

Владимирский государственный университет

**СРЕДСТВА ВЫРАЖЕНИЯ НЕРЕАЛЬНОГО
ДЕЙСТВИЯ В АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ**

**MEANS OF EXPRESSING UNREALITY
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

Учебное пособие

Владимир 2023

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«Владимирский государственный университет
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Средства выражения нереального действия в английском языке = Means of expressing unreality in the English language [Электронный ресурс] : учеб. пособие / авт.-сост. С. Н. Скрипченко ; Владим. гос. ун-т им. А. Г. и Н. Г. Столетовых. – Владимир : Изд-во ВлГУ, 2023. – 105 с. – ISBN 978-5-9984-1719-1. – Электрон. дан. (1,28 Мб). – 1 электрон. опт. диск (CD-ROM). – Систем. требования: Intel от 1,3 ГГц ; Windows XP/7/8/10 ; Adobe Reader ; дисковод CD-ROM. – Загл. с титул. экрана.

Содержит теоретический материал и разнообразные грамматические упражнения по формированию и использованию различных средств выражения нереального действия в английском языке, а также отрывки из произведений английской художественной литературы для проведения анализа частоты употребления сослагательного наклонения.

Предназначено для студентов 3 – 4-го курсов, обучающихся по направлению подготовки 45.03.02 – Лингвистика (бакалавриат). Может быть полезно всем, кто занимается углубленным изучением английского языка с целью повышения собственного профессионального уровня.

Рекомендовано для формирования профессиональных компетенций в соответствии с ФГОС ВО.

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PREFACE

Основная цель обучения языковым специальностям в высших учебных заведениях – овладение иностранным языком на уровне филологически образованного носителя языка. Данная цель предполагает эталонное использование иностранного языка, что требует соблюдения языковых и стилистических норм, а также корректного употребления идиом, ситуаций и контекста в разных условиях устной и письменной коммуникации. Такое профессиональное владение иностранным языком позволило бы молодому специалисту творчески пользоваться им в своей будущей работе в качестве лингвиста, преподавателя иностранных языков, устного и письменного переводчика.

Проблема совершенствования языковой и профессиональной компетенций студентов, обучающихся по направлению подготовки 45.03.02 – Лингвистика (бакалавриат), была и остается актуальной в настоящее время. Многолетние наблюдения за речью студентов языковых специальностей и обобщение опыта работы преподавателей показывают, что студенты допускают в своей речи многочисленные ошибки в употреблении сослагательного наклонения. Эти ошибки обусловлены неправильным выбором контекста и необходимого значения форм сослагательного наклонения. Студенты нередко преднамеренно сужают сферу его употребления и тем самым обедняют свою речь на иностранном языке. Часто в их речи отсутствует необходимая эмоциональная выразительность, ситуативно-коммуникативная адекватность.

Это обстоятельство явилось основной причиной разработки учебного пособия, которое состоит из шести уроков, грамматических тестов для самоконтроля и дополнительных текстов для чтения и анализа с целью определения частоты употребления сослагательного наклонения в английской художественной литературе. Каждый урок

включает теоретический материал, представляющий устоявшиеся грамматические структуры, отражающие сослагательное наклонение в сложноподчиненных предложениях с различными типами придаточных предложений, в простых предложениях и устойчивых выражениях. Каждый урок снабжен различными видами грамматических упражнений, диалогами с использованием сослагательного наклонения и отрывками из известной книги английской писательницы Дж. К. Роулинг «Гарри Поттер и философский камень» для выполнения упражнений на основе текста современной художественной литературы.

Грамматические тесты, включающие использование различных средств выражения нереального действия в английском языке, способствуют закреплению изученного и самостоятельному определению уровня освоения данного грамматического материала на практике. Отрывки из знаменитого романа О. Уайлда «Портрет Дориана Грэя», представленные в пособии для чтения и анализа, включены с целью определения частотности употребления сослагательного наклонения в английской классической литературе XIX века, что актуально и для современного английского языка.

Lesson 1. Means of Expressing Unreality

The Concepts of Mood and Modality

The Subjunctive Mood in English is used to form sentences that express wished-for, tentatively assumed or hypothetical states of affairs, rather than things the speaker intends to represent as true and factual. These include statements that express opinion, belief, purpose, intention or desire.

In grammar we can use modality as the same meaning. In old English period modality was more active way to add extra meaning such as opinion, belief, purpose or desire to the main verb. Past tense forms and different combinations of modal verbs with the infinitive are used as morphological, lexical and syntactic means of expressing modality, different from the category of mood. And we can add, mood auxiliaries have developed from modal verbs, which have lost their modality and serve to form the analytical subjunctive.

It can be said that modality and mood are two different concepts and several connections can be observed between them. In Old English itself, the number of auxiliaries had increased to the point where writers had the option of using a subjunctive inflectional form or a modal auxiliary. It is the modal auxiliaries and the indicative which seem to have taken over some of the functions of the subjunctive in English today.

Answer the following questions:

1. What sentences can be used in the Subjunctive Mood?
2. How have mood auxiliaries developed?

Importance of Mood in Grammar

There are two good reasons to care about mood in grammar:

Reason 1. Use the Subjunctive Mood because it usually sounds better to the native ear...and you can show off.

Native English speakers create sentences in the indicative and imperative moods easily. The same is not always true about the Subjunctive Mood. Outside set terms (for example, "If I were you"), verbs in the Subjunctive Mood sometimes sound awkward. Mostly, though, verbs in the Subjunctive Mood sound aesthetically pleasing to the native ear. As we've already seen, verbs can change in the Subjunctive Mood (most commonly, "was" becomes "were" and "is" becomes "be"), but an unchanged verb will nearly always go unchallenged. Therefore, we should expect the Subjunctive Mood to continue fading until, maybe, its use is considered archaic, for example:

I demand he apologise. (subjunctive version)

(This is correct, and it sounds quite highbrow.)

I demand he apologises. (non-subjunctive version)

(Almost nobody would challenge this.)

If anything, it's the subjunctive version (outside set terms) that grates on the native ear nowadays. But, we haven't quite reached the stage where the subjunctive version is out of date. This means you can use it. And, you should use it. Why? Well, you get to use the term "subjunctive mood" when challenged. That's why you should care about mood, or at least the subjunctive mood.

Reason 2. Understanding mood will help when learning a foreign language.

Mood is a term you will hear when learning foreign languages (many of which have far more changes than our "optional" ones), so it's worth having a basic understanding of mood to assist with cracking their verb changes.

You can use the Subjunctive Mood in your own writing to express a desire or a hypothetical situation. You can also transform imperative,

indicative, and interrogative phrases by adopting the subjunctive form of the verb in an existing sentence:

1. *In a subordinate clause*: Many sentences begin with dependent clauses that make use of the subjunctive mood. For example, "If I were a rich man, I would quit my job tomorrow."

2. *To transform a clause in the imperative mood*: An imperative statement can change to subjunctive form with a subjunctive verb and the word "that." For instance, "do your homework" can become "I wish that you would do your homework."

3. *To express a desire*: Subjunctive phrases like "may you live a healthy life" express wishes. Even standard idioms of modern English like "God bless you" are technically in the subjunctive mood.

4. *To describe a hypothetical situation*: These hypothetical situations tend to involve infinitive verbs, such as "if you want to play tennis."

5. *To declare a mandate*: The mandative subjunctive mood shows up in phrases like "I demand that you refund my money."

6. *Without infinitives or conjunctions like "if" or "that"*: In grammatical terms, the subjunctive mood can function without the assistance of conjunctions. This is particularly true in older English expressions like, "Should you need assistance, ring the bell." In this case, the modal verb "should" makes the subjunctive mood possible.

Answer the following questions:

1. Are there any reasons to care about mood in grammar? Name them if there exist.

2. Can imperative, indicative, and interrogative phrases be transformed by adopting the Subjunctive Mood ?

What Is the Conditional Mood and the Subjunctive Mood?

What is the Conditional Mood? The Conditional Mood shows that the occurrence of one action is dependent on the occurrence of another action, for example:

If it rains, I will stay home.

The Subjunctive Mood is a mood of the verb that is reserved for expressing wishes, suggestions, proposals, and imagined situations. The subjunctive form usually appears after verbs that express wishes, suggestions, or proposals for example:

I suggest you leave for Moscow.

The Conditional Mood is usually shown in sentences with two clauses - a dependent (if-clause) and an independent clause. An independent clause can stay alone, but a dependent clause needs to be attached to an independent clause to make sense. In conditional sentences, the if-clause is the dependent clause indicating a certain condition for the action in the independent clause to happen, for example:

If you finish your chores, we can catch a movie.

Answer the following questions:

1. What does the Conditional Mood show?
2. Where does a subjunctive form usually appear?

Lesson 2. The Use of Forms Expressing Unreality in Object Clauses

1) should + infinitive or the Subjunctive Mood is used after expressions of suggestion, order or decision such as *to decide, to demand, to give instructions, to give orders, to insist, to make up one's mind, to move, to order, to propose, to recommend, to request, to require, to suggest, to urge and also after to arrange, to be anxious, to be determined, to prefer and to take care. e.g.*

Con demanded (demands) that Andrew **should return** to the house.

She urged (urges) that they **go** to Europe.

The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

2) should + infinitive or the Subjunctive Mood is used after the expressions of necessity or recommendation, such as *it is necessary (important, vital, imperative, essential, urgent, advisable, desirable)*; we also find these forms after the Passive Voice of some verbs expressing suggestion, order, decision, such as *it is suggested (proposed, required, demanded, requested, recommended, decided, agreed, determined, arranged)*. e.g.

It is necessary at times that certain persons **should be** encouraged.

"It is necessary that they **be** careful in the lab," he added.

The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

Exercise 1. *Use the Subjunctive Mood or the modal phrase should + infinitive in the following object clauses:*

1. Jane suggests that Bob (to find) something interesting or amusing to develop his talents.
2. He only requested that his partners (to allow) to see some heads of the departments.

3. Doris requires that the investigator they have chosen (be) clever.
4. Mary proposed that they (to walk) down the street to the new library.
5. Boris decided that we (to be mistaken) in believing those strange people.
6. It was arranged that Jane (to have) the nourishing food that had been ordered her.
7. It is determined that they (to tell) us the day of the departure.
8. I insist that the girls (to drop in).
9. George recommended that we (to keep) secret even the remote mention of the idea.
10. It was determined that he (to pass) that exam.
11. I was a bit surprised that such a little girl (to study) Biology.
12. It was desirable that he (to see) the Statue of Liberty.
13. Jane requested that her life (not to discuss) any more.
14. Propriety demanded that my sister (be) present too.
15. The doctor has made up his mind that Dorothy (be operated) on her leg.
16. I took care that they (have) nourishing food.
17. It was agreed that I (come) soon.

Exercise 2. *Translate the following sentences into English:*

1. Я настаиваю, чтобы вы хорошо думали о моем сыне.
2. Его семья устроила, чтобы дети поехали в Италию на несколько лет.
3. Джон дал распоряжение своим слугам, чтобы они принесли ему те драгоценности.
4. Он предпочитал, чтобы они виделись редко.
5. Мой друг решил, что я должен познакомиться с его девушкой.
6. Моя семья пригласила их остановиться в их доме, но Энн настаивала, чтобы они пошли в гостиницу.
7. Джеймс предложил ей вместе пообедать.
8. Мой босс рекомендует мне вернуться в Лондон через неделю.
9. Необходимо, чтобы он позвонил в офис.
10. Он настаивает, чтобы мы были свободны этим вечером.

11. Потом моя сестра предложила сменить тему и поговорить о чем-то другом.
12. Моя мать Мэри всегда настаивала, чтобы ее называли по имени.
13. Его друзья предложили нам пойти в кино после ужина, но мы отказались.
14. Я предлагаю оставить их наедине.
15. Они все согласились, что надо что-то делать в сложившихся обстоятельствах.
16. Дети хотели идти пешком, но родители настояли, чтобы они поехали на машине.
17. В письме он предлагал, чтобы они встретились в кафе.
18. Джейн настаивает, чтобы ее муж взял отпуск.
19. Мама решила, что уберет всю квартиру сама.
20. Когда мы сели на диван, он потребовал, чтобы свечи убрали.

Exercise 3. *Translate the following sentences into Russian and explain the use of the object clauses:*

1. It is desirable that Mary buy pictures.
2. It is recommended that the family should have someone to look after her.
3. It was explained to my sister that she was an ungrateful girl who had rejected a certain sum of money offered by the family.
4. It was very odd that we should meet in that abandoned house.
5. It was important that nobody should warn them about the arrival of his old uncle.
6. It is absolutely essential that she shouldn't wear that black dress.
7. It puzzled me that such a young girl should so insistently occupied his thoughts.
8. It seemed necessary that his mother should be kept away from his love affairs.
9. It was unlikely that he would take any steps against his friends.
10. It is agreed that he take part in the exhibition.

