

**МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ**  
**БІЛОЦЕРКІВСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ АГРАРНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ**

**ФАКУЛЬТЕТ ПРАВА ТА ЛІНГВІСТИКИ**

**КАФЕДРА РОМАНО-ГЕРМАНСЬКОЇ ФІЛОЛОГІЇ ТА ПЕРЕКЛАДУ**

**ПРАКТИКУМ**

**з виконання навчальної практики (переклад художніх та поетичних  
творів)**

**для студентів 1 курсу філологічних спеціальностей**

**Біла Церква**

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Практикум має на меті допомогти студентам у виконанні завдань з ОК «Навчальна практика (переклад художніх та поетичних творів)» першого року навчання, передбаченої ОП «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» та зорієнтовано на досягнення визначених нею компетентностей і ПРН. Публікація містить вимоги до проходження навчальної практики, банк уривків з англомовних художніх і поетичних творів англійських та американських письменників і поетів, зразки оформлення звіту, англо-українського вокабуляря та критерії оцінювання.

Публікацію призначено для студентів I курсу спеціальності 035 – Філологія, викладачів, магістрантів, аспірантів і всіх, хто цікавиться проблемами перекладу.

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## ПЕРЕДМОВА

Функціональний підхід до здійснення міжмовного та міжкультурного посередництва в царині фахової комунікації у різних галузях науково-практичної діяльності (галузевий переклад), з одного боку, та реформування вищої освіти, з іншого боку, уможлиблюють і зумовлюють пошук якісно нових підходів до структури та змісту освітніх програм, що реалізують підготовку фахівців для здійснення галузевого перекладу.

Важливим компонентом є забезпечення практичної складової будь-якої освітньої програми (ОП) на будь-якому освітньому рівні (ОР) та освітньому ступені (ОС). Саме такий підхід зумовив структуру цього практикуму, розробленого для виконання навчальної практики (переклад художніх та поетичних творів) здобувачами першого року навчання як обов'язкового компонента (ОК 24) ОП «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» першого (бакалаврського) ОР ОС «бакалавр».

Виконання зазначеної практики спрямовано на формування наступних загальних та спеціальних компетентностей, а, отже, і на досягнення ПРН, визначених в ОП.

### **Загальні компетентності:**

**ЗК 6.** Здатність до пошуку, опрацювання та аналізу інформації з різних джерел.

**ЗК 7.** Уміння виявляти, ставити та вирішувати проблеми.

**ЗК 8.** Здатність працювати в команді та автономно.

**ЗК 10.** Здатність до абстрактного мислення, аналізу та синтезу.

**ЗК 11.** Здатність застосовувати знання у практичних ситуаціях.

### **Спеціальні компетентності:**

**СК 5.** Здатність використовувати в професійній діяльності системні знання про основні періоди розвитку літератури, що вивчається, від давнини до XXI століття, еволюцію напрямів, жанрів і стилів, чільних представників

та художні явища, а також знання про тенденції розвитку світового літературного процесу та української літератури.

**СК 7.** Здатність до збирання й аналізу, систематизації та інтерпретації мовних, літературних, фольклорних фактів, інтерпретації та перекладу тексту (залежно від обраної спеціалізації).

**СК 9.** Усвідомлення засад і технологій створення текстів різних жанрів і стилів державною та іноземною (іноземними) мовами.

**СК 10.** Здатність здійснювати лінгвістичний, літературознавчий та спеціальний філологічний (залежно від обраної спеціалізації) аналіз текстів різних стилів і жанрів.

**Результати навчання:**

**РН 3.** Організовувати процес свого навчання й самоосвіти.

**РН 8.** Знати й розуміти систему мови, загальні властивості літератури як мистецтва слова, історію мови і літератур, що вивчаються, і вміти застосовувати ці знання в професійній діяльності.

**РН 11.** Знати принципи, технології та прийоми створення усних і письмових текстів різних жанрів і стилів державною та іноземною (іноземними) мовами.

**РН13.** Аналізувати й інтерпретувати твори української та зарубіжної художньої літератури й усної народної творчості, визначати їхню специфіку й місце в літературному процесі.

**РН 14.** Використовувати мову(и), що вивчається(ються), в усній та письмовій формах, у різних жанрово-стильових різновидах і регістрах спілкування (офіційному, неофіційному, нейтральному), для розв'язання комунікативних завдань у побутовій, суспільній, навчальній, професійній, науковій сферах життя.

**РН 15.** Здійснювати лінгвістичний, літературознавчий та спеціальний філологічний перекладацький аналіз текстів різних стилів і жанрів.

Публікація містить вимоги до проходження навчальної практики, банк уривків з англійських художніх і поетичних творів англійських та

американських письменників і поетів, критерії оцінювання навчальних досягнень студентів, зразки оформлення звіту, англо-українського вокабулярія.

Контрольним заходом, що передбачає вимірювання досягнення ПРН, які забезпечуються проходженням цієї практики, є звіт про проходження практики, зміст і процедура захисту якого чітко виписані та завершується складанням заліку.

Такий підхід до організації навчальної практики (переклад художніх та поетичних творів) ОП «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» забезпечить виконання визначених нею ПРН, а, відтак, і підготовку конкурентоспроможних фахівців на ринку перекладацьких послуг.

## ОРГАНІЗАЦІЯ ТА КЕРІВНИЦТВО ПРАКТИКОЮ

Відповідно до Положення про практичну підготовку студентів Білоцерківського національного аграрного університету відповідальність за організацію, проведення і контроль практики на факультетах покладено на деканів.

Навчально-методичне керівництво і виконання програм практики здійснюють кафедри відповідно до педагогічного навантаження.

За два тижні до проходження практики відповідальні особи на факультеті і кафедрі проводять обговорення всіх організаційних питань проходження навчальної практики на засіданні кафедри.

**Здобувач вищої освіти – практикант** під час проходження навчальної практики зобов'язаний:

- до початку практики одержати від керівника практики на кафедрі методичні матеріали (практикум), консультації щодо оформлення всіх необхідних документів;

- своєчасно розпочати виконання практики;

- у повному обсязі виконувати всі завдання, передбачені програмою навчальної практики;

- суворо дотримуватися правил охорони праці, техніки безпеки, виробничої санітарії та внутрішнього розпорядку;

- нести відповідальність за виконану роботу;

- своєчасно підготувати й захистити звіт про проходження практики та скласти залік.

**Керівник практики в університеті** має:

- забезпечити проведення всіх організаційних заходів перед початком проходження здобувачами навчальної практики;

- проінформувати студентів про систему звітності, яку потрібно надати на кафедру після закінчення терміну практики;

- систематично надавати консультації здобувачам у разі необхідності;

– вчасно перевірити та відповідно до критеріїв оцінювання оцінити звіти, провести захист звітів та залік і своєчасно виставити результати оцінювання проходження навчальної практики у залікову відомість.



## ЗМІСТ

### **навчальної практики (переклад художніх та поетичних творів)**

1. Навчальна практика (переклад художніх та поетичних творів) є ОК 24 ОП «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» першого (бакалаврського) ОР ОС «бакалавр», обсягом 6 кредитів ECTS, формою контролю – диференційований залік.

2. Термін проходження навчальної практики становить 4 тижні і відбувається наприкінці другого семестру.

3. Консолідація сліду засвоєного теоретичного матеріалу з фонетики, граматики англійської мови.

4. Формувати навички здійснювати лінгвістичний, літературознавчий та філологічний аналіз текстів художнього стилю і різних жанрів.

5. Розвивати вміння збирати, аналізувати, інтерпретувати мовні, літературні факти у процесі перекладу.

6. Розвиток умінь здійснювати письмовий переклад українською мовою англійського уривка художнього твору (обсягом 0,25 друкованого аркуша).

7. Самостійне опрацювання літератури з римування (для здійснення віршованого перекладу).

8. Розвиток умінь здійснювати письмовий переклад (віршована форма) українською мовою поетичного твору англійських або американських поетів.

9. Розвиток умінь оформлення правильного вимовного та інтонаційного контуру в процесі читання уривків з художніх та поетичних творів.

10. Розширення словникового потенціалу здобувачів.

11. Розвиток умінь укладати англо-український вокабулярій (обсягом 100 термінів) на основі прочитаного та перекладеного матеріалу.

12. Удосконалення навичок транскрибування з використанням символів фонематичної транскрипції.

13. Розвиток англомовних умінь у говорінні на основі прочитаного (вміння визначати і вирішувати проблеми засобами англійської мови).
14. Оформлення звіту.
15. Захист результатів проходження практики.

**БАНК УРИВКІВ АНГЛОМОВНИХ ХУДОЖНІХ ТЕКСТІВ ДЛЯ  
ПЕРЕКЛАДУ**

**Louise**

*by S. Maugham*

I could never understand why Louise bothered with me. She disliked me and I knew that behind my back, in that gentle way of hers, she seldom lost the opportunity of saying a disagreeable thing about me. She had too much delicacy ever to make a direct statement, but with a hint and a sigh and a little flutter of her beautiful hands she was able to make her meaning plain. She was a mistress of cold praise. It was true that we had known one another almost intimately, for five-and-twenty years, but it was impossible for me to believe that she could be affected by the claims of old association. She thought me a coarse, brutal, cynical, and vulgar fellow. I was puzzled at her not taking the obvious course and dropping me. She did nothing of the kind; indeed, she would not leave me alone; she was constantly asking me to lunch and dine with her and once or twice a year invited me to spend a week-end at her house in the country. At last I thought that I had discovered her motive. She had an uneasy suspicion that I did not believe in her; and if that was why she did not like me, it was also why she sought my acquaintance: it galled her that I alone should look upon her as a comic figure and she could not rest till I acknowledged myself mistaken and defeated. Perhaps she had an inkling that I saw the face behind the mask and because I alone held out was determined that sooner or later I too should take the mask for the face. I was never quite certain that she was a complete humbug. I wondered whether she fooled herself as thoroughly as she fooled the world or whether there was some spark of humour at the bottom of her heart. If there was it might be that she was attracted to me, as a pair of crooks might be attracted to one another, by the knowledge that we shared a secret that was hidden from everybody else.

I knew Louise before she married. She was then a frail, delicate girl with large and melancholy eyes. Her father and mother worshipped her with an anxious adoration, for some illness, scarlet fever I think, left her with a weak heart and she had to take the greatest care of herself. When Tom Maitland proposed to her they were dismayed, for they were convinced that she was much too delicate for the strenuous state of marriage. But they were not too well off and Tom Maitland was rich. He promised to do everything in the world for Louise and finally they entrusted her to him as a sacred charge. Tom

Maitland was a big, husky fellow, very good-looking, and a fine athlete. He doted on Louise. With her weak heart he could not hope to keep her with him long and he made up his mind to do everything he could to make her few years on earth happy. He gave up the games he excelled in, not because she wished him to, she was glad that he should play golf and hunt, but because by a coincidence she had a heart attack whenever he proposed to leave her for a day. If they had a difference of opinion she gave in to him at once, for she was the most submissive wife a man could have, but her heart failed her and she would be laid up, sweet and uncomplaining, for a week. He could not be such a brute as to cross her. Then they would have a quiet little tussle about who should yield and it was only with difficulty that at last he persuaded her to have her own way. On one occasion seeing her walk eight miles on an expedition that she particularly wanted to make, I suggested to Tom Maitland that she was stronger than one would have thought. He shook his head and sighed.

“No, no, she’s dreadfully delicate. She’s been to all the best heart specialists in the world, and they all say that her life hangs on a thread. But she has an unconquerable spirit.”

He told her that I had remarked on her endurance.

“I shall pay for it tomorrow,” she said to me in her plaintive way. “I shall be at death’s door.”

“I sometimes think that you’re quite strong enough to do the things you want to,” I murmured.

I had noticed that if a party was amusing she could dance till five in the morning, but if it was dull she felt very poorly and Tom had to take her home early. I am afraid she did not like my reply, for though she gave me a pathetic little smile I saw no amusement in her large blue eyes.

“You can’t very well expect me to fall down dead just to please you,” she answered.

Louise outlived her husband. He caught his death of cold one day when they were sailing and Louise needed all the rugs there were to keep her warm. He left her a comfortable fortune and a daughter. Louise was inconsolable. It was wonderful that she managed to survive the shock. Her friends expected her speedily to follow poor Tom Maitland to the grave. Indeed they already felt dreadfully sorry for Iris, her daughter, who would be left an orphan. They redoubled their attentions towards Louise. They would not let her stir a finger; they insisted on doing everything in the world to save her trouble. They had to, because if she was called upon to do anything tiresome or inconvenient her

heart went back on her and there she was at death's door. She was entirely lost without a man to take care of her, she said, and she did not know how, with her delicate health, she was going to bring up her dear Iris. Her friends asked why she did not marry again. Oh, with her heart it was out of the question, though of course she knew that dear Tom would have wished her to, and perhaps it would be the best thing for Iris if she did; but who would want to be bothered with a wretched invalid like herself? Oddly enough more than one young man showed himself quite ready to undertake the charge and a year after Tom's death she allowed George Hobhouse to lead her to the altar. He was a fine, upstanding fellow, and he was not at all badly off. I never saw anyone so grateful as he for the privilege of being allowed to take care of this frail little thing.

"I shan't live to trouble you long," she said.

