

ЎЗБЕКИСТОН РЕСПУБЛИКАСИ
ОЛИЙ ВА ЎРТА МАХСУС ТАЪЛИМ ВАЗИРЛИГИ

Инглиз тилидан мустақил ўқиш учун мўлжалланган
матнлар тўплами
(ўқув-услубий қўлланма)

Тошкент – 2004

Лексика материалларини дарсда мустаҳкамлаш учун ҳар бир матндан сўнг машқлар ва луғавий маънони ифодаловчи сўз ва иборалар берилган.

Тузувчилар: доц. Сиддиқова И.А.
доц. Абдуазизова Д.А.

Маъсул муҳаррир: ф.ф.н. Назирова Ш.О.

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JOHN COLLIER

The Chaser

Alan Austin, as nervous as a *kitten, went up certain dark and creaky stairs in the neighborhood of *Pell Street, and *peered about for a long time on the dim *landing before he found the name he wanted written obscurely on one of the doors.

He pushed open this door, as he *had been told to do, and found himself in a tiny room, which contained no furniture but a plain kitchen table, a *rocking-chair, and an ordinary chair. On one of the dirty *buff-colored walls were a couple of shelves, containing in all perhaps a dozen bottles and jars.

An old man sat in the rocking-chair, reading a newspaper. Alan, Without a word, handed him the card he had been given. " Sit down, Mr. Austin," said the old man very politely. " I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"Is it true," asked Alan, "that you have a certain mixture that has—er—quite extraordinary effects?"

"My dear sir," replied the old man, "my stock in trade is not very large—I don't deal in *laxatives and *teething mixtures—but such as it is, it is varied. I think nothing I sell has effects which, could be precisely described as ordinary."

"Well, the fact is—" began Alan.

"Here, for example," interrupted the old man, reaching for a bottle from the shelf. " Here is a liquid as colorless as water, almost tasteless, quite *imperceptible in coffee, milk, wine, or any other beverage. It is also quite imperceptible to any known method of * autopsy."

"Do you mean it is a poison?" cried Alan, very much horrified. " Call it a glove-cleaner if you like," said the old man indifferently. "Maybe it will clean gloves. I have never tried. One might call it a life-cleaner. Lives need cleaning sometimes." "I want nothing of that sort," said Alan! " Probably it is just as well," said the old man. "Do you know the price of this? For one *teaspoonful, which is sufficient, I ask *five thousand dollars. Never less. Not a penny less."

" I hope all your mixtures are not as expensive," said Alan *apprehensively.

" Oh dear, no," said the old man. " It would be no good charging that sort of price for a love *potion, for example. Young people who need a love potion very seldom have five thousand dollars. Otherwise they would not need a love potion."

" I am glad to hear that," said Alan.

" I look at it like this," said the old man. " *Please a customer with one article, and he will come back when he needs another. Even if it *is* more *costly. He will save up for it, if necessary."

" So," said Alan, " do you really sell love potions? "

"If I did not sell love potions," said the old man, reaching for another bottle, "I should not have mentioned the other matter to you. It is only when one is in a position to oblige that one can afford to be so confidential."

"And these potions," said Alan. "They are not just—just—*er—."

" Oh, no," said the old man. " Their effects are permanent, and extend far beyond casual impulse. But they include it. *Bountifully, insistently. Everlastingly."

" Dear me! " said Alan, attempting a look of scientific detachment. " How very interesting! "

" But consider the spiritual side," said the old man.

"I do indeed," said Alan.

"For indifference," said the old man, "they substitute devotion. For scorn, adoration. Give one tiny measure of this to the young lady—its flavor is imperceptible in orange juice, soup, or cocktails— and however gay and *giddy she is, she will change altogether. She will want nothing but solitude, and you."

"I can hardly believe it," said Alan. "She is so fond of parties,"

"She will not like them anymore," said the old man. "She will be afraid of the pretty girls you may meet."

"She will actually be jealous?" cried Alan in a *rapture. "Of me?"

" Yes, she will want to be everything to you."

" She is already. Only she doesn't care about it."

"She will, when she has taken this. She will care intensely. You will be her *sole interest in life."

"Wonderful!" cried Alan.

"She will want to know all you do," said the old man. "All that has happened to you during the day. Every word of it, She will want to know what you are thinking about, why you smile suddenly, why you are looking sad." ' "That is love! " cried Alan,

"Yes," said the old man. "How carefully she will look after you! She will never allow you to be tired, to sit in a *draught, to neglect your food. If you are an hour late, she will be terrified. She will think you are killed, or that some *siren has caught you."

" I can hardly imagine Diana like that! " cried Alan, overwhelmed with joy.

"You will not have to use your imagination," said the old man. "And, by the way, since there are always sirens, if by any chance you *should*, later on, slip a little, you need not worry. She will forgive you, in the end. She will be terribly hurt, of course, but she will forgive you—in the end."

"That will not happen," said Alan **fervently*.

" Of course not," said the old man. " But,.. if it did, you need not worry. She would never divorce you. Oh, no! And, of course, she herself will never give you the least, the very least, **grounds for—* uneasiness."

"And how much," said Alan, "is this wonderful mixture?"

"It is not as **dear*," said the old man, "as the glove-cleaner, or life-cleaner, as I sometimes call it. No. That is five thousand dollars, never a penny less. One has to be older than you are, to indulge in that sort of thing. One has to save up for it."

"But the love potion? " said Alan.

"Oft, that," said the old man, opening the drawer in the kitchen table, and taking out a tiny, rather dirty-looking **phial*. "That is just a dollar."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Alan, watching him fill it.

"I like to oblige," said the old man. "Then customers come back, later in life, when they are **rather* better off, and want more expensive things. Here you are. You will find it very effective."

"Thank you again," said Alan. "Good-by."

" **Au revoir*," said the old man.

Glossary

apprehensively worriedly, fearfully

au revoir Good-by until *we* meet again ("French)

autopsy the medical examination of a body to determine the cause of death

bountifully generously, in great quantity

buff-colored a pale- yellowish-brown

chaser a drink of water or beer taken after a drink of hard liquor (informal)

costly expensive dear expensive

draught chiefly-British spelling of **draft** "a current, of air."
*The choice o/ spelling is consistent with the. old man's rather
for mal style o/ speech.*

er *The word Alan is too shy to say* **aphrodisiac** "arousing sexual
passion.'*

fervently with great sincerity and passion

five thousand dollars *Given his modest style of life (and New York
prices at the time* the story was written), this would be enough to
support the old man. for a year.*

giddy silly, not serious toward life

grounds basis, reason

had been told *by the person who sent him*

imperceptible not able to be seen

kitten a baby cat

landing the area at the top of a flight of stairs

laxative a medicine or drug that causes a bowel movement

peered about looked around intently, unable to see well

Pell Street a rather poor street in New York's Chinatown

phial a small glass tube

please satisfy

potion a (magic) liquid, most often associated with love

rapture state of great happiness

rather better off wealthier, richer

rocking-chair a chair mounted on curved pieces of wood which
enable it to rock back and forth

siren a seductive woman

sole only

teaspoonful five liquid grams

teething mixture a medicine to lessen the pain of a baby's
teeth growing in

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

- *1. What kind of a building does Alan go into? Office or residential? Old or new? Well kept up or shabby?
2. Why does he enter without ringing the bell or knocking?
3. What is there in the room?
4. How does the old man know Alan's name?
- *5. What sort of products does the old man have for sale? Do you think he has many customers? Why?
6. What is the "life-cleaner"? How much does it cost?
- *7. What does the old man mean when he says "Young people who need a love potion very seldom have five thousand dollars. Otherwise they would not need a love potion"?
- *8. What is the old man's sales philosophy?
9. Are the physical effects of the love potion temporary or long-lasting? Slight or great?
- *10. How will Diana's attitude toward Alan change after she has drunk the potion?
11. Will Diana ever tire of Alan or become angry with him? Will she ever be unfaithful to him?
- *12. Where does the old man keep the love potion? How much does it cost? Why do you think it is so inexpensive?
- *13. Why does the old man say *au revoir*?
- *14. What does the title of the story imply?

EXERCISES

A. *ANTONYMS*. Match each adjective in Column I with the word in Column II which means the opposite.

I

II

Ex. apprehensive (<i>CALM</i>)	Adoring
1. casual	calm
2. costly	Despairing
3. dim	Inexpensive
4. impenetrable	Interested
5. indifferent	Limited
6. polite	long-lasting
7. ranturous	Noticeable
8. scornful	rude
9. varied	well-lit

B. WORD CHOICE. Now choose the most appropriate words among those in Columns I and II above to complete the following sentences.

