**17.03**

Виконати завдання до семінару Naming of the character (create the name of a positive and of a negative character)

**19.03**

Аналіз тексту

While reading the stories, note the following:

1. How is the story structured?
2. Are the events arranged chronologically? Do they catch and hold the reader's interest?
3. What is the role of exposition?
4. What is the climax of the story?
5. Is there a denouement in the story?
6. Does the plot comprise a variety of events?
7. Do the events involve physical or psychological movement, or both?
8. Are all the events logically related to the theme of the story?

9.A successful work of literature requires a highly credible plot, effectively arranged, and a suitable setting. Which one, if any, of these 2 aspects appears to be more effective in the following text?

10. Is the setting related to the message of the story?

11. What time span does the story cover?

1. What advantage, if any, did the story gain by its plot structure?

13. What can you say to evaluate the contribution of the plot structure to the narrative of the story? To what extend does it affect the general impression produced by the story?

14. Comment on the plot sequencing in the story.

15. By which technique do you learn more about the characters - by what they do, or what the narrator tells about them?

16. Cite specific instances in the story that bring character to life.

17.Would the story lend itself well to dramatic presentation as a film or a stage-production?

18. What does the story tell us about the author's attitude to the character?

19. Reflect on the central conflict(s) of the text: what elements of the texts are in conflict? - for example, two characters? Characters and their environment? Characters within themselves?