He was a soldier and an ambitious one, but he resigned his commission. Louise's health forced her to spend the winter at Monte Carlo and the summer at Deauville. He hesitated a little at throwing up his career, and Louise at first would not hear of it; but at last she yielded as she always yielded, and he prepared to make his wife's last few years as happy as might be.

"It can't be very long now," she said. "I'll try not to be troublesome."

For the next two or three years Louise managed, notwithstanding her weak heart, to go beautifully dressed to all the most lively parties, to gamble very heavily, to dance and even to flirt with tall, slim young men. But George Hobhouse had not the stamina of Louise's first husband and he had to brace himself now and then with a stiff drink for his day's work as Louise's second husband. It is possible that the habit would have grown on him, which Louise would not have liked at all, but very fortunately (for her) the war broke out. He rejoined his regiment and three months later was killed. It was a great shock to Louise. She felt, however, that in such a crisis she must not give way to a private grief; and if she had a heart attack nobody heard of it. In order to distract her mind, she turned her villa at Monte Carlo into a hospital for convalescent officers. Her friends told her that she would never survive the strain.

"Of course it will kill me," she said, "I know that. But what does it matter? I must do my bit."

It didn't kill her. She had the time of her life. There was no convalescent home in France that was more popular. I met her by chance in Paris. She was lunching at the Ritz with a tall and very handsome Frenchman. She explained that she was there on business connected with the hospital. She told me that the officers were too charming to her. They knew how delicate she was and they

wouldn't let her do a single thing. They took care of her, well – as though they were all her husbands. She sighed. “Poor George, who would ever have thought that I, with my heart, should survive him?”

“And poor Tom!” I said.

I don't know why she didn't like my saying that. She gave me her plaintive smile and her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

“You always speak as though you grudged me the few years that I can expect to live.”

“By the way, your heart's much better, isn't it?”

“It'll never be better. I saw a specialist this morning and he said I must be prepared for the worst.”

“Oh, well, you've been prepared for that for nearly twenty years now, haven't you?”

When the war came to an end Louise settled in London. She was now a woman of over forty, thin and frail still, with large eyes and pale cheeks, but she did not look a day more than twenty-five. Iris, who had been at school and was now grown up, came to live with her.

“She'll take care of me,” said Louise. “Of course it'll be hard on her to live with such a great invalid as I am, but it can only be for such a little while, I'm sure she won't mind.”

Iris was a nice girl. She had been brought up with the knowledge that her mother's health was precarious. As a child she had never been allowed to make a noise. She had always realized that her mother must on no account be upset. And though Louise told her now that she would not hear of her sacrificing herself for a tiresome old woman the girl simply would not listen. It wasn't a question of sacrificing herself, it was a happiness to do what she could for her poor dear mother. With a sigh her mother let her do a great deal.

“It pleases the child to think she's making herself useful,” she said.

“Don't you think she ought to go out and about more?” I asked.

“That's what I'm always telling her. I can't get her to enjoy herself. Heaven knows, I never want anyone to put themselves out on my account.”

And Iris, when I remonstrated with her, said: “Poor dear mother, she wants me to go and stay with friends and go to parties, but the moment I start off anywhere she has one of her heart attacks, so I much prefer to stay at home.”

But presently she fell in love. A young friend of mine, a very good lad,

asked her to marry him and she consented. I liked the child and was glad that she was to be given the chance to lead a life of her own. She had never seemed to suspect that such a thing was possible. But one day the young man came to me in great distress and told me that his marriage was indefinitely postponed. Iris felt that she could not desert her mother. Of course it was really no business of mine, but I made the opportunity to go and see Louise. She was always glad to receive her friends at tea-time and now that she was older she cultivated the society of painters and writers.

“Well, I hear that Iris isn’t going to be married,” I said after a while.

“I don’t know about that. She’s not going to be married quite as soon as I could have wished. I’ve begged her on my bended knees not to consider me, but she absolutely refuses to leave me.”

“Don’t you think it’s rather hard on her?”

“Dreadfully. Of course it can only be for a few months, but I hate the thought of anyone sacrificing themselves for me.”

“My dear Louise, you’ve buried two husbands, I can’t see the least reason why you shouldn’t bury at least two more.”

“Do you think that’s funny?” she asked me in a tone that she made as offensive as she could.

“I suppose it’s never struck you as strange that you’re always strong enough to do anything you want to and that your weak heart only prevents you from doing things that bore you?”

“Oh, I know, I know what you’ve always thought of me. You’ve never believed that I had anything the matter with me, have you?”

I looked at her full and square.

“Never. I think you’ve carried out for twenty-five years a stupendous bluff. I think you’re the most selfish and monstrous woman I have ever known. You ruined the lives of those two wretched men you married and now you’re going to ruin the life of your daughter.”

I should not have been surprised if Louise had had a heart attack then. I fully expected her to fly into a passion. She merely gave me a gentle smile.

“My poor friend, one of these days you’ll be so dreadfully sorry you said this to me.”

“Have you quite decided that Iris shall not marry this boy?”

“I’ve begged her to marry him. I know it’ll kill me, but I don’t mind. Nobody cares for me. I’m just a burden to everybody.”

"Did you tell her it would kill you?"

"She made me."

"Nobody can make you do anything that you yourself don't want to do."

"She can marry her young man tomorrow if she likes. If it kills me, it kills me."

"Well, let's risk it, shall we?"

"Haven't you got any pity for me?"

"One can't pity anyone who amuses one as much as you amuse me," I answered.

A faint spot of color appeared on Louise's pale cheeks and though she smiled her eyes were hard and angry.

"Iris shall marry in a month's time," she said, "and if anything happens to me I hope you and she will be able to forgive yourselves."

Louise was as good as her word. A date was fixed, a rich trousseau was ordered, and invitations were sent. Iris and the lad were very happy. On the wedding-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, Louise, that devilish woman, had one of her heart attacks — and died. She died gently forgiving Iris for having killed her.

## **The Portrait of a Gentleman**

*by S. Maugham*

I arrived in Seoul towards evening and after dinner, tired by the long railway journey from Peking, to stretch my cramped legs I went for a walk. I wandered at random along a narrow and busy street. The Koreans in their long white gowns and their little white top-hats were amusing to look at and the open shops displayed wares that arrested my foreign eyes. Presently I came to a second-hand bookseller's and catching sight of shelves filled with English books went in to have a look at them. I glanced at the titles and my heart sank. They were commentaries on the Old Testament, treatises on the Epistles of St. Paul, sermons and lives of divines doubtless eminent, but whose names were unfamiliar to me; I am an ignorant person. I supposed that this was the library of some missionary whom death had claimed in the midst of his labours and whose books then had been purchased by a Japanese bookseller. The Japanese are astute, but I could not imagine who in Seoul would be found to buy a work in three volumes on the Epistle to the Corinthians. But as I was turning away, between volume two and volume three of this treatise I noticed a little book bound in paper. I do not know what induced me to take it out.



It was called the *Complete Poker Player* and its cover was illustrated with a hand holding four aces. I looked at the title-page. The author was Mr. John Blackbridge, actuary and counsellor-at-law, and the preface was dated 1879. I wondered how this work happened to be among the books of a deceased missionary and I looked in one or two of them to see if I could find his name. Perhaps it was there only by accident. It may be that it was the entire library of a stranded gambler and had found its way to those shelves when his effects were sold to pay his hotel bill. But I preferred to think that it was indeed the property of the missionary and that when he was weary of reading divinity he rested his mind by the perusal of these lively pages. Perhaps somewhere in Korea, at night and alone in his mission-house, he dealt innumerable poker hands in order to see for himself whether you could really only get a straight flush once in sixty-five thousand hands. But the owner of the shop was looking at me with disfavour so I turned to him and asked the price of the book. He gave it a contemptuous glance and told me I could have it for twenty sen. I put it in my pocket.

I do not remember that for so small a sum I have ever purchased better entertainment. For Mr. John Blackbridge in these pages of his did a thing that no writer can do who deliberately tries to, but that, if done unconsciously, gives a book a rare and precious savour; he painted a complete portrait of himself. He stands before the reader so vividly that I was convinced that a wood-cut of him figured as a frontispiece and I was surprised to discover, on looking at the book again the other day, that there was nothing of the kind. I see him very distinctly as a man of middle-age, in a black frock-coat and a chimney-pot hat, wearing a black satin stock; he is clean-shaven and his jaw is square; his lips are thin and his eyes wary; his face is sallow and somewhat wrinkled. It is a countenance not without severity, but when he tells a story or makes one of his dry jokes his eyes light up and his smile is winning. He enjoyed his bottle of Burgundy, but I cannot believe that he ever drank enough to confuse his excellent faculties. He was just rather than merciful at the card-table and he was prepared to punish presumption with rigour. He had few illusions, for here are some of the things that life had taught him: "Men hate those whom they have injured; men love those whom they have benefited; men naturally avoid their benefactors; men are universally actuated by self-interest; gratitude is a lively sense of expected benefits; promises are never forgotten by those to whom they are made, usually by those who make them."

It may be presumed that he was a Southerner, for while speaking of Jack Pots, which he describes as a frivolous attempt to make the game more interesting, he remarks that they are not popular in the South. "This last fact," he says,

"contains much promise, because the South is the conservative portion of the country, and may be relied on as the last resort of good sense in social matters. The revolutionary Kossuth made no progress below Richmond; neither Spiritualism, nor Free Love, nor Communism, has ever been received with the least favour by the Southern mind; and it is for this reason that we greatly respect the Southern verdict upon the Jack Pot." It was in his day an innovation and he condemned it. "The time has arrived when all additions to the present standard combinations in Draw Poker must be worthless; the game being complete. The Jack Pot," he says, "was invented (in Toledo, Ohio) by reckless players to compensate losses incurred by playing against cautious players; and the principle is the same as if a party should play whist for stakes, and all be obliged every few minutes to stop, and purchase tickets in a lottery; or raffle for a turkey; or share a deal in Keno."

Poker is a game for gentlemen (he does not hesitate to make frequent use of this abused word; he lived in a day when to be a gentleman had its obligations but also its privileges) and a straight flush is to be respected, not because you make money on it ("I have never seen anyone make much money upon a straight flush," he says) but "because it prevents any hand from being *absolutely* the winning hand, and thus relieves gentlemen from the necessity of betting on a certainty. Without the use of straights, and hence without the use of a straight flush, four aces would be a certainty and no gentleman could do more than *call* on them." This, I confess, catches me on the raw, for once in my life I had a straight flush, and bet on it till I was called.

Mr. John Blackbridge had personal dignity, rectitude, humour and common sense. "The amusements of mankind," he says, "have not as yet received proper recognition at the hands of the makers of the civil law, and of the unwritten social law," and he had no patience with the persons who condemn the most agreeable pastime that has been invented, namely gambling, because risk is attached to it. Every transaction in life is a risk, he truly observes, and involves the question of loss and gain. "To retire to rest at night is a practice that is fortified by countless precedents, and it is generally regarded as prudent and necessary. Yet it is surrounded by risks of every kind." He enumerates them and finally sums up his argument with these reasonable words: "If social circles welcome the banker and merchant who live by taking fair risks for the sake of profit, there is no apparent reason why they should not at least tolerate the man who at times employs himself in giving and taking fair risks for the sake of amusement." But here his good sense is obvious. "Twenty years of experience in the city of New York, both professionally (you must not forget that he is an actuary and counsellor-at-law) and

as a student of social life, satisfy me that the average American gentleman in a large city has not over three thousand dollars a year to spend upon amusements. Will it be fair to devote more than one-third of this fund to cards? I do not think that anyone will say that one-third is not ample allowance for a single amusement. Given, therefore, a thousand dollars a year for the purpose of playing Draw Poker, what should be the limit of the stakes, in order that the average American gentleman may play the game with a contented mind, and with the certainty not only that he can pay his losses, but that his winnings will be paid to him?" Mr. Blackbridge has no doubt that the answer is two dollars and a half. "The game of Poker should be intellectual and not emotional; and it is impossible to exclude the emotions from it, if the stakes are so high that the question of loss and gain penetrates to the feelings." From this quotation it may be seen that Mr. Blackbridge looked upon poker as only on the side a game of chance. He considered that it needed as much force of character, mental ability, power of decision and insight into motive to play poker as to govern a country or to lead an army, and I have an idea that on the whole he would have thought it a more sensible use of a man's faculties.

I am tempted to quote interminably, for Mr. Blackbridge seldom writes a sentence that is other than characteristic, and his language is excellent; it is dignified as befits his subject and his condition (he does not forget that he is a gentleman), measured, clear and pointed. His phrase takes an ample sweep when he treats of mankind and its foibles, but he can be as direct and simple as you please. Could anything be better than this terse but adequate description of a card-sharper? "He was a very good-looking man of about forty years of age, having the appearance of one who had been leading a temperate and thoughtful life." But I will content myself with giving a few of his aphorisms and wise saws chosen almost at random from the wealth of his book.

"Let your chips talk for you. A silent player is so far forth, a mystery; and a mystery is always feared."

"In this game never do anything that you are not compelled to; while cheerfully responding to your obligations."

"At Draw Poker all statements not called for by the laws of the game, or supported by ocular demonstration, may be set down as fictitious; designed to enliven the path of truth throughout the game, as flowers in summer enliven the margins of the highway."

"Lost money is never recovered. After losing you may win, but the losing does not bring the winning."

"No gentleman will ever play any game of cards with the design of habitually winning and never losing."

"A gentleman is always willing to pay a fair price for recreation and amusement."

