUMA**

**People who have experienced trauma and loneliness are exhibiting the art that helped them to “feel safe” and “heal”.**

The Loneliness Project exhibition is being held in Stroud’s Five Valleys Shopping Centre by mental health support group The Independence Trust.

The exhibition aims to tackle the damaging effects of isolation through art, with a pop-up wellbeing support shop also available to visitors.

Exhibition lead Anni Dalton said the trust had helped her after trauma.

“They picked me up and gave me the stability and strength to take control, which led me to go to college and university where I gained a degree in fine art,” she said.

Ms Dalton added: “I believe art can help to heal, inspire and enable the minds of the people that come to my workshops. It provides a safe environment for those who are suffering to express themselves and gives them a place they can look forward to being.”

“Most come back every week, having felt the benefit of being creative in a non-pressured environment, to be positively but gently encouraged by myself and often by their peers in a group working together for each other, understanding each other.”

Angela Butler said she had benefitted from taking part in Ms Dalton’s art classes.

“The experience of being able to express my feelings through art, without having to actually say anything, was so helpful and therapeutic,” she said. “I love to share my pleasure in it (art) with others and want to encourage people to have the confidence to have a go. Even just cutting out shapes is a great achievement when you feel unwell, but it is still being creative and will feed the heart and the mind. It really does aid recovery,” added Ms Butler.

The pop-up shop will be staffed by mental health and community wellbeing support workers, with additional help from agencies such as Citizens Advice. The artists behind the artwork will also be welcoming visitors.

The Independence Trust’s Loneliness Project also offers support through creative activities such as gardening, walking and creative writing.

Independence Trust district team leader Sue Tomlinson said many people found themselves “in a pandemic of loneliness and isolation” when they emerged from the coronavirus pandemic.

“To address this issue, we decided to organise an art exhibition showcasing the experiences of our clients who have felt isolated,” she said.

The exhibition and pop-up support shop will run from 13-18 November.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-gloucestershire-67333889>

## V. FEATURE ARTICLES

### NO POWER OR WATER AND -19C:

### KYIV SEEKS RELIEF FROM RUSSIAN STRIKES AND COLD

14 January

Wyre Davies

In Kyiv

At a suburban Kyiv railway station, two carriages painted in the blue and white livery of Ukrainian Railways sit on the main platform, their diesel engines running as snow steadily falls. The train is not going anywhere but it is providing a vital service for dozens of people who have been left without power and basics like running water or heating.

These are Ukraine's "Invincibility Trains", designed to boost public morale and provide some comfort as a bitter winter coincides with intensifying Russian attacks.

In one of the carriages, Alina sits watching her infant son Taras playing with toys provided by international charities who help run the service.

"It's winter and it's rather cold outside," says Alina which is something of an understatement. With the effect of the wind-chill, temperatures this week in Kyiv have hit -19C. It is bitterly cold.

"I live in a new building on the 17th floor, but we have no elevator, no electricity and no water supply," says Alina. As Taras plays with his toys, she says it is also a relatively safe and comfortable place for her daughter to meet friends.

It is also a welcome distraction for Alina, whose husband works all day in a factory, but she suddenly starts to stutter and weep as she tells me about her 54-year-old father who was killed at the front two years ago in a summer offensive near Bakhmut.

As she regathers her composure, Alina says she will definitely come back here and welcomes the relief the train brings from the weather and the nightly Russian strikes.

Ukraine's President Volodymyr Zelensky has accused Russia of deliberately exploiting the bitter winter to target power stations, energy storage facilities and other critical infrastructure. Kyiv's Mayor, Vitali Klitschko, somewhat controversially this week also suggested that city residents, who could, should leave Kyiv to help ease pressure on critical resources.

It was a comment seized upon by Russia as a sign of resignation and defeatism.

But despite such obvious hardships, most people here in Kyiv remain stoic and are prepared to put up with them.

For Yulia Mykhailiuk, Ihor Honcharuk and their one-year-old son Markiiian, that means heating building bricks on a gas stove to try to warm up the rest of their small apartment.

The flat, in an old Soviet-era apartment block on the east side of the Dnipro river, is a temporary move because their own home was partially damaged in a Russian attack last August.

"We've had electricity today for something like four minutes," Ihor tells me. "All of our charging stations and power banks have no energy left in them."

"For the first time in a while we have a real winter in Ukraine," says Yulia somewhat ironically. "With this -12 to -16 cold and no heating, the apartment gets cold pretty soon."

The large batteries the couple have bought, like many city residents, to charge up when electricity does return are of no use when it comes to heating appliances because they run down so quickly.

For now, dressing the baby up in multiple layers of clothing is the only solution, but Yulia says at the weekend they will heed Mayor Klitschko's call and temporarily move away from Kyiv to her parents' home outside the city, although she says it's a decision they have made for themselves and not because of pressure from the mayor's office.

The energy crisis is not the only reason to move. Just across the courtyard from their new, temporary home, a recent Russian drone strike hit an apartment block, badly damaging several homes.

Kyiv's problems are exacerbated by the fact it has borne so many Russian airstrikes against homes and critical infrastructure installations and, as home to more than three million people, the power shortages impact many people.

The most recent Russian attacks against energy installations in the capital and other big cities have had a cumulative effect that is much worse than before.

Klitschko said strikes on Monday night had caused the worst electrical outage the city had yet seen, and on Tuesday more than 500 residential buildings were still without power.

"Compared to all previous winters, the situation now is the worst," Olena Pavlenko, president of the Kyiv-based think tank DiXi Group, told the Kyiv Independent website.

"Every time it's harder to recover. Everything is under ice, and repairs of cables and grids are now two to four times more complicated," she said.

Around the clock and across the city, engineers from private energy companies and the municipal authority are repairing power plants hit directly in Russian strikes or installations indirectly affected by them.

On another bitterly cold morning we found hardy engineers using mechanical diggers and working with their bare hands to locate and repair damaged power cables which serve the huge multi-occupancy tower blocks on the river's east bank.

The city authorities have repeatedly asked people and business not to use high-energy consumption devices because they use so much power, and when the electricity supply returns, the surge in demand for power causes the system to collapse – hence the damaged power cables we saw being repaired.

But the engineer in charge here acknowledged it was a temporary fix.

"It will take years and years. We are currently working literally in emergency modes," says Andrii Sobko from DTEK Grids repair crew. "The equipment is literally operating at its critical parameters so that at least the residents have light."

As the war drags on, it's hard to find anyone in Ukraine who has not been directly impacted by the conflict.

Stanislav or "Stas" has also come down to the Invincibility Train to get warm, meet friends and get some power for his phone. The eleven-year-old says his home is very cold and there'd recently been no power in the family's apartment for 36 hours.

He recalls with clarity the opening day of the war almost four years ago when he could see bright flashes in the sky – a "bright orb" – as Russia launched its attacks.

These days it is the threat of Russian drones that keeps him awake at night.

"When I hear something flying it's really scary, because you don't know if it will explode now, or if it will fly on and you survive." As we perch on the top bunk of the carriage where he is sitting with another friend, Stas is frank about the impact of the war on his generation.

"I forget the times when there was no war, I don't remember those moments – life is difficult," says Stas, his smile wide and demeanour remarkably bubbly.

There are all kinds of people seeking warmth, comfort or company on the train. But my next conversation with an elderly lady, who says her discomfort is nothing compared with what soldiers on the front are enduring, is abruptly cut short as the familiar high-pitched sound of an air raid alert rings out on our phones.

The conductor orders everyone off the train and directs them to a shelter, about a kilometre away. Most head home instead, to the cold and their interrupted power supplies but all – including Stas and Alina – say they'll be back tomorrow.

Everyone in Kyiv is putting a brave face on things.

This extraordinarily cold winter, even by Ukrainian standards, will not last for much more than a couple of months and the energy crisis will ease. What most people fear is that, despite some optimism at the end of last year, there is no end in sight to the war itself and the inevitable loss of life.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cgm4w1g3dggo>

## **"РОСІЯНИ НАМАГАЮТЬСЯ ВИМКНУТИ КИЇВ". ЯК МІСТО ВИЖИВАЄ ПРИ –19 ° І ОБСТРІЛАХ – РЕПОРТАЖ ВВС**

**Вайр Девіс**

з Києва

14 січня 2026

**На околиці Києва стоять два вагони "Укрзалізниці". Дизельні двигуни тихо гудуть, а за вікном повільно падає сніг. Вони нікуди не їдуть і все ж виконують життєво важливу місію для десятків людей, які лишилися без світла, води та опалення.**

Їх називають "вагонами незламності". Вони підтримують моральний дух і дарують краплину тепла й комфорту в холодну зиму, яка цього року збіглася з посиленням ударів Росії.

В одному з вагонів Аліна дивиться, як її молодший син Тарас грається з іграшками від міжнародних благодійних організацій, які допомагають утримувати вагони.

"На вулиці зима, і доволі холодно", – каже Аліна, явно применшуючи суворість морозів. Цього тижня стовпчики термометрів у Києві спускалися до -19 °С. Мороз пронизує до кісток.

"Я живу на 17-му поверсі новобудови. Ліфт не працює, немає ні світла, ні води", – додає вона.

Для доньки Аліни вагон стає відносно безпечним і комфортним місцем для зустрічей із друзями, а для самої жінки – невеликою віддушиною від побутових турбот.

