

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ  
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**ВИВЧАЄМО ЛІТЕРАТУРУ**

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**“Why study literature” («Вивчаємо літературу»).** Навчальний посібник. Для здобувачів освітніх програм «Англійська мова і література. Переклад», «Англійська мова та література. Зарубіжна література» та «Українська мова і література. Англійська мова і література». УжНУ, 2022. 49 с.

Навчальний посібник має на меті розвиток та вдосконалення вмінь та навичок усної та писемної комунікації студентів. Побудований відповідно до вимог типової робочої програми. Призначений для здобувачів освітніх програм «Англійська мова і література. Переклад», «Англійська мова та література. Зарубіжна література» та «Українська мова і література. Англійська мова і література».

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## THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

### Why use literature?

There are many good reasons for using literature in the classroom. Here are a few:

- Literature is authentic material. It is good to expose learners to this source of unmodified language in the classroom because the skills they acquire in dealing with difficult or unknown language can be used outside the class.
- Literature encourages interaction. Literary texts are often rich in multiple layers of meaning, and can be effectively mined for discussions and sharing feelings or opinions.
- Literature expands language awareness. Asking learners to examine sophisticated or non-standard examples of language (which can occur in literary texts) makes them more aware of the norms of language use (Widdowson, 1975 quoted by Lazar 1993).
- Literature educates the whole person. By examining values in literary texts, teachers encourage learners to develop attitudes towards them. These values and attitudes relate to the world outside the classroom.
- Literature is motivating. Literature holds high status in many cultures and countries. For this reason, students can feel a real sense of achievement at understanding a piece of highly respected literature. Also, literature is often more interesting than the texts found in coursebooks.

### Speaking

*Are books essential in the 21<sup>st</sup> century?*

*Can the books we read tell us about real life?*

*Is it possible to define literature?*

*What benefits are gained from studying literature?*

## Reading comprehension

### What is literature?

If there is such a thing as literary theory, then it would seem obvious that there is something called literature which is the theory of. There have been various attempts to define literature. You might define it as “imaginative” writing in the sense of fiction – writing which is not literally true. But even the briefest reflection on what people include under the heading of literature suggests that this definition will not do; for example, along with the plays of Corneille and Racine, French seventeenth-century literature includes Bossuet’s funeral speeches, Madame de Sevigne’s letters to her daughter and the philosophy of Decartes and Pascal.

A distinction between “fact” and “fiction”, then, seems unlikely to get us very far, not least because the distinction itself is often a questionable one. In the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries in England, the word “novel” seems to have been used about both true and fictional events, and even news reports were neither clearly factual nor clearly fictional: our own sharp discrimination between these categories simply did not apply. Moreover, if “literature” includes much “factual” writing, it also excludes quite a lot of fiction. A *Superman* comic and a Mills and Boon romantic novel are fictional but not generally regarded as literature. And if literature is “creative” or “imaginative” writing, does this imply that history, philosophy and natural science are uncreative and unimaginative?

Perhaps one needs a different kind of approach altogether. Perhaps literature is definable not according to whether it is fictional or “imaginative”, but because it uses language in peculiar ways. Literature transforms and intensifies ordinary language; it deviates systematically from everyday speech. If you approach me at a bus stop and murmur “Thou still unravished bride of quietness”, then I am instantly aware that I am in the presence of the literary. I know this because the texture, rhythm and resonance of your words are far removed from everyday language.

This, in effect, was the definition of the “literary” advanced by the Russian formalists, who emerged in Russia in the years before the 1917 revolution, and

flourished throughout the 1920s, until they were effectively silenced by Stalinism. The formalists saw literary language as a set of deviations from a norm, a kind of linguistic violence; but to spot a deviation implies being able to identify the norm from which it swerves. Moreover, the idea that there is a single “normal” language, a common currency shared equally by all members of society, is an illusion. Any actual language consists of a highly complex range of discourses, differentiated according to class, region, gender, status and so on, which can by no means be really unified into a single homogeneous linguistic community. One person’s norm may be another’s deviation: the word “ginnel” ( meaning the alleyway) may be poetic in one part of England but ordinary language in another. Even the most mundane text of the 15<sup>th</sup> century may sound poetic to us today because of its archaism. Conversely, if everyone used phrases like “unravished bride of quietness” in ordinary conversation, this kind of language might stop being poetic.

So, any belief that the study of literature is the study of a stable, well-definable entity- as entomology is the study of insects- can be abandoned. Literature, in the sense of a set of words of assured and unalterable value, distinguished by certain shared inherent properties, does not exist. The unquestioned “great tradition” of the “national literature” has to be recognized as a *construct*, fashioned by particular people for particular reasons at a certain time. There is no such thing as a literary work or tradition which is valuable in itself, regardless of what anyone might have said or come to say about it. “Value” is a transitive term.

The fact that we always interpret literary works to some extent in the light of our own concerns might be one reason why certain works of literature seem to retain their value across the centuries. However, “our” Homer is not identical with the Homer of the Middle Ages. All literary works, in other words, are “rewritten”, if only unconsciously, by the societies, which read them; indeed, there is no reading of a work which is not also a “rewriting”. No work, and no current evaluation of it, can simply be extended to new groups of people without being changed, perhaps almost unrecognizably, in the process; and this is one reason why what counts as literature is a notably unstable affair.

Do the following statements reflect the claims of the writer?

**Yes** if the statement reflects the claims of the writer

**No** if the statement contradicts the claims of the writer

**Not given** if it is impossible to say what the writer thinks about this

1. Some correspondence is considered to be a valid literary genre.
2. It was impossible to distinguish fact from fiction in late 16<sup>th</sup> century news reports.
3. The stylistic features of a text often indicate whether it can be classified as literature.
4. The Russian Formalists should have been allowed to continue their work under Stalin.
5. People often interpret language that is old-fashioned as being literary.
6. Great works of literature are perceived in the same way through time.
7. In order to analyse a novel effectively, the reader needs to place it in its historical context.

### **POST READING COMPREHENSION**

**What these numbers refer to in the text:**

17<sup>th</sup> century; 1917; the 1920s; 15<sup>th</sup> century; Middle Ages.

**In the text find the words that match the definitions below:**

1. Easy to notice and understand.
2. Containing new and interesting ideas.
3. Not likely to be correct or true.
4. Something which is imaginary.
5. Involving the use of imagination.
6. Showing the shape and structure of something.
7. Consisting of something of the same type.
8. Something which is ordinary, not interesting.
9. Unchangeable.
10. Something likely to change.

**Add a negative prefix to each of these words:**

1) plausible 2) predictable 3) funded 4) informed 5) possible 6) practical 7) creative 8) logical 9) rational 10) sufficient

**Complete this book review using some of the following verbs in a suitable tense or- *ing* form.**

*Discover, estimate, show, plan, doubt, speculate, describe, assess, consider, remind, reflect, realise, evaluate.*

If you have ever 1..... how people behaved in the days leading up to the massive eruption of Vesuvius, then *Pompeli* by Robert Harris is the book for you. The novel takes place over four days, and specific time references at the beginning of each chapter 2 ..... the reader what is inevitably going to happen. As the catastrophic event approaches, Harris vividly 3 ..... what life was like for the Roman Empire's richest citizens in the late summer of AD 79, as they relaxed in their villas overlooking the Bay of Naples. The book is rich in historical detail, 4 ..... how carefully Harris did the research. At the same time, Harris has produced a superb thriller. I 5 ..... Whether a more gripping account has ever been written on *Pompeli*. The hero of the novel, engineer Marcus Attilius, has to 6 ..... why the fresh water supply to the quarter of a million people living around the Bay of Naples is failing. As he struggles to 7 ..... whether the 60-mile aqueduct is still functioning, he soon 8 ..... what an enormous task he has undertaken. Attilius remains optimistic, and, being a practical man, he immediately 9 ..... how to repair the aqueduct and restore the water supply. However, as the reader knows only too well, the forces of nature will eventually overpower him and devastate an entire area.

