



МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ

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ВЫПУСКНАЯ КВАЛИФИКАЦИОННАЯ РАБОТА

На тему: **Стилистические особенности диалогической речи
в романе Ч.Диккенса «Дэвид Копперфилд»**

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« » (Charles Dickens "David Copperfield").

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[Durant, 1988, . 84]:

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[Crystal, 2005, . 89].

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«it»: Got some rope - have been told.

2) :

'But there is no need to get angry.' - 'If I am it is your fault...'

3) : Dreadful!

4) :

: Go back? ... No good at all! Go sideways?

Impossible! Go forward? Only thing to do! On we go!

5) «to have»,

«to be», «to do»: You better make sure. Anybody seen that sponge? I been to the circus three or four times -- lots of times.

) : 'You are a booby'

) : Isn't it dangerous for a girl (of) your age?

) : Anytime (when) you see something's up
in the night, just skip right around and meow [, 1981, . 57].

[, 2006, . 47]:

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*The seeds you sow – another reaps,
The robes you weave another wears,
The arms you forge – another bears.*

[, 1980, . 156].

*Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty.*

1.3.2.

[, 1989, . 219].

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[, 1975, . 145].
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, , « »,« » (« as if», «like»).

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[,1980, . 144].

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'How is she?' said my aunt, folding her arms with her bonnet still tied on one of them.

'Well, ma'am, she will soon be quite comfortable, I hope,' returned Mr. Chillip. 'Quite as comfortable as we can expect a young mother to be, under these melancholy domestic circumstances. There cannot be any objection to your seeing her presently, ma'am. It may do her good.'

'And SHE. How is SHE?' said my aunt, sharply.

Mr. Chillip laid his head a little more on one side, and looked at my aunt like an amiable bird.

'The baby,' said my aunt. 'How is she?'

'Ma'am,' returned Mr. Chillip, 'I apprehended you had known. It's a boy'
[Dickens, . 13].

('How is she?').

(It's a boy),

(,),

'My friend,' turning a darkening face on Peggotty, when he had watched my mother out, and dismissed her with a nod and a smile; 'do you know your mistress's name?'

'She has been my mistress a long time, sir,' answered Peggotty, 'I ought to know it.'

'That's true,' he answered. 'But I thought I heard you, as I came upstairs, address her by a name that is not hers. She has taken mine, you know. Will you remember that?'

Peggotty, with some uneasy glances at me, curtseyed herself out of the room without replying; seeing, I suppose, that she was expected to go, and had no excuse for remaining [Dickens, . 29].

« » « , », 'She has been my mistress a long time, sir, I ought to know it.'

friend').

'All the way where?' inquired the carrier.

'There,' I said.

'Good Heavens!' cried my mother, 'you'll drive me mad! Was ever any poor girl so ill-used by her servants as I am! Why do I do myself the injustice of calling myself a girl? Have I never been married, Peggotty?'

'God knows you have, ma'am,' returned Peggotty.

'Then, how can you dare,' said my mother — 'you know I don't mean how can you dare, Peggotty, but how can you have the heart — to make me so uncomfortable and say such bitter things to me, when you are well aware that I haven't, out of this place, a single friend to turn to?' [Dickens, . 25].

« (you'll drive me mad!), (Was ever any poor girl so ill-used by her servants as I am!). »

'Oh, what a weary boy!' said Dora one night, when I met her eyes as I was shutting up my desk.

'What a weary girl!' said I. 'That's more to the purpose. You must go to bed another time, my love. It's far too late for you.'

'No, don't send me to bed!' pleaded Dora, coming to my side.

'Pray, don't do that!'

'Dora!' To my amazement she was sobbing on my neck. 'Not well, my dear! not happy!'

'Yes! quite well, and very happy!' said Dora. 'But say you'll let me stop, and see you write.'

'Why, what a sight for such bright eyes at midnight!' I replied.

'Are they bright, though?' returned Dora, laughing. 'I'm so glad they're bright.'

'Little Vanity!' said I [Dickens, . 243].

'Oh, what a weary boy!'; 'What a weary girl!'

