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« _____ » _____ 2025 г.



ПРОГРАММА И ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЙ ИТОГОВОЙ АТТЕСТАЦИИ

Направление подготовки 45.03.01 Филология
Направленность (профиль) образовательной программы
«Зарубежная филология (английский и немецкий языки и зарубежная литература)»

Москва
2025

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Общие положения

Настоящая программа разработана в соответствии с Федеральным законом от 29 декабря 2012 г. № 273-ФЗ «Об образовании в Российской Федерации», Порядком проведения государственной итоговой аттестации по образовательным программам высшего образования – программам бакалавриата, программам специалитета и программам магистратуры, утвержденным приказом Министерства образования и науки Российской Федерации от 29 июня 2015 г. № 636; федеральным государственным образовательным стандартом высшего образования (далее – ФГОС ВО) по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 Филология, утвержденным приказом Министерства образования и науки Российской Федерации от 07 августа 2014 г. № 947, Уставом Государственного автономного образовательного учреждения высшего образования города Москвы «Московский городской педагогический университет» (далее – Университет), Положением о проведении государственной итоговой аттестации по образовательным программам среднего профессионального и высшего образования – программам бакалавриата, программам специалитета и программам магистратуры в Государственном автономном образовательном учреждении высшего образования города Москвы «Московский городской педагогический университет».

Государственная итоговая аттестация (далее – ГИА) завершает освоение образовательных программ, имеющих государственную аккредитацию, представляет собой форму оценки степени и уровня освоения обучающимися образовательной программы и является обязательной.

1. Цели и задачи ГИА

Целью ГИА является определение соответствия результатов освоения обучающимися образовательной программы требованиям ФГОС ВО по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 Филология.

Задачей ГИА является оценка степени и уровня освоения обучающимися образовательной программы, характеризующая его подготовленность к самостоятельному выполнению определенных видов профессиональной деятельности.

2. Структура ГИА

На основании решения ученого совета института гуманитарных наук (протокол заседания от «11» ноября 2024 г. №4). ГИА включает государственный экзамен и защиту выпускной квалификационной работы (далее - ВКР).

3. Перечень компетенций, которыми должны овладеть обучающиеся в результате освоения программы бакалавриата

При прохождении ГИА обучающиеся должны показать уровень владения следующими компетенциями с учетом требований профессиональных стандартов:

Трудовые действия	Наименование компетенции ФГОС ВО, необходимой для выполнения трудового действия	Планируемые результаты освоения образовательной программы
УНИВЕРСАЛЬНЫЕ КОМПЕТЕНЦИИ		
	Способен осуществлять поиск, критический анализ и синтез информации, применять системный подход для решения поставленных задач (УК-1)	<p>Знает: принципы использования системного подхода; алгоритмы принятия решения (в том числе, методики постановки задачи, моделирования, выбора и принятия решения)</p> <p>Уметь: находить, критически анализировать и выбирать информацию, необходимую для решения поставленной задачи; анализировать задачу, выделяя этапы ее решения, действия по решению задачи оценивать их преимущества и риски; грамотно, логично, аргументированно формировать собственные суждения и оценки; определять и оценивать практические последствия возможных решений задачи</p> <p>Владеть навыками (опытом деятельности): навыками применения системного подхода для оценки современных научных достижений и принятия решений в социальной и профессиональной деятельности</p>
	Способен определять круг задач в рамках поставленной цели и выбирать оптимальные способы их решения, исходя из действующих правовых норм, имеющихся ресурсов и ограничений (УК-2)	<p>Знать: закономерности целеполагания и пути достижения поставленной цели; правовые нормы в сфере реализации проекта (деятельности, исследования)</p> <p>Уметь: формулировать задачи, обеспечивающие достижение поставленной цели работы, прогнозировать ожидаемые результаты решения поставленных задач, решать конкретные задачи проекта (деятельности, исследования), выбирая оптимальный способ их решения, исходя из действующих правовых норм и имеющихся ресурсов и ограничений, качественно решать конкретные задачи проекта (исследования, деятельности) с учетом имеющихся ресурсов и ограничений, публично представлять результаты решения задач проекта (деятельности, исследования)</p> <p>Владеть навыками (опытом деятельности): навыками принятия решений в различных сферах деятельности с учетом действующих правовых норм, имеющихся ресурсов и ограничений, навыками осуществления проектной деятельности</p>
	Способен осуществлять	Знает: особенности принятия совместных решений в команде и условий

	<p>социальное взаимодействие и реализовывать свою роль в команде (УК-3)</p>	<p>сотрудничества при их реализации, командные роли и закономерности поведения членов команды, их реализующих основные теории мотивации и лидерства, стили лидерства и возможности их применения в групповой работе</p> <p>Умеет: определять свою роль в команде на основе использования стратегии сотрудничества для достижения поставленной цели, понимать эффективность использования стратегии сотрудничества для достижения поставленной цели, определять свою роль в команде, оценивать результаты (последствия) личных действий и планировать последовательность шагов для достижения заданного результата, эффективно взаимодействовать с другими членами команды, в т.ч. участвовать в обмене информацией, знаниями и опытом, и презентации результатов работы команды</p> <p>Владет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): навыками организации работы в команде для достижения общих целей, навыками аргументированного изложения собственной точки зрения, ведения дискуссии и полемики</p>
	<p>Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах) (УК-4)</p>	<p>Знать: основы деловой коммуникации, особенности ее осуществления в устной и письменной формах на русском и(или) иностранном(ых) языке(ах), основные нормы современного русского литературного языка, особенности современных коммуникативно-прагматических правил и этики речевого общения, правила делового этикета и приемы совершенствования голосоречевой техники</p> <p>Уметь: выбирать коммуникативно приемлемые стили делового общения, вербальные и невербальные средства взаимодействия с партнерами использовать информационно-коммуникационные технологии при поиске необходимой информации в процессе решения различных коммуникативных задач, вести деловую переписку, учитывая особенности стилистики официальных и неофициальных писем, социокультурные различия в формате корреспонденции, вести устные деловые переговоры с учетом норм профессиональной этики; выполнять перевод текстов</p> <p>Владеть: навыками деловой коммуникации в устной и письменной формах на русском и иностранном(ых) языке(ах), способами установления контактов и поддержания взаимодействия в условиях поликультурной среды, иностранным(ими) языком(ами) для реализации профессиональной</p>

		деятельности и в ситуациях повседневного общения
	Способен воспринимать межкультурное разнообразие общества в социально-историческом, этическом и философском контекстах (УК-5)	<p>Знать: основы и принципы межкультурного взаимодействия в зависимости от социально-исторического, этического и философского контекста; многообразие культур и цивилизаций в их взаимодействии, основные понятия истории, закономерности и этапы развития духовной и материальной культуры народов мира, основные подходы к изучению культурных явлений, роль науки в развитии цивилизации</p> <p>Уметь: находить и использовать информацию о культурных особенностях и традициях различных социальных групп; демонстрировать уважительное отношение к историческому наследию и социокультурным традициям различных социальных групп, толерантно и конструктивно взаимодействовать с различными социальными группами (их представителями) с учетом их социокультурных особенностей</p> <p>Владеть: способами межкультурного взаимодействия в различных социокультурных ситуациях</p>
	Способен управлять своим временем, выстраивать и реализовывать траекторию саморазвития на основе принципов образования в течение всей жизни (УК-6)	<p>Знает: сущность личности и индивидуальности, структуру личности и движущие силы ее развития, способы управления своим временем, технологии проектирования и реализации траектории саморазвития</p> <p>Умеет: определять свои личные ресурсы, возможности и ограничения для достижения поставленной цели, планировать перспективные цели саморазвития с учетом условий, средств, личностных возможностей, этапов карьерного роста и перспектив развития рынка труда, управлять индивидуальной траекторией саморазвития и образования, критически оценивать эффективность использования времени и других ресурсов при решении поставленных задач</p> <p>Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): навыками осуществления профессиональной деятельности (в том числе в рамках межличностного взаимодействия) с учетом социальных, этнических, конфессиональных и культурных различий</p>
	Способен поддерживать должный уровень физической подготовленности для	<p>Знает: основы и правила здорового образа жизни основные формы организации занятий по физической культуре и спорту, значение физической культуры и спорта в формировании общей культуры</p>

	<p>обеспечения полноценной социальной и профессиональной деятельности (УК-7)</p>	<p>личности, приобщении к общечеловеческим ценностям и здоровому образу жизни Умеет: поддерживать должный уровень физической подготовленности для обеспечения полноценной социальной и профессиональной деятельности и соблюдать нормы здорового образа жизни, использовать основы физической культуры для осознанного выбора здоровьесберегающих технологий с учетом внутренних и внешних условий реализации конкретной профессиональной деятельности Владеет: навыками соблюдения и популяризации норм здорового образа жизни</p>
	<p>Способен создавать и поддерживать в повседневной жизни и в профессиональной деятельности безопасные условия жизнедеятельности для сохранения природной среды, обеспечения устойчивого развития общества, в том числе при угрозе и возникновении чрезвычайных ситуаций и военных конфликтов (УК-8)</p>	<p>Знает: основы и правила обеспечения безопасности жизнедеятельности, научные основы безопасности жизнедеятельности, основные понятия, классификацию опасных и вредных факторов среды обитания человека, правовые и организационные основы безопасности жизнедеятельности; обеспечение экологической безопасности Умеет: обеспечивать условия безопасной среды, способствующей сохранению жизни и здоровья человека, выявлять проблемы, связанные с нарушениями техники безопасности на рабочем месте и в быту, осуществлять действия по предотвращению возникновения чрезвычайных ситуаций (природного и техногенного происхождения) на рабочем месте и в быту, оценивать степень потенциальной опасности и использовать средства индивидуальной и коллективной защиты Владеет: навыками обеспечения безопасности жизнедеятельности, адекватного поведения в чрезвычайных ситуациях, навыками использования индивидуальных и коллективных средств защиты</p>
	<p>Способен использовать базовые дефектологические знания в социальной и профессиональной сферах (УК-9)</p>	<p>Знает: понятие и структуру инклюзивной компетенции базовые дефектологические знаний в социальной и профессиональной сферах особенности применения базовых дефектологических знаний в социальной и профессиональной сферах Умеет: планировать и осуществлять профессиональную деятельность с лицами с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидами взаимодействовать в социальной и профессиональной сферах с лицами с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидами</p>

		Владеет: способностью использовать базовые дефектологические знания в социальной и профессиональной сферах
	Способен принимать обоснованные экономические решения в различных областях жизнедеятельности (УК-10)	Знает: понятие и структуру инклюзивной компетенции базовые дефектологические знаний в социальной и профессиональной сферах, особенности применения базовых дефектологических знаний в социальной и профессиональной сферах Умеет: планировать и осуществлять профессиональную деятельность с лицами с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидами, взаимодействовать в социальной и профессиональной сферах с лицами с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидами Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью использовать базовые дефектологические знания в социальной и профессиональной сферах
	Способен формировать нетерпимое отношение к коррупционному поведению (УК-11)	Знает: основные законы и закономерности функционирования экономики, основы экономической теории, необходимые для решения профессиональных и социальных задач Умеет: применять экономические знания при выполнении практических задач, использовать основные положения и методы экономических наук при решении социальных и профессиональных задач Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью принимать обоснованные экономические решения в различных областях жизнедеятельности
ОБЩЕПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНЫЕ КОМПЕТЕНЦИИ		
	Способен использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, представление об истории, современном состоянии и перспективах развития филологии в целом и ее конкретной области с учетом направленности (профиля) образовательной программы	Знает: основные положения и концепции в области филологии, историю и современное состояние филологии с учетом направленности образовательной программы, представление о перспективных подходах в структурных и функциональных исследованиях изучаемых языков Умеет: применять актуальные теоретические положения и методологические подходы филологии в научно-исследовательской деятельности с учетом направленности (профиля) образовательной программы, использовать основные теоретические положения филологии в преподавании изучаемого языка

	(ОПК-1)	Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, представление об истории, современном состоянии и перспективах развития филологии с учетом направленности (профиля) образовательной программы
	Способен использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, основные положения и концепции в области общего языкознания, теории и истории основного изучаемого языка (языков), теории коммуникации (ОПК-2)	Знает: основные положения и концепции в области общего языкознания, основные положения теоретических исследований изучаемых языков и разных их уровней, основные положения и концепции теории коммуникации Умеет: использовать основные положения и концепции общего языкознания, теории и истории изучаемых языков, а также теории коммуникации в научно-исследовательской и педагогической деятельности, интерпретировать языковые и речевые явления в теоретическом и прикладном аспектах Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, основные положения и концепции в области общего языкознания, теории и истории изучаемых языков, теории коммуникации
	Способен использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, основные положения и концепции в области теории литературы, истории отечественной литературы (литератур) и мировой литературы; истории литературной критики, представление о различных литературных и фольклорных жанрах, библиографической культуре (ОПК-3)	Знает: основные положения и концепции в области теории литературы, истории отечественной и мировой литературы, особенности основных литературных и фольклорных жанров, историю литературной критики, основы библиографической культуры Умеет: проводить сопоставительный литературоведческий анализ текстов различных литературных и фольклорных жанров с опорой на основные положения и концепции теории литературы, истории отечественной и мировой литературы, отбирать тексты разных литературных и фольклорных жанров для конкретных целей при обучении изучаемому языку как иностранному, пользоваться справочным библиографическим аппаратом Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, основные положения и концепции в области теории литературы, истории отечественной и мировой литературы; истории литературной критики, представление о различных литературных и фольклорных жанрах, библиографической культуре)
	Способен осуществлять на	Знает: основные методы сбора и анализа языковых и литературных фактов,

	<p>базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста (ОПК-4)</p>	<p>основные принципы и приемы филологического анализа и интерпретации текста, стилистические типы текстов на изучаемых языках, их особенности с точки зрения образовательных целей</p> <p>Умеет: использовать классические и современные методы сбора литературных и языковых фактов, комплексно исследовать литературные и языковые факты с опорой на основные положения филологического анализа текста, проводить филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста</p> <p>Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью осуществлять на базовом уровне сбор и анализ языковых и литературных фактов, филологический анализ и интерпретацию текста</p>
	<p>Способен использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, свободное владение основным изучаемым языком в его литературной форме, базовыми методами и приемами различных типов устной и письменной коммуникации на данном языке (ОПК-5)</p>	<p>Знает: принципы и закономерности функционирования фонетической, лексической и грамматической подсистем изучаемых языков в единстве реализуемых ими коммуникативных и когнитивных функций, основные категории и единицы всех уровней (фонетического, морфологического, семантического, синтаксического, текста) изучаемых языков, особенности устной и письменной коммуникации в рамках изучаемых языков</p> <p>Умеет: свободно и адекватно ситуации выразить свои мысли, используя разнообразные языковые средства изучаемых языков и решая задачи профессионального, в том числе педагогического общения, использовать разные стратегии понимания устных и письменных текстов в рамках изучаемых языков, создавать различные типы текстов на изучаемых языках для последующего их использования в учебном процессе</p> <p>Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью использовать в профессиональной деятельности, в том числе педагогической, свободное владение изучаемыми языками в их литературной форме, базовыми методами и приемами различных типов устной и письменной коммуникации на данных языках</p>
	<p>Способен решать стандартные задачи по организационному и документационному обеспечению профессиональной деятельности с применением современных технических средств,</p>	<p>Знает: принципы применения современных информационно-коммуникационных технологии в профессиональной деятельности, требования и правила информационной безопасности, основы использования современных технических средств в профессиональной деятельности</p> <p>Умеет: применять современные информационно-коммуникационные технологии для решения профессиональных задач, использовать современные</p>

	информационно-коммуникационных технологий с учетом требований информационной безопасности (ОПК-6)	технические средства для решения профессиональных задач, соблюдать правила информационной безопасности Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью решать стандартные задачи по организационному и документационному обеспечению профессиональной деятельности с применением современных технических средств, информационно-коммуникационных технологий с учетом требований информационной безопасности
	Способен понимать принципы работы современных информационных технологий и использовать их для решения задач профессиональной деятельности (ОПК-7)	Знает: технические средства реализации информационных процессов, современное программное обеспечение, принципы работы современных информационных технологий Умеет: ориентироваться в современном программном обеспечении, обоснованно выбирать современные информационные технологии для решения конкретных задач профессиональной деятельности Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): принципами работы современных информационных технологий для решения задач профессиональной деятельности
ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНЫЕ КОМПЕТЕНЦИИ (ПК)		
Подготовка элементов документации, проектов планов и программ проведения отдельных этапов работ	Способен проводить научные исследования в конкретной области филологического знания (ПК-1.1)	Знает: принципы работы с источниками информации и методы ее сбора (интервью, наблюдения, работа с документами, использование интернет-ресурсов), отечественный и международный опыт в соответствующей области исследований, методы его анализа, обработки, технические и этические требования к использованию при проведении самостоятельного исследования методы и способы интерпретации результатов исследования (в том числе в рамках междисциплинарного подхода), порядок и требования к их представлению и защите Умеет: применять актуальную научную информацию в конкретной узкой области филологического знания, применять методы анализа и интерпретации научной информации, выявлять и анализировать актуальные события в жизни общества, оценивать результаты их исследования (в том числе в рамках междисциплинарного подхода) Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью проводить научные исследования в конкретной области филологического знания

<p>Подготовка к публикации собственных материалов/работа в эфире</p>	<p>Способен составлять научные обзоры, аннотации, рефераты и библиографию по тематике проводимых исследований (ПК-1.2)</p>	<p>Знает: приемы библиографического описания, основные библиографические источники и поисковые системы, требования к структуре и содержанию публикаций, порядок устного, письменного и виртуального (размещение в информационных сетях) представления материалов исследования</p> <p>Умеет: использовать стилистику различных жанров и методику написания публикаций различных типов (научные обзоры, аннотации, рефераты, статьи, заметки, рецензии) в профессиональной деятельности, определять приоритетные темы для публикаций</p> <p>Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью составлять научные обзоры, аннотации, рефераты и библиографию по тематике проводимых исследований</p>
	<p>Способен к разработке, организации и проведению экскурсий (ПК-3.1)</p>	<p>Знает: содержание литературных источников по тематике экскурсии, технику публичных выступлений, принципы организации и методики проведения экскурсий</p> <p>Умеет: разрабатывать экскурсионные программы; корректировать экскурсионную программу в связи с непредвиденными обстоятельствами, определять методические приемы проведения экскурсии, подбирать литературные источники по тематике экскурсии с учетом особенностей экскурсионной группы</p> <p>Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью разрабатывать, организовывать и проводить экскурсии</p>
<p>Редактирование материалов</p>	<p>Способен к созданию, доработке и обработке (корректирование, редактирование, комментирование, реферирование и т.п.) различных типов текстов (ПК-3.2)</p>	<p>Знает: задачи и методы, технология и технику создания журналистских публикаций, их содержательная и структурно-композиционная специфика основные жанры журналистики, их стилистические особенности, этические нормы и принципы работы с авторским текстом</p> <p>Умеет: выявлять сильные и слабые стороны предоставленных авторами материалов, составлять и корректировать сценарии публикаций, проводить работы по корректированию, редактированию, комментированию, реферированию различных типов авторских текстов, вносить предложения и рекомендации по дополнению и корректировке представленных автором материалов</p> <p>Владеет (навыками и/или опытом деятельности): способностью создавать, дорабатывать и обрабатывать разные типы текстов</p>

4. Методические материалы, определяющие процедуры оценивания результатов освоения программы бакалавриата

4.1. Государственный экзамен

Государственный экзамен проводится в устной форме, имеет междисциплинарный характер и включает в себя оценку компетенций, сформированных в ходе освоения дисциплин «Основы филологии», «Введение в языкознание», «Введение в спецфилологию с практикумом», «История основного иностранного языка с практикумом», «Основы межкультурной коммуникации», «Теория перевода», «Теоретический курс основного иностранного языка (фонетика, грамматика, лексикология, стилистика, лингвистический анализ текста)» образовательной программы, результаты освоения которых имеют определяющее значение для профессиональной деятельности выпускника, с учетом определенных образовательной программой (далее – ОП ВО) видов профессиональной деятельности.

Экзаменационный билет включает 3 вопроса (теоретический вопрос, текст для анализа и перевода, практическое задание), отражающих требования к уровню сформированности компетенций обучающегося.

4.1.1. Типовые контрольные вопросы и задания к государственному экзамену, необходимые для оценки результатов освоения программы бакалавриата

Примерный перечень теоретических вопросов

1. Лексикология как раздел языкознания. Слово как основная единица языка. Слово как знак. Понятие и значение. Понятие и слово. Семантическая структура слова. Типы лексического значения. Лексико-семантическая система языка.
2. Происхождение и структура греческой трагедии. Вклад великих афинских трагиков (Эсхила, Софокла, Еврипида) в развитие жанра. Анализ трагедии Эсхила «Прометей прикованный» (или трагедии «Персы», трагедии Софокла «Царь Эдип», одной из пьес Еврипида. Аристотель о трагедии: происхождение, «предмет» и структура жанра, учение о катарсисе, сопоставление с эпосом.
3. Творчество Данте Алигьери на рубеже Средневековья и Ренессанса: этапы творческой эволюции, поэтические традиции, жанры. Краткая характеристика раннего творчества. Анализ «Божественной комедии»: история создания, жанровое своеобразие и идейно-смысловая структура, сюжет и композиция, важнейшие персонажи, строфика, стиль. Темы и образы «Божественной комедии» в истории мировой культуры.
4. Художественные направления литературы XVII-XVIII вв.: барокко, классицизм, сентиментализм, просветительский реализм. Анализ 2-3 произведений, воплощающих черты литературной эпохи.

5. Романтизм как литературное направление и творческий метод: исторические, философские и литературные предпосылки, основные положения романтической эстетики. Общая характеристика одного из национальных вариантов романтической литературы: немецкий, английский, французский, американский романтизм. Анализ 2-3 произведений, волощающих черты романтической эстетики.
6. Реализм как литературное направление и творческий метод. Специфика французского реализма. Вклад в становление и развитие реализма Ф. Стендаля и О. де Бальзака. Анализ творчества одного из представителей направления.
7. Общая характеристика литературного процесса рубежа XIX-XX вв.: направления, течения, темы, выдающиеся мастера художественной прозы, поэзии, драматургии Западной Европы и США. Анализ 2-3 произведений.
8. Письмо и его виды. Основные этапы развития письма. Принципы правил орфографии как системы. Типы классификаций языков. Типологическая и генеалогическая классификации.
9. Сравнительная характеристика местоимений древнеанглийского, среднеанглийского и ранненовоанглийского периодов.
10. Модернизм: генезис, философские основы, эстетические принципы. Модернизм и авангардизм. Английский модернизм и его роль в истории литературы XX в. Анализ 1-2 произведений на выбор.
11. Общая характеристика литературного процесса в Западной Европе и США первой половины XX века. Анализ 2-3 произведений на выбор.
12. Общая характеристика литературного процесса в Западной Европе и США второй половины XX века. Анализ 2-3 произведений на выбор.
13. Постмодернизм как форма художественного видения мира. Особенности постмодернистской эстетики. Зарубежные писатели-постмодернисты, определившие вектор развития постмодернистской литературы. Анализ 1-2 произведений.
14. Грамматика как раздел языкознания. Основные единицы грамматического строя языка. Понятие грамматического значения и способы его выражения. Понятие грамматической формы и грамматической парадигмы.
15. Категории глаголов в древнеанглийском периоде. Зарождение форм перфекта и продолженного времени в среднеанглийском периоде. Грамматические категории глагола в ранненовоанглийском периоде.
16. Фундаментальные задачи языкознания. Специфика языкознания как общественной науки. Сущность (различные подходы) и основные функции языка.
17. Язык как общественное явление. Социальные формы существования языка. Понятие языковой политики. Стили языка.
18. Язык и речь: понятие и их соотношение. Основные идеи концепции Ф. де Соссюра, В. фон Гумбольдта и Л.В.Щербы об аспектах языка.
19. Язык как система и структура. Понятие единиц языка, признаки языковых единиц и их основные типы. Типы отношений между языковыми

- единицами. Основные этапы развития языка. Происхождение национальных языков. Соотношение национального языка и обслуживаемого им государства/социума. Пути образования национального языка.
20. Система орфографии древнеанглийского, среднеанглийского и ранненовоанглийского периодов. Реформы орфографии.
 21. Основные закономерности исторического развития языка. Внутренние законы развития языка. Основные процессы развития и формы взаимодействия языков. Результаты смешения языков. Понятие о контактных языках. Родство языков и языковые союзы. Основные теории происхождения языка.
 22. Понятие о фонеме и ее функции. Понятие позиции в фонологии. Сильные и слабые позиции фонем. Фонологическая система языка. Редукция. Фонологические школы.
 23. Фонетика как раздел языкознания. Модификации звуков в речевом потоке.
 24. Язык и мышление. Концепция Л.С.Выготского. Языки мысли (Н.И.Жинкин). Язык и сознание. Язык как явление природы и культуры. Концепция В. фон Гумбольдта. Неогумбольдтианство. Гипотеза лингвистической относительности.
 25. Понятие родства языков. Способы установления языкового родства. Принципы генеалогической классификации языков. Семья, группа, подгруппа, ветвь родственных языков. Понятия праязыка и прародины. Реконструкция праязыка.
 26. Фразеология. Этимология. Лексикография, типы словарей.

Примерный перечень текстов для анализа и перевода

В рамках выполнения данного экзаменационного вопроса осуществляется предпереводческий, стилистический и коммуникативный анализ оригинального иностранного текста.

Text 1. W.S. Maugham *The Luncheon*

I caught sight of her at the play, and in answer to her beckoning, I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her, and if someone had not mentioned her name I hardly think I would have recognized her. She addressed me brightly. "Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon."

Did I remember? It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin quarter overlooking a cemetery, and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited, and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday; she was spending the morning at the Luxembourg and would I give her a little luncheon at Foyot's afterwards? Foyot's is a restaurant at which the

French senators eat, and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered, and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. (Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence to a woman what they say.) I had eighty francs (gold francs) to last me the rest of the month, and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet my friend-by correspondence-at Foyot's on Thursday at half-past twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was, in fact, a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. But she reassured me. "I never eat anything for luncheon," she said. "Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously. "I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked. "No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing unless you have a little caviare, I never mind caviare." My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not very well tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop. "I think you are unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach."

Then came the question of drink. "I never drink anything for luncheon," she said. "Neither do I," I answered promptly. "Except white wine," she proceeded as though I had not spoken. "These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion." "What would you like?" I asked, hospitable still, but not exactly effusive. She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth. "My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne." I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne. "What are you going to drink, then?" "Water."

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task. "I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it." "I am only going to eat one thing." I said, as the waiter came again with the bill of fare. She waved him aside with an airy gesture. "No. no. I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything

else. I couldn't possibly eat anything more unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them." My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops, and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them. "Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus." I asked the waiter. I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel. "I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus." I ordered them. "Aren't you going to have any?" "No, I never eat asparagus." "I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now of how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be mortifying to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much I had, and if the bill came to more I had made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course, it would be awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent, and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils as the nostrils of Jehovah were tickled by the burned offerings of the virtuous Semites. I watched the abandoned woman thrust them down her throat in large voluptuous mouthfuls, and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said. "Yes, just an ice cream and coffee," she answered. I was past caring now. So I ordered coffee for myself and an ice cream and coffee for her. "You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said, as she ate the ice cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more." "Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly. "Oh, no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you." "Oh, I see!"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with an ingratiating smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl; they had the rich tone of an Italian landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too what they cost-a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absentmindedly took one. "You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat"-my one miserable little chop- "and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for an instant on the three francs I left for the waiter, and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hand, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon." "I'll do better than that," I retorted. "I'll eat nothing for dinner tonight." "Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab, "you're quite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive man, but when the immortal gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency. Today she weighs twenty-one stone.