11. After lunch it was proposed that they all should go to the lake.
12. It is not likely that they should exchange addresses.
13. It was agreed that he should be the last to express his opinion on this subject.
14. It was inevitable that Johny should pass through that distant place.
15. It is only natural that a mother shouldn't wish to be parted from her children.
16. It infuriated them that there had been a large demonstration concerning the visit of that politician.
17. I strongly recommend that she stay at home for some time.

Exercise 4. *Read the dialogue and act it out.*

- Hello, Jane! Imagine I have been keeping a diet for three days!
- Hello, Mary. I don't think it is a long time. It is desirable that you should be on a diet at least ten days!
- It is rather hard for me! My doctor recommended that I eat only fruit and vegetables not more than five days!
- In this case I advise that you should eat more green vegetables. For example, cucumbers and a cabbage.
- Impossible! I can't bear it. Some healthy short diets propose that people have various fruit, for example, bananas, pears, grapes, peaches, for breakfast, dinner and supper!
- Good diets, indeed! I desire that people be on such diets very often.

Exercise 5. *Choose 10 sentences from the text and transform them into object clauses with the Subjunctive Mood.*

For example: *Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. – It was important that Mr. and Mrs. Dursley be perfectly normal.*

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good for nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbors would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

When Mr. and Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, gray Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work, and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair.

None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls.

“Little tyke,” chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four’s drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar—a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr. Dursley didn’t realize what he had seen—then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn’t a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. It was now reading the sign that said Privet Drive—no, looking at the sign; cats couldn’t read maps or signs. Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove toward town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

3) In object clauses **after the verb to wish:**

a) we find *the Past Indefinite form* showing that the action of the subordinate clause is simultaneous with that of the principal clause, e.g.

I wish(ed) he were with us.

b) we find *the Past Perfect form* showing that the action of the subordinate clause precedes that of the principal clause, e.g.

I wish(ed) he had stayed at home.

c) when the action of the object clause follows that of the principal clause, we find the modal verbs *would + infinitive*, *might + infinitive* and *could + infinitive* in the subordinate clause

I wish(ed) the child would show more affection for me.

I wish(ed) I could drop the whole matter.

I wish(ed) you might stay with us a little longer.

However, *could + infinitive* and *might + infinitive* may also be used to express a simultaneous action. e.g. I wish I could understand you.

I wish you would + infinitive has become a set phrase and is an equivalent of the Imperative Mood; it is emotionally coloured. e.g.

I wish you would keep quiet. I wish you would stop it.

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of verb forms in object clauses after the verb “to wish” and translate them:*

1. Jane wished she had a house of her own.
2. I wish she hadn't invited him to the party.
3. I wish I could give up smoking.
4. I wish the strange man had appeared far from that place.
5. We wish you would bring your sister with you.
6. Paul wished Jane might have stayed a few minutes.
7. My family wished he would let them enjoy the warm evening.
8. Oh, how I wish it would rain!
9. She wished he wouldn't leave her alone.

Exercise 2. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs (in brackets) in object clauses after “to wish”:*

1. Jane, you are determined to do something. I wish I (guess) what it is.

2. Mary wished she (to realize) earlier what John had just informed her about.

3. He wished that she never (to arrive) at all, and his position in the family (to be) as it once had been.

4. The detective wished he (can) solve the problem.

5. I wish I (to have) a smart car, that's all.

6. I wish I (to be) quite sure she is a good doctor.

7. She wished she (to have) a glass of grapefruit juice. It was necessary for her in the morning.

8. We wish the difficulties (can) be overcome.

9. My sisters wish I (to go) up and (to see) the mother.

10. The police officer began to wish that he (not to take) that man into his confidence.

11. They wished he (not to answer) that question.

12. "Have you got my sister's letter?" "Yes. I wish she (to write) it earlier.

13. She wished it (to be) a holiday, and not an ordinary day.

14. Jane wished she (can) visit some European countries.

15. We wish you (to inform) her about her parents.

16. When Andrew saw that apartment he almost wished he (not to come).

Exercise 3. *Translate the following sentences into English using the verb "to wish":*

1. Как бы я хотела, чтобы тот заброшенный дом напоминал ей ее детство. (Как жаль, что тот заброшенный дом не напоминает ей ее детство).

2. Мы бы хотели, чтобы ты отправился в путешествие. (Как жаль, что ты не отправляешься в путешествие).

3. Нам очень хотелось, чтобы урок уже закончился.

4. Я иногда жалею, что ты решил переехать в Париж, Джон.

5. Как бы я хотела, чтобы мы жили около красивого леса.

6. О Боже, как она жалела, что поверила им.

7. Как они жалели, что Джек покинул их.
8. Он просто не знал, что делать.
9. Я бы хотел, чтобы ты поступил в университет.
- 10.
11. Мы бы хотели найти сиделку для нашей больной матери.
12. Ей было жаль, что она не могла понять, что он от нее хочет слышать.
13. Как бы мне хотелось, чтобы они перестали звонить мне.
14. Как жаль, что мои друзья не присутствовали на вечеринке.
15. Я пожалел, что покинул то красивое место.

Exercise 4. *Read the dialogue and act it out.*

- Hello, Jane! I wish you had visited a new exhibition in our Art Hall.

- Hello, Mary! I wish I would like it. I am not fond of modern art.

-You don't say so! The pictures are fantastically beautiful!

-Fantastically? I wish I could see them. But I am deeply involved in my work. You know I am writing a serious article about ecological problems in our region.

- I wish the local authority would pay attention to it.

- I hope so, Mary. I wish I had written it earlier. But now there is no time to waste.

- I wish our region would overcome the difficulties concerning this situation.

Exercise 5. Choose 10 sentences from the text and transform them into object clauses with the verb “to wish”.

For example: *He didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did.* - *I wish Mr. Dursely saw the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did.*

Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. He didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Mr. Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy himself a bun from the bakery.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy. This bunch were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

“The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard—”

“—yes, their son, Harry—”

Mr. Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking... no, he was being stupid. Potter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Potter who had a son called Harry. Come to think of it, he

wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry. He'd never even seen the boy. It might have been Harvey. Or Harold. There was no point in worrying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her—if he'd had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in cloaks...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"Sorry," he grunted, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realized that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even Muggles like yourself should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off.

Mr. Dursley stood rooted to the spot. He had been hugged by a complete stranger. He also thought he had been called a Muggle, whatever that was. He was rattled. He hurried to his car and set off for home, hoping he was imagining things, which he had never hoped before, because he didn't approve of imagination.

As he pulled into the driveway of number four, the first thing he saw—and it didn't improve his mood—was the tabby cat he'd spotted that morning. It was now sitting on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same one; it had the same markings around its eyes.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Dursley loudly.

The cat didn't move. It just gave him a stern look. Was this normal cat behavior? Mr. Dursley wondered. Trying to pull himself together, he let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention anything to his wife.

Mrs. Dursley had had a nice, normal day. She told him over dinner all about Mrs. Next Door's problems with her daughter and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Won't!").

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

4) After the idiomatic phrase *it is time* (also *it is high time*, *it is about time*) we find **the form of the Past Indefinite** (or the form were). The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

It's time we had lunch. It was time we had lunch.

5) Occasionally we find **may + infinitive** in object clauses after expressions of fear. e.g. The rules of the sequence of tenses are observed in this case.

She's afraid he may miss his only chance.

She was afraid he might miss his only chance.

But in literary style, object clauses are sometimes introduced by the conjunction **lest**. In this case **should + infinitive** (rarely **the Subjunctive Mood**) is used in the object clause. The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

They were terrified lest someone (should) discover their secret hiding place.

6) In object clauses introduced by the conjunctions **if** and **whether** after **expressions of doubt and negative expressions** we sometimes find the form were. e.g.

He would wonder for a moment, looking into her shining eyes, if it were true.

He did not ask himself if she were pretty.

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of verb forms in object clauses after “it is time” and translate them into Russian:*

1. Don't you think it's time you finished your investigation?
2. Get up. It's time we went to the country.
3. It's high time we sold that flat.
4. They were saying in the office that it was about time Mr. Jones were sacked.
5. “It's high time you paid the bill”, he said angrily.

Exercise 2. *Translate the following into English using the appropriate verb forms in object clauses after “it is time”:*

1. Пора бы нам начать работать
2. Ему давно пора позвонить ей.
3. Их давно пора проучить, потому что они постоянно опаздывают.
4. Когда я пошел спать, я решил, что завтра мне самое время начать новую жизнь.
5. В самом деле, нам пора сообщить им о случившемся.
6. Шеф сказал им, что пора бы им делать так, как он требует.
7. Тебе давно пора переехать в новую квартиру.
8. Как ты думаешь, не пора ли нам вернуться на родину.

Exercise 3. *Explain the use of verb forms after the expressions of fear, doubt and negative expressions:*

1. She was afraid that she might bore him to death.
2. He wasn't sure whether the answer were received.
3. He seems nervous that he may be taken for his brother.
4. He didn't ask himself if she were fond of the children.
5. Mary felt apprehensive that his arrival might destroy his plans.
6. Mary doubt whether her new acquaintance were an honest man.
7. My friends are afraid that they may not be met at the station.
8. My friends doubt whether they were met at the station.
9. I am afraid that the hard work may ruin her.

10. He was afraid lest he do the work improperly.
11. I passed the door quickly fearful lest Catherine should notice me.
12. John was afraid he might tend to be a little boring.

Exercise 4. *Supply the necessary forms of the verb after the expressions of fear:*

1. “It’s time you got up, my dear.” “I’m afraid we (to miss) the train.
2. They were afraid she (to prepare) an unpleasant surprise.
3. My family are afraid the aunt (to leave) without seeing them.
4. When they arrived in the airport Jane began to feel apprehension that she (to be missed) in the crowd.
5. Mary was overcome with fear that John (to leave) her in London.
6. Mary was overcome with fear lest John (to leave) her in London.
7. I’m afraid you (not manage) to find him there.
8. They feared lest that strange man (appear) again.
9. Mother, fearful that the daughter (not to close) the door, went downstairs.
10. The actress had a feeling of terror lest she (to lose) her voice.
11. John made a date for the following Sunday night but she feared lest she (to be busy).

Exercise 5. *Read the extract and say whether there are object clauses after the expressions of fear, doubt and negative expressions in it.*

He didn’t say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to bed. While Mrs. Dursley was in the bathroom, Mr. Dursley crept to the bedroom window and peered down into the front garden. The cat was still there. It was staring down Privet Drive as though it were waiting for something.

Was he imagining things? Could all this have anything to do with the Potters? If it did... if it got out that they were related to a pair of—well, he didn’t think he could bear it.

The Dursleys got into bed. Mrs. Dursley fell asleep quickly but Mr. Dursley lay awake, turning it all over in his mind. His last, comforting thought before he fell asleep was that even if the Potters were involved, there was no reason for them to come near him and Mrs. Dursley. The Potters knew very well what he and Petunia thought about them and their kind... He couldn't see how he and Petunia could get mixed up in anything that might be going on—he yawned and turned over—it couldn't affect them...

How very wrong he was.

Mr. Dursley might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far corner of Privet Drive. It didn't so much as quiver when a car door slammed on the next street, nor when two owls swooped overhead. In fact, it was nearly midnight before the cat moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching, appeared so suddenly and silently you'd have thought he'd just popped out of the ground. The cat's tail twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. He was tall, thin, and very old, judging by the silver of his hair and beard, which were both long enough to tuck into his belt. He was wearing long robes, a purple cloak that swept the ground, and high heeled, buckled boots. His blue eyes were light, bright, and sparkling behind half moon spectacles and his nose was very long and crooked, as though it had been broken at least twice. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

Albus Dumbledore didn't seem to realize that he had just arrived in a street where everything from his name to his boots was unwelcome. He was busy rummaging in his cloak, looking for something. But he did seem to realize he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known."

He found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and

clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop. He clicked it again—the next lamp flickered into darkness. Twelve times he clicked the Put Outer, until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him. If anyone looked out of their window now, even beady eyed Mrs. Dursley, they wouldn't be able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the Put Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

Exercise 6. *Revision: supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets:*

1. It is agreed that he (to begin) working on Monday.
2. Robert was afraid he (not to clear up) the situation.
3. Jane wished she (to read) more books about the flora and fauna on that island.
4. They required that the children (to take off) their blazers and (to move) toward the fire.
5. We propose she (to make) friends with our sisters.
6. It is important that she herself (to read) the evidence of that witness.
7. I feared lest I (to fail) to write a good article.
8. She proposed that they (to remind) him of his duties.
9. She requires that they (to come) to the party.
10. Do you prefer that I (to leave) the town as if nothing has happened.
11. Jane is afraid that they (not to understand) her joke.
12. Tom wish he never (to decide) to play a role of a good boy.
13. I'm afraid she (to be) late.
14. It was arranged that we (to start) for Moscow.
15. It's about time we (to finish) the work.
16. I was determined that my friend (not to do) any dangerous things more.