"...that habit of mind which continually leads us to undervalue the mental force of other men, while we continually overvalue their good luck."

"The injury done to your capital by a loss is never compensated by the benefit done to your capital by a gain of the same amount."

"Players usually straddle when they are in bad luck, upon the principle that bad play and bad luck united will win. A slight degree of intoxication aids to perfect this intellectual deduction."

"Euchre is a contemptible game."

"The lower cards as well as the lower classes are only useful in combination or in excess, and cannot be depended upon under any other circumstances."

"It is a hard matter to hold four Aces as steadily as a pair, but the table will bear their weight with as much equanimity as a pair of deuces."

Of good luck and bad luck: "To feel emotions over such incidents is unworthy of a man; and it is much more unworthy to express them. But no words need be wasted over practices which all men despise in others; and, in their reflecting moments, lament in themselves."

"Endorsing for your friends is a bad habit, but it is nothing to playing Poker on credit.... Debit and credit ought never to interfere with the fine intellectual calculations of this game."

There is a grand ring in his remarks on the player who has trained his intellect to bring logic to bear upon the principles and phenomena of the game. "He will thus feel a constant sense of security amid all possible fluctuations that occur, and he will also abstain from pressing an ignorant or an intellectually weak

opponent, beyond what may be necessary either for the purpose of playing the game correctly, or of punishing presumption."

I leave Mr. John Blackbridge with this last word and I can hear him saying it gently, but with a tolerant smile:

"For we must take human nature as it is."

## **A Canary For One** *by Ernest Hemingway*

The train passed very quickly a long, red stone house with a garden and four thick palm-trees with tables under them in the shade. On the other side was the sea. Then there was a cutting through red stone and clay, and the sea was only occasionally and far below against rocks.

"I bought him in Palermo," the American lady said. "We only had an hour ashore and it was Sunday morning. The man wanted to be paid in dollars and I gave him a dollar and a half. He really sings very beautifully."

It was very hot in the train and it was very hot in the lit salon compartment. There was no breeze came through the open window. The American lady pulled the window-blind down and there was no more sea, even occasionally. On the other side there was glass, then the corridor, then an open window, and outside the window were dusty trees and an oiled road and flat fields of grapes, with gray-stone hills behind them.

There was smoke from many tall chimneys—coming into Marseilles, and the train slowed down and followed one track through many others into the station. The train stayed twenty-five minutes in the station at Marseilles and the American lady bought a copy of *The Daily Mail* and a half-bottle of Evian water. She walked a little way along the station platform, but she stayed near the steps of the car because at Cannes, where it stopped for twelve minutes, the train had left with no signal of departure and she had gotten on only just in time. The American lady was a little deaf and she was afraid that perhaps signals of departure were given and that she did not hear them.

The train left the station in Marseilles and there was not only the switchyards and the factory smoke but, looking back, the town of Marseilles and the harbor with stone hills behind it and the last of the sun on the water. As it was getting dark the train passed a farmhouse burning in a field. Motor-cars were stopped along the road and bedding and things from inside the farmhouse were spread in the field.

Many people were watching the house burn. After it was dark the train was in Avignon. People got on and off. At the news-stand Frenchmen, returning to Paris, bought that day's French papers. On the station platform were negro soldiers. They wore brown uniforms and were tall and their faces shone, close under the electric light. Their faces were very black and they were too tall to stare. The train left Avignon station with the negroes standing there. A short white sergeant was with them.

Inside the lit salon compartment the porter had pulled down the three beds from inside the wall and prepared them for sleeping. In the night the American lady lay without sleeping because the train was a rapide and went very fast and she was afraid of the speed in the night. The American lady's bed was the one next to the window. The canary from Palermo, a cloth spread over his cage, was out of the draft in the corridor that went into the compartment wash-room. There was a blue light outside the compartment, and all night the train went very fast and the American lady lay awake and waited for a wreck.

In the morning the train was near Paris, and after the American lady had come out from the wash-room, looking very wholesome and middle-aged and American in spite of not having slept, and had taken the cloth off the birdcage and hung the cage in the sun, she went back to the restaurant-car for breakfast. When she came back to the lit salon compartment again, the beds had been pushed back into the wall and made into seats, the canary was shaking his feathers in the sunlight that came through the open window, and the train was much nearer Paris. "He loves the sun," the American lady said. "He'll sing now in a little while." The canary shook his feathers and pecked into them. "I've always loved birds," the American lady said. "I'm taking him home to my little girl. There—he's singing now."

The canary chirped and the feathers on his throats stood out, then he dropped his bill and pecked into his feathers again. The train crossed a river and passed through a very carefully tended forest. The train passed through many outside of Paris towns. There were tram-cars in the towns and big advertisements for the Belle Jardinière and Dubonnet and Pernod on the walls toward the train. All that the train passed through looked as though it were before breakfast. For several minutes I had not listened to the American lady, who was talking to my wife.

"Is your husband American too?" asked the lady.

"Yes," said my wife. "We're both Americans."

"I thought you were English."

"Oh, no."

"Perhaps that was because I wore braces," I said.

I had started to say suspenders and changed it to braces in the mouth, to keep my English character. The American lady did not hear. She was really quite deaf; she read lips, and I had not looked toward her. I had looked out of the window. She went on talking to my wife.

“I’m so glad you’re Americans. American men make the best husbands,” the American lady was saying. “That was why we left the Continent, you know. My daughter fell in love with a man in Vevey.” She stopped. “They were simply madly in love.” She stopped again. “I took her away, of course.”

“Did she get over it?” asked my wife.

“I don’t think so,” said the American lady. “She wouldn’t eat anything and she wouldn’t sleep at all. I’ve tried so very hard, but she doesn’t seem to take an interest in anything. She doesn’t care about things. I couldn’t have her marrying a foreigner.” She paused. “Some one, a very good friend, told me once, ‘No foreigner can make an American girl a good husband.’”

“No,” said my wife, “I suppose not.”

The American lady admired my wife’s travelling-coat, and it turned out that the American lady had bought her own clothes for twenty years now from the same maison de couture in the Rue Saint Honor?. They had her measurements, and a vendeuse who knew her and her tastes picked the dresses out for her and they were sent to America. They came to the post-office near where she lived up-town in New York, and the duty was never exorbitant because they opened the dresses there in the post-office to appraise them and they were always very simple-looking and with no gold lace nor ornaments that would make the dresses look expensive. Before the present vendeuse, named Th?r?se, there had been another vendeuse, named Am?lie. Altogether there had only been these two in the twenty years. It had always been the same couturier. Prices, however, had gone up. The exchange, though, equalized that. They had her daughter’s measurements now too. She was grown up and there was not much chance of their changing now.

The train was now coming into Paris. The fortifications were levelled but grass had not grown. There were many cars standing on tracks—brown wooden restaurant-cars and brown wooden sleeping-cars that would go to Italy at five o’clock that night, if that train still left at five; the cars were marked Paris-Rome, and cars, with seats on the roofs, that went back and forth to the suburbs with, at certain hours, people in all the seats and on the roofs, if that were the way it were still done, and passing were the white walls and many windows of houses. Nothing had eaten any breakfast.

“Americans make the best husbands,” the American lady said to my wife. I was getting down the bags. “American men are the only men in the world to marry.”

“How long ago did you leave Vevey?” asked my wife.

“Two years ago this fall. It’s her, you know, that I’m taking the canary to.”

“Was the man your daughter was in love with a Swiss?”

“Yes,” said the American lady. “He was from a very good family in Vevey.

He was going to be an engineer. They met there in Vevey. They used to go on long walks together.”

“I know Vevey,” said my wife. “We were there on our honeymoon.”

“Were you really? That must have been lovely. I had no idea, of course, that she’d fall in love with him.”

“It was a very lovely place,” said my wife.

“Yes,” said the American lady. “Isn’t it lovely? Where did you stop there?”

“We stayed at the Trois Couronnes,” said my wife.

“It’s such a fine old hotel,” said the American lady.

“Yes,” said my wife. “We had a very fine room and in the fall the country was lovely.” “Were you there in the fall?”

“Yes,” said my wife.

We were passing three cars that had been in a wreck. They were splintered open and the roofs sagged in.

“Look,” I said. “There’s been a wreck.”

The American lady looked and saw the last car. “I was afraid of just that all night,” she said. “I have terrific presentiments about things sometimes. I’ll never travel on a rapide again at night. There must be other comfortable trains that don’t go so fast.”

Then the train was in the dark of the Gare de Lyons, and then stopped and porters came up to the windows. I handed bags through the windows, and we were out on the dim longness of the platform, and the American lady put herself in charge of one of three men from Cook’s who said: “Just a moment, madame, and I’ll look for your name.”

The porter brought a truck and piled on the baggage, and my wife said good-by and I said good-by to the American lady, whose name had been found by the man from Cook’s on a typewritten page in a sheaf of typewritten pages which he replaced in his pocket.

We followed the porter with the truck down the long cement platform beside the train. At the end was a gate and a man took the tickets.

We were returning to Paris to set up separate residences.



# To Kill a Mockingbird

*by Harper Lee*

## Chapter 11

When we were small, Jem and I frequently went past the property of Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose. Previous minor encounters with her left me with no desire for more, but Jem said I had to grow up some time. Mrs. Dubose lived alone except for a Negro girl in constant attendance. She was very old; she spent most of each day in bed and the rest of it in a wheelchair. People said that she kept a pistol concealed among her numerous shawls.

Jem and I hated her. If she was on the porch when we passed, we would be given a prediction on what we would become when we grew up, which was always nothing. Jem had concluded that it was cowardly to stop at Miss Rachel's front steps and wait, and had decreed that we must run as far as the post office corner each evening to meet Atticus coming from work. Countless evenings Atticus would find Jem furious at something Mrs. Dubose had said when we went by.

"Easy does it, son," Atticus would say. "She's an old lady and she's ill. You just hold your head high and be a gentleman. Whatever she says to you, it's your job not to let her make you mad." When the three of us came to her house, Atticus would wave gallantly to her and say, "Good evening, Mrs. Dubose! You look like a picture this evening." I never heard Atticus say like a picture of what. It was times like these when I thought my father, who hated guns and had never been to any wars, was the bravest man who ever lived.

The day after Jem's twelfth birthday his money was burning up his pockets, so we headed for town in the early afternoon. Jem thought he had enough to buy a miniature steam engine for himself and a twirling baton for me.

Mrs. Dubose was on her porch when we went by.

"Where are you two going at this time of day?" she shouted.

"Aw, it's Saturday, Mrs. Dubose," said Jem.

"Makes no difference if it's Saturday," she said obscurely. "I wonder if your father knows where you are?"

"Mrs. Dubose, we've been going to town by ourselves since we were this high." Jem placed his hand palm down about two feet above the sidewalk.

"Don't you contradict me!" Mrs. Dubose bawled. "And you—" she pointed an arthritic finger at me—"what are you doing in those clothes? You should be in a dress, young lady! You'll grow up waiting on tables—hah!"

"Come on, Scout," Jem whispered. "Don't pay any attention to her, just hold your head high and be a gentleman."

But Mrs. Dubose held us: "Not only a Finch waiting on tables but one in the courthouse lawing for niggers!"

Jem stiffened. Mrs. Dubose's shot had gone home and she knew it:

"Your father's no better than the niggers and trash he works for!"

Jem was scarlet. I pulled at his sleeve, and we went down the sidewalk to the downtown.

Jem bought his steam engine and we went to buy me a baton. Jem took no pleasure in his acquisition; he jammed it in his pocket and walked silently beside me toward home. When we approached Mrs. Dubose's house, we saw she was not on the porch.

In later years, I sometimes wondered exactly what made Jem do it, what made him break the bonds of "You just be a gentleman, son." He had a naturally tranquil disposition. At the time, however, I thought the only explanation for what he did was that for a few minutes he simply went mad.

We had just come to her gate when Jem snatched my baton and ran up the steps into Mrs. Dubose's front yard, forgetting everything Atticus had said, forgetting that she packed a pistol under her shawls.

He did not begin to calm down until he had cut the tops off every camellia bush Mrs. Dubose owned, until the ground was littered with green buds and leaves. He bent my baton against his knee, snapped it in two and threw it down.

We did not choose to meet Atticus coming home that evening. We skulked around the kitchen until Calpurnia threw us out. Two geological ages later, we heard the soles of Atticus's shoes scrape the front steps. The door slammed, there was a pause and we heard him call, "Jem!" His voice was like the winter wind. Atticus carried my baton in one hand. He held out his other hand; it contained fat camellia buds.

"Jem," he said, "are you responsible for this?"

"Yes sir."

"Why'd you do it?"

Jem said softly, "She said you lawed for niggers and trash." "You did this because she said that?"

Jem's lips moved, but his, "Yes sir," was inaudible.

"Son, I have no doubt that you've been annoyed by people talking about me lawing for niggers, as you say, but to do something like this to a sick old lady is inexcusable. I strongly advise you to go down and have a talk with Mrs. Dubose," said Atticus. "Come straight home afterward."

Jem did not move.

"Go on, I said."

I followed Jem out of the livingroom. "Come back here," Atticus said to me. I came back.

Atticus picked up the newspaper and sat down in the rocking chair. For the life of me, I did not understand how he could sit there in cold blood and read when his only son stood an excellent chance of being murdered with a mad lady. Atticus did not seem to realize this, or if he did he didn't care.