Та коли мова заходить про її 54-річного батька, який загинув два роки тому під час літнього наступу під Бахмутом, слова губляться, і вона не може стримати сліз.

Аліна каже, що обов'язково повернеться у вагон знову і дякує за полегшення, яке він приносить у холодну погоду та під час нічних обстрілів.

Президент України Володимир Зеленський звинувачує Росію в тому, що вона свідомо використовує холодну зиму для атак на електростанції, енергосховища та іншу критично важливу інфраструктуру.

Мер Києва Віталій Кличко цього тижня закликав тих, хто може, тимчасово залишити місто, щоб зменшити навантаження на енергетику. Російські ЗМІ підхопили цю заяву й назвали ознакою капітуляції.

### **Життя без світла і тепла**

Та попри всі труднощі, кияни тримаються мужньо.

Юлія Михайлюк, Ігор Гончарук та їхній однорічний син Маркіян мешкають у старому радянському будинку після того, як їхнє житло частково пошкодив російський удар у серпні минулого року.

Подружжя гріє цеглини на газовій плиті, щоб хоч трохи зігріти маленьку квартиру.

"Сьогодні світло дали всього на хвилини чотири, – розповідає Ігор. – Всі зарядки та павербанки розряджені".

"Вперше за довгий час у нас справжня зима, – іронічно зауважує Юлія. – При -12...-16 °С без опалення квартира швидко охолоджується".

Станції, які кияни купують для запасу електрики, практично не допомагають для обігріву: вони швидко розряджаються. Поки що єдиний спосіб зігріти дитину – багат шаровий одяг.

На вихідні сім'я планує дослухатися до поради Кличка і тимчасово переїхати до батьків за місто, хоча, як наголошує Юлія, це їхнє власне рішення, а не результат тиску міської влади.

Енергетична криза – не єдина причина переїзду: у будинок поруч із їхнім тимчасовим житлом нещодавно влучив російський дрон, зруйнувавши кілька квартир.

Проблеми Києва посилюються через те, що місто вже пережило численні російські авіаудари по будинках та критично важливій інфраструктурі. А оскільки

в столиці мешкає понад три мільйони людей, перебої зі світлом відчутні для величезної кількості мешканців.

Останні удари Росії по енергетиці у Києві та інших великих містах мали кумулятивний ефект, який виявився значно сильнішим, ніж раніше.

За словами Кличка, атака в понеділок спричинила найбільший у історії міста збій електропостачання, а у вівторок понад 500 житлових будинків залишалися без світла.

"Росіяни намагаються вимкнути місто і змусити людей виїхати за межі Києва", – заявив генеральний директор "Укренерго" Віталій Зайченко в інтерв'ю Kyiv Independent.

"Порівняно з усіма попередніми зимами зараз ситуація найважча", – додає Олена Павленко, президентка аналітичного центру DiXi Group.

"Щоразу відновлення стає дедалі складнішим. Все вкрите льодом, а ремонт кабелів і мереж тепер у два-чотири рази складніший".

Цілодобово по всьому Києву електрики ремонтують мережі та об'єкти, що постраждали від російських атак.

Одного морозного ранку ми зустріли таких загартованих фахівців: за допомогою екскаваторів і власних рук вони шукали й лагодили пошкоджені кабелі, що живлять величезні багатоповерхівки на лівому березі Дніпра.

Влада міста неодноразово просила людей і підприємства менше користуватися потужними електроприладами: різкий стрибок споживання під час відновлення електрики перевантажує систему. Саме тому ремонти кабелів ведуть майже нон-стоп.

"Це тимчасовий ремонт, – визнає Андрій Собко, працівник ремонтних бригад ДТЕК Мережі. – Обладнання працює на межі можливостей, щоб у людей хоча б було світло. Потрібні роки, щоб усе відновити".

Війна залишає слід у кожного: все важче знайти того, кого вона не зачепила б.

### **Стійкість і надія**

Станіслав, або просто Стас, теж прийшов у "вагон незламності", щоб зігрітися, зустрітися з друзями та підзарядити телефон.

11-річний хлопець розповідає, що вдома дуже холодно: світла не було 36 годин поспіль.

Він чітко пам'ятає перший день великої війни майже чотири роки тому, коли бачив яскраві спалахи в небі від перших російських атак.

Зараз же його лякають дрони. "Коли щось летить, страшно, бо не знаєш, чи вибухне, чи пролетить повз, і ти залишишся живим".

Сидячи на верхній полиці вагона з другом, Стас щиро говорить про вплив війни на своє покоління.

"Я забуваю часи, коли війни не було. Не пам'ятаю ці моменти. Життя – складне", – визнає він, при цьому його усмішка широка, а настрої на диво життєрадісний.

У поїзді збираються найрізноманітніші люди – шукають тепло, компанію і трохи комфорту.

Розмова з літньою жінкою, яка вважає свої незручності незначними порівняно з фронтовими випробуваннями, переривається сигналом повітряної тривоги. Провідник наказує всім залишити вагон і йти в укриття за кілометр від станції. Більшість повертається додому – в холод і темряву, але всі, включно зі Стасом і Аліною, обіцяють повернутися завтра.

Київ тримається спокійно і мужньо. Ця надзвичайно холодна зима, навіть за українськими мірками, триватиме лише кілька місяців, а енергетична криза поступово мине.

Але головне, чого бояться люди, – що, попри скромний оптимізм наприкінці минулого року, кінця війни та неминучих людських втрат поки що не видно.

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/articles/c3wz4zv0xj8o>

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ASTRONAUTS GET STUCK IN SPACE

11 August 2024

**Richard Hollingham**

**The two Nasa astronauts overstaying on the ISS aren't the first astronauts to be stuck in space... and they probably won't be the last.**

We've all been there...stuck for hours on a broken-down train, abandoned in an airport because of a software update or – my most memorable – stranded in the Falkland Islands after an aircraft engine on an ageing air force transport plane caught fire. At least there were penguins to look at.

Spare a thought, then, for Nasa astronauts Sunita Williams and Butch Wilmore, now more than two months into their eight-day mission to the International Space Station (ISS). It is thought that the spacecraft that took them there – Boeing's shiny new Starliner – may not be capable of getting them safely back to Earth.

At a Nasa media briefing on 7 August, senior officials detailed the problems with components in the Starliner's multiple thrusters. There were leaks in its propulsion system and some thrusters powered down. Despite extensive testing on the ground, engineers have yet to understand the physics behind the issue. Meanwhile, testing in orbit shows that, in space, the thrusters are now performing well, further adding to the confusion.

Until engineers have confidence in the propulsion system, an immediate flight home for Williams and Wilmore in Starliner is looking increasingly unlikely. Although no final decision has been made, one possible scenario is to send the spacecraft back to Earth, autonomously, without them.

"Our chances of an uncrewed Starliner return have increased a little bit based on the way things have gone over the last week or two," admitted Ken Bowersox, Nasa's director of space operations. "We know that at some point we need to bring Butch and Suni home."

But it may not be any time soon. If Starliner flies back empty, then Nasa plans to send up a four-seater SpaceX Crew Dragon spacecraft with just two astronauts on board.

Williams and Wilmore would then remain on the station until February 2025 and return with them. With the four other Nasa astronauts on the ISS due to come back to Earth in September, that would leave the regular complement of four astronauts and three Russian cosmonauts (a total of seven) on the ISS.

"While they're up there, we have extra hands, they can do a lot more work, but they're also using up more consumables, more supplies," said Bowersox. "At some point we need to get back to a normal crew size."

There are, however, worse places to be stuck. "The space station is actually now a seven-bedroom, three-bathroom ensuite," Nasa astronaut Victor Glover, who spent six months on the ISS in 2020-21, told the Space Boffins Podcast shortly before the Starliner launch in June.

Water is plentiful and a recent resupply mission means that there is also more than enough food. And, while it might be a bit crowded inside, the view from the windows to the Earth below is truly mesmerising. Astronaut Nicole Stott once told me that whenever she looked down at the blue marble of our planet, she had to set an alarm to remind herself to get back to work.

"The astronauts are happy as clams up there," says the founder and editor of space news website SpaceUpClose, Ken Kremer, who covers launches from his base in Florida. "Many people think they're stranded, they're not."

"That's not to downplay the issues but it should never have been an eight-day mission in the first place," Kremer says. "They have both done six-month missions before and that's why they should have been assigned a longer mission."

Most of us might get angry or frustrated at a cancelled train or overnight delay in an airport but astronauts are some of the most highly trained people you will ever meet and are prepared for almost every contingency.

"We are professional risk takers," says Glover. "We do our best to mitigate those risks but going to space is not risk free."

Williams and Wilmore are two of Nasa's most experienced astronauts and mission planners have been working to make the best of the situation, integrating them into the daily schedule and using their expertise in testing Starliner. The astronauts have also

helped to maintain the station, fix spacesuits, run science experiments and even took time out for some Olympic training.

The situation is not without precedent, and it could be a whole lot worse

"They're great crew members, great astronauts, great at flying Starliner," said the manager of the International Space Station programme, Dana Weigel, in a briefing earlier this month. "We've always got back up plans... they've been fully trained [for the ISS science experiments], and they're prepared for either path that we go down."