17. It's important that children (to teach) to be honest from the very beginning.
18. They wish she (to think) about the new circumstances of her life.
19. He wished the actress (not to make) up so heavily. She was not on the stage.
20. I wish he (not to change) very much.
21. It's high time Tom (to become) more serious.
22. They recommended that I (to visit) a doctor.
23. I wish you (to stop) crying.
24. It's necessary that they (to buy) the flat.
25. The general ordered that the bridge (to be destroyed).
26. It's advisable that you (to put) on a warm coat.
27. He was anxious lest they (to find) the place where he was hiding.
28. They made up their mind that they (to get) proper education.
29. I do wish the (to guess) the answer.
30. We proposed that she (to bring) her camera with her.

Lesson 3. The Use of Forms Expressing Unreality in Appositive and Predicative Clauses

1) in appositive clauses after nouns expressing *order, suggestion, wish, agreement and decision, such as agreement, ambition, decision, demand, desire, order, proposal, recommendation, request, requirement, suggestion, understanding, wish and some others* **should + infinitive** (or rarely **the Subjunctive Mood**) is used in the subordinate clause, e.g.

He told me of his desire that all **should be happy** as long as it involved no inconvenience to himself.

He had supported them for years, but on the understanding that they **should live** in Europe.

The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

2) in predicative clauses when the subject of the principal clause is expressed by one of such nouns as *aim, arrangement, condition, decision, idea, plan, proposal, suggestion, wish and some others*, **should + infinitive** is used in the subordinate clause, e.g.

My suggestion is that as soon as the rain lets up we **should go** along there and see what we can do.

His desire was that life **should fall** in with his own limited but deliberate plans.

The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of the verb forms in the following appositive and predicative clauses:*

1. Mary soon came to the decision what dress should be bought for the party.
2. My proposal was that she should write a letter.

3. His wife made a demand that they should show her the house.
4. Tom accepted his friend's suggestion that he should leave for London.
5. He later made a suggestion that she should do nothing in the city.
6. My chief sent me a letter with a demand that I should make a report on the topic.
7. But the most serious order the general made was that the deserters be imprisoned.
8. Her only wish was that they should part at last.
9. His recommendation was that the schoolchildren should go to a new school.
10. His desire was that they should find the abandoned house.
11. His idea was that they should use communicative exercises for improving the knowledge of English.

Exercise 2. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets in the following appositive and predicative clauses.*

1. Mary had to satisfy a teacher's requirements that a test (to be done) without any mistakes.
2. The arrangement was that they (to visit) the Art Gallery and (to go) to the restaurant.
3. I got an impression that he (to take) a fancy to her.
4. My desire is that Mary (to know) the truth.
5. Jane accepted his suggestion that she (to start for) that distant town in order to find out the truth.
6. He conceived the idea that his living in the village (to do) him good.
7. Her only request was that they (to find) the way out.
8. Jane was filled with the desire that they (to notice) the change in her appearance.
9. He sent me to his secretary with the order that I (to be informed) about the circumstances.
10. His request was that she (to get) acquainted with the other people there.
11. The recommendation was that he (to move out) of the house.

12. We came to the agreement that we (to inform) her about the changed circumstances.
13. The suggestion is that Jane (to make) him do the home assignment.
14. The proposal is that Jane (to take) the last train for the city.
15. The idea John arrived at was that Mary (find) new friends in that strange place.
16. Bob rejected the requirement that that he (to make) reports every week.

Exercise 3. *Read the dialogue and act it out:*

- Hi, Jane! Let's go to the Zoo. My idea is that we should see some funny monkeys and a wolf there. It's so exciting!
- I don't think so. I'd better follow my mother's recommendation that we visit a library or any interesting exhibition of fine arts.
- Of course, we shall visit! But first, let's go to the zoo. I feel a strong desire that I should see a lot of wild animals!
- In this case my suggestion is that you should read the books about wild nature in various continents!
- In various continents? Great! But I don't want to follow the recommendations of anybody that I should read a lot, learn a lot and understand a lot! My idea is that I should see a lot and that's all.
- Bob, we are quite different! I can't accept your suggestion that we should go to the Zoo. Good-bye.

Exercise 4. *Read the extract and say whether there are appositive and predicative clauses in it:*

Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all. The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and lit up the brass number four on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living room, which was almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr. Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls. Only the photographs on the mantelpiece really showed how much time had passed. Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different colored bonnets—but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a carousel at the fair, playing a computer game with his father, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice that made the first noise of the day.

“Up! Get up! Now!”

Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again.

“Up!” she screeched. Harry heard her walking toward the kitchen and then the sound of the frying pan being put on the stove. He rolled onto his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorcycle in it. He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before.

His aunt was back outside the door.

“Are you up yet?” she demanded.

“Nearly,” said Harry.

“Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy's birthday.

” Harry groaned.

“What did you say?” his aunt snapped through the door.

“Nothing, nothing...” Dudley’s birthday—how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them, put them on. Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley’s birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had gotten the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise—unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley’s favorite punching bag was Harry, but he couldn’t often catch him. Harry didn’t look it, but he was very fast.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

Lesson 4. The Use of Forms Expressing Unreality in Adverbial Clauses of Purpose

1) The predicate in clauses of purpose introduced by the conjunction **so that** sometimes **that** or **in order that** and **so**. The predicate is expressed by **may (might)** or **can (could) + infinitive**. The rules of the sequence of tenses are to be observed in this case.

As you go, leave the door open so that the light from the lamp **may show** you some of the way down.

She dressed quickly for dinner so that she **might see** him the sooner.

2) If the verb in the subordinate clause is in the negative form, **should + infinitive** is preferred. e.g.

I stood up, my back turned so that he **should not see** my face.

In literary style we sometimes find clauses of purpose introduced by the conjunction **lest** (чтобы ... не). In this case **should + infinitive** (rarely **the Subjunctive Mood**) is used in the subordinate clause. The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

An access of joy made him shut his eyes lest tears **should flow** from them.

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of the verb forms in the following adverbial clauses of purpose:*

1. “I like to be close to the stage” said Sandy, “so that I can see the actor’s faces”.
2. He asked Teddy to take the taxi so that he and Julie could catch the last train.
3. Sometimes he received big parcels from Tom so that he could make his ends meet.
4. She usually wore beautiful dresses so that people shouldn’t notice her financial difficulties.

5. I shall call him so that we can know what he is doing now.
6. She stopped crying lest somebody should notice her despair.
7. She know that Billy prefer to visit that restaurant so that he can be much spoken about.
8. Mother has sent the children to the garden so that we may discuss the situation.
9. Jane, seeing that woman, crossed the street so that not a glance should pass between them.

Exercise 2. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets in the following clauses of purpose:*

1. She returned to the window so that she (to watch) the troops passing by his house.
2. He saw Stella going along the street so that everybody (to notice) the change in her appearance.
3. Jane leaned on the door so that she (not to fall).
4. She put his suit in the wardrobe so that it (look) as though it hadn't been disturbed.
5. I like to visit that library so that I (to ask) about new publications.
6. You ought to do it on your own so that you (to make) a decision.
7. I went to the supermarket and bought something to eat so that I (to go) straight to my flat.
8. Uncle John should move out of his room so that we (to hang) new wall-paper.
9. Mary waded out cautiously so that she (not to stick) in the mud.
10. He took note of a table and chairs in the room so that he (not to knock) against them in the dark.
11. Mrs. White was arranging beautiful apples on the counter so that they (to attract) customers' attention.
12. Bob has a bicycle hidden in the barn so that he (to go) cycling early in the morning without being noticed.
13. I made acquaintance with her so that I (to visit) her in London.

Exercise 3. *Translate the following into English using the appropriate verb forms in clauses of purpose:*

1. Я желаю увидеть ее, чтобы мы могли пообщаться.
2. Мэри попросила нас сесть за стол, чтобы мы могли поговорить.
3. Он предпочитал не обращать на нее внимания, чтобы не распускать слухи.
4. Окно оставалось всегда открытым, чтобы комната была полна свежего воздуха.
5. Мы пошли погулять в парк, чтобы я увидел цветы до того, как стемнеет.
6. Она обернулась, чтобы увидеть, что происходит около дома.
7. Джейн сделала все возможное, чтобы они могли уехать из города.
8. Он покинул Лондон, чтобы случайно не встретить ее в городе.
9. Она спрятала ключ, чтобы я не мог отпереть дверь.
10. Она уехала из города, чтобы не думать о возникшей проблеме.

Exercise 4. *Re-word the following sentences turning the infinitive phrases into clauses of purpose:*

1. I stepped aside for Jane to read the advertisement on the wall.
2. He wants to leave Moscow for his wife not to feel lonely.
3. I know he'll return for his family to celebrate the holiday together.
4. Shall I call at the office to get some new information?
5. He whispered clearly for all to understand him.
6. I'm describing the situation for you to make a decision.
7. He kept the door open for the sister to enter without knocking.
8. They kept silent for him not to notice their presence.
9. She stopped speaking over the phone for her friend not to recognize whom she had been talking to.
10. He left the magazine on the table for Jane to notice it.
11. He was planting roses for them to admire his garden.
12. She told all sorts of lies for her children not to hate their father.

Exercise 5. *Read the extract and say whether there are adverbial clauses of purpose in it.*

Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barbers looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his bangs, which she left "to hide that horrible scar." Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and taped glasses. Next morning, however, he had gotten up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old sweater of Dudley's (brown with orange puff balls)—The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a hand puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

On the other hand, he'd gotten into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens. Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney. The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard) was jump behind the big trash cans outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump.

But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage smelling living room.

While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry,

the bank, and Harry were just a few of his favorite subjects. This morning, it was motorcycles.

“...roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums,” he said, as a motorcycle overtook them.

“I had a dream about a motorcycle,” said Harry, remembering suddenly. “It was flying.”

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beet with a mustache: “MOTORCYCLES DON’T FLY!”

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

“I know they don’t,” said Harry. “It was only a dream.”

But he wished he hadn’t said anything. If there was one thing the Dursleys hated even more than his asking questions, it was his talking about anything acting in a way it shouldn’t, no matter if it was in a dream or even a cartoon— they seemed to think he might get dangerous ideas.

It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded with families. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice creams at the entrance and then, because the smiling lady in the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice pop. It wasn’t bad, either, Harry thought, licking it as they watched a gorilla scratching its head who looked remarkably like Dudley, except that it wasn’t blond.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

Lesson 5. The Use of Forms Expressing Unreality in Adverbial Clauses of Comparison

1) In clauses of comparison the form of **the Past Indefinite (or Continuous)** shows that the action of the subordinate clause is simultaneous with the action of the principal clause

He asked me the question as if the answer **were** really important to him.

Her lips moved soundlessly, as if she **were rehearsing**.

2) The form of the **Past Perfect (Continuous)** shows that the action of the subordinate clause precedes the action of the principal clause.

Bosinney gazed at him as though he **had not heard**.

He sounded breathless on the telephone as though he **had been running**.

3) If the action of the subordinate clause follows the action of the "principal clause, **would + infinitive** is used. e.g.

She sank back on her chair and leaning her head on her hands began to weep as though her heart **would break**.

The rules of the sequence of tenses are not observed in this case.

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of the verb forms in the following adverbial clauses of comparison:*

1. He was putting on the sweater and the trousers as if he would miss the train.
2. She always had an elegant hairdo as if she had just visited a theater.
3. Jane was always kind to everyone, but here she behaved as if they were enemies.
4. His life went on as if he had never heard the news about his cousin.

5. My mother looked at me as if she would never agree me to leave for London.
6. My father usually goes over to the table and stands in front of it as if it were a lectern.
7. He took off his coat and put it on the arm-chair as if he were going to stay there some hours or so.
8. Bob's face was pale as if he were sick.
9. It seemed as if she were talking over the phone.
10. She was reading that letter as if she saw it for the first time.
11. Mary felt as if she were being asked difficult questions.
12. She looks as if she would burst into tears.
13. Jane was talking over the phone as if she had been running.