When Jem returned, Atticus said, "Well, son?". Jem seemed to be all in one piece, but he had a queer look on his face.

"I cleaned it up for her and said I was sorry, but I am not."

"There was no point in saying you were sorry if you aren't," said Atticus. "Jem, she's old and ill. You can't hold her responsible for what she says and does."

"Atticus," Jem said, "she wants me to read to her."

“Read to her?”

“Yes sir. She wants me to come every afternoon after school and Saturdays and read to her out loud for two hours. Atticus, do I have to?”

“Certainly.”

“But she wants me to do it for a month.”

“Then you’ll do it for a month.”

The following Monday afternoon Jem and I climbed the steep front steps to Mrs. Dubose’s house. Jem, armed with “Ivanhoe”, knocked at the second door on the left. In the corner of the room was a bed, and in the bed was Mrs. Dubose. For a moment I felt sorry for her. She was lying under a pile of quilts and looked almost friendly.

There was a washstand by her bed; on it were a glass, a red ear syringe, a box of cotton, and an alarm clock.

“So you brought that dirty little sister of yours, did you?” was her greeting.

Jem said quietly, “My sister isn’t dirty and I am not scared of you,” although I noticed his knees shaking.

I was expecting a tirade, but all she said was, “You may commence reading, Jeremy.”

Jem sat down on a chair and opened “Ivanhoe”. I pulled up another one and sat beside him.

“Come closer,” said Mrs. Dubose. “Come to the side of the bed.”

We moved our chairs forward. This was the nearest I had ever been to her. She was horrible. Her face was the color of a dirty pillowcase, and the corners of her mouth glistened with wet. Old-age liver spots dotted her cheeks, and her pale eyes had black pinpoint pupils.

Jem reopened Ivanhoe and began reading. When he came to a word he didn’t know, he skipped it, but Mrs. Dubose would catch him and make him spell it out. As he read along, I noticed that Mrs. Dubose’s corrections grew fewer, that Jem had even left one sentence dangling in mid-air. She was not listening.

I looked toward the bed. Something had happened to her. Her head moved slowly from side to side. From time to time she would open her mouth wide, and I could see her tongue. Saliva would collect on her lips. Occasionally she would say, “Pt.”.

I pulled Jem’s sleeve. Jem looked up and said, “Mrs. Dubose, are you all right?” She did not hear him. The alarm clock went off and scared us stiff.

It was only three forty-five when we got home. Jem told Atticus what happened.

“Did she frighten you?” asked Atticus.

“No sir,” said Jem, “but she’s so nasty. She has fits or something. She spits a lot.” “She can’t help that. When people are sick they don’t look nice sometimes.”

“She scared me,” I said.

Atticus looked at me over his glasses. “You don’t have to go with Jem, you know.” The next afternoon at Mrs. Dubose’s was the same as the first, and so was the next, until gradually a pattern emerged: everything would begin normally—that

is, Mrs. Dubose would hound Jem for a while on her favorite subjects, her camellias and our father's nigger-loving; she would grow silent, then go away from us. The alarm clock would ring, Jessie would shoo us out, and the rest of the day was ours.

"Atticus," I said one evening, "what exactly is a nigger-lover?" Atticus's face was grave. "Has somebody been calling you that?"

"No sir, Mrs. Dubose calls you that. She warms up every afternoon calling you that.

"Scout," said Atticus, "nigger-lover is just one of those terms that don't mean anything. It's hard to explain—ignorant, trashy people use it when they think somebody's favoring Negroes over and above themselves."

"You aren't really a nigger-lover, then, are you?"

"I certainly am. I do my best to love everybody... I'm hard put, sometimes—baby, it's never an insult to be called what somebody thinks is a bad name. It just shows you how poor that person is, it doesn't hurt you. So don't let Mrs. Dubose get you down. She has enough troubles of her own."

One afternoon a month later Jem was reading Sir Walter Scout, as Jem called him, and Mrs. Dubose was correcting him, when there was a knock on the door. Atticus came in. He went to the bed and took Mrs. Dubose's hand. "I was coming from the office and didn't see the children," he said. "I thought they might still be here."

Mrs. Dubose smiled at him. "Do you know what time it is, Atticus?" she said. "Exactly fourteen minutes past five. The alarm clock's set for five-thirty. I want you to know that."

It suddenly came to me that each day we had been staying a little longer at Mrs. Dubose's, that the alarm clock went off a few minutes later every day, and that she was well into one of her fits by the time it sounded. Today she had antagonized Jem for nearly two hours with no intention of having a fit, and I felt hopelessly trapped. The alarm clock was the signal for our release; if one day it did not ring, what would we do?

"I have a feeling that Jem's reading days are numbered," said Atticus.

"Only a week longer, I think," she said, "just to make sure..."

Jem rose. "But—"

"Just one more week, son," said Atticus.

"No," said Jem. "Yes," said Atticus.

The following week found us back at Mrs. Dubose's. Mrs. Dubose stopped using the alarm clock and would release us with, "That'll do," so late in the afternoon Atticus would be home reading the paper when we returned. Although her fits had passed off, she was in every other way her old self: sometimes Mrs. Dubose would become bored and pick on us:

"Jeremy Finch, I told you you'd live to regret tearing up my camellias. You regret it now, don't you?"

Jem would say he certainly did.

“Don’t you mutter at me, boy! You hold up your head and say yes ma’am. Don’t guess you feel like holding it up, though, with your father what he is.”

At last the day came. When Mrs. Dubose said, “That’ll do,” one afternoon, she added, “And that’s all. Good-day to you.”

It was over.

That spring was a good one: the days grew longer and gave us more playing time. Atticus was in the middle of a sports column one evening when the telephone rang. He answered it. “I’m going down to Mrs. Dubose’s for a while,” he said. “I won’t be long.”

But Atticus stayed away until long past my bedtime. When he returned he was carrying a candy box.

“What’d she want?” asked Jem.

We had not seen Mrs. Dubose for over a month. She was never on the porch any more when we passed.

“She’s dead, son,” said Atticus. “She died a few minutes ago.”

“Oh,” said Jem. “Well.”

“Well is right,” said Atticus. “She’s not suffering any more. She was sick for a long time. Son, didn’t you know what her fits were?”

Jem shook his head.

“Mrs. Dubose was a morphine addict,” said Atticus. “She took it as a pain-killer for years. The doctor put her on it. She would have spent the rest of her life on it and died without so much agony, but she was too contrary—”

“Sir?” said Jem.

Atticus said, “Just before your escapade she called me to make her will. Dr. Reynolds told her she had only a few months left. Her business affairs were in perfect order but she said, ‘There’s still one thing out of order.’”

“What was that?” Jem was perplexed.

“She said she was going to leave this world beholden to nothing and nobody. Jem, when you’re sick as she was, it’s all right to take anything to make it easier, but it wasn’t all right for her. She said she meant to break herself of it before she died, and that’s what she did.”

Jem said, “You mean that’s what her fits were?”

“Yes, that’s what they were. Most of the time you were reading to her I doubt if she heard a word you said. Her whole mind and body were concentrated on that alarm clock. If you hadn’t fallen into her hands, I’d have made you go read to her anyway. It may have been some distraction. There was another reason—”

“Did she die free?” asked Jem.

“As the mountain air,” said Atticus. “She was conscious to the last, almost. Conscious,” he smiled, “and cantankerous. She had Jessie fix you this box—”

Atticus reached down and picked up the candy box. He handed it to Jem.

Jem opened the box. Inside, surrounded by wads of damp cotton, was a white, waxy, perfect camellia.

Jem’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. “Old hell-devil, old hell-devil!” he screamed, flinging it down. “Why can’t she leave me alone?”

In a flash Atticus was up and standing over him. Jem buried his face in Atticus's shirt front. "Sh-h," he said. "I think that was her way of telling you—everything's all right now, Jem, everything's all right. You know, she was a great lady."

"A lady?" Jem raised his head. His face was scarlet. "After all those things she said about you, a lady?"

"She was. She had her own views about things, a lot different from mine, maybe... son, I told you that if you hadn't lost your head I'd have made you go read to her. I wanted you to see something about her—I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand. It's when you know you're licked before you begin but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what. You rarely win, but sometimes you do. Mrs. Dubose won, all ninety-eight pounds of her. According to her views, she died beholden to nothing and nobody. She was the bravest person I ever knew."

Jem picked up the candy box and threw it in the fire. He picked up the camellia, and when I went off to bed I saw him fingering the wide petals. Atticus was reading the paper.

## **The Touch of Nutmeg Makes It**

*By John Collier*

A dozen big firms subsidize our mineralogical institute, and most of them keep at least one man permanently on research there. The library has the intimate smoky atmosphere of a club. Logan and I had been there longest and had the two tables at the big window. Against the wall, where the light was bad, was a small table which was left for newcomers.

One morning a new man was sitting at this table. It was not necessary to look at the books he had taken from the shelves to know that he was on statistics. He had one of those faces on which the skin seems stretched painfully tight. They are almost the hallmark of the statistician. His mouth became convulsive at the least relaxation.

The newcomer crouched low over his table when anyone passed behind his chair, as if trying to decrease the likelihood of contact. Presently he took out a cigarette, but his eye fell on the "No smoking" sign, which was universally disregarded, and he returned the cigarette to its pack. At mid-morning he dissolved a tablet in a glass of water. I guessed at a long-standing anxiety neurosis.

I am never repelled by the nervous or the unhappy. Logan, who has less curiosity, has a superabundance of good nature. We watched this man for days. Then, without further discussion, we asked him to lunch with us.

He took the invitation in the typical neurotic fashion. However, he came along, and before the meal was over he confirmed my suspicion that he had been starving for company. We had already found out his name, of course -J. Chapman Reid -and that he worked for the Walls Tyman Corporation. He named a string of towns he had lived in at one time or another, and told us that he came originally from Georgia. That was all the information he offered. He opened up very noticeably when the talk turned on general matters, and was pathetically grateful for the casual invitation. He thanked us when we got up from the table, again as we emerged from the restaurant, and yet again on the threshold of the library. This made it all more natural to suggest a quiet evening sometime soon.

During the next few months we saw a good deal of J. Chapman Reid and found him a very agreeable companion. I have a great weakness for these dry, reserved characters who once or twice an evening come out with a vivid, penetrating remark. We might even have become friends if Reid himself hadn't prevented this final step by his unnecessary gratitude. He made no effusive speeches -he was not that type -but a lost dog has no need of words to show his dependence and appreciation. It was clear that our company was everything to J. Chapman Reid.

One day Nathan Trimble, a friend of Logan's, looked in at the library. He was a newspaperman and was killing an hour while waiting for a train connection. He sat on Logan's table facing the window, with his back to the rest of the room. I went round and talked to him and Logan. It was just about time for Trimble to leave when Reid came in and sat down at his table. Trimble happened to look around, and he and Reid saw each other.

I was watching Reid. After the first startled stare, he did not even glance at the visitor. He sat quite still for a minute or so, his head dropping lower and lower in little jerks, as if someone was pushing it down. Then he got up and walked out of the library.

"By God!" said Trimble. "Do you know who that is? Do you know who you've got there?"

"No," said we. "Who?"

"Jason C. Reid."

"Jason C?" I said. "No, it's J. Chapman. Oh, yes, I see. So what?"

"Why, for God's sake, don't you read the news? Don't you remember the Pittsburgh cleaver murder?"

"No," said I.

"Wait a minute," said Logan. "About a year or so ago, was it? I read something."

"Damn it!" said Trimble. "It was a front-page sensation. This guy was tried for it. They said he hacked a pal of his nearly to pieces. I saw the body. Never seen such a mess in my life. Fantastic! Horrible!"

"However," said I, "it would appear this fellow didn't do it. Presumably he wasn't convicted."

"They tried to pin it on him," said Trimble, "but they couldn't. It looked hellish bad, I must say. Alone together. No trace of any outsider. But no motive. I don't know. I just don't know. I covered the trial. I was in court every day, but I couldn't make up my mind about the guy. Don't leave any meat cleavers round this library, that's all.

"With that, he bade us goodbye. I looked at Logan. Logan looked at me. "I don't believe it," said Logan. "I don't believe he did it."

"We'll let him know, somehow," said I, "that we're not even interested enough to look up the newspaper files."

"Good idea," said Logan.

A little later Reid came in again, his movements showing signs of intense control. He came over to where we were sitting. "Would you prefer to cancel our arrangement for tonight?" said he. "I think it would be better if we canceled it. I shall ask my firm to transfer me again. I -" "Hold on," said Logan. "Who said so? Not us." "Didn't he tell you?" said Reid. "Of course he did."

"He said you were tried," said I. "And he said you were acquitted. That's good enough for us."

"You're still acquitted," said Logan. "And the date's on. And we won't talk."

"Oh!" said Reid. "Oh!"

"Forget it," said Logan, returning to his papers.

That night, when we met for dinner, we were naturally a little self-conscious. Reid probably felt it. "Look here," he said when we had finished eating, "would either of you mind if we skipped the movie tonight?"

"It's O. K. by me," said Logan. "Shall we go to Chancey's?"

"No," said Reid. "I want you to come somewhere where we can talk. Come up to my place."

"Just as you like," said I. "It's not necessary."

"Yes, it is," said Reid.

He was in a painfully nervous state, so we consented and went up to his apartment, where we had never been before. It was a single room with a bathroom and kitchenette.