As well as conducting scientific experiments, the astronauts' familiarity with the station and its inner workings means they have been quickly deployed on household tasks, such as organising cargo, sorting food supplies and deep cleaning equipment racks. Their advanced microgravity plumbing skills have also been called upon.

Normally on the station, astronauts' sweat and urine is recycled into drinking water, but a recent fault has meant the crew have had to store urine instead, not ideal in an already cramped environment with two extra crew. With replacement parts carried with them – and additional equipment which arrived on the recent supply mission – Williams and Wilmore have been endeavouring to get the system fixed. [...]

What is clear about this latest situation is that no-one is panicking while evidence about the state of Starliner is being gathered. Nasa's final decision on whether to fly the spacecraft with or without a crew is still likely to be a few weeks away. But even if Williams and Wilmore do get to come back in September, similar situations will almost certainly arise in future – particularly as spacecraft get more sophisticated and missions go to the Moon and beyond.

Next year, Victor Glover will be piloting Artemis II, the first mission to leave Earth's orbit since 1972. "We would be doing a disservice to our profession and to the public if we made it seem like what we do is routine," Glover says. "When we fly the tenth Starliner mission, it will be just as complicated and complex."

<https://www.bbc.com/future/article/20240809-what-happens-when-astronauts-get-stuck-in-space>

# ЩО БУВАЄ, КОЛИ АСТРОНАВТИ ЗАСТРЯГАЮТЬ У КОСМОСІ

## РІЧАРД ГОЛЛІНГЕМ

BBC Future

13 серпня 2024

**Двоє астронавтів NASA, які були змушені залишитися на МКС значно довше, ніж планували – не перші, хто застряг в космосі... і, скоріш за все, не останні.**

Усі ми бували в таких ситуаціях - годинами застрягли в зламаному поїзді, чекали в аеропорту на літак, що затримується, або – мій найяскравіший подібний спогад – застрягали на Фолклендських островах після того, як загорівся двигун старого транспортного літака ВПС. Принаймні, там можна було дивитися на пінгвінів.

А тепер уявіть ситуацію, у якій опинилися астронавти NASA Суніта Вільямс і Бутч Вілмор, які вже більше двох місяців залишаються на Міжнародній космічній станції (МКС) – замість місії, яка мала тривати вісім днів. Вважають, що космічний корабель, який доставив їх туди, – новий блискучий Boeing Starliner – не зможе безпечно повернути їх на Землю.

На брифінгу для ЗМІ 7 серпня високопоставлені чиновники NASA детально описали проблеми з компонентами в двигунах Starliner. В його системі двигунів були витіки, а деякі двигуни відключилися. Попри численні випробування на землі, інженери досі не зрозуміли фізику проблеми. Тим часом випробування на орбіті показують, що в космосі двигуни нині працюють добре, що додає ще більше плутанини.

Поки інженери не впевнені у надійній роботі системи двигунів, політ додому Вільямса та Вілмора на Starliner найближчим часом виглядає дедалі менш імовірним.

Хоча остаточне рішення ще не ухвалили, одним із можливих сценаріїв є відправка космічного корабля назад на Землю без них.

"Наші шанси на повернення Starliner без екіпажу після подій останніх двох тижнів трохи зросли, - визнав Кен Баверсокс, директор NASA з космічних операцій. – Ми знаємо, що в якийсь момент ми маємо повернути Бутча та Суні додому".

Але це може статися не найближчим часом.

Якщо Starliner полетить назад порожнім, тоді NASA планує відправити до МКС чотиримісний космічний корабель SpaceX Crew Dragon з двома астронавтами на борту. Тоді Вільямс і Вілмор залишаться на станції до лютого 2025 року і потім повернуться з ними. Оскільки чотири інші астронавти NASA на МКС повинні повернутися на Землю у вересні, на МКС залишиться регулярний склад чотирьох астронавтів і трьох російських космонавтів (загалом сім).

"Поки вони там, у нас є додаткові руки, вони можуть виконувати набагато більше роботи, але вони також використовують більше витратних матеріалів, більше запасів, – каже Баверсокс. – У якийсь момент нам потрібно буде повернутися до нормального розміру екіпажу".

Однак це не найгірше місце, де можна застрягти.

"Насправді космічна станція тепер має сім спалень і три ванні кімнати", – казав астронавт NASA Віктор Гловер, який провів шість місяців на МКС у 2020-21 роках, у інтерв'ю Space Boffins Podcast незадовго до запуску Starliner у червні.

Води там достатньо, а завдяки нещодавній місії з поповнення запасів там також достатньо їжі. І, хоча всередині може бути трохи затісно, вид із вікон на Землю справді заворожує.

Астронавтка Ніколь Стотт якось казала, що щоразу, коли вона дивилася на блакитний мармур нашої планети, їй доводилося встановлювати будильник, щоб нагадати собі повернутися до роботи.

"Астронавти там цілком щасливі, – каже засновник і редактор сайту космічних новин SpaceUpClose Кен Кремер, який висвітлює запуски із Флориди.

"Я не хочу применшувати їхні проблеми, але від початку це не мала би бути восьмиденна місія, – каже Кремер. – Вони обидва виконували шестимісячні місії раніше, тому їм слід було призначити тривалішу місію".

Більшість із нас може розізлитися або засмутитися через скасування поїзда чи нічну затримку в аеропорту, але космонавти – одні з найбільш підготовлених людей, готові майже до будь-яких непередбачуваних обставин.

"Ми професійно ризикуємо, – каже Гловер. – Ми робимо все можливе, щоб зменшити ці ризики, але політ у космос – це завжди ризик".

Вільямс і Вілмор – двоє найдосвідченіших астронавтів NASA, і планувальники місій працювали над тим, щоб максимально інтегрувати їх у щоденний розклад і використати їхній досвід у Starliner. Астронавти також допомагали підтримувати роботу станції, лагодити скафандри, проводити наукові експерименти.

"Вони чудові члени екіпажу, чудові астронавти, чудово керують Starliner, – сказала керівниця програми Міжнародної космічної станції Дана Вайгель на брифінгу на початку цього місяця. – У нас завжди є резервні плани... вони повністю навчені [для наукових експериментів на МКС], і вони готові до будь-якого шляху, яким ми підемо".

Окрім наукових експериментів, знайомство астронавтів зі станцією та її внутрішніми роботами означає, що вони швидко залучаються до таких завдань як упорядкування вантажів, сортування запасів їжі та очищення стелажів з обладнанням. Їх просунуті сантехнічні навички в умовах мікрогравітації також були затребувані.

Зазвичай на станції піт і сечу астронавтів переробляють у питну воду, але нещодавня поломка призвела до того, що екіпажу довелося замість цього зберігати сечу, що не ідеально в і без того тісному середовищі з двома додатковими членами екіпажу. Маючи запасні частини та додаткове обладнання, яке прибуло під час нещодавньої місії постачання, Вільямс і Вілмор намагалися відремонтувати систему. [...]

Що стосується нинішньої ситуації, то остаточне рішення NASA про те, чи полетить космічний корабель назад на Землю з екіпажем чи без нього, швидше за все, ухвалить через кілька тижнів.

Але навіть якщо Вільямс і Вілмор все-таки повернуться у вересні, подібні ситуації майже напевно виникатимуть у майбутньому, особливо коли космічні

кораблі стають дедалі більш складними, а місії відправляються до Місяця і за його межі.

Наступного року Віктор Гловер пілотуватиме "Артемиду II" – першу місію, яка покине орбіту Землі з 1972 року.

"Ми зробили б погану послугу нашій професії та громадськості, якби удавали, що те, що ми робимо, є рутинною, – каже Гловер. – Коли ми здійснимо десятку місію Starliner, вона буде так само складною, як і нинішня".

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/articles/c20lgg7g7m7o>

# THE DUTCH SOLUTION TO BUSYNESS THAT CAPTIVATED THE WORLD

23 May 2023

Olga Mecking

**Niksen – a Dutch wellness trend that means "doing nothing" – has caught the attention of the world as a way to manage stress or recover from burnout.**

The Hague, where I live, has 11km of gorgeous coastline with rolling dunes and sandy beaches. In summer, I often see locals in Scheveningen or Kijkduin (the city's most famous beaches) sunbathing, strolling in nature or riding their bikes, then sitting down on one of the many benches available. Sometimes, they're reading or chatting with their friends, but just as often, they're engaging in *niksen*.

Niksen is a Dutch wellness trend that means "doing nothing". It first caught the attention of the world in 2019 as a way to manage stress or recover from burnout. At the time, many people were complaining about exhaustion and depression caused by overwork and were looking for solutions – which is why concepts such as Japanese *ikigai* or Danish *hygge* also entered the English lexicon. As a linguist myself, I loved the idea that you could express the whole concept of doing nothing in one short and easy-to-pronounce word.

In my book *Niksen: Embracing the Dutch Art of Doing Nothing*, I define it as "doing nothing without a purpose" – so not scrolling on Facebook or engaging in meditation. Whereas mindfulness is about being present in the moment, *niksen* is more about carving out time to just be, letting your mind wander wherever it wants to go. And as we're slowly recovering after the pandemic, it's important to rethink the way we work and spend our time.

Linguistically, *niksen* (doing nothing) is a verb created from "*niks*", which means "nothing".