Exercise 2. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets in the following clauses of comparison:*

1. Her lips were bright as if she (to be) a young girl.
2. Mary smiled as if she (to see) a hero from a fairy tale.
3. Then he closed his eyes as if he (to begin) to think over the situation.
4. They looked at him as if they (not to allow) him to leave the house.
5. Sweat dropped from his brow as if he (to do) physical exercises.
6. He came over to the table and stood in front of it as though he (to make) a long speech.
7. He took off his head and waved it as if they (to part) forever.
8. His hand ached as if it (to be) broken.
9. It sounds as if a group of people (to be) talking in the street.
10. She spoke of various things as if she (to avoid) to answer the question.
11. Jane looked as if she (to make up) her mind what to do.
12. He arrived in the town last night and went into the office by the back door as if he (to have) something to hide.
13. The sky looked as though it (to be) about to rain.
14. Jane's eyes were shining brightly as if she (to find) something interesting there.

15. Her strange behavior made me think as if she (not to be) interested in me at all.
16. Mary greeted me as though we (to be) good friends.
17. Her face became pale as though she remembered something horrible.
18. She was breathing fast as though she (to do) physical exercises.
19. Her face was swollen as if she (to cry).
20. He looked as though he (not to change) since I met him some years ago.

Exercise 3. *Translate the following into English using the appropriate verb forms in clauses of comparison:*

1. Он лежал на диване, как если бы спал, но он не спал, а думал.
2. Джейн смотрела на меня, как если бы видела меня в первый раз.
3. Он приветствовал их, как будто они не виделись вечность.
4. Они не разговаривали, как будто все уже было решено.
5. У Мэри был такой вид, как будто она расскажет, что случилось.
6. Она была удивлена, что Боб лжет, как будто он когда-либо был порядочным человеком.
7. Она постоянно ходила на почту, как будто хотела его там встретить.
8. Они разговаривали шепотом, как будто были в театре.
9. Роберт вел себя, как будто ничего не произошло.
10. У меня такое чувство, как будто что-то произойдет.
11. Она сняла шляпу, как будто хотела показать свои прекрасные волосы.
12. Она всегда выглядела так, словно собиралась в магазин за покупками.
13. Он посмотрел на нее, как будто хотел что-то сказать.

Exercise 4. Choose 10 sentences from the text and transform them into adverbial clauses of comparison.

For example: *Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg. – Dudley was so afraid as if the snake were going to bite his leg.*

The zoo director himself made Aunt Petunia a cup of strong, sweet tea while he apologized over and over again. Piers and Dudley could only gibber. As far as Harry had seen, the snake hadn't done anything except snap playfully at their heels as it passed, but by the time they were all back in Uncle Vernon's car, Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg, while Piers was swearing it had tried to squeeze him to death. But worst of all, for Harry at least, was Piers calming down enough to say, "Harry was talking to it, weren't you, Harry?"

Uncle Vernon waited until Piers was safely out of the house before starting on Harry. He was so angry he could hardly speak. He managed to say, "Go— cupboard—stay—no meals," before he collapsed into a chair, and Aunt Petunia had to run and get him a large brandy.

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn't risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food.

He'd lived with the Dursleys almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember, ever since he'd been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash. He couldn't remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision: a blinding flash of green light and a burning pain on his forehead. This, he supposed, was the crash, though he couldn't imagine where all the green light came from. He couldn't remember his parents at all. His aunt and uncle never spoke about them, and of course he was forbidden to ask questions. There were no photographs of them in the house.

When he had been younger, Harry had dreamed and dreamed of some unknown relation coming to take him away, but it had never

happened; the Dursleys were his only family. Yet sometimes he thought (or maybe hoped) that strangers in the street seemed to know him. Very strange strangers they were, too. A tiny man in a violet top hat had bowed to him once while out shopping with Aunt Petunia and Dudley. After asking Harry furiously if he knew the man, Aunt Petunia had rushed them out of the shop without buying anything. A wild looking old woman dressed all in green had waved merrily at him once on a bus. A bald man in a very long purple coat had actually shaken his hand in the street the other day and then walked away without a word. The weirdest thing about all these people was the way they seemed to vanish the second Harry tried to get a closer look.

At school, Harry had no one. Everybody knew that Dudley's gang hated that odd Harry Potter in his baggy old clothes and broken glasses, and nobody liked to disagree with Dudley's gang.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

Lesson 6. The Use of Forms Expressing Unreality in Complex Sentences with Adverbial Clauses of Condition and Concession.

Free Use of Forms Expressing Unreality

1) In sentences of unreal condition when a sentence of unreal condition refers to the present or future, the form of **the Past Indefinite** is used in the if-clause and **the Present Conditional Mood (would + indefinite infinitive)** in the principal clause. e.g.

How nice it would be for Mother if we had a car.

2) When a sentence of unreal condition refers to the past, we find the form of **the Past Perfect** in the if-clause and **the Past Conditional Mood (would + perfect infinitive)** in the principal clause.

It would have been too wonderful if he had said that.

3) The if-clause and the principal clause need not necessarily refer to the same time. Sentences of this kind are called **a split condition**.

If you **were not** so indifferent to him you **would have noticed** that there was something happening to him.

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of the verb forms in the following conditional sentences:*

1. He looked through the magazine aimlessly, thinking of the places he would visit if he had money.
2. If I remind you my proposal you will refuse it again.
3. What would he have said if I had asked yesterday?
4. If I were a gifted writer, I would try to depict the life of ordinary people in the modern world.
5. If she hadn't answered the phone, something horrible would have happened.
6. I think it would be very interesting if your brother would come to the party.

7. I remember when I began playing here you always left the house.
8. If Jane saw him, she would have informed us. She hasn't seen anybody.
9. I wouldn't give her a lot of presents if she didn't deserve.
10. She'll pass the exam if you insist.
11. It was so cold that he wouldn't have called at him if he hadn't promised to show them something unusual.

Exercise 2. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets in the following conditional sentences:*

1. If the friends(to come) now, the boy (to show) them his best photos.
2. I (to call up) immediately, if I (to be) you.
3. She (to disappear) completely, if she (not to notice) the number of her car.
4. If even I (to be) there that time, I (not to improve) the situation.
5. If it (not to be) for his parents, everything (to be done) perfectly.
6. If our teachers (to be) present there, they (to help) us.
7. Jane is not glad that he refused the offer. It (to be) a way out, if he (to accept) it.
8. If she (to be) older, she (to know) life better.
9. I don't know w where he (to live) if he (to finish) school some years before.
10. Don't you see that if she (to take part) in those competitions it (to be) better for her.
11. You really (to start) if I (to ask) you?
12. I believe you (to begin) preparing for the exam, if you (to have) time.
13. If I (to be) there, I(to do) my best to improve the situation.

Exercise 3. *Finish off the following conditional sentences:*

1. The salad woudn't be so tasty if ...
2. You wouldn't have received such a message if...
3. Your shoes would look better if...

4. You would have divorced her if...
5. Jane would have felt worse if...
6. I would have rang her up if...
7. She would finish the meeting herself if...
8. Bod would run away if...
9. Jack would invite her to the theatre if...
10. It would be convenient for them if...
11. If it hadn't been for my mother...
12. If it were not for him...
13. If it hadn't been for the coming holidays...
14. If it hadn't been for my friend...
15. If it were not for her study at the University...
16. If it were not for her boy-friend...
17. If it hadn't been for the latest investigation in linguistics...
18. If it hadn't been for Jane's birthday...

Exercise 4. *Choose 10 sentences from the text and transform them into conditional sentences.*

For example: *Harry was glad school was over, but there was no escaping Dudley's gang, who visited the house every single day.- If school were over, Harry wouldn't escape Dudley's gang, who visited the house every single day.*

The escape of the Brazilian boa constrictor earned Harry his longest ever punishment. By the time he was allowed out of his cupboard again, the summer holidays had started and Dudley had already broken his new video camera, crashed his remote control airplane, and, first time out on his racing bike, knocked down old Mrs. Figg as she crossed Privet Drive on her crutches.

Harry was glad school was over, but there was no escaping Dudley's gang, who visited the house every single day. Piers, Dennis, Malcolm, and Gordon were all big and stupid, but as Dudley was the biggest and stupidest of the lot, he was the leader. The rest of them were all quite happy to join in Dudley's favorite sport: Harry Hunting.

This was why Harry spent as much time as possible out of the house, wandering around and thinking about the end of the holidays, where he could see a tiny ray of hope. When September came he would be going off to secondary school and, for the first time in his life, he wouldn't be with Dudley. Dudley had been accepted at Uncle Vernon's old private school, Smeltings. Piers Polkiss was going there too. Harry, on the other hand, was going to Stonewall High, the local public school. Dudley thought this was very funny.

"They stuff people's heads down the toilet the first day at Stonewall," he told Harry. "Want to come upstairs and practice?"

"No, thanks," said Harry. "The poor toilet's never had anything as horrible as your head down it—it might be sick." Then he ran, before Dudley could work out what he'd said.

One day in July, Aunt Petunia took Dudley to London to buy his Smeltings uniform, leaving Harry at Mrs. Figg's. Mrs. Figg wasn't as bad as usual. It turned out she'd broken her leg tripping over one of her cats, and she didn't seem quite as fond of them as before. She let Harry watch television and gave him a bit of chocolate cake that tasted as though she'd had it for several years.

That evening, Dudley paraded around the living room for the family in his brand new uniform. Smeltings' boys wore maroon tailcoats, orange knickerbockers, and flat straw hats called boaters. They also carried knobbly sticks, used for hitting each other while the teachers weren't looking. This was supposed to be good training for later life.

As he looked at Dudley in his new knickerbockers, Uncle Vernon said gruffly that it was the proudest moment of his life. Aunt Petunia burst into tears and said she couldn't believe it was her Ickle Dudleykins, he looked so handsome and grown up. Harry didn't trust himself to speak. He thought two of his ribs might already have cracked from trying not to laugh.

There was a horrible smell in the kitchen the next morning when Harry went in for breakfast. It seemed to be coming from a large metal tub in the sink. He went to have a look. The tub was full of what looked like dirty rags swimming in gray water.

“What’s this?” he asked Aunt Petunia. Her lips tightened as they always did if he dared to ask a question.

“Your new school uniform,” she said.

Harry looked in the bowl again.

“Oh,” he said, “I didn’t realize it had to be so wet.”

“Don’t be stupid,” snapped Aunt Petunia. “I’m dyeing some of Dudley’s old things gray for you. It’ll look just like everyone else’s when I’ve finished.”

Harry seriously doubted this, but thought it best not to argue. He sat down at the table and tried not to think about how he was going to look on his first day at Stonewall High—like he was wearing bits of old elephant skin, probably.

Dudley and Uncle Vernon came in, both with wrinkled noses because of the smell from Harry’s new uniform. Uncle Vernon opened his newspaper as usual and Dudley banged his Smelting stick, which he carried everywhere, on the table.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

4) Sentences of unreal condition referring to the future may be of four types:

4.1) The first type has already been described: **the Past Indefinite** is used in the if-clause and **the Present Conditional Mood** in the principal clause. e.g.

Half of the people **would distrust** you if you **went away** at such a moment.

4.2) In this type of conditional sentences we find the form **were** of the modal verb to be **followed by an infinitive** in the if/-clause. In the principal clause **the Present Conditional Mood** is used. e.g.

Mother **would resist** it bitterly if I **were to ask** for breakfast at this hour.

4.3) **Should + infinitive** is used in the if-clause and **the Future Indefinite of the Indicative Mood** in the principal clause.

If the other conclusion **should be** correct the slight loss of time **will make** no difference. (Если так случится, что...)

4.4) Sometimes **would + infinitive** is used in the if-clause **and the Present Conditional Mood** in the principal clause.

If he **would** only **trust** me, we **would get on** much better. (Если бы он только доверял мне...)

Exercise 1. *Explain the use of the verb forms in the following conditional sentences referring to the future and translate them into Russian:*

1. Would you leave Moscow if you had a chance?
2. If the other member of the party should support the decision, his arrival won't be necessary.
3. It would be the best decision if she were to explain the situation.
4. They are going to visit me in case I should be sad.
5. If I were to do the report, you would be very surprised.
6. I should certainly try to do it if you would ask me.
7. If I should lose my chance they will have to send me home.
8. If that game should happen, we shall have to ring them up.
9. If Jane went at once, it would be obvious that she had been offended.

Exercise 2. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets in the following conditional sentences referring to the future:*

1. I (to be) surprised, if you (to help) me.
2. Jane (to be) in the library downstairs, in case you (to want) to see her.
3. What explanation she (to prepare), if she (to decide) to get rid of him.
4. He wondered how he (to meet) her if he (to know) about her arrival.