: very happy; so glad.

'Ah!' said Mr. Barkis. 'Her.'

'Yes. She makes all our pastry, and does all our cooking.'

'Do she though?' said Mr. Barkis.

By and by, he said: 'No sweethearts, I b'lieve?'

'Sweetmeats did you say, Mr. Barkis?' For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

'Hearts,' said Mr. Barkis. 'Sweet hearts; no person walks with her!'

'With Piggott?'

'Ah!' he said. 'Her' [Dickens, . 30].

('Ah!'; 'Her'; 'Hearts').

: 'Sweetmeats did you say, Mr. Barkis?'; 'With Piggott?'

2.2.

I an't what I could wish myself to be,' said Mrs. Gummidge. 'I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. Feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I wish I didn't feel 'em, but I do. I wish I could be hardened to 'em, but I an't. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. I've made your sister so all day, and Master Davy.'

Here I was suddenly melted, and roared out, 'No, you haven't, Mrs. Gummidge,' in great mental distress.

'It's far from right that I should do it,' said Mrs. Gummidge. 'It an't a fit return. I had better go into the house and die. I am a lone lorn creetur', and had much better not make myself contrary here. If thinks must go contrary with me, and I must go contrary myself, let me go contrary in my parish. Dan'l, I'd better go into the house, and die and be a riddance!' [Dickens, . 16].

feel 'em; hardened to 'em; but I an't.

: My troubles has made me contrary (

My troubles have made me contrary) .

: My troubles has made me contrary. Feel my troubles, and they make me contrary.

'And my dear boy,' cried my mother, coming to the elbow-chair in which I was, and caressing me, 'my own little Davy! Is it to be hinted to me that I am wanting in affection for my precious treasure, the dearest little fellow that ever was!'

'Nobody never went and hinted no such a thing,' said Peggotty.

'You did, Peggotty!' returned my mother. 'You know you did. What else was it possible to infer from what you said, you unkind creature, when you know as well as I do, that on his account only last quarter I wouldn't buy myself a new parasol, though that old green one is frayed the whole way up, and the fringe is perfectly mangy? You know it is, Peggotty. You can't deny it.'

'Am I a naughty mama to you, Davy? Am I a nasty, cruel, selfish, bad mama? Say I am, my child; say "yes", dear boy, and Peggotty will love you; and Peggotty's love is a great deal better than mine, Davy. I don't love you at all, do I?' [Dickens, . 24].

(my dear boy; my precious treasure; dear boy).

: Am I a

nasty, cruel, selfish, bad mama?
cruel, selfish, bad).

(nasty,

« , , ».

*'Good-bye, Davy. You are going for your own good. Good-bye, my child.
You will come home in the holidays, and be a better boy.'*

'Clara!' Miss Murdstone repeated.

*'Certainly, my dear Jane,' replied my mother, who was holding me.
'I forgive you, my dear boy. God bless you!'*

'Clara!' Miss Murdstone repeated [Dickens, . 28].

'my dear Jane,'

*: my child; my dear boy; God bless
you!*

*'Bless the precious boy!' cried Peggotty, taking hold of me. 'What is it?
Speak, my pet!'*

'Not dead, too! Oh, she's not dead, Peggotty?'

*Peggotty cried out No! with an astonishing volume of voice; and then sat
down, and began to pant, and said I had given her a turn.*

*I gave her a hug to take away the turn, or to give her another turn in the
right direction, and then stood before her, looking at her in anxious inquiry.*

'You see, dear, I should have told you before now,' said Peggotty, 'but I hadn't an opportunity' [Dickens, . 21].

(the precious boy; my pet; dear),

'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I, 'if you please, I'm looking for the dog.'

'Dog?' he says. 'What dog?'

'Isn't it a dog, sir?'

'Isn't what a dog?'

'That's to be taken care of, sir; that bites.'

'No, Copperfield,' says he, gravely, 'that's not a dog. That's a boy. My instructions are, Copperfield, to put this placard on your back. I am sorry to make such a beginning with you, but I must do it' [Dickens, . 54].

