

The dinner party and uncle octavian



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Nicholas John Turney Monsarrat (22 March 1910 – 8 August 1979). He is a popular English novelist whose best-known work is *The Cruel Sea* (an international bestseller about the battle of the Atlantic). During the Second World War He served with the Royal Navy, chiefly on the dangerous Atlantic convoy runs. Summary The story tells us about a rich man (uncle Octavian). He was a hospitable and friendly man – until January 3, 1925. It was his fifty-fifth birthday. As usual on such a day he was giving a party, a party for twelve people. All of them were old friends.

During the party he was admired a magnificent diamond ring on the princess's hand. Then the ring was passed from hand to hand. Soon she asked to have her ring back. Uncle Octavian commanded that there will be no search in his house. Because guests were his close friends. But nobody returned the princess's ring back. The ring was never found and it never appeared. Since that event Uncle Octavian never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life. He died a comparatively poor man with the special sadness of a hospitable host.

The main idea of the story extract is the problem of behavior. It is doesn't matter rich you or poor man. You should have your personal principle and manners. It is always confuse and stress you when you understand who are really your close friends. Uncle Octavian has understood that one of his close friends is a thief. But till the end of a party he continued to believe that it was joke. Because he absolutely trusted to his friends. But he was mistaken. Because of one traitor (предатель) he lost all his old friends. Since that he doesn't trust anyone.

So much treason can effect on a person. Stylistic analysis In that story the author uses a contrast that is achieved by antonyms “ rich” and “ poor” to create the main character of a story(Uncle Octavian) and his life . Also the author employs epithets “ a charming and accomplished host, “ a hospitable and most amiable man” for the same purpose. Also the author uses epithet “ a wonderful dinner” to describe atmosphere of a party. He also depicts the guests by epithets “ fabulous American wife; old and intimate friends; cherished friends” and hyperbole “ deeply privileged”.

The powerful effect of a ring produces by hyperbole “ a magnificent diamond ring”” gleaming splendidly” and synonyms “ There were exclamations of delight and admiration” to emphasize the meaning of a ring in the story. In conclusion the author employs anaphora “ The ring was never found, it never appeared” And epithet “ he died with the special sadness of a hospitable host” to produce the effect of tragedy and hopelessness of a main character.

[http://www. proza. ru/2012/04/20/1152](http://www.proza.ru/2012/04/20/1152) The Dinner Party By N. Monsarrat

There are still some rich people in the world. Many of them lead lives of particular pleasure. But rich people do have their problems.

They are seldom problems of finance, since most rich people have enough sense to hire other people to take care of their worries. But there are other, more genuine problems. They are the problems of behaviour. Let me tell you a story which happened to my uncle Octavian a full thirty years ago. At that time I myself was fifteen. My uncle Octavian was then a rich man. He was a charming and accomplished host whose villa was an accepted rendezvous of the great. He was a hospitable and most amiable man – until January 3,

1925. There was nothing special about that day in the life of my uncle Octavian, except that it was his fifty-fifth birthday.

As usual on such a day he was giving a party, a party for twelve people. All of them were old friends. I, myself, aged fifteen, was deeply privileged. I was staying with my uncle at his exquisite villa, on holiday from school, and as a special concession on this happy day, I was allowed to come down to dinner. It was exciting for me to be admitted to such company, which included a newspaper proprietor of exceptional intelligence and his fabulous American wife, a recent prime-minister of France and a distinguished German prince and princess. At that age, you will guess, I was dazzled.

Even today, 30 years later, one may fairly admit that the company was distinguished. But I should also stress that they were all old and intimate friends of my uncle Octavian. Towards the end of a wonderful dinner, when dessert had been brought in and the servants had left, my uncle leant forward to admire a magnificent diamond ring on the princess's hand. She was a handsome woman. She turned her hand gracefully towards my uncle. Across the table, the newspaper proprietor leant across and said: " May I also have a look? " She smiled and nodded. Then she took off the ring and held it out to him.

" It was my grandmother's – the old empress," she said. " I have not worn it for many years. It is said to have once belonged to Genghis Khan. " There were exclamations of delight and admiration. The ring was passed from hand to hand. For a moment it rested on my own palm, gleaming splendidly. Then I passed it on to my neighbour. As I turned away again, I saw her pass it on.

It was some 20 minutes later when the princess stood up and said: “ Before we leave you, may I have my ring back? ” ... There was a pause, while each of us looked expectantly at his neighbour.

Then there was silence. The princess was still smiling, though less easily. She was unused to asking for things twice. The silence continued, I still thought that it could only be a practical joke, and that one of us – probably the prince himself – would produce the ring with a laugh. But when nothing happened at all, I knew that the rest of the night would be dreadful. I am sure that you can guess the sort of scene that followed. There was the embarrassment of the guests – all of them old and valued friends. There was a nervous search of the whole room.

But it did not bring the princess’s ring back again. It had vanished – an irreplaceable thing, worth possibly two hundred thousand pounds – in a roomful of twelve people, all known to each other. No servants had entered the room. No one had left it for a moment. The thief (for now it could only be theft) was one of us, one of my uncle Octavian’s cherished friends. I remember it was the French cabinet minister who was most insistent on being searched, indeed, in his excitement he had already started to turn out his pockets, before my uncle held up his hand and stopped him.

“ There will be no search in my house,” he commanded. “ You are all my friends. The ring can only be lost. If it is not found” – he bowed towards the princess – “ I will naturally make amends myself. ” The ring was never found, it never appeared, either then or later. To our family’s surprise, uncle Octavian was a comparatively poor man, when he died (which happened, in

fact, a few weeks ago). And I should say that he died with the special sadness of a hospitable host who never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life.