5. Robert knows that Jack is eager to tell him everything, but he (to be) a fool if he (to ask) Jack about it.
6. Philip says that he (to be) lonely, if I (to go) abroad.
7. Look here, it (to be) convenient to you if we (to have) dinner in this room.
8. In case any unexpected circumstances (to appear), ring me up.
9. The exam is really difficult. But we (to pass) it, if only you (to stop) making a fuss.
10. If he (to arrive) in Moscow, I (not to meet) him again.
11. It (to be) marvelous, if we (to be invited) to the party.
12. If only he (to listen to) my explanation, he (to understand) everything.
13. If the wind (not to change) in the evening, we (to stay) at home.
14. I (not to be surprised), if he (not to graduate from) the University.

5) “**Could**” and “**might**” with the indefinite infinitive may be used in principle clause or subordinate clause referring the action to the present or future. e.g.

I **could try** to make the place comfortable with more heart if the sun were shining.

If I **could be** a writer I **should write** detective stories.

When reference is made to the past, **could** and might are combined with **the Perfect infinitive** (both in the if-clause and in the principal clause). e.g.

Yet if she **could have seen** me there, she **would have been** a little puzzled.

If I **hadn't been** there something very unpleasant **might have happened** to him.

Exercise 1. *Supply the necessary forms of the verbs in brackets.*

1. It (may, be) useful, if you (to get) more information from this textbook.
2. It (to be) a surprise, if Roberta (can, finish) the work.
3. If I (to know) the reason, I (may, stop) him from leaving the city.
4. I (not to like) it, if I (can, not to guess) the answer.
5. If you (to destroy) my plans, I (can, prevent) it.
6. If it (not to be) for the doctor, he (can, not to recover) from his illness.
7. She (can, to visit) a lot of cities if she (to want). She has much money.
8. You (may, to be) surprised, if I (to tell) you the truth.
9. If he (not to stop) talking over the phone, he (can not, to notice) his leaving the house.
10. Jane (can not, to get) much help from him, even if she (to ask) to call him.
11. You (may, to try) to do it again, if you (to want) to be fair to them.
12. It (can, ruin) her if she (to learn) the truth.
13. If I (to keep) to my original plan, I (can to overcome) all the difficulties.
14. If Bob (can, to destroy) his plans, he (may, to die).
15. It (may, to be) wonderful, if we (can, invite) him to the museum.

Exercise 2. *Translate the following sentences into English.*

1. Я бы не мог делать это, если бы не получил навыки и умения.
2. Он бы, возможно, не делал это на твоём месте.
3. Если бы ты смогла приехать в Москву, мы бы, вероятно, встретились.
4. Концерт, возможно, понравился бы мне больше, если бы он не был таким длинным.
5. Если бы он был здоров, семья смогла бы переехать в город.

6. Если бы он смог найти тот дом, мы, вероятно, обнаружили украденные вещи.
7. Где бы ты работал, если бы смог уехать за границу?
8. Если бы я мог ответить на ее письмо, она, вероятно, была бы рада.
9. Если бы Джейн не была так занята, мы могли бы пойти в кино.
10. Если бы я мог встретить ее снова, мы были бы счастливы.

Exercise 3. *Choose 10 sentences from the text and transform them into conditional sentences referring to the future with modal verbs.*

For example: *When the mail arrived, Uncle Vernon, who seemed to be trying to be nice to Harry, made Dudley go and get it. – Uncle Vernon should certainly have made Dudley go and get the mail if it would arrive.*

The Dursleys' house had four bedrooms: one for Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia, one for visitors (usually Uncle Vernon's sister, Marge), one where Dudley slept, and one where Dudley kept all the toys and things that wouldn't fit into his first bedroom. It only took Harry one trip upstairs to move everything he owned from the cupboard to this room. He sat down on the bed and stared around him. Nearly everything in here was broken. The month old video camera was lying on top of a small, working tank Dudley had once driven over the next door neighbor's dog; in the corner was Dudley's first ever television set, which he'd put his foot through when his favorite program had been canceled; there was a large birdcage, which had once held a parrot that Dudley had swapped at school for a real air rifle, which was up on a shelf with the end all bent because Dudley had sat on it. Other shelves were full of books. They were the only things in the room that looked as though they'd never been touched.

From downstairs came the sound of Dudley bawling at his mother, "I don't want him in there... I need that room... make him get out..."

Harry sighed and stretched out on the bed. Yesterday he'd have given anything to be up here. Today he'd rather be back in his cupboard with that letter than up here without it.

Next morning at breakfast, everyone was rather quiet. Dudley was in shock. He'd screamed, whacked his father with his Smelting stick, been sick on purpose, kicked his mother, and thrown his tortoise through the greenhouse roof, and he still didn't have his room back. Harry was thinking about this time yesterday and bitterly wishing he'd opened the letter in the hall. Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia kept looking at each other darkly.

When the mail arrived, Uncle Vernon, who seemed to be trying to be nice to Harry, made Dudley go and get it. They heard him banging things with his Smelting stick all the way down the hall. Then he shouted, "There's another one! 'Mr. H. Potter, The Smallest Bedroom, 4 Privet Drive—'"

With a strangled cry, Uncle Vernon leapt from his seat and ran down the hall, Harry right behind him. Uncle Vernon had to wrestle Dudley to the ground to get the letter from him, which was made difficult by the fact that Harry had grabbed Uncle Vernon around the neck from behind. After a minute of confused fighting, in which everyone got hit a lot by the Smelting stick, Uncle Vernon straightened up, gasping for breath, with Harry's letter clutched in his hand. "Go to your cupboard—I mean, your bedroom," he wheezed at Harry. "Dudley—go—just go." Harry walked round and round his new room. Someone knew he had moved out of his cupboard and they seemed to know he hadn't received his first letter. Surely that meant they'd try again? And this time he'd make sure they didn't fail. He had a plan.

(From *Harry Potter* J.K. Rowling)

1. Complex sentences with a clause of concession introduced by the conjunction *even if* or *even though* are built up on the same pattern as sentences of unreal condition

But even if you **were** right, I **should be prepared** for any contingency.

Even if I **had been** a stranger he **would have talked** of his misfortune.

2. In literary style **may (might) + infinitive** is occasionally used in clauses of concession to lay stress on the meaning of supposition. e.g.

Whatever his invitation **may** mean, I'm going to accept it.

He said he would be glad to fulfil the conditions whatever they **might** be.

Exercise 1. Choose 10 sentences from the text and transform them into complex sentences with a clause of concession.

For example: *There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands... - Even if there were a crash behind them, Uncle Vernon would hold a rifle in his hands...*

BOOM. They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake. "Where's the cannon?" he said stupidly.

There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands—now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them.

"Who's there?" he shouted. "I warn you—I'm armed!"

There was a pause. Then—

SMASH!

The door was hit with such force that it swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor.

A giant of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door, and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the storm outside dropped a little. He turned to look at them all.

“Couldn’t make us a cup o’ tea, could yeh? It’s not been an easy journey...”

He strode over to the sofa where Dudley sat frozen with fear.

“Budge up, yeh great lump,” said the stranger.

Dudley squeaked and ran to hide behind his mother, who was crouching, terrified, behind Uncle Vernon.

“An’ here’s Harry!” said the giant.

Harry looked up into the fierce, wild, shadowy face and saw that the beetle eyes were crinkled in a smile.

“Las’ time I saw you, you was only a baby,” said the giant. “Yeh look a lot like yer dad, but yeh’ve got yer mom’s eyes.”

Uncle Vernon made a funny rasping noise.

“I demand that you leave at once, sir!” he said. “You are breaking and entering!”

“Ah, shut up, Dursley, yeh great prune,” said the giant; he reached over the back of the sofa, jerked the gun out of Uncle Vernon’s hands, bent it into a knot as easily as if it had been made of rubber, and threw it into a corner of the room.

Uncle Vernon made another funny noise, like a mouse being trodden on.

“Anyway—Harry,” said the giant, turning his back on the Dursleys, “a very happy birthday to yeh. Got summat fer yeh here—I mighta sat on it at some point, but it’ll taste all right.”

From an inside pocket of his black overcoat he pulled a slightly squashed box. Harry opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was a large,

sticky chocolate cake with Happy Birthday Harry written on it in green icing.

1. **The Present Conditional Mood** is used with reference to the present or future. e.g.

"Are you intending to marry her? I think it **would be** very.

2. When the situation refers to the past, **the Past Conditional Mood** is used. e.g.

Twenty years ago **I would have** strongly **disapproved** of you.

3. When reference is made to the present, **could** and **might** are combined with the Indedinite infinitive.

With his office training he **might** find a job with us.

4. When reference is made to the past, **could** and **might** are combined with the **Perfect infinitive**.

Why on earth didn't he send to say that he was ill? We **might have helped** him.

Exercise 1. *Translate the following sentences into English*

1. Я не винила ее. Она бы позвонила мне.
2. Это задание было бы сложным для ребенка.
3. Я не думаю, что он бы приехал сейчас.
4. Посмотри на этот сад. Он мог бы привлечь внимание даже короля.
5. Завтра мне, возможно, это не понравится.
6. Я мог бы эти заинтересоваться тогда.
7. Он бы ни за что не поехал туда.
8. Я думаю, что было бы разумно написать ему письмо.
9. Я бы никогда не подумал об этом.
10. Он бы еще многое рассказал.

The Use of Forms Expressing Unreality in a Special Type of Exclamatory Sentences

1. The form of **the Past Indefinite** including the form **were** is used when reference is made to the present.

Oh, if only Daddy **were** home!

2. The form of **the Past Perfect** is used when reference is made to the past.

Oh, if only he **had given** me a chance!

3. When reference is made to the future **would + infinitive** or **could + infinitive** is used.

If it **would** only **stop** raining for a single day!

Traditional Use of Forms Expressing Unreality

a) **The Subjunctive Mood** serves to express wish in the following kinds of sentences. e.g.

Long **live** the Queen!

Success **attend** you!

Be ours a happy meeting!

God **bless** you. Heaven **forbid**.

Note. We also find **may + infinitive** in sentences of this kind. e.g.
May success **attend** you! **May** ours **be** a happy meeting.

b) **The Subjunctive Mood** serves to express concession

So **be** it. (Да будет так.) **Come** what will. (Будь, что будет.)

Note. Concession may also be expressed by parenthetical phrases with **may** and **let**. e.g.

Happen what **may**...

c) **The Subjunctive Mood** is found in the expressions Suffice **to say** that... (Достаточно сказать, что...) and Far **be** it from me... (Я далек от того, чтобы...). e.g.

Far **be** it from me to contradict you.

d) **The Subjunctive Mood** is also used in certain imprecations, e.g.

Manners **be hanged**. (К черту хорошие манеры.)

e) The form **were** is found in the set phrase as it were (так сказать, как бы).

Her portrait had been, as it **were**, stamped on his heart.

f) **Would + infinitive** is found in as luck would have it (no счастливому стечению обстоятельств) or as ill luck would have if (на беду, как на зло). e.g.

As luck would have it, I was invited for that night.

CONCLUSION

В учебном пособии автор попытался найти наиболее доступные формы изложения достаточно сложного грамматического материала, касающегося употребления сослагательного наклонения в английском языке в устной и письменной коммуникации.

Пособие построено таким образом, чтобы способствовать самостоятельному изучению различных средств выражения нереального действия прежде всего в художественной и публицистической литературе на английском языке. Разнообразные грамматические упражнения и диалоги с использованием сослагательного наклонения должны нацелить студентов на активное употребление наклонения в устной речи, что будет отражать глубину овладения иностранным языком, придаст речи яркую эмоциональную окрашенность и позволит более точно и убедительно выражать свои мысли и чувства.

Автор полагает, что последовательность изложения материала в пособии является наилучшей для его прочного усвоения. Издание поможет студентам овладеть навыками целостного подхода к процессу изучения различных средств выражения нереального действия в современном английском языке. Автор надеется, что это вызовет у студентов интерес и пробудит в них творческий подход к использованию различных грамматических форм в развитии и совершенствовании собственной языковой коммуникации.

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APPENDIXES

Appendix I

Check yourself

Tests I

1. I feel so desperate. I wish there ... a way out!
 - a) will be
 - b) were
 - c) have been

2. Paul doesn't have a lot of friends. But if you ... him better, you would understand how amicable he really is.
 - a) know
 - b) would know
 - c) knew

3. I think my mother would be disappointed if I ... my lessons.
 - a) skipped
 - b) had skipped
 - c) would skip

4. This phone doesn't work at all! I wish I ... it!
 - a) didn't buy
 - b) hadn't bought
 - c) shouldn't have bought

5. But for his rudeness, he ... to this position
 - a) would be accepted
 - b) will be accepted
 - c) were accepted

6. ... you care for a full explanation, you know where you can find me.