## HOW TO DESCRIBE BOOKS

June 25, 2018

***“So many books, so little time.”***

*Frank Zappa, an American musician, composer, activist and filmmaker*

Books are so different: **fascinating** and **useful, remarkable** and **influential, famous** and **controversial**... They can also turn out to be **dull, not worth the paper they are printed on, awful** or just **too horrible to finish**. No matter how **disappointing** some books may be, we hope your reading experience is usually positive, and so we'd like to start with a list of words which could help you describe a **good, well-written** book:

- **heartwarming** – causing gladness and tender feelings;
- **heartfelt** – sincere, not deceitful;
- **insightful** – exhibiting insight or clear and deep perception;
- **thought-provoking** – making you think a lot about a subject;
- **laugh-out-loud funny** – extremely funny, hilarious;
- **tear-jerking** – having the reader in tears, intended to arouse sympathy  
(**tear-jerker** ('tɪə, dʒɜ:kə) – noun);
- **three-hanky** (*inf.* handkerchief) **boo-hoer** (noun) (*to boohoo* is to cry noisily) – a real tear-jerker;
- **moving** – arousing deep emotion;
- **wise** – showing wisdom;
- **touching / heart-touching** – eliciting or capable of eliciting sympathy or tenderness;
- **sentimental** – expressive of or appealing to tender emotions;
- **delightful** – giving great delight, very pleasing, beautiful;
- **with a charming story** – with a delightful story;
- **with a beautifully crafted story** – with a beautifully written story;
- **excellent** – exceptionally good;
- **uplifting** – acting to raise moral, spiritual, cultural, etc. levels;
- **quickly/fast-paced** – with a story that unfolds and develops fast;
- **suspenseful** – causing the reader to experience pleasurable excitement and anticipation regarding an outcome;



- **unputdownable** – impossible to put down, **keeping your attention** until the last page;
- **page-turner** – a very interesting book, **having you hooked** until the last page is turned;
- **a good yarn** [jɑ:n] – a good entertaining tale;

Apparently, all the words above describe books which a reader is likely to **devour** (= *take in eagerly*). If the book you read is not like that, you could say that you are **struggling on with** the book, that you are really **not getting on with** the book, or that you are even **starting to resent** (= *hate*) **it**. Perhaps, you are forced to **plough** /plau/ **through it** (= *to finish reading it with difficulty*) to the bitter end. If so, perhaps it's better to **give up on** it (= *to abandon it*). "Life is too short to read bad books or drink bad wine", Joy Daniels, an American author.

## VOCABULARY IN USE

### I. Choose the right answer

- I don't like reading history or biographies; I prefer..... myself.  
a) description b) fiction c) invention d) narration
- That book has been out of ..... for a long time.  
a) copy b) press c) print d) publication
- You have to pay a ..... if you do not return your library books on time.  
a) fee b) fine c) penalty d) tax
- Most of poet's earlier work was published under a .....  
a) misnomer b) namesake c) nickname d) pseudonym
- His new book received good ..... from the critic.  
a) comprehension b) flavours c) reviews d) understanding
- He bought the book for half price because its ..... was torn.  
a) coat b) coating c) cover d) skin

7. I have just read a lovely ..... about a man who devoted his life to monkeys.
- a) fiction      b) history      c) production      d) story
8. The first ..... of a book can sometimes be very valuable.
- a) copy      b) edition      c) title      d) type
9. Ms Original had a little in ..... with other authors of her generation.
- a) common      b) everyday      c) normal      d) ordinary
10. That author has written a fictional ..... of his wartime experiences.
- a) account      b) novel      c) story      d) tale
11. This is a good ..... of his delight in unusual words and phrases.
- a) case      b) example      c) expression      d) passage
12. I can't read this book without my glasses. The ..... is too small.
- a) handwriting      b) letter      c) print      d) typewriter
13. Ask the publishers to send you their latest ..... of English text-books.
- a) booklet      b) catalogue      c) index      d) prospectus
14. I'm reading a book about ..... of Henry VIII.
- a) the existence      b) the life      c) the living      d) the road
15. The printing of the book has been held up by the paper .....
- a) deficit      b) lack      c) scarce      d) shortage
16. The essayist, John Cardinal Newman, was one of the most distinguished men of ..... of his time.
- a) books      b) letters      c) publications      d) writings
17. In your criticism of this work, I think you have done less than ..... to the originality of his style.
- a) appreciation      b) approval      c) justice      d) praise
18. Because Shakespeare mainly wrote plays, he is usually regarded as .....
- a) an author      b) a dramatist      c) a novelist      d) a writer
19. He knows most of Wordsworth's poems by .....
- a) head      b) heart      c) memory      d) mind

## II. Choose the right answer.

1. This book is too ....., I don't understand it.  
a) blank b) dark c) obscure d) secret
2. In Mr Critical's opinion, Mary's reputation as a writer is very .....  
a) overestimated b) overlooked c) overrated d) overstated
3. The bookshop said they did not have the drama just then, but that it was on .....  
a) arrival b) delivery c) order d) purpose
4. Don't read all the book. Just ..... the first few pages quickly.  
a) dissect b) glance through c) look round d) see into
5. A poet has to be extremely ..... to the music of words.  
a) alert b) sensible c) sensitive d) sentimental
6. Shakespeare's plays fall into three ..... categories: tragedies, comedies and histories.  
a) ample b) broad c) expansive d) thick
7. The peace of the public library was ..... by the sound of a radio.  
a) demolished b) fractured c) smashed d) shattered
8. If he didn't have the royalties from his book to ..... his tiny income, he simply wouldn't survive.  
a) amplify b) contribute c) expand d) supplement
9. This young author has already received the sort of ..... that many who are older and wiser have had to strive a lifetime for.  
a) attentiveness b) note c) notoriety d) recognition
10. The story had a macabre ..... to it.  
a) clang b) noise c) ring d) tick
11. He was a learned man, and few travelers have written with so much .....  
a) acquisition b) apprehension c) cultivation d) erudition
12. His reputation has been greatly ..... by the success of his new book.

- a) enhanced    b) enlarged    c) expanded    d) heightened
13. Some writers take a lightweight ..... typewriter with them wherever they go.
- a) bearable    b) carrying    c) portable    d) weighing
14. He says he would write an English course book if he could find a(n) ..... to deal with the less interesting parts.
- a) ally    b) collaborator    c) confederate    d) partner
15. I was in no way prepared for the ..... criticism my play received.
- a) assault    b) offensive    c) onset    d) onslaught

### III. Match the words with the definitions.

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| 1. Poignant     | a) lightweight, not very complex (negative) |
| 2. Lugubrious   | b) a very interesting and engaging story    |
| 3. Chilling     | c) very badly made/written                  |
| 4. Page-turner  | d) a sad story that makes you cry           |
| 5. Slow-starter | e) giving you the feeling of sadness        |
| 6. Trashy       | f) causing great fear                       |
| 7. Lightweight  | g) a story that starts very slowly          |
| 8. Tearjerker   | h) a rather dark and gloomy story           |

### IV. Use words and phrases from your active vocabulary to comment on your preferences as a reader.

Model: I like reading historical novels. They are usually interesting and informative. A good historical novel gives us ideas and teaches us something useful. I haven't much spare time to read trashy crime stories.

### Y. Translate the following adjectives into Ukrainian. Make up 20 sentences.

1. action-packed 2. addictive 3. adventurous 4. amusing 5. astonishing 6. awe-inspiring 7. believable 8. biographical 9. breath-taking 10. brilliant 11. boring 12.

captivating 13. charismatic 14. charming 15. comforting 16. complex 17. complicated 18. confusing 19. conversational 20. creepy 21. dangerous 22. dark 23. dazzling 24. deceptive 25. deep 26. devious 27. diverse 28. dreary 29. dynamic 30. easy-to-read 31. educational 32. elusive 33. emotional 34. enchanting 35. engaging 36. entertaining 37. erratic 38. evocative 39. evolving 40. exciting 41. exhilarating 42. fanciful 43. fascinating 44. flexible 45. futuristic 46. glorious 47. goofy 48. glamorous 49. gripping 50. gross 51. haunting 52. heartbreaking 53. heartfelt 54. heart-wrenching 55. hilarious 56. historical 57. informative 58. insightful 59. inspirational 60. intense 61. intriguing 62. invigorating 63. life-like 64. magnificent 65. memorable 66. mind-numbing 67. motivating 68. mysterious 69. mystical 70. nonsensical 71. obnoxious 72. poignant 73. powerful 74. predictable 75. realistic 76. real 77. pager-turner 78. redundant 79. repetitive 80. riveting 81. romantic 82. scary 83. silly 84. simple 85. spectacular 86. spell-binding 87. spine-tingling 88. surprising 89. tear-jerking 90. terrifying 91. thought-provoking 92. touching 93. tragic 94. triumphant 95. twisted 96. unexpected 97. unique 98. whimsical 99. witty

## BOOK PARTS

Now that you know how to describe the quality of a book, we'd like to make sure you know how to describe what parts a book may consist of.