We sat down, but Reid immediately got up again and stood between us, in front of the imitation fireplace.



"I should like to say nothing about what happened today," he began. "I should like to ignore it and let it be forgotten. But it can't be forgotten.

"It's no use telling me you won't think about it," he said. "Of course you'll think about it. Everyone did back there. The firm sent me to Cleveland. It became known there, too. Everyone was thinking about it, whispering about it, wondering.

"You see, it would be rather more exciting if the fellow was guilty after all, wouldn't it?"

"In a way, I'm glad this has come out. With you two, I mean. Most people -I don't want them to know anything. You two -you've been decent to me -I want you to know all about it. All.

"I came up from Georgia to Pittsburgh, was there for ten years with the Walls Tyman people. While there I met -I met Earle Wilson. He came from Georgia, too, and we became great friends. I've never been one to go about much. Earle was not only my best friend; he was almost my only friend.

"Very well. Earle's job with our company was a better paid one. He was able to afford a small house just beyond the fringe of the town. I used to drive out there two or three evenings a week. We spent the evenings very quietly. I want you to understand that I was quite at home in the house. There was no host-and-guest atmosphere about it. I felt sleepy. I got used to going upstairs and stretching out on a bed and taking a nap for half an hour. There's nothing so extraordinary about it, is there?"

"No, nothing extraordinary about that," said Logan.

"Some people seemed to think there was," said Reid. "Well, one night I went out there after work. We ate, we sat about a bit, we played a game of checkers. He mixed a couple of drinks, then I mixed a couple. Normal enough, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," said Logan.

"I was tired," said Reid. "I felt heavy. I said I'd go upstairs and stretch out for half an hour. That always puts me right. So I went up.

"I sleep heavily, very heavily, for half an hour, then I'm all right. This time I seemed to be dreaming, a sort of nightmare. I thought I was in an air raid somewhere, and heard Earle's voice calling me, but I didn't wake, not until the usual half-hour was up anyway.

"I went downstairs. The room below was dark. I called out to Earle and started across from the stairs toward the light switch. Halfway across, I tripped over something and fell flat on him.

"I knew he was dead. I got up and found the light. He was lying there. He looked as if he had been attacked by a madman. He was cut to pieces, almost. God!

"I got hold of the phone at once and called the police. Naturally. While they were coming, I looked round. But first of all I just walked about, dazed. It seems I

must have gone up into the bedroom again. I've got no recollection of that, but they found a smear of blood on the pillow. Of course, I was covered with it. Absolutely covered: I'd fallen on him.

You can understand a man being dazed, can't you? You can understand him going upstairs, even, and not remembering it? Can't you?"

"I certainly can," said Logan.

"They thought they had trapped me over that," said Reid. "They said so to my face. The idiots! Well, I remember looking around, and I saw what it had been done with. Earle had a great equipment of cutlery in his kitchen. One of the things was a meat cleaver, the sort of thing you see usually in a butcher's shop. It was there on the carpet.

"Well, the police came. I told them all I could. Earle was a quiet fellow. He had no enemies. Does anyone have that sort of enemy? I thought it must be some maniac. Nothing was missing. It wasn't robbery, unless some half-crazy tramp had got in and been too scared in the end to take anything.

"Whoever it was had made a very clean getaway. Too clean for the police. And too clean for me. They looked for fingerprints, and they couldn't find any.

"What was the evidence against me? That they couldn't find traces of anyone else! That's evidence of their own damned inefficiency, that's all. Does a man murder his best friend for nothing? Could they find any reason, any motive? They were trying to find some woman first of all. They combed our money affairs.

"In the end they settled on our game of checkers. Our poor, harmless game of checkers! We talked all the time while we were playing, you know, and sometimes even forgot whose turn it was to move next. I suppose there are people who can go berserk in a dispute over a childish game, but to me that's something utterly incomprehensible. Can you understand a man murdering his friend over a game? However, they fixed on that. They had to find some shadow of a motive, and that was the best they could do.

"Of course, my lawyer tore it to shreds. He found half-a-dozen men to swear that neither Earle nor I ever played the game seriously.

"They had no other motive to put forward. Absolutely none. Both our lives were simple, ordinary, and open as a book. What was their case? They couldn't find what they were paid to find. For that, they proposed to send a man to the death cell."

"It sounds pretty damnable," said I.

"Yes," said he passionately. "Damnable is the word. They got what they were after -the jury voted nine to three for acquittal, which saved the faces of the police. You can imagine what my life has been since! If you ever get into that sort of mess, my friends, hang yourselves the first night, in your cell."

"Don't talk like that," said Logan. "Look here, you've had a bad time. Damned bad. But what the hell? It's over. You're here now."

"And we're here," said I. "If that helps any."

"Helps?" said he. "God, if you could ever guess how it helped! I'll never be able to tell you. I'm no good at that sort of thing. See, I drag you here, the only human beings who've treated me decently, and don't offer you a drink, even. Never mind, I'll give you one now -a drink you'll like."

"I could certainly swallow a highball," said Logan.

"You shall have something better than that," said Reid, moving toward the kitchenette. "We have a little specialty down in our corner of Georgia. Only it's got to be fixed properly. Wait just a minute.

"He disappeared through the door, and we heard corks being drawn and a great clatter of pouring and mixing.

He emerged with three brimming glasses on a tray. "Try this," he said proudly.

"To the days ahead!" said Logan, as we raised our glasses.

We drank and raised our eyebrows in appreciation.

"You like it?" cried Reid eagerly. "There's not many people who know the recipe for that drink, and fewer can make it well. There are bastard versions which some damned fools mix up -a disgrace to Georgia. I could -I could pour the mess over their heads. Wait a minute. You're men of discernment. Yes, by God, you are! You shall decide for yourselves.

"With that, he darted back into the kitchenette and rattled his bottles more furiously than before, praising the orthodox version of his drink, and damning all imitations.

"Now, here you are," said he, appearing with the tray loaded with drinks very much like the first. "These abortions have mace and ginger on the top instead of nutmeg. Take them. Drink them. Spit them out on the carpet if you want to. I'll mix some more of the real thing to take the taste out of your mouth. Just try them. Just tell me what you think of a barbarian who could insist that that was a Georgian drink.

"We sipped. There was no considerable difference. However, we replied as was expected of us.

"What do you think, Logan?" said I. "The first has it, beyond doubt."

"Beyond doubt," said Logan. "The first is the real thing."

"Yes," said Reid, his face livid and his eyes blazing like live coals. "And that is hogwash. The man who calls that Georgian is not fit to mix boot blacking. It hasn't the nutmeg. The touch of nutmeg makes it. A man who'd leave out the nutmeg ! I could !

"He put out both his hands to lift the tray, and his eyes fell on them. He sat very still, staring at them.

## **The Nightingale and The Rose**

*by Oscar Wilde*

"She said that she would dance with me, if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student, "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the Oak-tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves and wondered.

"Not a single red rose in all my garden!" the young man cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little thing does my happiness depend! I have read all the books the wise men have written, and the secrets of philosophy are mine, but I feel unhappy because I cannot find a red rose for my love."

"Here is a true lover at last," thought the Nightingale. "Night after night I sang of him, though I knew him not; night after night I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," said the young Student, "and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will take no notice of me, and my heart will break."

"Here, indeed, is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "*What I sing of, he suffers*; what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and rubies cannot buy it, nor is it sold in the market place. It may not be bought from merchants, nor can it be exchanged for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," continued the young Student, "and

play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and she will be surrounded by courtiers in their fine dresses. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her,” and he fell down on the grass, buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

“Why is he weeping?” asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past the Student with his tail in the air.

“Why, indeed?” said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam. “Why, indeed?” whispered a Daisy to his neighbour in a soft, low voice. “He is weeping because of a red rose,” said the Nightingale.

“A red rose?” they cried. “How very ridiculous!” And the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, burst out laughing.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student’s sorrow, and she sat silent in the Oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and flew into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot there was a beautiful Rose-tree, and, when she saw it, she flew over towards it.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

“My roses are yellow,” It answered, “yellow as the hair of the mermaid, who sits upon an amber throne; and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student’s window, and, perhaps, he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student’s window.

“Give me a red rose,” she pleaded, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.” But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are red,” it answered, “as red as the feet of doves, and redder than the great fans of coral in the ocean cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and I shall have no roses at all this year.”

“One red rose is all I want,” cried the Nightingale, “only one red rose! Is there any way by which I can get it?”

“There is a way,” answered the Tree, “but it is terrible that I dare not tell it to you.” “Tell it to me,” said the Nightingale, “I am not afraid.”

“If you want a red rose,” said the Tree, “you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must reach your heart, and your lifeblood must flow into my veins, and become mine.”

“Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,” cried the Nightingale, “and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the *hawthorn*, and sweet are the *bluebells* that hide in the valley, and the *heather* that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of man?”

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and flew into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

“Be happy,” cried the Nightingale, “be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover. For Love is wiser than Philosophy, though he is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. His wings are flame-coloured, and his body is coloured like a flame. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense.”

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could, not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale, who had built her nest in his branches.

“Sing me one last song,” he whispered. “I shall feel lonely when you are gone.”

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like bubbling water.

When she finished her song, the Student got up, and pulled a notebook and a lead pencil out of his pocket.

“She is graceful,” he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove, “that cannot be denied; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style without any sincerity. She only thinks of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean

anything, or do any practical good!" And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time he fell asleep.

And when the moon shone in the sky the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal moon leaned down and listened. All night she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper in her breast, and her lifeblood ebbed away from her.

She sang of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top of the Rose-tree blossomed a marvelous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river; pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. Pale as the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the top of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of the passion in the soul of a man and a young woman.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom, when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only the blood from a Nightingale's heart can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a sudden feeling of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvelous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and her eyes grew dim. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt that could no longer breathe.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white moon heard it, and she forgot

the dawn, and still remained in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo carried it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

“Look, look!” cried the Tree. “The rose is finished now,” but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

“Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!” he cried. “Here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has long Latin name,” and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor’s house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway, winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

“You said you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose,” cried the Student. “Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next to your heart, and as we dance together, it will tell you how I love you.”

But the girl frowned.

“*I am afraid, it will not go with my dress,*” she answered, “and, besides, the Chamberlain’s nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers.”

“Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful,” said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cartwheel went over it.

“Ungrateful!” cried the girl. “I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don’t believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes, unlike the Chamberlain’s nephew,” and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

“What a silly thing Love is!” said the Student as he walked away. “It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything. It is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics.”

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.



## **The Smile** *by Ray Bradbury*

In the town square the queue had formed at five in the morning while cocks were crowing far out in the rimed country and there were no fires. All about, among the ruined buildings, bits of mist had clung at first, but now with the new light of seven o'clock it was beginning to disperse. Down the road, in twos and threes, more people were gathering in for the day of marketing, the day of festival.

The small boy stood immediately behind two men who had been talking loudly in the clear air, and all of the sounds they made seemed twice as loud because of the cold. The small boy stomped his feet and blew on his red, chapped hands, and looked up at the soiled gunnysack clothing of the men and down the long line of men and women ahead.

“Here, boy, what’re you doing out so early?” said the man behind him.

“Got my place in line, I have,” said the boy.

“Whyn’t you run off, give your place to someone who appreciates?”

“Leave the boy alone,” said the man ahead, suddenly turning.

“I was joking.” The man behind put his hand on the boy’s head. The boy shook it away coldly. “I just thought it strange, a boy out of bed so early.”

“This boy’s an appreciator of arts, I’ll have you know,” said the boy’s defender, a man named Grigsby. “What’s your name, lad?”

“Tom.”

“Tom here is going to spit clean and true, right, Tom?” “I sure am!” Laughter passed down the line.

A man was selling cracked cups of hot coffee up ahead.

Tom looked and saw the little hot fire and the brew bubbling in a rusty pan. It wasn’t really coffee. It was made from some berry that grew on the meadowlands beyond town, and it sold a penny a cup to warm their stomachs; but not many were buying, not many had the wealth.

Tom stared ahead to the place where the line ended, beyond a bombed-out stone wall. “They say she smiles,” said the boy. “Aye, she does,” said Grigsby.

“They say she’s made of oil and canvas.”

“True. And that’s what makes me think she’s not the original one. The original, now, I’ve heard, was painted on wood a long time ago.”

“They say she’s four centuries old.”

“Maybe more. No one knows what year this is, to be sure.” “It’s 2061!”

“That’s what they say, boy, yes. Liars. Could be 3000 or 5000, for all we know. Things were in a fearful mess there for a while. All we got now is bits and pieces.”

They shuffled along the cold stones of the street.

“How much longer before we see her?” asked Tom uneasily.

“Just a few more minutes. They got her set up with four brass poles and velvet rope, all fancy, to keep folks back. Now mind, no rocks, Tom; they don’t allow rocks thrown at her.”

“Yes, sir.”

The sun rose higher in the heavens, bringing heat which made the men shed their grimy coats and greasy hats.

“Why’re we all here in line?” asked Tom at last. “Why’re we all here to spit?” Grigsby did not glance down at him, but judged the sun.

“Well, Tom, there’s lots of reasons.” He reached absently for a pocket that was long gone, for a cigarette that wasn’t there. Tom had seen the gesture a million times. “Tom, it has to do with hate. Hate for everything in the Past. I ask you, Tom, how did we get in such a state, cities all junk, roads like jigsaws from bombs, and half the cornfields glowing with radio-activity at night? Ain’t that a lousy stew I ask you?”