- a) would
- b) should
- c) could

7. The weather is perfect. I wish you ... here with me!

- a) will be
- b) were
- c) can be

8. I am exhausted! We have been walking for hours. If only we ... a car!

- a) had found
- b) should find
- c) could find

9. It is of a vital importance that he ... the entire truth however you don't like it.

- a) should know
- b) would know
- c) had known

10. The weather is awful, it rained all the week! If only it ... every day.

- a) not to rain
- b) didn't rain
- c) hadn't rained

11. I know you want to go to a foreign country, but soon you will wish you ... back in your native city.

- a) would be
- b) were
- c) are

12. My teacher would have been mad at me if I ... the essay.

- a) wouldn't have written
- b) didn't write
- c) hadn't written

13. Vicky suggested they would go to the cinema if they ... in time.

- a) come
- b) had come
- c) came

14. The teacher advised that the girl ... be sent to a music school

- a) will
- b) would
- d) should

15. What a pity you ... ill!

- a) should have fallen
- b) would fall
- c) will fall

16. If I were you I ... this work at once.

- a) did
- b) would do
- c) had done

17. The situation is awful. I wish I ... how to deal with that.

- a) would know
- b) knew
- c) know

18. Jenny looked at him as if she ... him for the first time.

- a) saw
- b) would see
- c) could see

19. She spoke English so well as though she ... to England several times.

- a) was
- b) had been
- d) would be

20. If only I ... it then

- a) were known
- b) had known
- c) knew

21. It is high time he ... his home work.

- a) did
- b) had done
- c) would do

22. You'd better ... her alone

- a) left
- b) leave
- c) to leave

23. It is necessary that the students ... in all kinds of competition.

- a) would take part
- b) should take part
- c) took part

24. But for you, I ... my work.

- a) wouldn't finish
- b) couldn't finish
- c) didn't finish

25. It ... a great pleasure to help her.

- a) was
- b) would be
- c) can be

26. Had I seen him yesterday, I ... him about it.

- a) will ask
- b) would ask
- c) would have asked

27. If I were you, I ... to bed earlier before the exam yesterday.

- a) should have gone
- b) would have gone
- c) should go

28. I feared that I ... disturb them.

- a) will
- b) have
- c) should

29. If I hadn't moved to the US, I ... live in my mother's flat.

- a) would still
- b) should still
- c) will

30. It is desirable that she ... at the dance studio at 4.

- a) was
- b) is
- c) be

Keys : 1b, 2c, 3a, 4b, 5a, 6b, 7b, 8c, 9a, 10b, 11b, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15b,

16b, 17b, 18a, 19b, 20b, 21a, 22b, 23b, 24b, 25b, 26c, 27a, 28c, 29a, 30c.

Test II

1. The dog looks as if it ... hungry.

- a) is
- b) were
- c) had been

2. Sahra cried as if something terrible

- a) had happened
- b) happened
- c) happens

3. It seems as if he ... going to say something rude.

- a) were
- b) was
- c) is

4. Everybody treats me as if I ... a catching disease.

- a) have
- b) will have
- c) had

5. They are talking as if they

- a) never quarrel
- b) never quaralled
- c) had never quarreled

6. She told me what to do as if she ... everything.

- a) had known
- b) knew
- c) knows

7. The boy smiled as if he ... something funny.

- a) had remembered
- b) remembered
- c) will remember

8. She told me what to do as if she ... everything.

- a) had known
- b) knew
- c) knows

9. I wish you ... here. It is rather difficult to breathe.

- a) not to smoke
- b) didn't smoke
- c) hadn't smoke

10. I wish I ... speak better Spanish.

- a) would
- b) shall
- c) could

11. We wish it ... sunny and warm all year round.

- a) is
- b) was
- c) were

12. The criminal wished he ... at all.

- a) hadn't been born
- b) were not born
- c) wouldn't be born

13. They shook hands as if they ... each other for a long time.

- a) knew
- b) had known
- c) have known

14. He wishes his friend ... to the party next week.

- a) would
- b) shall
- c) could

15. I don't understand you, as if we on different planets.

- a) had lived
- b) live
- c) lived

16. He smiled as if he ... read my thoughts.

- a) can
- b) could
- c) would

17. They behave as if nothing

- a) had happened
- b) happened
- c) happen

18. You look healthy as if you ... jogging every morning.

- a) go
- b) will go
- c) went

19. You sound as if you ... a sore throat.

- a) have
- b) had
- c) had had

20. I feel so tired as if I ... all day.

- a) worked
- b) had worked
- c) work

21. He began to tremble as if he ... a ghost.

- a) had seen
- b) see
- c) saw

Keys : 1b, 2a, 3a, 4c, 5c, 6b, 7b, 8b, 9b, 10c, 11c, 12b, 13b, 14a, 15c,

16b, 17a, 18c, 19b, 20f, 21c.

Test III

1. It is impossible that he ... there alone.

- a) went
- b) should have gone
- c) would have gone

2. It was unlikely that it

- a) would rain
- b) should rain
- c) rained

3. It's high time the children ... to bed.

- a) go
- b) went
- c) would go

4. It's a pity that he ... say so.

- a) should
- b) would
- c) will

5. I suggest that we ... play football tomorrow

- a) would
- b) will
- c) should

6. I fear lest he

- a) came
- b) should come
- c) shouldn't come

7. The boy feared lest he ... mistakes in the last test.

- a) should make
- b) makes
- c) would make

8. They proposed that the new law ... in a week.

- a) would be discussed
- b) will be discussed
- c) be discussed

9. The tourists were afraid that they miss the train.

- a) might
- b) may
- c) would

10. The child was pale and mother feared lest he ... catch cold.

- a) would
- b) should
- c) might

11. It's time that you ... the book.

- a) will return
- b) return
- c) returned

12. Ann hasn't come yet. I am afraid that she ... my address.

- a) might forget
- b) forgot
- c) might have forgotten

13. The children hurried home lest their mother ... about them.

- a) should have worried
- b) should worry
- c) worried

14. It seems fortunate that you us there.

- a) should have met
- b) met
- c) should meet

15. Let's go out right away lest we ... late.

- a) should be
- b) shouldn't be
- c) should have been

16. The friends advised that she ... it seriously.

- a) shouldn't have taken
- b) would take
- c) shouldn't take

17. Put the books into your bag lest you ... it.

- a) lost
- b) should lose
- c) shouldn't lose

18. The teacher insisted that the pupils ... their books.

- a) closed
- b) should have closed
- c) should close

19. It is impossible that he ... so careless.

- a) is
- b) were
- c) be

20. It was desirable that the boy ... his father's passion for music.

- a) possess
- b) wouldn't possess
- c) shouldn't have possessed

Keys : 1c, 2a, 3b, 4b, 5c, 6b, 7a, 8c, 9a, 10b, 11c, 12a, 13b, 14c, 15a,
16c, 17b, 18c, 19c, 20a.

Tests IV

1. I look so attractive. I wish there ... somebody to notice it!

- a) will be
- b) were
- c) have been

2. Paul isn't present at the meeting. But if you ... him better, you would understand that he is a real leader.

- a) see
- b) would see
- c) saw

3. I think my sister would be glad if I ... the report.

- a) wrote
- b) had written
- c) would write

4. This dress doesn't suit me! I wish I ... the party yesterday!

- a) didn't visit
- b) hadn't visited
- c) shouldn't have visited

5. But for his brother, he .. for Moscow.

- a) would leave
- b) will leave
- c) left

6. ... you care for preparing a detailed report, you may visit that office.

- a) would
- b) should
- c) could

7. The time is over. I wish you ... here!

- a) will be
- b) were
- c) can be

8. I am so excited! We have been swimming for hours. If only we ... !

- a) had taken photo
- b) should take photo
- c) could take photo

9. It is necessary that she ... the housework regularly.

- a) should do
- b) would do
- c) had done

10. His complexion is healthy, His cheeks are so rosy! If only somebody ... it.

- a) not to notice
- b) noticed
- c) hadn't been noticed

11. I know you want to see many places of interest, but soon you will wish you ... at home.

- a) would stay
- b) stayed
- c) had stayed

12. My aunt would have been late if I ... me.

- a) wouldn't have called
- b) didn't call
- c) hadn't called

13. Vicky suggested that they ... to the zoo.

- a) went
- b) had gone
- c) go

14. The teacher advised that the test ... later.

- a) will be done
- b) would be done
- c) should be done

15. What a pity you ... the flat!

- a) should have left
- b) would leave
- c) will leave

16. If I were you I ... to enter the University again.

- a) tried
- b) would try
- c) had tried

17. Success attend you!. I wish I ... to improve the situation.

- a) would help
- b) helped
- c) help

18. Jenny behaved herself as if she ... to do it.

- a) managed
- b) would manage
- c) could manage

19. She examined him as though she ... a doctor.

- a) was
- b) were
- c) would be

20. If only I ... it then

- a) were noticed
- b) had noticed
- c) noticed

21. It is high time he ... his scientific investigation

- a) finished
- b) had finished
- c) would finish

22. You'd better ... her up.

- a) rang
- b) ring
- c) to ring

23. It is necessary that the patients ... those pills.

- a) would take
- b) should take
- c) took

24. But for you, I ... visit that show.

- a) wouldn't visit
- b) couldn't visit
- c) didn't visit

25. It ... such a treat to eat that ice-cream.

- a) was
- b) would be
- c) can be

26. Had I seen him yesterday, I ... him about it.

- a) will inform
- b) would inform
- c) would have informed

27. If I were you, I ... the task yesterday.

- a) should have done
- b) would have done
- c) should do

28. I feared that I ... interrupt them.

- a) will
- b) have
- c) should

29. If I hadn't moved to the US, I ... work at that University.

- a) would still
- b) should still
- c) will

30. It is necessary that he ... at the railway station at 5.

- a) was
- b) is
- c) be

Keys : 1b, 2c, 3a, 4b, 5a, 6b, 7b, 8c, 9a, 10b, 11b, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15b,

16b, 17b, 18a, 19b, 20b, 21a, 22b, 23b, 24b, 25b, 26c, 27a, 28c, 29a, 30c.

Test V

1. It is desirable that he ... there alone.

- a) went
- b) should go
- c) would have gone

2. It was unlikely that she

- a) would come
- b) should come
- c) came

3. It's high time your son ... home.

- a) come
- b) came
- c) would come

4. It's a pity that he ... leave the studio.

- a) should
- b) would
- c) will

5. I suggest that we ... work together tomorrow

- a) would
- b) will
- c) should

6. I fear lest he ... the house.

- a) abandoned
- b) should abandon
- c) shouldn't abandon

7. The boy feared lest he ... his parents.

- a) should meet
- b) meets
- c) would meet

8. They proposed that the meeting ... in a week.

- a) begins
- b) would begin
- c) begin

9. The students were afraid that they be late for the lesson.

- a) might
- b) may
- c) would

10. The child was so lonely and she feared lest he ... be in depression.

- a) would
- b) should
- c) might

11. It's time that you ... reading the book.

- a) will finish
- b) finish
- c) finished

12. Ann hasn't rung up. I am afraid that she ... my phone number

- a) might forget
- b) forgot
- c) might have forgotten

13. The students were busy to finish the project lest they ... bad marks.

- a) should have received
- b) should receive
- c) received

14. It seems fortunate that you in Moscow.

- a) should have arrived
- b) arrived
- c) should arrive

15. Let's enter the house lest we ... wet.

- a) should get
- b) shouldn't get
- c) should have got

16. The friends advised that he ... the town.

- a) shouldn't have left
- b) would leave
- c) shouldn't leave

17. Put on the warm coat lest you ... cold.

- a) took
- b) should take
- c) shouldn't take

18. The teacher insisted that the pupils ... home.

- a) went
- b) should have gone
- c) should go

19. It is impossible that he ... such questions.

- a) prepares
- b) prepared
- c) prepare

20. It was desirable that the boy ... his father's traits of character.

- a) inherit
- b) wouldn't inherit
- c) shouldn't have inherited

Keys : 1b, 2a, 3b, 4b, 5c, 6b, 7a, 8c, 9a, 10b, 11c, 12a, 13b, 14c, 15a,

16c, 17b, 18c, 19c, 20a.

Texts for Reading and Analysing
(the extracts from “The Picture of Dorian Grey” by O. Wilde)

Read the following chapters from the novel and write out all the types of subordinate clauses expressing unreality.

Chapter I

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

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid, jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in

front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

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

“It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,” said Lord Henry languidly. “You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place.”

“I don’t think I shall send it anywhere,” he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. “No, I won’t send it anywhere.”

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy, opium tainted cigarette. “Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion.”

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

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

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

“Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn’t know you were so vain; and I really can’t see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and roseleaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you—well, of course you have an intellectual expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don’t think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don’t flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him.”