Ex. As Alan climbed the stairs, he felt APPREHENSIVE.

- The name was hard to read because the light was _____.
- "I am glad to make your acquaintance" is an extremely _____ greeting.
- The old man's stock was much more _____ than that of a _____ drugstore.
- The taste of a poison shouldn't be _____ to the victim.
- Five thousand dollars for a teaspoonful of liquid is certainly _____!
- Alan tried to pretend that he was _____ to the aphrodisiac effects of the love potion.
- The effects of the love potion were guaranteed to be _____.
- Alan was _____ at the idea of having Diana's total devotion for the rest of his life.
- The old man wasn't the least bit _____ in Alan's enthusiastic belief in the joys of marriage to Diana.

C. STYLISTIC VARIATION. Make the style of these sentences more casual EITHER by replacing the italicized expression OR by using the negative contraction N'T with the verb.

Ex. The room contained *no furniture but* & table.

THE ROOM CONTAINED *ONLY* A TABLE.

"I want *nothing* of that sort."

"*I DON'T* WANT ANYTHING OF THAT SORT."

- "My stock in trade is *not very large*."

2. "Young people who need a love potion *very seldom* have five thousand dollars."

3. " I hope *all* your mixtures are *not as* expensive."

4. " It would be *no good* charging that sort of price."

"

You *need not* worry."

Topics for Discussion or Composition

1. What is there in the text to suggest that Alan is a very shy and naive young man? How old do you think he is?
2. What do you suppose the old man sells besides the " life-cleaner and love potion? There are " perhaps a dozen " bottles and jars on the shelf. Do you think each one contains something different? What similar products might his customers want?
3. The old man guarantees that the love potion will produce all the effects of idealized romantic love. Do you find the sort of life he describes for Alan and Diana appealing?
4. What do you think will happen to Alan and Diana?

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

The Use of Force

They were new patients to me, all I had was the name, *01son.
Please come down as soon as you can, my daughter is very sick.

When I arrived I was met by the mother, a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic who merely said, Is this the doctor? and let me in. In the back, she added. You must excuse us, doctor, we have her in the kitchen where it is warm. It is very *damp here sometimes.

The child was fully dressed and sitting on her father's *lap near the kitchen table. He tried to get up, but I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and started to look things over. I could see that they were all very nervous, *eyeing me up and down distrustfully. As often, in such cases, they weren't telling me more than they had to, "it was up to me to tell them; that's why they were spending three dollars on me.

The child was *fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a *heifer in appearance. But her face was *flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high *fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in *profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the *photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

She's had a fever for three days, began the father and we don't know what it comes from. My wife has given her things, you know, like people do, but *it don't do no good. And there's been a lot of sickness around. So we *tho't you'd better *LOOK her over and tell us what is the matter.

As doctors often do I *took a trial shot at it as a point of departure. Has she had a sore *throat?

Both parents answered me together, No... No, she says her throat don't hurt her.

Does your throat hurt you? added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.

Have you looked?

I tried to, said the mother, but I couldn't see.

As it happens we had been having a number of cases of *diphtheria in the school to which this child went during that month and we were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

Well, I said, suppose we take a look at the throat first. I smiled in my best professional manner and asking for the child's first name I said, come on, Mathilda, open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat.

Nothing doing.

Aw, come on, I *coaxed, just open your mouth wide and let me take a look. Look, I said opening both hands wide, I haven't anything in my hands. Just open up and let me see.

*Such a nice man, put in the mother. Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to. He won't hurt you.

At that I *ground my teeth in disgust. If only they wouldn't use the word "hurt" I might be able to get somewhere. But I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed but speaking quietly and slowly I approached the child again.

As I moved my chair a little nearer suddenly with one cat-like movement both her hands *clawed instinctively for my eyes and she almost reached them too. In fact she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, though unbroken, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

Both the mother and father *almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology. You bad girl, said the mother, taking her and shaking her by one arm. Look what you've done. The nice man . . .

For heaven's sake, I broke in. Don't call me a nice man to her. I'm here to look at her throat on the chance she might have diphtheria and possibly die of it. But that's nothing to her. Look here, I said to the child, we're going to look at your throat. You're old enough to understand what I'm saying. Will you open it now by yourself or shall we have to open it for you?

Not a move. Even her expression hadn't changed. Her breaths however were coming faster and faster. Then the battle began. I had to do it. I had to have a throat ""culture for her own protection. But first I told the parents that it was entirely up to them. I explained the danger but said that I would not insist on a throat examination so long as they would take the responsibility.

If you don't do what the doctor says you'll have to go to the hospital, the mother *admonished her severely.

*Oh yeah? I had to smile to myself. After all, I had already fallen in love with the savage *brat, the parents were contemptible to me. In the *ensuing struggle they grew more and more *abject, crushed, exhausted while she surely rose to magnificent heights of insane fury of effort *bred of her terror of me.

The father tried his best, and he was a big man but the fact that she was his daughter, his shame at her behavior and his *dread of hurting her made him release her just at the critical moment several times when I had almost achieved success, till I wanted to kill him. But

his dread also that she might have diphtheria made him tell me to go on, go on though he himself was almost fainting, while the mother moved back and forth behind us raising and lowering her hands in an agony of apprehension.

Put her in front of you on your lap, I ordered, and hold both her wrists.

But as soon as he did the child let out a scream. Don't, you're hurting me. Let go of my hands. Let them go I tell you. Then she *shrieked terrifyingly, hysterically. Stop it! Stop it! You're killing me! Do you think she can stand it, doctor! said the mother.

You get out, said the husband to his wife. Do you want her to die of diphtheria?

Come on now, hold her, I said.

Then I grasped the child's head with my left hand and tried to get the wooden *tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought, with *clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious—at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally I got the wooden *spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up for an instant but before I could see anything she came down again and gripping the wooden blade between her *molars she reduced it to *splinters before I could get it out again.

Aren't you ashamed, the mother yelled at her. Aren't you ashamed to act like that in front of the doctor?

Get me a smooth-handled spoon of some sort, I told the mother. We're going through with this. The child's mouth .was already bleeding. Her tongue was cut and she was screaming in wild hysterical shrieks. Perhaps I should have *desisted and come back in an hour or more. No doubt it would have been better. But I have seen at least two children lying dead in bed of neglect in such cases, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never I went at it again. But the worst of it was that I too had got beyond reason. I could have torn the child apart in my own fury and enjoyed it. It was a pleasure to attack her. My face was burning with it.

The damned little brat must be protected against her own idiocy, one says to one's self at such times. Others must be protected against her. It is social necessity. And all these things are true. But a blind fury, a feeling *of* adult shame, bred of a longing for muscular release are the 'operatives. One goes on to the end.

In a final unreasoning assault I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she *gagged. And there it was—both *tonsils covered with 'membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She had been hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this.

Now truly she *was* furious. She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes.

Glossary

abject deserving contempt because behaving in a cowardly or self-abasing manner

admonished warned

almost turned themselves inside out *This use of exaggeration for emphasis is typical of American speech.*

brat a contemptuous word for "child"

bred past participle (and past tense) of **breed**, here "be the cause of" **clawed** used (her) fingernails to attack, as an animal uses its claws **clenched** held together tightly

coaxed asked gently, encouragingly

culture a sample of (throat) tissue to be tested for infection in a laboratory

damp slightly wet

desisted stopped

diphtheria a serious infectious disease of the throat

dread great fear

ensuing following

eyeing (me) up and down looking at (me) from head to toe

fairly eating (me) up was looking at (me) very intently; here,

fairly means "almost" (rural colloquialism)

fever an above-normal body temperature

flushed red; here, because of a fever

gagged choked

ground past tense of **grind** "rub together with great force"

heifer a young cow

it don't do no good *Standard English would be "It hasn't done any good." The father's manner of speaking is typical of people with little formal education.*

it was up to (me) it was (my) responsibility

lap the front part of a seated person's legs from the waist to the knees

look her over give her a medical examination

membrane soft, thin tissue; here, a sign of disease

molars the back teeth

Oh yeah Oh yes?; an expression of skepticism (informal)

Olson a common family name of Scandinavian origin

operatives here, the immediate, compelling motives

photogravure section a special section of the weekend newspaper filled with colored pictures reproduced by the photogravure process, in which a picture is reproduced on a metal plate from a photographic negative; the final printing is done from the plate

profusion abundance

shrieked screamed

spatula a tool with a wide, flat, flexible blade; here, it refers to the tongue depressor

splinter a small, sharp fragment (of wood, glass or metal)

such a nice (man) *A formula used by mothers to reassure their children about kind strangers.*

tho't thought

throat the passage inside the neck

tongue depressor a thin, flat piece of wood used by a doctor to hold down a patient's tongue in order to examine his throat

tonsils the two small oval masses of Lymphoid tissue in the back of the throat

took a trial shot made a first attempt; here, an attempt to diagnose the illness

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

Fact

*Inference & Interpretation**

1. Who is the narrator, the "I"?

2. Whom did he go to see?

3. Why was the family in the kitchen when the doctor arrived?

4. Why did they not tell the doctor "more than they had to"?

5. How much did the doctor's visit cost?

6. What did the daughter look like?

7. What indicated that she was sick?

8. How long had she had a fever?

What had her parents done to treat it?