In what part of a book would you look to find quickly what the book is about, or on what page a person, place or event is mentioned? Make sure you know the following words and do the exercise below:

- **acknowledgements** – a statement printed at the beginning of a book expressing the author's or publisher's gratitude to others;
- **contents** – a list of the chapters or sections given at the front of a book;
- **dedication** – the words used at the beginning of a book, thanking someone or saying that book has been written to show respect for them;
- **blurb** – a short description of a book written for promotional purposes;

- **footnote** – an additional piece of information printed at the bottom of a page;
- **key** – a set of answers to exercises or problems;
- **chronology** – the arrangement of events or dates in the order of their occurrence;
- **index** – an alphabetical list of names, subjects, etc. with reference to the pages on which they are mentioned;
- **glossary** – an alphabetical list of words relating to a specific subject, text, or dialect, with explanations;
- **appendix** – a section or table of subsidiary matter at the end of a book or document;
- **bibliography** – a list of the books referred to in a scholarly work, typically printed as an appendix.

I. **Match the descriptions with the names of parts of a book.**

- |                    |  |
|--------------------|--|
| 1. Appendix        | a) the cover of the book;  |
| 2. Bibliography    | b) a short description by the publisher of the contents of a book, printed on its paper cover;         |
| 3. Binding         | c) an introduction to a book;  |
| 4. Blurb           | d) a preface, especially in which someone who knows the writer and his work says something about them; |
| 5. Chapter         | e) an introduction to a play, long poem;   |
| 6. Contents        | f) one of the main divisions of a book, usually having a number or a title;                            |
| 7. Cross-reference | g) one part of a book, which is read on the radio in regular parts until the story is completed;       |
| 8. Epilogue        | h) a list of what is contained in the book;  |
| 9. Foreword        | i) the end of a book, giving additional information;   |
| 10. Index          | j) a list of all the writings used in the preparation of a book;                                       |

- |                |  |
|----------------|--|
| 11. Instalment | k) a list at the back of a book giving, in alphabetical order names, subjects, etc. mentioned in it and the pages where they can be found; |
| 12. Preface    | l) a note directing the reader from one place in a book to another place in the same book;   |
| 13. Prologue   | m) a part of a story, play, etc. that is added after the end, usually a kind of summing up.  |

## II. Complete with the right name of the part of a book

1. This old book is ..... in leather.
2. Look at the list of the ..... in the book and find on which ..... the first ..... starts.
3. He wrote a ..... to his book, explaining why he had written it.
4. He listened to the fourth ..... of the novel on the radio last night.
5. This is a ..... of all the works published by Oxford University Press in the past fifty years.
6. In this book ..... are shown with an asterisk.

## The 14 Main Literary Genres

1. **Literary Fiction.** Literary fiction novels are considered works with artistic value and literary merit. They often include political criticism, social commentary, and reflections on humanity. Literary fiction novels are typically character-driven, as opposed to being plot-driven, and follow a character's inner story.
2. **Mystery.** Mystery novels, also called detective fiction, follow a detective solving a case from start to finish. They drop clues and slowly reveal information, turning the reader into a detective trying to solve the case, too. Mystery novels start with an exciting hook, keep readers interested with suspenseful pacing, and

end with a satisfying conclusion that answers all of the reader's outstanding questions.

3. **Thriller.** Thriller novels are dark, mysterious, and suspenseful plot-driven stories. They very seldom include comedic elements, but what they lack in humor, they make up for in suspense. Thrillers keep readers on their toes and use plot twists, red herrings, and cliffhangers to keep them guessing until the end.

4. **Horror.** Horror novels are meant to scare, startle, shock, and even repulse readers. Generally focusing on themes of death, demons, evil spirits, and the afterlife, they prey on fears with scary beings like ghosts, vampires, werewolves, witches, and monsters. In horror fiction, plot and characters are tools used to elicit a terrifying sense of dread.

5. **Historical.** Historical fiction novels take place in the past. Written with a careful balance of research and creativity, they transport readers to another time and place—which can be real, imagined, or a combination of both. Many historical novels tell stories that involve actual historical figures or historical events within historical settings.

6. **Romance.** Romantic fiction centers around love stories between two people. They're lighthearted, optimistic, and have an emotionally satisfying ending. Romance novels do contain conflict, but it doesn't overshadow the romantic relationship, which always prevails in the end.

7. **Western.** Western novels tell the stories of cowboys, settlers, and outlaws exploring the western frontier and taming the American Old West. They're shaped specifically by their genre-specific elements and rely on them in ways that novels in other fiction genres don't. Westerns aren't as popular as they once were; the golden age of the genre coincided with the popularity of western films in the 1940s, '50s, and '60s.

8. **Bildungsroman.** Bildungsroman is a literary genre of stories about a character growing psychologically and morally from their youth into adulthood. Generally, they experience a profound emotional loss, set out on a journey, encounter conflict, and grow into a mature person by the end of the story.



Literally translated, a bildungsroman is “a novel of education” or “a novel of formation.”

9. **Speculative Fiction.** Speculative fiction is a supergenre that encompasses a number of different types of fiction, from science fiction to fantasy to dystopian. The stories take place in a world different from our own. Speculative fiction knows no boundaries; there are no limits to what exists beyond the real world.

10. **Science Fiction.** Sci-fi novels are speculative stories with imagined elements that don't exist in the real world. Some are inspired by “hard” natural sciences like physics, chemistry, and astronomy; others are inspired by “soft” social sciences like psychology, anthropology, and sociology. Common elements of sci-fi novels include time travel, space exploration, and futuristic societies.

11. **Fantasy.** Fantasy novels are speculative fiction stories with imaginary characters set in imaginary universes. They're inspired by mythology and folklore and often include elements of magic. The genre attracts both children and adults; well-known titles include *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll and the *Harry Potter* series by J.K. Rowling.

12. **Dystopian.** Dystopian novels are a genre of science fiction. They're set in societies viewed as worse than the one in which we live. Dystopian fiction exists in contrast to utopian fiction, which is set in societies viewed as better than the one in which we live.

13. **Magical Realism.** Magical realism novels depict the world truthfully, plus add magical elements. The fantastical elements aren't viewed as odd or unique; they're considered normal in the world in which the story takes place. The genre was born out of the realist art movement and is closely associated with Latin American authors.

14. **Realist Literature.** Realist fiction novels are set in a time and place that could actually happen in the real world. They depict real people, places, and stories in order to be as truthful as possible. Realist works of fiction remain true to everyday life and abide by the laws of nature as we currently understand.