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

“Dorian Gray? Is that his name?” asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward.

“Yes, that is his name. I didn’t intend to tell it to you.”

“But why not?”

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

“Not at all,” answered Lord Henry, “not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet—we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the Duke’s—we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it—much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she merely laughs at me.”

“I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry,” said Basil Hallward, strolling towards the door that led into the garden. “I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose.”

“Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know,” cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together and ensconced themselves on a long bamboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall laurel bush. The sunlight slipped over the polished leaves. In the grass, white daisies were tremulous.

After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. “I am afraid I must be going, Basil,” he murmured, “and before I go, I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago.”

“What is that?” said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

“You know quite well.”

“I do not, Harry.”

“Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won’t exhibit Dorian Gray’s picture. I want the real reason.”

“I told you the real reason.”

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

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

Lord Henry laughed. “And what is that?” he asked.

“I will tell you,” said Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

“I am all expectation, Basil,” continued his companion, glancing at him.

“Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry,” answered the painter; “and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it.”

Lord Henry smiled, and leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass and examined it. “I am quite sure I shall understand it,” he replied, gazing intently at the little golden, white-feathered disk, “and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible.”

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blossoms, with their clustering stars, moved to and fro in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirrup by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly floated past on its brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward’s heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

“The story is simply this,” said the painter after some time. “Two months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon’s. You know we poor artists have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilised. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half-way round and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then—but I don’t know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows. I grew afraid and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made me do so: it was a sort of cowardice. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape.”

“Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the tradename of the firm. That is all.”

“I don’t believe that, Harry, and I don’t believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive—and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud—I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. ‘You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?’ she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?”

“Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty,” said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long nervous fingers.

“I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to royalties, and people with stars and garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and parrot noses. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionise me. I believe some

picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other."

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked his companion. "I know she goes in for giving a rapid précis of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been perfectly audible to everybody in the room, the most astounding details. I simply fled. I like to find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his goods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know."

"Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!" said Hallward listlessly.

"My dear fellow, she tried to found a salon, and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

"Oh, something like, 'Charming boy—poor dear mother and I absolutely inseparable. Quite forget what he does—afraid he—doesn't do anything—oh, yes, plays the piano—or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?' Neither of us could help laughing, and we became friends at once."

"Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one," said the young lord, plucking another daisy.

Hallward shook his head. "You don't understand what friendship is, Harry," he murmured—"or what enmity is, for that matter. You like every one; that is to say, you are indifferent to every one."

"How horribly unjust of you!" cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back and looking up at the little clouds that, like ravelled skeins of glossy white

silk, were drifting across the hollowed turquoise of the summer sky. “Yes; horribly unjust of you. I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool. They are all men of some intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very vain of me? I think it is rather vain.”

“I should think it was, Harry. But according to your category I must be merely an acquaintance.”

“My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acquaintance.”

“And much less than a friend. A sort of brother, I suppose?”

“Oh, brothers! I don’t care for brothers. My elder brother won’t die, and my younger brothers seem never to do anything else.”

“Harry!” exclaimed Hallward, frowning.

“My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can’t help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of us can stand other people having the same faults as ourselves. I quite sympathise with the rage of the English democracy against what they call the vices of the upper orders. The masses feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immorality should be their own special property, and that if any one of us makes an ass of himself, he is poaching on their preserves. When poor Southwark got into the divorce court, their indignation was quite magnificent. And yet I don’t suppose that ten per cent of the proletariat live correctly.”

“I don’t agree with a single word that you have said, and, what is more, Harry, I feel sure you don’t either.”

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled ebony cane. “How English you are Basil! That is the second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman—always a rash thing to do—he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now, the value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probabilities are that the more insincere the man is, the more purely intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will

not be coloured by either his wants, his desires, or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles, and I like persons with no principles better than anything else in the world. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me."

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art."

"He is all my art to me now," said the painter gravely. "I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinoüs was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course, I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way—I wonder will you understand me?—his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form in days of thought'—who is it who says that? I forget; but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad—for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty—his merely visible presence—ah! I wonder can you realise all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in it all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body—how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, an ideality that is void. Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You

remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me. Some subtle influence passed from him to me, and for the first time in my life I saw in the plain woodland the wonder I had always looked for and always missed.”

“Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray ”.

Hallward got up from the seat and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. “Harry,” he said, “Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I find him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all.”

“Then why won’t you exhibit his portrait?” asked Lord Henry.

“Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it, and I will not bare my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry—too much of myself!”

“Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions.”

“I hate them for it,” cried Hallward. “An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Some day I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray.”

“I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won’t argue with you. It is only the intellectually lost who ever argue. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?”

The painter considered for a few moments. "He likes me," he answered after a pause; "I know he likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. I find a strange pleasure in saying things to him that I know I shall be sorry for having said. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we sit in the studio and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, he is horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real delight in giving me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given away my whole soul to some one who treats it as if it were a flower to put in his coat, a bit of decoration to charm his vanity, an ornament for a summer's day."

"Days in summer, Basil, are apt to linger," murmured Lord Henry. "Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there is no doubt that genius lasts longer than beauty. That accounts for the fact that we all take such pains to over-educate ourselves. In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that endures, and so we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The thoroughly well-informed man—that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the thoroughly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-a-brac shop, all monsters and dust, with everything priced above its proper value. I think you will tire first, all the same. Some day you will look at your friend, and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing, or you won't like his tone of colour, or something. You will bitterly reproach him in your own heart, and seriously think that he has behaved very badly to you. The next time he calls, you will be perfectly cold and indifferent. It will be a great pity, for it will alter you. What you have told me is quite a romance, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic."

"Harry, don't talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me. You can't feel what I feel. You change too often."

"Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know only the trivial side of love: it is the faithless who know love's tragedies." And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and satisfied air, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was a rustle of chirruping

sparrows in the green lacquer leaves of the ivy, and the blue cloud-shadows chased themselves across the grass like swallows. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how delightful other people's emotions were!—much more delightful than their ideas, it seemed to him. One's own soul, and the passions of one's friends—those were the fascinating things in life. He pictured to himself with silent amusement the tedious luncheon that he had missed by staying so long with Basil Hallward. Had he gone to his aunt's, he would have been sure to have met Lord Hoodbody there, and the whole conversation would have been about the feeding of the poor and the necessity for model lodging-houses. Each class would have preached the importance of those virtues, for whose exercise there was no necessity in their own lives. The rich would have spoken on the value of thrift, and the idle grown eloquent over the dignity of labour. It was charming to have escaped all that! As he thought of his aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Hallward and said, "My dear fellow, I have just remembered."

"Remembered what, Harry?"

"Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray."

"Where was it?" asked Hallward, with a slight frown.

"Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man who was going to help her in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gray. I am bound to state that she never told me he was goodlooking. Women have no appreciation of good looks; at least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest and had a beautiful nature. I at once pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horribly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend."

"I am very glad you didn't, Harry."

"Why?"

"I don't want you to meet him."

"You don't want me to meet him?" "No."

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

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

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

Then he looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil him. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvellous people in it. Don't take away from me the one person who gives to my art whatever charm it possesses: my life as an artist depends on him. Mind, Harry, I trust you." He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost against his will.

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

Chapter II

As they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was seated at the piano, with his back to them, turning over the pages of a volume of Schumann's "Forest Scenes." "You must lend me these, Basil," he cried. "I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming."

"That entirely depends on how you sit to-day, Dorian."

"Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a life-sized portrait of myself," answered the lad, swinging round on the music-stool in a wilful, petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint blush coloured his cheeks for a moment, and he started up. "I beg your pardon, Basil, but I didn't know you had any one with you."

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a capital sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything."

"You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry, stepping forward and extending his hand. "My aunt has often

spoken to me about you. You are one of her favourites, and, I am afraid, one of her victims also.”

“I am in Lady Agatha’s black books at present,” answered Dorian with a funny look of penitence. “I promised to go to a club in Whitechapel with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all about it. We were to have played a duet together—three duets, I believe. I don’t know what she will say to me. I am far too frightened to call.”

“Oh, I will make your peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you. And I don’t think it really matters about your not being there. The audience probably thought it was a duet. When Aunt Agatha sits down to the piano, she makes quite enough noise for two people.”

“That is very horrid to her, and not very nice to me,” answered Dorian, laughing.

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his finely curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair. There was something in his face that made one trust him at once. All the candour of youth was there, as well as all youth’s passionate purity. One felt that he had kept himself unspotted from the world. No wonder Basil Hallward worshipped him.

“You are too charming to go in for philanthropy, Mr. Gray—far too charming.” And Lord Henry flung himself down on the divan and opened his cigarette-case.

The painter had been busy mixing his colours and getting his brushes ready. He was looking worried, and when he heard Lord Henry’s last remark, he glanced at him, hesitated for a moment, and then said, “Harry, I want to finish this picture to-day. Would you think it awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?”

Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray. “Am I to go, Mr. Gray?” he asked.

“Oh, please don’t, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods, and I can’t bear him when he sulks. Besides, I want you to tell me why I should not go in for philanthropy.”

“I don’t know that I shall tell you that, Mr. Gray. It is so tedious a subject that one would have to talk seriously about it. But I certainly shall not run away, now that you have asked me to stop.

You don’t really mind, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you liked your sitters to have some one to chat to.”

Hallward bit his lip. “If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay. Dorian’s whims are laws to everybody, except himself.”

Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves. “You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o’clock. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry to miss you.”

“Basil,” cried Dorian Gray, “if Lord Henry Wotton goes, I shall go, too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I insist upon it.”

“Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me,” said Hallward, gazing intently at his picture. “It is quite true, I never talk when I am working, and never listen either, and it must be dreadfully tedious for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay.”

“But what about my man at the Orleans?”

The painter laughed. “I don’t think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry. And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don’t move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself.”

Dorian Gray stepped up on the dais with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a little moue of discontent to Lord Henry, to whom he had rather taken a fancy. He was so unlike Basil. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him, “Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?”

“There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral—immoral from the scientific point of view.”

“Why?”

“Because to influence a person is to give him one’s own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts, or burn with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of some one else’s music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is selfdevelopment. To realise one’s nature perfectly—that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to one’s self. Of course, they are charitable. They feed the hungry and clothe the beggar. But their own souls starve, and are naked. Courage has gone out of our race. Perhaps we never really had it. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals, the terror of God, which is the secret of religion—these are the two things that govern us. And yet—”

“Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy,” said the painter, deep in his work and conscious only that a look had come into the lad’s face that he had never seen there before.

“And yet,” continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton days, “I believe that if one man were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream—I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of mediaevalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal—to something finer, richer than the Hellenic ideal, it may be. But the bravest man amongst us is afraid of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful. It has been said that the great events

of the world take place in the brain. It is in the brain, and the brain only, that the great sins of the world take place also. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have fined you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame—”

“Stop!” faltered Dorian Gray, “stop! you bewilder me. I don’t know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don’t speak. Let me think. Or, rather, let me try not to think.”

For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh influences were at work within him. Yet they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that Basil’s friend had said to him—words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in them—had touched some secret chord that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses.

Music had stirred him like that. Music had troubled him many times. But music was not articulate. It was not a new world, but rather another chaos, that it created in us. Words! Mere words! How terrible they were! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them! They seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a music of their own as sweet as that of viol or of lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

Yes; there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-coloured to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

With his subtle smile, Lord Henry watched him. He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. He felt intensely interested. He was amazed at the sudden impression that his words had produced, and, remembering a book that he had read when he was sixteen, a book which had revealed to him much that he had not known before, he wondered whether Dorian Gray was passing through a similar experience.

He had merely shot an arrow into the air. Had it hit the mark? How fascinating the lad was!

Hallward painted away with that marvellous bold touch of his, that had the true refinement and perfect delicacy that in art, at any rate comes only from strength. He was unconscious of the silence.

“Basil, I am tired of standing,” cried Dorian Gray suddenly. “I must go out and sit in the garden. The air is stifling here.”

“My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can’t think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted—the half-parted lips and the bright look in the eyes. I don’t know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expression. I suppose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn’t believe a word that he says.”

“He has certainly not been paying me compliments. Perhaps that is the reason that I don’t believe anything he has told me.”

“You know you believe it all,” said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy languorous eyes. “I will go out to the garden with you. It is horribly hot in the studio. Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawberries in it.”

“Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker comes I will tell him what you want. I have got to work up this background, so I will join you later on. Don’t keep Dorian too long. I have never been in better form for painting than I am to-day. This is going to be my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece as it stands.”