9. What was the doctor's first question? What was the parents' response?

10. What was the doctor's next question? What was the mother's response?

11. What did all three adults fear?

What sort of people were the Olsons? Describe each of them.

What time of year was it?

The doctor says, "As often, in such cases." What sort of cases does he mean?

How old do you think the daughter was?

Why do you think the mother asked her daughter "Does your throat hurt?" when the question had just been answered?

Why didn't the Olsons speak openly about their fear?

12. What was the child's name?

13. What did the doctor ask her to do?

14. How did the mother try to help the doctor? What was the doctor's reaction?

Why was the doctor “disgusted” by the mother’s approach to her child?

15. What did Mathilda do when the doctor moved closer to her?

Why did Mathilda react so violently to the doctor?

16. How did the parents react?

Why were the parents so embarrassed?

17. Why did the doctor object to being called “a nice man”?

18. What did the doctor tell Mathilda to do? How did she react?

19. Why was it so important for the doctor to see the child's throat?

Why does the doctor describe the final events of the story as a “battle”?

20. How did the mother attempt to force the child to comply?

21. What was the doctor's reaction to the mother's attempt?

22.

We are told that the doctor was “a big man” and that “he was almost fainting.” Aren’t these descriptions contradictory?

23. Why did he insist that the doctor continue trying?

24. What was the mother doing?

25. What did the doctor finally order the father to do?

26. What was the child's reaction?

Why did Mathilda finally break her silence? Or, why had she not spoken before?

27. What did the husband tell his wife to do?

Why did the doctor speak so sharply to Mathilda?

28. What did the doctor use to force open the child's mouth?

29. What did Mathilda do when he had almost succeeded in seeing her throat?

Why did Mathilda's mother yell at her? What do you think the mother was feeling?

30. What did the doctor use next to force her mouth open?

The doctor suddenly shifts from simple to sophisticated vocabulary and sentence structure. What effect does that have?

31. Why did the doctor not wait an hour or two and then try again?

The doctor says, "I too had got beyond reason." Who else was in that state?

32. What did the doctor find when he finally saw Mathilda's throat?

Why had Mathilda lied about having a sore throat?

33. What was Mathilda's reaction when the doctor discovered her "secret"?

Why did she react that way?

EXERCISES

A. *Expressions with LOOK.* Use each of the italicized expressions in an original sentence, illustrating another context in which it could be used.

Ex. I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and started to *look things over*.

THE POLICE *LOOKED THINGS OVER* BEFORE THE PARADE.

1. " We tho't you'd better *look her over*."

2. "Let's *take a look* at your throat."

3. " *Look what* you've done."

4. " *Look here*," I said to the child, " we're going to *look at* your throat."

B. *ANTONYMS.* Replace the italicized words with a word or phrase that will reverse the meaning of the sentence.

Ex. The mother was very *apologetic*.

SELF-CONFIDENT

1. They were *eyeing me up and down*.

It was up to me to tell them.

That's *nothing* to her.

In the struggle they grew more *abject, crushed* and *exhausted*.

In a final *unreasoning* assault, I overpowered the child's neck and jaws.

Topics for Discussion or Writing

1. In what way is the parents' reaction to the doctor ambiguous?
2. How much of her parents' attitude toward the doctor does the child accept? In what way(s) does she differ from them?
3. Try to explain these seemingly-contradictory comments of the doctor:
 - a. I had already fallen in love with the savage brat, the parents were contemptible to me."
 - b. " But the worst of it was that I too had got beyond reason. I could have torn the child apart in my own fury and enjoyed it. It was a pleasure to attack her. My face was burning with it."
 - c. "The damned little brat must be protected against her own idiocy, one says to one's self at such times. One must be protected against her. It is social necessity. And all these things are true. But a blind fury, a feeling of adult shame, bred of a longing for muscular release are the operatives. One goes on to the end."
4. Which character in the story do you feel the most sympathy for? Why?

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The Killers (Part I)

The door of Henry's *lunchroom opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

" *What's yours? " George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat." Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter *Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

" *What the hell do you put it on *the card for? "

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at *six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

" It's twenty minutes fast."

*' Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. " What have you got to eat? "

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

" Give me *chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

" I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver—

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a *derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk *muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins.

Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their *elbows on the counter.

“Got anything to drink? ” Al asked.

“*Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale,” George said.

“ I mean you got anything to *drink*”. ”

“Just those I said.”

“This is a hot town,” said the other. “What do they call it?”

“Summit,”

“ Ever hear of it? ” Al asked his friend.

“No,” said the friend.

“ What do you do here nights? ” Al asked.

“They eat the dinner,” his friend said. “They all come here and eat the big dinner.”

“That's right,” George said.

“So you think that's right?” Al asked George.

“Sure.”

“ You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you? ”

“Sure,” said George.

“Well, you're not,” said the other little man. “Is he, Al?”

“ He's dumb,” said Al. He turned to Nick. “ What's your name? ”

“Adams.”

“Another bright boy,” Al said. “ *Ain't he a bright boy, Max?”

“The town's full of bright boys,” Max said.

George put the two *platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two *side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the *wicket into the kitchen.

“ Which is yours? ” he asked Al.

“ Don't you remember? ”

“Ham and eggs.”

“Just a bright boy,” Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

“ What are *you* looking at? ” Max looked at George.

“Nothing.”

“The hell you were. You were looking at me.”

“ Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max,” Al said. George laughed.

“You don't have to laugh,” Max said to him. “You don't have to laugh at all, see? ”

“All right,” said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. *That's a good one."

" Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

" What's the idea? " Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

" What's the idea? " George asked.

"None of your damn business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen? "

"The* nigger."

" What do you mean the nigger? "

" The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

" What's the idea? "

"Tell him to come in."

" Where do you think you are? "

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

" What are you going to do to him? "

"Nothing. *Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it? " he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his *apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool,

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter

opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a *saloon into a lunch counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something? "

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about? "

"I don't know."

"What do you think? "

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking. "I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a *catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen? "

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Anderson? "

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, *don't he? "

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he? "

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"What are you going to kill Ole Anderson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. *He never even seen us."

"And he's only going to see UK once," Al said from the kitchen.

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," .said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddam much."

"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"

"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the *convent."

"I suppose you were in a convent."

" You never know."

"You were in a *kosher convent. That's where you were."

George looked up at the clock.

" If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is *off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. *Do you get that, bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us after ward?"

"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

Glossary

ain't nonstandard negative form of **be** (all persons) in the present tense

apron a loose garment worn over the front to protect clothes when one is cooking

card the menu; the list of available dishes, with their prices

catsup variant spelling of **ketchup**, a spicy tomato sauce served with hamburgers, french fried potatoes and some other dishes

chicken croquettes finely-chopped pieces of chicken bound together by a thick white sauce, rolled in bread-crumbs and then deep-friend

convent a Roman Catholic institution where women who have dedicated their lives to the church live in seclusion

derby a round, stiff hat usually associated with rather formal daytime dress

don't he substandard for “doesn't he”

Do you get that? Do you understand? (slang)

elbows on the counter *The rhyme “Mabel, Mabel, sweet and able/ Keep your elbows off the table”. Is used in many middle-class American households to remind children of good manners.*

He never even seen us The omission of “has “ (or “have”) in the present perfect is common among uneducated people.

kosher here, Jewish; there is no such thing as a “kosher convent”

lunchroom a small, inexpensive eating place with very simple food

muffler scarf

Nick Adams *A character in many Hemingway's early stories, a stand-in for Hemingway himself.*

nigger an insulting term for “Negro” (slang)

off off duty, not working

platter an oval plate

saloon a bar; *Saloons traditionally have a long, high mirror behind the counter*

side-dish a serving of potatoes, other cooked vegetables, or salad that accompany a meat dish but are served in a separate container; Cf. **side order** a side-dish which is not included in the price of the main dish. *These terms are used in quick-service restaurants.*

silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale all non-alcoholic beverages. *The story takes place during Prohibition {1920-33}, when it was illegal to sell alcoholic beverages in the U.S. The law, however, was widely ignored.*

six o'clock *The usual dinner hour for many American families*

That's a good one a cliché meaning “That statement is amusing”; here, used ironically

Use your head think

What's yours? What is your order? This expression is not impolite *in this context, hut very informal and restricted to use in lunchrooms and casual bars.*

What the hell a common profanity used for emphasis

wicket a small window through which food is passed from tin-kitchen

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

*1. Where does the story take place? What time of day is it? What time of year?

