INTRODUCTION

Rationale

Literature is perhaps best seen as a complement to other materials used to increase the foreign learner's insight into the country whose language is being learnt. The aim of this book, therefore, is to devise ways of making literature a more significant part of a language teaching class and of developing the EFL leaners' cultural knowledge, language practice, and personal involvement. It can be said that through this book, students have more opportunities to improve their language skills and analysis ability as well as critical thinking. Special features in this book direct students' attention to the language of literature and the specific literary skills used by the authors.

Scope of the book

In the scope of this book, which is designed for 30 - period syllabus, students will have an opportunity to explore a range of ten literary works including six short stories, three poems, and an extract of a novel written by ten famous American authors. Each work is carefully chosen to illustrate a basic literary element of fiction or of poetry to students. This book is followed by the book of American Literature 2- which is designed for 45 - period syllabus. It is advisable that this book is accompanied by the book of the History of the American Literature- which will provide learners with more specific literary features and literary movements ranging from the Colonial period to the Contemporary time in the history of the American Literature.

The learners are the senior EFL students who have completed the basic language skill courses and may cope with the American Culture Course simultaneously.

Objectives

The primary purpose of literature teaching in this book is to promote the use of literature as a resource for language teaching with four major objectives:

1. To help EFL students improve four language learning skills, especially reading comprehension skill and critical reading skill.
2. To provide students with the basic structure and the elements of the literary genres including fiction and poetry.
3. To give students an opportunity to introduce elements of literary style into their own writing.
4. To encourage students to reflect their personal response to what they have learned in the literary works.

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THIS BOOK

The following instructions will give students a general overview of the various sections as well as some suggestions for using this book in the classroom.

1. Have students read the biographical information about the author. This section provides interesting information about each author's life and works as well as his/her original writing style. Point out that the author has written other works that students may want to read.

2. Have students think about the Before Reading questions. This section creates interest in the story and stimulates discussion before the actual reading. The questions require students to relate their own experiences or opinions to the situations or problems in the literary works.

3. Have the students read the works. Students are told to enjoy the story or the poem for its own sake, but they are advised to read carefully and critically. Teachers should explain what critical reading is.

Students are asked to read the works first without stopping to look up for meaning in dictionary. They can underline or highlight any difficult words that stump them. Point out that context clue and their previous knowledge of English vocabulary have helped their reading.

After completing their reading, students are advised to summarize the story or the poem in their own words.

4. Explain the literary lesson. Each literary work focuses on a specific literary element. After the students have read an introduction to the literary element, discuss the lesson to assure that they have a general understanding of the concept. Then, have students complete the exercises in this section, pause for a discussion so that the students can find out why their answers are right or wrong.

5. Have students answer the comprehension questions and analysis questions. Many of these questions refer to specific details in the literary works and require students to read carefully. These questions are designed to help students develop the skills of recalling the specific facts, understanding vocabulary, drawing a conclusion, making a judgment, understanding main ideas, and appreciating literary forms.

6. Have students spend time on discussion. These questions give students a chance to demonstrate their new skills and allow them to use their imagination and to apply themes in the literary works to their own experiences in various issues that interest students. This section may be assigned to partners, small groups, or the whole class.

7. Have students do the writing exercises. The writing exercises ask students to apply what they have learned about the literary elements discussed in the lesson. There is a variety of creative ideas as well as more academic assignments. Depending on the students' levels, teachers may give them free choice or assign specific writing questions.

8. The Answer Keys at the end of the course allow students to check their answers to the comprehension questions. Students should be encouraged to correct wrong answers and to consider why the answers are right or wrong.

A SURVEY OF THE AMERICAN LITERATURE

Early National Literature (1776-1820)

The years from the adoption of the Constitution (1787) to the period of Jacksonian nationalism (1828-36) mark the emergence of a self-consciously national literature. The poet Joel Barlow, who was, like John Trumbull, one of the Connecticut Wits, greeted the new United States with his epic *The Columbiad* (1807), a reworking of his earlier *The Vision of Columbus* (1787). Philip Freneau wrote lyric poetry that fused the native scene and native expression. Other writers strove to develop an American literature but did not concentrate on strictly American subjects, using instead the universal themes of romance, virtue, vice and seduction that pervaded popular novels in England and on the Continent. William Hill Brown's *The Power of Sympathy* (1789), an imitation of Goethe's *Sorrows of Young Werther*, is regarded by some as the first American novel. Susanna Rawson's sentimental and didactic tale of seduction, *Charlotte Temple*, published (1791) in London as Charlotte: *A Tale of Truth*, was extremely popular. In contrast to the prevailing sentimental novel was Hugh Henry Brackenridge's massive *Modern Chivalry* (1792-1815), a picaresque novel with an underlying satire on bad government. The first professional novelist was Charles Brockden Brown, whose gothic and philosophical romances, beginning with *Wieland* (1798), anticipated Edgar Allan Poe.

Early in the 19th century, Washington Irving gained European recognition as American's first genuine man of letters. *A History of New York* (1809) is a whimsical satire of pedantic historians and literary classics. His best-known tales, *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, appeared in *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent*, which was published serially in 1819-20.

William Cullen Bryant emerged in the 1820s as a poet of international stature. His *Thanatopsis* (1817), influenced by the English Graveyard poets, linked American literature to the emerging English Romanticism. Still, despite European influences, American writes attempted to create a distinctive literature during a time of rising literary nationalism. Noah Webster contributed *An American Dictionary of the English Language* (1828), in which he insisted that the country possessed its own Language. The nationalist theme was echoed by William Ellery Channing, Edward Everett, and most memorably by Ralph Waldo Emerson in his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, *The American Scholar* (1837), which Oliver Wendell Holmes called "our intellectual Declaration of Independence."

James Fennimore Cooper was the first important American novelist to succeed with subjects and settings that largely American. Cooper achieved international prominence with his second novel, *The Spy* (1821), a tale of the Revolution. His many novels blending history and romance resulted in his being called "the American (Sir Walter) Scott," a title that put him in the company of one of the period's most popular and respected authors. Cooper became best known for his *Leatherstocking Tales*, five novels that run from *The Pioneers* (1823) to *The Deerslayer* (1841). Cooper's settings capture the American idea of nature, and his hero, Natty Bumppo, expresses the self-reliant, pioneering spirit of America.

Much of Cooper's sense of America was caught by the Fireside Poets, who celebrated American history and a benign American nature. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow displayed his skill at telling a story in verse in *Hiawatha* (1855), *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858), and *Evangeline* (1847). But Longfellow and his contemporaries succeeded best in public poetry intended for recitation. Still powerful are Longfellow's *The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere* (1863), John Greenleaf Whittier's *Barbara Freitchie* (1863), and Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Old Ironsides* (1830).

Edgar Allan Poe stood apart from literary nationalism and represented a gloomier side of romanticism. As a reviewer, he was a harsh critic of second-rate American writing, but he dabbled in many popular sensationalistic forms. His often technically complex poetry uses commonplace romantic themes but gives them a philosophical and mystical application. Many of his short stories remain internationally famous, and he may be said to have invented the detective story. In *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Tell- Tale Heart*, Poe perfected the tale of gothic horror.

Literature of Renaissance (1820-1860)

The American renaissance, also known as the American Romantic Movement, began with the maturing of American literature in the 1830s and 1840s and ended with its flowering in the 1850s. During the 1830s, Ralph Waldo Emerson established himself as the spokesman for the Transcendentalism, first set forth in his essay *Nature* (1836). The group known as the Transcendentalists that gathered around him in Concord, Mass., included Bronson Alcott. Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, and William Ellery Channing, who joined with Emerson in the publication of Dial magazine (1840- 44). They subscribed to Emerson's faith that all people are united in their communion with the oversoul, a postreligious equivalent of God. Each individual, Emerson said, finds his or her own way to transcendence through self-knowledge, self-reliance, and the contemplation of nature.

Henry David Thoreau came closest to putting Emerson's ideas into practice. After to intermittent years at Walden Pond in Concord, Mass., he wrote *Walden or Life in the Woods* (1854). In this book, Thoreau observes nature from the viewpoint of a naturalist-philosopher reflecting on the quiet desperation of humanity and the transcendental solace of the natural world. No less consciously indebted to Emerson was Walt Whitman, who dedicated the first edition of his poetry, *Leaves of Grass* (1855), to him. Whitman celebrated an untrammeled communion with nature with overtones of sensuality that appeared shocking even though his poetry expressed sound transcendental doctrine.

Whitman also took seriously Emerson's appeal for American originality; he devised a loose, "natural" form of versification that seemed unpoetic and jarring to his contemporaries. After the Civil War, Whitman gained wider acceptance with his elegy on the death of Lincoln, *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed* (1865). Whitman prose works include *Democratic Vistas* (1871), containing his philosophy democracy along with prophecies of its future greatness and the coming greatness of its literature, and *Specimen Days* (1882), an autobiographical account of his Civil War experiences as a voluntary nurse.

Unknown to the public, another American innovative poet, Emily Dickinson, was writing in Amhcrst, Mass. Her poems, written mostly from the late 1850s through the 1860s, were unconventional and deceptively simple lyrics concerned with death, eternity, and the inner life. Few were published in her lifetime, but when her poems were rediscovered in the 1920s, Dickinson took her place as a major American poet.

Nathaniel Hawthorne represents American romanticism with its roots firmly planted in the Puritan past. His stories were collected in *Twice-Told Tales* (1837), which established his importance as an American writer. Some were tales of the Puritans and of early American history; others used a mixture of symbolism and allegory that, together with certain recurrent themes, were carried over into Hawthorne's hovels. His masterpiece, *the Scarlet Letter* (1850), is a symbolic romance set in Puritan New England. Hawthorne had been attracted to Emerson's thought but rejected its optimism both here and in the *Blithedale Romance* (1852), a novel based on the transcendentalists' utopian experiment, Brook Farm.

The Rise of Realism (1860-1914)

The post-Civil War period is roughly the period from the rise of realism to the advent of naturalism, up to World War I. The Civil War itself affected literature less than did the industrial expansion that came in its aftermath. Nevertheless, the war was the basis for poetry by Melville, Emerson, Lowell, and Whitman, and of significant autobiographical accounts by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charles Francis Adams Jr., and Ulysses S. Grant.