“Yes, sir, I guess so.”

“It’s this way, Tom. You hate whatever it was that got you all knocked down and ruined. That’s human nature. Unthinking, maybe, but human nature anyway.”

“There’s hardly nobody or nothing we don’t hate,” said Tom.

“Right! The whole blooming caboodle of them people\* in the Past who run the world. So here we are on a Thursday morning with our guts plastered to our spines, cold, live in caves and such, don’t smoke, don’t drink, don’t nothing except have our festivals, Tom, our festivals.”

And Tom thought of the festivals in the past few years.

The year they tore up all the books in the square and burned them and everyone was drunk and laughing. And the festival of science a month ago when they dragged in the last motorcar and picked lots and each lucky man who won was allowed one smash of a sledge hammer at the car.

“Do I remember that, Tom? Do I remember? Why, I got to smash the front window, the window, you hear? My God, it made a lovely sound! Crash!”

Tom could hear the glass fall in glittering heaps.

“And Bill Henderson, he got to bash the engine. Oh, he did a smart job of it, with great efficiency. Wham!\*” “But best of all,” recalled Grigsby, “there

was the time they smashed a factory that was still trying to turn out airplanes.”

“Lord, did we feel good blowing it up!” said Grigsby. “And then we found that newspaper plant and the munitions depot and exploded them together. Do you understand, Tom?”

Tom puzzled over it. “I guess.”

It was high noon. Now the odors of the ruined city stank on the hot air and things crawled among the tumbled buildings.

“Won't it ever come back, mister?”

“What, civilization? Nobody wants it. Not me!” “I could stand a bit of it,” said the man behind another man. “There were a few spots of beauty in it.”

“Don't worry your heads,” shouted Grigsby. “There's no room for that, either.”

“Ah,” said the man behind the man. “Someone'll come along someday with imagination and patch it up. Mark my words. Someone with a heart.”

“No,” said Grigsby.

“I say yes. Someone with a soul for pretty things. Might give us back a kind of limited sort of civilization, the kind we could live in peace.”

“First thing you know there's war!” “But maybe next time it'd be different.”

As last they stood in the main square. A man on horseback was riding from the distance into the town. He had a piece of paper in his hand. In the center of the square was the roped-off area. Tom, Grigsby, and the others were collecting their spittle and moving forward – prepared and ready, eyes wide. Tom felt his heart beating very strongly and excitedly, and the earth was hot under his bare feet.

“Here we go, Tom, let fly!”

Four policemen stood at the corners of the roped area, four men with bits of yellow twine on their wrists to show their authority over other men. They were there to prevent rocks being hurled.

“This way,” said Grigsby at the last moment, “everyone feels he's had his chance at her, you see, Tom? Go on, now!”

Tom stood before the painting and looked at it for a long time. “Tom, spit!”

His mouth was dry. “Get on, Tom! Move!”

“But,” said Tom, slowly, “she's beautiful!”

“Here, I'll spit for you!” Grigsby spat and the missile flew in the sunlight. The woman in the portrait smiled serenely, secretly, at Tom, and he looked back at her, his heart beating, a kind of music in his ears.

“She's beautiful,” he said.

“Now get on, before the police –” “Attention!”

The line fell silent. One moment they were berating Tom for not moving forward, now they were turning to the man on horseback.

“What do they call it, sir?” asked Tom, quietly.

“The picture? Mona Lisa, Tom, I think. Yes, the Mona Lisa.” “I have an announcement,” said the man on horseback.

“The authorities have decreed that as of high noon\* today the portrait in the square is to be given over into the hands of the populace there, so they may participate in the destruction of –”

Tom hadn't even time to scream before the crowd bore him, shouting and pummeling about, stampeding toward the portrait. There was a sharp ripping sound. The police ran to escape. The crowd was in full cry, their hands like so many hungry birds pecking away at the portrait. Tom felt himself thrust almost through the broken thing. Reaching out in blind imitation of the others, he snatched a scrap of oily canvas, yanked, felt the canvas give, then fell, was kicked, sent rolling to the outer rim of the mob. Bloody, his clothing torn, he watched old women chew pieces of canvas, men break the frame, kick the ragged cloth, and rip it into confetti.

Only Tom stood apart, silent in the moving square. He looked down at his hand. It clutched the piece of canvas close to his chest, hidden.

“Hey there, Tom!” cried Grigsby.

Without a word, sobbing, Tom ran. He ran out and down the bomb-pitted road, into a field, across a shallow stream, not looking back, his hand clenched tightly, tucked under his coat.

At sunset he reached the small village and passed on through. By nine o'clock he came to the ruined farm dwelling. Around back,\* in the half silo, in the part that still remained upright, tented over, he heard the sounds of sleeping, the family – his mother, father, and brother. He slipped quickly, silently, through the small door and lay down, panting.

“Tom?” called his mother in the dark. “Yes.”

“Where've you been?” snapped his father. “I'll beat you in the morning.”

Someone kicked him. His brother, who had been left behind to work their little patch of ground.

“Go to sleep,” cried his mother, faintly. Another kick.

Tom lay getting his breath. All was quiet. His hand was pushed to his chest, tight, tight.

He lay for half an hour this way, eyes closed.

Then he felt something, and it was a cold white light. The moon rose very high and the little square of light moved in the silo and crept slowly over Tom's

body. Then, and only then, did his hand relax. Slowly, carefully, listening to those who slept about him, Tom drew his hand forth. He hesitated, sucked in his breath, and then, waiting, opened his hand and uncrumpled the tiny fragment of painted canvas.

All the world was asleep in the moonlight. And there on his hand was the Smile.

He looked at it in the white illumination from the midnight sky. And he thought, over and over to himself, quietly, the Smile, the lovely Smile.

An hour later he could still see it, even after he had folded it carefully and hidden it. He shut his eyes and the Smile was there in the darkness. And it was still there, warm and gentle, when he went to sleep and the world was silent and the moon sailed up and then down the cold sky toward morning.

## **The Ideal Man**

*by John O'Hara*

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

“Holy hell!” exclaimed Walter Janssen. He slammed down his coffee cup, splashing the contents on the tablecloth.

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

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

She took the paper. Her eyes roved about the page and stopped. “Oh,

that? Well, I'd like to know what's wrong with that. Hereafter I'll thank you to keep your cursing and swearing."

"You! You!" said Walter.

"Myrna, Paul, off to school. Get your coats and hats and bring them in here.

"Hurry now," said Elsie. The children got up and went to the hall.

"Just hold your temper till the children are where they won't hear you, with your raving like somebody insane." She buttoned Myrna's coat and made Paul button his and warned him to keep it buttoned and warned Myrna not to let go of Paul's hand; then she shooed them off with a smile that would have been approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. But as soon as they were out of the apartment, the smile was gone. "All right, you big baboon, go ahead and curse your head off. I'm used to it."

Walter said, "Gimme back that paper."

"You can have it," said Elsie. She handed him the paper. "Go ahead, read it till you get a stroke. You ought a see yourself." Walter began to read aloud. "Is your husband as attentive to you now that you are married as when he was courting you? Answer: Mrs. Elsie Janssen, West 174<sup>th</sup> Street, housewife: Yes, in fact more so. Before we were married my husband was not exactly what would be called the romantic type. He was definitely shy. However, since our marriage he has become the ideal man from the romantic point of view. None of your Tyrone Powers or Clark Gables for me. For God's sake!"

"Well, so what?" said Elsie.

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

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

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

Walter wasn't listening. "The office," he said. "Oh, God. What they're going to do to me at that office. McGonigle. Jeffries. Hall. What'll they see it. They prob'ly read it already. I can just see them waiting till I get in. I go to my desk and then they all start calling me Tyrone Power and Clark Gable." He stared at her. "You know what's gonna happen, don't you? They'll start kidding till they get too loud, and the boss'll want to know what it's all about, and he'll find out. Maybe they won't come right out and snitch, but he'll find out. And

he'll call me in his office and say I'm fired, and he'll be right. I oughta be fired. Listen, when you work for a finance corporation you don't want your employees going around getting a lot of silly publicity. What happens to the public confidence it –“

“It doesn't say a word about you. It says Elsie Janssen. It doesn't say where you work or anything else. You look in the phone book and there's any number of Walter Janssen's.”

“Three, including Queens, too.” “Well, it could be another one.”

“Not living on 17<sup>th</sup> Street. Even if the public doesn't know at the office. What if they don't care about the publicity part? All the boss'll want to know if I have a wife that – that goes blabbing around, and believe you me, they don't want employees with wives that go blabbing around. The public –“

“Oh, you and the public.”

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

“Oh, hooley,” said Elsie, and began to stack the breakfast dishes.

“Hooley. All right, hooley, but I'm not going to that office today. You call up and tell them I have a cold.”

“You big baby. If you want to stay home, call them up yourself,” said Elsie. “I said you call them up. I'm not going to that office.”

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

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

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

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

to kid him. He began to feel pretty good about it.

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

“Well, I guess I’ll go to the office now,” he said. She stopped sobbing. “What?” she said, but did not let him see her face.

“Going downtown now,” he said.

She sat up, “Are you cross at me any more?” she said. “Nah, what the hell?” he said.

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

## **Mr Know-All**

*by S. Maugham*

I was prepared to dislike Max Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just finished and the passenger traffic in the ocean-going liners was heavy. Accommodation was very hard to get and you had to put up with whatever the agents chose to offer you. You could not hope for a cabin to yourself and I was thankful to be given one in which there were only two berths. But when I was told the name of my companion my heart sank. It suggested closed port-holes and the night air rigidly excluded. It was bad enough to share a cabin for fourteen days with anyone (I was going from San Francisco to Yokohama), but I should have looked upon it with less dismay if my fellow-passenger’s name had been Smith or Brown.

When I went on board I found Mr Kelada’s luggage already below. I did not like the look of it; there were too many labels on the suitcases, and the wardrobe trunk was too big. He had unpacked his toilet things, and I observed that he was a patron of the excellent Monsieur Coty; for I saw on the washing-stand his scent, his hair-wash, and his brilliantine. Mr Kelada’s brushes, ebony with his monogram in gold, would have been all the better for a scrub. I did not at all like Mr Kelada. I made my way into the smoking-room. I called for a pack of cards and began to play patience. I had scarcely started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right in thinking my name was so-and-so.



‘I am Mr Kelada,’ he added, with a smile that showed a row of flashing teeth, and sat down.

‘Oh, yes, we’re sharing a cabin, I think.’

‘Bit of luck, I call it. You never know who you’re going to be put in with. I was jolly glad when I heard you were English. I’m all for us English sticking together when we’re abroad, if you understand what I mean.’

I blinked.

‘Are you English?’ I asked, perhaps tactlessly.

‘Rather. You don’t think I look an American, do you? British to the backbone, that’s what I am.’

To prove it, Mr Kelada took out of his pocket a passport and airily waved it under my nose.

King George has many strange subjects. Mr Kelada was short and of a sturdy build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned, with a fleshy, hooked nose and very large, lustrous and liquid eyes. His long black hair was sleek and curly. He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and his gestures were exuberant. I felt pretty sure that a closer inspection of that British passport would have betrayed the fact that Mr Kelada was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England.

‘What will you have?’ he asked me.

I looked at him doubtfully. Prohibition was in force and to all appearances the ship was bone-dry. When I am not thirsty I do not know which I dislike more, ginger-ale or lemon-squash. But Mr Kelada flashed an oriental smile at me.

‘Whisky and soda or a dry Martini, you have only to say the word.’

From each of his hip-pockets he fished a flask and laid them on the table before me. I chose the Martini, and calling the steward he ordered a tumbler of ice and a couple of glasses.

‘A very good cocktail,’ I said.

‘Well, there are plenty more where that came from, and if you’ve got any friends on board, you tell them you’ve got a pal who’s got all the liquor in the world.’

Mr Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and politics. He was patriotic. The Union Jack is an impressive piece of drapery, but when it is flourished by a gentleman from Alexandria or Beirut, I cannot but feel that it loses somewhat in dignity. Mr Kelada was familiar. I do not wish to put on airs, but I cannot help feeling that it

is seemly in a total stranger to put mister before my name when he addresses me. Mr Kelada, doubtless to set me at my ease, used no such formality. I did not like Mr Kelada. I had put aside the cards when he sat down, but now, thinking that for this first occasion our conversation had lasted long enough, I went on with my game.

‘The three on the four,’ said Mr Kelada.

There is nothing more exasperating when you are playing patience than to be told where to put the card you have turned up before you have had a chance to look for yourself.

‘It ’s coming out, it’s coming out,’ he cried. ‘The ten on the knave.’

With rage and hatred in my heart I finished. Then he seized the pack.

‘Do you like card tricks?’

‘No, I hate card tricks,’ I answered.

‘Well, I’ll just show you this one.’

He showed me three. Then I said I would go down to the dining–room and get my seat at table.

‘Oh, that’s all right,’ he said. ‘I’ve already taken a seat for you. I thought that as we were in the same state–room we might just as well sit at the same table.’

I did not like Mr Kelada.

I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I could not walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted.