Text 2. Hector Munro *Fate*

Rex Dillot was nearly twenty-four, almost good-looking and quite penniless. His mother was supposed to make him some sort of an allowance out of what her creditors allowed her, and Rex occasionally strayed into the ranks of those who earn fitful salaries as secretaries or companions to people who are unable to cope unaided with their correspondence or their leisure. For a few months he had been assistant editor and business manager of a paper devoted to fancy mice, but the devotion had been all on one side, and the paper disappeared with a certain abruptness from club reading-rooms and other haunts where it had made a gratuitous appearance. Still, Rex lived with some air of comfort and well-being, as one can live if one is born with a genius for that sort of thing, and a kindly Providence usually arranged that his week-end invitations coincided with the dates on which his one white dinner-waistcoat was in a laundry-returned condition of dazzling cleanness. He played most games badly, and was shrewd enough to recognise the fact, but he had developed a marvellously accurate judgement in estimating the play and chances of other people, whether in a golf match, billiard handicap, or croquet tournament. By dint of parading his opinion of such and such a player's superiority with a sufficient degree of youthful assertiveness he usually succeeded in provoking a wager at liberal odds, and he looked to his week-end winnings to carry him through the financial embarrassments of his mid-week existence. The trouble was, as he confided to Clovis Sangrail, that he never had enough available or even prospective cash at his command to enable him to fix the wager at a figure really worth winning.

"Some day," he said, "I shall come across a really safe thing, a bet that simply can't go astray, and then I shall put it up for all I'm worth, or rather for a good deal more than I'm worth if you sold me up to the last button." "It would be awkward if it didn't happen to come off," said Clovis. "It would be more than awkward," said Rex; "it would be a tragedy. All the same, it would be extremely amusing to bring it off. Fancy awaking in the morning with about three hundred pounds standing to one's credit. I should go and clear out my hostess's pigeon-loft before breakfast out of sheer good-temper." "Your hostess of the moment mightn't have a pigeon-loft," said Clovis. "I always choose hostesses that have," said Rex; "a pigeon-loft is indicative of a careless, extravagant, genial disposition, such as I like to see around me. People who strew corn broadcast for a lot of feathered inanities that just sit about cooing and giving each other the glad eye in a Louis Quatorze manner are pretty certain to do you well." "Young Strinnit is coming down this afternoon," said Clovis reflectively; "I dare say you won't find it difficult to get him to back himself at billiards. He plays a pretty useful game, but he's not quite as good as he fancies he is." "I know one

member of the party who can walk round him," said Rex softly, an alert look coming into his eyes; "that cadaverous-looking Major who arrived last night. I've seen him play at St. Moritz. If I could get Strinnit to lay odds on himself against the Major the money would be safe in my pocket. This looks like the good thing I've been watching and praying for."

"Don't be rash," counselled Clovis, "Strinnit may play up to his self-imagined form once in a blue moon." "I intend to be rash," said Rex quietly, and the look on his face corroborated his words. "Are you all going to flock to the billiard-room?" asked Teresa Thundleford, after dinner, with an air of some disapproval and a good deal of annoyance. "I can't see what particular amusement you find in watching two men prodding little ivory balls about on a table." "Oh, well," said her hostess, "it's a way of passing the time, you know." "A very poor way, to my mind," said Mrs. Thundleford; "now I was going to have shown all of you the photographs I took in Venice last summer." "You showed them to us last night," said Mrs. Covering hastily. "Those were the ones I took in Florence. These are quite a different lot." "Oh, well, some time to-morrow we can look at them. You can leave them down in the drawing-room, and then every one can have a look."

"I should prefer to show them when you are all gathered together, as I have quite a lot of explanatory remarks to make, about Venetian art and architecture, on the same lines as my remarks last night on the Florentine galleries. Also, there are some verses of mine that I should like to read you, on the rebuilding of the Campanile. But, of course, if you all prefer to watch Major Latton and Mr. Strinnit knocking balls about on a table—" "They are both supposed to be first-rate players," said the hostess. "I have yet to learn that my verses and my art causerie are of second-rate quality," said Mrs. Thundleford with acerbity. "However, as you all seem bent on watching a silly game, there's no more to be said. I shall go upstairs and finish some writing. Later on, perhaps, I will come down and join you."

To one, at least, of the onlookers the game was anything but silly. It was absorbing, exciting, exasperating, nerve-stretching, and finally it grew to be tragic. The Major with the St. Moritz reputation was playing a long way below his form, young Strinnit was playing slightly above his, and had all the luck of the game as well. From the very start the balls seemed possessed by a demon of contrariness; they trundled about complacently for one player, they would go nowhere for the other.

"A hundred and seventy, seventy-four," sang out the youth who was marking. In a game of two hundred and fifty up it was an enormous lead to hold. Clovis watched the flush of excitement die away from Dillot's face, and a hard white look take its place. "How much have you go on?" whispered Clovis. The other whispered the sum through dry, shaking lips. It was more than he or any one connected with him could pay; he had done what he had said he would do. He had been rash. "Two hundred and six, ninety-eight."

Rex heard a clock strike ten somewhere in the hall, then another somewhere else, and another, and another; the house seemed full of striking clocks. Then in the distance the stable clock chimed in. In another hour they would all be striking eleven, and he

would be listening to them as a disgraced outcast, unable to pay, even in part, the wager he had challenged.

“Two hundred and eighteen, a hundred and three.” The game was as good as over. Rex was as good as done for. He longed desperately for the ceiling to fall in, for the house to catch fire, for anything to happen that would put an end to that horrible rolling to and fro of red and white ivory that was jostling him nearer and nearer to his doom.

“Two hundred and twenty-eight, a hundred and seven.”

Rex opened his cigarette-case; it was empty. That at least gave him a pretext to slip away from the room for the purpose of refilling it; he would spare himself the drawn-out torture of watching that hopeless game played out to the bitter end. He backed away from the circle of absorbed watchers and made his way up a short stairway to a long, silent corridor of bedrooms, each with a guests' name written in a little square on the door. In the hush that reigned in this part of the house he could still hear the hateful click-click of the balls; if he waited for a few minutes longer he would hear the little outbreak of clapping and buzz of congratulation that would hail Strinnit's victory. On the alert tension of his nerves there broke another sound, the aggressive, wrath-inducing breathing of one who sleeps in heavy after-dinner slumber. The sound came from a room just at his elbow; the card on the door bore the announcement “Mrs. Thundelford.” The door was just slightly ajar; Rex pushed it open an inch or two more and looked in. The august Teresa had fallen asleep over an illustrated guide to Florentine art-galleries; at her side, somewhat dangerously near the edge of the table, was a reading-lamp. If Fate had been decently kind to him, thought Rex, bitterly, that lamp would have been knocked over by the sleeper and would have given them something to think of besides billiard matches.

There are occasions when one must take one's Fate in one's hands. Rex took the lamp in his.

“Two hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and fifteen.” Strinnit was at the table, and the balls lay in good position for him; he had a choice of two fairly easy shots, a choice which he was never to decide. A sudden hurricane of shrieks and a rush of stumbling feet sent every one flocking to the door. The Dillot boy crashed into the room, carrying in his arms the vociferous and somewhat dishevelled Teresa Thundelford; her clothing was certainly not a mass of flames, as the more excitable members of the party afterwards declared, but the edge of her skirt and part of the table-cover in which she had been hastily wrapped were alight in a flickering, half-hearted manner. Rex flung his struggling burden on the billiard table, and for one breathless minute the work of beating out the sparks with rugs and cushions and playing on them with soda-water syphons engrossed the energies of the entire company.

“It was lucky I was passing when it happened,” panted Rex; “some one had better see to the room, I think the carpet is alight.”

As a matter of fact the promptitude and energy of the rescuer had prevented any great damage being done, either to the victim or her surroundings. The billiard table had suffered most, and had to be laid up for repairs; perhaps it was not the best place to

have chosen for the scene of salvage operations; but then, as Clovis remarked, when one is rushing about with a blazing woman in one's arms one can't stop to think out exactly where one is going to put her.

Text 3. Hector Munro *Bertie's Christmas Eve*

It was Christmas Eve, and the family circle of Luke Steffink, Esq., was aglow with the amiability and random mirth which the occasion demanded. A long and lavish dinner had been partaken of, waits had been round and sung carols; the house-party had regaled itself with more caroling on its own account, and there had been romping which, even in a pulpit reference, could not have been condemned as ragging. In the midst of the general glow, however, there was one black unkindled cinder.

Bertie Steffink, nephew of the aforementioned Luke, had early in life adopted the profession of ne'er-do-weel; his father had been something of the kind before him. At the age of eighteen Bertie had commenced that round of visits to our Colonial possessions, so seemly and desirable in the case of a Prince of the Blood, so suggestive of insincerity in a young man of the middle-class. He had gone to grow tea in Ceylon and fruit in British Columbia, and to help sheep to grow wool in Australia. At the age of twenty he had just returned from some similar errand in Canada, from which it may be gathered that the trial he gave to these various experiments was of the summary drum-head nature. Luke Steffink, who fulfilled the troubled role of guardian and deputy-parent to Bertie, deplored the persistent manifestation of the homing instinct on his nephew's part, and his solemn thanks earlier in the day for the blessing of reporting a united family had no reference to Bertie's return.

Arrangements had been promptly made for packing the youth off to a distant corner of Rhodesia, whence return would be a difficult matter; the journey to this uninviting destination was imminent, in fact a more careful and willing traveller would have already begun to think about his packing. Hence Bertie was in no mood to share in the festive spirit which displayed itself around him, and resentment smouldered within him at the eager, self-absorbed discussion of social plans for the coming months which he heard on all sides. Beyond depressing his uncle and the family circle generally by singing "Say au revoir, and not good-bye," he had taken no part in the evening's conviviality.

Eleven o'clock had struck some half-hour ago, and the elder Steffinks began to throw out suggestions leading up to that process which they called retiring for the night. "Come, Teddie, it's time you were in your little bed, you know," said Luke Steffink to his thirteen-year-old son. "That's where we all ought to be," said Mrs. Steffink. "There wouldn't be room," said Bertie. The remark was considered to border on the scandalous; everybody ate raisins and almonds with the nervous industry of sheep feeding during threatening weather.

"In Russia," said Horace Bordenby, who was staying in the house as a Christmas guest, "I've read that the peasants believe that if you go into a cow-house or stable at midnight on Christmas Eve you will hear the animals talk. They're supposed to have the gift of speech at that one moment of the year." "Oh, DO let's ALL go down to the

cow-house and listen to what they've got to say!" exclaimed Beryl, to whom anything was thrilling and amusing if you did it in a troop.

Mrs. Steffink made a laughing protest, but gave a virtual consent by saying, "We must all wrap up well, then." The idea seemed a scatterbrained one to her, and almost heathenish, but it afforded an opportunity for "throwing the young people together," and as such she welcomed it. Mr. Horace Bordenby was a young man with quite substantial prospects, and he had danced with Beryl at a local subscription ball a sufficient number of times to warrant the authorised inquiry on the part of the neighbours whether "there was anything in it." Though Mrs. Steffink would not have put it in so many words, she shared the idea of the Russian peasantry that on this night the beast might speak.

The cow-house stood at the junction of the garden with a small paddock, an isolated survival, in a suburban neighbourhood; of what had once been a small farm. Luke Steffink was complacently proud of his cow-house and his two cows; he felt that they gave him a stamp of solidity which no number of Wyandottes or Orpingtons could impart. They even seemed to link him in a sort of inconsequent way with those patriarchs who derived importance from their floating capital of flocks and herbs, he-asses and she-asses. It had been an anxious and momentous occasion when he had had to decide definitely between "the Byre" and "the Ranch" for the naming of his villa residence. A December midnight was hardly the moment he would have chosen for showing his farm-building to visitors, but since it was a fine night, and the young people were anxious for an excuse for a mild frolic, Luke consented to chaperon the expedition. The servants had long since gone to bed, so the house was left in charge of Bertie, who scornfully declined to stir out on the pretext of listening to bovine conversation. "We must go quietly," said Luke, as he headed the procession of giggling young folk, brought up in the rear by the shawled and hooded figure of Mrs. Steffink; "I've always laid stress on keeping this a quiet and orderly neighbourhood." It was a few minutes to midnight when the party reached the cow-house and made its way in by the light of Luke's stable lantern. For a moment every one stood in silence, almost with a feeling of being in church. "Daisy—the one lying down—is by a shorthorn bull out of a Guernsey cow," announced Luke in a hushed voice, which was in keeping with the foregoing impression. "Is she?" said Bordenby, rather as if he had expected her to be by Rembrandt. "Myrtle is—"

Myrtle's family history was cut short by a little scream from the women of the party. The cow-house door had closed noiselessly behind them and the key had turned gratingly in the lock; then they heard Bertie's voice pleasantly wishing them good-night and his footsteps retreating along the garden path. Luke Steffink strode to the window; it was a small square opening of the old-fashioned sort, with iron bars let into the stonework. "Unlock the door this instant," he shouted, with as much air of menacing authority as a hen might assume when screaming through the bars of a coop at a marauding hawk. In reply to his summons the hall-door closed with a defiant bang.

A neighbouring clock struck the hour of midnight. If the cows had received the gift of human speech at that moment they would not have been able to make themselves

heard. Seven or eight other voices were engaged in describing Bertie's present conduct and his general character at a high pressure of excitement and indignation. In the course of half an hour or so everything that it was permissible to say about Bertie had been said some dozens of times, and other topics began to come to the front—the extreme mustiness of the cow-house, the possibility of it catching fire, and the probability of it being a Rowton House for the vagrant rats of the neighbourhood. And still no sign of deliverance came to the unwilling vigil-keepers.

Towards one o'clock the sound of rather boisterous and undisciplined carol-singing approached rapidly, and came to a sudden anchorage, apparently just outside the garden-gate. A motor-load of youthful "bloods," in a high state of conviviality, had made a temporary halt for repairs; the stoppage, however, did not extend to the vocal efforts of the party, and the watchers in the cow-shed were treated to a highly unauthorised rendering of "Good King Wenceslas," in which the adjective "good" appeared to be very carelessly applied. The noise had the effect of bringing Bertie out into the garden, but he utterly ignored the pale, angry faces peering out at the cow-house window, and concentrated his attention on the revellers outside the gate. "Wassail, you chaps!" he shouted. "Wassail, old sport!" they shouted back; "we'd jolly well drink y'r health, only we've nothing to drink it in." "Come and wassail inside," said Bertie hospitably; "I'm all alone, and there's heap's of 'wet'."

They were total strangers, but his touch of kindness made them instantly his kin. In another moment the unauthorised version of King Wenceslas, which, like many other scandals, grew worse on repetition, went echoing up the garden path; two of the revellers gave an impromptu performance on the way by executing the staircase waltz up the terraces of what Luke Steffink, hitherto with some justification, called his rock-garden. The rock part of it was still there when the waltz had been accorded its third encore. Luke, more than ever like a cooped hen behind the cow-house bars, was in a position to realise the feelings of concert-goers unable to countermand the call for an encore which they neither desire or deserve.

The hall door closed with a bang on Bertie's guests, and the sounds of merriment became faint and muffled to the weary watchers at the other end of the garden. Some forty minutes later the hall door opened and disgorged a crowd that had thrown off any restraint of shyness that might have influenced its earlier actions. Its vocal efforts in the direction of carol singing were now supplemented by instrumental music; a Christmas-tree that had been prepared for the children of the gardener and other household retainers had yielded a rich spoil of tin trumpets, rattles, and drums. The life-story of King Wenceslas had been dropped, Luke was thankful to notice, but it was intensely irritating for the chilled prisoners in the cow-house to be told that it was a hot time in the old town to-night, together with some accurate but entirely superfluous information as to the imminence of Christmas morning. Judging by the protests which began to be shouted from the upper windows of neighbouring houses the sentiments prevailing in the cow-house were heartily echoed in other quarters.

The revelers found their car, and, what was more remarkable, managed to drive off in it, with a parting fanfare of tin trumpets. The lively beat of a drum disclosed the fact

that the master of the revels remained on the scene. “Bertie!” came in an angry, imploring chorus of shouts and screams from the cow-house window.

“Hullo,” cried the owner of the name, turning his rather errant steps in the direction of the summons; “are you people still there? Must have heard everything cows got to say by this time. If you haven’t, no use waiting. After all, it’s a Russian legend, and Russian Christmush Eve not due for ‘nother fortnight. Better come out.”

After one or two ineffectual attempts he managed to pitch the key of the cow-house door in through the window. Then, lifting his voice in the strains of “I’m afraid to go home in the dark,” with a lusty drum accompaniment, he led the way back to the house. The hurried procession of the released that followed in his steps came in for a good deal of the adverse comment that his exuberant display had evoked.

It was the happiest Christmas Eve he had ever spent. To quote his own words, he had a rotten Christmas.

Text 4. John Fowles *The Tree*

Children are notoriously blind towards their parents, and nowhere more than in failing to see the childlike in them – the inescapable conditioning of the past. In the beginning we all try to attribute to our parents what used to be attributed to God: limitless power to intervene, indisputable wisdom. The theological concept was clearly no more than an idealization of this. Its flaw is the inevitable confusion between authority and free will – the jointly held delusion that possessing one must entail possessing the other. I am sure in retrospect that the decision to return to suburbia was well beyond my father’s free will; he could not not do it, any more than he could prevent that terrible memory from the Great War bubbling to the surface when he lay on his deathbed. But I did at that moment guess what had truly inspired the retreat from Devon.

It was not financial caution or love of suburbia in itself, it was not anything but his trees and the sanctuary they offered... in no sense, in that minute garden, a physical sanctuary, but a kind of poetic one, however banal the surroundings: a place he could control, that was different from all around it, not least in its huge annual yield of fruit. It stood in effect as the very antithesis of a battlefield, including the metaphorical one of wild nature; and of course it could not be reproduced anywhere else, since he had personally created and cherished it. We lived in Devon surrounded by farm orchards, but what he needed was the fruits of his own cultivation, the knowledge he had gained of every habit, every whim, every fruiting spur (all infertile shoots were ruthlessly extirpated) of each of his score of trees. He had himself been severely pruned by history and family circumstance, and this was his answer, his reconciliation to his fate – his platonic ideal of the strictly controlled and safe, his Garden of Eden. All my adolescent and older loathing of its social and physical environment – and my mother was on my side – can have only deepened his attachment.

Those trees were in fact his truest philosophy, and his love of actual philosophy, the world of abstract ideas, was essentially (like his love of trenchant lawyers, with secateurs in their mouths) no more than a facet of his hatred of natural disorder. Good

philosophers prune the chaos of reality and train it into fixed shapes, thereby forcing it to yield valuable and delicious fruit – or at least in theory. One of my father's heroes was Bertrand Russell, for whose incisive intellect and more popular philosophical works he had the greatest admiration; yet he had the very reverse for Russell's later political attitudes. It was almost as if he had let one of his cordons grow as it liked, a blasphemous breaking of his own eleventh commandment: Thou shalt prune all trees.

I had always seen it as the great difference between us; and puzzling, genetically mysterious. What he abhorred, I adored. My own 'orchards' were, from the moments I first knew them, the forgotten and increasingly deserted copses and woods of the West of England, and later, of France. I still grow some of my father's favorite apples, such as James Grieve, and some of my own, like aromatic D'Arcy Spice, but I won't use sprays and don't prune properly – with no excuse, since he taught me the rudiments of that art. Yet I see now that our very different attitudes to these things were really the same phenomenon, the same tree. His refusal to be moved by what moved me in nature was perhaps largely a product of his own conditioning; but its function (without my realizing it, of course) was very similar to what pruning does for young fruit trees – that is, to direct their growth and determine their future.

Successful artistic parents seem very rarely to give birth to equally successful artistic sons and daughters, and I suspect it may be because the urge to create, which must always be partly the need to escape everyday reality, is better fostered – despite modern educational theory – not by a sympathetic and 'creative' childhood environment, but the very opposite, by pruning and confining natural instinct. (Nine-tenths of all artistic creation derives its basic energy from the engine of repression and sublimation, and well beyond the strict Freudian definition of those terms.) That I should have differed so much from my father in this seems to me in retrospect not in the least a matter for Oedipal guilt, but a healthy natural process, just as the branches of a healthy tree do not try to occupy one another's territory. The tree in fact has biochemical and light-sensitive systems to prevent this pointless and wasteful secondary invasion of one branch's occupied space by another. The fact that the two branches grow in different directions and ways does not mean that they do not share a same mechanism of need, a same set of deeper rules.

It is immaterial that I do not cultivate trees in any sense that my father would recognize or could approve. I think I truly horrified him only once in my life, which was when, soon after coming into possession, I first took him around my present exceedingly unkempt, unmanaged and unmanageable garden. I had previously shocked him by buying a derelict farm; but its thirty acres of scrub and rough pasture were sanity (at least I let the keep and got some token yield from it) beside this new revelation of folly. He thought it madness to take on such a 'jungle', and did not believe me when I said I saw no need to take it on, only to leave it largely alone, in effect to my co-tenants, its wild birds and beasts, its plants and insects. He would never have conceded that it was my equivalent of his own beautifully disciplined apples and pears, and just as much cultivated, though not in a literal sense. He would not have understood that something I saw down there just an hour ago, at this

moment I write – two tawny owlets fresh out of the nest, sitting on a sycamore branch like a pair of badly knitted Christmas stockings and ogling down at this intruder into their garden – means to me exactly what the Horticultural Society cups on his sideboard used to mean to him: a token of order in unjust chaos, the reward of perseverance in a right philosophy. That his chaos happens to be my order is not, I think, very important.

He sent me two cordon pear trees to plant, soon after that first visit. They must be nearly fifteen years old now; and every year, my soil being far too thin and dry for their liking, they produce a few miserable fruit, or more often none at all. I would never have them out. It touches my that they should so completely take his side; and reminds me that practically everyone else in my life – even friends who profess to be naturalists – has also taken his side. No fruit for those who do not prune; no fruit for those who question knowledge; no fruit for those who hide in trees untouched by man; no fruit for traitors to the human cause.

Text 5. J. Austen *Emma*

Chapter II

Mr. Weston was a native of Highbury, and born of a respectable family, which for the last two or three generations had been rising into gentility and property. He had received a good education, but, on succeeding early in life to a small independence, had become indisposed for any of the more homely pursuits in which his brothers were engaged, and had satisfied an active, cheerful mind and social temper by entering into the militia of his county, then embodied.

Captain Weston was a general favourite; and when the chances of his military life had introduced him to Miss Churchill, of a great Yorkshire family, and Miss Churchill fell in love with him, nobody was surprized, except her brother and his wife, who had never seen him, and who were full of pride and importance, which the connexion would offend.

Miss Churchill, however, being of age, and with the full command of her fortune—though her fortune bore no proportion to the family-estate—was not to be dissuaded from the marriage, and it took place, to the infinite mortification of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, who threw her off with due decorum. It was an unsuitable connexion, and did not produce much happiness. Mrs. Weston ought to have found more in it, for she had a husband whose warm heart and sweet temper made him think every thing due to her in return for the great goodness of being in love with him; but though she had one sort of spirit, she had not the best. She had resolution enough to pursue her own will in spite of her brother, but not enough to refrain from unreasonable regrets at that brother's unreasonable anger, nor from missing the luxuries of her former home. They lived beyond their income, but still it was nothing in comparison of Enscombe: she did not cease to love her husband, but she wanted at once to be the wife of Captain Weston, and Miss Churchill of Enscombe.

Captain Weston, who had been considered, especially by the Churchills, as making such an amazing match, was proved to have much the worst of the bargain; for when his wife died, after a three years' marriage, he was rather a poorer man than at first,

and with a child to maintain. From the expense of the child, however, he was soon relieved. The boy had, with the additional softening claim of a lingering illness of his mother's, been the means of a sort of reconciliation; and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, having no children of their own, nor any other young creature of equal kindred to care for, offered to take the whole charge of the little Frank soon after her decease. Some scruples and some reluctance the widower-father may be supposed to have felt; but as they were overcome by other considerations, the child was given up to the care and the wealth of the Churchills, and he had only his own comfort to seek, and his own situation to improve as he could.

A complete change of life became desirable. He quitted the militia and engaged in trade, having brothers already established in a good way in London, which afforded him a favourable opening. It was a concern which brought just employment enough. He had still a small house in Highbury, where most of his leisure days were spent; and between useful occupation and the pleasures of society, the next eighteen or twenty years of his life passed cheerfully away. He had, by that time, realised an easy competence—enough to secure the purchase of a little estate adjoining Highbury, which he had always longed for—enough to marry a woman as portionless even as Miss Taylor, and to live according to the wishes of his own friendly and social disposition.

It was now some time since Miss Taylor had begun to influence his schemes; but as it was not the tyrannic influence of youth on youth, it had not shaken his determination of never settling till he could purchase Randalls, and the sale of Randalls was long looked forward to; but he had gone steadily on, with these objects in view, till they were accomplished. He had made his fortune, bought his house, and obtained his wife; and was beginning a new period of existence, with every probability of greater happiness than in any yet passed through. He had never been an unhappy man; his own temper had secured him from that, even in his first marriage; but his second must shew him how delightful a well-judging and truly amiable woman could be, and must give him the pleasantest proof of its being a great deal better to choose than to be chosen, to excite gratitude than to feel it.

He had only himself to please in his choice: his fortune was his own; for as to Frank, it was more than being tacitly brought up as his uncle's heir, it had become so avowed an adoption as to have him assume the name of Churchill on coming of age. It was most unlikely, therefore, that he should ever want his father's assistance. His father had no apprehension of it. The aunt was a capricious woman, and governed her husband entirely; but it was not in Mr. Weston's nature to imagine that any caprice could be strong enough to affect one so dear, and, as he believed, so deservedly dear. He saw his son every year in London, and was proud of him; and his fond report of him as a very fine young man had made Highbury feel a sort of pride in him too. He was looked on as sufficiently belonging to the place to make his merits and prospects a kind of common concern.

Mr. Frank Churchill was one of the boasts of Highbury, and a lively curiosity to see him prevailed, though the compliment was so little returned that he had never been

there in his life. His coming to visit his father had been often talked of but never achieved.

Now, upon his father's marriage, it was very generally proposed, as a most proper attention, that the visit should take place. There was not a dissentient voice on the subject, either when Mrs. Perry drank tea with Mrs. and Miss Bates, or when Mrs. and Miss Bates returned the visit. Now was the time for Mr. Frank Churchill to come among them; and the hope strengthened when it was understood that he had written to his new mother on the occasion. For a few days, every morning visit in Highbury included some mention of the handsome letter Mrs. Weston had received. "I suppose you have heard of the handsome letter Mr. Frank Churchill has written to Mrs. Weston? I understand it was a very handsome letter, indeed. Mr. Woodhouse told me of it. Mr. Woodhouse saw the letter, and he says he never saw such a handsome letter in his life."

It was, indeed, a highly prized letter. Mrs. Weston had, of course, formed a very favourable idea of the young man; and such a pleasing attention was an irresistible proof of his great good sense, and a most welcome addition to every source and every expression of congratulation which her marriage had already secured. She felt herself a most fortunate woman; and she had lived long enough to know how fortunate she might well be thought, where the only regret was for a partial separation from friends whose friendship for her had never cooled, and who could ill bear to part with her.

She knew that at times she must be missed; and could not think, without pain, of Emma's losing a single pleasure, or suffering an hour's ennui, from the want of her companionableness: but dear Emma was of no feeble character; she was more equal to her situation than most girls would have been, and had sense, and energy, and spirits that might be hoped would bear her well and happily through its little difficulties and privations. And then there was such comfort in the very easy distance of Randalls from Hartfield, so convenient for even solitary female walking, and in Mr. Weston's disposition and circumstances, which would make the approaching season no hindrance to their spending half the evenings in the week together.