**I. Choose the right answer.**

- 1) a story about a person's life written by somebody else  
A autobiography B historical fiction C journal D biography
- 2) facts and statistics about people, places and so on  
A textbook B encyclopedia C dictionary D biography
- 3) a story about make-believe beings and events  
A fairytale B folktale C fable D myth
- 4) personal stories about events in real life  
A journal B biography C blog D autobiography
- 5) articles, stories and other feature  
A newspaper B magazine C blog D novel
- 6) a very old story that explains something in nature  
A fable B legend C folktale D myth
- 7) a long story, usually in chapters  
A play B novel C short story D mystery
- 8) it has rhythm, may rhyme, may have stanzas( sections)  
A poetry B prose C short story D science fiction
- 9) it can be read in one session  
A textbook B science fiction C short story D myth
- 10) it informs about a school subject  
A magazine B newspaper C encyclopedia D textbook
- 11) a story about effects of science on society  
A science fiction B mystery C play D legend
- 12) dialogues and directions for actors, scenes and acts  
A mystery B poetry C play D novel
- 13) facts about what is happening in the world  
A newspaper B magazine C blog D fable
- 14) a story about unexplained happenings  
A poetry B science fiction C fable D mystery
- 15) larger-than-life story told as if it were true

A fable    B legend    C folktale    D myth

16) a story passed from generation to generation

A fairytale    B folktale    C fable    D legend

17) an old story that teaches a moral or lesson

A fable    B legend    C folktale    D myth

18) a personal journal on the Internet

A journal    B newspaper    C blog    D textbook

19) a story about a person's life written by that person

A autobiography    B blog    C biography    D myth

**II. Literary Terms in Fiction DIRECTIONS: Choose the correct answer for each question.**

1. How the writer feels about the story is:

A. Mood B. Metaphor C. Conflict D. Flashback

2. A struggle between two or more opposing forces in a literary work is called:

A. Genre B. Situational Irony C. Conflict D. Flashback

3. The type or category to which a literary work belongs is its:

A. Narrator B. Tone C. Genre D. Mood

4. Returning to an earlier point in time in a literary work for the purpose of making what is going

5. \_\_\_\_\_ is when there is a difference between what is expected and what actually occurs.

A. Dramatic irony B. Conflict C. Situational irony D. Point of View

6. The perspective from which a literary work is told is the:

A. Genre B. Situational Irony C. Tone D. Point of View

7. A dramatic device in which a character speaks his or her thoughts aloud while alone is called a:

A. Point of View B. Flashback C. Soliloquy D. Flashback

8. Standardized, conventional ideas about characters, plots or settings are called:

A. Genres    B. Tones    C. Conflict    D. Point of view

**III. Choices Authors Make** Some literary elements appear in every literary work. Others only appear when an author puts them there. The literary techniques below are all choices that an author makes. Match each term to its definition.

- |                    |  |
|--------------------|--|
| 1. Repetition      | A. Giving human characteristics to something non-human.            |
| 2. Imagery         | B. When a character thinks or speaks to himself.                   |
| 3. Symbolism       | C. Describing something by comparing it to something else.         |
| 4. Dialogue        | D. When a word, phrase, or idea is written or said more than once. |
| 5. Monologue       | E. Using words to stimulate the senses.                            |
| 6. Personification | F. When characters in a story talk to each other.                  |
| 7. Metaphor        | G. When a word or object represents an idea                        |

**IV. Here are the opening and closing paragraphs of five different books. There is an autobiography, a detective story, a romance, a spy story and a fairy story. Read them carefully and match them up.**

1. I was born on 16 April 1889, at eight o'clock at night, in East Lane, Walworth. Soon after we moved to West Square, St. George's Road, Lambeth. According to Mother my world was a happy one. Our circumstances were moderately comfortable; we lived in three tastefully furnished rooms. One of my early recollections was that each night before Mother went to the theatre, Sydney and I were lovingly tucked up in a comfortable bed and left in the care of the household.

2. "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man left on earth!" Netta faced him defiantly, a tiny figure shaking with outrage, her spirit as fiery as the colour of her copper curls. "The feeling's mutual", he snapped back through tight lips. "Don't imagine I enjoy the prospect of being saddled with you for a wife, for however short a time it may be."

3. At the palace, the King was glad to welcome his son's bride. He arranged a magnificent wedding for the Prince and his chosen wife. The kings and queens, and princes and princesses from many lands came to the wedding. The wedding feast lasted a whole week. And they all lived happily ever after.

4. With such happiness, I sometimes sit out on our terrace at sunset and look over a vast green lawn to the lake in the distance, and beyond the lake to the reassuring mountains, and in this mood think of nothing, but enjoy their magnificent serenity.

5. Once upon a time there was a little girl called Cinderella. Her mother was dead and she lived with her father and two elder sisters. Cinderella's sisters were beautiful and fair of face, but because they were bad-tempered and unkind, their faces grew to look ugly. They were jealous of Cinderella because she was a lovely child, and so they were often unkind to her.

6. When I have finished writing, I shall enclose this whole manuscript in an envelope and address it to Poirot. And then – what shall it be? Veronal? There would be a kind of poetic justice. Not that I take any responsibility for Mrs. Ferrars' death. It was the direct consequence of her own actions. I feel no pity for her. I have no pity for myself either. So let it be veronal. But I wish Hercule Poirot had never retired from work and come here to grow vegetable marrows.

7. Castle, ever since he had joined the firm as a young recruit more than thirty years ago, had taken his lunch in a public house behind St. James's Street, not far from the office. If he had been asked why he lunched there, he would have preferred to the excellent quality of the sausages; he might have preferred a different bitter from Watney's, but the quality of the sausages outweighed that. He was always prepared to account for his actions, even the most innocent, and he was always strictly on time.

8. "You didn't let me tell you how lovely you look", he murmured after a long, sweet time had passed between them. She had been wonderfully, blissfully on time. She started to tell him so, but his lips claimed her own, masterfully silencing the words that no longer needed to be spoken.

9. Mrs Ferrars died on the night of the 16<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup> September – a Thursday. I was sent for at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday the 17<sup>th</sup>. There was nothing to be done. She had been dead some hours. It was just a few minutes after nine when I reached home once more. I opened the door with my latchkey, and purposely delayed a few moments in the hall, hanging up my hat and the light overcoat that I had deemed a wise precaution against the chill of an early autumn morning. To tell the truth, I was considerably upset and worried.

10. She asked, "Have you friends?" "Oh yes. I am not alone, don't worry, Sarah. There's an Englishman who used to be in the British Council. He's invited me to his *dacha* in the country when the spring comes. When the spring comes," he repeated in a voice which she hardly recognized – it was the voice of an old man who couldn't count with certainty on any spring to come. She said, "Maurice, Maurice, please go on hoping," but in the long unbroken silence which followed she realized that the line to Moscow was dead.

### **Listening comprehension**

You will hear an interview with Graham Greene, one of the most well-known twentieth-century English novelists. His books include *The Third Man*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair*, *The Quiet American*, *Our Man in Havana* and *The Human Factor*.

As you listen, take notes under the following headings:

- Graham Greene, the man- his character, appearance and life
- What he says the qualities of a writer are
- The example he gives of how a writer should have a "splinter in his heart"
- Where he draws his characters from, and their effect on a novel
- The need to escape that he feels in his life

What do you think?

1 What impression do you have of Graham Greene from the interview?

2 Think of a writer whose work you like. Do you know anything about his/her background that explains the kind of things that appear in his/her books?

## ACTIVITIES

### I. SOURCES

**LEVEL:** Intermediate

**TIME:** 10 -15 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

1. Read through the passages on your own and mark those which you think are taken from literary sources, such as a play, novel, or short story.
2. After five minutes, form groups of four and compare your ideas. Underline in the texts any words or expressions which helped you to make your decisions.
3. Look at the sources, the authors' name, the title, and a very brief description of the work. Match each text with one of the titles.
4. *Round-up discussion.* Call out any features of language which gave you a clue to the source.

**SOURCES:**

1. Malcolm Bradbury: *The History Man*
2. Harold Pinter: *Silence*
3. Des Carroll: 'Lifer', an article in *SHE*
4. Rijkshogeschool, Maastricht: 'Translating the Annual Company Report'.
5. Terry Kirby: an article in *The Independent*
6. Thor Heyerdahl: *Aku-Aku*

**SAMPLE TEXTS:**

1. Not a soul was to be seen on shore, only a deserted, petrified world with motionless stone heads gazing at us from their distant ridge, while other equally motionless stone men lay prostrate in a row at the foot of a long terrace right in the foreground, on the lava blocks along the coast. It was as though we had anchored with a hovering spaceship off the shore of an extinct world, where once had lived beings of a kind other than those on our earth.
2. In 1970 the technotronic age became official; the Computing Centre was put into use, and it began work by issuing a card with a number on it to everyone on

campus, telling them who they were, an increasingly valuable piece of information. And now the campus is massive, one of those dominant modern environments of multifunctionality that modern man creates.