*2. There are four men in Henry's as the story begins. What do you know about the appearance, personality and social/ educational background of each? How much of the information comes from direct description? How much from the way the characters talk and act?

3. Who is the dominant member of the Max-Al pair? Why do you think so?

*4. What does Max mean when he says "This is a hot town"?

5. What do the two men have for dinner? Why do they eat with their gloves on?

6. What do Max and Al do when they have finished eating?

7. How do Nick and George differ in their reactions to Max and Al?

8. What clue is there about George's age, at least relative to that of Max and I? Who is Sam? How does he react to Max and Al?

9. Who is Sam? How does he react to Max and Al?

EXERCISES

A. *THE GOING TO FUTURE.* Substitute the word in parentheses in the appropriate place in the preceding sentence, making all other necessary changes. Do the drill orally in class, then write it out.

Ex. They're going to eat dinner.

(have) THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE DINNER.

(a sandwich) THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A SANDWICH.

1. (he) _____
2. (a drink) _____
- 3.. (go into the kitchen) _____

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

**The Killers
(Part II)**

George looked up at the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A *street -car motorman came in.

" Hello, George," he said. " Can I get supper? "

" Sam's gone out," George said. " He'll be back in about half an hour."

"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said.

George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice, bright boy," Max said. " You're regular little gentleman."

"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him."

At six-fifty-five George said: " He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunch -room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich " *to go" that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the *muzzle of a *sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

" Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said. "Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn't going to come."

" *We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen. In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

"Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter? " He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

" What about the two bright boys and the nigger? "

"They're all right."

" You think so? "

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's *sloppy. You talk too much."

" Oh, what the hell," said Max. " We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. " *You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to *play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the *arc -light and across the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to *swagger it off..

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

" Ole Andreson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

" They all gone? " he asked.

"Yeah," said-George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

" Listen," George said to Nick. " You better go see Ole Andreson."

"All right."

" You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. " You better stay way out of it."

" Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. " You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?" The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's *rooming-house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the *car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?" "Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a *heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."

Ole Andreson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it." "There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said. "I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it." "That's all right." Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "That wouldn't do any good,"

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No, There ain't anything to do."

" Maybe it was just a *bluff."

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, can't make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day."

" Couldn't you get out of town? "

"No," Ole Andreson said. "I'm through with all that running around."

He looked at the wall, "There ain't anything to do now."

" Couldn't you fix it up some way? "

"No, I *got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out." " I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said downstairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

" He doesn't want to go out."

" I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. " He's an awfully nice man. He was in the *ring, you know."

"I know it."

" You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's *just as gentle."

" Well, *good night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter. " Did you see Ole? "

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said and shut the door.

" Did you tell him about it? " George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

" What's he going to do? "

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

" I guess they will."

" He must have *got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

" It's a hell of a thing."

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

" I wonder what he did? " Nick said.

" *Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

" I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

" I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to *get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

Glossary

arc-light the street light

bluff a threat intended to get results without being carried out

car-tracks the metal rails that a street-car runs on

double-crossed cheated, betrayed (slang)

get it be killed (slang)

Good night, Mrs. Hirsch. *It is considered polite to address someone by name, Nick is well-mannered.*

got in wrong became involved with bad people

got mixed up in became involved in something bad

heavyweight prizefighter a professional boxer

just as gentle ~ *as can be*; very gentle, nice

muzzle the firing end of a gun

play the races bet money on horse races

ring boxing ring

rooming house a private home where a person may rent a room inexpensively for a period of months or even years

sawed-off shotgun a weapon popular with American gangsters in the 1920's and 30's; the front end of the gun is cut off for use

at short range; the gun fires a number of pellets at one time

sloppy careless

street-car motorman the man who drives a street-car or tram

swagger it off pretend to be completely unaffected by what has happened

to go to take out food from the place you bought it in order to eat somewhere else (slang),

We'll give him ten minutes. We'll wait another ten minutes for him to arrive.

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

1. Who is the first person to come into the lunchroom while Max and Al are waiting? What time does he come?
2. What does George tell the customer? What does the customer do?
3. Who else comes in between six o'clock and six-thirty-five?
4. What is happening in the kitchen during this time?
5. At what time do Max and Al decide to leave?
- *6. How many references to the time are there between the beginning of this part of the story and the line "*Come on, Al,*" Max said.
- *7. What does Al think they should do with George, Sam and Nick? Why?
- *8. Max doesn't share Al's opinion. What difference between them does that suggest?
- *9. What does Max mean when he tells George that he "ought to play the races"?
- *10. What is the effect of describing Max and Al as looking "like a vaudeville team"?
11. What does George do after the killers have left?

12. How do George, Sam and Nick differ in their reactions to what has happened? What suggests that Nick is still in his teens, or at most his early twenties?
- *13. What does George ask Nick to do? Why do you think he makes the suggestion?
14. How far is Hirsch's rooming house from Henry's lunchroom?
15. How old do you suppose Ole is? What can you infer about his physical appearance?
16. How does Nick feel as he tells Ole why he has come? What is Ole's reaction?
- *17. How does Nick offer to help Ole? Why does Ole refuse all of Nick's offers and suggestions?
18. What is the landlady's opinion of Ole? What effect does that have in relation to the plot?
19. Why do Nick, George and Sam think Ole is going to be killed?
- *20. What is Nick going to do?

EXERCISES

A. THE PAST PERFECT. Change the sentences from simple past to past perfect.

Ex. Two more people *came* into the lunchroom.

TWO MORE PEOPLE CAME INTO THE LUNCHROOM.

1. Once George went out to the kitchen.

2. He made a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go".

3. He cooked the sandwich in a bag.

4. He wrapped the sandwich in oiled paper.

5. He put the sandwich in a bag.

6. He brought the sandwich to the man.

7. The man paid for the sandwich and went out.

B. NEGATIVE RESPONSES. Pretend that you are Ole and reject each of Nick's suggestions. (For sentences 3, 4 and 6 more than one negative form is possible, as is indicated.)

Ex. You can do something about it.

NO, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

1. Do you want they were like?

2. That would do some good.

3. There's something you can do.

(nothing) _____

(n't
anything) _____

(not
anything) _____

4. It's just a bluff.

(n't) _____

(not) _____

5. You could get out of town.

6. There's some way you could fix it up.

(no) _____

(n't
any) _____

(not
any) _____

7. Ut'll work out all right.

Topics for Discussion or Writing

1. Why do Nick, George, Sam and Ole differ as they do in their reactions to the killers? What is *your* feeling about Max and Al? What might they symbolize?
2. How does each of the main characters—Al, Max, Nick, George, Sam, Ole - view the prospect of Ole's death? How do their reactions to his fate differ? How do you think Hemingway wants you, the reader, to feel?
3. What values does Hemingway admire? Do you share his values? For example, do you admire stoicism in the face of death?

JAMES THURBER

The Unicorn in the Garden

*Once upon a sunny morning a man who sat in a "breakfast nook" looked up from his scrambled eggs to see a white unicorn with a gold horn quietly *cropping the roses in the garden. The man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her. "There's a unicorn in the garden/" he said. "Eating roses." She opened one unfriendly eye and looked at him. "The unicorn is a *mythical beast," she said, and turned her back on him. The man walked slowly downstairs and out into the garden. The unicorn was still there; he was now *browsing among the tulips. "Here, unicorn," said the man, and he pulled up a lily and gave it to him. The unicorn ate it *gravely. With a *high heart, because there was a unicorn in his garden, the man went upstairs and *roused his wife again. "The unicorn," he said, "ate a lily." His wife sat up in bed and looked at him, coldly, "You are a *booby," she said, "and I am going to have you put in the *booby-hatch." The man, who had never liked the words "booby" and "booby-hatch," and who liked them even less on a shining morning when there was a unicorn in the garden, thought for a moment. "We'll see about that," he said. He walked over to the door. "He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead," he told her. Then he went back to the garden to watch the unicorn; but the unicorn had gone away. The man sat down among the roses and went to sleep.