« , »,

« dog ».

('I beg your pardon, sir'; 'if you please').

'David,' he said, making his lips thin, by pressing them together, 'if I have an obstinate horse or dog to deal with, what do you think I do?'

'I don't know.'

'I beat him.'

I had answered in a kind of breathless whisper, but I felt, in my silence, that my breath was shorter now.

'I make him wince, and smart. I say to myself, "I'll conquer that fellow"; and if it were to cost him all the blood he had, I should do it. What is that upon your face?'

'Dirt,' I said [Dickens, . Dickens].

«beat», «make him wince», «conquer».

: he said, making his lips thin, by pressing them together (,).

'What was it they said, Davy? Tell me again. I can't believe it.'

""Bewitching -"" I began.

My mother put her hands upon my lips to stop me.

'It was never bewitching,' she said, laughing. 'It never could have been bewitching, Davy. Now I know it wasn't!'

'Yes, it was. "Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield",' I repeated stoutly. 'And, "pretty."'

'No, no, it was never pretty. Not pretty,' interposed my mother, laying her fingers on my lips again.

'Yes it was. "Pretty little widow."'

'What foolish, impudent creatures!' cried my mother, laughing and covering her face. 'What ridiculous men! An't they? Davy dear -' [Dickens, 15].

« »,

('No, no, it was never pretty. Not pretty').

(foolish, impudent creatures; ridiculous men).

(she said, laughing),

character. He knows me, and I know him. Do YOU know me? Hey?' said Mr. Creakle, pinching my ear with ferocious playfulness.

'Not yet, sir,' I said, flinching with the pain.

'Not yet? Hey?' repeated Mr. Creakle. 'But you will soon. Hey?'

'You will soon. Hey?' repeated the man with the wooden leg [Dickens, . 68].

(*'Come here, sir!'*),

(*'But you will soon'*)

(*Hey?*).

'Good night, young Copperfield,' said Steerforth. 'I'll take care of you.'

'You're very kind,' I gratefully returned. 'I am very much obliged to you.'

'You haven't got a sister, have you?' said Steerforth, yawning.

'No,' I answered.

'That's a pity,' said Steerforth. 'If you had had one, I should think she would have been a pretty, timid, little, bright-eyed sort of girl. I should have liked to know her. Good night, young Copperfield.'

'Good night, sir,' I replied [Dickens, . 36].

: 'Good night'; 'I am very much obliged to you'; 'Good night, sir'.

(*pretty, timid, little, bright-eyed*).

'Now, boy,' said Mr. Dick, 'I am going to put a question to you.'

'As many as you please,' said I.

'What do you consider me, sir?' asked Mr. Dick, *folding his arms.*

'A dear old friend,' said I.

'Thank you, Trotwood,' returned Mr. Dick, laughing, and reaching across in high glee to shake hands with me. 'But I mean, boy,' resuming his gravity, 'what do you consider me in this respect?' touching his forehead.

I was puzzled how to answer, but he helped me with a word.

'Weak?' said Mr. Dick.

'Well,' I replied, dubiously. 'Rather so.'

'Exactly!' cried Mr. Dick, who seemed quite enchanted by my reply [Dickens, . 256].

: 'As many as you please,'

: 'Exactly!'

'Now, Clara my dear,' said Mr. Murdstone. 'Recollect! Control yourself, always control yourself! Davy boy, how do you do?' [Dickens, . 22].

« , » (Clara my dear),

, (Davy boy, how do you do?).

: 'Recollect! Control yourself, always control yourself!

:

'You were speaking about its being a girl,' said Miss Betsey. 'I have no doubt it will be a girl. I have a presentiment that it must be a girl. Now child, from the moment of the birth of this girl -'

'Perhaps boy,' my mother took the liberty of putting in.

'I tell you I have a presentiment that it must be a girl,' returned Miss Betsey. 'Don't contradict. From the moment of this girl's birth, child, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, and I beg you'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield' [Dickens, . 5].

I.

(Don't contradict).

: Now child; child,

(I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother).

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