He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face without the suspicion dawning on him that he was not a welcome visitor. He was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He managed the sweeps, conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, got up quoit and golf matches, organized the concert, and arranged the fancy–dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best–hated man in the ship. We called him Mr Know–All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. For the better part of an hour then he had us at his mercy. He was hearty, jovial, loquacious and argumentative. He knew everything better than anybody else, and it was an affront to his overweening vanity that you should disagree with him. He would not drop a subject, however unimportant, till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be

mistaken never occurred to him. He was the chap who knew. We sat at the doctor's table. Mr Kelada would certainly have had it all his own way, for the doctor was lazy and I was frigidly indifferent, except for a man called Ramsay who sat there also. He was as dogmatic as Mr Kelada and resented bitterly the Levantine's coxsureness. The discussions they had were acrimonious and interminable.

Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow from the Middle West, with loose fat under a tight skin, and he bulged out of his ready-made clothes. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs Ramsay was a very pretty little thing, with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. The Consular Service is ill paid, and she was dressed always very simply; but she knew how to wear her clothes. She achieved an effect of quiet distinction. I should not have paid any particular attention to her but that she possessed a quality that may be common enough in women, but nowadays is not obvious in their demeanour. You could not look at her without being struck by her modesty. It shone in her like a flower on a coat.

One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There had been in the papers a good deal of talk about the culture pearls which the cunning Japanese were making, and the doctor remarked that they must inevitably diminish the value of real ones. They were very good already; they would soon be perfect. Mr Kelada, as was his habit, rushed the new topic. He told us all that was to be known about pearls. I do not believe Ramsay knew anything about them at all, but he could not resist the opportunity to have a fling at the Levantine, and in five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I had seen Mr Kelada vehement and voluble before, but never so voluble and vehement as now. At last something that Ramsay said stung him, for he thumped the table and shouted:

‘Well, I ought to know what I am talking about. I’m going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I’m in the trade and there’s not a man in it who won’t tell you that what I say about pearls goes. I know all the best pearls in the world, and what I don’t know about pearls isn’t worth knowing.’

Here was news for us, for Mr Kelada, with all his loquacity, had never told anyone what his business was. We only knew vaguely that he was going to Japan on some commercial errand. He looked round the table triumphantly.

‘They’ll never be able to get a culture pearl that an expert like me can’t tell with half an eye.’ He pointed to a chain that Mrs Ramsay wore. ‘You take my word for it, Mrs Ramsay, that chain you’re wearing will never be worth a cent less than it is now.’

Mrs Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped the chain inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile flickered in his eyes.

‘That’s a pretty chain of Mrs Ramsay’s, isn’t it?’

‘I noticed it at once,’ answered Mr Kelada. ‘Gee, I said to myself, those are pearls all right.’

‘I didn’t buy it myself, of course. I’d be interested to know how much you think it cost.’

‘Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue I shouldn’t be surprised to hear that anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it.’

Ramsay smiled grimly.

‘You’ll be surprised to hear that Mrs Ramsay bought that string at a department store the day before we left New York, for eighteen dollars.’ Mr Kelada flushed.

‘Rot. It’s not only real, but it’s as fine a string for its size as I’ve ever seen.’

‘Will you bet on it? I’ll bet you a hundred dollars it’s imitation.’

‘Done.’

‘Oh, Elmer, you can’t bet on a certainty,’ said Mrs Ramsay.

She had a little smile on her lips and her tone was gently deprecating.

‘Can’t I? If I get a chance of easy money like that I should be all sorts of a fool not to take it.’

‘But how can it be proved?’ she continued. ‘It’s only my word against Mr Kelada’s.’

‘Let me look at the chain, and if it’s imitation I’ll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars,’ said Mr Kelada.

‘Take it off, dear. Let the gentleman look at it as much as he wants.’

Mrs Ramsay hesitated a moment. She put her hands to the clasp.

‘I can’t undo it,’ she said. ‘Mr Kelada will just have to take my word for it.’

I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to occur, but I could think of nothing to say.

Ramsay jumped up.

‘I’ll undo it.’

He handed the chain to Mr Kelada. The Levantine took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his smooth and swarthy face. He handed back the chain. He was about to speak. Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs Ramsay’s face. It was so white that she looked as though she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. They held a desperate appeal; it was so clear that I wondered why her husband did not see it.

Mr Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself.

‘I was mistaken,’ he said. ‘It’s a very good imitation, but of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw that it wasn’t real. I think eighteen dollars is just about as much as the damned thing’s worth.’

He took out his pocket-book and from it a hundred-dollar note. He handed it to Ramsay without a word.

‘Perhaps that’ll teach you not to be so cocksure another time, my young friend,’ said Ramsay as he took the note. I noticed that Mr Kelada’s hands were trembling.

The story spread over the ship as stories do, and he had to put up with a good deal of chaff that evening. It was a fine joke that Mr Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs Ramsay retired to her state-room with a headache. Next morning I got up and began to shave. Mr Kelada lay on his bed smoking a cigarette. Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Max Kelada. The name was written in block letters. I handed it to him.

‘Who’s this from?’ He opened it. ‘Oh!’

He took out of the envelope, not a letter, but a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and again he reddened. He tore the envelope into little bits and gave them to me.

‘Do you mind just throwing them out of the port-hole?’

I did as he asked, and then I looked at him with a smile.

‘No one likes being made to look a perfect damned fool,’ he said.

‘Were the pearls real?’

‘If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn’t let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe,’ said he.

At that moment I did not entirely dislike Mr Kelada. He reached out for his pocket-book and carefully put in it the hundred-dollar note.

## **The Picture of Dorian Gray**

*by Oscar Wilde*

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement, and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As he looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skillfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and, closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry, languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. The Grosvenor is the only place."

"I don't think I will send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. "No: I won't send it anywhere."

"I know you will laugh at me," he replied, "but I really can't exhibit it. *I have put too much of myself into it.*"

Lord Henry stretched his long legs out on the divan and shook with laughter.

"Yes, I knew you would laugh; but it is quite true, all the same."

"Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so vain; and *I really can't see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made of ivory and rose-leaves.* Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you

– well, of course you have an intellectual expression, and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself an exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and consequently he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is a brainless, beautiful thing, who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry. Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit quietly and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are, – my fame, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks, – we will all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly."

"Dorian Gray? Is that his name?" said Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward.

"Yes; that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you." "But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people immensely I never tell their names to any one. It seems like surrendering a part of them. You know how I love secrecy. It is the only thing that can make modern life wonderful or mysterious to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. It is a silly habit, I dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?"

"I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason."

"I told you the real reason."

"No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish."

"Harry," said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, "*every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter*. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the colored canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown with it the secret of my own soul."

Lord Harry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said Hallward; and an expression of perplexity came over his face.

"I am all expectation, Basil," murmured his companion, looking at him.

"Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry," answered the young painter; and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it. Lady Brandon brought me up to Royalties. I could not get rid of her. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionize me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was mad of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so mad, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other."

"Tell me more about Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. Of course sometimes it is only for a few minutes. But a few minutes with somebody one worships mean a great deal."

"But you don't really worship him?"



"I do."

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your painting, – your art, I should say. Art sounds better, doesn't it?"

"He is all my art to me now. I sometimes think, Harry, that *there are only two eras of any importance in the history of the world*. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinoüs was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, model from him. Of course I have done all that. He has stood as Paris in dainty armour, and as Adonis with huntsman's cloak and polished boar-spear. Crowned with heavy lotus-blossoms, he has sat on the prow of Adrian's barge, looking into the green, turbid Nile. He has leaned over the still pool of some Greek woodland, and seen in the water's silent silver the wonder of his own beauty. But he is much more to me than that. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done since I met Dorian Gray is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way – I wonder will you understand me? – his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now re-create life in a way that was hidden from me before. The merely visible presence of this lad, – for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty, – his merely visible presence, – ah! I wonder can you realize all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in itself all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body, – how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is bestial, an ideality that is void. Harry! Harry! If you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price, but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me."

"Basil, this is quite wonderful! I must see Dorian Gray." Hallward got up from the seat, and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back.

"You don't understand, Harry," he said. "*Dorian Gray is merely to me a motive in art*. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He

is simply a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I see him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and the subtleties of certain colors. That is all."

"Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?"

"Because I have put into it all the extraordinary romance of which, of course, I have never dared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He will never know anything about it. But the world might guess it; and I will not bare my soul to their shallow, prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry, too much of myself!"

"Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir," said the butler, coming into the garden.

"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

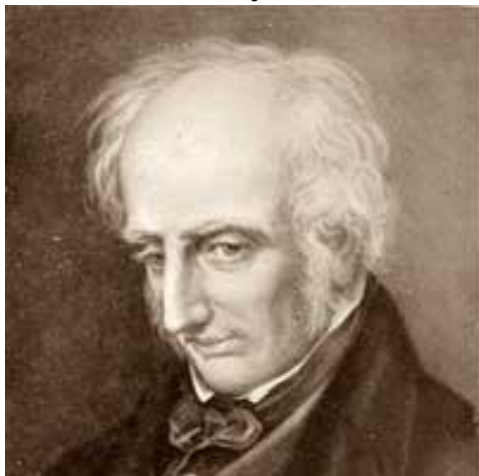
Basil Hallward turned to the servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. "Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker: I will be in in a few moments." The man bowed, and went up the walk.

Then he looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Don't spoil him for me. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvellous people in it. Don't take away from me the one person that makes life absolutely lovely to me, and that gives to my art whatever wonder or charm it possesses. Mind, Harry, I trust you." He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost against his will.

"What nonsense you talk!" said Lord Henry, smiling, and, taking Hallward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

## БАНК АНГЛОМОВНИХ ПОЕТИЧНИХ ТВОРІВ ДЛЯ ПЕРЕКЛАДУ

"I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" is a lyric poem that expresses deep feelings about the beauty of nature. William Wordsworth was a well-known poet of the



William Wordsworth (1770 – 1850)

Romantic era, which began at the beginning of the 1800s. The focus during the Romantic era was on people's feelings and their connectedness to nature. That was a drastic shift from the emphasis on science and reason of the Enlightenment era, which came before. "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" is one of Wordsworth's most famous poems. It was inspired by a journal entry his sister wrote recounting when the two of them went for a walk along the bay and saw a large number of daffodils.

### I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and  
hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly  
dance.

The waves beside them danced; but  
they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little  
thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.



Edgar Guest (1881-1959)

**Edgar Guest (1881-1959) was a prolific American poet – publishing a poem every day in the Detroit Free Press for 30 years. Known as the People’s Poet, Edgar Guest wrote easy-to-read poems about many relatable topics. He wrote encouraging life messages about topics such as family and work. This particular poem encourages readers not to give up when they are faced with challenges. Even when things are not going well, keep pushing on. You never know how close you are to success and making it to the other side.**

## Keep Going

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you’re trudging seems all up hill,  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,  
When care is pressing you down a bit,  
Rest if you must—but don’t you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,  
As every one of us sometimes learns,  
And many a failure turns about  
When he might have won had he stuck it out;  
Don’t give up, though the pace seems slow—  
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
It seems to a faint and faltering man,  
Often the struggler has given up  
When he might have captured the victor’s cup,  
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,  
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,  
And you never can tell how close you are,  
It may be near when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight when you’re hardest hit—  
It’s when things seem worst that you mustn’t quit.



An editor, publisher, poet, and humorist, Thomas Hood was born in London, the son of a bookseller. As a member of the London literary scene, he was familiar with Hartley Coleridge, Thomas De Quincy, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and William Wordsworth. Though he was known for his light verse and puns, Hood also depicted the working conditions of the poor.

Thomas Hood (1799 — 1845)

## "She's Up and Gone, the Graceless Girl"

She's up and gone, the graceless girl,  
And robb'd my failing years!  
My blood before was thin and cold  
But now 'tis turn'd to tears;—  
My shadow falls upon my grave,  
So near the brink I stand,  
She might have stay'd a little yet,  
And led me by the hand!  
Aye, call her on the barren moor,  
And call her on the hill:  
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,  
And plover's answer shrill;  
My child is flown on wilder wings  
Than they have ever spread,  
And I may even walk a waste  
That widen'd when she fled.  
Full many a thankless child has been,  
But never one like mine;  
Her meat was served on plates of gold,  
Her drink was rosy wine;  
But now she'll share the robin's food,  
And sup the common rill,  
Before her feet will turn again  
To meet her father's will!



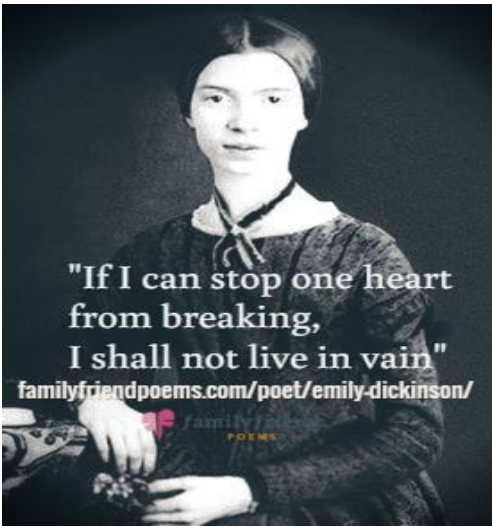
William Shakespeare was a poet, dramatist, and actor. Shakespeare is possibly THE best known poet in the Western World and beyond. Few men have had such an influence on the literary world whilst being relatively unknown in terms of his personal life except that he was born and died on St George's Day.

Sonnet 116 develops the theme of the eternity of true love through an elaborate and intricate cascade of images. Shakespeare first states that love is essentially a mental relationship; the central property of love is truth—that is, fidelity—and fidelity proceeds from and is anchored in the mind.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## **Sonnet 116: "Let me not to the marriage of true minds..."**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.