As soon as the husband had gone out of the house, the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could. She was very excited and there was a *gloat in her eye. She telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist; she told them to hurry to her house and bring a *strait-jacket. When the police and the psychiatrist arrived they sat down in chairs and looked at her, with great interest. "My husband," she said, "saw a unicorn this morning." The police looked at the psychiatrist and the psychiatrist looked at the police. "He told me it ate a lily," she said. The psychiatrist looked at the police and the police looked at the psychiatrist. "He told me it had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead," she said, At a solemn signal from the psychiatrist, the police leaped from their chairs and seized the wife.

They had a hard time *subduing her, for she put up a terrific struggle, but they finally subdued her. Just as they got her into the strait-jacket, the husband came back into the house.

"Did you tell your wife you saw a unicorn?" asked the police. "Of course not," said the husband. "The unicorn is a mythical beast." "That's all I wanted to know," said the psychiatrist. "Take her away. I'm sorry, sir, but your wife is *as crazy as a jay bird." So they took her away, cursing and screaming, and shut her up in an institution. The husband lived happily ever after.

Glossary

as crazy as a jay bird insane (slang; now out-of-date)

booby someone who is insane; **booby-hatch** an insane asylum, a hospital for the mentally ill (slang; now out-of-date)

breakfast nook a corner of the kitchen with a small table and, Often, high-backed benches; popular in American homes in the 1930's and 40's

browsing here, eating slowly, as animals do in a field

cropping eating; used to describe the way animals eat the top of plants

Don't count your boobies.... *The actual proverb is **Don't count your chickens until they are hatched** meaning "don't count on something before it happens," Cf. **hatch** to break out of an egg*

and hatch to put someone in a booby-hatch.

gloat *Thurber invented this noun from the verb **gloat** "to look at with selfish delight" and the expression **to have a gleam in one's eye.***

gravely seriously

high heart great happiness

mythical fictitious, imaginary; adjective form of **myth**

Once upon a Children's fairy tales traditionally begin "Once upon a time..." They end with "They all lived happily ever after,"

This story is from Thurber's FABLES FOR OUR TIME.

(A **fable** is a short story, often with animals in it, which illustrates a moral. The most famous are those of Aesop and of La Fontaine.)

roused woke up, awakened

strait-jacket a white jacket with *very* long arms, the ends of which are tied behind someone's back to keep him still; used to sub due insane people

subdue overcome, bring under control

unicorn an animal like a horse, with a horn in the middle of its forehead

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

Fact

1. What kind of day was it?
Where was the man sitting?
What was he eating?

2. What did he see in the garden? What was it doing?

3. What did the man do?
What was his wife doing?

4. How did the wife react to her husband's announcement about the unicorn?

5. What was the unicorn doing when the man went into the garden?

6. What did the man do? How did the unicorn react?

7. How did the wife respond to the news that the unicorn had eaten a lily?

8. What did the man do when

*Inference & Interpretation**

What does the setting tell you about the man's style of life?

Why did he want to tell his wife about the unicorn?

What suggests that the husband was disappointed by his wife's reaction?

Why did it make the man so happy to have a unicorn in his garden?

Was the husband worried by his wife's Threat?

he found that the unicorn had left?

9. What did the wife do as soon as her husband had left the house? Why was there "a gloat" in her eye?

10. Whom did she telephone? What did she tell them? Why did the police and the Psychiatrist look at the woman "with great interest" when they arrived?

11. How did the police and the psychiatrist react to her news about the unicorn? Why did they have to subdue the wife?

12. When did the husband come back into the house? Why didn't the husband come as soon as he heard the struggle begin?

13. How did he answer the police's question? Why did the husband respond as he did to the police's question?

14. Why did the psychiatrist tell the police to take the wife away? What sort of institution was the wife taken to?

15. What did the husband do? Explain the moral.

Exercises

A. *Indirect speech with SAY and TELL.* Rewrite these sentences

from the story, following the example.

Ex. "There's a unicorn in the garden," he said.

a) HE SAID (THAT) THERE WAS A UNICORN IN THE GARDEN.

b) HE TOLD HER (THAT) THERE WAS A UNICORN IN THE GARDEN.

1. "The unicorn is a mythical beast," she said.

a) _____

b) _____

2. "The unicorn," he said, "ate a lily."

a) _____

b) _____

3. "You are a booby," she said, "and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch."

a) _____

b) _____

4. "We'll see about that," he said.

a) _____

b) _____

5. "My husband," she said, "saw a unicorn this morning,"

a) _____

b) _____

6. "He told me had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead," she said.

a) _____

b) _____

B. TRANSFORMING SENTENCES. Each of these sentences can be divided into several shorter sentences, either by eliminating a subordinating word or by adding a few words to a phrase. Rewrite the sentences, underlining words that you add.

Ex. Once upon a sunny morning a man who sat in a breakfast nook looked up from his scrambled eggs to see a white unicorn with a gold horn quietly cropping roses in the garden.

a) IT WAS A SUNNY MORNING.

b) A MAN WAS SITTING IN A BREAKFAST NOOK.

c) HE WAS EATING SCRAMBLED EGGS.

d) HE LOOKED UP AND SAW A WHITE UNICORN,

e) THE UNICORN HAD A GOLD HORN.

f) THE UNICORN WAS QUIETLY CROPPING ROSES IN THE GARDEN.

1. The man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her.

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____

2. The man, who had never liked the words "booby" and "booby-hatch," and who liked them even less on a shining morning when there was a unicorn in the garden, thought for a moment.

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____
- d) _____

3. As soon as the husband had gone out of the house, the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could.

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____

4. They had a hard time subduing her, for she put up a terrific struggle, but they finally subdued her.

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____

5. So they took her away, cursing and screaming, and shut her up in an institution.

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____

Topics for Discussion or Writing

1. How do the husband and wife differ in temperament and character?

2. In "The Chaser," it is *ironic* that Alan's idealized love may very likely turn to hate. What is the *irony* in this story?

3. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket," is an American proverb similar to the moral of this story. Is there a proverb in your culture which has the same moral?

4. In what ways is Thurber's fable similar to others that you know? In what ways is it different?

The Orphaned Swimming Pool

Marriages, like chemical unions, release upon dissolution packets of the energy locked up in their *bonding. There is the piano no one wants, the *cocker spaniel no one can take care of. Shelves of books suddenly stand revealed as burdensomely dated and unlikely to be reread; indeed, it is difficult to remember who read them in the first place. And what of those old skis in the attic? Or the doll house waiting to be repaired in the basement? The piano goes out of tune, the dog goes *mad. The summer that the Turners got their divorce, their swimming pool had neither a master nor a mistress, though the sun beat down day after day, and a state of *drought was declared in *Connecticut.

It was a young pool, only two years old, of the fragile type fashioned by laying a plastic liner within a carefully carved hole in the ground. The Turners' side yard looked infernal while it was being done; one bulldozer sank into the mud and had to be pulled free by another. But by midsummer the new grass was sprouting, the encircling *flagstones were in place, the blue plastic tinted the water a heavenly blue, and it had to be admitted that the Turners had scored again. They were always a little in advance of their friends. He was a tall, hairy-backed man with long arms, and a nose flattened by *football, and a sullen look of too much blood; she was a fine-boned blonde with dry blue eyes and lips usually held parted and crinkled as if about to ask a worrisome, or *whimsical, question. They never seemed happier, nor their marriage healthier, than those two summers. They grew brown and supple and smooth with swimming. Ted would begin his day with a swim, before dressing to *catch the train, and Linda would hold court all day amid crowds of wet *matrons and children, and Ted would return from work to find a poolside cocktail party in progress, and the couple would end their day at midnight, when their friends had finally left, by swimming nude, before bed. What ecstasy! In darkness the water felt mild as milk and buoyant as helium, and the swimmers became giants, gliding from side to side in a single *languorous stroke.