Her situation was altogether the subject of hours of gratitude to Mrs. Weston, and of moments only of regret; and her satisfaction—her more than satisfaction—her cheerful enjoyment, was so just and so apparent, that Emma, well as she knew her father, was sometimes taken by surprize at his being still able to pity 'poor Miss Taylor,' when they left her at Randalls in the centre of every domestic comfort, or saw her go away in the evening attended by her pleasant husband to a carriage of her own. But never did she go without Mr. Woodhouse's giving a gentle sigh, and saying, "Ah, poor Miss Taylor! She would be very glad to stay."

There was no recovering Miss Taylor—nor much likelihood of ceasing to pity her; but a few weeks brought some alleviation to Mr. Woodhouse. The compliments of his neighbours were over; he was no longer teased by being wished joy of so sorrowful an event; and the wedding-cake, which had been a great distress to him, was all eat up. His own stomach could bear nothing rich, and he could never believe other people to be different from himself. What was unwholesome to him he regarded as unfit for any body; and he had, therefore, earnestly tried to dissuade them from

having any wedding-cake at all, and when that proved vain, as earnestly tried to prevent any body's eating it. He had been at the pains of consulting Mr. Perry, the apothecary, on the subject. Mr. Perry was an intelligent, gentlemanlike man, whose frequent visits were one of the comforts of Mr. Woodhouse's life; and upon being applied to, he could not but acknowledge (though it seemed rather against the bias of inclination) that wedding-cake might certainly disagree with many—perhaps with most people, unless taken moderately. With such an opinion, in confirmation of his own, Mr. Woodhouse hoped to influence every visitor of the newly married pair; but still the cake was eaten; and there was no rest for his benevolent nerves till it was all gone.

There was a strange rumour in Highbury of all the little Perrys being seen with a slice of Mrs. Weston's wedding-cake in their hands: but Mr. Woodhouse would never believe it.

Text 6. George Lakoff Metaphor, Morality, and Politics, or, Why Conservatives Have Left Liberals in the Dust

[...] The Family

At this point, a natural question arises. What gives rise of the cluster of conservative moral metaphors? Why should those metaphors fit together as they do? The answer, interestingly enough, is the family. Conservatives share an ideal model of what a family should be. I will refer to as the *Strict Father Model*.

The Strict Father Model. A traditional nuclear family with the father having primary responsibility for the well-being of the household. The mother has day-to-day responsibility for the care of the house and details of raising the children. But the father has primary responsibility for setting overall family policy, and the mother's job is to be supportive of the father and to help carry out the father's views on what should be done. Ideally, she respects his views and supports them.

Life is seen as fundamentally difficult and the world as fundamentally dangerous. Evil is conceptualized as a force in the world, and it is the father's job to support his family and protect it from evils -- both external and internal. External evils include enemies, hardships, and temptations. Internal evils come in the form of uncontrolled desires and are as threatening as external ones. The father embodies the values needed to make one's way in the world and to support a family: he is morally strong, self-disciplined, frugal, temperate, and restrained. He sets an example by holding himself to high standards. He insists on his moral authority, commands obedience, and when he doesn't get it, metes out retribution as fairly and justly as he knows how. It is his job to protect and support his family, and he believes that safety comes out of strength.

In addition to support and protection, the father's primary duty is tell his children what is right and wrong, punish them when they do wrong, and to bring them up to be self-disciplined and self-reliant. Through self-denial, the children can build strength against internal evils. In this way, he teaches his children to be self-disciplined, industrious, polite, trustworthy, and respectful of authority.

The strict father provides nurturance and expresses his devotion to his family by supporting and protecting them, but just as importantly by setting and enforcing strict moral bounds and by inculcating self-discipline and self-reliance through hard work and self-denial. This builds character. For the strict father, strictness is a form of nurturance and love -- tough love.

The strict father is restrained in showing affection and emotion overtly, and prefers the appearance of strength and calm. He gives to charity as an expression of compassion for those less fortunate than he and as an expression of gratitude for his own good fortune.

Once his children are grown -- once they have become self-disciplined and self-reliant -- they are on their own and must succeed or fail by themselves; he does not meddle in their lives, just as he doesn't want any external authority meddling in his life.

This model of the family (often referred to as "paternalistic") is what groups together the conservative metaphors for morality. Those metaphorical priorities define a family-based morality, what I will call "strict father morality." Though many features of this model are widespread across cultures, the No-meddling Condition -- that grown children are on their own and parents cannot meddle in their lives -- is a peculiarly American feature, and it accounts for a peculiar feature of American conservatism, namely, the antipathy toward government.

Conservatives speak of the government meddling in people's lives with the resentment normally reserved for meddling parents. The very term "meddling" is carried over metaphorically from family life to government. Senator Robert Dole, addressing the Senate during the debate over the Balanced Budget Amendment, described liberals as those who think "Washington knows best." The force of the phrase comes from the saying "Father knows best" which became the title of a popular TV sitcom. It appears that the antipathy to government shown by American conservatives derives from the part of the strict father model, in which grown children are expected to go off on their own and be self-reliant and then deeply resent parents who continue to tell them how they should live.

Despite the fact that strict father models of the family occur throughout the world, this aspect of the Strict Father model appears to be uniquely American. For example, in strict-father families in Spain or Italy or France or Israel or China, grown children are not expected to leave and go off on their own, with a proscription on parents playing a major role in guiding the life of the child. Similarly, conservative politics in such countries does not involve a powerful resentment toward the "meddling" of government.

The centrality of the Strict Father model to conservative politics also explains the attitudes of conservatives to feminism, abortion, homosexuality, and gun control. In the Strict Father model of the family, the mother is subordinated to running the day-to-day affairs of the home and raising the children according to the father's direction. It is the father that bears the major responsibility and makes the major decisions. The Strict Father model is exactly the model that feminism is in the business of overthrowing. Hence, the appropriate antipathy of conservatives to feminism

(although there is the recent phenomenon of conservative feminists, namely, women who function with the values of conservative men such as self-discipline, self-reliance, the pursuit of self-interest, etc.). The conservative opposition to homosexuality comes from the same source. Homosexuality in itself is inherently opposed to the Strict Father model of the family.

The conservative position on abortion is a consequence of the view of women that comes out of the strict family model. On the whole, there are two classes of women who want abortions: unmarried teenagers, whose pregnancies have resulted from lust and carelessness, and women who want to delay conception for the sake of a career, but have accidentally conceived. From the point of view of the strict father model, both classes of women violate the morality characterized by the model. The first class consists of young women who are immoral by virtue of having shown a lack of sexual self-control. The second class consists of women who want to control their own destinies, and who are therefore immoral for contesting the strict father model itself, since it is that model that defines what morality is. For these reasons, those who abide by Strict Father morality tend to oppose abortion.

It is important to understand that conservative opposition to abortion is not just an overriding respect for all life. If it were, conservatives would not favor the death penalty. Nor is it a matter of protecting the lives of innocent children waiting to be born. If it were, conservatives would be working to lower the infant mortality rate by supporting prenatal care programs. The fact the conservatives oppose such programs means that they are not simply in favor of the right-to-life for all the unborn. Instead, there is a deep and abiding, but usually unacknowledged, reason why conservatives oppose abortion, namely, that it is inconsistent with Strict Father morality.

The protection function of the strict father leads to conservative support for a strong military and criminal justice system. It also leads to an opposition to gun control. Since it is the job of the strict father to protect his family from criminals, and since criminals have guns, he too must be able to use guns if he is to do his job of protecting the family against evil people who would harm them. Although the NRA talks a lot about hunting, the conservative talk shows all talk about protecting one's family as the main motivation for opposing gun control.

Text 7. F. Scott Fitzgerald *The Great Gatsby*

Chapter 1

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. "Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had." He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild,

unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction—Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the "creative temperament."—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog—at least I had him for a few days until he ran away—and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

I lived at West Egg, the—well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago. And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion,

overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run.

The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch. He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body. His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked—and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts. "Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final," he seemed to say, "just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are." We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea. The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it—indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in. The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise—she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression—then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room. "I'm p-paralyzed with happiness." She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my

face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.) At any rate, Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again—the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour. <...> I looked at Miss Baker... I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her gray sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

<...> when I reached my estate at West Egg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandoned grass roller in the yard. The wind had blown off, leaving a loud, bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone—fifty feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars. Something in his leisurely movements and the secure position of his feet upon the lawn suggested that it was Mr. Gatsby himself, come out to determine what share was his of our local heavens. I decided to call to him. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him, for he gave a sudden intimation that he was content to be alone—he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and, far as I was from him, I could have sworn he was trembling. Involuntarily I glanced seaward—and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.

Text 8. Deborah Tannen Discourse Analysis—What Speakers Do in Conversation

Discourse analysis is sometimes defined as the analysis of language 'beyond the sentence'. This contrasts with types of analysis more typical of modern linguistics, which are chiefly concerned with the study of grammar: the study of smaller bits of language, such as sounds (phonetics and phonology), parts of words (morphology),

meaning (semantics), and the order of words in sentences (syntax). Discourse analysts study larger chunks of language as they flow together.

Some discourse analysts consider the larger discourse context in order to understand how it affects the meaning of the sentence. For example, Charles Fillmore points out that two sentences taken together as a single discourse can have meanings different from each one taken separately. To illustrate, he asks you to imagine two independent signs at a swimming pool: "Please use the toilet, not the pool," says one. The other announces, "Pool for members only." If you regard each sign independently, they seem quite reasonable. But taking them together as a single discourse makes you go back and revise your interpretation of the first sentence after you've read the second.

Discourse and Frames

'Reframing' is a way to talk about going back and re-interpreting the meaning of the first sentence. Frame analysis is a type of discourse analysis that asks, What activity are speakers engaged in when they say this? What do they think they are doing by talking in this way at this time? Consider how hard it is to make sense of what you are hearing or reading if you don't know who's talking or what the general topic is. When you read a newspaper, you need to know whether you are reading a news story, an editorial, or an advertisement in order to properly interpret the text you are reading. Years ago, when Orson Welles' radio play "The War of the Worlds" was broadcast, some listeners who tuned in late panicked, thinking they were hearing the actual end of the world. They mistook the frame for news instead of drama.

Turn-taking

Conversation is an enterprise in which one person speaks, and another listens. Discourse analysts who study conversation note that speakers have systems for determining when one person's turn is over and the next person's turn begins. This exchange of turns or 'floors' is signaled by such linguistic means as intonation, pausing, and phrasing. Some people await a clear pause before beginning to speak, but others assume that 'winding down' is an invitation to someone else to take the floor. When speakers have different assumptions about how turn exchanges are signaled, they may inadvertently interrupt or feel interrupted. On the other hand, speakers also frequently take the floor even though they know the other speaker has not invited them to do so.

Listenership too may be signaled in different ways. Some people expect frequent nodding as well as listener feedback such as 'mhm', 'uhuh', and 'yeah'. Less of this than you expect can create the impression that someone is not listening; more than you expect can give the impression that you are being rushed along. For some, eye contact is expected nearly continually; for others, it should only be intermittent. The type of listener response you get can change how you speak: If someone seems uninterested or uncomprehending (whether or not they truly are), you may slow down, repeat, or overexplain, giving the impression you are 'talking down.' Frederick Erickson has shown that this can occur in conversations between black and white speakers, because of different habits with regard to showing listenership.

Discourse Markers

'Discourse markers' is the term linguists give to the little words like 'well', 'oh', 'but', and 'and' that break our speech up into parts and show the relation between parts. 'Oh' prepares the hearer for a surprising or just-remembered item, and 'but' indicates that sentence to follow is in opposition to the one before. However, these markers don't necessarily mean what the dictionary says they mean. Some people use 'and' just to start a new thought, and some people put 'but' at the end of their sentences, as a way of trailing off gently. Realizing that these words can function as discourse markers is important to prevent the frustration that can be experienced if you expect every word to have its dictionary meaning every time it's used.

Speech Acts

Speech act analysis asks not what form the utterance takes but what it does. Saying "I now pronounce you man and wife" enacts a marriage. Studying speech acts such as complimenting allows discourse analysts to ask what counts as a compliment, who gives compliments to whom, and what other function they can serve. For example, linguists have observed that women are more likely both to give compliments and to get them. There are also cultural differences; in India, politeness requires that if someone compliments one of your possessions, you should offer to give the item as a gift, so complimenting can be a way of asking for things. An Indian woman who had just met her son's American wife was shocked to hear her new daughter-in-law praise her beautiful saris. She commented, "What kind of girl did he marry? She wants everything!" By comparing how people in different cultures use language, discourse analysts hope to make a contribution to improving cross-cultural understanding.

Text 9. Universal Declaration of Human Rights

Preamble

Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world, Whereas disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted in barbarous acts which have outraged the conscience of mankind, and the advent of a world in which human beings shall enjoy freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want has been proclaimed as the highest aspiration of the common people, Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law, Whereas it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations, Whereas the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the equal rights of men and women and have determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom, Whereas Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in cooperation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms, Whereas a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for the full realization of this pledge, Now, therefore, The General Assembly, Proclaims this Universal Declaration of Human Rights as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the

end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progressive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance, both among the peoples of Member States themselves and among the peoples of territories under their jurisdiction.

Article I

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

Article 2

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status. Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty.

Article 3

Everyone has the right to life, liberty and the security of person.

Article 4

No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms.

Article 5

No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

Article 6

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

Article 7

All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

Article 8

Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

Article 9

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

Article 10

Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.

Article 11

1. Everyone charged with a penal offence has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence.

2. No one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offence was committed.

Article 12

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attack.

Article 13

1. Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each State.

2. Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.

Article 14

1. Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.

2. This right may not be invoked in the case of prosecutions genuinely arising from non-political crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

Article 15

1. Everyone has the right to a nationality.

2. No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality.

Article 16

1. Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family. They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution.

2. Marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of the intending spouses.

3. The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the State.

Article 17

1. Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others.

2. No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.

Article 18

Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.

Article 19

Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

Text 10. O. Wilde *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

Chapter 7

A quarter of an hour afterwards, amidst an extraordinary turmoil of applause, Sibyl Vane stepped on to the stage. Yes, she was certainly lovely to look at—one of the loveliest creatures, Lord Henry thought, that he had ever seen. There was something of the fawn in her shy grace and startled eyes. A faint blush, like the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, came to her cheeks as she glanced at the crowded enthusiastic house. She stepped back a few paces and her lips seemed to tremble. Basil Hallward leaped to his feet and began to applaud. Motionless, and as one in a dream, sat Dorian Gray, gazing at her. Lord Henry peered through his glasses, murmuring, "Charming! charming!"

The scene was the hall of Capulet's house, and Romeo in his pilgrim's dress had entered with Mercutio and his other friends. The band, such as it was, struck up a few bars of music, and the dance began. Through the crowd of ungainly, shabbily dressed actors, Sibyl Vane moved like a creature from a finer world. Her body swayed, while she danced, as a plant sways in the water. The curves of her throat were the curves of a white lily. Her hands seemed to be made of cool ivory. Yet she was curiously listless. She showed no sign of joy when her eyes rested on Romeo. The few words she had to speak—with the brief dialogue that follows, were spoken in a thoroughly artificial manner. The voice was exquisite, but from the point of view of tone it was absolutely false. It was wrong in colour. It took away all the life from the verse. It made the passion unreal. Dorian Gray grew pale as he watched her. He was puzzled and anxious. Neither of his friends dared to say anything to him. She seemed to them to be absolutely incompetent. They were horribly disappointed. Yet they felt that the true test of any Juliet is the balcony scene of the second act. They waited for that. If she failed there, there was nothing in her. She looked charming as she came out in the moonlight. That could not be denied. But the staginess of her acting was unbearable, and grew worse as she went on. Her gestures became absurdly artificial. She overemphasized everything that she had to say. The beautiful passage was declaimed with the painful precision of a schoolgirl who has been taught to recite by some second-rate professor of elocution. When she leaned over the balcony and came to those wonderful lines she spoke the words as though they conveyed no meaning to her. It was not nervousness. Indeed, so far from being nervous, she was absolutely self-contained. It was simply bad art. She was a complete failure.

When the second act was over, there came a storm of hisses, and Lord Henry got up from his chair and put on his coat. "She is quite beautiful, Dorian," he said, "but she can't act. Let us go." "I am going to see the play through," answered the lad, in a hard bitter voice. "I am awfully sorry that I have made you waste an evening, Harry. I apologize to you both." "My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane was ill," interrupted Hallward. "We will come some other night." "I wish she were ill," he

rejoined. "But she seems to me to be simply callous and cold. She has entirely altered. Last night she was a great artist. This evening she is merely a commonplace mediocre actress." "Don't talk like that about any one you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than art." "They are both simply forms of imitation," remarked Lord Henry. "But do let us go. Dorian, you must not stay here any longer. It is not good for one's morals to see bad acting. Besides, I don't suppose you will want your wife to act, so what does it matter if she plays Juliet like a wooden doll? She is very lovely, and if she knows as little about life as she does about acting, she will be a delightful experience. There are only two kinds of people who are really fascinating—people who know absolutely everything, and people who know absolutely nothing. Good heavens, my dear boy, don't look so tragic! The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming. Come to the club with Basil and myself. We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the beauty of Sibyl Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?"

A few moments afterwards the footlights flared up and the curtain rose on the third act. Dorian Gray went back to his seat. He looked pale, and proud, and indifferent. The play dragged on, and seemed interminable. Half of the audience went out, tramping in heavy boots and laughing. The whole thing was a fiasco. The last act was played to almost empty benches. The curtain went down on a titter and some groans. As soon as it was over, Dorian Gray rushed behind the scenes into the greenroom. The girl was standing there alone, with a look of triumph on her face. Her eyes were lit with an exquisite fire. There was a radiance about her. Her parted lips were smiling over some secret of their own.

When he entered, she looked at him, and an expression of infinite joy came over her. "How badly I acted to-night, Dorian!" she cried. "Horribly!" he answered, gazing at her in amazement. "Horribly! It was dreadful. Are you ill? You have no idea what it was. You have no idea what I suffered." The girl smiled. She seemed not to listen to him. She was transfigured with joy. An ecstasy of happiness dominated her. "Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. I was Rosalind one night and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia were mine also. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came—oh, my beautiful love!—and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what reality really is. To-night, for the first time in my life, I saw through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which I had always played. To-night, for the first time, I became conscious that the Romeo was hideous, and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery was vulgar, and that the words I had to speak were unreal, were not my words, were not what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher, something of which all art is but a reflection. You had made me understand what love really is. My love! My love! Prince Charming! Prince of life! I have grown sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can ever be. What have I to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on to-night, I could

not understand how it was that everything had gone from me. I thought that I was going to be wonderful. I found that I could do nothing. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant. The knowledge was exquisite to me. I heard them hissing, and I smiled. What could they know of love such as ours? Take me away, Dorian—take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might mimic a passion that I do not feel, but I cannot mimic one that burns me like fire. Oh, Dorian, Dorian, you understand now what it signifies? Even if I could do it, it would be profanation for me to play at being in love. You have made me see that."

He flung himself down on the sofa and turned away his face. "You have killed my love," he muttered. Then he leaped up and went to the door. "Yes," he cried, "you have killed my love. You used to stir my imagination. Now you don't even stir my curiosity. You simply produce no effect. I loved you because you were marvellous, because you had genius and intellect, because you realized the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art. You have thrown it all away. You are shallow and stupid. My God! how mad I was to love you! What a fool I have been! You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name. You don't know what you were to me, once. Why, once ... Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I wish I had never laid eyes upon you! You have spoiled the romance of my life. How little you can know of love, if you say it mars your art! Without your art, you are nothing. I would have made you famous, splendid, magnificent. The world would have worshipped you, and you would have borne my name. What are you now? A third-rate actress with a pretty face."

A low moan broke from her, and she flung herself at his feet and lay there like a trampled flower. "Dorian, Dorian, don't leave me!" she whispered. "I am so sorry I didn't act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I will try—indeed, I will try. It came so suddenly across me, my love for you. I think I should never have known it if you had not kissed me—if we had not kissed each other. Kiss me again, my love. Don't go away from me. I couldn't bear it. Oh! don't go away from me. My brother ... No; never mind. He didn't mean it. He was in jest.... But you, oh! can't you forgive me for to-night? I will work so hard and try to improve. Don't be cruel to me, because I love you better than anything in the world. After all, it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. I should have shown myself more of an artist. It was foolish of me, and yet I couldn't help it. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me." A fit of passionate sobbing choked her. She crouched on the floor like a wounded thing, and Dorian Gray, with his beautiful eyes, looked down at her, and his chiselled lips curled in exquisite disdain. There is always something ridiculous about the emotions of people whom one has ceased to love. Sibyl Vane seemed to him to be absurdly melodramatic. Her tears and sobs annoyed him.

As the dawn was just breaking, he found himself close to Covent Garden. The darkness lifted, and, flushed with faint fires, the sky hollowed itself into a perfect pearl. Huge carts filled with nodding lilies rumbled slowly down the polished empty street. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers, and their beauty seemed to bring him an anodyne for his pain. After a little while, he hailed a hansom and drove home. For a few moments he loitered upon the doorstep, looking round at the silent

square, with its blank, close-shuttered windows and its staring blinds. The sky was pure opal now, and the roofs of the houses glistened like silver against it. From some chimney opposite a thin wreath of smoke was rising. It curled, a violet riband, through the nacre-coloured air.

Text 11. Prime Minister's Address to the Nation: 4 January 2021

Prime Minister Boris Johnson's address to the nation on coronavirus on 4 January 2021.

Since the pandemic began last year, the whole United Kingdom has been engaged in a great national effort to fight Covid. And there is no doubt that in fighting the old variant of the virus, our collective efforts were working and would have continued to work. But we now have a new variant of the virus. It has been both frustrating and alarming to see the speed with which the new variant is spreading. Our scientists have confirmed this new variant is between 50 and 70 per cent more transmissible – that means you are much, much more likely to catch the virus and to pass it on. As I speak to you tonight, our hospitals are under more pressure from Covid than at any time since the start of the pandemic. In England alone, the number of Covid patients in hospitals has increased by nearly a third in the last week, to almost 27,000. That number is 40 per cent higher than the first peak in April. On 29 December, more than 80,000 people tested positive for Covid across the UK – a new record. The number of deaths is up by 20 per cent over the last week and will sadly rise further. My thoughts are with all those who have lost loved ones. With most of the country already under extreme measures, it is clear that we need to do more, together, to bring this new variant under control while our vaccines are rolled out. In England, we must therefore go into a national lockdown which is tough enough to contain this variant. That means the Government is once again instructing you to stay at home. You may only leave home for limited reasons permitted in law, such as to shop for essentials, to work if you absolutely cannot work from home, to exercise, to seek medical assistance such as getting a Covid test, or to escape domestic abuse. The full details on what you can and can't do will be available at [gov.uk/coronavirus](https://www.gov.uk/coronavirus). If you are clinically extremely vulnerable, we are advising you to begin shielding again and you will shortly receive a letter about what this means for you. And because we now have to do everything we possibly can to stop the spread of the disease, primary schools, secondary schools and colleges across England must move to remote provision from tomorrow, except for vulnerable children and the children of key workers. Everyone will still be able to access early years settings such as nurseries. We recognise that this will mean it is not possible or fair for all exams to go ahead this summer as normal. The Education Secretary will work with Ofqual to put in place alternative arrangements. We will provide extra support to ensure that pupils entitled to free school meals will continue to receive them while schools are closed, and we'll distribute more devices to support remote education. I completely understand the inconvenience and distress this late change will cause millions of parents and pupils up and down the country. Parents whose children were in school today may reasonably ask why we did not take this decision sooner. The answer is simply that

we have been doing everything in our power to keep schools open, because we know how important each day in education is to children's life chances. And I want to stress that the problem is not that schools are unsafe for children – children are still very unlikely to be severely affected by even the new variant of Covid. The problem is that schools may nonetheless act as vectors for transmission, causing the virus to spread between households. Today the United Kingdom's Chief Medical Officers have advised that the country should move to alert level 5, meaning that if action is not taken NHS capacity may be overwhelmed within 21 days. Of course, there is one huge difference compared to last year. We are now rolling out the biggest vaccination programme in our history. So far, we in the UK have vaccinated more people than the rest of Europe combined. With the arrival today of the UK's own Oxford Astra Zeneca vaccine, the pace of vaccination is accelerating. I can share with you tonight the NHS's realistic expectations for the vaccination programme in the coming weeks. By the middle of February, if things go well and with a fair wind in our sails, we expect to have offered the first vaccine dose to everyone in the four top priority groups identified by the Joint Committee on Vaccination and Immunisation. That means vaccinating all residents in a care home for older adults and their carers, everyone over the age of 70, all frontline health and social care workers, and everyone who is clinically extremely vulnerable. If we succeed in vaccinating all those groups, we will have removed huge numbers of people from the path of the virus. And of course, that will eventually enable us to lift many of the restrictions we have endured for so long. I must stress that even if we achieve this goal, there remains a time lag of two to three weeks from getting a jab to receiving immunity. And there will be a further time lag before the pressure on the NHS is lifted. So we should remain cautious about the timetable ahead. But if our understanding of the virus doesn't change dramatically once again... If the rollout of the vaccine programme continues to be successful... If deaths start to fall as the vaccine takes effect... And, critically, if everyone plays their part by following the rules... Then I hope we can steadily move out of lockdown, reopening schools after the February half term and starting, cautiously, to move regions down the tiers. I want to say to everyone right across the United Kingdom that I know how tough this is, I know how frustrated you are, I know that you have had more than enough of government guidance about defeating this virus. But now more than ever, we must pull together. You should follow the new rules from now, and they will become law in the early hours of Wednesday morning. Parliament will meet – largely remotely – later that day. I know that the devolved administrations in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland share my conviction this is a pivotal moment and they're taking similar steps. The weeks ahead will be the hardest yet but I really do believe that we are entering the last phase of the struggle. Because with every jab that goes into our arms, we are tilting the odds against Covid and in favour of the British people. And, thanks to the miracle of science, not only is the end in sight and we know exactly how we will get there. But for now, I am afraid, you must once again stay at home, protect the NHS and save lives.

Thank you all very much.

Text 12. K. Mansfield *Her First Ball*

Exactly when the ball began Leila would have found it hard to say. Perhaps her first real partner was the cab. It did not matter that she shared the cab with the Sheridan girls and their brother. She sat back in her own little corner of it, and the bolster on which her hand rested felt like the sleeve of an unknown young man's dress suit; and away they bowled, past waltzing lamp-posts and houses and fences and trees. "Have you really never been to a ball before, Leila? But, my child, how too weird--" cried the Sheridan girls. "Our nearest neighbour was fifteen miles," said Leila softly, gently opening and shutting her fan.

Oh dear, how hard it was to be indifferent like the others! She tried not to smile too much; she tried not to care. But every single thing was so new and exciting ... Meg's tuberose, Jose's long loop of amber, Laura's little dark head, pushing above her white fur like a flower through snow. She would remember for ever. It even gave her a pang to see her cousin Laurie throw away the wisps of tissue paper he pulled from the fastenings of his new gloves. She would like to have kept those wisps as a keepsake, as a remembrance. Laurie leaned forward and put his hand on Laura's knee.

"Look here, darling," he said. "The third and the ninth as usual. Twig?"

Oh, how marvellous to have a brother! In her excitement Leila felt that if there had been time, if it hadn't been impossible, she couldn't have helped crying because she was an only child, and no brother had ever said "Twig?" to her; no sister would ever say, as Meg said to Jose that moment, "I've never known your hair go up more successfully than it has to-night!" But, of course, there was no time. They were at the drill hall already; there were cabs in front of them and cabs behind. The road was bright on either side with moving fan-like lights, and on the pavement gay couples seemed to float through the air; little satin shoes chased each other like birds.