Mark Twain led the movement away from the romanticism typical of the American renaissance to a worldly realism that dealt with actual places and situations. In his dialogue he produced equivalents of American speech never before attempted. Twain drew extensively from his personal experiences: on his own travels for *The Innocents Abroad* (1869) and *Roughing It* (1872), on his days as a river boat pilot for *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), and on his youth for his boyhood stories *Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *the Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884). *Huckleberry Finn* is considered by many critics to the first modern American novel: it is more than likely the best known and is undoubtedly one of the great American literary achievements.

The choice of the pen name Mark Twain by Samuel Clemens followed a practice common among American humorists who wrote during the 19th century. After Augustus B. Longstreet's Georgia Scenes (1835), James Russell Lowell wrote as Hosea Bigelow, Joel Chandler Harris as Uncle Remus, David Ross Locke as Petroleum V. Nasby, Charles Farrar Browne as Artemas Ward, and Finley Peter Dunne as Mr. Dooley.

As novelists and critics, William Dean Howells and Henry James contributed to the shift from romance to realism. Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885) concerns an ordinary farmer who becomes wealthy and moves to Boston but whose spiritual rise comes about only when he loses his wealth. Despite a prolific output, Howells's significance rests mostly on his literary criticism and his opposition to provincialism in American literature. James departed even further from the provincial scene. He portrayed expatriate Americans in a European setting in *Daisy Miller* (1879) and in his triumph of psychological realism, *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). Conversely,

James presented the reactions of Europeans to a New England background in *The Europeans* (1878). In *The Bostonians* (1886) he satirized New England reformers and philanthropists. As prolific as Howells, James was also a self-conscious critic and an advocate of realism. In his last novels, notably *The Golden Bowl* (1904), James created a new, complex language and symbolism for the novel that heralded the age of modernism.

Regionalism, the literature of particular sections of the country, flourished, however Many authors who used this form of realistic local color were women, among them Willa Cather, Kate Chopin, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Ellen Glasgow, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Edith Wharton. Other writers of the period who are thought of as regionalists are Ambrose Bierce, Hamlin Garland, and Bret Harte. Much of the literature of black Americans was regional in setting, by force of circumstance. Charles Chesnutt and William Wells Brown were early black novelists. In *Lyrics of Lowly Life* (1896), the poet and novelist Paul Lawrence Dunbar used dialect and humble settings in a blend of pathos and humor.

Modernism and Experimentation (1914-1945)

American literature between the two world wars was characterized by disillusionment with ideas and even with civilization itself. The writers of the so-called lost generation reacted with disillusionment to the war and adopted the despairing tone of *The Waste Land* (1922) by T.S. Eliot, in which Western civilization is symbolized by a bleak desert in desperate need of rain. The young poet E. E. Cummings used his wartime experience as the basis for a novel, *The Enormous Room* (1922), as did John D. Passos and William Faulkner. Ernest Hemingway, however, captured the experience of war and the sense of loss most lucidly in his first novel *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), which probes the experience of a group of disillusioned expatriates in Paris, and in *A Farewell to Arms* (1929). American writers gathered in Paris during the 1920s, partly to escape what they regarded as the small-town morality and shallowness of American culture. Among them, F. Scott Fitzgerald had the greatest success in the United States. His masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby* (1925) helped to create the image of the Roaring Twenties, the age of the flapper, and jazz age.

The influence of European modernism reached the United States during this period, expressed a sense of modern life through art as a sharp break from the past, as well as from Western civilization's classical traditions. In literature, Gertrude Stein developed an analogue to modern art. Using simple, concrete words as counters, she developed an abstract, experimental prose poetry which recalled the right, primary colors of modern art as in her influential collection *Tender Buttons* (1914). Ezra Pound was one of the most influential American poets of this century with his new school of poetry known as Imagism, which advocated a clear, highly visual presentation as seen in *A Few Don't of an Imagist* (1913). The Imagist poets included William Carlos William, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, and Wallace Stevens. Marianne Moore edited the Dial magazine and for several decades influenced American poetry with her disciplined, often unconventional verse. Hart Crane attempted an alternative to Eliot's less vernacular modernism with his American epic, *The Bridge* (1930).

Vision and viewpoint became the essential aspect of the modernist novel as well. The way the story was told became as important as the story itself. William Faulkner assimilated the technique of the stream-of-consciousness novel from James Joyce's *Ulysses* and put it to use in *The Sound and The Fury* (1929). The doctrine of modernism were championed in little magazines such as the Criterion, Dial, and Hound and Horn. Meanwhile, American literature began to be studied critically. To analyze such modernist novels and poetry, a school of "New Criticism" arose in the Unites States, with a new critical vocabulary. New critics hunted the "epiphany", examined and clarified a work, hoping to "shed light" upon it through their "insights".

During this period, the American drama flowered, primarily because of Eugene O'Neill's plays. With such brooding, symbolic, and intensely psychological works as *The Emperor Jones* (1920), *Mourning Becomes Electra* (1931), and his later, poetically autobiographical masterpiece *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1956), O'Neill set a new standard for American playwrights. He was joined by a host of talented dramatists, including Maxwell Anderson, Philip Barry, Lillian Hellman, Elmer Rice, Thornton Wilder, and later by Edward Albee, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams.

American Prose: Realism and Experimentation (1945-1990)

Narrative in the decades following World War II resisted generalization: it was extremely various and multi-faced. It was vitalized by international currents such as European existentialism and Latin American magical realism, while the electronic era brought the global village. Oral genres, media, and popular culture increasingly influenced narrative.

The 1940s saw the flourishing of a new contingent of writers, including poet-novelist-essayist Robert Penn Warren, dramatists Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, and Tennessee Williams, and short story writers Katherine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty. All explored the fate of the individual within the family or community and focused on the balance between personal growth and responsibility to the group.

The 1950s saw the delayed impact of modernization and technology in everyday life. Loneliness became the dominant theme for many writers; the faceless corporate man was a cultural stereotype in Sloan Wilson's best-selling novel *The Man In the Gray Flannel Suit* (1955). Generalized American alienation came under the scrutiny of sociologist David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd* (1950). The 1950s in American literature actually was a decade of subtle and pervasive unease. Novels by John O'Hara, John Cheever, and John Updike explored the stress lurking in the shadows of seeming satisfaction. Some of the best work portrait men who fall in struggle to succeed, as in Miller's *Death of a Salesman* (1949) and Saul Bellow's novella *Seize the Day* (1956). James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison mirrored the African-American experience of the 1950s. Their characters suffer from a lack of identity rather than from over ambition as in Baldwin's *Nobody Knows My Name* (1961), *Another Country* (1962) and Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952).

The 1960s were marked by a blurring of the line between fiction and fact, novels and reportage that has carried through the present day. Notable political and social works of the era include the speeches of civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King. Novelist

Truman Capote stunned readers with *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1958) and *In Cold Blood* (1965). At the same time, the New Journalism emerged- volumes of nonfiction that combined journalism with techniques of fiction, reshaping them to add to the drama and immediacy of the story being reported. As the 1960s evolved, American literature flowed with the turbulence of the era. An ironic, comic vision also came into view, reflected in the fabulism of several writers. Examples include Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1962), Richard Brautigan's *Fishing in America* (1967).By the mid-1970s, an era of consolidation has begun. The Vietnam conflict was over, followed soon afterward by U.S. recognition of the People's Republic of China and America's bicentennial celebration. Soon the 1980s- the "Me Decade" ensued, in which individuals tended to focus more on personal concerns than on larger social issues. New novelists like John Gardner, John Irving (*The World According to Garp*, 1978), Paul Theroux (*The Mosquito Coast*, 1981), William Kennedy (*Ironweed*, 1983), and Alice Walker (*The Color Purple*, 1982) surfaced with stylistically brilliant novels to portrait moving human drama.

Contemporary American Literature (1990-present)

American literature today is likewise dazzlingly diverse, exciting, and evolving. Social and economic advances have enabled previous underrepresented groups to express themselves more fully, while technological innovations have created a fast-moving public forum. Books by non-American authors and books on international and religious themes were in the list of best-sellers. Arthur Golden's *Memoirs of An Geisha* (1997) (made into a movie) recounts a Japanese woman's life during World War II. Dan Brown's novel *The Da Vinci Code* (2003), Khaled Hosseini's *The Kite Runner* (2003) and Anne Rice's *Christ the Lord: Out of Egypt* (2005) became popular with million copies.