"It fits with the tendency of the Dutch language to create verbs out of nouns. From from '*voetbal*' (football) to *voetballen* (playing football), from '*internet*' to *internetten*,

from 'whatsapp' to whatsappen etc. I think this is something that happens in Dutch in particular," said Monique Flecken, a psycholinguist at the University of Amsterdam, who researches how the languages we speak affect the way we see the world. Essentially, it's much less work to say "niksen" instead of "to do nothing". "The Dutch are a practical, direct people and their language reflects that," she said.

In the Netherlands, the word can be used in a variety of ways, both positive and negative. Flecken said: "A parent might say to their kid, "*Zit je weer te niksen?*" (Are you doing nothing again?). And I would also say 'lekker niksen', which translates to 'delicious doing nothing', when talking about an evening blissfully free of any tasks or work."

To Thijs Launspach, a psychologist, TEDx speaker and author of the book *Crazy Busy: Staying Sane in a Stressful World*, niksen means "doing nothing or occupying yourself with something trivial as a way of enjoying your own time. Not doing nothing entirely but doing as little as possible," he said, pointing out that this mostly applies to elderly people who have more unstructured free time. Younger generations, on the other hand, are more stressed out than ever – even in the Netherlands, a country traditionally applauded for its work-life balance.

There are plenty of reasons for that. "Our lives and our jobs have become increasingly complex. We tend to spend a lot of time with computers. There is a lot of pressure on being the best version of yourself, be it in our jobs, or the expectations of parents [or] from social media. There is a lot of pressure to perform," Launspach said.

Of course, some stress can be good, as Leiden University psychology professor Bernet Elzinga points out. "It's not necessarily bad to be for a moment in a state of stress, where you're really on and focused. The problem is when this is getting out of hand," she said.

Of course, some stress can be good, as Leiden University psychology professor Bernet Elzinga points out. "It's not necessarily bad to be for a moment in a state of stress, where you're really on and focused. The problem is when this is getting out of hand," she said. But niksen can help with that. "When you do nothing, you connect to your default mode network. And that network is responsible for mind-wandering and reflection," Elzinga explained.

Paradoxically, *niksen* can also make us more productive, simply because breaks allow our brains to rest and come back with better focus and sustained attention. This is probably why, while the Dutch don't work long hours, they tend to be very efficient at work. Working overtime is not encouraged due to the "just be normal, that's already crazy enough" attitude prevalent in the Netherlands – a nod towards the country's honest and egalitarian culture.

And it seems to work: the Dutch are a creative nation. Just think of all the famous painters like Rembrandt, Vermeer or Escher, as well as the innovative solutions the Dutch have found to battle the recurring threat of floods, such as huge dams and floating houses.

The Dutch also like to enjoy life, as shown by the word *lekker*. This means "delicious" but can be used to refer to anything nice and pleasant, like *lekker warm* (deliciously warm), *lekker slapen* (sleeping deliciously), and, of course, *lekker niks*, or "deliciously doing nothing". This available architecture of leisure makes it more possible for people to do nothing more easily.

Locals like spending their time in active ways, such as cycling or hiking, allowing time for clearing the mind. And each time the sun comes out, the Dutch flock to cafes and terraces en masse, even in the winter. For me, these are perfect places for doing nothing.

This leisure time is possible for the Dutch because the Netherlands is a country with an excellent welfare system, and while people tend to work hard, they also take (and are granted) many days off.

"Having a good social support system, having lower stress level relates to feeling secure and in balance. So, I wouldn't overestimate the importance of that," said Elzinga.

And with everything going on in the world – the Covid-19 pandemic, the war in Ukraine – relieving stress is more important than ever.

<https://www.bbc.com/travel/article/20230522-the-dutch-solution-to-busyness-that-captivated-the-world>

## **ЯК ПОДОЛАТИ СТРЕС? МЕТОД З НІДЕРЛАНДІВ, ЯКИЙ ПІДКОРИВ СВІТ**

**Ольга Мекінг**

BBC Travel

27 травня 2023

**Гаага має 11 км мальовничої берегової лінії з хвилястими дюнами та піщаними пляжами. Влітку я часто бачу місцевих жителів на Схевенінгені чи Кейкдайні (найвідоміших пляжах міста), які засмагають, гуляють на природі, катаються на велосипеді чи просто відпочивають на одній з лавок з чудовим краєвидом. Іноді вони читають або спілкуються з друзями, але дуже часто вони практикують ніксен.**

Ніксен – нідерландський оздоровчий тренд, що в буквальному перекладі означає "нічого не робити". У 2019 році він вперше привернув увагу світу як спосіб подолання стресу або відновлення після виснаження.

У той час багато людей скаржилися на виснаження та депресію, спричинені надмірною роботою, і шукали шляхи розв'язання цих проблем – тож до нашого лексикону увійшли такі поняття, як японське ікігай чи данське хюге.

Мені, як лінгвістці, подобається ідея, що концепцію бездіяльності можна висловити одним коротким і легким для вимови словом.

У своїй книзі "Ніксен: голландське мистецтво нічого не робити" (Niksen: Embracing the Dutch Art of Doing Nothing) я визначаю це поняття як "нічого не робити без мети", тобто не гортати фейсбук чи не займатися медитацією.

Головна ідея ніксен полягає в тому, щоб знайти час, щоб просто бути, й дозволити своєму розуму блукати, куди він схоче.

Лінгвістично *niksen* (нічого не робити) – це дієслово, створене від *niks*, що означає "нічого".

"Це відповідає тенденції нідерландської мови створювати дієслова з іменників", – каже Монік Флекен, психолінгвістка з Амстердамського університету, яка досліджує, як мови, якими ми розмовляємо, впливають на наше бачення світу.

По суті, набагато легше сказати одне слово "ніксен" ніж словосполучення "нічого не робити".

"Голландці – практичний, прямий народ, і їхня мова це відображає", – каже вона.

У Нідерландах це слово можна використовувати в різних варіантах, як позитивних, так і негативних.

"Батьки можуть сказати своїй дитині: "Zit je weer te niksen?" (Ти знову нічого не робиш?). Й водночас я можу сказати "lekker niksen", що перекладається як "приємне неробство", коли говорю про вечір, вільний від будь-яких завдань чи роботи", – каже Флексен.

Для Тійса Лаунспаха, психолога, спікера TEDx і автора книги "Шалено зайнятий: залишатися розсудливим у стресовому світі" (Crazy Busy: Staying Sane in a Stressful World), ніксен означає "нічого не робити або займатися чимось тривіальним, щоб насолоджуватися своїм часом. Не не робити абсолютно нічого, а робити якомога менше".

Він зазначає, що це переважно стосується людей старшого віку, які мають більше вільного часу. Водночас молоде покоління відчуває сильніший стрес, ніж будь-коли – навіть у Нідерландах, країні, якій традиційно вдавалося підтримувати баланс між роботою та особистим життям.

На те є багато причин. "Наше життя та наша робота стають дедалі складнішими. Ми, як правило, проводимо багато часу за комп'ютерами. Існує великий тиск бути найкращою версією себе - чи то в кар'єрі, чи відповідати очікуванням батьків або соцмереж", – каже Лаунспах.

Звісно, іноді стрес може бути корисним, зазначає професорка психології Лейденського університету Бернет Елзінга.

"Перебувати якусь мить у стані стресу й бути повністю зосередженим – не обов'язково погано. Проблема полягає в тому, коли це виходить з-під контролю", – каже вона.

І саме тут може допомогти ніксен.

"Коли ви нічого не робите, ви наче вмикаєте свій режим за замовчуванням. І цей режим відповідає за блукання розуму та роздуми", – пояснює Елзінга.

Як не парадоксально, ніксен може зробити нас більш продуктивними – просто тому, що перерви дозволяють нашому мозку відпочити та відновити кращу концентрацію та увагу. Можливо, саме тому голландці, як правило, дуже ефективні на роботі – при тому, що понаднормова робота в країні не заохочується.

Водночас голландці – творча нація. Згадайте лише таких відомих художників, як Рембрандт, Вермеєр чи Ешер, а також інноваційні рішення, які в Нідерландах знайшли для боротьби з постійною загрозою повеней - наприклад, величезні дамби та плавучі будинки.

Голландці також люблять радіти життю, про що свідчить слово *lekker*. Буквально воно означає смачний", але також може використовуватися для позначення чогось приємного – зокрема й *lekker niksen*, або "приємне неробство".

Місцеві жителі люблять активно проводити час, як-от кататися на велосипеді чи гуляти пішки, а разом і дати відпочити мозку. І кожного разу, коли виходить сонце, голландці масово стікаються до кафе та на тераси – навіть взимку. Як на мене, це ідеальні місця для того, щоб нічого не робити.

А в нашому буремному світі зняття стресу – актуальне як ніколи.

<https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian/articles/c887x08w6q3o>

## ARE WE FALLING IN LOVE WITH ROBOTS?

**It's a fiercely hot afternoon in Milton Keynes and I'm chasing a small orange flag as it waggles just above a line of low garden walls. The flag is attached to a white robot with six wheels and I'm relieved to see that it's slowing down to a halt.**

Cristiane Bonifacio has just extracted a large chocolate bar from the robot that has rolled up outside her home. Ms Bonifacio is in a hurry and has to dash back indoors for a work Zoom call, but she's got just enough time to express her affection for the robot delivery service that sends these machines scuttling along her local pavements.