"Hold on to me, Leila; you'll get lost," said Laura. "Come on, girls, let's make a dash for it," said Laurie. Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked "Ladies." Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old women in white aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end.

A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling. Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodices, smoothing marble-white gloves. And because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely.

"Aren't there any invisible hair-pins?" cried a voice. "How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hair-pin." "Powder my back, there's a darling," cried some one else. "But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the

frill," wailed a third. Then, "Pass them along, pass them along!" The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask some one, "Am I meant to have one too?" but she had just time to read: "Waltz 3. 'Two, Two in a Canoe.' Polka 4. 'Making the Feathers Fly,'" when Meg cried, "Ready, Leila?" and they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall.

Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be heard. Leila, pressing close to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say she couldn't go after all. And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying "More pork" in the moonlight, was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, "How heavenly; how simply heavenly!"

All the girls stood grouped together at one side of the doors, the men at the other, and the chaperones in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly, walked with little careful steps over the polished floor towards the stage. "This is my little country cousin Leila. Be nice to her. Find her partners; she's under my wing," said Meg, going up to one girl after another.

Strange faces smiled at Leila - sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices answered, "Of course, my dear." But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin? What were they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something; Meg passed him on to Leila. "May I have the pleasure?" He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked. Then quite an old man - fat, with a big bald patch on his head - took her programme and murmured, "Let me see, let me see!" And he was a long time comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. "Oh, please don't bother," she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. "Do I remember this bright little face?" he said softly. "Is it known to me of yore?" At that moment the band began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossed away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups up into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning ...

Leila had learned to dance at boarding school. Every Saturday afternoon the boarders were hurried off to a little corrugated iron mission hall where Miss Eccles (of London) held her "select" classes. But the difference between that dusty-smelling hall - with calico texts on the walls, the poor terrified little woman in a brown velvet toque with rabbit's ears thumping the cold piano, Miss Eccles poking the girls' feet with her long white wand - and this was so tremendous that Leila was sure if her partner didn't come and she had to listen to that marvellous music and to watch the others sliding, gliding over the golden floor, she would die at least, or faint, or lift her arms and fly out of one of those dark windows that showed the stars.

"Ours, I think--" Some one bowed, smiled, and offered her his arm; she hadn't to die after all... He steered so beautifully. That was the great difference between dancing with girls and men, Leila decided. Girls banged into each other, and stamped on each other's feet; the girl who was gentleman always clutched you so. The azaleas were separate flowers no longer; they were pink and white flags streaming by.

"Enjoying yourself, Leila?" asked Jose, nodding her golden head. Laura passed and gave her the faintest little wink; it made Leila wonder for a moment whether she was quite grown up after all. Certainly her partner did not say very much. He coughed, tucked his handkerchief away, pulled down his waistcoat, took a minute thread off his sleeve. But it didn't matter. Almost immediately the band started and her second partner seemed to spring from the ceiling.

"Floor's not bad," said the new voice. Did one always begin with the floor? And then, "Were you at the Neaves' on Tuesday?" And again Leila explained. Perhaps it was a little strange that her partners were not more interested. For it was thrilling. Her first ball! She was only at the beginning of everything. It seemed to her that she had never known what the night was like before. Up till now it had been dark, silent, beautiful very often - oh yes - but mournful somehow. Solemn. And now it would never be like that again - it had opened dazzling bright.

"Care for an ice?" said her partner. And they went through the swing doors, down the passage, to the supper room. Her cheeks burned, she was fearfully thirsty. How sweet the ices looked on little glass plates and how cold the frosted spoon was, iced too! And when they came back to the hall there was the fat man waiting for her by the door. It gave her quite a shock again to see how old he was; he ought to have been on the stage with the fathers and mothers. And when Leila compared him with her other partners he looked shabby. His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk.

"Come along, little lady," said the fat man. He scarcely troubled to clasp her, and they moved away so gently, it was more like walking than dancing. But he said not a word about the floor. "Your first dance, isn't it?" he murmured.

"How did you know?"

"Ah," said the fat man, "that's what it is to be old!" He wheezed faintly as he steered her past an awkward couple. "You see, I've been doing this kind of thing for the last thirty years."

"Thirty years?" cried Leila. Twelve years before she was born!

"It hardly bears thinking about, does it?" said the fat man gloomily. Leila looked at his bald head, and she felt quite sorry for him.

"I think it's marvellous to be still going on," she said kindly.

... presently a soft, melting, ravishing tune began, and a young man with curly hair bowed before her. She would have to dance, out of politeness, until she could find Meg. Very stiffly she walked into the middle; very haughtily she put her hand on his sleeve. But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all became one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, "Pardon," she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognise him again.

Text 13. M. Atwood *Under Glass*

I'm feeling better. For once the sky is out, there's a breeze, I'm walking through the ellipses and arranged vistas of the park, the trees come solidly up through the earth as though they belong there, nothing wavers. I have confidence in the grass and the distant buildings, they can take care of themselves, they don't need my attention on them to keep them together, my eyes holding them down.

The steam-covered mothers and shrill, hyperthyroid children of yesterday's trip to the zoo are far away, the traces they have left in me are faint as grease smudges and scratchings of twigs on window panes. That was a risk I shouldn't have taken, it would have been cleverer to have waited, but I managed it. I even made it through the Moonlight Pavilion, darkened tunnels full of screaming, the goggling rodents and shrunken foetal-headed primates deluded by the grey light into going about their lives, so publicly, behind the soundproof panels. I enjoy knowing I can do it without anyone to help.

I pass the 7-B greenhouse: it glitters, it beckons. Inside are the plants that look like stones, their fleshy lobed leaves knuckle-sized and mottled so that they blend perfectly with the pebbles. I was pleased at first to have discovered them. I think with a kind of horror at myself of the hours I've spent watching them, all of us keeping quite still. Today, however, the greenhouse has no attraction: I walk on two legs, I wear clothes.

In the street outside the station I go shopping. It feels new, my legs ripple as though I've just gotten out of a wheelchair. I buy little brown paper parcels and stow them away inside my serviceable black bag with handles on it like a doctor's. Bread and butter, grapes, greengages which he has probably never had before but we must all try different experiences. Before I zip the bag I rearrange the packages to safeguard the rose, encased in plastic wrap with stem swathed in wet toilet paper. Redundant. It's a gift though and I'm proud of myself for being able, we don't do much of that. I cut it in the garden, which isn't mine. I admire roses but I've never wanted to be one, maybe that's why I'm not worrying much about whether the stem hurts.

What part of a rose bush is the body? Last night I dreamed I had a baby which was the right size and colour. It's a healthy sign, maybe I'll be able to after all, the way other women are supposed to. Usually when I dream of babies they are scrawny as kittens, pale greenish and highly intelligent; they talk in polysyllables and I know

they aren't mine but are creatures from another planet sent to take over the earth, or that they are dead. Sometimes they're covered with fur. But last night's was pink and reassuringly illiterate; it cried. He ought to find this promising, he wants to have sons. I've thought about it, I've even gone so far as to read a couple of books on exercises and what they call natural childbirth, though having a gourd or a tomato would surely be more pleasant and useful these days than having a baby, the world has no need of my genes. That's an excuse though.

I put the bag on my knees and keep hold of the handles. It's playing house, we both know I can't cook him anything till he gets his stove repaired, which somehow he postpones: still it's the first domestic thing I've ever done for him. He ought to approve, he's obliged to approve, he'll see it's getting better. I'm feeling so good I even look at other people in the train, their faces and clothes, noticing them, wondering about their lives. See how kind I am, what a cornucopia.

The cement stairway going down to his door smells of piss and antiseptic; I hold my breath as usual. I look in through the letter flap: he isn't up, so I let myself in with my key. His two-room flat is more untidy than last time but it's been worse. Today the dust and litter leave my skin alone. I set my black bag on the table and go through to the bedroom.

He's on the bed, asleep in a tangled net of blankets, on his back with his knees up. I'm always afraid to wake him: I remember the stories about men who kill in their sleep with their eyes open, thinking the woman is a burglar or an enemy soldier. You can't be convicted for it. I touch him on the leg and stand back, ready to run, but he wakes immediately and turns his head towards me.

"Hi," he says. "Jesus I'm hung over."

It's rude of him to be hung over when I've come all this way to see him. "I brought you a flower," I say, determined to be calm and cheerful.

I go out to the other room and unwind the rose from its toilet paper and look for something to put it in. There's a stack of never-used plates in his cupboard, the rest of the space is books and papers. I find a lone glass and fill it with water at the sink. Forks and knives, also unused, are rusting in the drainer. I list to myself the things he needs: a vase, more glasses, a dishtowel.

I carry the rose in to him and he sniffs at it dutifully and I set the glass beside the alarm clock on the improvised table, two chairs and a board. He would really like to go back to sleep, but he compromises by pulling me down beside him and involving me in the blankets. His head seeks the hollow between my shoulder and collarbone and he closes his eyes.

"I've missed you," he says. Why should he have missed me, I've only been gone five days. The last time wasn't good, I was nervous, the wallpaper was bothering me and the bright peel-off stick-on butterflies on the cupboard, not his, prior to him. He kisses me: he does have a hangover, his mouth tastes of used wine, tobacco resin and urban decay. He doesn't want to make love, I can tell, I stroke his head understandingly; he nuzzles. I think again of the Moonlight Pavilion, the Slow Loris creeping cautiously through its artificial world, water dishes and withering branches, its eyes large with apprehension, its baby clutched to its fur.

“Want to have lunch?” he says. This is his way of telling me he’s in no shape.

“I brought it. Or most of it anyway. I’ll go round the corner and get the rest. It’s healthier than those greasy hamburgers and chips.” “Great,” he says, but he makes no move to get up. “Have you been taking your vitamin pills?” They were my idea, I was afraid he’d get scurvy, eating the way he does. I always take them myself. I feel him nod ritualistically.

I can’t see whether he’s telling the truth. I turn over so I’m looking down at him. “Who were you drinking with? Did you go out after you moved the furniture?”

“The furniture was already moved when I got there. She couldn’t call to tell me.” That’s true, he has no phone; our conversations take place in booths. “She wanted to go out and drink instead. I spilled chop suey all over myself,” he says with self-pity.

I am supposed to commiserate. “Was it digested or undigested?” I ask.

“I hadn’t touched a bite of it.”

I’m surprised at her for being so obvious, but then she’s always seemed unsubtle, blunt and straightforward, captain of a women’s basketball team, no, high school gym teacher with whistle in mouth. An old friend. No nonsense. Mine had bloomers and skinny legs and made jokes about what she called The Cramps in a way that suggested we weren’t supposed to have them. Trampolines, the body contorted, made to perform, the mind barking orders.

I am sitting in a brand-new hamburger palace; across the table from me is a man eating a cheeseburger. Feeding places are the only chances I have to watch him: the rest of the time I’m looking at the blurs through taxi windows or tracing the unfamiliar wallpaper designs. The colour of his face matches the Formica tabletops: off-white. At other tables are other men, also eating cheeseburgers and being watched by other women. We all have our coats on. The air shimmers with rock music and the smell of exhausted french fries. Though it is winter the room reminds me of a beach, even to the crumpled paper napkins and pop bottles discarded here and there and the slightly gritty texture of the cheeseburgers.

He pushes away his cole slaw. “You should eat it,” I say. “No no; can’t eat vegies,” he says. The suppressed dietician in me notes that he is probably suffering from a vitamin A deficiency. I should have been a health inspector, or maybe an organic farmer. “I’ll trade you then,” I say. “I’ll eat your cole slaw if you’ll finish my cheeseburger.”

He thinks there’s a catch somewhere but decides to risk it. The switch is made and we both examine our halves of the deal. Beyond the plate-glass window slush drifts from the night sky, inside though we are lighted, safe and warm, filtering music through our gills as though it’s oxygen.

He finishes my cheeseburger and lights a cigarette. I’m annoyed with him for some reason, though I can’t recall which. I thumb my card-file of nasty remarks, choose one: You make love like a cowboy raping a sheep. I’ve been waiting for the right time to say that, but maybe peace is more important.

Not for him; hunger satisfied, he turns back to an earlier argument. I see it so clearly, in such an ordinary light, I know what he did, how he moved, what he said even, one warm body attracts another, it’s how people behave and I want to be sick.

More, I want to take my carefully selected brown paper parcels and shove them down his never-cleaned toilet, which I even—crown of idiocy—had thoughts of cleaning for him, poor thing, no one ever showed him how to do it. Where they belong. So this is what it would be like, me picking up his dirty socks and cigarette butts in my experienced way, woman's greatest joy, safely eight months pregnant so you can't get out of it now, grunting away at the natural childbirth exercises while he's off screwing whatever was propped against him when he hit the mystic number of drinks. A spiritual relationship with you, he said, and merely physical ones with the others. Shove that. What does he think I saw in him in the first place, his remarkable soul?

Text 14. M. Atwood *Hair Jewellery*

There must be some approach to this, a method, a technique, that's the word I want, it kills germs. Some technique then, a way of thinking about it that would be bloodless and therefore painless; devotion recollected in tranquility. I try to conjure up an image of myself at that time, also one of you, but it's like conjuring the dead. How do I know I'm not inventing both of us, and if I'm not inventing then it really is like conjuring the dead, a dangerous game. Why should I disturb those sleepers, sleepwalkers, as they make their automaton rounds through the streets where we once lived, fading from year to year, their voices thinning to the sound of a thumb drawn across a wet window: an insect squeak, transparent as glass, no words. You can never tell with the dead whether it is they who wish to return or the living who want them to. The usual explanation is that they have something to tell us. I'm not sure I believe it; in this case it's more likely that I have something to tell them.

Be careful, I want to write. There is a future, God's hand on the temple wall, clear and unavoidable in the new snow, just in front of them where they are walking—I see it as December—along the brick sidewalk in Boston, city of rotting dignities, she in her wavering high heels, getting her feet wet from sheer vanity. Boots were ugly then, heavy shapeless rubber like rhinoceros paws, flight boots they called them, or furred at the tops like old ladies' or bedroom slippers, with stringy bows; or there were those plastic wedge-shaped rainboots, they would yellow quickly and become encrusted with dirt on the inside, they looked like buried teeth.

That's my technique, I resurrect myself through clothes. In fact it's impossible for me to remember what I did, what happened to me, unless I can remember what I was wearing, and every time I discard a sweater or a dress I am discarding a part of my life. I shed identities like a snake, leaving them pale and shrivelled behind me, a trail of them, and if I want any memories at all I have to collect, one by one, those cotton and wool fragments, piece them together, achieving at last a patchwork self, no defence anyway against the cold. I concentrate, and this particular lost soul rises miasmatic from the Crippled Civilians' Clothing Donation Box in the Loblaws parking lot in downtown Toronto, where I finally ditched that coat.

The coat was long and black. It was good quality—good quality mattered then, and the women's magazines had articles about basic wardrobes and correct pressing and how to get spots out of camel's hair—but it was far too big for me, the sleeves

came to my knuckles, the hem to the tops of my plastic rainboots, which did not fit either. When I bought it I meant to alter it, but I never did. Most of my clothes were the same, they were all too big, perhaps I believed that if my clothes were large and shapeless, if they formed a sort of tent around me, I would be less visible. But the reverse was true; I must have been more noticeable than most as I billowed along the streets in my black wool shroud, my head swathed in, was it a plaid angora scarf, also good quality; at any rate, my head swathed.

I bought these clothes, when I bought clothes at all— for you must remember that, like you, I was poor, which accounts for at least some of our desperation—in Filene’s Basement, where good quality clothes that failed to sell at the more genteel levels were disposed of at slashed prices. You often had to try them on in the aisles as there were few dressing rooms, and the cellar, for it was a cellar, low-ceilinged, dimly lit, dank with the smell of anxious armpits and harassed feet, was filled on bargain days with struggling women in slips and bras, stuffing themselves into torn and soiled designer originals to the sound of heavy breathing and a hundred sticking zippers. It is customary to laugh at bargain-hunting women, at their voraciousness, their hysteria, but Filene’s Basement was, in its own way, tragic. No one went there who did not aspire to a shape-change, a transformation, a new life; but the things never did quite fit.

Under the black coat I wear a heavy tweed skirt, grey in colour, and a brown sweater with only one not very noticeable hole, valued by me because it was your cigarette that burned it. Under the sweater I have a slip (too long), a brassiere (too small), some panties with little pink roses on them, also from Filene’s Basement, only twenty-five cents, five for a dollar, and a pair of nylon stockings held up by a garter belt which, being too large, is travelling around my waist, causing the seams at the backs of my legs to spiral like barbers’ poles. I am lugging a suitcase which is far too heavy—no one carried packsacks then except at summer camp—as it contains another set of my weighty, oversized clothes as well as six nineteenth-century Gothic novels and a sheaf of clean paper. On the other side, counterbalancing the suitcase, are my portable typewriter and my Filene’s Basement handbag, gargantuan, bottomless as the tomb. It is February, the wind whips the black coat out behind me, my plastic rainboots skid on the ice of the sidewalk, in a passing store window I see a woman thick and red-faced and bundled. I am hopelessly in love and I am going to the train station to escape.

If I had been richer it would have been the airport. I would have gone to California, Algiers, somewhere oily and alien and above all warm. As it was, I had just enough money for a return ticket and three days in Salem, the only other place both accessible and notable being Walden Pond, which was not much good in winter. I had already justified the trip to myself: it would be more educational to go to Salem than to Algiers, for I was supposed to be “doing work” on Nathaniel Hawthorne. “Doing work,” they called it; they still call it that. I would be able to soak up atmosphere; perhaps from this experience, to which I did not look forward, the academic paper required for my survival as a scholar would emerge, like a stunted dandelion from a crack in the sidewalk. Those dismal streets, that Puritanical

melancholy combined with the sodden February seawinds would be like a plunge into cold water, shocking into action my critical faculties, my talent for word-chopping and the construction of plausible footnotes which had assured so far the trickle of scholarship money on which I subsisted. For the past two months these abilities had been paralyzed by unrequited love. I thought that several days away from you would give me time to think things over. In my subsequent experience, this does no good at all.

Unrequited love was, at that period of my life, the only kind I seemed to be capable of feeling. This caused me much pain, but in retrospect I see it had advantages. It provided all the emotional jolts of the other kind without any of the risks, it did not interfere with my life, which, although meagre, was mine and predictable, and it involved no decisions. In the world of stark physical reality it might call for the removal of my ill-fitting garments (in the dark or the bathroom, if possible: no woman wants a man to see her safety pins), but it left undisturbed their metaphysical counterparts. At that time I believed in metaphysics. My Platonic version of myself resembled an Egyptian mummy, a mysteriously wrapped object that might or might not fall into dust if uncovered. But unrequited love demanded no stripteases.

If, as had happened several times, my love was requited, if it became a question of the future, of making a decision that would lead inevitably to the sound of one's beloved shaving with an electric razor while one scraped congealed egg from his breakfast plate, I was filled with panic. My academic researches had made me familiar with the moment at which one's closest friend and most trusted companion grows fangs or turns into a bat; this moment was expected, and held few terrors for me. Far more disconcerting was that other moment, when the scales would fall from my eyes and my current lover would be revealed not as a demigod or a monster, impersonal and irresistible, but as a human being. What Psyche saw with the candle was not a god with wings but a pigeon-chested youth with pimples, and that's why it took her so long to win her way back to true love. It is easier to love a daemon than a man, though less heroic.

You were, of course, the perfect object. No banal shadow of lawnmowers and bungalows lurked in your melancholy eyes, opaque as black marble, recondite as urns, you coughed like Roderick Usher, you were, in your own eyes and therefore in mine, doomed and restless as Dracula. Why is it that dolefulness and a sense of futility are so irresistible to young women? I watch this syndrome among my students: those febrile young men who sprawl on the carpets which this institution of higher learning has so thoughtfully provided for them, grubby and slack as hookworm victims, each with some girl in tow who buys cigarettes and coffee for him and who receives in turn his outpourings of spleen, his condemnations of the world and his mockery of her in particular, of the way she dresses, of the recreation room and two television sets owned by her parents, who may be in fact identical to his, of her friends, of what she reads, of how she thinks. Why do they put up with it? Perhaps it makes them feel, by contrast, healthful and life-giving; or perhaps these

men are their mirrors, reflecting the misery and chaos they contain but are afraid to acknowledge.

Our case was different only in externals; the desperation, I'm sure, was identical. I had ended up in academia because I did not want to be a secretary, or, to put it another way, because I did not want always to have to buy my good-quality clothes in Filene's Basement; you, because you did not want to be drafted, and at that time the university dodge still worked. We were both from small, unimportant cities, whose Rotary Club denizens, unaware of our actual condition, believed that their minute bursaries were helping us to pursue arcane but glamorous careers which would in some vague way reflect credit on the community. But neither of us wanted to be professional scholars, and the real ones, some of whom had brushcuts and efficient briefcases and looked like junior executives of shoe companies, filled us with dismay. Instead of "doing work" we would spend our time drinking draft beer in the cheapest of the local German restaurants, ridiculing the pomposity of our seminars and the intellectual mannerisms of our fellow students. Or we would wander through the stacks of the library, searching for recondite titles no one could possibly have heard of so we could drop them into the next literary debate in that reverential tone soon mastered by every future departmental chairman, and watch the ripples of dismay spread through the eyes of our fellow inmates. Sometimes we would sneak into the Music Department, co-opt a vacant piano and sing maudlin Victorian favourites or bouncy choruses from Gilbert and Sullivan, or a plaintive ballad by Edward Lear from which we had been compelled, earlier in the year, to extract the Freudian symbols. I associate it with a certain brown corduroy skirt which I had made myself, the hem of which was stapled in several places because I had not had the moral energy to sew it.

Text 15. K. Chopin *The Kiss*

It was still quite light out of doors, but inside with the curtains drawn and the smouldering fire sending out a dim, uncertain glow, the room was full of deep shadows.

Brantain sat in one of these shadows; it had overtaken him and he did not mind. The obscurity lent him courage to keep his eyes fastened as ardently as he liked upon the girl who sat in the firelight.

She was very handsome, with a certain fine, rich coloring that belongs to the healthy brune type. She was quite composed, as she idly stroked the satiny coat of the cat that lay curled in her lap, and she occasionally sent a slow glance into the shadow where her companion sat. They were talking low, of indifferent things which plainly were not the things that occupied their thoughts. She knew that he loved her--a frank, blustering fellow without guile enough to conceal his feelings, and no desire to do so. For two weeks past he had sought her society eagerly and persistently. She was confidently waiting for him to declare himself and she meant to accept him. The rather insignificant and unattractive Brantain was enormously rich; and she liked and required the entourage which wealth could give her.

During one of the pauses between their talk of the last tea and the next reception the door opened and a young man entered whom Brantain knew quite well. The girl turned her face toward him. A stride or two brought him to her side, and bending over her chair--before she could suspect his intention, for she did not realize that he had not seen her visitor--he pressed an ardent, lingering kiss upon her lips.

Brantain slowly arose; so did the girl arise, but quickly, and the newcomer stood between them, a little amusement and some defiance struggling with the confusion in his face.

"I believe," stammered Brantain, "I see that I have stayed too long. I--I had no idea--that is, I must wish you good-by." He was clutching his hat with both hands, and probably did not perceive that she was extending her hand to him, her presence of mind had not completely deserted her; but she could not have trusted herself to speak. "Hang me if I saw him sitting there, Nattie! I know it's deuced awkward for you. But I hope you'll forgive me this once--this very first break. Why, what's the matter?"

"Don't touch me; don't come near me," she returned angrily. "What do you mean by entering the house without ringing?"

"I came in with your brother, as I often do," he answered coldly, in self-justification. "We came in the side way. He went upstairs and I came in here hoping to find you. The explanation is simple enough and ought to satisfy you that the misadventure was unavoidable. But do say that you forgive me, Nathalie," he entreated, softening.

"Forgive you! You don't know what you are talking about. Let me pass. It depends upon--a good deal whether I ever forgive you."

At that next reception which she and Brantain had been talking about she approached the young man with a delicious frankness of manner when she saw him there.

"Will you let me speak to you a moment or two, Mr. Brantain?" she asked with an engaging but perturbed smile. He seemed extremely unhappy; but when she took his arm and walked away with him, seeking a retired corner, a ray of hope mingled with the almost comical misery of his expression. She was apparently very outspoken.

"Perhaps I should not have sought this interview, Mr. Brantain; but--but, oh, I have been very uncomfortable, almost miserable since that little encounter the other afternoon. When I thought how you might have misinterpreted it, and believed things" --hope was plainly gaining the ascendancy over misery in Brantain's round, guileless face--"Of course, I know it is nothing to you, but for my own sake I do want you to understand that Mr. Harvy is an intimate friend of long standing. Why, we have always been like cousins--like brother and sister, I may say. He is my brother's most intimate associate and often fancies that he is entitled to the same privileges as the family. Oh, I know it is absurd, uncalled for, to tell you this; undignified even," she was almost weeping, "but it makes so much difference to me what you think of--of me." Her voice had grown very low and agitated. The misery had all disappeared from Brantain's face.

"Then you do really care what I think, Miss Nathalie? May I call you Miss Nathalie?" They turned into a long, dim corridor that was lined on either side with tall, graceful plants. They walked slowly to the very end of it. When they turned to retrace their steps Brantain's face was radiant and hers was triumphant.

Harvy was among the guests at the wedding; and he sought her out in a rare moment when she stood alone.

"Your husband," he said, smiling, "has sent me over to kiss you. "

A quick blush suffused her face and round polished throat. "I suppose it's natural for a man to feel and act generously on an occasion of this kind. He tells me he doesn't want his marriage to interrupt wholly that pleasant intimacy which has existed between you and me. I don't know what you've been telling him," with an insolent smile, "but he has sent me here to kiss you."

She felt like a chess player who, by the clever handling of his pieces, sees the game taking the course intended. Her eyes were bright and tender with a smile as they glanced up into his; and her lips looked hungry for the kiss which they invited.

"But, you know," he went on quietly, "I didn't tell him so, it would have seemed ungrateful, but I can tell you. I've stopped kissing women; it's dangerous."

Well, she had Brantain and his million left. A person can't have everything in this world; and it was a little unreasonable of her to expect it.

Text 16. K. Chopin *A Pair of Silk Stockings*

Little Mrs. Sommers one day found herself the unexpected possessor of fifteen dollars. It seemed to her a very large amount of money, and the way in which it stuffed and bulged her worn old porte-monnaie gave her a feeling of importance such as she had not enjoyed for years.

The question of investment was one that occupied her greatly. For a day or two she walked about apparently in a dreamy state, but really absorbed in speculation and calculation. She did not wish to act hastily, to do anything she might afterward regret. But it was during the still hours of the night when she lay awake revolving plans in her mind that she seemed to see her way clearly toward a proper and judicious use of the money. A dollar or two should be added to the price usually paid for Janie's shoes, which would insure their lasting an appreciable time longer than they usually did. She would buy so and so many yards of percale for new shirt waists for the boys and Janie and Mag. She had intended to make the old ones do by skilful patching. Mag should have another gown. She had seen some beautiful patterns, veritable bargains in the shop windows. And still there would be left enough for new stockings -- two pairs apiece -- and what darning that would save for a while! She would get caps for the boys and sailor-hats for the girls. The vision of her little brood looking fresh and dainty and new for once in their lives excited her and made her restless and wakeful with anticipation.