The next May, the pool was filled as usual, and the usual after-school gangs of mothers and children gathered, but Linda, unlike her, stayed

indoors. She could be heard within the house, moving from room to room, but she no longer emerged, as in the other summers, with a cheerful tray of ice and *brace of bottles, and *Triscuits and lemonade for the children. Their friends felt less comfortable about appearing, towels in hand, at the Turners' on weekends. Though Linda had lost some weight and looked elegant, and Ted was cumbersomely jovial, they gave off the faint, sleepless, awkward-making aroma of a couple in trouble. Then, the day after *school was out, Linda *fled with the children to her parents in *Ohio. Ted stayed nights in the city, and the pool was deserted. Though the pump that ran the water through the filter continued to mutter in the *lilacs, the *cerulean pool grew cloudy. The bodies of dead horseflies and wasps dotted the still surface. A speckled plastic ball drifted into a corner beside the diving board and stayed there. The grass between the flagstones grew lank. On the glass-topped poolside table, a spray can of *Off! had lost its pressure and a *gin-and-tonic glass held a *sere mint leaf. The pool looked desolate and haunted, like a stagnant jungle spring; it looked poisonous and ashamed. The postman, stuffing overdue notices and pornography solicitations into the mailbox, averted his eyes from the side yard politely.

Some June weekends, Ted sneaked out from the city. Families driving to church glimpsed him *dolefully sprinkling chemical substances into the pool. He looked pale and thin. He instructed Roscoe Chace, his neighbor on the left, how to switch on the pump and change the filter, and how much *chlorine and Algitrol should be added weekly. He explained he would not be able to *make it out every weekend—as if the distance that for years he had traveled twice each day, gliding in and out of New York, had become an impossibly steep climb back into the past. Linda, he confided vaguely, had left her parents in *Akron and was visiting her sister in Minneapolis. As the shock of the Turners' joint disappearance wore off, their pool seemed less haunted and forbidding. The Murtaugh children—the Murtaughs, a rowdy, numerous family, were the Turners' right-hand neighbors—began to use it, without supervision. So Linda's old friends, with their children, began to *show up, "to keep the Murtaughs from drowning each other." For if anything were to happen to a Murtaugh, the poor Turners (the adjective had become automatic) would be *sued for everything, right when they could least afford it. It became, then, a kind of duty, a test of loyalty, to use the pool.

July was the hottest in twenty-seven years. People brought their own *lawn furniture over in station wagons and set it up. Teenage offspring and Swiss **au-pair* girls were established as lifeguards. A nylon rope with

notation corks, meant to divide the wading end from the diving end of the pool, was found coiled in the garage and reinstalled. Agnes Kleefield contributed an old refrigerator, which was wired to an outlet above Ted's basement 'workbench and used to store ice, quinine water, and *soft drinks. An *honor system shoebox containing change appeared beside it; a little lost-and-found—an array of forgotten sunglasses, flippers, Bowels, lotions, paperbacks, shirts, even underwear—materialized on the Turners' side steps. When people, that July, said, "Meet you at the pool," they did not mean the public pool past the shopping center, or the country-club pool beside the *first tee. They meant the Turners'. Restrictions on¹ admission were difficult to enforce tactfully. A visiting Methodist bishop, two Taiwanese economists, an entire girls' Softball team from *Darien, an eminent Canadian poet, the archery champion of *Hartford, the six members of a black rock group called the Good Intentions, an ex-mistress of Aly Khan, the *lavender-haired mother-in-law of a Nixon adviser not quite of Cabinet rank, an infant of six weeks, a man who was killed the next day on the *Merritt Parkway, a Filipino who could stay on the pool bottom for eighty seconds, two Texans who kept cigars in their mouths and hats on their heads, three telephone *linemen, four expatriate Czechs, a student Maoist from *Wesleyan, and the postman all swam, as guests, in the Turners' pool, though not all at once. After the daytime crowd *ebbed, and the shoebox was put back in the refrigerator, and the last *au-pair* girl took the last *goosefleshes, wrinkled child shivering home to supper, there was a tide of evening activity, *trysts (Mrs. Kleefield and the Nicholson boy, most notoriously) and what some called, overdramatically, orgies. True, late splashes and excited *guffaws did often keep Mrs. Chase awake, and the Murtaugh children spent hours at their attic window with binoculars. And there was the evidence of the lost underwear. One Saturday early in August, the morning arrivals found an unknown car with New York *plates parked in the garage. But cars of all sorts were so common—the parking tangle frequently extended into the road—that nothing much was thought of it, even when someone noticed that the 'bedroom windows upstairs were open. And nothing came of it, except that around suppertime, in the lull before the evening crowds began to arrive in force, Ted and an unknown woman, of the same physical type as Linda but brunette, swiftly exited from the kitchen door, got into the car, and drove back to New York, The few lingering babysitters and *beaux thus unwittingly glimpsed the root of the divorce. The two lovers had been trapped inside the house all day; Ted was fearful of the *legal

consequences of their being seen by anyone who might write and tell Linda. The settlement was at a *ticklish stage; nothing less than terror of Linda's lawyers would have led Ted to suppress his indignation at seeing, from behind the window screen, his private pool turned public carnival. For long thereafter, though in the end he did not marry the woman, he remembered that day when they lived together like fugitives in a cave, feeding on love and ice water, tiptoeing barefoot to the depleted cupboards, which they, arriving {ate last night, had hoped to stock in the morning, not foreseeing the onslaught of Interlopers that would pin them in. Her hair, he remembered, had tickled his shoulders as she crouched behind him at the window, and through the angry pounding of his own blood he had felt her slim body breathless with the attempt not to giggle.

August drew in, with cloudy days. Children grew bored with swimming. Roscoe Chase went on vacation to Italy; the pump broke down, and no one repaired it. Dead dragonflies accumulated on the surface of the pool. Small deluded toads hopped in and swam around hopelessly. Linda at last returned. From Minneapolis she had gone on to *Idaho for six weeks, to be divorced. She and the children had burnt faces from riding and hiking; her lips looked drier and more quizzical than ever, still seeking to frame that troubling question. She stood at the window, in the house that already seemed to lack its furniture, at the same side window where the lovers had crouched, and gazed at the deserted pool. The grass around it was green from splashing, save where a long-lying towel had smothered a rectangle and left it brown. Aluminum furniture she didn't recognize lay strewn and broken. She counted a dozen bottles beneath the glass-topped table. The nylon divider had parted, and its two halves floated independently. The blue plastic beneath the colorless water tried to make a cheerful, otherworldly statement, but Linda saw that the pool in truth had no bottom, it held bottomless loss, it was one huge blue tear. Thank God no one had drowned in it. Except her. She saw that she could never live here again. In September the place was sold to a family with toddling infants, who for safety's sake have not only drained the pool but have sealed it over with iron pipes and a heavy mesh, and put warning signs around, as around a chained dog.

Glossary

- Akron** an industrial city in northern Ohio
- au-pair** a girl from overseas who does light housework and/or looks after young children in exchange for room and board (French)
- beaux** the plural of **beau** "a young man who is courting a girl" (French); here, it refers to the babysitters' boyfriends
- bonding** a **chemical bond** is the force which holds atoms together in a molecule
- brace** a pair of two like things; here, two bottles of liquor such as Scotch and gin
- catch the train** *Ted was a commuter, taking the train to New York each day to go to the office*
- cerulean** sky blue
- chlorine and Algitrol** chemical substances used to keep the pool clean
- cocker spaniel** a breed of dog; cockers are popular pets because of their good dispositions and relatively small size
- Connecticut** one of the New England states; its southern border is just north of New York City
- Darien** a wealthy, fashionable town in Connecticut. *The girls playing softball (a kind of baseball played with a larger, softer ball) were probably in secondary school.*
- dolefully** sadly, without enthusiasm
- drought** a long period without any rain
- ebbed** retreated; describes the action of a receding tide
- first tee** the beginning of the golf course
- flagstone** a flat, fine-grained stone which is split into slabs and used for paving; it is expensive and is considered quite elegant
- fled** past tense of **flee** "to run away, as from danger"
- football** *It is not uncommon for an American man to have been injured playing high school or college football.*
- gin-and-tonic glass** a tall glass, used for serving a popular summer drink made with gin and quinine water
- goosefleshes** skin momentarily covered by small bumps as a result of the cold
- guffaw** a loud, sudden laugh

Hartford the capital of Connecticut; known primarily for the many insurance companies located there

honor system a system of trust where each person stakes his good name on the fulfillment of his promise; here, to pay for what he ate or drank