3. Anyway, to finish off, I'll tell you what typically happens. It's always at about five to three on a Thursday afternoon; the Financial Director, who hasn't seen his wife for four weeks and can't remember what his children look like, wife is threatening to leave him, he decides that his work is finally done, and as I say, it's four minutes to three now, he's got his coat on, he's walking down the corridor, and he happens to pass an open door and he overhears a conversation. . .

4. Mid-evening in the grimy booking hall of Manor House underground station on the Piccadilly line in north London: the escalators rumble in the background as a vagrant shuffles aimlessly in and out. Scruffy youngsters hang around the newspaper kiosk. A middle-aged woman ticket inspector adopts a deliberately stern manner to deal with a smart young man who has tried to walk through without a ticket. After some discussion, he pays up.

5. After my work each day I walk back through people but I don't notice them. I'm not in a dream or anything of that sort. On the contrary. I'm quite wide awake to the world around me. But not to the people. There must be something in them to notice, to pay attention to, something of interest in them. In fact I know there is. I'm certain of it. But I pass through them noticing nothing.

6. We're locked away from eight at night till eight the next morning. After breakfast we're locked up, then again after lunch and after tea. It's about sixteen hours a day. Too bad if you're claustrophobic. There's no choice except madness or suicide. I've had attacks when I couldn't wait for the door to open. But I rarely think about being locked in a cell.

## II. SPECULATION

**LEVEL:** All levels

**TIME:** 15 -20 minutes



## **IN CLASS:**

1. Work in groups of three. Think of any possible explanations of what is happening answering the questions:

- *Who are the speakers?*
- *Where are they?*
- *Why are they together?*
- *What is happening, or going to happen?*

2. After discussion, exchange your ideas.

3. Look through the TASK SHEET with the possible explanations. There are three explanations for each passage, but they are not given in order. Two are invented, one is real. Choose the one you prefer in each case.

4. Discuss your choices.

## **SOURCES:**

1. Gustave Flaubert: *Madame Bovary*
2. H. E. Bates: *Fair Stood the Wind for France*
3. Joseph Conrad: *The Secret Sharer*

## **SAMPLE TEXTS:**

1. He rose to go; and as if the movement had been the signal for their flight, Emma said, suddenly assuming a gay air:

‘You have the passports?’

‘Yes.’

‘You are forgetting nothing?’

‘No.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Certainly.’

‘It is at the Hotel de Provence, is it not, that you will wait for me at midday?’

He nodded.

‘Till tomorrow, then!’ said Emma in a last caress; and she watched him go. He did not turn round.

2. 'What is the procedure in this town?' he said. 'Shall we be stopped?'
- 'There is no procedure,' the girl said. 'Some days they stop you, and some days they don't stop you. That's all.'
- 'What do we do?'
- 'We drive straight in.'
- 'It seems very obvious.'
- 'It is better to do the obvious thing. Better than trying to be clever.'
3. 'What's the matter?' I asked in my ordinary tone, speaking down to the face upturned exactly under mine.
- 'Cramp,' it answered, no louder. Then slightly anxious, 'I say, no need to call any one.'
- 'I was not going to,' I said.
- 'Are you alone on deck?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'I suppose your captain's turned in?'

### **TASK SHEET:**

Below are some brief explanations of the passages you have just read. Some are invented, others are true. For each passage, select one explanation only.

1. The year is 1956. Two refugees from Eastern Europe are talking together in a hotel room in Brussels. They suspect that someone is listening at the door. She talks loudly and clearly, to make sure that whoever is listening hears the *wrong* information.
2. A wealthy, ageing film producer describes in his autobiography how he moored his private yacht in a small Mediterranean port. He is tired of being pursued by journalists in Nice, Monaco, Cannes. One evening, while looking out to sea, he notices a swimmer clinging to his rope ladder. Another journalist? Probably. But she is most attractive. He pretends, for the moment, to be a member of the crew.
3. The scene takes place in Spain, at the height of the Inquisition. Emma (Emilia) is the daughter of a rich banker from Valladolid. Her father, knowing that he would

be imprisoned by the Inquisition, arranged for his daughter to flee to France with a trustworthy young man. But can the young man be trusted?

4. The scene takes place in provincial France at the height of the revolutionary terror. An Englishman, the 'Scarlet Pimpernel', who helps French noblemen to escape to England, is now himself in great danger. He is being pursued. A young peasant girl, however, agrees to help him. Disguised in worker's clothes, he will drive with her in the farm cart, through the town and to safety.

5. The scene takes place in a small bay along the coast of Florida. An American coastguard, disguised as an ordinary yachtsman, is waiting to trap a small boat run by drug smugglers. While he is waiting, a swimmer suddenly appears alongside. The coastguard suspects he may be one of the smugglers.

6. A remote town in South America has been taken over by a fanatical religious sect. One of the members, a girl of seventeen has secretly written to a journalist asking him to write an expose of the sect. The first and most dangerous step is to introduce him unnoticed into the town.

7. The time is around 1880. The captain of an old-fashioned sailing ship is becalmed in the south China sea, miles from land (the nearest land is the bottom of the sea!). It is night. As he looks over the side of the boat, he sees a man in the water. The captain is astonished. Where could the man have come from? But he remains outwardly calm.

8. An attractive woman in her mid-30s, unhappily married to a man of provincial importance (in 19th century France), is planning to elope the next day with her young, wealthy lover. He, in fact, will not come to the rendezvous.

9. It is wartime in occupied France (1943). An injured British pilot, who has been sheltered by a sympathetic farmer, is being well cared for by the farmer's daughter. However, to obtain supplies, they must go to the nearest (occupied) town. She does not dare to go alone, and her father cannot go with her. The pilot must go with her.

### **III. ODD MAN OUT**

**LEVEL:** Intermediate

**TIME:** 15 -20 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

Look through the task sheets, decide which is the odd man out, and why.

**SOURCES:**

1. a) Fred Hoyle: *The Nature of the Universe*
- b) Jane Austen: *Northanger Abbey*
- c) John Osborne: *Look Back in Anger*
2. a) *Mostar: a guide*
- b) Eric Newby: *The Big Red Train Ride*
- c) *Edinburgh: A guide to the city*
3. a) Edmund Spenser: a sonnet
- b) Roger McGough: 'Valerie'
- c) Edmund Waller: 'Go Lovely Rose!'

**TASK SHEET:**

In each of the sets of passages below, one text stands out as being in some way different from the other two. Decide which is the 'odd man out' and why.

1. a) You might like to ask why the Sun is able to supply its own light, heat, and energy, whereas the Earth and the other planets only shine feebly with the aid of borrowed light. Strange as it may seem, it is best to start this problem by considering the interior of the Earth.
- b) The morrow brought a very sober-looking morning, the sun making only a few efforts to appear; and Catherine augured from it everything most favourable to her wishes. A bright morning so early in the year, she allowed, would generally turn to rain; but a cloudy one foretold improvement as the day advanced.
- c) Your mother and I were so happy then. It seemed as though we had everything we could ever want. I think the last day the sun shone was when that dirty little train steamed out of that crowded, suffocating Indian station, and the battalion

band playing for all it was worth. I knew in my heart it was all over then. Everything.

2. a) Just as Paris would not be what it is without the Seine, or Leningrad without the Neva, or Vienna without the Danube, so Mostar would not be what it is if there were no Neretva.

Reaching the town from the north, the river divides it with its green waters and unites it with its bridges.

b) Leningrad is a city of canals, a northern Venice of such beauty that there is no absurdity in the comparison, and as the taxi raced down the Nevski Prospekt, over what looked like pure ice, it seemed, with the huge flakes of snow drifting down into it out of the darkness of the northern night, yet another enchanted, frozen waterway.

c) Edinburgh is a city unlike any other. It has been called ‘the Athens of the North’ and had its site compared with the seven hills on which Rome was built. But Athens (‘the Edinburgh of the South’?) is in truth not more dramatic to look at, and if you search diligently you can find at least a dozen hills within the Edinburgh boundaries.

3. a) My love is like to ice, and I to fire:

How comes it then that this her cold so great

Is not dissolved through my so hot desire?

b) Discretion is the better part of Valerie

(though all of her is nice)

lips as warm as strawberries

eyes as cold as ice.

c) Go, lovely Rose!