20. What presentational sequence techniques are used in the text?

**TOBIN'S PALM by O’Henry**

   Tobin and me, the two of us, went down to Coney one day, for there was four dollars between us, and Tobin had need of distractions. For there was Katie Mahorner, his sweetheart, of County Sligo, lost since she started for America three months before with two hundred dollars, her own savings, and one hundred dollars from the sale of Tobin's inherited estate, a fine cottage and pig on the Bog Shannaugh. And since the letter that Tobin got saying that she had started to come to him not a bit of news had he heard or seen of Katie Mahorner. Tobin advertised in the papers, but nothing could be found of the colleen.  So, to Coney me and Tobin went, thinking that a turn at the chutes and the smell of the popcorn might raise the heart in his bosom. But Tobin was a hardheaded man, and the sadness stuck in his skin. He ground his teeth at the crying balloons; he cursed the moving pictures; and, though he would drink whenever asked, he scorned Punch and Judy, and was for licking the tintype men as they came.  So I gets him down a side way on a board walk where the attractions were some less violent. At a little six by eight stall Tobin halts, with a more human look in his eye.  "'Tis here," says he, "I will be diverted. I'll have the palm of me hand investigated by the wonderful palmist of the Nile, and see if what is to be will be."  Tobin was a believer in signs and the unnatural in nature. He possessed illegal convictions in his mind along the subjects of black cats, lucky numbers, and the weather predictions in the papers. We went into the enchanted chicken coop, which was fixed mysterious with red cloth and pictures of hands with lines crossing 'em like a railroad centre. The sign over the door says it is Madame Zozo the Egyptian Palmist. There was a fat woman inside in a red jumper with pothooks and beasties embroidered upon it. Tobin gives her ten cents and extends one of his hands. She lifts Tobin's hand, which is own brother to the hoof of a drayhorse, and examines it to see whether 'tis a stone in the frog or a cast shoe he has come for.  "Man," says this Madame Zozo, "the line of your fate shows--"  "Tis not me foot at all," says Tobin, interrupting. "Sure, 'tis no beauty, but ye hold the palm of me hand."  "The line shows," says the Madame, "that ye've not arrived at your time of life without bad luck. And there's more to come. The mount of Venus--or is that a stone bruise?--shows that ye've been in love. There's been trouble in your life on account of your sweetheart."  "'Tis Katie Mahorner she has references with," whispers Tobin to me in a loud voice to one side.  "I see," says the palmist, "a great deal of sorrow and tribulation with one whom ye cannot forget. I see the lines of designation point to the letter K and the letter M in her name."  "Whist!" says Tobin to me, "do ye hear that?"  "Look out," goes on the palmist, "for a dark man and a light woman; for they'll both bring ye trouble. Ye'll make a voyage upon the water very soon, and have a financial loss. I see one line that brings good luck. There's a man coming into your life who will fetch ye good fortune. Ye'll know him when ye see him by his crooked nose."  "Is his name set down?" asks Tobin. "'Twill be convenient in the way of greeting when he backs up to dump off the good luck."  "His name," says the palmist, thoughtful looking, "is not spelled out by the lines, but they indicate 'tis a long one, and the letter 'o' should be in it. There's no more to tell. Good-evening. Don't block up the door."  "'Tis wonderful how she knows," says Tobin as we walk to the pier.  As we squeezed through the gates a nigger man sticks his lighted segar  against Tobin's ear, and there is trouble. Tobin hammers his neck, and  the women squeal, and by presence of mind I drag the little man out of  the way before the police comes. Tobin is always in an ugly mood when  enjoying himself.    On the boat going back, when the man calls "Who wants the good-looking  waiter?" Tobin tried to plead guilty, feeling the desire to blow the  foam off a crock of suds, but when he felt in his pocket he found  himself discharged for lack of evidence. Somebody had disturbed his  change during the commotion. So we sat, dry, upon the stools, listening  to the Dagoes fiddling on deck. If anything, Tobin was lower in spirits  and less congenial with his misfortunes than when we started.    On a seat against the railing was a young woman dressed suitable for red  automobiles, with hair the colour of an unsmoked meerschaum. In passing  by, Tobin kicks her foot without intentions, and, being polite to ladies  when in drink, he tries to give his hat a twist while apologising. But  he knocks it off, and the wind carries it overboard.    Tobin came back and sat down, and I began to look out for him, for the  man's adversities were becoming frequent. He was apt, when pushed so  close by hard luck, to kick the best dressed man he could see, and try  to take command of the boat.    Presently Tobin grabs my arm and says, excited: "Jawn," says he, "do ye  know what we're doing? We're taking a voyage upon the water."    "There now," says I; "subdue yeself. The boat'll land in ten minutes  more."    "Look," says he, "at the light lady upon the bench. And have ye  forgotten the nigger man that burned me ear? And isn't the money I had  gone--a dollar sixty-five it was?"    I thought he was no more than summing up his catastrophes so as to get  violent with good excuse, as men will do, and I tried to make him  understand such things was trifles.    "Listen," says Tobin. "Ye've no ear for the gift of prophecy or the  miracles of the inspired. What did the palmist lady tell ye out of me  hand? 'Tis coming true before your eyes. 'Look out,' says she, 'for a  dark man and a light woman; they'll bring ye trouble.' Have ye forgot  the nigger man, though he got some of it back from me fist? Can ye show  me a lighter woman than the blonde lady that was the cause of me hat  falling in the water? And where's the dollar sixty-five I had in me vest  when we left the shooting gallery?"    The way Tobin put it, it did seem to corroborate the art of prediction,  though it looked to me that these accidents could happen to any one at  Coney without the implication of palmistry.    Tobin got up and walked around on deck, looking close at the passengers  out of his little red eyes. I asked him the interpretation of his  movements. Ye never know what Tobin has in his mind until he begins to  carry it out.    "Ye should know," says he, "I'm working out the salvation promised by  the lines in me palm. I'm looking for the crooked-nose man that's to  bring the good luck. 'Tis all that will save us. Jawn, did ye ever see  a straighter-nosed gang of hellions in the days of your life?"    'Twas the nine-thirty boat, and we landed and walked up-town through  Twenty-second Street, Tobin being without his hat.    On a street corner, standing under a gas-light and looking over the  elevated road at the moon, was a man. A long man he was, dressed decent,  with a segar between his teeth, and I saw that his nose made two twists  from bridge to end, like the wriggle of a snake. Tobin saw it at the  same time, and I heard him breathe hard like a horse when you take the  saddle off. He went straight up to the man, and I went with him.    "Good-night to ye," Tobin says to the man. The man takes out his segar  and passes the compliments, sociable.    "Would ye hand us your name," asks Tobin, "and let us look at the size  of it? It may be our duty to become acquainted with ye."    "My name" says the man, polite, "is Friedenhausman--Maximus G.  Friedenhausman."    "'Tis the right length," says Tobin. "Do you spell it with an 'o'  anywhere down the stretch of it?"    "I do not," says the man.    "\_Can\_ ye spell it with an 'o'?" inquires Tobin, turning anxious.    "If your conscience," says the man with the nose, "is indisposed toward  foreign idioms ye might, to please yourself, smuggle the letter into the  penultimate syllable."    "'Tis well," says Tobin. "Ye're in the presence of Jawn Malone and  Daniel Tobin."    "Tis highly appreciated," says the man, with a bow. "And now since I  cannot conceive that ye would hold a spelling bee upon the street  corner, will ye name some reasonable excuse for being at large?"    "By the two signs," answers Tobin, trying to explain, "which ye display according to the reading of the Egyptian palmist from the sole of me  hand, ye've been nominated to offset with good luck the lines of trouble  leading to the nigger man and the blonde lady with her feet crossed in  the boat, besides the financial loss of a dollar sixty-five, all so far  fulfilled according to Hoyle."    The man stopped smoking and looked at me.    "Have ye any amendments," he asks, "to offer to that statement, or are  ye one too? I thought by the looks of ye ye might have him in charge."    "None," says I to him, "except that as one horseshoe resembles another  so are ye the picture of good luck as predicted by the hand of me  friend. If not, then the lines of Danny's hand may have been crossed,  I don't know."    "There's two of ye," says the man with the nose, looking up and down  for the sight of a policeman. "I've enjoyed your company immense.  Good-night."    With that he shoves his segar in his mouth and moves across the street,  stepping fast. But Tobin sticks close to one side of him and me at the  other.    "What!" says he, stopping on the opposite sidewalk and pushing back his  hat; "do ye follow me? I tell ye," he says, very loud, "I'm proud to  have met ye. But it is my desire to be rid of ye. I am off to me home."    "Do," says Tobin, leaning against his sleeve. "Do be off to your home.  And I will sit at the door of it till ye come out in the morning. For  the dependence is upon ye to obviate the curse of the nigger man and the  blonde lady and the financial loss of the one-sixty-five."    "'Tis a strange hallucination," says the man, turning to me as a more  reasonable lunatic. "Hadn't ye better get him home?"    "Listen, man," says I to him. "Daniel Tobin is as sensible as he ever  was. Maybe he is a bit deranged on account of having drink enough to  disturb but not enough to settle his wits, but he is no more than  following out the legitimate path of his superstitions and predicaments,  which I will explain to you." With that I relates the facts about  the palmist lady and how the finger of suspicion points to him as an  instrument of good fortune. "Now, understand," I concludes, "my position  in this riot. I am the friend of me friend Tobin, according to me  interpretations. 'Tis easy to be a friend to the prosperous, for it  pays; 'tis not hard to be a friend to the poor, for ye get puffed up by  gratitude and have your picture printed standing in front of a tenement  with a scuttle of coal and an orphan in each hand. But it strains the  art of friendship to be true friend to a born fool. And that's what I'm  doing," says I, "for, in my opinion, there's no fortune to be read from  the palm of me hand that wasn't printed there with the handle of a pick.  And, though ye've got the crookedest nose in New York City, I misdoubt  that all the fortune-tellers doing business could milk good luck from  ye. But the lines of Danny's hand pointed to ye fair, and I'll assist  him to experiment with ye until he's convinced ye're dry."    After that the man turns, sudden, to laughing. He leans against a corner  and laughs considerable. Then he claps me and Tobin on the backs of us  and takes us by an arm apiece.    "'Tis my mistake," says he. "How could I be expecting anything so fine  and wonderful to be turning the corner upon me? I came near being found  unworthy. Hard by," says he, "is a cafe, snug and suitable for the  entertainment of idiosyncrasies. Let us go there and have drink while we  discuss the unavailability of the categorical."    So saying, he marched me and Tobin to the back room of a saloon, and  ordered the drinks, and laid the money on the table. He looks at me and  Tobin like brothers of his, and we have the segars.    "Ye must know," says the man of destiny, "that me walk in life is  one that is called the literary. I wander abroad be night seeking  idiosyncrasies in the masses and truth in the heavens above. When ye  came upon me I was in contemplation of the elevated road in conjunction  with the chief luminary of night. The rapid transit is poetry and art:  the moon but a tedious, dry body, moving by rote. But these are private  opinions, for, in the business of literature, the conditions are  reversed. 'Tis me hope to be writing a book to explain the strange  things I have discovered in life."    "Ye will put me in a book," says Tobin, disgusted; "will ye put me in a  book?"    "I will not," says the man, "for the covers will not hold ye. Not yet.  The best I can do is to enjoy ye meself, for the time is not ripe for  destroying the limitations of print. Ye would look fantastic in type.  All alone by meself must I drink this cup of joy. But, I thank ye, boys;  I am truly grateful."    "The talk of ye," says Tobin, blowing through his moustache and pounding  the table with his fist, "is an eyesore to me patience. There was good  luck promised out of the crook of your nose, but ye bear fruit like the  bang of a drum. Ye resemble, with your noise of books, the wind blowing  through a crack. Sure, now, I would be thinking the palm of me hand lied  but for the coming true of the nigger man and the blonde lady and--"    "Whist!" says the long man; "would ye be led astray by physiognomy? Me  nose will do what it can within bounds. Let us have these glasses filled  again, for 'tis good to keep idiosyncrasies well moistened, they being  subject to deterioration in a dry moral atmosphere."    So, the man of literature makes good, to my notion, for he pays,  cheerful, for everything, the capital of me and Tobin being exhausted by  prediction. But Tobin is sore, and drinks quiet, with the red showing in  his eye.    By and by we moved out, for 'twas eleven o'clock, and stands a bit upon  the sidewalk. And then the man says he must be going home, and invites  me and Tobin to walk that way. We arrives on a side street two blocks  away where there is a stretch of brick houses with high stoops and iron  fences. The man stops at one of them and looks up at the top windows  which he finds dark.    "'Tis me humble dwelling," says he, "and I begin to perceive by the  signs that me wife has retired to slumber. Therefore I will venture a  bit in the way of hospitality. 'Tis me wish that ye enter the basement  room, where we dine, and partake of a reasonable refreshment. There will  be some fine cold fowl and cheese and a bottle or two of ale. Ye will be  welcome to enter and eat, for I am indebted to ye for diversions."    The appetite and conscience of me and Tobin was congenial to the  proposition, though 'twas sticking hard in Danny's superstitions to  think that a few drinks and a cold lunch should represent the good  fortune promised by the palm of his hand.    "Step down the steps," says the man with the crooked nose, "and I will  enter by the door above and let ye in. I will ask the new girl we have  in the kitchen," says he, "to make ye a pot of coffee to drink before ye  go. 'Tis fine coffee Katie Mahorner makes for a green girl just landed  three months. Step in," says the man, "and I'll send her down to ye."