The neighbors sometimes talked of certain "better days" that little Mrs. Sommers had known before she had ever thought of being Mrs. Sommers. She herself indulged in no such morbid retrospection. She had no time -- no second of time to devote to the past. The needs of the present absorbed her every faculty. A vision of the future like some dim, gaunt monster sometimes appalled her, but luckily to-morrow never comes. Mrs. Sommers was one who knew the value of bargains; who could stand for hours making her way inch by inch toward the desired object that was selling below cost. She could elbow her way if need be; she had learned to clutch a piece of goods

and hold it and stick to it with persistence and determination till her turn came to be served, no matter when it came. But that day she was a little faint and tired. She had swallowed a light luncheon -- no! when she came to think of it, between getting the children fed and the place righted, and preparing herself for the shopping bout, she had actually forgotten to eat any luncheon at all!

She sat herself upon a revolving stool before a counter that was comparatively deserted, trying to gather strength and courage to charge through an eager multitude that was besieging breastworks of shirting and figured lawn. An all-gone limp feeling had come over her and she rested her hand aimlessly upon the counter. She wore no gloves. By degrees she grew aware that her hand had encountered something very soothing, very pleasant to touch. She looked down to see that her hand lay upon a pile of silk stockings. A placard near by announced that they had been reduced in price from two dollars and fifty cents to one dollar and ninety-eight cents; and a young girl who stood behind the counter asked her if she wished to examine their line of silk hosiery. She smiled, just as if she had been asked to inspect a tiara of diamonds with the ultimate view of purchasing it. But she went on feeling the soft, sheeny luxurious things -- with both hands now, holding them up to see them glisten, and to feel them glide serpent-like through her fingers.

Two hectic blotches came suddenly into her pale cheeks. She looked up at the girl. "Do you think there are any eights-and-a-half among these?" There were any number of eights-and-a-half. In fact, there were more of that size than any other. Here was a light-blue pair; there were some lavender, some all black and various shades of tan and gray. Mrs. Sommers selected a black pair and looked at them very long and closely. She pretended to be examining their texture, which the clerk assured her was excellent. "A dollar and ninety-eight cents," she mused aloud. "Well, I'll take this pair." She handed the girl a five-dollar bill and waited for her change and for her parcel. What a very small parcel it was! It seemed lost in the depths of her shabby old shopping-bag.

Mrs. Sommers after that did not move in the direction of the bargain counter. She took the elevator, which carried her to an upper floor into the region of the ladies' waiting-rooms. Here, in a retired corner, she exchanged her cotton stockings for the new silk ones which she had just bought. She was not going through any acute mental process or reasoning with herself, nor was she striving to explain to her satisfaction the motive of her action. She was not thinking at all. She seemed for the time to be taking a rest from that laborious and fatiguing function and to have abandoned herself to some mechanical impulse that directed her actions and freed her of responsibility. How good was the touch of the raw silk to her flesh! She felt like lying back in the cushioned chair and reveling for a while in the luxury of it. She did for a little while. Then she replaced her shoes, rolled the cotton stockings together and thrust them into her bag. After doing this she crossed straight over to the shoe department and took her seat to be fitted. She was fastidious. The clerk could not make her out; he could not reconcile her shoes with her stockings, and she was not too easily pleased. She held back her skirts and turned her feet one way and her head another way as she glanced down at the polished, pointed-tipped boots. Her foot and ankle looked very

pretty. She could not realize that they belonged to her and were a part of herself. She wanted an excellent and stylish fit, she told the young fellow who served her, and she did not mind the difference of a dollar or two more in the price so long as she got what she desired. It was a long time since Mrs. Sommers had been fitted with gloves. On rare occasions when she had bought a pair they were always "bargains," so cheap that it would have been preposterous and unreasonable to have expected them to be fitted to the hand. Now she rested her elbow on the cushion of the glove counter, and a pretty, pleasant young creature, delicate and deft of touch, drew a long-wristed "kid" over Mrs. Sommers's hand. She smoothed it down over the wrist and buttoned it neatly, and both lost themselves for a second or two in admiring contemplation of the little symmetrical gloved hand. But there were other places where money might be spent.

There were books and magazines piled up in the window of a stall a few paces down the street. Mrs. Sommers bought two high-priced magazines such as she had been accustomed to read in the days when she had been accustomed to other pleasant things. She carried them without wrapping. As well as she could she lifted her skirts at the crossings. Her stockings and boots and well fitting gloves had worked marvels in her bearing -- had given her a feeling of assurance, a sense of belonging to the well-dressed multitude.

She was very hungry. Another time she would have stilled the cravings for food until reaching her own home, where she would have brewed herself a cup of tea and taken a snack of anything that was available. But the impulse that was guiding her would not suffer her to entertain any such thought. There was a restaurant at the corner. She had never entered its doors; from the outside she had sometimes caught glimpses of spotless damask and shining crystal, and soft-stepping waiters serving people of fashion.

When she entered her appearance created no surprise, no consternation, as she had half feared it might. She seated herself at a small table alone, and an attentive waiter at once approached to take her order. She did not want a profusion; she craved a nice and tasty bite -- a half dozen blue-points, a plump chop with cress, a something sweet -- a *crème-frappée*, for instance; a glass of Rhine wine, and after all a small cup of black coffee. While waiting to be served she removed her gloves very leisurely and laid them beside her. Then she picked up a magazine and glanced through it, cutting the pages with a blunt edge of her knife. It was all very agreeable. The damask was even more spotless than it had seemed through the window, and the crystal more sparkling. There were quiet ladies and gentlemen, who did not notice her, lunching at the small tables like her own. A soft, pleasing strain of music could be heard, and a gentle breeze, was blowing through the window. She tasted a bite, and she read a word or two, and she sipped the amber wine and wiggled her toes in the silk stockings. The price of it made no difference. She counted the money out to the waiter and left an extra coin on his tray, whereupon he bowed before her as before a princess of royal blood.

There was still money in her purse, and her next temptation presented itself in the shape of a *matinée* poster.

It was a little later when she entered the theatre, the play had begun and the house seemed to her to be packed. But there were vacant seats here and there, and into one of them she was ushered, between brilliantly dressed women who had gone there to kill time and eat candy and display their gaudy attire. There were many others who were there solely for the play and acting. It is safe to say there was no one present who bore quite the attitude which Mrs. Sommers did to her surroundings. She gathered in the whole – stage and players and people in one wide impression, and absorbed it and enjoyed it. She laughed at the comedy and wept – she and the gaudy woman next to her wept over the tragedy. And they talked a little together over it. And the gaudy woman wiped her eyes and sniffled on a tiny square of filmy, perfumed lace and passed little Mrs. Sommers her box of candy. The play was over, the music ceased, the crowd filed out. It was like a dream ended. People scattered in all directions. Mrs. Sommers went to the corner and waited for the cable car.

A man with keen eyes, who sat opposite to her, seemed to like the study of her small, pale face. It puzzled him to decipher what he saw there. In truth, he saw nothing – unless he were wizard enough to detect a poignant wish, a powerful longing that the cable car would never stop anywhere, but go on and on with her forever

Text 17. Frank O'Connor *The First Confession*

All the trouble began when my grandfather died and my grand-mother - my father's mother - came to live with us. Relations in the one house are a strain at the best of times, but, to make matters worse, my grandmother was a real old countrywoman and quite unsuited to the life in town. She had a fat, wrinkled old face, and, to Mother's great indignation, went round the house in bare feet-the boots had her crippled, she said. For dinner she had a jug of porter and a pot of potatoes with-some-times-a bit of salt fish, and she poured out the potatoes on the table and ate them slowly, with great relish, using her fingers by way of a fork. Now, girls are supposed to be fastidious, but I was the one who suffered most from this. Nora, my sister, just sucked up to the old woman for the penny she got every Friday out of the old-age pension, a thing I could not do. I was too honest, that was my trouble; and when I was playing with Bill Connell, the sergeant-major's son, and saw my grandmother steering up the path with the jug of porter sticking out from beneath her shawl, I was mortified. I made excuses not to let him come into the house, because I could never be sure what she would be up to when we went in. When Mother was at work and my grandmother made the dinner I wouldn't touch it. Nora once tried to make me, but I hid under the table from her and took the bread-knife with me for protection. Nora let on to be very indignant (she wasn't, of course, but she knew Mother saw through her, so she sided with Gran) and came after me. I lashed out at her with the bread-knife, and after that she left me alone. I stayed there till Mother came in from work and made my dinner, but when Father came in later, Nora said in a shocked voice: "Oh, Dadda, do you know what Jackie did at dinnertime?" Then, of course, it all came out; Father gave me a flaking; Mother interfered, and for days after that he didn't speak to me and Mother barely spoke to Nora.

And all because of that old woman ! God knows, I was heart-scalded. Then, to crown my misfortunes, I had to make my first confession and communion. It was an old woman called Ryan who prepared us for these. She was about the one age with Gran; she was well-to-do, lived in a big house on Montenotte, wore a black cloak and bonnet, and came every day to school at three o'clock when we should have been going home, and talked to us of hell. She may have mentioned the other place as well, but that could only have been by accident, for hell had the first place in her heart. She lit a candle, took out a new half-crown, and offered it to the first boy who would hold one finger, only one finger! - in the flame for five minutes by the school clock. Being always very ambitious I was tempted to volunteer, but I thought it might look greedy. Then she asked were we afraid of holding one finger-only one finger! - in a little candle flame for five minutes and not afraid of burning all over in roasting hot furnaces for all eternity. "All eternity! Just think of that! A whole lifetime goes by and it's nothing, not even a drop in the ocean of your sufferings." The woman was really interesting about hell, but my attention was all fixed on the half-crown. At the end of the lesson she put it back in her purse. It was a great disappointment; a religious woman like that, you wouldn't think she'd bother about a thing like a half-crown. Another day she said she knew a priest who woke one night to find a fellow he didn't recognise leaning over the end of his bed. The priest was a bit frightened, naturally enough but he asked the fellow what he wanted, and the fellow said in a deep, husky voice that he wanted to go to confession. The priest said it was an awkward time and wouldn't it do in the morning, but the fellow said that last time he went to confession, there was one sin he kept back, being ashamed to mention it, and now it was always on his mind. Then the priest knew it was a bad case, because the fellow was after making a bad confession and committing a mortal sin. He got up to dress, and just then the cock crew in the yard outside, and lo and behold! - when the priest looked round there was no sign of the fellow, only a smell of burning timber, and when the priest looked at his bed didn't he see the print of two hands burned in it? That was because the fellow had made a bad confession. This story made a shocking impression on me.

But the worst of all was when she showed us how to examine our conscience. Did we take the name of the Lord, our God, in vain? Did we honour our father and our mother? (I asked her did this include grandmothers and she said it did.) Did we love our neighbours as ourselves? Did we covet our neighbour's goods? (I thought of the way I felt about the penny that Nora got every Friday.) I decided that, between one thing and another, I must have broken the whole ten commandments, all on account of that old woman, and so far as I could see, so long as she remained in the house, I had no hope of ever doing anything else.

I was scared to death of confession. The day the whole class went, I let on to have a toothache, hoping my absence wouldn't be noticed, but at three o'clock, just as I was feeling safe, along comes a chap with a message from Mrs. Ryan that I was to go to confession myself on Saturday and be at the chapel for communion with the rest. To make it worse, Mother couldn't come with me and sent Nora instead.

Now, that girl had ways of tormenting me that Mother never knew of. She held my hand as we went down the hill, smiling sadly and saying how sorry she was for me, as if she were bringing me to the hospital for an operation. "Oh, God help us!" she moaned. "Isn't it a terrible pity you weren't a good boy? Oh, Jackie, my heart bleeds for you! How will you ever think of all your sins? Don't forget you have to tell him about the time you kicked Gran on the shin." Lemme go! " I said, trying to drag myself free of her. " I don't want to go to confession at all." But sure, you'll have to go to confession, Jackie! she replied in the same regretful tone. "Sure, if you didn't, the parish priest would be up to the house, looking for you. 'Tisn't, God knows, that I'm not sorry for you. Do you remember the time you tried to kill me with the bread-knife under the table? And the language you used to me? I don't know what he'll do with you at all, Jackie. He might have to send you up to the bishop."

I remember thinking bitterly that she didn't know the half of what I had to tell-if I told it. I knew I couldn't tell it, and understood perfectly why the fellow in Mrs. Ryan's story made a bad confession; it seemed to me a great shame that people wouldn't stop criticising him. I remember that steep hill down to the church, and the sunlit hillsides beyond the valley of the river, which I saw in the gaps between the houses like Adam's last glimpse of Paradise. Then, when she had manoeuvred me down the long flight of steps to the chapel yard, Nora suddenly changed her tone. She became the raging malicious devil she really was. "There you are ! "she said with a yelp of triumph, hurling me through the church door. "And I hope he'll give you the penitential psalms, you dirty little caffler." I knew then I was lost, given up to eternal justice. The door with the coloured-glass panels swung shut behind me, the sunlight went out and gave place to deep shadow, and the wind whistled outside so that the silence within seemed to crackle like ice under my feet. Nora sat in front of me by the confession box. There were a couple of old women ahead of her, and then a miserable-looking poor devil came and wedged me in at the other side, so that I couldn't escape even if I had the courage. He joined his hands and rolled his eyes in the direction of the roof, muttering aspirations in an anguished tone, and I wondered had he a grandmother too. Only a grandmother could account for a fellow behaving in that heartbroken way, but he was better off than I, for he at least could go and confess his sins; while I would make a bad confession and then die in the night and be continually coming back and burning people's furniture.

Nora's turn came, and I heard the sound of something slamming, and then her voice as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and then another slam, and out she came. God, the hypocrisy of women! Her eyes were lowered, her head was bowed, and her hands were joined very low down on her stomach, and she walked up the aisle to the side altar looking like a saint. You never saw such an exhibition of devotion; and I remembered the devilish malice with which she had tormented me all the way from our door, and wondered were all religious people like that, really. It was my turn now. With the fear of damnation in my soul I went in, and the confessional door closed of itself behind me. It was pitch-dark and I couldn't see priest or anything else. Then I really began to be frightened. In the darkness it was a matter between God and me, and He had all the odds. He knew what my intentions were before I even started;

I had no chance. All I had ever been told about confession got mixed up in my mind, and I knelt to one wall and said: "Bless me, father, for I have sinned; this is my first confession." I waited for a few minutes, but nothing happened, so I tried it on the other wall. Nothing happened there either. He had me spotted all right.

It must have been then that I noticed the shelf at about one height with my head. It was really a place for grown-up people to rest their elbows, but in my distracted state I thought it was probably the place you were supposed to kneel. Of course, it was on the high side and not very deep, but I was always good at climbing and managed to get up all right. Staying up was the trouble. There was room only for my knees, and nothing you could get a grip on but a sort of wooden moulding a bit above it. I held on to the moulding and repeated the words a little louder, and this time something happened all right. A slide was slammed back; a little light entered the box, and a man's voice said "Who's there?" "Tis me, father," I said for fear he mightn't see me and go away again. I couldn't see him at all. The place the voice came from was under the moulding, about level with my knees, so I took a good grip of the moulding and swung myself down till I saw the astonished face of a young priest looking up at me. He had to put his head on one side to see me, and I had to put mine on one side to see him, so we were more or less talking to one another upside-down. It struck me as a queer way of hearing confessions, but I didn't feel it my place to criticise. "Bless me, father, for I have sinned ; this is my first confession" I rattled off all in one breath, and swung myself down the least shade more to make it easier for him.

Text 18. Katherine Mansfield *The Lady's Maid*

Eleven o'clock. A knock at the door...I hope I haven't disturbed you, madam. You weren't asleep--were you? But I've just given my lady her tea, and there was such a nice cup over, I thought, perhaps...

...Not at all, madam. I always make a cup of tea last thing. She drinks it in bed after her prayers to warm her up. I put the kettle on when she kneels down and I say to it, "Now you needn't be in too much of a hurry to say your prayers." But it's always boiling before my lady is half through. You see, madam, we know such a lot of people, and they've all got to be prayed for--every one. My lady keeps a list of the names in a little red book. Oh dear! whenever some one new has been to see us and my lady says afterwards, "Ellen, give me my little red book," I feel quite wild, I do. "There's another," I think, "keeping her out of her bed in all weathers." And she won't have a cushion, you know, madam; she kneels on the hard carpet. It fidgets me something dreadful to see her, knowing her as I do. I've tried to cheat her; I've spread out the eiderdown. But the first time I did it--oh, she gave me such a look--holy it was, madam. "Did our Lord have an eiderdown, Ellen?" she said. But--I was younger at the time--I felt inclined to say, "No, but our Lord wasn't your age, and he didn't know what it was to have your lumbago." Wicked--wasn't it? But she's too good, you know, madam. When I tucked her up just now and seen--saw her lying back, her hands outside and her head on the pillow--so pretty--I couldn't help thinking, "Now you look just like your dear mother when I laid her out!"

...Yes, madam, it was all left to me. Oh, she did look sweet. I did her hair, soft-like, round her forehead, all in dainty curls, and just to one side of her neck I put a bunch of most beautiful purple pansies. Those pansies made a picture of her, madam! I shall never forget them. I thought to-night, when I looked at my lady, "Now, if only the pansies was there no one could tell the difference."

...Only the last year, madam. Only after she'd got a little--well--feeble as you might say. Of course, she was never dangerous; she was the sweetest old lady. But how it took her was--she thought she'd lost something. She couldn't keep still, she couldn't settle. All day long she'd be up and down, up and down; you'd meet her everywhere,--on the stairs, in the porch, making for the kitchen. And she'd look up at you, and she'd say--just like a child, "I've lost it, I've lost it." "Come along," I'd say, "come along, and I'll lay out your patience for you." But she'd catch me by the hand--I was a favourite of hers--and whisper, "Find it for me, Ellen. Find it for me." Sad, wasn't it?

...No, she never recovered, madam. She had a stroke at the end. Last words she ever said was--very slow, "Look in--the--Look--in--" And then she was gone.

...No, madam, I can't say I noticed it. Perhaps some girls. But you see, it's like this, I've got nobody but my lady. My mother died of consumption when I was four, and I lived with my grandfather, who kept a hair-dresser's shop. I used to spend all my time in the shop under a table dressing my doll's hair--copying the assistants, I suppose. They were ever so kind to me. Used to make me little wigs, all colours, the latest fashions and all. And there I'd sit all day, quiet as quiet--the customers never knew. Only now and again I'd take my peep from under the table-cloth.

...But one day I managed to get a pair of scissors and--would you believe it, madam? I cut off all my hair; snipped it off all in bits, like the little monkey I was. Grandfather was furious! He caught hold of the tongs--I shall never forget it--grabbed me by the hand and shut my fingers in them. "That'll teach you!" he said. It was a fearful burn. I've got the mark of it to-day.

...Well, you see, madam, he'd taken such pride in my hair. He used to sit me up on the counter, before the customers came, and do it something beautiful--big, soft curls and waved over the top. I remember the assistants standing round, and me ever so solemn with the penny grandfather gave me to hold while it was being done...But he always took the penny back afterwards. Poor grandfather! Wild, he was, at the fright I'd made of myself. But he frightened me that time. Do you know what I did, madam? I ran away. Yes, I did, round the corners, in and out, I don't know how far I didn't run. Oh, dear, I must have looked a sight, with my hand rolled up in my pinny and my hair sticking out. People must have laughed when they saw me...

...No, madam, grandfather never got over it. He couldn't bear the sight of me after. Couldn't eat his dinner, even, if I was there. So my aunt took me. She was a cripple, an upholstress. Tiny! She had to stand on the sofas when she wanted to cut out the backs. And it was helping her I met my lady...

...Not so very, madam. I was thirteen, turned. And I don't remember ever feeling--well--a child, as you might say. You see there was my uniform, and one thing and another. My lady put me into collars and cuffs from the first. Oh yes--once I did!

That was--funny! It was like this. My lady had her two little nieces staying with her--we were at Sheldon at the time--and there was a fair on the common.

"Now, Ellen," she said, "I want you to take the two young ladies for a ride on the donkeys." Off we went; solemn little loves they were; each had a hand. But when we came to the donkeys they were too shy to go on. So we stood and watched instead. Beautiful those donkeys were! They were the first I'd seen out of a cart--for pleasure as you might say. They were a lovely silver-grey, with little red saddles and blue bridles and bells jing-a-jingling on their ears. And quite big girls--older than me, even-- were riding them, ever so gay. Not at all common, I don't mean, madam, just enjoying themselves. And I don't know what it was, but the way the little feet went, and the eyes--so gentle--and the soft ears--made me want to go on a donkey more than anything in the world!

...Of course, I couldn't. I had my young ladies. And what would I have looked like perched up there in my uniform? But all the rest of the day it was donkeys--donkeys on the brain with me. I felt I should have burst if I didn't tell some one; and who was there to tell? But when I went to bed--I was sleeping in Mrs. James's bedroom, our cook that was, at the time--as soon as the lights was out, there they were, my donkeys, jingling along, with their neat little feet and sad eyes...Well, madam, would you believe it, I waited for a long time and pretended to be asleep, and then suddenly I sat up and called out as loud as I could, "I do want to go on a donkey. I do want a donkey-ride!" You see, I had to say it, and I thought they wouldn't laugh at me if they knew I was only dreaming. Artful--wasn't it? Just what a silly child would think...

...No, madam, never now. Of course, I did think of it at one time. But it wasn't to be. He had a little flower-shop just down the road and across from where we was living. Funny--wasn't it? And me such a one for flowers. We were having a lot of company at the time, and I was in and out of the shop more often than not, as the saying is. And Harry and I (his name was Harry) got to quarrelling about how things ought to be arranged-- and that began it. Flowers! you wouldn't believe it, madam, the flowers he used to bring me. He'd stop at nothing. It was lilies-of-the-valley more than once, and I'm not exaggerating! Well, of course, we were going to be married and live over the shop, and it was all going to be just so, and I was to have the window to arrange...Oh, how I've done that window of a Saturday! Not really, of course, madam, just dreaming, as you might say. I've done it for Christmas--motto in holly, and all--and I've had my Easter lilies with a gorgeous star all daffodils in the middle. I've hung--well, that's enough of that. The day came he was to call for me to choose the furniture. Shall I ever forget it? It was a Tuesday. My lady wasn't quite herself that afternoon. Not that she'd said anything, of course; she never does or will. But I knew by the way that she kept wrapping herself up and asking me if it was cold--and her little nose looked...pinched. I didn't like leaving her; I knew I'd be worrying all the time. At last I asked her if she'd rather I put it off. "Oh no, Ellen," she said, "you mustn't mind about me. You mustn't disappoint your young man." And so cheerful, you know, madam, never thinking about herself. It made me feel worse than ever. I began to wonder...then she dropped her handkerchief and began to stoop down to

pick it up herself--a thing she never did. "Whatever are you doing!" I cried, running to stop her. "Well," she said, smiling, you know, madam, "I shall have to begin to practise." Oh, it was all I could do not to burst out crying. I went over to the dressing-table and made believe to rub up the silver, and I couldn't keep myself in, and I asked her if she'd rather I...didn't get married. "No, Ellen," she said-- that was her voice, madam, like I'm giving you--"No, Ellen, not for the wide world!" But while she said it, madam--I was looking in her glass; of course, she didn't know I could see her--she put her little hand on her heart just like her dear mother used to, and lifted her eyes...Oh, madam!

When Harry came I had his letters all ready, and the ring and a ducky little brooch he'd given me--a silver bird it was, with a chain in its beak, and on the end of the chain a heart with a dagger. Quite the thing! I opened the door to him. I never gave him time for a word. "There you are," I said. "Take them all back," I said, "it's all over. I'm not going to marry you," I said, "I can't leave my lady." White! he turned as white as a woman. I had to slam the door, and there I stood, all of a tremble, till I knew he had gone. When I opened the door--believe me or not, madam--that man was gone! I ran out into the road just as I was, in my apron and my house-shoes, and there I stayed in the middle of the road...staring. People must have laughed if they saw me...

...Goodness gracious!--What's that? It's the clock striking! And here I've been keeping you awake. Oh, madam, you ought to have stopped me...Can I tuck in your feet? I always tuck in my lady's feet, every night, just the same. And she says, "Good night, Ellen. Sleep sound and wake early!" I don't know what I should do if she didn't say that, now.

...Oh dear, I sometimes think...whatever should I do if anything were to...But, there, thinking's no good to any one--is it, madam? Thinking won't help. Not that I do it often. And if ever I do I pull myself up sharp, "Now, then, Ellen. At it again--you silly girl! If you can't find anything better to do than to start thinking!..."

Text 19. O Henry *The Cactus*

The most notable thing about Time is that it is so purely relative. A large amount of reminiscence is, by common consent, conceded to the drowning man; and it is not past belief that one may review an entire courtship while removing one's gloves.

That is what Trysdale was doing, standing by a table in his bachelor apartments. On the table stood a singular-looking green plant in a red earthen jar. The plant was one of the species of cacti, and was provided with long, tentacular leaves that perpetually swayed with the slightest breeze with a peculiar beckoning motion.

Trysdale's friend, the brother of the bride, stood at a sideboard complaining at being allowed to drink alone. Both men were in evening dress. White favors like stars upon their coats shone through the gloom of the apartment.

As he slowly unbuttoned his gloves, there passed through Trysdale's mind a swift, scarifying retrospect of the last few hours. It seemed that in his nostrils was still the scent of the flowers that had been banked in odorous masses about the church, and in his ears the lowpitched hum of a thousand well-bred voices, the rustle of crisp

garments, and, most insistently recurring, the drawling words of the minister irrevocably binding her to another.

From this last hopeless point of view he still strove, as if it had become a habit of his mind, to reach some conjecture as to why and how he had lost her. Shaken rudely by the uncompromising fact, he had suddenly found himself confronted by a thing he had never before faced --his own innermost, unmitigated, arid unbedecked self. He saw all the garbs of pretence and egoism that he had worn now turn to rags of folly. He shuddered at the thought that to others, before now, the garments of his soul must have appeared sorry and threadbare. Vanity and conceit? These were the joints in his armor. And how free from either she had always been--But why--

As she had slowly moved up the aisle toward the altar he had felt an unworthy, sullen exultation that had served to support him. He had told himself that her paleness was from thoughts of another than the man to whom she was about to give herself. But even that poor consolation had been wrenched from him. For, when he saw that swift, limpid, upward look that she gave the man when he took her hand, he knew himself to be forgotten. Once that same look had been raised to him, and he had gauged its meaning. Indeed, his conceit had crumbled; its last prop was gone. Why had it ended thus? There had been no quarrel between them, nothing--

For the thousandth time he remarshalled in his mind the events of those last few days before the tide had so suddenly turned.

She had always insisted upon placing him upon a pedestal, and he had accepted her homage with royal grandeur. It had been a very sweet incense that she had burned before him; so modest (he told himself); so childlike and worshipful, and (he would once have sworn) so sincere. She had invested him with an almost supernatural number of high attributes and excellencies and talents, and he had absorbed the oblation as a desert drinks the rain that can coax from it no promise of blossom or fruit.

As Trysdale grimly wrenched apart the seam of his last glove, the crowning instance of his fatuous and tardily mourned egoism came vividly back to him. The scene was the night when he had asked her to come up on his pedestal with him and share his greatness. He could not, now, for the pain of it, allow his mind to dwell upon the memory of her convincing beauty that night--the careless wave of her hair, the tenderness and virginal charm of her looks and words. But they had been enough, and they had brought him to speak. During their conversation she had said:

"And Captain Carruthers tells me that you speak the Spanish language like a native. Why have you hidden this accomplishment from me? Is there anything you do not know?"

Now, Carruthers was an idiot. No doubt he (Trysdale) had been guilty (he sometimes did such things) of airing at the club some old, canting Castilian proverb dug from the hotchpotch at the back of dictionaries. Carruthers, who was one of his incontinent admirers, was the very man to have magnified this exhibition of doubtful erudition.