Tell her, that wastes her time and me,

That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,

How sweet and fair she seems to be.

#### IV. QUOTE UNQUOTE

**LEVEL:** Intermediate

**TIME:** 15 -20 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

1. *Class discussion.* Call out the names of some well-known public figures and institutions in your city or country. Write these up in separate columns, for instance:

A	B
Ringo Starr	The House of Lords
Barbara Cartland	Manchester United
Peter Ustinov	The RSPCA
Glenda Jackson	The London Stock Exchange
....	.....

2. Work in groups of three.

Imagine that one of the people from column A has been invited to give a speech by one of the institutions in column B. Choose one of the public figures and decide where he or she will speak, and on what occasion. For example, you might decide that Glenda Jackson is going to speak at the opening of a new building for the London Stock Exchange.'

3. Decide what the most important point in the speech will be. When you have decided, write out ten or twelve sentences illustrating this point (in English, because many foreign guests have been invited).

4. Look at a set of three quotations. Choose any one of the quotations, and work it into your speech.

5. When your group is ready, choose one person from your group to deliver your speech to the rest of the class.

**SAMPLE TEXTS:**

1. Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

(Shakespeare: Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*)

2. Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

(Coleridge: 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner')

3. A dog starved at his master's gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State.

(William Blake: 'Auguries of Innocence')

4. Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.

(W. B. Yeats: 'The Second Coming')

5. All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts.

(Shakespeare: Jaques in *As You Like It*)

6. We need to be able to lose our minds in order to come to our senses.

## V. STORYLINES 1

**LEVEL:** Intermediate to advanced

**TIME:** 20 - 25 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

1. Work in groups of three. Discuss what you think happens in the story, and find a possible explanation for each of the sentences.
2. After discussion (ten minutes), compare different versions of the story.
3. *Class discussion.* Call out those sentences from the story which you found most difficult to explain. Compare your suggestions.

**SAMPLE TEXT:**

## Poison

### Opening

It must have been around midnight when I drove home, and as I approached the gates of the bungalow I switched off the headlamps of the car so the beam wouldn't swing in through the window of the side bedroom and wake Harry Pope. But I needn't have bothered. Coming up the drive I noticed his light was still on, so he was awake anyway - unless perhaps he'd dropped off while reading.

### Fragments

1. I could see he was awake. But he didn't move.
2. 'For God's sake don't make a noise. Take your shoes off before you come nearer . . .'
3. He was wearing a pair of pyjamas with blue, brown and white stripes, and he was sweating terribly.
4. 'What is it, Harry . . . Oh, my God!. . . How long ago?'
5. 'Small, about ten inches.'
6. 'Hours,' he whispered. 'Hours and bloody hours and hours.'
7. . . . and fetched a small sharp knife from the kitchen. I put it in my pocket ready to use instantly in case something went wrong while we were still thinking out a plan.
8. 'Dr Ganderbai,' I said . . . 'Look, could you come round at once?'
9. . . . he walked across the floor noiselessly, delicately, like a careful cat.
10. 'Intravenously.'
11. 'Is he safe now?' I asked. 'No.'
12. 'Chloroform,' he said suddenly 'Ordinary chloroform. That is best. Now quick!' He took me my arm and pulled me towards the balcony. 'Drive to my house!'
13. I do not know how long it took him to slide that tube in a few inches. It may have been twenty minutes, it may have been forty. I never once saw the tube move. I knew it was going in because the visible part of it grew gradually shorter.



14. Harry lay there twitching his mouth, sweating, closing his eyes, opening them, looking at me, at the ceiling, at me again, but never at Ganderbai.

15. Then I saw the white cord of his pyjamas . . . a little further and I saw a button, a mother-of-pearl button . . . I distinctly remember thinking about Harry being very refined when I saw that button.

16. ‘Mr Pope, you are of course *quite* sure you saw it in the first place?’ There was a note of sarcasm in Ganderbai’s voice that he would never have employed in ordinary circumstances.

17. ‘Are you telling me I’m a liar?’ he shouted.

Ending

‘All he needs is a good holiday’, he said quietly, without looking at me, then he started the engine and drove off.

(Roald Dahl: ‘Poison’)

## VI. STORYLINES 2: SUSPENSE

**LEVEL:** Intermediate

**TIME:** 45 - 60 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

1. Work in groups of three or four, and discuss your various suggestions for the wording of the blank spaces. You have twenty minutes for this part of the activity.
2. *Class discussion.* Call out your best suggestions for each of the blank spaces.

**SAMPLE TEXT:**

### **The Woman in White**

(In the passage below, the narrator (I) is walking back to his home in London, after a meeting at which he has agreed to teach painting to the two daughters of Mr. Fairlie, of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, in northern England. On his way home, he has a strange meeting.)

The heat had been painfully oppressive all day, and it was now a close and sultry night. I walked forward a few paces on the shortest way back to London, then stopped and hesitated.

The moon was full and broad in the dark blue starless sky, and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of mind and body, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air by the most roundabout way I could take; to follow the white winding paths across the lonely heath; and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley Road, and so getting back, in the cool of the new morning, by the western side of Regent's Park.

By the time I had arrived at the end of the road I had become completely absorbed in my own fanciful visions of Limmeridge House, of Mr. Fairlie, and of the two ladies whose practice in the art of water-colour painting I was so soon to superintend.

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met - the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned, the road to Finchley, the road to the West End, and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road - idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like - when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road - there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven - stood the figure of a solitary woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments, her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her.

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

‘(1). . .?’ she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o’clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue. There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet and self-controlled, a little melancholy and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress - bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white - was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials.

Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height - her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her in the dim light and under the perplexingly strange circumstances of our meeting. What sort of a woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the high-road, an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have misconstrued her motive in speaking, even at that suspiciously late hour and in that suspiciously lonely place.

‘(2). . .?’ she said, still quietly and rapidly, and without the least fretfulness or impatience. ‘I asked (3). . . the way to London.’

‘Yes.’ I replied, ‘that is the way: it leads to St John’s Wood and the Regent’s Park. You must excuse my not answering you before.’

I was rather startled by your sudden appearance in the road; and I am, even now, quite unable to account for it.’

‘You don’t suspect me of doing anything wrong, do you? (4) . . . . I have met with an accident - I am very unfortunate in being here alone so late. Why do you suspect me of doing wrong?’

She spoke with unnecessary earnestness and agitation, and shrank back from me several paces. I did my best to reassure her.

‘Pray don’t suppose that I have any idea of suspecting you,’ I said, ‘or any other wish than to be of assistance to you, if I can. I only wondered at your appearance in the road, because it seemed to me to be empty the instant before I saw you.’

She turned, and pointed back to a place at the junction of the road to London and the road to Hampstead, where there was a gap in the hedge.

‘I heard you coming.’ she said, ‘and hid there to see what (5). . . , before I risked speaking. I doubted and feared about it till you passed; and then I was obliged to steal after you, and touch you.’

Steal after me and touch me? Why not call to me? Strange, to say the least of it.

‘May I trust you?’ she asked. ‘You don’t think the worse of me because I have met with an accident?’ She stopped in confusion; shifted her bag from one hand to the other; and sighed bitterly.

The loneliness and helplessness of the woman touched me. The natural impulse to assist her and to spare her got the better of the judgement, the caution, the worldly tact, which an older, wiser, and colder man might have summoned to help him in this strange emergency.

‘You may trust me for any harmless purposes,’ I said. ‘If it troubles you to explain your strange situation to me, don’t think of returning to the subject again. I have no right to ask you for any explanations. Tell me how I can help you; and (6). . .’

‘You are very kind, and I am very, very thankful (7) . . . .’ The first touch of womanly tenderness that I had heard from her trembled in her voice as she said the words: but no tears glistened in those large, wistfully attentive eyes of hers, which were still fixed on me. ‘I have only been in London once before,’ she went on, more and more rapidly, ‘and I know nothing about that side of it, yonder. Can I get a carriage of any kind? Is it too late? I don’t know. If you could show me where to

get a carriage - and if you will only promise not to interfere with me, and to let me leave you, when and how I please - I have a friend in London who will be glad to receive me - I want nothing else - will you promise?’