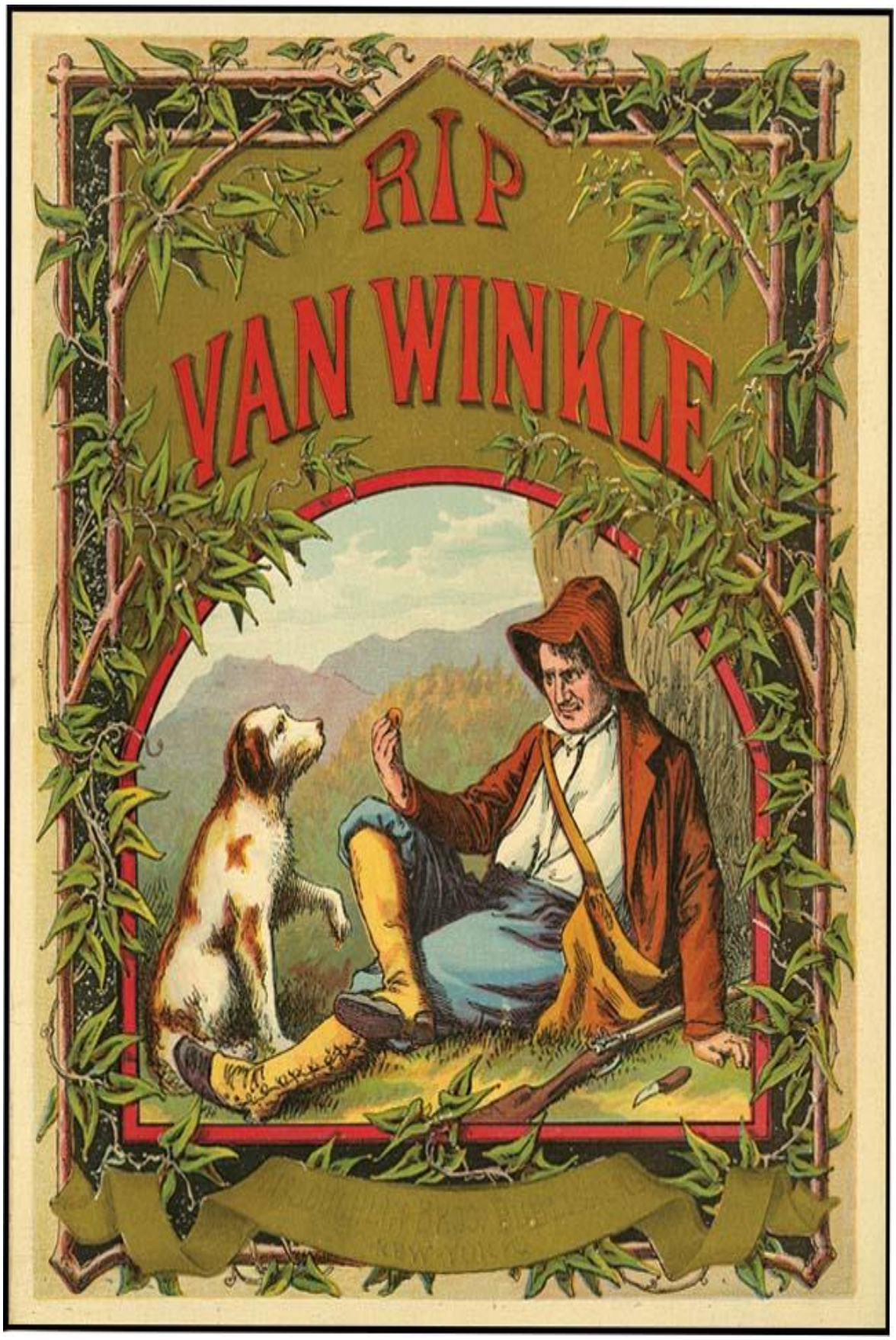
A pervasive regionalist sensibility has gained strength in American literature in the early 21st century. Decentralization expresses the postmodern U.S. condition, a trend most evident in fiction writing; no longer does anyone viewpoint or code successfully express the nation. Fiction writers from the Northeast examine countercultural and social diversity like in Sue Miller's *The Good Mother* (1986). Another writer from Massachusetts, Anita Diamant, earns popular acclaim with *The Red Tent* (1997), a feminist historical novel based on the biblical story of Dinah. Don Delillo from New York City, began as an advertising writer, and his novel *White Noise* (1985) explores consumerism among many themes. Mid-Atlantic domestic realists include Richard Bausch from Baltimore, author of *In The Night Season* (1998), and the stories in *Someone to Watch Over Me* (1999). African Americans have made distinctive contributions. Feminist essayist and poet Audre Lorde's autobiographical Zami: *A New Spelling of My Name* (1982) is an early account of a black woman's experience in the United States.

It is clear that American literature at the turn of the 21st century has become democratic and heterogeneous. Regionalism has flowered, and international, or global writers refract U.S. culture through foreign perspectives. Creative non-fiction and memoir have flourished. Noteworthy memoirs include *The Stolen Light* (1989) by Indian-American Ved Mehta, *Angela Ashes* (1996) by Irish American Frank McCourt. Southeast Asian-American authors, especially those from Korea and the

Phillipines, have found strong voices in the last decade. Chang-rae Lee's remarkable novel *Native Speakers* (1995) interweaves public ideas, betray, and private despair. Bienvenido Santos's Scent of Apples (1979), and Jessica Hagedorn's *The Gangster of Love* (1996) are responding to the poignant autobiographical novel of Filipino-American migrant laborer Carlos Bulosan's *America Is in the Heart* (1946). Noted Vietnamese-American film-maker and social theorist Trinh Minh Ha combines story-telling and theory in her feminist work *Woman, Native, Other* (1989). From China, Ha Jin has authored the novel *Waiting* (1999) which strikes American readers as fresh and original. Meanwhile, the new genre called short story or "flash fiction" has taken root that helps to "reduce geographies", mirror postmodernism conditions in which borders seem closer together. A new generation of playwrights continues the American tradition of exploring current social issues on stage.

The ferment of American poetry since 1990 makes the field decentralized and hard to define. Poets themselves struggled to make sense of the flood of poetry. It is possible to envision a continuum with "the poetry of the speaking self" set up by Robert Lowell, focused on vivid expression and exploration of deep, often buried, emotion. "The poetry of the world", on the other side, tends to build up meaning from narrative drive, detail, and context. The most influential poet was Elizabeth Bishop who was considered the finest American woman poet of later 20th century.

After all, American literature has traversed an extended, winding path from pre-colonial days to contemporary times. Society, history, technology all have had a telling impact on it. Ultimately, though, there is a constant- humanity, with all its radiance and its malevolence, its tradition and its promise.


RIP
VAN WINKLE

Story: RIP VAN WINKLE (1819)
Author: Washington Irving
Literary Lesson: Plot

Washington Irving (April 3, 1783 – November 28, 1859) was an American short story writer, essayist, biographer, historian, and diplomat of the early 19th century. Washington was born on April 3, 1783, the same week that New York City residents learned of the British ceasefire which ended the American Revolution, and Irving's mother named him after George Washington.

Several of Irving's brothers encouraged his literary aspirations, often supporting him financially as he pursued his writing career. Irving began writing letters to the New York *Morning Chronicle* in 1802 when he was 19, submitting commentaries on the city's social and theater scene under the pseudonym Jonathan Oldstyle. He made several other trips up the Hudson as a teenager, including an extended visit to Johnstown, New York where he passed through the Catskill Mountains region, the setting for *Rip Van Winkle*. Of all the scenery of the Hudson", Irving wrote, "the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination". Irving then published *A History of New York* on December 6, 1809 under the Knickerbocker pseudonym, with immediate critical and popular success. He moved to England for the family business in 1815 where he achieved fame with the publication of *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, serialized from 1819–1820, in which six chapters deal with American subjects. Of these, the tales *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle* have been called the first American short stories. He continued to publish regularly throughout his life, and he completed a five-volume biography of George Washington just eight months before his death at age 76 in Tarrytown, New York.

Irving perfected the American short story and was the first American writer to set his stories firmly in the United States, even as he poached from German or Dutch folklore. He is also generally credited as one of the first to write in the vernacular and without an obligation to presenting morals or being didactic in his short stories, writing stories simply to entertain rather than to enlighten. As with most of Irving's work, *Rip Van Winkle* includes a lot of imagery, humor, and satire.

Irving is largely credited as the first American Man of Letters and the first to earn his living solely by his pen. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow acknowledged Irving's role in promoting American literature in December 1859. Irving was one of the first American writers to earn acclaim in Europe. He advocated for writing as a legitimate profession and argued for stronger laws to protect American writers from copyright infringement.

(Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Washington_Irving)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. What is legend? Name some popular legends in the Early Literature of your country.

2. Have you ever had a dream in which you are living in a strange society? Imagine how you would cope with strange people and circumstance.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a Village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks, brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time–worn and weather–beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good–natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good–natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain–lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long–

suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be for want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling–piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man in all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out–door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst–conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast–off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well–oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and

that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting in honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the evil–doing and all–besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school–master, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun–dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow–sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel–shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re–echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square–built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other,

they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder–showers which often take place in the mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd–looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar–loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather–beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high–crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high–heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue–like gaze, and such strange uncouth, lack–lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe–be gone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well–oiled fowling–piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm–eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountains had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic, should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch–hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of

this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do, the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof had fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half–starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "GENERAL WASHINGTON."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco–smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious–looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was

haranguing, vehemently about rights of citizens–elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy–six–and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling–piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self–important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders–"a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self–important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, Where's Nicholas Vedder?

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony–Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know —he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress–Stony–Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder–no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by–standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self–important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray–bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Cardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood–vessel in a fit of passion at a New–England pedler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he–"Young Rip Van Winkle once–old Rip Van Winkle now—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment exclaimed, "sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other,

and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self–important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half–moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well–furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject to his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder–storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

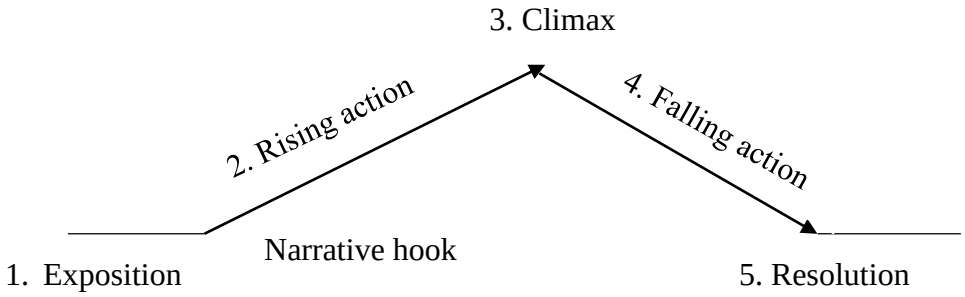
B. AFTER READING

I. Literary Lesson: Plot

1. Plot Development

The plot is the arrangement of a well-ordered series of connected events in a story.

A classic plot is as follows: the beginning of a story, **the exposition**, introduces the round characters, the setting, and the situations. The exposition tells you the time, the place, and the initial action of the story. The writer then begins to develop the main conflicts or the narrative hook that leads to **the rising action** of the plot. The conflicts intensify as one action leads to another, until the story reaches a point of highest tension and greatest interest called **the climax. The falling action** relates the events that are the result of the climax. Then **the resolution** ends the falling action by telling or implying the final outcome.



Exercise 1:

Plot summary: arrange the following events to represent the plot of the story *Rip Van Winkle* by identifying 5 stages including: exposition, narrative hook (at what point in the story does Rip get involved in his problems), rising action, climax (what action signals a turning point in the story), falling action, and resolution.

1. Rip got to know that his wife had died in her anger.
2. Rip met a strange little man who carried a barrel of liquor in the mountain.
3. Getting up the next morning, Rip found his dog disappear.
4. In his curiosity, Rip drank the liquor and then fell into sleep.
5. Rip found his way to the village and saw everything completely changed.
6. Rip saw a group of other strange men who were playing a Dutch game.
7. Rip recognized his daughter and his grandchild.
8. Rip was a kind and simple man who lived in a small and old village.
9. Rip soon took up his old habit and became famous with his strange story.
10. Rip went hunting with his dog after he had a quarrel with his wife.