"I love the robots. Sometimes you find one that's got stuck so you help it and it says 'thank you'."

The robot delivery service from Starship Technologies was launched in Milton Keynes four years ago and has been steadily expanding ever since, with further towns added just last month.

After decades of playing the villain in science fiction, robots are now part of life in many towns and people haven't just embraced them, they rush to assist them. What is going on?

Amber Case is an Oregon-based specialist in human-robot interaction and the way technology changes everyday life. "In the movies robots are always a technology that's attacking us. But the delivery robots wait for us and we use them."

She thinks occasions when a robot hits an obstacle and requires help from a passer-by are a crucial part of the human-robot relationship. "Technology can be adorable if it needs our assistance."

Curiously, Ms Case is critical of the Starship Technologies delivery robots that pepper the pavements of Milton Keynes.

They are battery-powered, summoned and opened by an app, equipped with sensors to detect pedestrians and armed with a speaker. This allows a remote human operator to address people observed through on-board video cameras.

Yet this arsenal of tech is not being applied correctly, she says. "I feel they are automating the wrong part of the journey. Humans are really good at negotiating terrain and finding a particular house. Is this just a fetish for automating things?"

Despite these reservations she concedes that "the Starship team have gone about it the right way, understanding how to make sure it's not scary, but cute. It seems they think more about the design than some robot makers and a well-designed robot is more likely to succeed."

The design element of the Starship robot chimes with the public. Victoria Butterworth recalls that the robots were one reason she moved to Milton Keynes. “They caught my attention, they’re so quirky and original.”

She adds that “of course there were lots of other reasons to move here”, but the robots came to play an important part in her life when her dachshund developed disc displacement and needed constant attention. The robots allowed her to care for the dog without leaving her home to shop. “They were a real godsend when the dog was ill.”

The human-robot bond emerging in Milton Keynes has banished the stereotype of a menacing robot, she says.

Andy Curtis, Starship’s UK operations manager who is in charge of 180 robots in Milton Keynes, talks about each machine operating in a “bubble of awareness” that allows it to alert people to its presence and offer thanks if they assist it. “It’s designed to be cute, not to be invasive.”

In Starship’s native Estonia, pedestrians come to the rescue when robots encounter snow and ice on the streets of Tallinn, pulling them onto the pavement to be repaid with that popular voice of thanks.

Adam Rang, a businessman in Tallinn, confesses to being excited by the robots. But it’s not an emotion his two-year-old son shares. “I point them out to him but he doesn’t care. He’s more interested in buses. It shows how normal they are to people born today, even though we’ve been waiting all our lives for robots like the ones promised in science fiction.”

He believes that part of our affection for the robots stems from disappointment with a promised future that didn’t appear. “A lot of science fiction predictions didn’t work out. But the robots give us the future we were promised.”

Back in Milton Keynes the robots queue up outside Moores Fish & Chips on a Friday night. Co-owner Johnny Pereira explains why this mix of traditional and hi-tech has proved a hit with his regular customers and bedded in with the locals.

“Parents like to order robot-delivered fish and chips for the family, it’s popular with kids. It’s definitely increased business. But I can spot when customers sitting outside are new to Milton Keynes - they stare at the robots! People who live here are used to them.”

Stephanie Daniels and her son, Noah, have dropped by and they too are impressed by robotic good manners. “I like it, they’re very innovative, they have very good sensors. They’re very cool and very weird at the same time. And they say ‘Thank you!’”

<https://www.bbc.com/news/business-62007675>

## **THE COMPANY WHERE COLLEAGUES DECIDE YOUR SALARY**

**A software firm is taking a radical approach to how it treats employees. 10Pines tries to be transparent and democratic, even allowing staff to set each other's salaries.**

Ariel Umansky decided to turn down his proposed 7% pay rise in December 2023. He felt he could not justify it in front of his colleagues. In fact, it was the second time in five years that he'd declined a raise at 10Pines.

“I felt kind of insecure and exposed about me being close to or even on top of people that I considered had a better performance than me,” explains Umansky. “It’s easy to feel like a fraud.”

Salaries are decided three times a year at the Argentinian company’s “rates meeting”, which includes everyone except new hires still on probation. Employees (or mentors on their behalf) can put themselves forward for a raise, which is then openly debated.

10Pines is a technology business founded in 2010 with 85 employees, based in Buenos Aires. It writes software for clients including Starbucks and Burger King, making things like online loyalty cards for customers, apps and e-commerce platforms.

Every year 50% of its profits are shared among staff.

“A key aspect [of open salaries] isn’t knowing how much everyone is earning,” says Umansky, “but knowing who earns more than who – it’s the hierarchy, right?”

10Pines aspires to have a flat hierarchy, and be transparent with employees, as much as possible. After a three-month trial period, new staff join the rest of the team in monthly, open meetings in which key company decisions are decided, such as potential new clients, expenses, company finances – and of course salaries.

There’s no overall CEO and no real managers within teams, though there are senior figures who are partners, known as “associates” and “masters”.

“Since there are no bosses to decide raises, we delegate power to the people,” says Jorge Silva, 10Pines co-founder and a “master”.

“We don’t want a salary gap like in the United States.”

New joiners can negotiate their own salary to a certain extent, says Silva, which can be an issue at the beginning. Their proposed salary is discussed with those of a similar experience at the company, to gain their consent.

In the final interview of the hiring process the candidate meets the entire team of 80-odd people, an introduction to the way the group dynamic works. There are no technical questions at this stage, it's more about learning about people's interests and a chance for them to see how 10Pines works.

"I've been on the other side of it and it's uncomfortable, but informal," says Silva. "But we have stopped hiring processes at this stage," he adds. "Even if they are geniuses, we can feel if they will create tension by not fitting into the team."

10Pines calls its approach "sociocracy". It was inspired by the Brazilian businessman Ricardo Semler and his experience transforming his family's manufacturing firm Semco. He turned it into a so-called "agile, collaborative company" with workers taking oversight of issues traditionally left to managers, finding it led to a low turnover of staff and revitalised the firm's fortunes. He wrote about it in a book called *Maverick!*

"We took that as our bible," says Silva.

There are increasingly "pockets of progressive, transparent companies" like this around the world, according to Ben Whitter, author of *Human Experience at Work*, and head of employee coaching and consultancy firm HEX Organization in the UK. The idea of transparent salaries can be a good way to level the playing field, between men and women for example, he thinks.

However, he can see some drawbacks to the arrangements at 10Pines too. While this set-up may work when you have 80 employees, once that doubles, the benefits can tail off, he reckons.

And hiring decisions based on the individual meeting the whole workforce can disadvantage those of an introverted disposition, while also creating a "natural bias of groupthink, where people make decisions they wouldn't normally make as an individual, raising issues about diversity and inclusion".

However, 10Pines says it runs diversity programmes, like women-only apprenticeship schemes, and it believes its overall approach can survive at scale.

“We have evolved the process over 12 years,” explains Angeles Tella Arena, an experienced software developer at the firm. “For example, we started salary discussions when we had 30 employees and were afraid it wouldn’t work with 50, but we just kept adapting. You need to update processes so trust is maintained.”

It may be necessary to create a second office if the company continues to grow, which would replicate and run the same system autonomously, she says.

“The key thing is to understand there is a difference between equal and fair,” says co-founder Jorge Silva. “We are not all equals, but we try to be fair. We don’t want to be like the classic company that tries to control employees and treats them like children.”

<https://www.bbc.com/news/business-56915767>

## WHY PEOPLE AREN'T AS PICKY IN LOVE AS THEY THINK

**We assume we choose our life partners very carefully – but research shows we may be less selective in love than we think.**

Finding a life partner is considered a major milestone – one that requires deliberation and careful assessment. We want someone whose long-term plans match our own: someone to whom we're attracted, someone with whom we feel comfortable sharing our home, finances and, maybe, children. This person is our *life* partner, after all – naturally, we assume we'll take care with the decision.

But it turns out we may be less selective about whom we spend our lives with than we think. Research shows hidden biases mean we'll give people a chance, even if they don't quite meet our criteria. And when we do pick a partner, we're driven by a psychological tendency called “progression bias” to stay in the relationship, rather than end it.

In other words, we're hard-wired to be in a romantic relationship, say psychologists, despite trends among young people to shun marriage in favour of a calculated approach to singlehood. Yet, even as the combination of evolutionary instincts and societal pressures steer us towards the coupled life, being aware of our progression bias could help us understand why we pick the partners we do – and why we stay with them.

### **Head over heels**

We're conditioned to think of dating as a rigorous vetting process; a 2020 Pew Research Center study showed 75% of Americans describe finding people to date as 'difficult'. Young people are also taking longer to settle down; as well as prioritising financial stability, they are taking more time to get to know each other before getting married than other age groups.

But Samantha Joel, assistant professor of psychology at Western University, Canada, and Geoff MacDonald, professor of psychology at the University of Toronto, argues people aren't as choosy about their partners as they may think. In July 2020, they published their theoretical review paper summarising the ways progression bias pushes people to begin and maintain relationships with less discretion than they assume.