She looked anxiously up and down the road; shifted her bag again from one hand to the other; repeated the words, ‘Will you promise?’ and looked hard in my face, with a pleading fear and confusion that it troubled me to see.

What could I do? Here was a stranger utterly and helplessly at my mercy - and that stranger a forlorn woman. No house was near; no one was passing whom I could consult; and no earthly right existed on my part to give me a power of control over her, even if I had known how to exercise it. What could I do?

What I did do, was to try and gain time by questioning her. ‘Are you sure that your friend in London will receive you at such a late hour as this?’ I said.

‘(8) . . . . Only say you will let me leave you when and how I please - only say you won’t interfere with me. Will you promise?’

As she repeated the words for the third time, she came close to me and laid her hand, with a sudden gentle stealthiness, on my bosom - a thin hand; a cold hand (when I removed it with mine) even on that sultry night. Remember that I was young; remember that the hand which touched me was a woman’s.

‘Will you promise?’

‘Yes.’

One word! The little familiar word that is on everybody’s lips, every hour in the day. Oh me! and I tremble, now, when I write it. We set our faces towards London, and walked on together in the first still hour of the new day - I, and this woman, whose name, whose character, whose story, whose very presence by my side, at that moment, were fathomless mysteries to me. It was like a dream.

It was her voice again that first broke the silence between us. ‘I want to ask you something,’ she said suddenly. ‘Do you (9) ....

‘Yes, a great many. ’

‘Many men of rank and title?’ There was an unmistakable tone of suspicion in the strange question. I hesitated about answering it.

‘Some,’ I said, after a moment’s silence.

‘Many’ - she came to a full stop, and looked me searchingly in the face - ‘many men of the rank of Baronet?’

Too much astonished to reply, I questioned her in my turn.

‘(10) . . . ?’

‘Because I hope, for my own sake, there is one Baronet that you don’t know.’

‘Will you tell me his name?’

‘I can’t - I daren’t - I forget myself when I mention it.’ She spoke loudly and almost fiercely, raised her clenched hand in the air, and shook it passionately; then, on a sudden, controlled herself again, and added, in tones lowered to a whisper, ‘Tell me which of them *you* know.’

I mentioned three names. Two, the names of fathers of families whose daughters I taught; one, the name of a bachelor who had once taken me on a cruise in his yacht, to make sketches for him.

‘Ah! you *don’t* know him,’ she said, with a sigh of relief. ‘Are you a man of rank and title yourself?’

‘Far from it. I am only a drawing-master.’

As the reply passed my Ups - a little bitterly, perhaps - she took my arm with the abruptness which characterised all her actions.

‘Not a man of rank and title,’ she repeated to herself. ‘Thank God! I may trust *him*.’

I had hitherto contrived to master my curiosity out of consideration for my companion; but it got the better of me now.

‘I am afraid you have serious reason to complain of some man of rank and title?’ I said. ‘I am afraid the baronet, whose name you are unwilling to mention to me, has done you some grievous wrong? Is he the cause of your being out here at this strange time of night?’

‘Don’t ask me; don’t make me talk of it,’ she answered. ‘I’m not fit now. I have been cruelly used and cruelly wronged. You will be kinder than ever, if you will walk on fast, and not speak to me. I sadly want to quiet myself, if I can.’

We moved forward again at a quick pace; and for half an hour, at least, not a word passed on either side. From time to time, being forbidden to make any more inquiries, I stole a look at her face. It was always the same; the lips close shut, the brow frowning, the eyes looking straight forward, eagerly and yet absently. We had reached the first houses before her set features relaxed, and she spoke once more.

(11). . . ? she said.

‘Yes.’ As I answered, it struck me that she might have formed some intention of appealing to me for assistance or advice, and that I ought to spare her a possible disappointment by warning her of my approaching absence from home. So I added, ‘But tomorrow I shall be away from London for some time. I am going into the country.’

‘Where?’ she asked. ‘North or south?’

‘North - to Cumberland.’

‘Cumberland!’ she repeated the word tenderly. ‘Ah! I wish I was going there too. I was once happy in Cumberland.’

I tried again to lift the veil that hung between this woman and me.

(12). . .,’ I said, ‘in the beautiful Lake country.’

‘No,’ she answered, ‘I was born in Hampshire; but I once went to school for a little while in Cumberland. Lakes? I don’t remember any lakes. It’s Limmeridge village, and Limmeridge House, I should like to see again.’

It was my turn now to stop suddenly. In the excited state of my curiosity, at that moment, the chance reference to Mr. Fairlie’s place of residence, on the lips of my strange companion, staggered me with astonishment.

‘Did you hear anybody calling after us?’ she asked, looking up and down the road affrightedly, the instant I stopped.

‘No, no. I was only struck by the name of Limmeridge House. I heard it mentioned by some Cumberland people a few days since.’

‘Ah! not *my* people. Mrs. Fairlie is dead; and her husband is dead; and their little girl may be married and gone away by this time, I can’t say who lives at

Limmeridge now. If any more are left there of that name, I only know I love them for Mrs. Fairlie's sake.'

She seemed about to say more; but while she was speaking, we came within view of the turnpike, at the top of the Avenue Road.

Her hand tightened round my arm, and she looked anxiously at the gate before us.

'Is the turnpike man looking out?' she asked.

He was not looking out; no one else was near the place when we passed through the gate. The sight of the gas-lamps and houses seemed to agitate her, and to make her impatient.

'This is London,' she said. 'Do you see any carriage I can get? I am (13) . . . . I want to (14). . . and be driven away.'

I explained to her that we must walk a little further to get to a cab-stand, unless we were fortunate enough to meet with an empty vehicle; and then tried to resume the subject of Cumberland. It was useless. That idea of shutting herself in, and being driven away, had now got full possession of her mind. She could think and talk of nothing else.

We had hardly proceeded a third of the way down the Avenue Road when I saw a cab draw up at a house a few doors below us, on the opposite side of the way. A gentleman got out and let himself in at the garden door. I hailed the cab, as the driver mounted the box again. When we crossed the road, my companion's impatience increased to such an extent that she almost forced me to run.

'It's so late,' she said. 'I am only in a hurry because it's so late.'

'I can't take you, sir, if you're not going towards Tottenham Court Road,' said the driver civilly, when I opened the cab door. 'My horse is dead beat, and I can't get him no further than the stable. '

'Yes, yes. That will do for me. I'm going that way - I'm going that way.' She spoke with breathless eagerness, and pressed by me into the cab.

I had assured myself that the man was sober as well as civil before I let her enter the vehicle. And now, when she was seated inside, I entreated her to let me see her set down safely at her destination.



‘No, no, no,’ she said vehemently. ‘I’m quite safe, and quite happy now. If you are a gentleman, (15). . . . Let him drive on till I stop him. Thank you - oh! thank you, thank you!’

My hand was on the cab door. She caught it in hers, kissed it, and pushed it away. The cab drove off at the same moment - I started into the road, with some vague idea of stopping it again, I hardly knew why - hesitated from dread of frightening and distressing her - called, at last, but not loudly enough to attract the driver’s attention. The sound of the wheels grew fainter in the distance - the cab melted into the black shadows on the road – the woman in white (16) . . .

Ten minutes or more had passed. I was still on the same side of the way; now mechanically walking forward a few paces; now stopping again absently. At one moment I found myself doubting the reality of my own adventure; at another I was perplexed and distressed by an uneasy sense of having done wrong, which yet left me confusedly ignorant of how I could have done right. I hardly knew where I was going, or (17) . . . . I was conscious of nothing but the confusion of my own thoughts, when I was abruptly recalled to myself - awakened, I might almost say - by the sound of rapidly approaching wheels close behind me.

I was on the dark side of the road, in the thick shadow of some garden trees, when I stopped to look round. On the opposite and lighter side of the way, a short distance below me, a policeman was strolling along in the direction of the Regent’s Park.

The carriage passed me - an open chaise driven by two men.

‘Stop!’ cried one. ‘There’s a policeman. Let’s ask him.’

The horse was instantly pulled up, a few yards beyond the dark place where I stood.

‘Policeman!’ cried the first speaker. ‘Have you (18). . .?’

‘What sort of woman, sir?’