2. External conflict

The action at the core of a good plot usually centers on a conflict, a struggle between two opposite forces. Conflict can be external or internal. An external conflict exists when a person struggles against some outside forces, such as another person, nature, situation, society.

Exercise 2:

-What is the person-against-person conflict in *Rip Van Winkle*? What is at stake? What is the outcome?

- Identify the person-against-situation conflict in the story.

3. Internal conflict

A conflict of a person against himself or herself, taking place within a character is called internal conflict. Internal conflict is more subtle and complex than external conflict. In an internal conflict, a character may struggle to reach a decision, to make a moral choice, or to attain a personal goal.

Exercise 3:

Name two internal conflicts that occur within Rip when he returned to the village.

II. Characterization:

1. What kind of person is Rip? Which of his characteristics are positive? Which ones are negative?

2. What is his wife's personality?

3. Which social pattern is revealed through the relationship between Rip and his wife?

III. Significance of changes

The rising action in the story is made up of a series of changes to the village, the villagers, and their lives after Rip came back home. Each change in the village typifies a great change in the American society after the American Revolution (1765-1783). Find out the significance in each of the following changes. (The first change has been signified as a sample)

Changes in the village	Changes in the United States
The village was larger with more houses.	→ The American territory expanded from 13 earlier states to 50 states.
There were more people in the village.	→
The Union Hotel replaced the village inn.	→
There was a flag with stars and stripes.	→
The villagers talked about politics.	→
Mrs. Van Dam Winkle died.	→

IV. Insight discussion

1. Why did the Hudson River and the Catskill Mountains remain unchanged despite the flow of time?

2. What did Rip lose and gain after the revolution?

3. How did Rip adapt himself to the new society?

4. What is the American value reflected in the way Rip adapted himself to the new society?

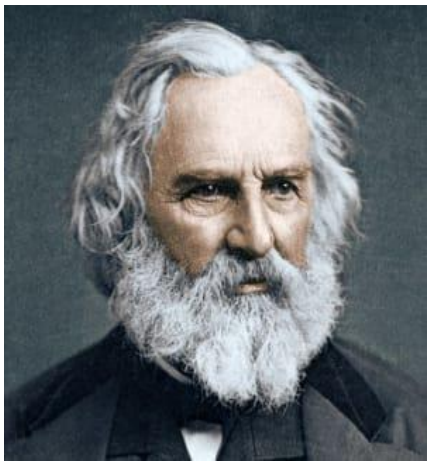
V. Journal writing

Write the end of the story *Rip Van Winkle* in your own imagination, describing how Rip kept living in a new village with the unknown villagers and social changes.

Poem: THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS (1879)

Author: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Literary Lesson: Tone and Mood



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (February 27, 1807 – March 24, 1882) was born in Portland, Maine, then part of Massachusetts, and studied at Bowdoin College. After spending time in Europe he became a professor at Bowdoin and, later, at Harvard College. His first major poetry collections were *Voices of the Night* (1839) and *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841). Longfellow retired from teaching in 1854 to focus on his writing, living the remainder of his life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a former headquarters of George Washington. His first wife, Mary Potter, died in 1835 after a miscarriage. His second wife, Frances Appleton, died in 1861 after sustaining burns from her dress catching fire. After her death, Longfellow had difficulty writing poetry for a time and focused on his translation. He died in 1882.

Longfellow predominantly wrote lyric poems which are known for their musicality and which often presented stories of mythology and legend. He became the most popular American poet of his day and also had success overseas. He has been criticized, however, for imitating European styles and writing specifically for the masses.

Much of Longfellow's work is categorized as lyric poetry, but he experimented with many forms, including hexameter and free verse. His published poetry shows great versatility, using anapestic and trochaic forms, blank verse, heroic couplets, ballads, and sonnets. Typically, he would carefully consider the subject of his poetic ideas for a long time before deciding on the right metrical form for it. Much of his work is recognized for its melodious musicality. As he says, "what a writer asks of his reader is not so much to *like* as to *listen*". Some of his famous works include *Poems on Slavery* (1842), *Evangeline* (epic poem-1847), *The Song of Hiawatha* (epic poem-1855). The poem *The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls* (1879) has been the most popular lyric poem. He was also the first American to translate Dante Alighieri's *The Divine Comedy* and was one of the five Fireside Poets.

Longfellow had become one of the first American celebrities and was also popular in Europe. It was reported that 10,000 copies of *the Courtship of Miles Standish* sold in London in a single day. In 1884, Longfellow became the first non-British writer for whom a commemorative bust was placed in Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey in London.

(Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_Wadsworth_Longfellow)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. The poem begins with the tide rising and falling continuously. Can you describe some phenomena in nature following their cycles over and over again?

2. Are our lives like these endlessly repeated cycles of the natural world, or is a human life different?

II. Video watching

Watch the video on the poem (audiovisual by Anders Smedberg -2016)

(Source: https://vimeo.com/170265957)

The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls

The tide rises, the tide falls.
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls:
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls:
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

B. AFTER READING

I. Interpretation

One way to better understanding the meaning of the poem is to paraphrase the ideas in your own words. Here is an example of how a line from the poem can be paraphrased:

Original line	Possible paraphrasing
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls	*Night is falling, the seabird cries out*

As you read the poem, pause after each stanza and paraphrase each line, using your own words. Your paraphrase should include the important details expressed in each stanza.

II. Metrical form

Form: Lyrical poem

Structure**:** Three five - line stanzas

Rhyme scheme: **[***aabba aacca aadda*]

III. Literary Lesson: Tone and Mood

How a poet feels from time to time about the poem he is writing is called the poet's mood. The poet imparts this mood to readers through the tone he depicts the poem. Tone is called the poet's attitude, or the reflection of his attitude toward the ideas he is expressing in the poem. Mood refers to the atmosphere that surrounds a scene. Tone and mood are interactive because both involve feelings.

1. Language, Tone, and Mood

Exercise 1: Read the first stanza from the poem and answer the following question:

"The tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens, the curlew call;

Along the sea sands damp and brown

The traveler hastens toward the town,

And the tide rises, the tide falls."

The way the poet uses the descriptive language to depict the twilight which "darkens" and the sea sands which are "damp and brown" make you feel:

A. depressed and unhappy
B. lonely and discontented
C. sad and gloomy
D. hopeless and useless

2. Images, tone, and mood

Exercise 2: What images in the second stanza of the poem evoke the feeling of helplessness and depression imparted from the traveler in front of the sea?

3. Changing tone and mood

Exercise 3: The mood in stanza 2 and stanza 3 of the poem changes from:

A. helplessness to hopefulness B. soberness to drunkenness

C. sadness to happiness D. loneliness to elation

Exercise 4: What is the poet's attitude toward death?

A. eager and inviting B. resisting and angry

C. indifferent and careless D. calm and accepting

IV. Questions for analysis

1. Look closely at each stanza. What does each stanza tell you about the passage of time? What is the metaphorical meaning of "*the twilight", "the darkness",* and *"the breaking morning"* following the shift of time?

2. Who is the traveler? Why does he hasten toward the town? Does he signify anything else more than a traveler?

3. In the second stanza, the poet personifies the sea and the waves. What words personify the sea and the waves? Do these images create a disturbing or a gentle, comforting feeling? Explain.

4. *"Darkness on the roof"* and *"footprints on the sea sand"* are the images referring to the passage of time. What do these images suggest that has happened to the traveler?

5. What words in the third stanza hint at the traveler's fate? How does the image of the lively horses contrast with what probably has happened to the traveler?

6. In the third stanza, the tide keeps rising and falling, although the traveler does not return. How does this contrast reveal the poem's theme? Is there any central insight into the relationship between human life and nature? Explain.

V. Sketch note

In your group, draw three pictures according to the three stanzas in the poem, explaining how the passage of time shifts and what happens to the traveler.


Hope is the thing with feathers
Diana Sydyka '16

Poem: HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS (1861)

Author: Emily Dickinson

Literary Lesson: Figurative language

Emily Dickinson (December 10, 1830 – May 15, 1886) lived much of her life in reclusive isolation. Dickinson was born into a prominent family with strong ties to its community. Evidence suggests that Dickinson lived much of her life in isolation. Considered an eccentric by locals, she developed a penchant for white clothing and was known for her reluctance to greet guests or, later in life, to even leave her bedroom. Dickinson never married, and most friendships between her and others depended entirely upon correspondence.

Although Dickinson's acquaintances were likely aware of her writing, it was not until after her death in 1886—when Lavinia, Dickinson's younger sister, discovered her cache of poems—that the breadth of her work became public. A complete, and mostly unaltered, collection of her poetry became available for the first time when scholar Thomas H. Johnson published *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* in 1955.

While Dickinson was a prolific private poet, fewer than a dozen of her nearly 1,800 poems were published during her lifetime. The work that was published during her lifetime was usually altered significantly by the publishers to fit the conventional poetic rules of the time. Her poems are unique for the era in which she wrote; they contain short lines, typically lack titles, and often use slant rhyme as well as unconventional capitalization and punctuation. The extensive use of dashes and unconventional capitalization in Dickinson's manuscripts, and the idiosyncratic vocabulary and imagery, combine to create a body of work that is far more various in its styles and forms than is commonly supposed. Dickinson avoids pentameter, opting more generally for trimeter, tetrameter and, less often, dimeter. Sometimes her use of these meters is regular, but oftentimes it is irregular. Though Dickinson often uses perfect rhymes (ABCB) for lines two and four, she also makes frequent use of slant rhyme. Many of her poems deal with themes of death and immortality, two recurring topics in letters to her friends. Dickinson's poetry frequently uses humor, puns, irony and satire.

Emily Dickinson is now considered a powerful and persistent figure in American culture. Although much of the early reception concentrated on Dickinson's eccentric and secluded nature, she has become widely acknowledged as an innovative, proto-modernist poet.

(Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emily_Dickinson)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

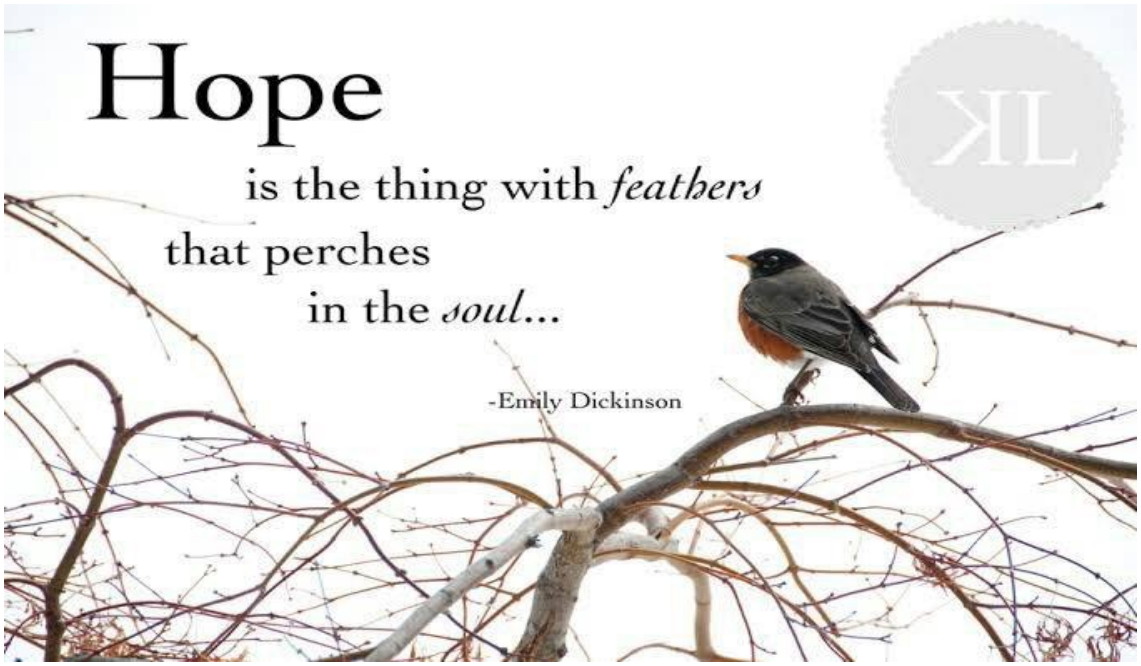
1. How can you define hope in your mind?
2. What feelings can hope give you?

Hope Is The Thing With Feathers

"Hope" is the thing with feathers −
That perches in the soul −
And sings the tune without the words −
And never stops − at all −

And sweetest − in the Gale − is heard−
And sore must be the storm−
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm −

I've heard it in the chillest land −
And on the strangest Sea −
Yet − never − in Extremity,
It asked a crumb − of Me.



B. AFTER READING

I. Vocabulary

1. **A gale** in this poem is a

   A. cloud B. desert

   C. strong wind D. little whale

2. **Sore** in this poem means

   A. fun B. adverse

   C. painful D. apologetic

3. **Abash** means to

   A. make uneasy B. increase

   C. embarrass D. hit with a hammer

4. **Extremity** in this poem means

   A. an arm/ a leg B. a far-away place

   C. severe hardship D. salvation

5. **A crumb** means

   A. evidence of decay B. a piece of food

   C. a small amount D. a great cartoonist

II. Writing Style

1. Form of the poem: Iambic trimeter that often expands to include a 4th stressed syllable at the end of the line.
2. The long dashes which make the structure typical of Dickinson are meant to produce short pauses.
3. Homiletic style of writing is evidently deprived from religious hymns.

III. Literary Lesson: Figurative language

Any language which deviates from literal language so as to furnish novel effects or fresh insights into the subject being discussed is called figurative language. The most common figures of speech are simile, metaphor, personification and hyperbole.

1. What technique does the author use to describe “Hope”?

   A. alliteration B. extended metaphor

   C. simile D. personification

2. What is the extended metaphor in this poem?

   A. Feathers are compared to a bird B. Hope is compared to a bird

   C. A tune is compared to the soul D. A storm is a complication

3. The poet uses the word “gale” and “storm” as metaphors. What might these words represent?

A. bad weather B. pleasant time

C. hardship D. time of success and growth

4. Hope is important and helpful in time of pain, sorrow or difficulty. Which lines from the poem best support this statement?

A. lines 1-2 B. lines 3-4

C. lines 5-8 D. lines 11-12

5. The poet says hope "sings the tunes without the words". Why might the poet have written that the tune has no words?

A. to emphasize that hope does not need putting into words to be felt

B. to point out that it is very difficult for people to express whether they feel hopeful or not

C. to suggest that people are usually unable to understand the feeling of hope

D. to indicate that people who are always hopeful are also often forgetful

6. What does the word "abash" most nearly mean, based on the poem?

A. to confuse B. to praise

C. to support D. to silence

7. What is the theme of the poem?

A. People need to work hard in order to maintain hope at all times.

B. Hope can survive through even the toughest times.

C. Hope is able to keep people warm even in the coldest, stormiest lands.

D. Without hope, people would be much more sensible and realistic.

(Source: https://quizizz.com/admin/quiz/580765a524e9e1f554ecdf99/hope-is-the-thing-with-feathers-by-emily-dickinson)

IV. Questions for analysis

1. Why do you think Dickinson chose a bird to represent hope?

   Hope ➔ Bird

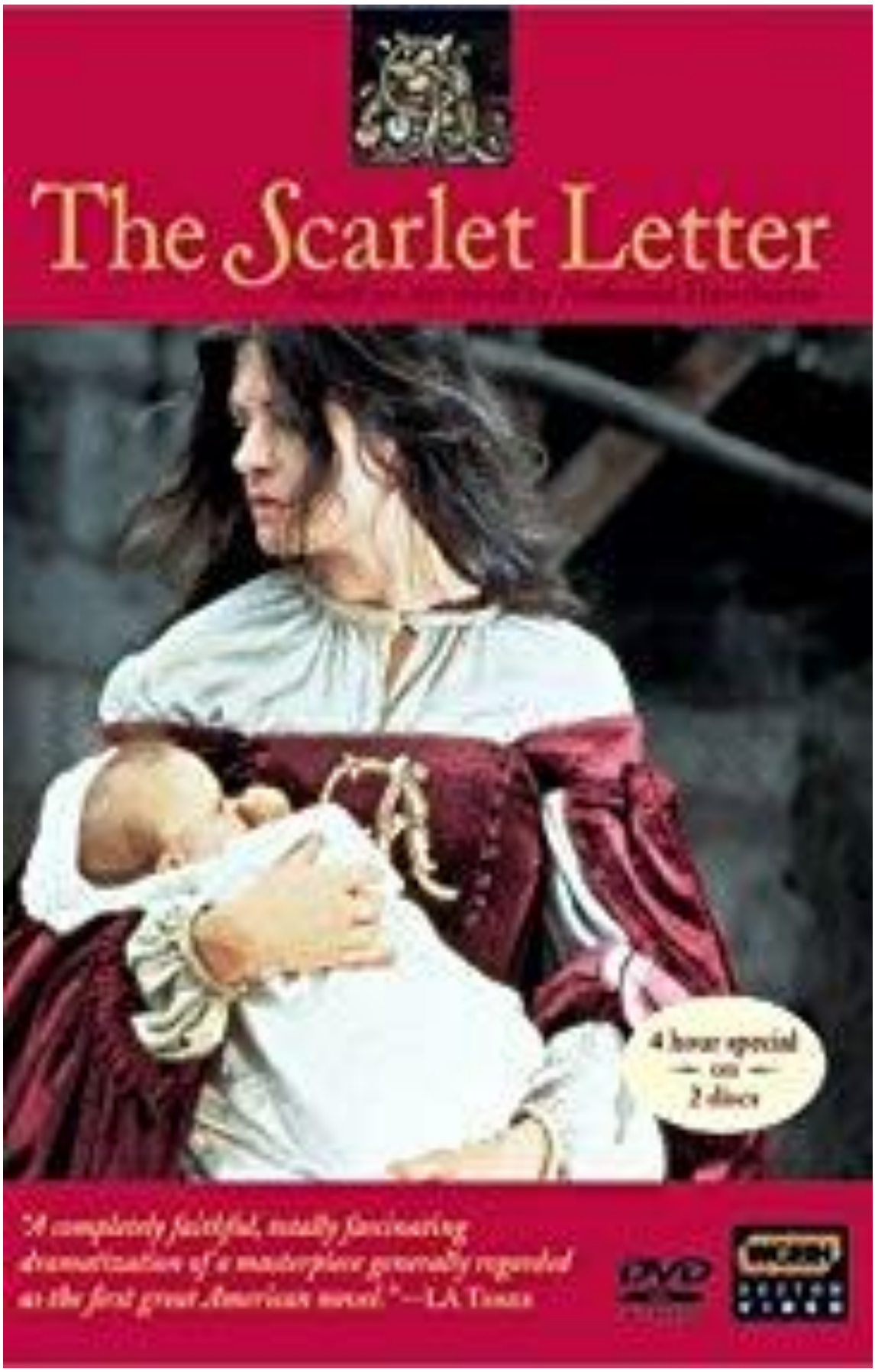
   Abstract ➔ Concrete

   What characteristics do they share?

2. How important is the idea of suffering to this poem? Do you need it in order to have hope? How might the speaker answer that question?

3. How convincing is this poem in your estimation? Do you take any comfort in it? Why or why not?

4. How do this poem's rhyme and rhythm affect the way you read it?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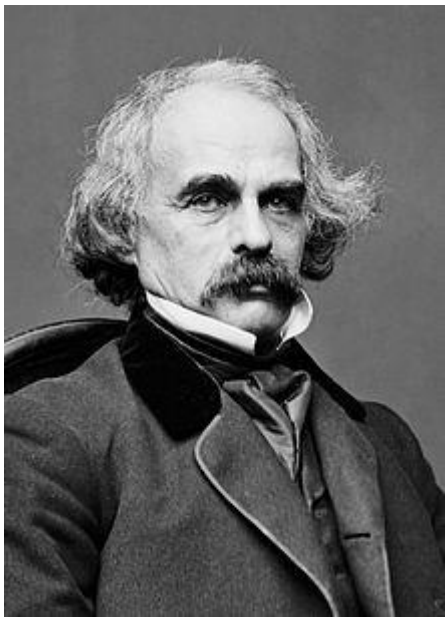
"A completely faithful, totally fascinating dramatization of a masterpiece generally regarded as the first great American novel." —LA Times
DVD

Novel: THE SCARLET LETTER (1850)

Author: Nathaniel Hawthorne

Literary Lesson: Symbolism



Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864) was one of the greatest an American novelist, dark romantic, and short story writer in American literature, who was a master of the allegorical and symbolic tale.