Their findings were twofold: first, there is substantial evidence from multiple studies suggesting people are far less selective when picking people to date than they think. People are drawn to a much broader range of potential partners than they realise; they're willing to adjust their standards and overlook potential partners' flaws; and they also end up growing quickly attached to these potential mates, even if they may not necessarily be their ideal partners.

For example, in one experiment Joel and MacDonald conducted, they found that most university students reported that they'd reject potential matches who were either unattractive, or possessed a trait the respondents considered 'a dealbreaker', in a hypothetical match-making situation. But those figures plummeted when that match-making scenario was presented as being *real* and not hypothetical – suggesting that the students were far less romantically selective than they purported to be, and that they overestimated their willingness to reject others.

The second takeaway from Joel and MacDonald's paper is that, as well as being less choosy about dating than people think, they're inclined to remain in relationships and try to progress them, rather than end them. The academics point to studies showing that ending a relationship is more painful the longer you've been emotionally attached; that separating is more off-putting the more logistically entwined you are with your partner through factors like marriage and finances; and that married couples receive more cultural benefits (such as finding it easier to rent property) than other people.

Progression bias, explains Joel, is similar to psychological tendencies people show in other non-relationship spheres: the sunk-cost fallacy (not wanting to throw something away you've already invested heavily in); the status quo bias (opting to maintain the current state of affairs instead of disrupting it and causing discomfort); and satisficing instead of maximising (settling for "good enough" rather than holding out for the optimal ideal). And this bias towards picking a partner is likely fuelled by two factors: evolution and cultural norms.

Millions of years ago, being overly picky would have prevented our ancestors from finding mates. And staying with mates long-term was evolutionarily advantageous: it

meant children would have two parents instead of one, increasing the chances of the offspring's survival.

These behaviours can still be found in us today, says Alec Beall, a postdoctoral researcher at the University of British Columbia, who studies evolution and the psychology of dating and attraction. "Even though some advantages of long-term romantic relationships are not as critical today as they were in our prehistoric past, these selection pressures still have a lasting effect on our modern behaviour," says Beall.

There's also the cultural aspect. "Western culture prizes marriage as being the most important kind of close relationship, with getting married being treated as a personal achievement or an indicator of maturity," explains Joel. "There is social status that comes along with being married, and that may incentivise people to settle down regardless of who they are currently with, or what the quality of that relationship may be."

Ideals around romance may also play into our behaviours: a 2021 YouGov survey of 15,000 Americans found that 60% of adults believe in soul mates. This fairy-tale mindset can be quite damaging; Joel says researchers call this line of thinking 'destiny beliefs', and it can be part of the reason many of us tend toward progression bias. "It's often not too difficult to convince yourself that the person you're currently dating is, in fact, your soul mate," says Joel.

### **Striking a balance**

Our innate tendency to persist with relationships can potentially be beneficial, because it means committing to a partner to tackle any problems.

"As time passes, you start to develop that relationship history, that narrative about the things you've done together and, particularly, the things you've overcome," says Robert Levenson, professor of psychology at the University of California, Berkeley, who's studied long-term relationships. That is "all positive, and keeps you in the relationship even when things get a little rocky".

Unawareness of progression bias can also lead people down the wrong path, causing them to stay with someone who's a bad match. "The dark side is that sometimes people stay in relationships where they should get out," says Levenson.

We're also living in a modern age with infinitely more choice. "Even though humans may have developed a progression bias to suppress choosiness during our evolutionary past, doesn't mean it's always the best idea to adhere to its whims in an era when most of us will encounter significantly more than 500 people in our entire lifetime," says Beall. "It's important to find a balance. Don't settle for just anyone, but also don't spend your entire life waiting to find that perfect person who ticks all the boxes – evolutionarily, that person is unlikely to even exist," he says.

In the end, though, how picky you are may not be as important as regularly taking stock of the relationship once you're in it, suggest experts. If you're unhappy but aren't doing anything about it, recognise you may be falling victim to progression bias.

"We found that the best predictors of relationship quality, by far, were how people felt about various aspects of the relationship itself," says Joel. It's not about the partner you choose, but the partnership that you build. "Maybe it's not that helpful to search and search for a partner who looks good on paper. But it *is* helpful, once dating someone, to look for early signs that the relationship is turning out to be healthy and supportive."

<https://www.bbc.com/worklife/article/20220124-why-people-arent-as-picky-in-love-as-they-think>

## Supplement 1

### GLOSSARY OF MAJOR TERMS NECESSARY FOR TEXT INTERPRETATION

While analysing the text the student should point out the expressive means and stylistic devices which are used by the author in order to unfold the message. These can be divided into 4 major groups: phonetical, lexical, syntactical and lexico-syntactical.

#### 1. PHONETIC EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

**Alliteration** – deliberate reproduction of the same or similar consonants in close succession to achieve a certain acoustic effect, e.g. *No me when I am dead / Then you shall hear the surly sullen bells.* (W.Sh.)

**Assonance** – deliberate repetition of similar or the same vowels in close succession to achieve acoustic effect, e.g. *Tenderly burv, the fair young dead...* (La Costa)

**Onomatopoeia** – deliberate use of words or word combinations whose sounds produce an imitation of a natural sound, e.g. *And the silken sad uncertain/ Rustling of each purple curtain ...* (E.Poe)

#### 2. LEXICAL EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

**Archaic words** – words which are not in current use but understood by the speaking community, e.g. *I saw **thee** weep – the big bright tear/ Came **o'er** that eye of blue; / And then methought it did appear/ A violet dropping dew.* (B.).

**Barbarisms** – words borrowed from foreign languages and not completely assimilated in English, e.g. “*Why don't you like those cousins, Father?*” *Soames lifted the corner of his lips. “What made you think of that”*

“*Cela se voit.*”

“*That sees itself. What a way of putting it!*” (G.)

**Bookish or literary words** – words of high-flown stylistic colouring used usually in

official or high-flown style. Compare the pairs of bookish and neutral word combinations: *a great crowd came to see a vast concourse was assembled to witness; great fire – disastrous conflagration; sent for the doctor – called into requisition the services of the family physician* (O.Jespersen).

**Colloquial words** – words used in private unofficial type of communication but not violating the received standard, e.g. “*Oh, I have nothing against him. He’s quite well born and that sort of thing.*” (S.M.)

**Dialect words** – words characteristic of some local or social dialect. They have stylistic value only when used out of their special sphere of application, e.g. “*I’ll show you some day when ye come **ben** my house.*” (A.C.)

**Historical words** – words used to designate objects and phenomena peculiar to some past epoch, e.g. “***Prithee**, do me so much favour, as to inquire after my astrologer, Martimus Galeotti, and send him **hither** to me presently.*” “*I will without fail **my Liege**,*” answered the jester...” (W.Sc.)

**Jargonisms social** – words and word combinations used by particular social groups to conceal their true meaning, to prevent other people from understanding, e.g. “*How long did they **cook** (interrogate) you?*” “*Since eight this morning... over twelve hours.*” “*You didn’t **unbutton** (confess) then?*” (T.H.)

**Jargonisms professional** – words and word combinations used by professional groups to indicate objects and notions characteristic of the given profession, e.g. *Frank soon picked up all the technicalities of the profession. A “**bull**”, he learned, was once who bought in anticipation of a higher price to come; and if he was “**loaded up**” with a “**line**” of stocks he was said to be “**long**”.* (Dr.)

**Neologisms stylistical** – words or word combinations created by the author in accordance with the existing models of wordbuilding, e.g. *She objected to George because he was George. It was, as it were, his essential **Georgeness** that offended her.* (P.G.W.)

**Slang words** – words of highly colloquial character whose expressiveness, novelty and certain coarseness make them emphatic and emotional compared to their neutral synonyms, e.g. “*This is my real Goya,*” said Soames dryly “*By George! He was **swell**.*” (G.)

**Terms** – words or word combinations used to express special notions, objects, phenomena, etc. characteristic of some branch of science. Terms have stylistic value only when used out of their specific sphere of application, e.g. *Properties and qualities of a Forsyte... Hereditary dis- posed of myopia, he recognises only the persons and habitats of his own species amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquility.* (G.)

**Vulgarisms** – words and word combinations denoting the notions which are taboo in a given speech community or words and word combinations with a strong emotive colouring of coarseness or rudeness, e.g. *It's a good life. I am saying to myself, if you don't give it to coppers and Borstal-bosses... They can't kid me, the bastards.* (Sil.)

**Allegory** – expression of an abstract idea through some concrete image, e.g. *all is not gold that glitters; still waters run deep; to turn swords into ploughs,* etc.

**Antonomasia** – usage of a proper name for a common noun, or the usage of a common noun as a proper name, e.g. *He is the Napoleon of crime; Lady Sneerwell, Sir Peter Teazle, Miss Snowman, Miss Showman, Becky Sharp, Miss Toady.*

**Climax** – structure in which every successive sentence, phrase or word is emotionally stronger and logically more important than the preceding one, e.g. *For that one instant there was no one else in the room, in the house, in the world, besides themselves.* (M.W.)

**Anticlimax** – counterpart of climax, where emotional or logical importance is accumulated only to be unexpectedly broken and brought to a sudden break, e.g. *This was appalling – and I soon forgotten.* (G.)

**Epithet** – word or word combination used attributively to give not logical but expressive characteristic of an object, e.g. *The iron hate in Soul pushed hint on again.* (M.W.)