Idaho *Divorce laws vary from state to state, though a divorce granted in one state is valid in all the others; six-weeks' residence qualified Linda to obtain a divorce in this Western state.*

instructed Roscoe Chace *Suburban neighbors commonly look after each other's homes or yards when one is away.*

interloper someone who comes without being invited

languorous sensuously lazy, without effort

lavender-haired a hair color, a very pale tint of bluish purple. *Some women whose hair has turned white, and who are impressed by their own dignity and elegance as they age, consider it fashionable to have a blue dye added to make the white more brilliant.*

lawn furniture folding chairs with aluminum frames

legal consequences *Evidently the divorce was to be on the grounds of incompatibility, rather than adultery, if Linda could prove the latter, she might either refuse Ted the divorce or demand higher alimony payments*

lilac a dense bush with sweet-smelling white or purple flowers in spring. *The machinery for cleaning the pool water was concealed in the bushes*

linemen men who work outdoors installing or repairing telephone lines

mad insane

make it out come out from the city to his home

matron a married woman

Merritt Parkway a busy highway in Connecticut

Minneapolis a city in Minnesota

Off! a brand of insect-repellent spray

Ohio a Midwestern state, about 500 miles from Connecticut

orphaned without parents

plates license plates

school was out *American primary and secondary schools are generally in session from early September to early June.*

sere withered, dry (poetic)

show up appear, arrive

soft-drinks non-alcoholic beverages

sued for everything be required by a court of law to pay a large sum of money in compensation for damages

ticklish delicate, easily upset

Triscuit a brand of salty wheat cracker

tryst a secret, romantic meeting

Wesleyan a university in western Connecticut

whimsical fanciful, playful

workbench a sturdy table. *Many suburban men have a workbench and tools for doing odd jobs.*

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

- *1. To what does Updike compare marriage? What examples does he give to support his contention about marriages that end in divorce?
- *2. What is the implication of the statement "The piano goes out of tune, the dog goes mad"?
3. What "packet of energy" was released as a result of the dissolution of the Turners' marriage?
4. How long ago had the Turners' pool been installed? How had it been constructed?
- *5. What is suggested by the phrase "the Turners had scored again"?
6. What did the Turners look like? How old do you think they were? Of what social milieu?
7. What use did they make of the pool during the first two years?
- *8. When did signs begin to appear that the Turners' marriage was breaking up? What were the signs?
9. How did the pool's condition deteriorate when the Turners separated?
- *10. Where did Ted live after Linda left? Why didn't he stay in the house?
11. Who first began to use the pool again? How did the adults justify using the pool?
12. How soon after the Turners left had the neighbors taken over the pool? How were things organized?

- *13. Who swam in the pool besides the Turners' friends? Which of the various "guests" do you think would have been turned away if it could have been done tactfully? Why?
14. What happened at the pool in the evenings? Why did the Murtaugh children spend "hours at their attic window with binoculars"?
15. What did the neighbors do when they noticed a car in the garage and the bedroom windows open? Whom did the car belong to?
16. What was "the root of the divorce"?
- *17. How did Ted feel about seeing his private pool being used so freely? Why didn't he say something? Did his companion feel the same way?
18. What happened to the pool in August? *
19. When Linda returned, what was "the troublesome question" her lips seemed to be trying to frame? *
20. What did the pool symbolize for Linda? In what sense had she "drowned" in it? *
21. When the house was sold, what did the new family do with the pool? Why? *
22. What is the effect of the sudden switch from simple past to present perfect tense in the second part of the last sentence of the story?

Exercises

A. *ARTICLES*. Fill the blanks with *a*, *an*, *the* or nothing, as required by the context. Be prepared to explain your choices.

It was A young pool of _____ fragile type fashioned by laying _____ plastic liner within _____ carefully carved hole in _____ ground. By _____ mid-summer _____ new grass was sprouting, _____ encircling flagstones were in place, _____ blue plastic tinted _____ water _____ heavenly blue, and it had to be admitted that _____ Turners had -scored again.

B. *PREPOSITIONS*. Put each of these prepositions in the appropriate

blank: *around, at, for, from, in, in, of, on, on, to, with*.

Children grew bored WITH swimming. Roscoe Chase went _____ vacation _____ Italy. Dead dragonflies accumulated _____ the surface _____ the pool. Small deluded toads hopped _____ and swam _____ hopelessly. Linda _____ last returned. _____ Minneapolis she had gone _____ Idaho _____ six weeks, to be divorced.

C. *WORD FORMS*. For each pair of sentences, change the italicized word in the first sentence to the form (of the same word) which is grammatically appropriate for the second sentence.

Ex. Upon *dissolution*, marriages release packets of energy.

WHEN MARRIAGES DISSOLVE, THEY RELEASE PACKETS OF ENERGY.

1. The water felt *buoyant* as helium.

The water _____ them up.

2. Ted was *cumbersomely* jovial.

Ted's hearty good humor was _____.

3. The bodies of horseflies *dotted* the still surface.

The bodies of horseflies were like _____ on the still surface.

4. A nylon rope with flotation corks was *reinstalled*.

The _____ of the nylon rope didn't take long.

5. The goosefleshed, wrinkled children went *shivering* home to dinner.

The children, goosefleshed and wrinkled, _____ as they went

home to dinner.

6. Ted had to suppress his *indignation* at seeing his private pool turned

into a public carnival. Ted felt _____ at seeing his private pool turned

into a public carnival.

SHIRLEY JACKSON

The Lottery (Part I)

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into *boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and Reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dicky Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or *clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded *house dresses, and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times—Bobby Martin *ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and

Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the * square dances, the teenage club, the *Halloween program—by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced jovial man and he ran the *coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a *scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers *kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, " Some of you fellows want to *give me a hand ?" there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original *paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without *anything's being done. The black box grew *shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but *splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the *chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been *all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr.

Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal Company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves' barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of *fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families, heads of *households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper *swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory,, tuneless chant that had been *rattled off *duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand *just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to *lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally *left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "*Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought *my old man was *out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came *a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there." Mrs. Hutchinson *craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud

enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes *your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to *get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, " Wouldn't have me leave *m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchin-son's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we *better-get started, get this over with, *so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here? "

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. " Guess I gotta *fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, " Watson boy drawing this year? "

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for m'mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and *ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like " Good fellow, Jack," and " Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it? "

"**Here,**" a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

Glossary

all very well satisfactory; *the phrase is always followed by but and a contrasting statement, if only by implication*
anything's *the addition of 's is a rural colloquialism*

a-running *old-fashioned (archaic) verb form; the a- is a verbal prefix meaning "to be in the act of"*

better had better, should

boisterous noisy and active

chip small, flat piece

clean completely (rural)

clung past tense of **cling** "hold tightly"; *always followed by to and a noun*

coal business selling coal to the townspeople for heating their homes

craned stretched

ducked rapidly moved down and to one side; **ducked his head**
lowered it in embarrassment

duly in the proper manner and at the proper time; adverbial form of **due**

fill in for substitute for

fussing paying attention to small details

get on begin

give me a hand help me

Halloween October **31**, the eve of All Saints¹ Day (All Hallows' Day). *American children celebrate it by dressing up in costume, carving pumpkins, and playing harmless tricks.*

house dress a simple, inexpensive cotton dress worn for doing housework, rather than for social occasions

households those people living as a separate economic unit

just so in a precise manner

kept their distance were hesitant to approach; stayed away

lapse end without being renewed

left off stopped; past tense of **leave off**

lottery a contest in which tickets are distributed or sold; the winning ticket or tickets are selected in a chance drawing (drawn by lot)

m' my

my old man my husband (informal)

out back in the back yard, behind the house

paraphernalia equipment

rattled off said mechanically, without thought

reprimand a reproof, fault-finding, sharp words (from the teacher)

scold a bad-tempered woman

shabbier more worn-out, in worse condition

so's so that (rural)

splintered with the wood split and coming off in narrow, sharp pieces

square dance an American folk dance, done with four couples facing each other in a square

swearing-in the ceremony in which a public official takes his oath of office, formally promising to carry out his duties to the best of his ability

your Missus your wife (informal)

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

- *1. What time of year is it? Where does the lottery take place? Is this the only lottery being held? Who participates in it?
2. The lottery is scheduled so as to be over "in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner." Do American families usually eat a large meal together at noon? What does the fact that the families still eat together tell you about the village in the story?
3. "The children assembled first, of course." Why "of course"?
4. What do the children do while they are waiting for the lottery to begin?
5. We are quickly introduced to some of the villagers—Bobby Martin, Bobby and Harry Jones, Dicky Delacroix. How do you know from their names that they are children? Are the family names "Martin" and "Jones" common or unusual in the United States? What about "Delacroix"?
6. How do most of the people in the village earn their living?
- *7. In the third paragraph, what suggests that the lottery is a serious event?
8. How are the villagers grouped as the lottery begins?
9. Who conducts the lottery? What other responsibilities does he have in the town?
- *10. Who helps Mr. Summers set up the lottery? Why are the villagers reluctant to help?
- *11. What paraphernalia is needed for the lottery? How big do you suppose the black box is?