Emily Dickinson was an American poet who lived from 1830-1886. The first volume of her poetry was not published until four years after her death. In this poem, it's not clear what the speaker was waiting for, but some believe it could be Sue, Emily's sister-in-law. They spent many years corresponding with each other but had moments of estrangement. Some believe this poem also has religious and spiritual references to touching to cloak of Jesus and crossing over to death. Or it could simply be about waiting for winter to arrive. This poem is composed of quatrains (four-line stanzas) that follow the ABCB rhyme scheme.

Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

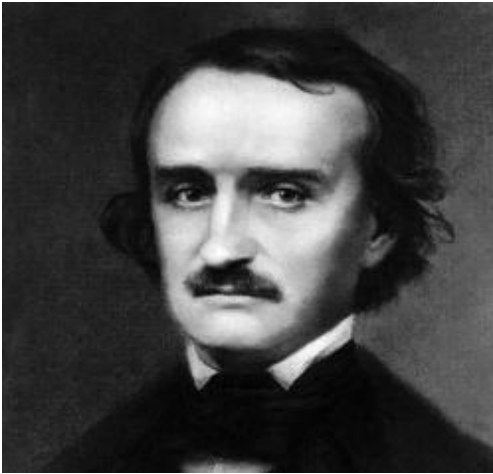
## Before The Ice Is In The Pools

Before the ice is in the pools—  
Before the skaters go,  
Or any check at nightfall  
Is tarnished by the snow—

Before the fields have finished,  
Before the Christmas tree,  
Wonder upon wonder  
Will arrive to me!

What we touch the hems of  
On a summer's day—  
What is only walking  
Just a bridge away—

That which sings so—speaks so—  
When there's no one here—  
Will the frock I wept in  
Answer me to wear?



Edgar Allan Poe (1809 – 1849)

Annabel Lee was the last poem written by Poe. Like many of Poe's poems, this one is about lost love. It was published in 1849 shortly after his death. The subject mourns the death of his young love, Annabel Lee, and blames the angels for killing her out of jealousy for their love. He has since then slept by her grave, unable to accept her death. Edgar Allan Poe once said that the death of a beautiful woman is "the most poetical topic in the world". In this poem, the subject's lover, Annabel Lee was killed. The subject of the poem affirms that the love between him and Annabel Lee is so strong that even death can't separate them.

## Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you  
may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no  
other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.  
I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more  
than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of  
Heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.  
The angels, not half so happy in  
Heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men

know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by  
night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than  
the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven  
above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the  
soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without  
bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the  
bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by  
the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life  
and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



William Shakespeare, regarded as the foremost dramatist of his time, wrote more than thirty plays and more than one hundred sonnets, all written in the form of three quatrains and a couplet that is now recognized as Shakespearean.



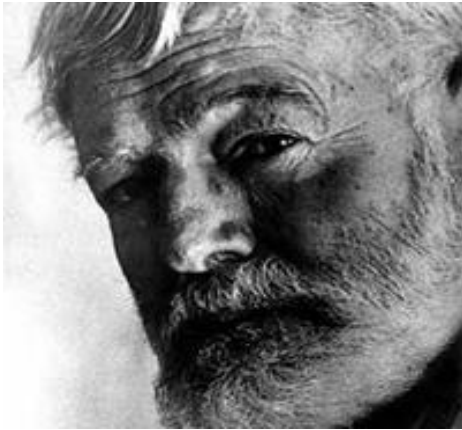
Sonnet 113 finds the speaker again addressing his muse. He notices that while not directly engaging her during his act of creating and crafting his art, his mind continues to fancy her as he observes nature. He is thus examining the dual nature of the creative spirit in humanity. The deeply discerning speaker is elucidating the fact that the human soul and the concept of a "muse" are mutual. The soul, which is eternal and immortal, is also all powerful, as it is a spark of the Divine Creator. The speaker therefore has become aware of the limitless potential of his spiritual element, his muse, and he now is capable of demonstrating that that power moves in all directions of creativity.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 113: "Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;..."

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flower, or shape which it doth latch:  
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.  
Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine eye untrue.

**Ernest Hemingway was an American author and poet who lived from 1899-1961. He loved adventure and used his various experiences to inspire his writing. This poem was his chance to impart wisdom on his sons.**



Ernest Hemingway (1899 – 1961)

**Hemingway writes in first person speaking directly to his son, warning him on the harsh realities of life and the dangers in the world. His straightforward and bold tone expresses his care and hope for his son not to make the same mistakes he has seen been made that have negatively impacted peoples lives.**

## **Advice To A Son**

Never trust a white man,  
Never kill a Jew,  
Never sign a contract,  
Never rent a pew.  
Don't enlist in armies;  
Nor marry many wives;  
Never write for magazines;  
Never scratch your hives.  
Always put paper on the seat,  
Don't believe in wars,  
Keep yourself both clean and neat,  
Never marry whores.  
Never pay a blackmailer,  
Never go to law,  
Never trust a publisher,  
Or you'll sleep on straw.  
All your friends will leave you  
All your friends will die  
So lead a clean and wholesome life  
And join them in the sky.



Sometimes dismissed as a 'lesser poet' of the Romantic Era, Thomas Hood was known in his lifetime as a comic writer. Today, he is best known for his more serious work, of which *The Song of the Shirt* upon publication. Attacking worker exploitation, it first appeared anonymously in *Punch* in 1843, but was soon reprinted across various European newspapers, and appeared on such media as pocket handkerchiefs and broadsheets. Highly regarded by many literary figures (including Charles Dickens), it had a considerably wide-reaching impact. His friendship with Dickens dates from his review of Dicken's *Master Humphrey's Clock* in 1840

Thomas Hood (1799 — 1845)

## It Was Not In The Winter

It was not in the Winter  
Our loving lot was cast;  
It was the Time of Roses,—  
We plucked them as we passed!  
That churlish season never frown'd  
On early lovers yet:—  
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd  
With flowers when first we met!  
'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,  
But still you held me fast;  
It was the Time of Roses,—  
We pluck'd them as we pass'd.—  
What else could peer thy glowing cheek,  
That tears began to stud?  
And when I ask'd the like of Love,  
You snatched a damask bud;  
And oped it to the dainty core,  
Still glowing to the last.—  
It was the Time of Roses,—



Maya Angelou is one of the most celebrated American Poets of our time. Born in 1928, her life has spanned much of the African American struggle for racial equality. She was a confidant of Malcolm X and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. In this poem about African American Courage, Angelou embodies the power, courage and tenacity of the African American experience.

Maya Angelou (1928 – 2014)

## Still I Rise

You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may tread me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?  
Why are you beset with gloom?  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells  
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,  
With the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.  
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don't you take it awful hard  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines  
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,  
You may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?  
Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I've got diamonds  
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame  
I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain  
I rise  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.  
Leaving behind nights of terror and  
fear  
I rise  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear  
I rise  
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors  
gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the  
slave.  
I rise  
I rise  
I rise.

**КРИТЕРІЇ ОЦІНЮВАННЯ НАВЧАЛЬНИХ ДОСЯГНЕНЬ СТУДЕНТІВ  
ПІД ЧАС ПРОХОДЖЕННЯ НАВЧАЛЬНОЇ ПРАКТИКИ (переклад  
художніх та поетичних творів)**

**Оцінювання результатів практики проводиться за кредитно-трансферною системою навчання**

За 100-бальною шкалою	За шкалою ECTS	За національною шкалою
90–100	A	Відмінно
82–89	B	Добре
75–81	C	
64–74	D	Задовільно
60–63	E	
35–59	FX	Незадовільно (незараховано) з можливістю повторного складання
1–34	F	Незадовільно (незараховано) з обов'язковим повторним вивченням

**Критерії оцінювання результатів навчальної практики (переклад  
художніх та поетичних творів)**

**Оцінка А «відмінно»:**

- наявність повного звіту, поданого у встановлений термін;
- відмінна оцінка у відгуці керівника практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою уривка художнього твору визначеного обсягу, переклад якого оцінено на «відмінно» керівником практики;

- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою у віршованій формі поетичного твору англійських або американських поетів, переклад якого оцінено на «відмінно» керівником практики;
- наявність англо-українського вокабуляря, поданого в алфавітному порядку і з транскрипцією;
- успішно і своєчасно захищено звіт практики.

#### **Оцінка В «добре»:**

- наявність повного звіту, поданого у встановлений термін ;
- добра оцінка у відгуці керівника практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою уривка художнього твору визначеного обсягу, що містить незначні огріхи, переклад оцінено на «добре» керівником практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою у віршованій формі поетичного твору англійських або американських поетів, що містить незначні огріхи і оцінено на «добре» керівником практики;
- наявність англо-українського термінологічного вокабуляря обсягом 100 термінів, поданого в алфавітному порядку і з транскрипцією;
- добре і своєчасно захищено звіт практики.

#### **Оцінка С «добре»:**

- наявність поданого у встановлений термін повного звіту, що має певні недоліки;
- добра оцінка в характеристиці керівника практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою уривка художнього твору визначеного обсягу, який містить певні неточності, стилістичні, граматичні та орфографічні помилки, переклад оцінено на «добре» керівником практики;

- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою у віршованій формі поетичного твору англійських або американських поетів, що містить певні неточності та стилістичні або граматичні помилки, і оцінено на «добре» керівником практики;
- наявність англо-українського термінологічного вокабуляря обсягом 100 термінів, поданого в алфавітному порядку і з транскрипцією, що містить незначні помилки у транскрибуванні;
- добре і своєчасно захищено звіт практики.

#### **Оцінка D «задовільно»:**

- наявність неповного звіту, що містить помилки та огріхи, поданого не в установленій термін;
- задовільна оцінка в характеристиці керівника практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою уривка художнього твору визначеного обсягу, що свідчить про здатність самостійно робити письмовий переклад, однак містить багато неточностей, стилістичні, граматичні та орфографічні помилки, переклад оцінено на «задовільно» керівником практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою у віршованій формі поетичного твору англійських або американських поетів, що містить багато неточностей та стилістичні або граматичні помилки, і оцінено на «задовільно» керівником практики;
- наявність англо-українського вокабуляря обсягом 100 термінів, поданого в алфавітному порядку і з транскрипцією, що містить значні помилки у транскрибуванні;
- своєчасно і задовільно захищено звіт практики.

#### **Оцінка E «задовільно»:**

- наявність неповного звіту, поданого несвоєчасно, що містить значні помилки;

- задовільна оцінка в характеристиці керівника практики;
- наявність письмового перекладу українською мовою уривка художнього твору визначеного обсягу, який містить багато неточностей та стилістичні, граматичні й орфографічні помилки, переклад оцінено на «задовільно» керівником практики;
- наявність письмового лінійного перекладу українською мовою поетичного твору англійських або американських поетів, що містить багато неточностей та стилістичні або граматичні помилки, і оцінено на «задовільно» керівником практики;
- наявність англо-українського вокабулярія обсягом 100 термінів, поданого в алфавітному порядку і з транскрипцією, що містить помилки у транскрибуванні;
- несвоєчасно і задовільно захищено звіт практики.

**Оцінка FX «незадовільно»:**

- грубе порушення умов виконання контракту;
- невиконання програми практики;
- відсутність звіту.



# ДОДАТКИ

*ДОДАТОК 1*

## ЗРАЗОК ОФОРМЛЕННЯ ЗВІТУ

**МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ**  
**Білоцерківський національний аграрний університет**  
**Факультет права та лінгвістики**  
*Кафедра романо-германської філології та перекладу*

### **Звіт**

**з навчальної практики (переклад художніх та поетичних творів)**

**здобувача \_\_\_1 курсу \_\_\_ групи**

**ОП «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша –  
англійська»**

**Керівник практики: вчений ступінь, вчене звання, ПІБ**

**Термін виконання практики**

**Біла Церква**

**2021**

**КАЛЕНДАРНИЙ ПЛАН ПРОХОДЖЕННЯ ПРАКТИКИ**

**I курс**

№	Зміст	Термін виконання
1.	Інструктаж керівника практики щодо проходження навчальної практики. Визначення завдань практики	
2.	Початок роботи	
3.	Проведення консультацій керівником практики	
4.	Оформлення і здача звіту	
5.	Захист практики	

**ВІДГУК**  
**керівника практики**

Залікова оцінка практики «\_\_\_\_\_»

Підпис керівника \_\_\_\_\_ «\_\_\_\_\_» \_\_\_\_\_ 2021 р.

**ЗРАЗОК ОФОРМЛЕННЯ АНГЛО-УКРАЇНСЬКОГО  
ТЕРМІНОЛОГІЧНОГО ВОКАБУЛЯРІЯ**

<b>№</b>	<b>Англійський термін</b>	<b>Транскрипція</b>	<b>Переклад</b>
1	grazing	/'greɪzɪŋ/	випас
2	greenhouse	/'ɡriːnhaʊs/	теплиця

## РЕКОМЕНДОВАНА ЛІТЕРАТУРА

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*Навчальне видання*

## **ПРАКТИКУМ**

**з виконання навчальної практики (переклад художніх та поетичних творів)**

**для студентів 1 курсу філологічних спеціальностей**

Галузь знань 03 – Гуманітарні науки

Спеціальність 035 – Філологія

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