**Euphemism** – a variety of periphrasis which substitutes an expression which seems to be rude or unpleasant for one more mild and delicate, e.g. *They think we have come by the horse in some dishonest manner (stole the horse).* (D.)

**Hyperbole** – a deliberate overstatement, e.g. *The car which picked me up on that particular guilty evening was a Cadillac limousine about seventy-three blocks long.* (J.B.)

**Irony** – opposition of the meaning expressed and the meaning meant when the

meaning expressed substitutes the meaning meant, e.g. “*She turned with the **sweet smile** of an alligator.* (J.St.)

**Metaphor** – transfer of a name from one object to another based on the supposed likeness of some features of the two, e.g. *He smelled the ever-beautiful smell of coffee imprisoned in the can.* (J.St.)

**Metaphorical inverted epithet** – epithet based on a metaphor and expressed usually by an “of”-phrase, e.g. *A **ghost of a smile** appeared on Soames’ lips.* (C.)

**Metonymy** – transfer of a name from one object or a person to another due to some relations of the two, e.g. *The man looked a rather old **forty-five** ...* (K.P.)

**Oxymoron** – presentation of two contrasting ideas expressed by words syntactically dependent upon each other within one structure, e.g. *He caught a ride home in the **crowded loneliness** of the barracks.* (J.)

**Personification** – ascribing to a phenomenon or an idea qualities, feelings and thoughts of a living being, e.g. *the **face of London; the pain of the ocean.***

**Synecdochy** – type of metonymy in which a part represents the whole or the whole represents a part, e.g. *thine **eye** is in my mind.*

### 3. SYNTACTICAL EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

**Anadiplosis** (catch repetition) – repetition of the same element or unit at the end of the preceding and at the beginning of the following utterance, e.g. *With Bewick on my knee I felt **happy; happy** at last in my way.* (Ch.B.)

**Anaphora** – repetition of the first word or group of words at the beginning of several successive sentences or clauses, e.g. *And everywhere there were people. **People** going into gates and people coming out of gates.*

***People** staggering and falling. **People** fighting and cursing.* (P.A.)

**Apokoinu construction** – blend of two clauses through a word which has two syntactical functions, one in each of the two blended clauses, e.g. *There was **a door** led into the kitchen* (H.)

**Break** – a sudden interruption in speech caused by some strong emotion or reluctance

to continue or finish the sentence for some other reason, e.g. *“My God! If the police come – find me here! (G.)*

**Chain repetition** – combination of several catch repetitions, e.g. *A smile would come into Mr. Pickwick’s face: **the smile** be extended into **laugh**, **the laugh** into **roar**, **the roar** became general. (D.)*

**Chiasmus** – reversed parallelism, e.g. *The public wants a thing, therefore it is supplied with it; or the public is supplied with a thing, therefore it wants it. (Th.)*

**Coordination instead of subordination** – usage of coordination in the cases where subordination is logically expected (*usually the use of “and”, as in Hemingway*).

**Detachment** – isolation of some parts of the sentence to make it more prominent, e.g. *A sound of singing came down the water to him, **trailing, distant, high and sweet**. (G.)*

**Ellipsis** – deliberate omission of some members of the sentence for stylistic purposes, e.g. *“I’ll see nobody for half an hour, Barcey,” said the boss. “**Understand? Nobody at all.**” (K.M.)*

**Epiphora** – repetition of the final word or group of words in several succeeding sentences or clauses, e.g. *Through the brain slowly shifted ~~the~~ things they had done **together**. Walking **together**. Dancing **together**. (P.A.)*

**Parallelism** – two or more sentences built by the same syntactic pattern closely following each other, e.g. *I notice that father’s is a large hand, but never a heavy one when he touches me, and that father’s is a rough voice but never an angry one when it speaks to me. (D.)*

**Polysyndeton** – connection of sentences, phrases or words based on the repetition of the same conjunction, e.g. *He put on his coat **and** took his mug **and** his plate **and** his knife and went outside. (J.A.)*

**Rhetoric(al) question** – presentation of an affirmative or negative statement in the form of a question, e.g. *Is there not blood enough upon your penal codes that must be pored forth? (B.)*

**Ring repetition** – repetition of the same unit at the beginning and at the end of some utterance, e.g. ***I am** a good girl, **I am**... (B.Sh.)*

**Stylistic inversion** – violation of the traditional order of words which does not alter

the grammatical meaning of the sentence but gives it an additional emotional or emphatic colouring, e.g. *And fast into this perilous gulf of night walked Bosinney, and fast after him went George.* (G.)

**Subordination instead of coordination** – usage of subordination in cases where coordination is logically expected, e.g. “*And the rain won’t make any difference?*” “*No.*” – “*That’s good because I am afraid of the rain.*” (H.)

**Syntactic tautology** – repetition of some member of the sentence, usually the subject, expressed by a noun or a pronoun, e.g. “*Miss Tillie Webster, she slept forty days and nights without waking up.*” (O.H.)

**Zeugma** – usage of semantically different but syntactically similar constructions in close succession, e.g. *Mr Pickwick took his **het end** his leave.* (D.)

#### 4. LEXICO-SYNTACTICAL EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

**Antithesis** – presentation of two contrasting ideas in close succession, e.g. *Mrs. Nork had a **large** home and a **small** husband.* (I.M.)

**Periphrasis** – using a roundabout form of expression instead of simpler one, to describe the same object, e.g. *The two friends returned to the inn. Mr. Winkle to ruminates on the **approaching struggle** (a duel), and Mr. Modgrass to arrange **the weapons of war** (pistols).* (D.)

**Simile** – comparison of two objects belonging to different spheres but presented as having some feature in common, e.g. *The menu was rather less than a panorama, indeed, it was **as repetitions as a snore.*** (O’N.)

## Supplement 2

### *Pronunciation List*

alliteration [æli'tə'reɪʃn]	italicized [ɪ'tælɪsaɪzd] words
anadiplosis [ˌænədɪ'pləʊsɪs]	jargonism [ˈdʒɑ:gənɪzəm]
anaphora [ə'næfərə]	litotes [ˈlaɪtəʊtɪs]
anticlimax [ˈæntɪ'klaɪmæks]	metaphor [ˈmetəfə]
antithesis [æn'tɪθɪsɪs]	metonymy [mɪ'tɒnɪmi]
antonomasia [ˈæntə'meɪzɪə]	narration [næ'reɪʃn]
aposiopesis (break) [ˌæpəʊsaɪəʊ'pɪ:sɪs]	narrative ['nærətɪv]
archaism [ˈɑ:kəɪzəm]	narrator [nə'reɪtə]
assonance [ˈæsənəns]	onomatopoeia [ˌonəʊmə'təʊ'pɪ:ə]
asyndeton [ə'sɪndɪtən]	oxymoron [ˌɒksɪ'mɔ:rən]
belles-lettres ['bel'letə] style	parallelism ['pærələlɪzəm]
chiasmus [kaɪ'æzməs]	periphrasis [pə'rɪfrəsɪs]
climax ['klaɪmæks]	personification [pə:sonɪfɪ'keɪʃn]
comparison [kəm'pærɪsn]	polysyndeton ['pɒlɪ'sɪndɪtən]
dialectal [daɪə'lektl] words	publicist ['pʌblɪsɪst] style
dialogue ['daɪələg]	pun [pʌn]
ellipsis [ɪ'lɪpsɪs]	rhetoric [rɪ'tɔrɪk] question
epiphora [ɪ'pɪfərə]	simile ['sɪmɪli]
epithet [ˈepɪθet]	tenor ['tenə]
euphony ['ju:fəni]	suspense [sə'spens]
genuine [ˈdʒenjuɪn] stylistic device	synecdoche [sɪ'nekdəki]
graphon [grə'fɒn]	trite [traɪt]
hyperbole [haɪ'pə:bəli]	understatement [ˈʌndə'steɪtmənt]
hyphenation [haɪfə'næɪʃən]	vehicle ['vi:ɪkl]
inversion [ɪn'vɜ:ʃn]	vulgarism ['vʌlgərəɪzəm]
irony ['aɪərəni]	zeugma ['zju:gmə]
italics [ɪ'tælɪks]	