12. What indication do you have of how many years the lottery has been going on ?

*13. Who is in favor of making a new black box? Who is opposed? What are the arguments on each side?

*14. What change has Mr. Summers succeeded in making? What argument did he use to convince the people?

15. What do Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves do the night before the lottery?

16. Where is the black box stored when it's not in use?

*17. What activities immediately precede the formal opening of the lottery? How have these activities changed over the years?

18. Why is Mr. Summers thought to be good at conducting the lottery?

19. Who is the last person to arrive? Why is she late?

*20. Why is there "soft laughter" in response to the exchange between Tessie Hutchinson and Joe Summers?

21. Which villager is still missing? Why?

22. What are the rules concerning people who can't attend the lottery?

Exercises

A. *RURAL SPEECH*. The townspeople's speech is typical of that in rural areas, where people sometimes do not have much formal education. Rewrite the sentences, changing the underlined words to conform to standard English, Ex. "The kids was gone." THE KIDS WERE GONE.

1. " An body ain't here? " _____

2. " He's broke his leg, hasn't he? " _____

3. " Horace's not but sixteen yet." _____

4. " Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year." _____

5. "Who's drawing for him?" " Me, I guess." _____

B. *TRUNCATED SENTENCES*. It is also typical of informal conversation to sometimes omit the subject and/or verb. Add the missing words.

Ex. I'M A " Little late today, folks."

1. ___ " Some of you fellows want to give me a hand? "
2. ___ " Clean forgot what day it was."
3. ___ "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood."
4. ___ " Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink now would you, Joe? "
5. ___ "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."
6. ___ " Watson boy drawing this year? "
7. ___ "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

What kinds of subjects and verbs are commonly omitted?

C. *WORD FORMS.* Change each of the underlined adverbs to a noun, adjective or verb, as required by the modified context.

Ex. The flowers were blossoming profusely.

THE FLOWERS WERE BLOSSOMING IN PROFUSION.

1. The grass was richly green.
The grass was a _____ green.
2. School was recently over for the summer.
The school closing was _____.
3. The feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them.

Most of them felt _____ about their liberty.

4. The children came reluctantly.
The children were _____ to come.
5. He talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.
His conversation with Mr. Graves and the Martins was _____.
6. Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square.
Mrs. Hutchinson _____ along the path to the square.
7. "Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said in a _____ tone, "guess we better get started."

8. "Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully.
"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said with _____.

SHIRLEY JACKSON

The Lottery (Part II)

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear? "

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting then-lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She *held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the woman said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar

and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"HarbutHutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of *giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner *snorted. " *Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for *them*. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live *that* way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating *stewed *chickweed and *acorns. There's *always* been a lottery," he added *petulantly. " Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in *that*," Old Man Warner said *stoutly. " Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. " Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, " Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, " *Take your time, *son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," " Bill Hutchinson's got it."

*' Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, " You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair! "

" Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the, same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done *pretty fast, and now we've got to *be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons? "

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

" It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

" I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. " My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, " and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

" Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

" How many kids, Bill? " Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got *their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. " Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could "I tell you it wasn't *fair*. You didn't give him time enough to choose. *Everybody* saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just *one* paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, *switching her skirt, and took a slip *daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. " Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then *set her lips and went up *to* the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. " People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both *beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It,s Tessie," Mr.Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr.Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in

the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

“All right, folks,” Mr. Summers said. “Let’s finish quickly.”

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones they had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. “Come on,” she said. “Hurry up.”

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, “I can’t run at all. You’ll have to go ahead and I’ll catch up with you.”

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few *pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. “It isn’t fair,” she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying. “Come on, come on, everyone.” Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

“It isn’t fair, it isn’t right,” Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

Glossary

acorn the fruit of the oak tree, eaten by animals, but not normally by humans

beamed smiled very happily

be hurrying hurry; *the use of be plus the present participle after*

got to *is now rare except in the phrase “We’ve/I’ve got to be going now.”*

chickweed a low, weedy plant, eaten by chickens

daintily delicately, in a lady-like fashion

giving up abandoning

held (her) breath didn’t breathe for several seconds

pack group; *commonly used for ~ of cards* or *~ of wolves*
pebble a tiny stone, such as one finds on a beach
petulantly with unreasonable irritation
pretty relatively
set her lips didn't allow her lips to move, assumed a determined expression
snorted made a sound of disgust
son a common way for an older person to address a boy; sonny is used with younger boys
stewed cooked slowly in water for a long period of time
stoutly with great conviction, with strong belief
switching casually brushing her skirt with her hand so that it moved as she walked
Take your time Don't hurry

Comprehension and Discussion Questions

1. What happens in the first round of drawing? What indication is there in the text that another round is to follow?
- *2. What signs are there of the people's nervousness during the drawing?
3. What clichés about time do Mrs. Delacroix and Mrs. Graves exchange?
- *4. Why do the people near Mrs. Hutchinson laugh when she says "Get up there, Bill"? How do you think she feels as she says it? How do the others feel?
5. How does Old Man Warner react to the news that people in another village are talking about giving up the lottery?
6. What saying about the lottery does Old Man Warner remember? What does that suggest about a possible origin of the lottery?
- *7. What arguments does Old Man Warner present for keeping the lottery?
8. How does Mrs. Dunbar show her impatience for the lottery to be over?

9. How many years has Old Man Warner been drawing in the lottery? How old do you suppose he is?

10. Normally someone "wins" a lottery, but that word is never used in the story. What expression is used instead?

*11. A lottery winner is generally very pleased with his luck. How does Bill Hutchinson react when he "gets it"? What is Tessie's reaction? Is her accusation fair?

12. Why do you think her husband speaks sharply to her?

13. Mr. Summers consults "his next list." What was on the first list? What is on the second one?

14. How many "households" are there in the Hutchinson "family"? Who are the members of the household of which Bill is the head?

15. For the first round, heads of families—or their representatives—drew. Who draws in the second round, when there is one? Who draws in the final round?

*16. What phrases suggest Mrs. Hutchinson's extreme apprehension—and her efforts to keep it under control?

17. How many papers are in the box for the final drawing? What is done with the other papers?

*18. In what order do the members of the Hutchinson family draw? How do they differ in manner as each goes up to draw?

19. What prompts Old Man Warner to say "It's not the way it used to be. People ain't the way they used to be"? What do you think he means?

20. In what order are the papers opened? How does the crowd react as each is revealed?

21. Who has drawn the paper with the black spot?

*22. What is the final step of the lottery? Who participates?

EXERCISES

A. *GETOLOGY*. The verb *get* is used with a variety of meanings in American English, especially in conversation. Replace the underlined phrases with equivalent expressions, eliminating *get* or *got*.

Ex. "Thought we were going to have to *get on* without you, Tessie."

BEGIN

1-2. "Guess we better get started, get this over with."

_____ , _____

3. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year." _____

4. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

5. "Get up there, Bill." _____

6. "You get ready to run tell Dad." _____

7. "Who's got it?" _____

8. "We've got to be hurrying." _____

9. "You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?" _____

10. "And I've got no other family except the kids." _____

11. "Harry, you got their tickets back?" _____

12. Billy nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. _____

B. *SYNONYMS*. For each of the underlined words or phrases, provide a word or phrase with a meaning as close as possible to that of the original.

Ex. A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list.

THE CROWD WAS SUDDENLY QUIET/THE CROWD
SUDDENLY GREW QUIET

1. A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward.

2. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd.

3. "Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

4. "Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly.

5. "Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast."

6. He dropped all the papers but those onto the ground where the breeze caught them and lifted them up.

Which do your changes affect more-style or content? And now try your hand at this last sentence.

7. Soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

Topics for Discussion or Writing

1. Of course such lotteries have never existed. Therefore the story must be an allegory of some sort. For example, it might be a portrayal of fertility rites in primitive cultures or a parody of religious services in modern times. Or is it a commentary on the fragility of family loyalties? What other possibilities occur to you? Which can best be supported by evidence within the text?
2. The lottery is run two men named "Graves" and "Summers." What significance can you see in the choice of names?
3. Compare and contrast the points of view represented by Mr. Summers and Old Man Warner.
4. Trace the changes in Tessie Hutchinson's attitude in the course of the story. What do these changes suggest about a possible theme for the story?
5. The story is full of details about small-town life, for example, the children's play before the lottery begins. What other details suggest a peaceful rural setting? What is the effect of the contrast between the setting? What is the effect of the contrast between the setting and characters and the plot?

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