‘A woman in a lavender-coloured gown - ’

‘No, no,’ interposed the second man. ‘The clothes we gave her were found on her bed. She must have gone away in the clothes she wore when she came to us. In white, policeman. A woman in white.’

‘I haven’t seen her, sir.’

‘If you or any of your men meet with the woman, stop her, and send her in careful keeping to that address. I’ll pay all expenses, and a fair reward into the bargain.’

The policeman looked at the card that was handed down to him.

‘Why are we to stop her, sir? (19). . . ?’

‘Done! She has (20) . . . . Don’t forget; a woman in white. Drive on.’

(Wilkie Collins: *The Woman in White*)

## VII. MATCHING TEXTS

**LEVEL:** Intermediate

**TIME:** 20 - 25 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

1. *Warm-up discussion.* Think back for a few minutes over your own lives, and recall any incident which left a deep impression on you, and from which you or someone else learnt a lesson. What was the incident? And what was the lesson?
2. Form groups of four and describe to each other the incident you have in mind.
3. You are going to be working with two short poems, both with the same title ‘The Lesson’.
4. Work for a few minutes on your own, and mark:
  - a. any words or lines that are difficult for you to understand
  - b. any words or images you find particularly striking
  - c. any thoughts or comments that are similar in the two poems.
5. Now rearrange yourselves in groups of three, and compare and discuss the lines you have marked.
6. *Class discussion.* Answer the following questions:
  - *Why are both poems called ‘The Lesson’?*

*- Does either of the poems remind you of anything that has happened to you, or to someone you know?*

**SAMPLE TEXTS:**

**The Lesson**

How we laughed!  
The old man coughing  
All his life away  
With asthma. Stumbling  
Up the steps ('Poor fool!')  
To call the register;  
In a world where we knew all  
And yet were learning still.  
"Get in the pension queue!"  
Someone said (me, perhaps).  
But stilled we were,  
And all in awe  
When he lapsed silent,  
Head upon the desk.  
(‘Poor old bugger!’) Then  
Came the ambulance and  
All the inquisition fuss  
Before we breezed late  
Into the next one’s class,  
Full of new learning  
From his sudden lesson.  
(David A. Hill)

**The Lesson**

‘Your father’s gone,’ my bald headmaster said.

His shiny dome and brown tobacco jar  
Splintered at once in tears. It wasn't grief.  
I cried for knowledge which was bitterer  
Than any grief. For there and then I knew  
That grief has uses - that a father dead  
Could bind the bully's fist a week or two;  
And then I cried for shame, then for relief.  
I was a month past ten when I learnt this:  
I still remember how the noise was stilled  
In school-assembly when my grief came in.  
Some goldfish in a bowl quietly sculled  
Around their shining prison on its shelf.  
They were indifferent. All the other eyes  
Were turned towards me. Somewhere in myself  
Pride, like a goldfish, flashed a sudden fin.  
(Edward Lucie-Smith)

## VIII. FOCUS ON LANGUAGE: VOCABULARY

**LEVEL:** Lower intermediate to advanced

**TIME:** 15 - 20 minutes

**IN CLASS:**

1. Work on your own, and select the alternatives you consider most appropriate for the blank spaces.
2. After five to eight minutes, form groups of four and discuss your choices.

### TASK SHEET A

Read through the text below and consider the alternatives a), b), and c) given for each blank. Select the one you consider most suitable in each case.

The word 'tourist' seems naturally to suggest haste and (1). . . . One thinks of those pitiable droves of Middle West school teachers whom one encounters suddenly at street corners and in public buildings, (2). . . , breathless, their heads singing with unfamiliar names, their bodies strained and bruised from scrambling in and out of motor charabancs, up and down staircases, and from trailing (3). . . through miles of gallery and museum at the heels of a facetious and (4). . . guide. How their eyes haunt us long after they have passed on to the next phase of their itinerary - haggard and uncomprehending eyes, mildly (5). . . , like those of animals in pain, eloquent of that world-weariness we all feel at the dead weight of European culture. Must they go on to the very end? Is there no ( 6 ) . . . in this pitiless rite? Must reverence still be done to the past? As each peak of their climb is (7). . . scaled, each monument on the schedule ticked off as seen, the horizon recedes farther before them. And as one sits at one's cafe table and sees them stumble by, one sheds not wholly (8). . . tears for these poor scraps of humanity thus trapped and mangled in the machinery of uplift.

(Evelyn Waugh: Labels)

1. a) compulsion b) impatience c) mindlessness
2. a) bemused b) baffled c) bewildered
3. a) wearily b) abjectly c) disconsolately
4. a) disdainful b) haughty c) contemptuous
5. a) resentful b) accusing c) reproachful
6. a) respite b) remission c) relief
7. a) doggedly b) resolutely c) laboriously
8. a) mocking b) derisive c) scornful

## **TASK SHEET B**

Read through the poem below and consider the alternatives a), b), and c) given for each blank. Select the one you consider most suitable in each case.

## **After the Opera**

Down the stone stairs

Girls with their large eyes (1). . . with tragedy

Lift looks of shocked and (2). . . emotion up at me.

And I smile.

Ladies

(3) .... like birds with their bright and pointed feet

(4) ... anxiously forth, as if for a boat to carry them out of the wreckage;

And among the wreck of the theatre crowd

I stand and smile.

They take tragedy so (5). . . ;

Which pleases me.

But when I meet the (6). . . eyes

The reddened, (7). . . eyes of the barman with thin arms

I am glad (8). . . .

(D. H. Lawrence 'After the Opera')

1. a) wide b) tear-stained c) fraught
2. a) grand b) momentous c) passionate
3. a) Walking b) Stepping c) Strutting
4. a) Glance b) Gaze c) Peer
5. a) much to heart b) personally c) becomingly
6. a) tired b) weary c) exhausted
7. a) pained b) aching c) raw
8. a) to leave b) to get away c) to go back to where I came from

## **IX. FOCUS ON LANGUAGE: TENSES**

**LEVEL:** Lower intermediate to advanced

**TIME:** 10 - 15 minutes

## IN CLASS:

1. Note down your suggestions for the appropriate tenses.
2. *Class discussion.* Call out your suggestions for each of the verbs in brackets.

## TASK SHEET

Read the passage below and note down the correct tense of the verb in brackets.

Aaron found himself in the street. It was half-past seven. The night was fine now. He had his overcoat over his arm. Leaving the Piazza, a gang of soldiers suddenly (1 *rush*) round him, buffeting him in one direction, whilst another gang, swinging round the corner, (2 *throw*) him back helpless again into the midst of the first gang. For some moments he struggled among the rude, brutal little mob of grey-green uniforms that (3 *smell*) so strong of soldiers. Then, irritated, he (4 *find*) himself free again.

As he (5 *go*) home, suddenly, just as he (6 *pass*) the Bargello, he stopped, and put his hand to his breast-pocket. His letter-case was gone. He (7 *rob*). It was as if lightning (8 *run*) through him at that moment. For a moment, unconscious and superconscious, he (9 *stand*) there. They had put their hand in his breast and robbed him.

If they (10 *stab*) him it could hardly have had a greater effect on him.

Feeling quite weak and faint, he walked on. And as soon as he began to walk, he began to reason. Perhaps his letter-case (11 *be*) in his other coat. Perhaps the (12 *not have*) it with him at all.

He hurried forward. He wanted to make sure. He wanted relief . . . Reaching the house, he hastened upwards to his lonely room.

He shut the door and switched on the light. Then he searched his other pockets. He looked everywhere. In vain. For he knew the thing was stolen. He (13 *know*) it all along. The soldiers deliberately (14 *plot*). They must (15 *watch*) him previously. He sat down in a chair, to recover from the shock. The pocket-book contained four hundred francs, three one-pound notes, and various letters. Well, these were lost.

And now he sat, weak in every limb, and said to himself: 'Yes - and if I (16 *not rush along*) so full of feeling, it would (17 *never happen*). I gave myself away. It is my own fault. I should (18 *be on my guard*). I should always be on my guard.

So he rose and tidied himself for dinner. His face was now set, and still. His heart was also still - and fearless.

(D. H. Lawrence: *Aaron's Rod* (abridged))



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