

## **Обыгрывание английских идиом: варианты заданий**

© кандидат филологических наук А.А. Изотова, 2010

Особый интерес у изучающих английский язык вызывает явление обыгрывания идиом, когда оживляется буквальное значение одного или более компонентов идиомы, и контекст способствует развитию образа, лежащего в основе фразеологической единицы.

Следующие отрывки из различных произведений художественной литературы могут быть предложены студентам–филологам в качестве заданий для анализа этого приёма:

Indeed his friend the policeman, turning his head, saw that the round face of the little cleric had gone quite blank, as it had a way of doing sometimes; he seemed to be staring through his moonlike spectacles at the newly decorated wall.

“I may as well offer you a penny for your thoughts,” said Inspector Greenwood, turning from the counter with a sigh, “as nobody seems to want my pennies for anything else. This seems to be the only room in the house that isn’t full of ladders and whitewash; and this is so empty that there isn’t even a potboy to give me a pot of beer.”

“Oh ... my thoughts are not worth a penny, let alone a pot of beer,” answered the cleric, wiping his spectacles, “I don’t know why ... but I was thinking how easy it would be to commit a murder here.” (Chesterton G.K. *The Scandal of Farther Brown*)

“Good God,” cried Craken with the intense invocation of the atheist. “Do you think I don’t want to apply Economics? Only, when we apply it, you call it red ruin and anarchy; and when you apply it, I take the liberty of calling it exploitation. If only you fellows would apply Economics, it’s just possible that people might get something to eat. We are the practical people; and that’s why you’re afraid of us. That’s why you have to get two greasy Capitalists to start another Lectureship; just because I’ve let the cat out of the bag.”

“Rather a wild cat, wasn’t it?” said the Bursar smiling, “that you let out of the bag?”

“And rather a gold-bag, wasn’t it,” said Craken, “that you are tying the cat up in again?” (Chesterton G.K. *The Scandal of Farther Brown*)

This was, indeed, no less a person than Mr. Grandison Chace, of Boston, an American traveller who had halted for a time in his American travels by taking a lease of the adjoining estate; a somewhat similar castle on a some-

what similar hill. He delighted in his old castle, and he regarded his friendly neighbour as a local antiquity of the same type. For Flambeau managed, as we have said, really to look retired in the sense of rooted. He might have grown there with his own vine and fig-tree for ages. He had resumed his real family name of Duroc; for the other title of "The Torch" had only been a title de guerre, like that under which such a man will often wage war on society. He was fond of his wife and family; he never went farther afield than was needed for a little shooting; and he seemed, to the American globe-trotter, the embodiment of that cult of a sunny respectability and a temperate luxury, which the American was wise enough to see and admire in the Mediterranean peoples. The rolling stone from the West was glad to rest for a moment on this rock in the South that had gathered so very much moss. (Chesterton G.K. The Secret of Farther Brown)

Mr. Carver's mouth set into a smile that may have been meant to be gracious, but looked rather grim. "I'm afraid I shall be too busy for pleasure this evening," he said.

"How doth the little busy bee," observed Devine, equally enigmatically. "Your bees must be very busy if they keep you at it all night. I was wondering if—"

"Well," demanded Carver, with a certain cool defiance.

"Well, they say we should make hay while the sun shines," said Devine. "Perhaps you make honey while the moon shines."

There came a flash from the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat, as the whites of the man's eyes shifted and shone.

"Perhaps there is a good deal of moonshine in the business," he said: "but I warn you my bees do not only make honey. They sting." (Chesterton G.K. The Secret of Farther Brown)

Two more figures appeared in that subterranean passage under the stage: the first was Ashton Jarvis, a jolly fellow who generally acted villains, but who had surrendered that high vocation' for the moment to the curly-headed youth with the nose. The other figure was short and square and clad all in black; it was Father Brown from the church round the corner.