Lord Henry went out to the garden and found Dorian Gray burying his face in the great cool lilac-blossoms, feverishly drinking in their perfume as if it had been wine. He came close to him and put his hand upon his shoulder. “You are quite right to do that,” he murmured. “Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.”

The lad started and drew back. He was bareheaded, and the leaves had tossed his rebellious curls and tangled all their gilded threads. There was a look of fear in his eyes, such as people have when they are suddenly

awakened. His finely chiselled nostrils quivered, and some hidden nerve shook the scarlet of his lips and left them trembling.

“Yes,” continued Lord Henry, “that is one of the great secrets of life—to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know.”

Dorian Gray frowned and turned his head away. He could not help liking the tall, graceful young man who was standing by him. His romantic, olive-coloured face and worn expression interested him. There was something in his low languid voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool, white, flower-like hands, even, had a curious charm. They moved, as he spoke, like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he felt afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid. Why had it been left for a stranger to reveal him to himself? He had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never altered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who seemed to have disclosed to him life’s mystery. And, yet, what was there to be afraid of? He was not a schoolboy or a girl. It was absurd to be frightened.

“Let us go and sit in the shade,” said Lord Henry. “Parker has brought out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare, you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not allow yourself to become sunburnt. It would be unbecoming.”

“What can it matter?” cried Dorian Gray, laughing, as he sat down on the seat at the end of the garden.

“It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray.” “Why?” “Because you have the most marvellous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having.”

“I don’t feel that, Lord Henry.”

“No, you don’t feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wherever you go, you charm the world. Will it always be so? . . . You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr. Gray. Don’t frown. You have. And beauty is a form of genius—is higher, indeed, than

genius, as it Oscar Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray OriginalBook.Ru - 19 - needs no explanation. It is of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or spring-time, or the reflection in dark waters of that silver shell we call the moon. It cannot be questioned. It has its divine right of sovereignty. It makes princes of those who have it. You smile? Ah! when you have lost it you won't smile. . . . People say sometimes that beauty is only superficial. That may be so, but at least it is not so superficial as thought is. To me, beauty is the wonder of wonders. It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible. . . . Yes, Mr. Gray, the gods have been good to you. But what the gods give they quickly take away. You have only a few years in which to live really, perfectly, and fully. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly discover that there are no triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your past will make more bitter than defeats. Every month as it wanes brings you nearer to something dreadful. Time is jealous of you, and wars against your lilies and your roses. You will become sallow, and hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed. You will suffer horribly. . . . Ah! realise your youth while you have it. Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure, or giving away your life to the ignorant, the common, and the vulgar. These are the sickly aims, the false ideals, of our age. Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you! Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing. . . . A new Hedonism—that is what our century wants. You might be its visible symbol. With your personality there is nothing you could not do. The world belongs to you for a season. . . . The moment I met you I saw that you were quite unconscious of what you really are, of what you really might be. There was so much in you that charmed me that I felt I must tell you something about yourself. I thought how tragic it would be if you were wasted. For there is such a little time that your youth will last—such a little time. The common hill-flowers wither, but they blossom again. The laburnum will be as yellow next June as it is now. In a month there will be purple stars on the clematis, and year after year the green night of its leaves will hold its purple stars. But we

never get back our youth. The pulse of joy that beats in us at twenty becomes sluggish. Our limbs fail, our senses rot. We degenerate into hideous puppets, haunted by the memory of the passions of which we were too much afraid, and the exquisite temptations that we had not the courage to yield to. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!”

Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. The spray of lilac fell from his hand upon the gravel. A furry bee came and buzzed round it for a moment. Then it began to scramble all over the oval stellated globe of the tiny blossoms. He watched it with that strange interest in trivial things that we try to develop when things of high import make us afraid, or when we are stirred by some new emotion for which we cannot find expression, or when some thought that terrifies us lays sudden siege to the brain and calls on us to yield. After a time the bee flew away. He saw it creeping into the stained trumpet of a Tyrian convolvulus. The flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to and fro.

Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio and made staccato signs for them to come in. They turned to each other and smiled.

“I am waiting,” he cried. “Do come in. The light is quite perfect, and you can bring your drinks.”

They rose up and sauntered down the walk together. Two green-and-white butterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a thrush began to sing.

“You are glad you have met me, Mr. Gray,” said Lord Henry, looking at him.

“Yes, I am glad now. I wonder shall I always be glad?”

“Always! That is a dreadful word. It makes me shudder when I hear it. Women are so fond of using it. They spoil every romance by trying to make it last for ever. It is a meaningless word, too. The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer.”

As they entered the studio, Dorian Gray put his hand upon Lord Henry’s arm. “In that case, let our friendship be a caprice,” he murmured,

flushing at his own boldness, then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose.

Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker arm-chair and watched him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except when, now and then, Hallward stepped back to look at his work from a distance. In the slanting beams that streamed through the open doorway the dust danced and was golden. The heavy scent of the roses seemed to brood over everything.

After about a quarter of an hour Hallward stopped painting, looked for a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture, biting the end of one of his huge brushes and frowning. "It is quite finished," he cried at last, and stooping down he wrote his name in long vermilion letters on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

Lord Henry came over and examined the picture. It was certainly a wonderful work of art, and a wonderful likeness as well. "My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly," he said. "It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr. Gray, come over and look at yourself."

The lad started, as if awakened from some dream.

"Is it really finished?" he murmured, stepping down from the platform.

"Quite finished," said the painter. "And you have sat splendidly to-day. I am awfully obliged to you."

"That is entirely due to me," broke in Lord Henry. "Isn't it, Mr. Gray?"

Dorian made no answer, but passed listlessly in front of his picture and turned towards it. When he saw it he drew back, and his cheeks flushed for a moment with pleasure. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognised himself for the first time. He stood there motionless and in wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward was speaking to him, but not catching the meaning of his words. The sense of his own beauty came on him like a revelation. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward's compliments had seemed to him to be merely the charming exaggeration of friendship. He had listened to them, laughed at them, forgotten them. They had not influenced his nature. Then had come Lord Henry Wotton with his

strange panegyric on youth, his terrible warning of its brevity. That had stirred him at the time, and now, as he stood gazing at the shadow of his own loveliness, the full reality of the description flashed across him. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled and wizen, his eyes dim and colourless, the grace of his figure broken and deformed. The scarlet would pass away from his lips and the gold steal from his hair. The life that was to make his soul would mar his body. He would become dreadful, hideous, and uncouth.

As he thought of it, a sharp pang of pain struck through him like a knife and made each delicate fibre of his nature quiver. His eyes deepened into amethyst, and across them came a mist of tears. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

“Don’t you like it?” cried Hallward at last, stung a little by the lad’s silence, not understanding what it meant.

“Of course he likes it,” said Lord Henry. “Who wouldn’t like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything you like to ask for it. I must have it.”

“It is not my property, Harry.”

“Whose property is it?” “Dorian’s, of course,” answered the painter.

“He is a very lucky fellow.”

“How sad it is!” murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. “How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June. . . . If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!”

“You would hardly care for such an arrangement, Basil,” cried Lord Henry, laughing. “It would be rather hard lines on your work.”

“I should object very strongly, Harry,” said Hallward.

Dorian Gray turned and looked at him. “I believe you would, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. I am no more to you than a green bronze figure. Hardly as much, I dare say.”

The painter stared in amazement. It was so unlike Dorian to speak like that. What had happened? He seemed quite angry. His face was flushed and his cheeks burning.

“Yes,” he continued, “I am less to you than your ivory Hermes or your silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. I know, now, that when one loses one’s good looks, whatever they may be, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry Wotton is perfectly right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself.”

Hallward turned pale and caught his hand. “Dorian! Dorian!” he cried, “don’t talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things, are you?—you who are finer than any of them!”

“I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from me and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why did you paint it? It will mock me some day—mock me horribly!” The hot tears welled into his eyes; he tore his hand away and, flinging himself on the divan, he buried his face in the cushions, as though he was praying.

“This is your doing, Harry,” said the painter bitterly.

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders.

“It is the real Dorian Gray—that is all.”

“It is not.”

“If it is not, what have I to do with it?”

“You should have gone away when I asked you,” he muttered.

“I stayed when you asked me,” was Lord Henry’s answer.

“Harry, I can’t quarrel with my two best friends at once, but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I have ever done, and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas and colour? I will not let it come across our three lives and mar them.”

Dorian Gray lifted his golden head from the pillow, and with pallid face and tearstained eyes, looked at him as he walked over to the deal painting-table that was set beneath the high curtained window. What was he doing there? His fingers were straying about among the litter of tin tubes and dry brushes, seeking for something. Yes, it was for the long palette-knife, with its thin blade of lithe steel. He had found it at last. He was going to rip up the canvas.

With a stifled sob the lad leaped from the couch, and, rushing over to Hallward, tore the knife out of his hand, and flung it to the end of the studio. "Don't, Basil, don't!" he cried. "It would be murder!"

"I am glad you appreciate my work at last, Dorian," said the painter coldly when he had recovered from his surprise. "I never thought you would."

"Appreciate it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself. I feel that."

"Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be varnished, and framed, and sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself." And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. "You will have tea, of course, Dorian? And so will you, Harry? Or do you object to such simple pleasures?"

"I adore simple pleasures," said Lord Henry. "They are the last refuge of the complex. But I don't like scenes, except on the stage. What absurd fellows you are, both of you! I wonder who it was defined man as a rational animal. It was the most premature definition ever given. Man is many things, but he is not rational. I am glad he is not, after all—though I wish you chaps would not squabble over the picture. You had much better let me have it, Basil. This silly boy doesn't really want it, and I really do."

"If you let any one have it but me, Basil, I shall never forgive you!" cried Dorian Gray; "and I don't allow people to call me a silly boy."

"You know the picture is yours, Dorian. I gave it to you before it existed."

"And you know you have been a little silly, Mr. Gray, and that you don't really object to being reminded that you are extremely young."

"I should have objected very strongly this morning, Lord Henry."

“Ah! this morning! You have lived since then.”

There came a knock at the door, and the butler entered with a laden tea-tray and set it down upon a small Japanese table. There was a rattle of cups and saucers and the hissing of a fluted Georgian urn. Two globe-shaped china dishes were brought in by a page. Dorian Gray went over and poured out the tea. The two men sauntered languidly to the table and examined what was under the covers.

“Let us go to the theatre to-night,” said Lord Henry. “There is sure to be something on, somewhere. I have promised to dine at White’s, but it is only with an old friend, so I can send him a wire to say that I am ill, or that I am prevented from coming in consequence of a subsequent engagement. I think that would be a rather nice excuse: it would have all the surprise of candour.”

“It is such a bore putting on one’s dress-clothes,” muttered Hallward. “And, when one has them on, they are so horrid.”

“Yes,” answered Lord Henry dreamily, “the costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. It is so sombre, so depressing. Sin is the only real colour-element left in modern life.”

“You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Harry.”

“Before which Dorian? The one who is pouring out tea for us, or the one in the picture?”

“Before either.”

“I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry,” said the lad.

“Then you shall come; and you will come, too, Basil, won’t you?”

“I can’t, really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do.”

“Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray.”

“I should like that awfully.”

The painter bit his lip and walked over, cup in hand, to the picture. “I shall stay with the real Dorian,” he said, sadly.

“Is it the real Dorian?” cried the original of the portrait, strolling across to him. “Am I really like that?”

“Yes; you are just like that.”

“How wonderful, Basil!”

"At least you are like it in appearance. But it will never alter," sighed Hallward. "That is something."

"What a fuss people make about fidelity!" exclaimed Lord Henry. "Why, even in love it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. Young men want to be faithful, and are not; old men want to be faithless, and cannot: that is all one can say."

"Don't go to the theatre to-night, Dorian," said Hallward. "Stop and dine with me."

"I can't, Basil."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised Lord Henry Wotton to go with him."

"He won't like you the better for keeping your promises. He always breaks his own. I beg you not to go."

Dorian Gray laughed and shook his head.

"I entreat you."

The lad hesitated, and looked over at Lord Henry, who was watching them from the tea-table with an amused smile.

"I must go, Basil," he answered.

"Very well," said Hallward, and he went over and laid down his cup on the tray. "It is rather late, and, as you have to dress, you had better lose no time. Good-bye, Harry. Good-bye, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come to-morrow."

"Certainly."

"You won't forget?"

"No, of course not," cried Dorian.

"And . . . Harry!" "Yes, Basil?"

"Remember what I asked you, when we were in the garden this morning."

"I have forgotten it."

"I trust you."

"I wish I could trust myself," said Lord Henry, laughing. "Come, Mr. Gray, my hansom is outside, and I can drop you at your own place. Good-bye, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

As the door closed behind them, the painter flung himself down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.

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