## List of Abbreviations

A.B. - A. Bennet	Ch.D. - Ch. Dickens	M.T. - Mark Twain
A.C. - A. Cronin	I.M. - I. Murdoch	R.Br. - R. Bradbury
A.Cl. - A. Clarke	I.McE. - Ian McEwan	R.Ch. - R. Chandler
A.H. - A. Huxley	I.Sh. - I. Shaw	R.K. - R. Kipling
A.Hl. - A. Hailey	J.J. - J. Jones	R.W. - R.P. Warren
A.M. - A. Miller	J.A. - J. Aldridge	S. - J. Salinger
A.S. - A. Saxton	J.Au. - J. Austin	S.B. - S. Beckett
A.T. - A. Tolkien	J.B. - J. Baldwin	S.C. - S.T. Coleridge
A.W. - A. Wesker	I.Br. - J. Braine	S.Ch. - S. Chaplin
Al.M. - A. Maltz	J.C. - J. Conrad	S.H. - S. Heanley
B. - G.G. Byron	J.D.P. - J. Dos Passos	Sc.F. - Sc. Fitzgerald
B.C. - Bill Clinton	J. D.S. - J.D. Salinger	Sh.A. - Sh. Anderson
B.Ch. - B. Charlestone	J.E. - J. Eszterhas	Sh.D. - Sh. Delaney
B.E. - B. Evans	J.F. - J. Fowles	Sil. - A. Sillitoe
B.K. - B. Kaufman	J.F.K. - John F. Kennedy	S.L. - S. Lewis
B.M. - B. Malamud	J.G. - J. Gardner	S.M. - S. Maugham
B.N. - Bev. Nichols	J.Hel. - J. Heller	St.B. - St. Barstow
B.Sh. - B. Shaw	J.H. - J. Hilton	St.H. - St. Heim
Br.B. - Br. Behan	J.J. - J. Joyce	T. - A. Tennyson
C.-D. Carter	J.K. - J. Kerouac	T.C. - T. Capote
C.A. - C. Armstrong	J.K.J. - J.K. Jerome	T.W. - Tom Wolfe
C.D. - A. Conan Doyle	J.L. - I. London	Th. - W. Thackeray
C.H. - Holmes	J.O'H. - J.O'Hara	T.H. - T. Howard
C.N. - A.Ch. - A. Christie	J.R. - J. Reed	Th. D. - Th. Dreiser
C.Nairne	J. R. R. T - J. R. R. Tolkien	
Ch.B. - Ch. Brontë	J.St. - J. Steinbeck	Th.P. - Th. Pynchon
G.E. - George Elliot	J.Th. - J. Thurber	Th.S. - Th. Smith
Ch.R. - Children's Rhymes	K. - J. Kilty	
C.h.D. - Ch. Dickens	K.K. - K. Kesey	Th.W. - U. - J. Updike
		Th. Wilder

D.C. - D. Cusack	K.M. - K.Mansfield	V.W. - V.Woolf
D.H.L. - D.H. Lawrence	K.P. - K.S.Prichard	W.D. - W.Deeping
D.L. - D. Lessing	L. - St. Leacock	W.F. - William Faulkner
Dr. -Th.Dreiser	L.C. – Lewis Carroll	W.S.G. - W.S.Gilbert
D.T. - Donna Tart	Luc. - S.Lucas	W.Gl. - W.Golding
D.Wh. - D.White	M. - A.Milne	Wic. - Th.Wicker
E. - Y.Esar	M.B. - M.Blokh	W.I. - W.Irwing
E.A.- E.Albey	M.Sp. - M.Spark	W.M. - Will McIntosh
E.Br. - E.Brontë	M.W. - M.Wilson	W.S. - W.Sanson
E.C. - E. Caldwell	N.B. - N.Blake	W.Sc. - W.Scott
E. McB. - Ed McBain	N.M. - N.Mailer	W.Sh. -W.Shakespeare
E. M. F. - E. M. Forster	N.T. - N.Travis	Wr. - R.Write
F. - E.Ferber	N.W. - N.West	
F.Sc.F. - F. Scott	O. - J.Osborne	
Fitzgerald		
Ev. - S. Evans	O’C. - S.O’Casey	
E.W. - E.Waugh	O.H. - O.Henry	
G. - J.Galsworthy	O’N. - E.O’Neil	
G.O. - George Orwell	O.N. - O.Nash	
G.M. - G.Markey	O.W.- O. Wilde	
Gr.Gr. - Gr. Green	P. - J.B.Priestley	
Gr.M.- Gr. Metilous	P.A.- P.Abrahams	
H.- E. Hamingway	P.Ch.- P.Cheyney	
H.C. - H. Caine	P.B.- P.Benchley	
H.L. - H.Lee	P.G.W.-P.G.	
	Wodehouse	
H.W. – H.G.Wells	Ph.L.- Ph.Larkin	
	Ph.R.- Ph.Roth	

## RECOMMENDED LITERATURE

### *Compulsory*

1. Дубенко О.Ю. Порівняльна поетика: типологічний та перекладознавчий аспекти: Монографія. К.: Видавничий дім Дмитра Бураго, 2015.
2. Куц М. О., Остапенко С. А. Порівняльна стилістика англійської та української мови. Курс лекцій, ступінь бакалавр. Кривий Ріг: ДонНУЕТ, 2022.
3. Жуковська В.В. Основи теорії та практики стилістики англійської мови: Навчальний посібник. Житомир: Вид-во ЖДУ ім. І. Франка, 2010.
4. Boase-Beier J. Stylistics and Translation. M. Burke (ed.) The Routledge Handbook of Stylistics, London: Routledge, 2014.

### *Optional*

1. Ємець О.В. Linguistic Text Analysis: Stylistic and Translation Aspects. Хмельницький. ХНУ, 2020.
2. Кухаренко В.А. Інтерпретація тексту. Вінниця: Нова книга, 2004.
3. Талавіра Н. Опосередковане переконання при висвітленні публічного виступу у новинах: етос, пафос чи логос? Вісник Київського національного університету імені Тараса Шевченка. Літературознавство. Мовознавство. Фольклористика. 2022. Вип. 1(31). С. 81-84. URL: <https://doi.org/10.17721/1728-2659.2022.31.16>
4. Талавіра Н.М. Еволюція новинного дискурсу: від глашатаїв до блогерів. Закарпатські філологічні студії. 2023. Вип. 30. С. 110-115. URL: <https://doi.org/10.32782/tps2663-4880/2023.30.20>
5. Burke M. The Routledge Handbook of Stylistics. New York: Routledge, 2023.
6. Chapman S., Clark B. Pragmatics and Literature. London: John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2019. <https://doi.org/10.1075/lal.35>
7. Dancygier B. Figurative Language. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2014.

8. Dubenko, E. The Genre of Official-business Letter in a Comparative Stylistic Aspect (English-Ukrainian parallels). Молодий вчений. 2017. № 3(43). P. 319-323.
9. Dubenko, E. Stylistics of advertising texts in English and Ukrainian traditions: linguopragmatic aspect. Science and Education: a New Dimension. Philology. VIII (69). Issue 234. Budapest. 2020. P. 15-18.
10. Jeffries L. Critical Stylistics: The Power of English. London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2017.
11. Kövecses Z. Extended conceptual metaphor theory: the cognition-context interface. In U. Schröder, M. Mendes de Oliveira & A. Tenuta (Eds.), *Metaphorical Conceptualizations: (Inter)Cultural Perspectives* (pp. 23-40). Berlin, Boston: De Gruyter Mouton, 2022. <https://doi.org/10.1515/9783110688306-002>
12. Stockwell P. Cognitive Poetics: An Introduction. London: Routledge, 2019.
13. Talavira N., Potapenko S., Mishchenko T. News reporting of public speeches in English on-line media: a constructional perspective. Studies about Languages / Kalbų studijos. 2024. Issue 44. P. 38-52. URL: <https://doi.org/10.5755/j01.sal.1.44.34866>

## REFERENCES

1. Володіна Т.С., Рудківський О.П. Загальна теорія перекладу для першого (бакалаврського) рівня. Навч.-метод. посібник. К.: Вид. центр КНЛУ, 2017. URL: <http://rep.knlu.edu.ua/xmlui/bitstream/handle/787878787/182/Rudkivskyi.pdf?sequence=1&isAllowed=y>
2. Дубенко О.Ю. Методична розробка з порівняльної стилістики англійської та української мов. Київ: ВПЦ “Київський університет”, 2018.
3. Ніжинське шістдесятництво: Олександр Жомнір; упорядкув. Надія Онищенко. Ніжин: Видавець Лисенко М.М., 2025.
4. Сіняговська І.Ю. Порівняльна стилістика англійської та української мови. Курс лекцій для студ. спец. 035 «Філологія», ступінь бакалавр. Кривий Ріг: ДонНУЕТ, 2018.
5. Талавіра Н. М., Міщенко Т. В., Трибуханчик А. М. Стилiстика англiйської мови: практикум: навч. посiб. (для здобувачiв ОПП «Середня освіта»). Ніжин: НДУ, 2024.
6. BBC URL: <https://www.bbc.com/>
7. BBC Ukraine URL: <https://www.bbc.com/ukrainian>
8. McIntyre D., Walker B. Corpus Stylistics: Theory and Practice. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2019.

Навчальне видання

Талавіра Наталія Михайлівна

Міщенко Тетяна Віталіївна

ЗІСТАВНА СТИЛІСТИКА АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ  
ТА УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ МОВ: ПРАКТИКУМ

*Навчальний посібник*

*(для здобувачів ОПП «Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно) – англійська та німецька мови»).*

Технічний редактор – І. П. Борис  
Верстка, макетування – В. М. Косяк  
Книга друкується в авторському редагуванні

---

Підписано до друку	Формат 60x84/16	Папір офсетний
Гарнітура Times New Roman	Обл.-вид. арк. 10,52	Тираж ел. вид.
Замовлення №	Ум. друк. арк. 13,95	

---



Ніжинський державний університет  
імені Миколи Гоголя.  
м. Ніжин, вул. Воздвиженська, 3/4  
(04631)7-19-72  
E-mail: [vidavn\\_ndu@ukr.net](mailto:vidavn_ndu@ukr.net)  
[www.ndu.edu.ua](http://www.ndu.edu.ua)

Свідоцтво суб'єкта видавничої справи  
ДК № 2137 від 29.03.05 р.