Father Brown seemed to take it quite naturally and even casually, that he should be called in to consider the queer conduct of one of his flock, whether she was to be regarded as a black sheep or only as a lost lamb. But he did not seem to think much of the suggestion of suicide. (Chesterton G.K. The Secret of Farther Brown)

He turned to gather up his hat and umbrella; but when he had got to the door he seemed to remember something and turned back. Coming up close to

Outram, he gazed up into his face with a rather helpless expression, as of a dying fish, and made a motion as if to hold him by the waistcoat.

“General,” he almost whispered, “for God’s sake don’t let your wife and that other woman insist on see big Marne again. Let sleeping dogs lie, or you’ll unleash all the hounds of hell.”

The general was left alone with a look of bewilderment in his brown eyes, as he sat down again to play with his pins. (Chesterton G.K. The Secret of Farther Brown)

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, “My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?” No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o’clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life enquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men’s dogs appeared to know him; and, when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, “No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!” (Dickens C. A Christmas Carol)

“And how did little Tim behave?” asked Mrs Cratchit when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart’s content.

“As good as gold,” said Bob, “and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.” (Dickens C. A Christmas Carol)

Mrs Tetterby, his lady-mother, who had been sitting with her bonnet and shawl thrown back, as aforesaid, thoughtfully turning her wedding-ring round and round upon her finger, now rose, and divesting herself of her out-of-door attire, began to lay the cloth for supper.

“Ah, dear me, dear me, dear me!” said Mrs Tetterby. “That’s the way the world goes!”

“Which is the way the world goes, my dear?” asked Mr Tetterby, looking round.

“Oh, nothing,” said Mrs Tetterby.

Mr Tetterby elevated his eyebrows, folded his newspaper afresh, and carried his eyes up it, and down it, and across it, but was wandering in his attention, and not reading it.

Mrs Tetterby, at the same time, laid the cloth, but rather as if she were punishing the table than preparing the family supper, hitting it unnecessarily

hard with the knives and forks, slapping it with the plates, dinting it with the salt-cellar, and coming heavily down upon it with the loaf.

“Ah, dear me, dear me, dear me!” said Mrs Tetterby. “That’s the way the world goes!”

“My duck,” returned her husband, looking round again, “you said that before. Which is the way the world goes?”

“Oh, nothing!” said Mrs Tetterby.” (Dickens C. The Haunted Man And The Ghost’s Bargain)

A chilled, slow, earthy, fixed old man. A cadaverous old man of measured speech. An old man who seemed as unable to wink as if his eyelids had been nailed to his forehead. An old man whose eyes – two spots of fire – had no more motion than if they had been connected with the back of his skull by screws driven through it, and riveted and bolted outside, among his grey hairs.

The night had turned so cold, to Mr Goodchild’s sensations, that he shivered. He remarked lightly, and half apologetically, “I think somebody is walking over my grave.”

“No,” said the weird old man, “there is no one there.”

Mr Goodchild looked at Idle, but Idle lay with his head enwreathed in smoke.

“No one there?” said Goodchild.

“There is no one at your grave, I assure you,” said the old man.” (Dickens C. The Ghost In The Bride’s Chamber)

“You will excuse me,” said the gentleman contemptuously, “if I am too much in advance of common humanity to trouble myself at all about it. I have passed the night – as indeed I pass the whole of my time now – in spiritual intercourse.”

“Oh!” said I, something snappishly.

“The conferences of the night began,” continued the gentleman, turning several leaves of his notebook, “with this message ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’ ”

“Sound,” said I; “but, absolutely new?”

“New from spirits,” returned the gentleman.

I could only repeat my rather snappish “Oh!” and ask if I might be favoured with the last communication.

“A bird in the hand,” said the gentleman, reading his last entry with great solemnity, “is worth two in the bosh.”

“Truly I am of the same opinion,” said I; “but shouldn’t it be bush?”

“It came to me, bosh,” returned the gentleman.” (Dickens C. The Haunted House)

*Язык, сознание, коммуникация: Сб. статей / Отв. ред. В. В. Красных, А. И. Изотов. – М.: МАКС Пресс, 2010. – Вып. 41. – 112 с. ISBN 978-5-317-03257-9*

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial, face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut – he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another. (Dickens C. The Signalman).