But, alas! the incense of her admiration had been so sweet and flattering. He allowed the imputation to pass without denial. Without protest, he allowed her to twine about his brow this spurious bay of Spanish scholarship. He let it grace his conquering

head, and, among its soft convolutions, he did not feel the prick of the thorn that was to pierce him later.

How glad, how shy, how tremulous she was! How she fluttered like a snared bird when he laid his mightiness at her feet! He could have sworn, and he could swear now, that unmistakable consent was in her eyes, but, coyly, she would give him no direct answer. "I will send you my answer to-morrow," she said; and he, the indulgent, confident victor, smilingly granted the delay. The next day he waited, impatient, in his rooms for the word. At noon her groom came to the door and left the strange cactus in the red earthen jar. There was no note, no message, merely a tag upon the plant bearing a barbarous foreign or botanical name. He waited until night, but her answer did not come. His large pride and hurt vanity kept him from seeking her. Two evenings later they met at a dinner. Their greetings were conventional, but she looked at him, breathless, wondering, eager. He was courteous, adamant, waiting her explanation. With womanly swiftness she took her cue from his manner, and turned to snow and ice. Thus, and wider from this on, they had drifted apart. Where was his fault? Who had been to blame? Humbled now, he sought the answer amid the ruins of his self-conceit. If--

The voice of the other man in the room, querulously intruding upon his thoughts, aroused him.

"I say, Trysdale, what the deuce is the matter with you? You look unhappy as if you yourself had been married instead of having acted merely as an accomplice. Look at me, another accessory, come two thousand miles on a garlicky, cockroachy banana steamer all the way from South America to connive at the sacrifice--please to observe how lightly my guilt rests upon my shoulders. Only little sister I had, too, and now she's gone. Come now! take something to ease your conscience."

"I don't drink just now, thanks," said Trysdale.

"Your brandy," resumed the other, coming over and joining him, "is abominable. Run down to see me some time at Punta Redonda, and try some of our stuff that old Garcia smuggles in. It's worth the, trip. Hallo! here's an old acquaintance. Wherever did you rake up this cactus, Trysdale?"

"A present," said Trysdale, "from a friend. Know the species?"

"Very well. It's a tropical concern. See hundreds of 'em around Punta every day. Here's the name on this tag tied to it. Know any Spanish, Trysdale?"

"No," said Trysdale, with the bitter wraith of a smile--"Is it Spanish?"

"Yes. The natives imagine the leaves are reaching out and beckoning to you. They call it by this name--Ventomarme. Name means in English, 'Come and take me.'"

Text 20. W.S. Maugham *A Friend in Need*

For thirty years now I have been studying my fellow-men. I do not know very much about them. I suppose it is on, the face that for the most part we judge the persons we meet. We draw our conclusions from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eyes, the shape of the mouth. I shrug my shoulders when people tell me that their first impressions of a person are always right. For my own part I find that the longer I

know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those of whom I can say that I don't know anything about them.

These thoughts have occurred to me because I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. He was a merchant and he had been in Japan for many years. I knew him very little, but he interested me because once he gave me a great surprise. If I had not heard the story from his own lips I should never have believed that he was capable of such an action. It was the more startling because both his appearance and his manner gave the impression of a very different man. He was a tiny little fellow, very slender, with white hair, a red face much wrinkled, and blue eyes. I suppose he was about sixty when I knew him. He was always neatly and quietly dressed in accordance with his age and station.

Though his offices were in Kobe Burton often came down to Yokohama. I happened on one occasion to be spending a few days there, waiting for a ship, and I was introduced to him at the British Club. We played bridge together. He played a good game and a generous one. He did not talk very much, either then or later when we were having drinks, but what he said was sensible. He had a quiet, dry humour. He seemed to be popular at the club and afterwards, when he had gone, they described him as one of the best. It happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat, elderly and smiling, and his two daughters. It was evidently a united and loving family. I think the chief thing that struck me about Burton was his kindness. There was something very pleasing in his mild blue eyes. His voice was gentle; you could not imagine that he could raise it in anger; his smile was kind. Here was a man who attracted you because you felt in him a real love for his fellows. He had charm. But there was nothing sentimental about him: he liked his game of cards and his cocktail, he could tell a good and spicy story, and in his youth he had been something of an athlete. He was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small and frail; he aroused your instincts of protection. You felt that he would not hurt a fly.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel. From the windows you had an excellent view of the harbour with its crowded traffic. There were great liners; merchant ships of all nations, junks and boats sailing in and out. It was a busy scene and yet, I do not know why, restful to the spirit.

Burton came into the lounge presently and caught sight of me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

"What do you say to a little drink?"

He clapped his hands for a boy and ordered two drinks. As the boy brought them a man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

"Do you know Turner?" said Burton as I nodded a greeting.

"I've met him at the club. I'm told he's a remittance man."

"Yes, I believe he is. We have a good many here."

"He plays bridge well."

"They generally do. There was a fellow here last year, a namesake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London. Lenny Burton he called himself."

"No. I don't believe I remember the name."

"He was quite a remarkable player. He seemed to have an instinct about the cards. It was uncanny. I used to play with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time."

Burton sipped his gin.

"It's rather a funny story," he said. "He wasn't a bad chap. I liked him. He was always well-dressed and he was handsome in a way, with curly hair and pink-and-white cheeks. Women thought a lot of him. There was no harm in him, you know, he was only wild. Of course he drank too much. Fellows like him always do. A bit of money used to come in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card-playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that."

Burton gave a kindly little chuckle.

"I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke, that and the fact that he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no more money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was.

"Thirty five,' he said.

"And what have you been doing before?' I asked him.

"Well, nothing very much,' he said.

"I couldn't help laughing.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just now,' I said. 'Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do.'

"He didn't move. He went rather pale. He hesitated for a moment and then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn't a penny. He'd pawned everything he had. He couldn't pay his hotel bill and they wouldn't give him any more credit. He was down and out. If he couldn't get a job he'd have to commit suicide.

"I looked at him for a bit. I could see now that he was all to pieces. He'd been drinking more than usual and he looked fifty.

"Well, isn't there anything you can do except play cards?' I asked him.

"I can swim,' he said.

"Swim!'

"I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such a silly answer.

"I swam for my university.'

"I was a pretty good swimmer myself when I was a young man,' I said.

"Suddenly I had an idea.

Pausing in his story, Burton turned to me.

"Do you know Kobe?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I passed through it once, but I only spent a night there."

"Then you don't know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and landed at the creek of Tarumi. It's over three miles and it's rather difficult on account of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said to him that if he'd do it I'd give him a job.

"I could see he was rather taken aback.

"'You say you're a swimmer,' I said.

"'I'm not in very good condition,' he answered.

"I didn't say anything. I shrugged my shoulders. He looked at me for a moment and then he nodded.

"'All right,' he said. 'When do you want me to do it?'

"I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

"The swim shouldn't take you much over an hour and a quarter. I'll drive round to the creek at half-past twelve and meet you. I'll take you back to the club to dress and then we'll have lunch together.'

"'Done,' he said.

"We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a lot of work to do that morning and I only just managed to get to the creek at half past twelve. I waited for him there, but in vain."

"Did he get frightened at the last moment?" I asked.

"'No, he didn't. He started swimming. But of course he'd ruined his health by drink. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage.' We didn't get the body for about three days."

I didn't say anything for a moment or two. I was a little shocked. Then I asked Burton a question.

"When you offered him the job, did you know that he'd be drowned?"

He gave a little mild chuckle and he looked at me with those kind blue eyes of his. He rubbed his chin with his hand.

"Well, I hadn't got a vacancy in my office at the moment."

Text 21. Explanatory Memorandum to the Health Protection (Coronavirus, Restrictions) (All Tiers) (England) Regulations 2020

2020 No. 1374

1. Introduction

1.1 This explanatory memorandum has been prepared by the Department of Health and Social Care and is laid before Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.

1.2 This memorandum contains information for the Joint Committee on Statutory Instruments.

2. Purpose of the instrument

2.1 This instrument enables a number of public health measures to be taken to reduce the public health risks posed by the spread in England of severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus 2 (SARS-CoV-2) which causes the disease Covid-19. This instrument imposes a framework consisting of three Tiers of restrictions, with different Tiers applying in different areas. This is to ensure the right levels of intervention are made in the right places to manage Covid-19 outbreaks and help to suppress the virus and keep the R rate below 1.

3. Matters of special interest to Parliament

Matters of special interest to the Joint Committee on Statutory Instruments

3.1 This instrument is made under the emergency procedure set out in section 45R of the Public Health (Control of Disease) Act 1984 (c.22) (“the 1984 Act”). This instrument is made without a draft having been laid and approved by a resolution of each House of Parliament. It is the opinion of the Secretary of State that, by reason of urgency, it is necessary to make this instrument without a draft being so laid and approved so that public health measures can be taken in response to the serious and imminent threat to public health which is posed by the incidence and spread of severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus 2 (SARS-CoV-2).

3.2 This instrument was made on 30 November 2020 and was published on www.legislation.gov.uk later that day. This instrument will come into force on 2 December 2020 and will expire on 2 February 2021. This instrument will cease to have effect at the end of the period of 28 days beginning with the day on which it is made unless, during that period, it is approved by a resolution of each House of Parliament. The Secretary of State must review the need for the restrictions in this instrument at least once every 28 days, with the first review to be carried out by 30 December 2020. The Secretary of State must review whether each area that is part of Tier 2 or Tier 3 should continue to be part of that area at least once every 14 days, with the first review to be carried out by 16 December 2020.

3.3 In keeping with the commitment made by the Secretary of State to the House of Commons on 30 September 2020 (Hansard cols 288-289), the intention is that this instrument will be debated after it is made and before it comes into force. Matters relevant to Standing Orders Nos. 83P and 83T of the Standing Orders of the House of Commons relating to Public Business (English Votes for English Laws)

3.4 This entire instrument applies to England only, including English airspace and the English territorial sea.

4. Extent and Territorial Application

4.1 The territorial extent of this instrument is England and Wales.

4.2 The territorial application of this instrument is England.

5. European Convention on Human Rights

5.1 The Secretary of State for Health and Social Care, the Rt Hon Matt Hancock MP has made the following statement regarding Human Rights: “In my view the provisions of the Health Protection (Coronavirus, Restrictions) (All Tiers) (England) Regulations 2020 are compatible with the Convention rights.”

6. Legislative Context

6.1 The 1984 Act and regulations made under it provide a legislative framework for health protection in England and Wales.

6.2 Part 2A of the 1984 Act, as inserted by the Health and Social Care Act 2008, provides a legal basis to protect the public from threats arising from infectious disease, or contamination from chemicals or radiation, and includes powers to impose restrictions or requirements on people, and in relation to things and premises. Overall, the amended 1984 Act sets out a framework for health protection which requires much of the detailed provisions to be delivered through regulations.

6.3 Section 45C of the 1984 Act provides a power for the appropriate Minister to make regulations to prevent, protect against, control of provide a public health

response to the incidence or spread of infection or contamination in England and Wales. The threat can come from outside England and Wales.

6.4 This instrument is made under section 45C to enable a number of public health measures to be taken for the purpose of reducing the public health risks posed by the incidence and spread of severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus 2 (SARSCoV-2).

6.5 In accordance with section 45R of the Act, the Secretary of State is of the opinion that, by reason of urgency, it is necessary to make this instrument without a draft having been laid before, and approved by a resolution of, each House of Parliament.

6.6 This instrument imposes a framework consisting of three Tiers of restrictions with different Tiers applying to different areas, in order to control the spread of Covid-19 and avoid overwhelming the NHS.

6.7 This instrument revokes the Health Protection (Coronavirus, Restrictions) (England) (No.4) Regulations 2020 (S.I. 2020/1200) (“the No.4 Regulations), other than regulations 24 to 26.

6.8 This instrument also allows some temporary exceptions to gathering restrictions during the Christmas period (23 December to 27 December 2020) across all Tiers in order to balance people wishing to spend time with others over the Christmas period, whilst limiting the risk of spreading infection.

6.9 Regulation 1 of this instrument sets out the commencement date of this instrument (2 December) and their application.

6.10 Regulation 2 sets out the definitions of terms used in this instrument.

6.11 Regulation 3 defines the existing concept of a linked household (‘support bubble’), setting out how these can be formed and changed. This provision now enables a greater range of household compositions to form linked households than in previous coronavirus regulations to include the following in the definition of ‘the first household’:

- single-adult households; households containing one or more children and no adults;
- households containing one or more adults with a child under the age of one;
- households containing one or more adults with a child who has a disability and requires continuous care and is under the age of five; and
- households containing one or more persons who have a disability and who require continuous care on their own or together with either: one individual who does not have a disability; or more than one such individual (but including no more than one adult who was 18 or over on 2 December 2020).

Regulation 3 enables the first household to form a supportive link with another household (and there is no restriction on the size of the second household). Having formed this link, a household can only form another such link with another household if the link ceases (either through choice or because the first household no longer qualifies) and at least 14 days after any member of a household last gathered with a member of the household to which they were previously linked in reliance of the fact they were in a ‘support bubble’.

Text 22. Fears Language Degrees at Risk as Erasmus Replacement Focuses on UK Trade Agenda

Study of modern languages at university has fallen by 38% in 10 years. Will the post-Brexit Turing scheme make things worse?

The dramatic fall in students taking language degrees in the UK could accelerate if the government fails to fund the year abroad in Europe after next year, universities are warning.

Students of modern languages have to spend their third year studying or working abroad in order to pass their degree, and academics say this is the main attraction of many courses. Now, with the UK no longer taking part in the EU Erasmus scheme, there are fears for the future of the traditional European year abroad and for many language courses, with 2020 admissions already down 38% on 10 years ago.

About 15,000 British students a year, across all subjects, used Erasmus to travel to universities in Europe for three to 12 months during their degree. But the universities minister, Michelle Donelan, said earlier this month that Erasmus did not offer “value for money” for taxpayers.

Instead, the government’s replacement programme, the £110m Turing scheme, has a new emphasis on “worldwide” rather than European travel, to countries such as Australia or the US. It is only a one-year commitment, running from September 2021 to August 2022, which leaves a big question mark over placements starting next autumn – when those now in their first year of a language course will be due to set off abroad.

Prof Adam Watt, head of modern languages and cultures at the University of Exeter, a member of the Russell group, says: “If I’m an 18-year-old signing up to do a language degree now, I want to know I’ll have a guaranteed place on a year abroad in two years’ time with financial support. But we can’t make that promise. We can’t confirm there is definitely a scheme in place.”

Language degrees have taken a battering, with numbers of modern language undergraduates more than halving between 2008-9 and 2017-18, and universities fear the current uncertainty could cause even more serious damage. According to the admissions service, Ucas, 3,830 students were accepted on to modern language degrees in 2020, down 38% from 6,165 in 2010. At least nine modern languages departments have closed in the past decade.

Prof Adam Watt, head of modern languages at Exeter University, says universities cannot promise future students a guaranteed year abroad under the current Turing scheme.

Under Erasmus, UK universities formed partnerships with specific universities in Europe and agreed to host each other’s students. Universities are fighting to shore up relationships with European institutions they know their students want to go to, but fear links will be broken because no arrangement is on offer to welcome students back.

Claire Gorrara, professor of French at Cardiff University and chair of the University Council of Modern Languages, says exchange links stretching back decades are at

risk. “These are trusted partnerships built upon an equitable and reciprocal relationship. It is not clear to us how we continue those long term,” she says.

Language academics say less well-known institutions may find it particularly difficult to secure places for their students at partner institutions abroad. Some prestigious universities are saying privately they will fund the year in Europe for their language students if the government refuses

to do so. But academics say that with declining numbers, less wealthy institutions may drop courses altogether.

Watt, an expert in French and comparative literature, says his faculty at Exeter has lots of exchange partnerships with universities across Europe and is racing to work out if there is “any way [we] can carry on an understanding with them”. But, he says, “it is an immensely difficult sell when we can’t offer them a package for their students coming here”.

He says that under Erasmus, home students saw a student from abroad in their seminar and realised that the following year they would be in their shoes, sitting in a foreign classroom trying to fit in, which made them think differently about “attitudes to otherness” and the need to be hospitable.

Like most academics in his field, Watt is adamant that the year abroad is compulsory for good reason. “Students choosing to study a language course say ‘the year abroad is what attracted me’, and students finishing a language degree say ‘it was what I enjoyed most’,” he says. “It’s about language proficiency, but it’s also about self-confidence, resilience and independence.”

However, with funding and partnerships no longer guaranteed, Watt says there are fears in some universities that language degrees may have to be reduced to three years, with only one term abroad. This idea is “very unpopular” with academics, who think it would be much less effective.

Kate Suffolk says working-class students will be hardest hit. “Students would be strongly encouraged to spend time abroad in their vacations,” he adds. “But of course, you can only spend your vacation staying abroad if you can afford it, so that would have huge implications.”

Kate Suffolk, a second-year student of Spanish at the University of Warwick, says working-class students are already disadvantaged, and this would make it worse. “I went to a state school where not many people went to university and I was so proud of myself for getting into a Russell group university. But I soon realised things aren’t equal when you get here. Other students could afford to go to Spain in the summer and improve their language, but I had to do a full-time job at home.”

Suffolk, who is due to go on her year abroad in September and has places to study at the universities of Malaga and Valencia, feels strongly that a short stay abroad would not be enough for a language degree. “How would you properly immerse yourself, make friends and get to know the locals and the culture in just a term?” Academics say the new Turing website barely mentions improving language skills. Instead, the scheme is promoting links with countries outside Europe as part of the government’s post-Brexit vision of “global Britain”. Many people fear the government wants

students to ditch Spain or Germany in favour of potential trading partners, such as Australia or the US.

It is not only languages academics who are worried about the Turing scheme. Jim Murdoch, professor of public law at the University of Glasgow, says the government is using the scheme to help build links with target countries to advance its own post-Brexit trade agenda. “Turing isn’t primarily about the needs of students,” he says. “Decisions about study destinations should be for academic subject-areas to take, and not for politicians.”

On the day the Berlin Wall fell, Murdoch was visiting Germany to set up the law school’s first Erasmus exchange partnership; since then the fact that 60% of Glasgow’s law students do an Erasmus year abroad has become “a real selling point” for prospective students. He says that studying in another European country is more “culturally relevant” than another English-speaking country, as well as more stretching. “When they return, their enhanced self-confidence as learners is quite remarkable,” he says.

He adds: “I remind students that Australia is Britain with sunshine. Spending a year in Sydney would still be a valuable experience, but it wouldn’t be as challenging.”

Prof Anton Muscatelli, Glasgow’s vice-chancellor, says: “We have relationships with Anglophone countries anyway, so it’s not as if that was missing.”

Scotland’s first minister, Nicola Sturgeon, has called the UK withdrawal from Erasmus “cultural vandalism”. The Scottish government, along with Wales, tried to stay in the scheme but earlier this week the EU president, Ursula von der Leyen, announced that as a “constituent nation” of the UK, Scotland could not take part.

Muscatelli says Glasgow University will continue to offer language students a year abroad. “We will just have to do it ourselves if funding is not in place.”

Text 23. It’s not Rocket Science: The Importance of Psychology in Space Travel

With manned missions to Mars expected to take 2.5 years, small astronaut crews will face a truly unprecedented form of isolation. Before I went to space, I made a cassette with 90 minutes of music from every continent on Earth,” recalls Reinhold Ewald, a German physicist who spent 20 days on the International Space Station in 1997. In the hour and a half it took him to complete his orbit, he would watch the planet pass below him and listen to its people’s music. This timeout was a perfect way to decompress from his high-pressure job, far from his family and normal hobbies.

Most astronauts today spend a few months at a time in space, with the longest continual sojourn being a 14-month mission undertaken by cosmonaut Valeri Polyakov in 1994-5. However, if humans travel to Mars, as space agencies plan in the coming decade, the time away from Earth will be much longer. A one way, 170 million-kilometre journey takes roughly six months. If astronauts land on the red planet and spend time there, a mission will likely last two and a half years.

The psychological strains of such intense and long-lasting isolation are easy to imagine. How much of a problem are they, and how do space agencies prepare their staff for the inevitable stresses that will occur on such missions?

Ever since people have thought about travelling to other celestial bodies, the psychological issues have been discussed too. In a 1954 article on the challenges of a voyage to Mars, engineer Wernher von Braun asked: “Can a man retain his sanity while cooped up with many other men in a crowded area, perhaps twice the length of your living room, for more than 30 months? Little mannerisms – the way a man cracks his knuckles, blows his nose, the way he grins, talks, or gestures – create tension and hatred which could lead to murder.”

In the early days of space flight, psychological preparation was more of an afterthought. But over the decades space agencies have come to see psychological and behavioural preparation as vital.

This makes sense since astronauts face enormous pressures. To start with, they spend their days in a hostile environment. Microgravity makes it much harder to do your job and does odd things to your body. Many complain of feeling worn down and fatigued as they adjust to the alien environment. You can’t get a proper night’s sleep either, since there are multiple sunrises and sunsets every “day”.

Sometimes space causes more significant psychological issues. For example, a 1976 Soviet mission was stopped when crew members began to report a strange odour in the ship. The source of the smell was never found, and the replacement team didn’t notice anything unusual, which suggests the first crew were experiencing a shared delusion. Another mission was affected when a cosmonaut fell into depression. And Ewald recalls the story of one astronaut whose relationship with mission control deteriorated to the point that he refused to talk with them.

Kim Binsted, a scientist at the University of Hawaii, is the lead researcher on HI-SEAS, a project on a remote landscape of Mauna Loa that is reminiscent of Mars’ surface. Several crews of five or six astronauts have been sent to the location for up to 12 months at a time. Once they arrive they live in a pod and perform experiments as if they were on the planet itself. One of the research goals is to assess the psychological effects of time in this environment.

Isolation can do funny things to the mind, Binsted explains. One astronaut, Kate Green, reported a particularly long moment of *jamais vu* a few months into her mission. *Jamais vu* usually lasts no more than an instant, yet Green just couldn’t recognise one of her colleagues for about half a minute.

Then there’s loneliness. Until now, all astronauts have had the experience of seeing their home planet pass below them. But there is concern that the distance covered on a Mars trip could have profound psychological consequences. With their home planet either invisible or nothing but a faint blue dot in the heavens, what might this do to an already-stressed astronaut’s mental health?

It is important to note that in all of humanity’s space history, there have never been any serious psychological episodes reported. Even the occasional conflicts between crew members are largely ironed out and there is usually enough room to get away from one another.

Indeed, many astronauts have a wonderful time floating above the planet. Nick Kanas, a retired professor emeritus in psychiatry at the University of California has

studied the psychological states of astronauts. “The one thing that almost all of them say improves the mission is the fact of seeing the Earth below them.” Watching the planet slowly spinning on its axis in all its beauty means many have something of a universalist experience. “They love seeing the planet and realising there are no boundaries between us, and that we are all one people.”

Early astronauts were normally selected from a military background and were portrayed as heroes in the popular media. Selection involved seeking out people with specific physical and mental characteristics, or the “right stuff” as a 1979 Tom Wolfe book on early astronauts put it.

Over time, however, our ideas around astronaut selection have advanced. Dr Manzey of the ESA describes the kinds of people that space agencies seek out. “It is not necessary for astronauts to have peak performance in all areas” – whether that’s in terms of mental abilities, emotional skills or interpersonal capabilities. “Instead, you need people who do not have weaknesses in any areas.” So besides being academically brilliant, selection teams are looking for an all-rounder who is fit and healthy, deals with stress well and doesn’t go to the extremes on any measure of personality. “This kind of person is quite rare,” Manzey notes.

Manzey adds that “it is beneficial for the mission to be a little more introverted”. Astronaut selection teams are looking for “the sort of individual who can be satisfied with just themselves and a little social company – not too introvert or too extrovert”.

An astronaut also has to be patient and determined. You could spend 20 years being officially employed by a space agency but never spend more than a few months or even days in space. Ewald, who is now retired, recalls that “you have to cope with a lot of disappointment”, having missions cancelled or not being selected.

Astronauts are also very high achievers, used to being the best in their class at most things they do. But in space they have relatively little control over their time and tasks. Manzey says: “You want a sort of brave, highly curious person, but at the same time someone who will accept having very little freedom over what they do.”

Psychological and social research with astronauts has led to a number of innovations in the way crews are composed and their missions planned.

One of Stuster’s research projects for Nasa involved an analysis of historical journeys where people have been isolated for long periods in harsh circumstances – missions to Antarctica or the bottom of the ocean, for instance. By studying the coping mechanisms of earlier explorers, he developed several recommendations for activities that dissipate tension or avoid the formation of conflicting sub-groups on space missions. This might be things like writing a journal to blow off steam, eating a meal together each day or celebrating special events such as birthdays.

Right now, several space agencies and private companies have talked about plans for a manned voyage to Mars, and it’s plausible that humans will have reached the planet before the end of this decade.

Whoever is finally selected for that first mission can certainly expect fame and glory on their return. After all, being the first people to set foot on another planet is rather special. But after living through several months of lockdown, the rest of us will also know that the realities that crew experiences might not be quite so pleasurable either.

Text 24. Martin Luther King, Jr. I Have a Dream. Delivered 28 August 1963, at the Lincoln Memorial, Washington D.C.

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note, insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. And so, we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. And there will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his

citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people, who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice: In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead.

We cannot turn back.

There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. **We cannot be satisfied as long as the negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their self-hood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating: "For Whites Only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until "justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream."

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. And some of you have come from areas where your quest -- quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of "interposition" and "nullification" -- one day right there in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight; "and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

And this will be the day -- this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning:

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountainside, let freedom ring!

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

And so let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

But not only that:

Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi.

From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and

Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual:

Free at last! Free at last!
Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!

Text 25. Donald John Trump's Second Inaugural Address (abridged). Delivered inside the Capitol Rotunda in Washington, D.C. on 20 January 2025

Vice President Vance, Speaker Johnson, Senator Thune, Chief Justice Roberts, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, President Clinton, President Bush, President Obama, President Biden, Vice President Harris, and my fellow citizens, the golden age of America begins right now.

From this day forward, our country will flourish and be respected again all over the world. We will be the envy of every nation, and we will not allow ourselves to be taken advantage of any longer. During every single day of the Trump administration, I will very simply put America first.

Our sovereignty will be reclaimed. Our safety will be restored. The scales of justice will be rebalanced. The vicious, violent, and unfair weaponization of the Justice Department and our government will end.

America will soon be greater, stronger, and far more exceptional than ever before.

I return to the presidency confident and optimistic that we are at the start of a thrilling new era of national success. A tide of change is sweeping the country, sunlight is pouring over the entire world, and America has the chance to seize this opportunity like never before.

But first, we must be honest about the challenges we face. While they are plentiful, they will be annihilated by this great momentum that the world is now witnessing in the United States of America.

As we gather today, our government confronts a crisis of trust. For many years, a radical and corrupt establishment has extracted power and wealth from our citizens while the pillars of our society lay broken and seemingly in complete disrepair.

We now have a government that cannot manage even a simple crisis at home while, at the same time, stumbling into a continuing catalogue of catastrophic events abroad. It fails to protect our magnificent, law-abiding American citizens but provides sanctuary and protection for dangerous criminals, many from prisons and mental institutions, that have illegally entered our country from all over the world.

We have a government that has given unlimited funding to the defense of foreign borders but refuses to defend American borders or, more importantly, its own people. Our country can no longer deliver basic services in times of emergency, as recently shown by the wonderful people of North Carolina—who have been treated so badly—and other states who are still suffering from a hurricane that took place many months ago or, more recently, Los Angeles, where we are watching fires still tragically burn from weeks ago without even a token of defense. They're raging through the houses and communities, even affecting some of the wealthiest and most powerful individuals in our country—some of whom are sitting here right now. They

don't have a home any longer. That's interesting. But we can't let this happen. Everyone is unable to do anything about it. That's going to change.