He was born in 1804 in Salem, Massachusetts. He entered Bowdoin College in 1821, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1824, and graduated in 1825. He published his first work in 1828, the novel *Fanshawe*; he later tried to suppress it, feeling that it was not equal to the standard of his later work. He published several short stories in periodicals, which he collected in 1837 as *Twice-Told Tales.* The next year, he became engaged to Sophia Peabody. He worked at the Boston Custom House and joined Brook Farm, a transcendentalist community, before marrying Peabody in 1842. The couple moved to The Old Manse in Concord, Massachusetts, later moving to Salem, the Berkshires, then to The Wayside in Concord. Hawthorne was famous for the novel *The Scarlet Letter*, which was published in 1850, followed by a succession of other novels. A political appointment as consul took Hawthorne and family to Europe before their return to Concord in 1860. Hawthorne died on May 19, 1864, and was survived by his wife and their three children.

Much of Hawthorne's writing centers on New England, many works featuring moral metaphors with an anti-Puritan inspiration. His fiction works are considered part of the Romantic Movement and, more specifically, dark romanticism. His themes often center on the inherent evil and sin of humanity, and his works often have moral messages and deep psychological complexity. His four major romances were written between 1850 and 1860: *The Scarlet Letter* (1850). *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), and *The Marble Faun* (1860). Another novel-length romance, *Fanshawe*, was published in 1828. Many of his works are inspired by Puritan New England, combining historical romance loaded with symbolism and deep psychological themes, bordering on surrealism. His later writings also reflect his negative view of the Transcendentalism movement.

(Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nathaniel_Hawthorne)

Summary of *The Scarlet Letter*

The novel begins with the narrator, a Custom House official, who happens to find a scarlet letter "A" in a box he finds one day in the office. The narrator then relates the story of Hester Prynne, the original bearer of the scarlet letter, who lived in Boston when it was just a small Puritan settlement in the seventeenth century.

Hester's story begins on a scaffold just outside the town prison. She has committed adultery, given birth to a child out of wedlock, and refuses to name the man with whom she had the affair. The village leaders hope to shame her into naming her lover by making her into a public spectacle. Even under intense pressure, Hester refuses to reveal her secret. She alone must bear the shame and isolation resulting from her actions. As a punishment, Hester is made to wear a scarlet letter "A" on her chest at all times. The letter "A" stands for adultery and causes her and her daughter to be scorned by the members of her community.

Hester's former husband returns to witness Hester's shame. He decides to seek revenge against the man who, in his opinion, ruined Hester's life and stole his wife from him. He assumes a new name, Roger Chillingworth, and becomes known as a physician specializing in alternative medicine. He befriends the Reverend Dimmesdale, the sickly young minister. Chillingworth eventually determines that Dimmesdale is the father of Hester's daughter, Pearl. He plots an elaborate scheme in order to avenge the wrong he perceives was committed by Dimmesdale.

Hester discovers Chillingworth's plan to torture Dimmesdale on a daily basis, and recognizes that Dimmesdale's health is significantly impacted by the revenge plot. Her secret is slowly killing the minister. As a result, Hester must break the promise she made years ago to never reveal the identity of Chillingworth in order to save Dimmesdale's life.

Hester reveals Chillingworth's true identity to Dimmesdale and begs for his forgiveness. she arranges an encounter with Dimmesdale in the forest because she is aware that Chillingworth has probably guessed that she plans to reveal his identity to Dimmesdale. The former lovers decide to flee to Europe, where they can live with Pearl as a family. They will take a ship sailing from Boston in four days. Both feel a sense of release, and Hester removes her scarlet letter and lets down her hair. Pearl, playing nearby, does not recognize her mother without the letter. The day before the ship is to sail, the townspeople gather for a holiday and Dimmesdale preaches his most eloquent sermon ever. Meanwhile, Hester has learned that Chillingworth knows of their plan and has booked passage on the same ship. Dimmesdale, leaving the church after his sermon, sees Hester and Pearl standing before the town scaffold. He impulsively mounts the scaffold with his lover and his daughter, and confesses publicly, exposing a scarlet letter seared into the flesh of his chest. He falls dead, as Pearl kisses him.

Frustrated in his revenge, Chillingworth dies a year later. Hester and Pearl leave Boston, and no one knows what has happened to them. Many years later, Hester returns alone, still wearing the scarlet letter, to live in her old cottage and resume her charitable work. She receives occasional letters from Pearl, who has married a European aristocrat and established a family of her own. When Hester dies, she is buried next to Dimmesdale. The two share a single tombstone, which bears a scarlet "A."

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. What is sin in your opinion? Is it easy or difficult to reveal one's sin in public?
2. Have you ever felt guilt-ridden? What do people often do to relieve their guilt?

II. Video watching

The Scarlet Letter Video (1995)

Director: Roland Joffe

Script writer: Douglas Day Stewar

(Source: https://trakt.tv/movies/the-scarlet-letter-1995)

Chapter 2
The Market Place

[...] The door of the jail being flung open from within there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and gristly presence of the town–beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward, until, on the threshold of the prison–door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquaintance only with the grey twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman—the mother of this child—stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbours. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore, and which was of a splendour in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam; and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of

complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was ladylike, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days; characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace which is now recognized as its indication. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more ladylike, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. It may be true that, to a sensitive observer, there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which indeed, she had wrought for the occasion in prison, and had modelled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer—so that both men and women who had been familiarly acquainted with Hester Prynne were now impressed as if they beheld her for the first time—was that Scarlet Letter, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity, and enclosing her in a sphere by herself.

"She hath good skill at her needle, that's certain," remarked one of her female spectators; "but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of showing it? Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates, and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?"

"It were well," muttered the most iron–visaged of the old dames, "if we stripped Madame Hester's rich gown off her dainty shoulders; and as for the red letter which she hath stitched so curiously, I'll bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel to make a fitter one!"

"Oh, peace, neighbours—peace!" whispered their youngest companion; "do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter but she has felt it in her heart. "

The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff. "Make way, good people—make way, in the King's name!" cried he. "Open a passage; and I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous colony of the Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madame Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market–place!"

A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern–browed men and unkindly visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment. A crowd of eager and curious schoolboys, understanding little of the matter in hand, except that it gave them a half–holiday, ran before her progress, turning their heads continually to stare into her face and at the winking baby in her arms, and at the ignominious letter on her breast. It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison door to the market–place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for haughty as her demeanour was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her,

as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvellous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it. With almost a serene deportment, therefore, Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold, at the western extremity of the market–place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture there.

In fact, this scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine, which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditionary among us, but was held, in the old time, to be as effectual an agent, in the promotion of good citizenship, as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. It was, in short, the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature—whatever be the delinquencies of the individual—no outrage more flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame; as it was the essence of this punishment to do. In Hester Prynne's instance, however, as not unfrequently in other cases, her sentence bore that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that gripe about the neck and confinement of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man's shoulders above the street.

Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many illustrious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, but only by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood, whose infant was to redeem the world. Here, there was the taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect, that the world was only the darker for this woman's beauty, and the more lost for the infant that she had borne.

The scene was not without a mixture of awe, such as must always invest the spectacle of guilt and shame in a fellow–creature, before society shall have grown corrupt enough to smile, instead of shuddering at it. The witnesses of Hester Prynne's disgrace had not yet passed beyond their simplicity. They were stern enough to look upon her death, had that been the sentence, without a murmur at its severity, but had none of the heartlessness of another social state, which would find only a theme for jest in an exhibition like the present. Even had there been a disposition to turn the matter into ridicule, it must have been repressed and overpowered by the solemn presence of men no less dignified than the governor, and several of his counsellors, a judge, a general, and the ministers of the town, all of whom sat or stood in a balcony of the meeting–house, looking down upon the platform. When such personages could constitute a part of the spectacle, without risking the majesty, or reverence of rank and office, it was safely to be inferred that the infliction of a legal sentence would have an earnest and effectual meaning. Accordingly, the crowd was sombre and

grave. The unhappy culprit sustained herself as best a woman might, under the heavy weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes, all fastened upon her, and concentrated at her bosom. It was almost intolerable to be borne. Of an impulsive and passionate nature, she had fortified herself to encounter the stings and venomous stabs of public contumely, wreaking itself in every variety of insult; but there was a quality so much more terrible in the solemn mood of the popular mind, that she longed rather to behold all those rigid countenances contorted with scornful merriment, and herself the object. Had a roar of laughter burst from the multitude—each man, each woman, each little shrill–voiced child, contributing their individual parts—Hester Prynne might have repaid them all with a bitter and disdainful smile. But, under the leaden infliction which it was her doom to endure, she felt, at moments, as if she must needs shriek out with the full power of her lungs, and cast herself from the scaffold down upon the ground, or else go mad at once.

Yet there were intervals when the whole scene, in which she was the most conspicuous object, seemed to vanish from her eyes, or, at least, glimmered indistinctly before them, like a mass of imperfectly shaped and spectral images. Her mind, and especially her memory, was preternaturally active, and kept bringing up other scenes than this roughly hewn street of a little town, on the edge of the western wilderness: other faces than were lowering upon her from beneath the brims of those steeple–crowned hats. Reminiscences, the most trifling and immaterial, passages of infancy and school–days, sports, childish quarrels, and the little domestic traits of her maiden years, came swarming back upon her, intermingled with recollections of whatever was gravest in her subsequent life; one picture precisely as vivid as another; as if all were of similar importance, or all alike a play. Possibly, it was an instinctive device of her spirit to relieve itself by the exhibition of these phantasmagoric forms, from the cruel weight and hardness of the reality.