**24.03**

Аналіз тексту

**THE HAPPY PRINCE   by Oscar Wilde**

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy  Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold; for eyes  he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his  sword-hilt.     He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a    weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to    gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so    useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical,    which he really was not.     "Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of  her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never    dreams of crying for anything."   "I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy,"    muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.   "He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they    came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks, and their    clean white pinafores.   "How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never    seen one."     "Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the    Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not    approve of children dreaming.  One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had  gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for    he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in    the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth,    and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped    to talk to her.  "Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point  at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round    her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples.    This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.     "It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows,    "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river    was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came, they all flew    away.    After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his   lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that    she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And    certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful    curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love    travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."     "Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed    shook her head, she was so attached to her home.    "You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the   Pyramids. Goodbye!" and he flew away.   All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city.    "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made    preparations."   Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he  cried; "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he   alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.  "I have a golden bedroom he said softly to himself as he looked    round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting    his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a    curious thing!" he cried. "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the  stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate    in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the    rain, but that was merely her selfishness."   Then another drop fell.     "What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he    said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly    away.    But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked  up, and saw- Ah! what did he see?     The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears    were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in    the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.  "Who are you?" he said.     "I am the Happy Prince."    "Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite    drenched me."   "When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I    did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans Souci,  where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the day time I played with my  companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the    Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never  cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful.  My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if    pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am    dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the    ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of  lead yet I cannot choose but weep."    "What, is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was    too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.   "Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away    in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is  open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face    is thin and worn, and she has coarse red hands, all pricked by the    needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers    on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to    wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her    little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges.    His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying.    Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby    out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I    cannot move."   "I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying  up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon    they will be going to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is  there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen,    and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green    jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."     "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not    stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so   thirsty, and the mother so sad."  "I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer,    when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the   miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit    me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I    come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of    disrespect."    But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was    sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you    for one night, and be your messenger."  "Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.     So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword,    and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.     He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were  sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing.    A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How    wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the    power of love!" "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the   State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be    embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."     He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the  masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews    bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales.    At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing    feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so    tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the    woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the  boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I    must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.    Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he  had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now,    although it is so cold."     "That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince.    And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep.  Thinking always made him sleepy.  When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a    remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was    passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long    letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was    full of so many words that they could not understand.     "To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high    spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and    sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the    Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished    stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.   When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any    commissions for Egypt?" he cried. "I am just starting."     "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not    stay with me one night longer?"   "I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my    friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches    there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the    God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the    morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent.    At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink.    They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the    roar of the cataract."   "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away    across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a    desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a    bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips    are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is    trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too  cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger    has made him faint."   "I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who    really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"   "Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I  have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out    of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to    him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and    finish his play."     "Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to  weep.    "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I  command you."   So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the    student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in  the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young    man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter    of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful    sapphire lying on the withered violets.     "I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some    great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.     The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the    mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests    out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each  chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody    minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.   "I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.   "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not    stay with me one night longer?"   "It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will    soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and    the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My    companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the    pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear  Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring  I will bring you back beautiful jewels in place of those you have    given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire  shall be as blue as the great sea."    "In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little  match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are    all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home    some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and    her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her,    and her father will not beat her."     "I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I    cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."   "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I  command you."   So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it.    He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of  her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she  ran home, laughing.   Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he    said, "so I will stay with you always."     "No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to    Egypt."   "I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the  Prince's feet.   All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him    stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red    ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch    gold fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world    itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the    merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry    amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the  Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the    great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests    to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big    lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.   "Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous    things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men    and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my    city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."     So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making    merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the  gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving    children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the  archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms    to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said.    "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out    into the rain.   Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.   "I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it    off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think    that gold can make them happy."   Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the    Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine    gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and  they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they  cried.   Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets    looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and   glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves  of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys    wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.     The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not    leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside    the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep    himself warm by flapping his wings.    But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength    to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!"  he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"     "I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow,"    said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss    me on the lips, for I love you."  "It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am  going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he    not?"    And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at    his feet.     At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if    something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped    right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.     Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below    in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he    looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!"  he said.  "How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed    with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.     "The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he    is golden no longer," said the Mayor. "in fact, he is little better    than a beggar!"  "Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.  "And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor.  "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be    allowed to die here." And the town Clerk made a note of the    suggestion.     So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no    longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at    the University.  Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a    meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the    metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it    shall be a statue of myself."  "Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled.  When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.     "What a strange thing," said the overseer of the workmen at the    foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must  throw it away." So they threw it on a dust heap where the dead Swallow  was also lying.  "Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one  of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead  bird.    "You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise    this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the    Happy Prince shall praise me."  -    -

**26.03**

Виконати тести з матеріалу курсу.

Дайте відповідь на наступні запитання:

1. There are … main approaches to the Interpretation of the Text:
   1. 2:
   2. 3:
   3. 4.

Name them.

1. The Plot is a series of … events:
   1. interlinked;
   2. independent;
   3. meaningless.
2. The usual order of plot structural components is:
   1. exposition, complications, climax, denouement;
   2. complications, climax, denouement, exposition;
   3. exposition, denouement, climax, complications.
3. The Internal Conflict is:
   1. man against fate;
   2. man against himself;
   3. man against nature.
4. The Protagonist is:
   1. a main character;
   2. a subordinate character;
   3. a Non-hero.
5. The Foil is:
   1. a Villain;
   2. an Antagonist;
   3. an opposite character.
6. The Exposition answers the following questions:
   1. where? Why? When? What?
   2. who? What? Where? When?
   3. who? Where? How? When?
7. The Complications are:
   1. physical events;
   2. psychological events;
   3. both.
8. The Anticlimax is:
   1. absence of a Climax;
   2. the second Climax in a story;
   3. delayed Climax.
9. The Climatic Plot describes the pattern of:
   1. Shakespeare’s plays;
   2. Moliere’s plays;
   3. Ancient Greek plays.
10. The Episodic Plot covers:
    1. a short period of time;
    2. a long period of time;
    3. several periods of time (episodes).
11. Give the definition to the following Presentational Sequencing Techniques:
    1. Enigma;
    2. Flashback;
    3. Foreshadowing;
    4. Flash-forward;
    5. Plant;
    6. False Plant.
12. There are … main types of an Artistic Detail:
    1. 4;
    2. 5;
    3. 3.

Name them.

1. In the following list of the Means of Characterization three points are missing. Name them:
   1. characterization through a psychological portrayal;
   2. characterization through speech characteristics;
   3. characterization through a Foil;
   4. characterization through the world of things.
2. There exist … general types of a Narrator:
   1. 4;
   2. 5;
   3. 6.

Name them.