We have a public health system that does not deliver in times of disaster, yet more money is spent on it than any country anywhere in the world.

And we have an education system that teaches our children to be ashamed of themselves—in many cases, to hate our country despite the love that we try so desperately to provide to them. All of this will change starting today, and it will change very quickly.

My recent election is a mandate to completely and totally reverse a horrible betrayal and all of these many betrayals that have taken place and to give the people back their faith, their wealth, their democracy, and, indeed, their freedom. From this moment on, America's decline is over.

Our liberties and our nation's glorious destiny will no longer be denied. And we will immediately restore the integrity, competency, and loyalty of America's government.

Over the past eight years, I have been tested and challenged more than any president in our 250-year history, and I've learned a lot along the way.

The journey to reclaim our republic has not been an easy one—that, I can tell you. Those who wish to stop our cause have tried to take my freedom and, indeed, to take my life.

Just a few months ago, in a beautiful Pennsylvania field, an assassin's bullet ripped through my ear. But I felt then and believe even more so now that my life was saved for a reason. I was saved by God to Make America Great Again.

That is why each day under our administration of American patriots, we will be working to meet every crisis with dignity and power and strength. We will move with purpose and speed to bring back hope, prosperity, safety, and peace for citizens of every race, religion, color, and creed.

For American citizens, January 20th, 2025, is Liberation Day. It is my hope that our recent presidential election will be remembered as the greatest and most consequential election in the history of our country.

As our victory showed, the entire nation is rapidly unifying behind our agenda with dramatic increases in support from virtually every element of our society: young and old, men and women, African Americans, Hispanic Americans, Asian Americans, urban, suburban, rural. And very importantly, we had a powerful win in all seven swing states—and the popular vote, we won by millions of people.

National unity is now returning to America, and confidence and pride is soaring like never before. In everything we do, my administration will be inspired by a strong pursuit of excellence and unrelenting success. We will not forget our country, we will not forget our Constitution, and we will not forget our God. Can't do that.

Today, I will sign a series of historic executive orders. With these actions, we will begin the complete restoration of America and the revolution of common sense. It's all about common sense.

First, I will declare a national emergency at our southern border.

All illegal entry will immediately be halted, and we will begin the process of returning millions and millions of criminal aliens back to the places from which they came. We will reinstate my Remain in Mexico policy.

Under the orders I sign today, we will also be designating the cartels as foreign terrorist organizations.

As commander in chief, I have no higher responsibility than to defend our country from threats and invasions, and that is exactly what I am going to do. We will do it at a level that nobody has ever seen before.

Next, I will direct all members of my cabinet to marshal the vast powers at their disposal to defeat what was record inflation and rapidly bring down costs and prices.

The inflation crisis was caused by massive overspending and escalating energy prices, and that is why today I will also declare a national energy emergency. We will drill, baby, drill.

America will be a manufacturing nation once again, and we have something that no other manufacturing nation will ever have—the largest amount of oil and gas of any country on earth—and we are going to use it. We'll use it.

We will bring prices down, fill our strategic reserves up again right to the top, and export American energy all over the world.

This week, I will also end the government policy of trying to socially engineer race and gender into every aspect of public and private life. We will forge a society that is colorblind and merit-based.

As of today, it will henceforth be the official policy of the United States government that there are only two genders: male and female.

Like in 2017, we will again build the strongest military the world has ever seen. We will measure our success not only by the battles we win but also by the wars that we end—and perhaps most importantly, the wars we never get into.

My proudest legacy will be that of a peacemaker and unifier. That's what I want to be: a peacemaker and a unifier.

I'm pleased to say that as of yesterday, one day before I assumed office, the hostages in the Middle East are coming back home to their families.

America will reclaim its rightful place as the greatest, most powerful, most respected nation on earth, inspiring the awe and admiration of the entire world.

A short time from now, we are going to be changing the name of the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of America—and we will restore the name of a great president, William McKinley to Mount McKinley, where it should be and where it belongs.

President McKinley made our country very rich through tariffs and through talent—he was a natural businessman—and gave Teddy Roosevelt the money for many of the great things he did, including the Panama Canal, which has foolishly been given to the country of Panama after the United States spent more money than ever spent on a project before and lost 38,000 lives in the building of the Panama Canal.

And above all, China is operating the Panama Canal. And we didn't give it to China. We gave it to Panama, and we're taking it back.

Above all, my message to Americans today is that it is time for us to once again act with courage, vigor, and the vitality of history's greatest civilization.

Many people thought it was impossible for me to stage such a historic political comeback. But as you see today, here I am. The American people have spoken.

I stand before you now as proof that you should never believe that something is impossible to do. In America, the impossible is what we do best.

After all we have been through together, we stand on the verge of the four greatest years in American history. With your help, we will restore America promise and we will rebuild the nation that we love—and we love it so much.

We are one people, one family, and one glorious nation under God. So, to every parent who dreams for their child and every child who dreams for their future, I am with you, I will fight for you, and I will win for you. We're going to win like never before.

In recent years, our nation has suffered greatly. But we are going to bring it back and make it great again, greater than ever before.

We will be a nation like no other, full of compassion, courage, and exceptionalism. Our power will stop all wars and bring a new spirit of unity to a world that has been angry, violent, and totally unpredictable.

America will be respected again and admired again, including by people of religion, faith, and goodwill. We will be prosperous, we will be proud, we will be strong, and we will win like never before.

We will not be conquered, we will not be intimidated, we will not be broken, and we will not fail. From this day on, the United States of America will be a free, sovereign, and independent nation.

We will stand bravely, we will live proudly, we will dream boldly, and nothing will stand in our way because we are Americans. The future is ours, and our golden age has just begun.

Thank you. God bless America. Thank you all. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you very much. Thank you.

Text 26. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill. Broadcast on the Soviet-German War. London, 22 June 1941

I have taken occasion to speak to you tonight because we have reached one of the climacterics of the war. In the first of these intense turning points, a year ago, France fell prostrate under the German hammer and we had to face the storm alone.

The second was when the Royal Air Force beat the Hun raiders out of the daylight air raid and thus warded off the Nazi invasion of our islands while we were still ill-armed and ill-prepared.

The third turning point was when the President and Congress of the United States passed the lease and lend enactment, devoting nearly 2,000,000,000 sterling of the wealth of the New World to help us defend our liberties and their own.

Those were the three climacterics.

The fourth is now upon us.

At 4 o'clock this morning Hitler attacked and invaded Russia. All his usual formalities of perfidy were observed with scrupulous technique. A non-aggression treaty had been solemnly signed and was in force between the two countries. No

complaint had been made by Germany of its non-fulfillment. Under its cloak of false confidence the German armies drew up in immense strength along a line which stretched from the White Sea to the Black Sea and their air fleets and armoured divisions slowly and methodically took up their stations.

Then, suddenly, without declaration of war, without even an ultimatum, the German bombs rained down from the sky upon the Russian cities; the German troops violated the Russian frontiers and an hour later the German Ambassador, who till the night before was lavishing his assurances of friendship, almost of alliance, upon the Russians, called upon the Russian Foreign Minister to tell him that a state of war existed between Germany and Russia.

Thus was repeated on a far larger scale the same kind of outrage against every form of signed compact and international faith which we have witnessed in Norway, in Denmark, in Holland, in Belgium and which Hitler's accomplice and jackal, Mussolini, so faithfully imitated in the case of Greece.

All this was no surprise to me. In fact I gave clear and precise warnings to Stalin of what was coming. I gave him warnings, as I have given warnings to others before. I can only hope that these warnings did not fall unheeded.

All we know at present is that the Russian people are defending their native soil and that their leaders have called upon them to resist to the utmost.

Hitler is a monster of wickedness, insatiable in his lust for blood and plunder. Not content with having all Europe under his heel or else terrorized into various forms of abject submission, he must now carry his work of butchery and desolation among the vast multitudes of Russia and of Asia. The terrible military machine which we and the rest of the civilized world so foolishly, so supinely, so insensately allowed the Nazi gangsters to build up year by year from almost nothing-this machine cannot stand idle, lest it rust or fall to pieces. It must be in continual motion, grinding up human lives and trampling down the homes and the rights of hundreds of millions of men.

Moreover, it must be fed not only with flesh but with oil. So now this bloodthirsty guttersnipe must launch his mechanized armies upon new fields of slaughter, pillage and devastation. Poor as are the Russian peasants, workmen and soldiers, he must steal from them their daily bread. He must devour their harvests. He must rob them of the oil which drives their ploughs and thus produce a famine without example in human history.

And even the carnage and ruin which his victory, should he gain it-though he's not gained it yet-will bring upon the Russian people, will itself be only a stepping stone to the attempt to plunge four or five hundred millions who live in China and the 350,000,000 who live in India into that bottomless pit of human degradation over which the diabolic emblem of the swastika flaunts itself.

It is not too much to say here this pleasant summer evening that the lives and happiness of a thousand million additional human beings are now menaced with brutal Nazi violence. That is enough to make us hold our breath.

But presently I shall show you something else that lies behind and something that touches very nearly the life of Britain and of the United States.

The Nazi regime is indistinguishable from the worst features of Communism. It is devoid of all theme and principle except appetite and racial domination. It excels in all forms of human wickedness, in the efficiency of its cruelty and ferocious aggression. No one has been a more consistent opponent of Communism than I have for the last twenty-five years. I will unsay no words that I've spoken about it. But all this fades away before the spectacle which is now unfolding.

The past, with its crimes, its follies and its tragedies, flashes away. I see the Russian soldiers standing on the threshold of their native land, guarding the fields which their fathers have tilled from time immemorial. I see them guarding their homes; their mothers and wives pray, ah yes, for there are times when all pray for the safety of their loved ones, for the return of the breadwinner, of the champion, of their protectors.

I see the 10,000 villages of Russia, where the means of existence was wrung so hardly from the soil, but where there are still primordial human joys, where maidens laugh and children play I see advancing upon all this, in hideous onslaught, the Nazi war machine, with its clanking, heel-clicking, dandified Prussian officers, its crafty expert agents, fresh from the cowing and tying down of a dozen countries. I see also the dull, drilled, docile brutish masses of the Hun soldiery, plodding on like a swarm of crawling locusts. I see the German bombers and fighters in the sky, still smarting from many a British whipping, so delighted to find what they believe is an easier and a safer prey. And behind all this glare, behind all this storm, I see that small group of villainous men who planned, organized and launched this cataract of horrors upon mankind.

And then my mind goes back across the years to the days when the Russian armies were our Allies against the same deadly foe when they fought with so much valour and constancy and helped to gain a victory, from all share in which, alas, they were, through no fault of ours, utterly cut off.

I have lived through all this and you will pardon me if I express my feelings and the stir of old memories. But now I have to declare the decision of His Majesty's Government, and I feel sure it is a decision in which the great Dominions will, in due course, concur. And that we must speak of now, at once, without a day's delay. I have to make the declaration, but can you doubt what our policy will be?

We have but one aim and one single irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi regime. From this nothing will turn us. Nothing. We will never parley; we will never negotiate with Hitler or any of his gang. We shall fight him by land; we shall fight him by sea; we shall fight him in the air, until, with God's help, we have rid the earth of his shadow and liberated its people from his yoke.

Any man or State who fights against Nazism will have our aid. Any man or State who marches with Hitler is our foe. This applies not only to organized States but to all representatives of that vile race of Quislings who make themselves the tools and agents of the Nazi regime against their fellow-countrymen and against the lands of their births. These Quislings, like the Nazi leaders themselves, if not disposed of by their fellow-countrymen, which would save trouble, will be delivered by us on the

morrow of victory to the justice of the Allied tribunals. That is our policy and that is our declaration.

It follows, therefore, that we shall give whatever help we can to Russia and to the Russian people. We shall appeal to all our friends and Allies in every part of the world to take the same course and pursue it as we shall, faithfully and steadfastly to the end.

We have offered to the Government of Soviet Russia any technical or economic assistance which is in our power and which is likely to be of service to them. We shall bomb Germany by day as well as by night in ever-increasing measure, casting upon them month by month a heavier discharge of bombs and making the German people taste and gulp each month a sharper dose of the miseries they have showered upon mankind.

It is noteworthy that only yesterday the Royal Air Force, striking inland over France, cut down with very small loss to themselves twenty-eight of the Hun fighting machines in the air above the French soil they have invaded, defiled and profess to hold.

But this is only a beginning. From now henceforward the main expansion of our air force proceeds with gathering speed. In another six months the weight of the help we are receiving from the United States in war materials of all kinds, especially in heavy bombers, will begin to tell. This is no class war. It is a war in which the whole British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations is engaged without distinction of race, creed or party.

It is not for me to speak of the action of the United States, but this I will say: If Hitler imagines that his attack on Soviet Russia will cause the slightest division of aims or slackening of effort in the great democracies, who are resolved upon his doom, he is woefully mistaken. On the contrary, we shall be fortified and encouraged in our efforts to rescue mankind from his tyranny. We shall be strengthened and not weakened in our determination and in our resources.

This is no time to moralize upon the follies of countries and governments which have allowed themselves to be struck down one by one when by united action they could so easily have saved themselves and saved the world from this catastrophe.

But, when I spoke a few minutes ago of Hitler's bloodlust and the hateful appetites which have impelled or lured him on his Russian adventure, I said there was one deeper motive behind his outrage. He wishes to destroy the Russian power because he hopes that if he succeeds in this he will be able to bring back the main strength of his army and air force from the East and hurl it upon this island, which he knows he must conquer or suffer the penalty of his crimes.

His invasion of Russia is no more than a prelude to an attempted invasion of the British Isles. He hopes, no doubt, that all this may be accomplished before the Winter comes and that he can overwhelm Great Britain before the fleets and air power of the United States will intervene. He hopes that he may once again repeat upon a greater scale than ever before that process of destroying his enemies one by one, by which he has so long thrived and prospered, and that then the scene will be clear for the final

act, without which all his conquests would be in vain, namely, the subjugation of the Western Hemisphere to his will and to his system.

The Russian danger is therefore our danger and the danger of the United States just as the cause of any Russian fighting for his hearth and home is the cause of free men and free peoples in every quarter of the globe.

Let us learn the lessons already taught by such cruel experience. Let us redouble our exertions and strike with united strength while life and power remain.

Примерный перечень практических заданий

В рамках выполнения данного экзаменационного вопроса, обучающиеся демонстрируют навыки говорения – владения иноязычной публичной речью.

Практическое задание № 1.

1. The peculiarities of public speaking as compared to everyday conversation.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Keeping animals in zoos”.

Практическое задание № 2.

1. The elements of speech communication.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Who are better teachers: men or women”.

Практическое задание № 3.

1. Communication apprehension: its causes and techniques to build confidence.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Should the government place a tax on junk food and fatty snacks?”

Практическое задание № 4.

1. The major stages in the development of the art of public speaking (The Middle Ages, The Renaissance).
2. Speak on the following topic: “Should teachers have a dress code?”

Практическое задание № 5.

1. Ethics in public speaking. Plagiarism.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Is fashion important?”

Практическое задание № 6.

1. Speaking competencies.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Should boys and girls learn in separate classes?”

Практическое задание № 7.

1. The major stages in the development of the art of public speaking (The modern period).
2. Speak on the following topic: “What is the appropriate age for dating?”

Практическое задание № 8.

1. Types of audience analysis. Ways of getting information about the audience.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Is the death penalty effective?”

Практическое задание № 9.

1. The major stages in the development of the art of public speaking (The ancient Greeks, The Roman republic).
2. Speak on the following topic: “Are actors and professional athletes paid too much?”

Практическое задание № 10.

1. Supporting materials to back up the ideas of a speech.
2. Speak on the following topic: “You should not be Telegram friends with your mom”.

Практическое задание № 11.

1. The use of voice in public speaking.
2. You have a guest coming to speak to your group. Prepare and deliver a speech of introduction for this person.

Практическое задание № 12.

1. Presentation aids: their functions and types.
2. You are to give a speech as a fund-raiser. Persuade your audience to donate to the cause you are advocating.

Практическое задание № 13.

1. Types of connectives.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Are people morally obligated to help the poor?”

Практическое задание № 14.

1. The art of listening. Causes of poor listening.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Bullying: the past, the present and the future”.

Практическое задание № 15.

1. Beginning and ending the speech.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Music has the power to heal”.

Практическое задание № 16.

1. Basic methods of delivering a speech.
2. You are volunteering for an animal shelter. Persuade your audience to join you.

Практическое задание № 17.

1. Types of informative speeches.
2. You are in an interview for a student scholarship. The winner will participate in a student exchange programme at Oxford University. Explain to the selection board why you are the best candidate.

Практическое задание № 18.

1. Guidelines for using language in a public speech.
2. Speak on the following topic: “If things go wrong, your horoscope is to blame”.

Практическое задание № 19.

1. Strategic organization of a speech.
2. Speak on the following topic: “Should elementary and high school students be allowed to use cell phones at school?”

Практическое задание № 20.

1. Persuasive speech.
2. You have been asked to speak to high school graduates about their future career. Persuade them to enter Moscow City University.

Практическое задание № 21.

1. Characteristics of a good public speaker.
2. You are to speak on behalf of all the graduating students at the commencement ceremony at your university. Prepare and deliver a speech for this occasion.

Практическое задание № 22.

1. Nonverbal communication in public speaking.
2. You are a strong advocate of Green Movement. Convince your audience of the advisability to join it.

Практическое задание № 23.

1. Types of fallacies in building up an argument.
2. You have been working as a teacher at a secondary school for some time and now you are leaving. Prepare and deliver a farewell speech.

Практическое задание № 24.

1. Types of entertaining speeches.
2. You are at a staff party and you decide to amuse your colleagues with a funny story. Prepare and deliver a story for maximum impact.

Практическое задание № 25.

1. Critical thinking.
2. You have just returned from a trip. Persuade your audience to visit the place you have been to.

Практическое задание № 26.

1. An example of a great public speaker.
2. Advertise and persuade your audience to buy something you have on you.

4.1.2. Список рекомендуемой литературы

а) Основная литература:

1. Абрамов, Б.А. Теоретическая грамматика немецкого языка; Сопоставительная типология немецкого и русского языков: учеб. для студентов вузов / Б. А. Абрамов; под общ. ред. Н. Н. Семенюк. Москва: ВЛАДОС, 1999, 2001, 2004. 286 с.
2. Анисимова Т.В., Гимпельсон Е.Г. Современная деловая риторика: Уч. пособие. Москва - Воронеж, 2002.
3. Арнольд И.В. Семантика. Стилистика. Интертекстуальность. Изд. 2-е, Москва: Книжный дом «ЛИБРИКОМ», 2010. 448 с.
4. Болотнова, Н. С. Филологический анализ текста: учебное пособие для вузов /Н. С. Болотнова. Москва: Флинта: Наука, 2009. 520 с.
5. Введение в германскую филологию. Москва: «ГИС», 2000.
6. Гуревич В.В. Теоретическая грамматика английского языка. Сравнительная типология английского и русского языков. Москва: Флинта, 2010. 168 с.
7. Козьмин О.Г., Богомазова Т.С. Теоретическая фонетика немецкого языка: Учебник. Москва: НВИ-ТЕЗАУРУС, 2002. 256 стр.
8. Ольшанский И.Г., Гусева А.Е. Лексикология. Современный немецкий язык. Практикум. Москва: Академия, 2007. 176 с.
9. Смирницкий А.И. Лекции по истории английского языка. Москва: Добросвет, 2000.
10. Соколова М.А., Гинтовт К.П., Тихонова И.С., Тихонова Р.М. Теоретическая фонетика английского языка. Москва, 2003. 286 с.

11. Шевченко Т.И. Теоретическая фонетика английского языка. Москва, 2006. 272 с.

б) Дополнительная литература

1. Васильев В.В. Фонетика английского языка. Теоретический курс. Москва., 1980. 256 с.
2. Трубецкой Н.С. Основы фонологии. Москва, 2000. 327 с.
3. Лексикология английского языка. Арбекова Т.И. Учеб. пособие. Москва: Высшая школа, 1997. 240 с.
4. Блох М.Я. Блох М.Я. Теоретическая грамматика английского языка. Москва, Высшая школа, 2006
5. Кобрин Н.А., Болдырев Н.Н., Худяков А.А. Теоретическая грамматика современного английского языка. Москва: Высшая школа, 2007.
6. Гальперин И.Р. Стилистика английского языка: Учебник (на английском языке). Изд.4-е. Москва: Книжный дом «ЛИБРИКОМ», 2012. 336 с.
7. Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по стилистике английского языка. Seminars in Stylistics: учеб. пособие. 5-е изд. Москва: ФЛИНТА: Наука, 2011. 184 с.
8. Бабенко Л.П. Филологический анализ текста. Основы теории, принципы и аспекты анализа: Учебник для вузов. Москва: Академический проект; Екатеринбург: Деловая книга, 2004. 464 с.
9. Валгина Н. С. Теория текста: Учебное пособие. Москва: Логос, 2003. 280 с.
10. Виды лингвистического анализа: Учеб. пособие для студентов ф-та рус. яз. и лит. пед. ин-тов и учителей сред. школы / Под ред. В. Ф. Киприянова. Владимир, 1977. 122 с.
11. Амосова Н.Н. Этимологические основы словарного состава современного английского языка. Москва: Наука, 1969

Интернет-ресурсы:

1. Электронная библиотека Гумер (гуманитарные науки)
<http://www.gumer.info/>
2. Linguist List - <http://linguistlist.org/sp/GetWRListings.cfm?WRAbbrev=Projects>
3. Linguistics - <http://en.citizendium.org/wiki/linguistics>
4. Linguistics - <http://en.citizendium.org/wiki/linguistics>
5. MODERN LINGUISTICS VERSUS TRADITIONAL HERMENEUTICS
<http://www.tms.edu/tmsj/tmsj14b.pdf>
6. The main linguistic tendencies at the beginning of the XX century and text analysis
<http://waucondastore.com/main-linguistic-tendencies-beginning-xx-century-text-analysis/> T
7. THEORETICAL RESOURCES OFF- AND ON-LINE
<http://www.phillwebb.net/topics/communication/xLinguistics.htm>
8. Всероссийская государственная библиотека иностранной литературы (ВГБИЛ) им. М.И. Рудомино. URL: <http://www.libfl.ru/> (дата обращения:)

9. Библиотека Института научной информации по общественным наукам Российской академии наук (библиотека ИНИОН). URL: <http://www.inion.ru/> (дата обращения:)
10. Научная библиотека Московского государственного университета им. М.В. Ломоносова (Научная библиотека МГУ). URL: <http://www.nbmgu.ru/> (дата обращения:)
11. Российская государственная библиотека (РГБ). URL: <http://www.rsl.ru/> (дата обращения:)
12. Федеральное государственное учреждение культуры «Государственная публичная историческая библиотека России» (ГПИБ России). URL: <http://www.shpl.ru/>

4.1.3. Показатели и критерии оценивания компетенций по результатам государственного экзамена, шкалы их оценивания

При аттестации уровня сформированности компетенций и (или) трудового действия обучающихся на государственном экзамене выступают следующие их элементы и разработан комплект оценочных средств:

Для установления уровня сформированности компетенций и (или) трудового действия обучающихся на государственном экзамене разработаны следующие критерии оценки результатов государственного экзамена:

№ п/п	Критерии оценки	Показатели	Количество баллов	Общая оценка
1.	Полнота раскрытия вопросов экзаменационного билета выполнения практического задания	представлен	10	0-10
		частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
2.	Аргументированность ответа обучающегося	представлен	10	0-10
		частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
3.	Способность анализировать и сравнивать различные подходы к решению поставленной проблемы	представлен	10	0-10
		частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
4.	Готовность обучающегося отвечать на дополнительные вопросы по существу экзаменационного билета	представлен	10	0-10
		частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
5.	Навыки защиты собственных научных идей, предложений и рекомендаций	представлен	10	0-10
		частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
6.	Общий уровень культуры общения	представлен	10	0-10
		частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
7.	Готовность к практической деятельности в условиях рыночной	представлен	10	0-10

	экономики, изменения при необходимости направления профессиональной деятельности в рамках предметной области знаний, умений и практических навыков	частично представлен	7	
		не представлен	0	
8.	Умение разрабатывать рекомендации и предложения	умеет	10	0-10
		умеет фрагментарно	7	
		не умеет	0	
9.	Навыки и опыт применения знаний в практике	обладают	10	0-10
		обладают частично	7	
		не обладают	0	
10.	Умение подкреплять ответ примерами из практики	умеет	10	0-10
		умеет фрагментарно	7	
		не умеет	0	
Итого:				0-100

Результаты государственного экзамена определяются оценками «отлично», «хорошо», «удовлетворительно», «неудовлетворительно».

Критерии оценки сформированности компетенций и (или) трудового действия обучающихся на государственном экзамене:

№ п/п	Количество баллов	Оценка
1.	81-100	«Отлично»
2.	66-80	«Хорошо»
3.	51-65	«Удовлетворительно»
4.	>50	«Неудовлетворительно»

4.2. Выпускная квалификационная работа

4.2.1. Требования к организации и проведению защиты ВКР

Определяются Положением о проведении государственной итоговой аттестации по образовательным программам среднего профессионального и высшего образования – программам бакалавриата, программам специалитета и программам магистратуры в Государственном автономном образовательном учреждении высшего образования города Москвы «Московский городской педагогический университет».

4.2.2. Порядок подготовки ВКР

Подготовка ВКР осуществляется в соответствии с Методическими рекомендациями по подготовке ВКР, утвержденными ученым советом института гуманитарных наук (протокол заседания от «13» марта 2024 г. № 8) (Приложение).

4.2.3. Перечень тем ВКР

Перечень тем ВКР утвержден ученым советом института гуманитарных наук (протокол заседания от «11» ноября 2024 г. № 4).