Be that as it might, the scaffold of the pillory was a point of view that revealed to Hester Prynne the entire track along which she had been treading, since her happy infancy. Standing on that miserable eminence, she saw again her native village, in Old England, and her paternal home: a decayed house of grey stone, with a poverty–stricken aspect, but retaining a half obliterated shield of arms over the portal, in token of antique gentility. She saw her father's face, with its bold brow, and reverend white beard that flowed over the old–fashioned Elizabethan ruff; her mother's, too, with the look of heedful and anxious love which it always wore in her remembrance, and which, even since her death, had so often laid the impediment of a gentle remonstrance in her daughter's pathway. She saw her own face, glowing with girlish beauty, and illuminating all the interior of the dusky mirror in which she had been wont to gaze at it. There she beheld another countenance, of a man well stricken in years, a pale, thin, scholar–like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamp–light that had served them to pore over many ponderous books. Yet those same bleared optics had a strange, penetrating power, when it was their owner's purpose to read the human soul. This figure of the study and the cloister, as Hester Prynne's womanly fancy failed not to recall, was slightly deformed, with the left shoulder a trifle higher than the right. Next rose before her in memory's picture–gallery, the intricate and narrow thoroughfares, the tall, grey houses, the huge cathedrals, and the public edifices, ancient in date and quaint in architecture, of a continental city; where new

life had awaited her, still in connexion with the misshapen scholar: a new life, but feeding itself on time–worn materials, like a tuft of green moss on a crumbling wall. Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market–place of the Puritan, settlement, with all the townspeople assembled, and levelling their stern regards at Hester Prynne—yes, at herself—who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm, and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread, upon her bosom.

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes these were her realities—all else had vanished

B. AFTER READING

I. Summary of chapter 2

The Puritan women waiting outside the prison self-righteously and viciously discuss Hester Prynne and her sin. Hester, proud and beautiful, emerges from the prison. She wears an elaborately embroidered scarlet letter A — standing for "Adultery" — on her breast, and she carries a three-month-old infant in her arms.

Hester is led through the unsympathetic crowd to the scaffold of the pillory. Standing alone on the scaffold as punishment for her adulterous behavior, she remembers her past life in England and on the European continent. Suddenly becoming aware of the stern faces looking up at her, Hester painfully realizes her present position of shame and punishment.

II. Literary Lesson: Symbolism

A symbol is an image, object, or person that represents something other or more important than itself. In literature, a symbol is most often a concrete object used to represent an idea more abstract and broader in scope and meaning — often a moral, religious, or philosophical concept or value.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the most prolific symbolists in American literature, and a study of his symbols is necessary to understanding his novels. Chapter 2 in The Scarlet Letter has a perfect atmosphere for the symbol related to letter *A*, the scaffold, and Pearl.

1. Letter A as a symbol

Read the following passage from the chapter and answer the questions that follow:

"On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore, and which was of a splendour in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony."

Exercise 1:

By embroidering the letter, Hester transforms letter *A* as a badge of shame into a symbol of...

A. decoration

B. beauty

C. individuality

D. feminine

Some of Hawthorne's symbols change their meaning, depending on the context and on different viewpoints. What is the symbol of letter *A* under the eyes of the Puritans, and of the townspeople?

2. The scaffold as a symbol

Read the following passage from the chapter and answer the questions that follow:

"Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold, at the western extremity of the market–place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture there. [...] It was, in short, the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze"

Exercise 2:

To the public, the scaffold is the symbol of …

A. the Puritan law B. confession

C. sin and shame D. punishment and humiliation

What is the symbol of the scaffold to the Puritans?

3. Pearl as a symbol

Read the following passage from the chapter and answer the questions that follow:

"She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquaintance only with the grey twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison.

Exercise 3: Hester sees her child, Pearl, as a reminder of her sin and as an embodiment of .....

A. repressed love B. the scarlet letter in the flesh

C. human grief D. Hester's torment

What does Pearl embody to Dimmesdale and to the community?

III. Questions for discussion

1. What is the attitude of the Puritans toward Hester as a sinner? Compare with that of the public to sinners in your country?

2. How does Hester face the crowd and their merciless comments?

3. Is Hester a victim of the Puritan society or a sinner?

4. Why does the narrator connect letter A which was beautifully embroidered on Hester's dress with the word "fertility"?

5. What is the contrast between Hester and the Puritans in terms of their costumes and their attitudes?

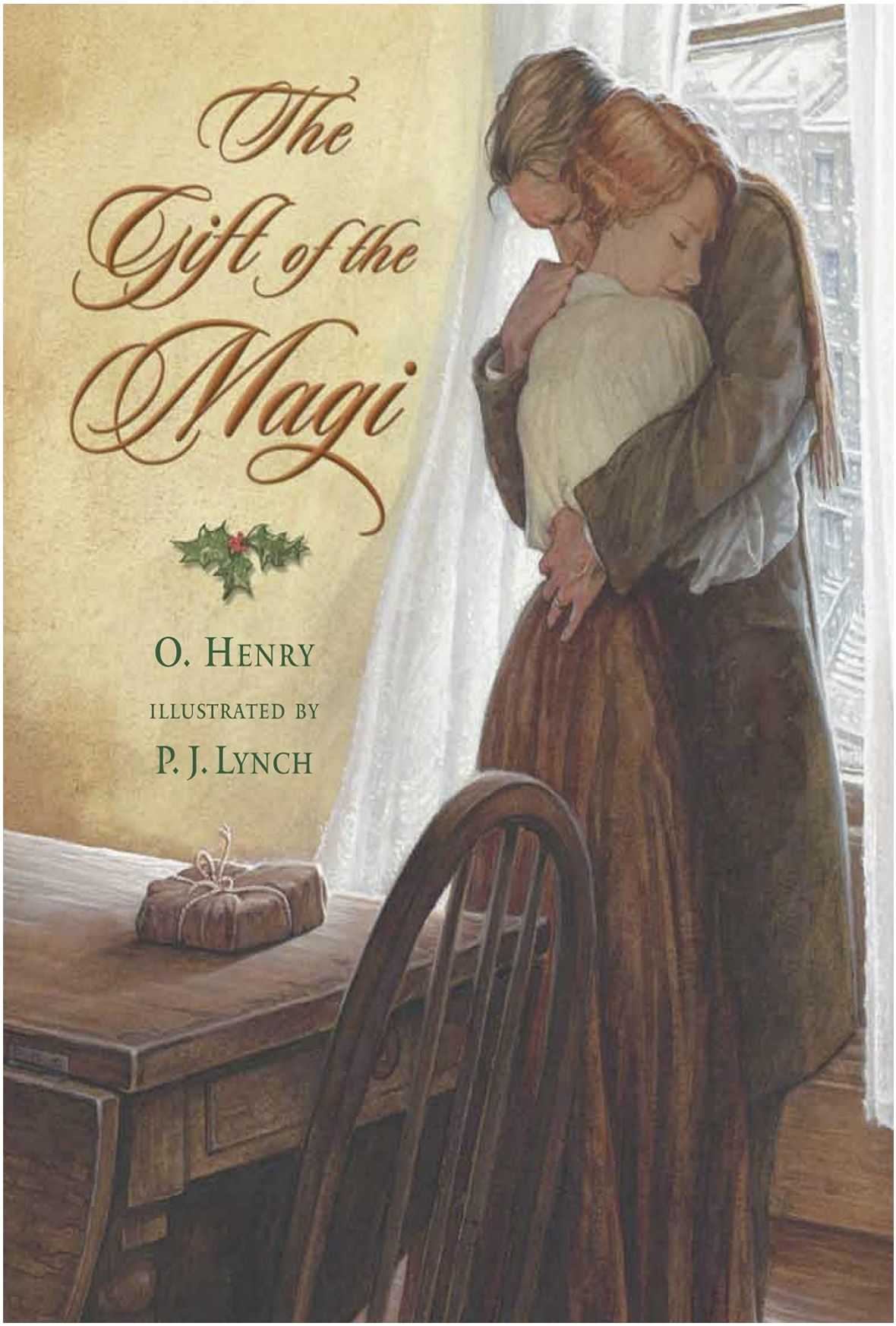
6. Why is Hester compared with Divine Maternity when she stands on the scaffold in front of the crowd?

7. What does Hester use as a shield against the Puritans' judgments?

IV. Questions for group debate

1. Hester suffers humiliation for the majority of the movie because of her refusal to name her sin-partner. If Dimmesdale had been revealed as Hester's lover at the beginning, what judgment would he have received? Would Hester and Dimmesdale be treated differently?

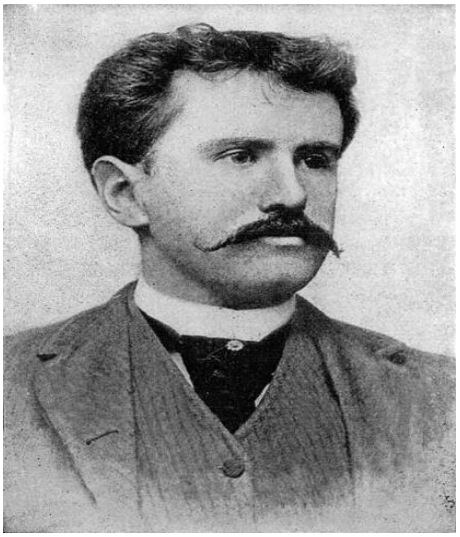
2. The townspeople seem to take a vicious pleasure in judging and tormenting Hester. If you were one of them, would you find pleasure in doing so? What is your reaction if this case occurs in our modern society?


The Gift of the Magi
O. Henry
ILLUSTRATED BY
P. J. Lynch

Story: THE GIFT OF THE MAGI (1905)

Author: O. Henry

Literary Lesson: Irony



O. Henry (September 11, 1862 – June 5, 1910) was born under the name William Sydney Porter. American short-story writer whose tales romanticized the commonplace—in particular the life of ordinary people in New York City. He began writing sketches at about the time of his marriage to Athol Estes in 1887, and in 1894 he started a humorous weekly, *The Rolling Stone.* When that venture failed, Porter joined the *Houston Post* as reporter. Porter and his family moved to Houston in 1895, where he started writing for the *Post.* Porter gathered ideas for his column by loitering in hotel lobbies and observing and talking to people there. This was a technique he used in his writing career. While he was in Houston, he was arrested on charges of embezzlement. He was sentenced to five years in prison. He had 14 stories published under various pseudonyms while he was in prison but was becoming best known as "O. Henry". Porter was released for good behavior after serving three years.