1. Приемы передачи комизма при переводе художественного произведения с английского языка на русский (на примере романа С. Кинселлы «Исповедь шопоголика»);
2. Языковые особенности создания эффекта черного юмора (на примере рассказов Роальда Даля);
3. Специфика искусственных языков фэнтезийных произведений (на примере Высокого Валерийского и Эльфийского языков);
4. Лингвокультурная специфика языковой игры в рекламном тексте;
5. Особенности языкового оформления и перевода англоязычных компьютерных игр (на материале серии игр «Resident Evil»);
6. Лингвокультурологические особенности перевода англоязычных исторических фильмов на русский язык (на примере фильмов о гражданской войне в США);
7. Топос книжного мира в современных хилинг-романах;
8. Интертекстуальная образность романа С. Рушди «Золотой дом»;
9. Стилистические особенности малой прозы Курта Воннегута;
10. Вербальная репрезентация образа России в англоязычных СМИ за период 2022-2025 гг.;
11. Традиции Дж. Оруэлла в романах О. Эрикссон «Бойня» и М. Этвуд «Рассказ служанки»;
12. Реализация культурных кодов в топонимах канадской провинции Альберта;
13. Особенности идиостиля Лусии Берлин;
14. Стилистические особенности художественной прозы О. Уайльда (на примере романа «Портрет Дориана Грея»);
15. Языковые средства передачи комического эффекта при переводе детской художественной литературы (на материале произведений Э. Кестнера);
16. Особенности функционирования фразеологических единиц в детской прозе Э. Кестнера;
17. Особенности экспрессивной лексики в анимационных англоязычных сериалах (на примере «Gravity Falls»);
18. Стилистические особенности романа-антиутопии (на примере романа Дж. Оруэлла «1984»);
19. Аксиологические доминанты эпистолярного дискурса фронтовиков второй мировой войны;
20. Суд как выражение абсурдной реальности в творчестве писателей-модернистов;

21. Жанровое своеобразие романа Д. Мейсона «Настройщик»;
22. Способы передачи русских реалий на английский язык в переводах романов Ф.М. Достоевского;
23. Использование англицизмов в российской сфере гостеприимства (на примере барной индустрии);
24. Особенности передачи имен собственных при переводе с русского языка на английский;
25. Воздействующий потенциал поликодовых текстов социальной рекламы;
26. Прецедентные тексты и их роль в романе Х. Мураками «Норвежский лес»;
27. Лексико-семантические особенности английского сленга с элементом антропонимом;
28. Особенности перевода англоязычной шахматной терминологии на русский язык;
29. Использование эрративов в современном англоязычном и русскоязычном интернет-дискурсе (на примере социальных сетей);
30. Мотив странствия в американской литературе 50-60-х гг. XX в.;
31. Вербальные и невербальные способы создания образа главной героини в фильмах Софии Копполы;
32. Особенности реинтерпретации библейских сюжетов в романе Дж. Барнса «История мира в 10 1/2 главах»;
33. Особенности переводческих трансформаций при адаптации видеоигр;
34. Образ черного кота в американской литературе XIX -XXI вв.;
35. Мотив поглощения в романах М. Этвуд «Лакомый кусочек» и К. Деанджелис «Целиком и полностью»;
36. Особенности речевых манипуляций в интервью (на примере интервью с американскими и британскими знаменитостями);
37. Способы реализации принципа псевдоустности при переводе аудиовизуальных текстов с английского языка на русский (на материале первого сезона сериала «Очень странные дела»);
38. Человек на войне в романах немецких писателей XX-XXI вв.;
39. Образ русской эмиграции в творчестве В. Набокова;
40. Христианские мотивы в детективных романах А. Кристи;
41. Особенности поэтики драматургии А.Милна;
42. Семиотические и семантические особенности нюансирования смыслов в романе М.З. Данилевского «Дом листьев»;
43. Семантические особенности неологизмов в англоязычном социально-политическом дискурсе;
44. Репрезентация комического в англоязычных сериалах и особенности его перевода на русский язык;
45. Средства создания комического эффекта в американских мультипликационных фильмах студии Pixar и проблемы их перевода на русский язык;
46. Функционирование французских заимствований в английском языке в диахроническом аспекте.

УТВЕРЖДЕНО
на заседании ученого совета
Института гуманитарных наук
«13» марта 2024 г.

**Методические рекомендации
по подготовке
выпускной квалификационной работы
для обучающихся по программам бакалавриата,
программам магистратуры
института гуманитарных наук
Государственного автономного образовательного учреждения
высшего образования города Москвы
«Московский городской педагогический университет»**

Москва, 2024

Содержание

- Раздел 1. Порядок выбора темы и подготовки выпускной квалификационной работы.
- Раздел 2. Исследовательский вид выпускной квалификационной работы.
- Раздел 3. Проектный вид выпускной квалификационной работы.
- Раздел 4. Требования к оформлению выпускной квалификационной работы.

Раздел 1. Порядок выбора темы и подготовки выпускной квалификационной работы

1. Выпускная квалификационная работа (далее – ВКР) представляет собой самостоятельное, логически выстроенное и законченное исследование, предлагающее решение актуальной научной и/или практической задачи.

2. Тема ВКР формулируется в соответствии с направлением подготовки и направленностью (профилем) образовательной программы и утверждается распоряжением директора института не позднее чем за шесть месяцев до начала государственной итоговой аттестации (далее – ГИА).

3. Обучающийся по согласованию с руководителем ВКР может предложить свою тему ВКР в случае обоснования целесообразности ее разработки для практического применения в соответствующей области профессиональной деятельности и/или на конкретном объекте профессиональной деятельности.

4. Подготовка ВКР осуществляется в соответствии с календарным планом выполнения ВКР (Приложение 1), разработанным и подписанным обучающимся и руководителем ВКР и утвержденным руководителем выпускающего департамента института.

5. При подготовке и защите ВКР обучающийся демонстрирует следующие способности:

самостоятельно вести научный поиск (исследование);

определять круг научной литературы и источников;

выявлять проблемы в исследуемой области и определять стратегии их решения;

ставить задачи и обеспечивать их последовательное решение посредством применения научно обоснованных методов;

формулировать выводы в соответствии с поставленными целью и задачами исследования.

6. Степень авторства ВКР проверяется через систему текстовых заимствований «Антиплагиат». Автор ВКР несет полную ответственность за самостоятельность и достоверность своей работы.

7. Процент авторского текста ВКР составляет:

для уровня бакалавриата – не менее 60%;

для уровня магистратуры – не менее 70%.

8. Подготовленные и оформленные в соответствии с требованиями ВКР, справка об объеме заимствований и аннотация предоставляются в выпускающий департамент института (срок – не позднее трех недель до даты защиты ВКР):

в электронном виде – для проверки и размещения на сайте образовательной организации;

в бумажном виде (твердый переплет) – для предоставления в государственную экзаменационную комиссию.

9. Виды ВКР:

исследовательские;

проектные.

Раздел 2. Исследовательский вид выпускной квалификационной работы

1. Исследовательские ВКР представляют собой отчет о самостоятельно спланированном и проведенном обучающимся научном исследовании, в том числе о полученных результатах и их интерпретации, выводах, которые позволили бы расширить знания об изучаемых проблемах и возможных путях их решения.

2. Требования к исследовательским ВКР:

соответствие темы содержанию ВКР;

планирование этапов исследования;

логическая последовательность в изложении материала;

отсутствие компилятивности;

наличие научной и/или практической значимости проведенного исследования;

оформленный в соответствии с ГОСТ научно-справочный аппарат.

3. Рекомендуемый объем исследовательских ВКР:

для уровня бакалавриата – 60-80 страниц;

для уровня магистратуры – 80-130 страниц.

4. Структура исследовательской ВКР:

титульный лист;

содержание;

введение;

основная часть (допускается деление на главы, включающие параграфы, или на разделы, которые не требуют деления на параграфы);

заключение;

список источников (при наличии);

список литературы;

приложения (при наличии).

5. Титульный лист является первой страницей ВКР и служит источником информации, необходимой для поиска и обработки документа (Приложение 2, 3).

6. Содержание представляет собой перечень структурных единиц ВКР с указанием страниц, на которых они размещены (Приложение 4).

Требования к оформлению содержания:

главы (разделы), параграфы нумеруются арабскими цифрами;

названия глав (разделов), параграфов в содержании должны точно повторять названия глав (разделов), параграфов в тексте (сокращение или изменение названий глав (разделов), параграфов не допускается);

последнее слово в названии глав (разделов), параграфов соединяют отточием с соответствующим ему номером страницы в правом столбце содержания.

Приложения (при наличии) должны быть перечислены в содержании ВКР с указанием их номеров и страниц.

Нумерация страниц во всем тексте ВКР (включая приложения) должна быть сквозная.

7. Во введении исследовательской ВКР обязательно указываются (выделяются полужирным шрифтом):

актуальность темы исследования;

степень ее разработанности;

объект и предмет исследования;

цель и задачи;

обоснование/анализ источниковой базы (при наличии);

методология и методы исследования;

теоретическая и/или практическая значимость работы;

апробация результатов исследования (при наличии);

иное (если предусмотрено профильностью подготовки обучающегося (например, хронологические и/или территориальные рамки исследования, применяемый понятийный аппарат, перечисление используемых сокращений и т.п.)).

8. Основная часть исследовательской ВКР должна включать не менее 2-х глав, каждая из которых состоит не менее, чем из 2-х параграфов. В случае деления на разделы – не менее 4 разделов.

9. Главы и параграфы/разделы содержат:

последовательное изложение материалов, соответствующих этапам исследования (формулировка должна соотноситься с целью и задачами ВКР);

обоснование позиции автора ВКР по исследуемой проблеме;

описание выполненных автором ВКР теоретических/прикладных/апробационных исследований (в том числе применяемых методов исследования);

оценку и обобщение результатов соответствующего этапа исследования.

10. В заключении указываются общие результаты ВКР, их соотношение с целью и задачами, представленными во введении, формулируются выводы, а также предложения и возможные перспективы применения полученных результатов на практике и/или для дальнейшей работы над темой.

11. В приложения по согласованию с руководителем ВКР могут выноситься:

таблицы;

графические изображения;

детальные расчеты;

схемы;

карты;

и т. п.

Приложения должны быть пронумерованы, на каждое приложение делается ссылка в тексте ВКР.

Приложения располагают в порядке ссылок на них в тексте ВКР.

12. Дополнительно к ВКР на отдельном листе прилагается аннотация, в которой указывается проблема исследования, сформулированные исследовательские вопросы, представляется методология и методы исследования, а также общие результаты и выводы по проведенному исследованию. Объем аннотации должен составлять не более 150 слов. Аннотация должна завершаться ключевыми словами (5-7 слов/словосочетаний) (Приложение 5).

Раздел 3. Проектный вид выпускной квалификационной работы

1. Подготовка проектной ВКР представляет собой индивидуальную или групповую деятельность обучающихся, осуществляемую в рамках разработки проекта для решения прикладной проблемы в профессиональной области, соответствующей направлению подготовки и направленности (профилю) образовательной программы.

Индивидуальный проект представляет собой индивидуальную разработку проектного продукта.

Групповой проект представляет собой согласованную комплексную разработку единого проектного продукта. В случае выполнения проекта группой в нее включается не более 3-х человек. Состав проектной группы утверждается руководителем выпускающего департамента института.

2. Тема проектной ВКР определяется спецификой проектных инициатив (идей) и выбором наилучшей и/или оптимальной альтернативы реализации проекта и согласовывается с руководителем выпускающего департамента института.

Приветствуется выполнение проектных ВКР по запросу, сформулированному организациями-заказчиками.

3. Результат проектной ВКР – создание или целенаправленное изменение отчуждаемого проектного продукта.

4. Требования к проектным ВКР:

наличие практической значимости проектного продукта для сферы предполагаемой профессиональной деятельности выпускника (быть реально или потенциально востребованным);

выбор проектной инициативы (идеи) осуществляется на основе проектного анализа, включающего маркетинговый анализ/технологический анализ/анализ трудовых (кадровых) ресурсов/институциональный анализ, и должен опираться на опубликованные научные работы (теоретические, прикладные), научные исследования (прогнозные, выполненные и опубликованные признанными исследовательскими организациями);

описание разработанного проектного продукта должно быть представлено в отдельном разделе проектной ВКР;

в проектной ВКР должны быть предложены критерии и методы оценки эффективности проектного продукта, меры по прогнозированию и/или управлению рисками;

текст ВКР должен быть логично структурирован и написан языком, понятным для соответствующего профессионального сообщества.

5. Рекомендуемый объем проектных ВКР:

для уровня бакалавриата – 40-60 стр.;

для уровня магистратуры – 60-80 стр.

6. Структура проектной ВКР:

титульный лист;

содержание;

введение;
анализ проблемной ситуации;
проектный анализ;
дорожная карта проекта (включая описание проекта);
описание проектного продукта и результатов его апробации;
заключение;
список источников (при наличии)
список литературы;
приложения (при наличии).

7. Титульный лист и содержание оформляются в соответствии с приложениями 2-4.

8. Введение должно содержать:
обоснование **актуальности** разработки и внедрения проекта;

цель и задачи проекта;

общие требования к результату проектирования.

Во введении обозначаются **границы**, за которые проект не будет выходить, указываются факторы, находящиеся вне контроля автора (авторов) проекта, существующие риски, которые могут повлиять на итоговый успех проекта.

9. Анализ проблемной ситуации должен содержать:

теоретические основания проектирования – описание и анализ теорий/концепций, с помощью которых может быть рассмотрена предметная область проекта;

практические основания проекта – анализ результатов современных исследований в предметной области проекта.

10. Проектный анализ содержит описание методологии выполнения проекта. Выбор методологии проектирования должен обеспечить:

оценку альтернативных проектных идей и обоснование выбора одной из них;
разработку конечного проектного продукта, соответствующего сформулированным во введении требованиям.

11. Дорожная карта проекта содержит план-график проекта, описание этапов (стадий) выполнения проекта, планируемых промежуточных и конечных результатов.

12. В описании проектного продукта и результатов его апробации проводится детальный анализ полученных результатов, выявляются существенные риски, связанные с использованием разработанного или целенаправленно измененного проектного продукта, а также предлагаются меры по их нивелированию.

13. В заключении обобщаются полученные результаты, делаются выводы о перспективах применения/реализации разработанного или целенаправленно измененного проектного продукта, предлагаются меры по его улучшению, планы по дальнейшему продвижению.

14. Дополнительно к ВКР на отдельном листе прилагается аннотация, в которой указывается:

цель проекта по созданию или целенаправленному изменению проектного продукта;

критерии выбора проектной инициативы (идеи);
проектная идея, положенная в основу разработки проектного продукта;
методология работы на всех этапах (стадиях) выполнения проекта;
краткое описание разработанного проектного продукта;
результаты его оценки и выводы.

Объем аннотации составляет не более 150 слов (Приложение 5).

Аннотация должна завершаться ключевыми словами (5-7 слов/словосочетаний) (Приложение 5).

Раздел 4. Требования к оформлению выпускной квалификационной работы

1. ВКР выполняется печатным способом на одной стороне листа белой бумаги формата А4, без переносов.

2. Шрифт Times New Roman 14, цвет шрифта - черный, интервал - 1,5.

3. Для выделения в тексте используется только **полужирный шрифт**.

4. Применяются отступы: левое - 30 мм, правое - 10 мм, верхнее и нижнее - 20 мм.

5. Абзацный отступ должен быть одинаковым по всему тексту ВКР и равен 1,25 см.

6. Перед абзацем и после него интервалы не делаются.

7.7. Между цифрами для обозначения временного периода, диапазона страниц везде ставится среднее тире без пробелов, не дефис (пример: верное обозначение: 20–25; неверные: 20-25; 20 – 25).

8.8. Между буквой «С.» (сокращение слова «страница») и цифрой и в иных подобных случаях (пример: г. Москва, 1970 г.) необходимо ставить неразрывный пробел во избежание разрыва в этом месте строки.

9. Названия основных структурных элементов ВКР (**ВВЕДЕНИЕ, ГЛАВЫ (РАЗДЕЛЫ), ЗАКЛЮЧЕНИЕ**) следует располагать в середине строки без точки в конце, прописными буквами, не подчеркивая.

Каждый основной структурный элемент ВКР начинают с нового листа (через опцию «разрыв страницы»). Параграфы входят в структуру главы и с нового листа не начинаются.

10. Названия главы и параграфа, размещенных на одной странице, отделяются друг от друга двумя свободными строками с интервалом 1,0.

11. Названия параграфов следует начинать с абзацного отступа и размещать после порядкового номера, печатать с прописной буквы, полужирным шрифтом, не подчеркивать, без точки в конце.

Пример:

ГЛАВА 1. ТЕОРЕТИЧЕСКИЕ ОСНОВЫ РАЗВИТИЯ ГИА

1.1 ГИА как инструмент внешнего контроля качества образования

Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст Текст.

12. Нумерация глав (разделов) ВКР сквозная, нумерация параграфов сквозная в пределах главы ВКР.

13. Страницы ВКР следует нумеровать арабскими цифрами, соблюдая сквозную нумерацию по всему тексту, включая приложения.

Номер страницы проставляется в правом верхнем углу страницы без точки.

Номер страницы на титульном листе и содержании не ставится. Нумерация страниц начинается с листа введения (как правило, с третьей страницы).

14. Цифровой материал должен оформляться в виде таблиц. Таблицы применяют для наглядности и удобства сравнения показателей и оформляются в следующем порядке:

таблицу следует располагать непосредственно после текста, в котором она упоминается впервые, или на следующей странице;

на все таблицы в тексте ВКР должны быть ссылки, при ссылке следует указать слово «таблица» и ее номер (например, таблица 1);

наименование таблицы должно отражать ее содержание, быть точным и кратким, его следует помещать над таблицей слева, без абзацного отступа в одну строку с ее номером через тире;

нумерация таблиц – сквозная по тексту ВКР.

Пример:

Таблица 1 – Наименование таблицы

15. Иллюстрации (чертежи, графики, схемы, диаграммы, фотоснимки и т.п.) следует располагать в тексте ВКР, где они упоминаются впервые, или на следующей странице (по возможности ближе к соответствующим частям ВКР).

На все иллюстрации в ВКР должны быть даны ссылки. При ссылке необходимо писать слово «рисунок» и его номер, например: «в соответствии с рисунком 1» и т.д., нумерация – сквозная по тексту ВКР.

Наименование рисунка располагают в центре под рисунком без точки в конце в следующем формате: слово «Рисунок», его номер и через тире наименование рисунка.

Пример:

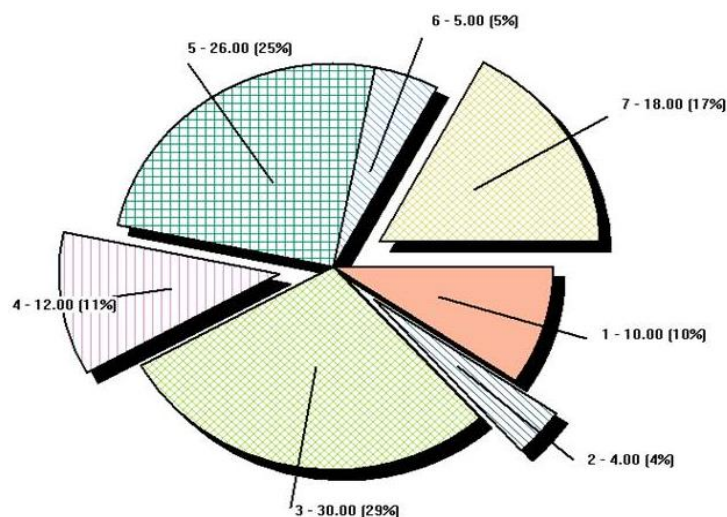


Рисунок 1 – Наименование рисунка

Если наименование рисунка состоит из нескольких строк, то его следует записывать через один межстрочный интервал. Наименование рисунка приводят с прописной буквы без точки в конце. Перенос слов в наименовании графического материала не допускается.

16. Используемые в ВКР источники (при наличии) и литература должны быть отражены в подстрочных ссылках (сносках), при оформлении которых следует руководствоваться ГОСТ Р 7.0.5-2008 «Библиографическая ссылка. Общие требования и правила составления».

17. Подстрочные ссылки (сноски) на используемые в ВКР материалы должны быть выполнены автоматически, с постраничной нумерацией (ссылки на каждой странице начинаются с ¹), кегль – 12; интервал – 1, без абзацного отступа.

18. В тексте ВКР запятая, точка с запятой, двоеточие и точка ставятся после знака ссылки (сноски): ...¹, ...²; ...³: ...⁴. Вопросительный или восклицательный знаки, многоточие и кавычки ставятся перед знаком ссылки (сноски): ...?¹ ...!¹ ...¹ ...»¹

Примеры оформления подстрочных ссылок (сносок) на источники и литературу:

Монографии

¹ Аврех А. Я. Царизм и третьеиюньская система. М., 1966. С. 48.

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² Смирнов И. И. Становление парламентаризма // Вестник Санкт-Петербургского университета. История. 2008. Т. 56. Вып. 3. С. 330-336

³ Давыдов А. Ю. Свободная кооперация в России (до октября 1917) // Вопросы истории. 1996. № 1. С. 29.

Статьи из сборников

¹ Лефорт Ф. Я. Внутренняя политика первого русского императора // Романовы: актуальные направления исследований / отв. ред. Н. М. Зотов. СПб., 2012. Т. 3. С. 169.

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² Максимов К. В. Монархическое движение в России: 1905–1917 гг. (На материалах Уфимской губернии) : дис. ... канд. ист. наук. М., 2004. 131 с.

Авторефераты диссертаций

³ Ромов Р. Б. Фракции правых в III Государственной Думе (1907–1912) : автореф. дис. ... канд. ист. наук. М., 2003. 30 с.

Газеты

⁴ Северный край. 1907. 23 марта. № 54.

Архивные материалы

⁵ Государственный архив Российской Федерации (ГАРФ). Ф. 26. Оп. 2. Д. 1765. Л. 1.

Электронные ресурсы

⁶ Смирнов А. И. Информационная глобализация и Россия [Электронный ресурс] : вызовы и возможности. М., 2005. 1 эл. опт. диск (CD-ROM).

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⁷ Глухарев Н. Н. Формирование образов будущего в СССР в 1920-е г. // Genesis: исторические исследования. 2024. № 1. С. 28-43. URL: https://www.e-notabene.ru/hr/contents_2024_1.html. Дата публикации: 15.01.2024.

Статьи в печатных изданиях, имеющих электронную версию

⁸ Московская А. А., Берендяев А. А., Москвина А. Ю. Между социальным и экономическим благом: конфликт проектов легитимации социального предпринимательства в России // Мониторинг общественного мнения: экономические и социальные перемены. 2017. № 6. С. 31-35. URL: http://wciom.ru/fileadmin/file/monitoring/2017/142/2017_142_02_Moskovskaya.pdf (дата обращения: 13.03.2024).

Законодательные материалы

⁹ Российская Федерация. Законы. Об общих принципах организации местного самоуправления в Российской Федерации : Федер. Закон № 131-ФЗ : [принят Гос. Думой 16 сентября 2003 года : одобрен Советом Федерации 24 сентября 2003 года]. М., 2017. 158 с.

¹⁰ Федеральный закон от 29.12.2012 № 273-ФЗ «Об образовании в Российской Федерации» // КонсультантПлюс : офиц. сайт. 2019. URL: <http://www.consultant.ru/cgi/online.cgi?reg=doc&base=LAW&n=320453> (дата обращения: 10.11.2019).

При повторной ссылке на материалы приводится только его сокращенное название, например:

Полное название:

¹¹ Смирнов И. И. Становление парламентаризма // Вестник Санкт-Петербургского университета. История. 2008. Т. 56. Вып. 3. С. 330-336.

Сокращенное название:

¹² Смирнов И. И. Становление парламентаризма. С. 330.

При последовательном расположении на одной странице первичной и повторной ссылок (сносок) текст повторной ссылки заменяют словами «Там же». В повторной ссылке (сноске) на другую страницу к словам «Там же» добавляют номер страницы (части, выпуска и т. п.). На следующей странице применяется общее правило оформления ссылки (сноски):

¹³ Там же.

¹⁴ Там же. С. 331.

19. Список источников (при наличии) и литературы размещается после основного текста ВКР до приложений (при наличии).

Алфавитный способ – библиографические записи располагают по алфавиту фамилий авторов или первых слов заглавий документов; библиографические записи произведений авторов-однофамильцев располагают в алфавите их инициалов.

Систематическая (тематическая) группировка – библиографические записи располагают в определенной логической последовательности в соответствии с принятой системой классификации (архивные документы, актовые документы, источники личного происхождения и т.д.), алфавитный порядок при этом соблюдается в каждой категории.

Хронологический порядок группировки – библиографические записи располагают в хронологии опубликования документов и материалов.

20. При наличии в списке источников и литературы на других языках, кроме русского, образуется дополнительный алфавитный ряд, который располагают после изданий на русском языке. Дополнительный алфавитный ряд изданий образуется последовательно при наличии в списке диссертаций, авторефератов, электронных ресурсов.

21. При оформлении списка источников (при наличии) и литературы следует руководствоваться ГОСТ Р 7.0.100-2018 «Библиографическая запись. Библиографическое описание: общие требования и правила составления».

Примеры оформления списка источников и литературы:

Пример оформления списка источников:

Государственный архив Российской Федерации (ГАРФ). – Ф. 26. – Оп. 2. – Д. 1765. – Л. 1.

Конституция Российской Федерации : офиц. текст. – Москва : Маркетинг, 2001. – 39 с.

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Грязев А. «Пустое занятие»: кто лишает Россию права вето в СБ ООН: в ГА ООН возобновлены переговоры по реформе Совета Безопасности / А. Грязев // Газета.ru : [сайт]. – 2018. – 2 февр. – URL: https://www.gazeta.ru/politics/2018/02/02_a_11634385.shtml (дата обращения: 09.02.2022).

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КАЛЕНДАРТНЫЙ ПЛАН ВЫПОЛНЕНИЯ ВКР

УТВЕРЖДАЮ
Начальник департамента

(ФИО, ученая степень, ученое звание)

Календарный план выполнения выпускной квалификационной работы

обучающегося _____
(ФИО)

Направление подготовки _____
(код, наименование)

Направленность (профиль) образовательной программы _____
(наименование)

Тема выпускной квалификационной работы _____

№ п/п	Этапы работы по подготовке ВКР	Количество страниц текста или другие показатели	Срок выполнения	Даты проведения консультаций	Примечание
1.	Выбор вида и темы ВКР, консультация с руководителем ВКР по вопросам выполнения ВКР				
2.	Работа с литературой и источниками (при наличии)				
3.	Определение методологии выполнения ВКР				
4.	Анализ опыта практического решения исследуемой проблемы/определение проектного продукта				
5.	Обсуждение с руководителем ВКР промежуточных результатов выполнения ВКР				
6.	Формулировка выводов и				

	практических предложений				
8.	Предоставление ВКР завершенной руководителю				
9.	Доработка и/или устранение отмеченных руководителем замечаний				
10.	Окончательный просмотр ВКР руководителем ВКР, принятие решения о готовности к защите				
11.	Прохождение этапов процедуры предзащиты				
12.	Защита ВКР				

Согласовано _____
 (подпись руководителя ВКР) (ФИО руководителя ВКР)

« ____ » _____ 20__ г.

Обучающийся _____
 (подпись) (ФИО)

**ОБРАЗЕЦ ТИТУЛЬНОГО ЛИСТА
(БАКАЛАВРИАТ)**

Департамент образования и науки города Москвы
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Иванова Екатерина Ивановна

Изучение жанровых и композиционных особенностей
романа И. С. Тургенева «Отцы и дети»
в 10 классе общеобразовательной школы

ВЫПУСКНАЯ КВАЛИФИКАЦИОННАЯ РАБОТА

Направление подготовки
44.03.05 Педагогическое образование

Направленность (профиль) образовательной программы
Русский язык, литература

(очная форма обучения)

Руководитель ВКР:
доктор филологических наук,
профессор
Петрова Татьяна Сергеевна

(подпись)

Москва, 2024

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Институт гуманитарных наук
Департамент истории

Сергеев Павел Олегович

Дворянская семья XVIII-XIX вв.: культура общения поколений

ВЫПУСКНАЯ КВАЛИФИКАЦИОННАЯ РАБОТА

Направление подготовки
46.04.01 История

Направленность (профиль) образовательной программы
Отечественная история (история России)

(очная форма обучения)

Руководитель ВКР:
кандидат исторических наук, доцент
Павлов Антон Алексеевич

(подпись)

Рецензент:
доктор исторических наук,
профессор
Васильев Михаил Юрьевич

(подпись)

Москва, 2024

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Аннотация¹

Представлен обзор литературы, посвященной проблеме развития процедуры и технологий государственной итоговой аттестации в условиях высшего образования. Проанализирована специфика организации государственной итоговой аттестации в разных предметных областях. Описан опыт реализации процедуры государственной итоговой аттестации и подготовки к ГИА в образовательных организациях. Проведен сравнительный анализ результативности ГИА за последние 5 лет. Предложены новые инструменты для проведения ГИА в рамках предмета «Иностранный язык». Апробированы новые инструменты ГИА на примере образовательной программы по направлению подготовки 44.04.01 Педагогическое образование. Предложены методические рекомендации по применению новых инструментов ГИА.

Ключевые слова: государственная итоговая аттестация, иностранный язык, общее образование, технологии, инструменты, ГИА, методические рекомендации

¹ Аннотация прилагается к ВКР на отдельном листе, не переплетается с текстом ВКР