Porter's most prolific writing period started in 1902, when he moved to New York City to be near his publishers. There, he wrote 381 short stories. His wit, characterization, and plot twists were adored by his readers but often panned by critics. O. Henry's stories were considerably playful, and are also known for their witty narration and frequently have surprise endings. Some of his best and least known work is contained in *Cabbages and Kings* (1904). His second collection of stories, *The Four Million* (1906). The stories are set in New York City, and the title is based on the population of the city at that time. The collection contained several short story masterpieces, including *The Cop and the Anthem* (1904), *The Gift of the Magi* (1905), and many others. Henry had an obvious affection for New York City, a reverence that rises up through some of these stories. O. Henry's trademark is his witty, plot-twisting endings, and his warm characterization of the awkward and difficult situations and the creative ways people find to resolve them. O. Henry's plots most of the time deal with coincidence, which acts as a kind of warm-up to the story's surprise ending. Coincidence is something that O. Henry enjoyed using in his work along with the surprise endings because both of these tools together kept the readers' attention and kept the suspense up for the entire story.

The O. Henry Award is a prestigious annual prize named after Porter and given to outstanding short stories.

(Sources: https://americanliterature.com/author/o-henry

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O._Henry)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. What is the custom at Christmas?
2. Do you often buy a valuable gift for your beloved on Christmas Day?
3. Have you ever received any precious gift from another person? What is it?
4. What makes a true love in your opinion?

The Gift of the Magi

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty- seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, though, they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling--something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window someday to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation--as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value--the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home, her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends--a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do--oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty- seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two--and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again--you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say `Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice--what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you--sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year--what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs--the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims--just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And them Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men--wonderfully wise men--who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. O all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

B. AFTER READING

I. Vocabulary: Each of the bold vocabulary words in each given context appears in the story. Look at the four definitions for each word and circle the correct one:

1. "When Della reached home, her intoxication gave way a little to **prudence** and reason"**.**

A. trust B. carelessness

C. emotion D. carefulness

2. "For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some **inconsequential** object in the other direction"**.**

A. important B. unimportant

C. useful D. useless

3. "The **magi**, as you know, were wise men-wonderfully wise men-who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger".

A. foolish men B. kind men

C. wise men D. friendly men

4. "Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a **truant** schoolboy".

A. able to be absent in any case B. absent with permission

C. absent without permission D. unable to be absent in any case

5. "Della doubled the **fob chain** in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered".

A. a necklace B. a belt

C. a robe D. a watch chain

6. "Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the **hashed** metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present".

A. new B. fashionable

C. old D. modern

7. "The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be **illuminated** later on".

A. clarified B. brightened

C. revealed D. decorated

8. "Which **instigates** the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating".

A. ends B. removes

C. develops D. begins

9. “It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the **mendicancy** squad”.

A. the condition of being rich

B. the condition of being poor

C. the condition of being unemployed

D. the condition of being successful

10. “Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of **parsimony** that such close dealing implied”.

A. unwillingness to save money

B. unwillingness to lend all money

C. unwillingness to spend money

D. unwillingness to receive money

II. Literary Lesson: Irony

Irony is the contrast between what is expected, or what appears to be, and what actually is. *Irony of situation* is based on the difference between the way events work out and what is expected to happen or what seems appropriate.

1. How does the story begin? What effect is the beginning of the story?
2. How poor is Della and Jim’s life?
3. How important and valuable are two possessions of Della and Jim?
4. What kind of gift is Della looking for to deserve Jim?
5. What are Della’s feelings and actions when she buys the right gift for Jim?
6. What is Jim’s reaction when he comes home and sees Della?
7. What is the irony that you can find out at the end of the story?
8. What message can you learn from the story?

III. Movie watching

Students watch 20-minute movie of this story. Find out some differences between the movie and the story. Which one is more successful, the story or the movie? Explain your opinions.

(Source: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eEYKlV0vkIs)

IV. Role –playing

Students can have role-play based on the setting, the events and the characters’ descriptions and actions.

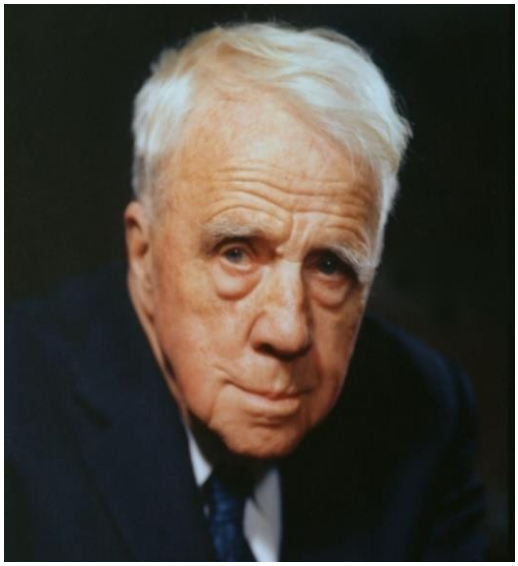
V. Journal Writing

1. How can you define “the wisest magi” based on the analysis of the story? Are you willing to sacrifice the most valuable thing you possess for someone you love?
2. How is love shown in the story? Do you think that love is selfless? Today many marriages are based on the materialistic factors, do you think the couples will have happy lives forever?

Poem: THE ROAD NOT TAKEN (1916)

Author: Robert Frost

Literary Lesson: Theme



Robert Lee Frost (March 26, 1874 – January 29, 1963) was an American poet, whose personal life was plagued by grief and loss. Although known for his later association with rural life, Frost grew up in the city, and he published his first poem *My Butterfly. An Elegy* in his high school's magazine. Frost worked the farm for nine years while writing early in the mornings and producing many of the poems that would later become famous. His first book of poetry, *A Boy's Will*, was published in 1913. Frost met or befriended many contemporary poets in England, especially after his first two poetry volumes were published in London in 1913 (*A Boy's Will*) and 1914 (*North of Boston*). In 1915, he bought a farm in Franconia, New Hampshire, where he launched a career of writing, teaching, and lecturing. In 1924, he won the first of four Pulitzer Prizes for the book *New Hampshire: A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes*. He would win additional Pulitzers for *Collected Poems* in 1931, *A Further Range* in 1937, and *A Witness Tree* in 1943.

Known for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech, Frost frequently wrote about settings from rural life in New England in the early twentieth century, using them to examine complex social and philosophical themes. Because Robert was a farmer first, a poet second (he owned five farms, all in Vermont), his poems are more than rooted in the state's landscape: its stony and frugal soil, its sculptured and shimmering green lens bespeaking a timeless and mystical perfection and its early winter melancholies.

Frost's poems show a successful striving for utter colloquialism, a combination of his use of traditional forms and modernism with his use of idiomatic language and ordinary, everyday subject matter. He won almost immediate recognition for the simple beauty of his verse; his sensitive, observing spirit; his quick sympathies and gentle understanding-all revealed in simple language that has the tang and twist of Yankee speech. His poems show universal thoughts, and feelings which underline the picture so vividly sketched. Frost's language is deceptively simple. His poems say more than they seem to.

Frost was honored frequently during his lifetime, and became one of America's rare public literary figures, almost an artistic institution. He was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal in 1960 for his poetic works. On July 22, 1961, Frost was named poet laureate of Vermont.

(Sources: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Frost

https://www.nytimes.com/1991/09/01/travel/robert-frost-s-vermont.html)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. What do you think the title of the poem means?
2. Imagine you are standing in front of the crossroads, one of which is unexplored and very new to you; meanwhile the other is very familiar and safe. Which road do you think you will choose to keep going? Can you explain your decision?

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

B. AFTER READING

I. Vocabulary

***Direction**: Match the vocabulary from the poem in column A (1-6) and its definition in column B (A-F)*

Column A	*Column B*
1. claim	A. from this time
2. diverged	B. walked on
3. fair	C. small trees and plants growing beneath larger
4. hence	D. branched off; moved in a different direction
5. undergrowth	E. interest, appeal
6. trodden	F. beautiful, favorable

II. Comprehension

Paraphrase the poem using the graphic organizer below. Use the sentence prompts to help you.

Stanza 1	The speaker is in the woods and comes to a spot in the road where the road is forked The speaker is sorry … He … Until …
Stanza 2	The speaker takes the other road which is … He chooses this road because … Because grass is growing on it, and the road seems… Though …
Stanza 3	Both roads were… The leaves… The speaker saves the first road for… But, the speaker knows that … And the speaker doesn't think …
Stanza 4	Sometime in the future, the speaker will be … At a time … That two roads … And he… And that was …

(Source:https://www.lcsnc.org/cms/lib010/NC01911169/Centricity/domain/45/7th%20grade%20ela/1st%20nine%20weeks/road_not_taken.pdf)

III. Literary Lesson: Theme

Theme is the underlying meaning of a literary work, central and controlling idea that exists in all good art, a general truth about life or mankind. A theme may be stated or implied.

1. Theme and Imagery

a. What is the implication for the mood of the poet through the color *"yellow"* in the line: "*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood"*?

A. optimism B. indecision

C. excitement D. sadness

b. How are the two roads described in the following lines:

"And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black"

c. What does the line "*because it was grassy and wanted wear"* imply?

2. Theme and Conflicts

a. What conflict was the traveler facing at the beginning of the poem?
b. Which road did the traveler take, the first or the second? What makes his choice?
c. What did the traveler imply as shown in the following lines: *"Oh, I kept the first for another day!/Yet knowing how way leads on to way"*
d. Explain why the traveler doubted whether he would ever come back to take the first road. Propose a reason for the "sigh" the traveler had in the line *"I shall be telling this with a sigh"*.
e. What do the last two lines of the poem mean? From what you know about the poet's life, what "difference" did the poet refer to in the last line?
f. Why did the poet name this poem *The Road Not Taken*, not *The Road Taken*?

IV. Sharing ideas: Work with a partner

1. Brainstorm ideas. What choices have you made that affect your life? Write as many ideas as you can.
2. Choose an idea and an inciting incident that forced you to make a choice.
3. Then, explain the results of the most important choice you have made.

V. Journal writing

1. *"The Road Not Taken"* by Robert Frost has a universal theme for all people in the world. Can you use your understanding about the poem to prove that? Have you ever stood at crossroads and hesitated to decide what road to take in your real life? How? What is the result of your choice?
2. Have you ever had any regret when making a decision in your life? If so, have you wished to make another choice? What have you done with that decision? Do you want to keep going or change it?
3. Do you think that whatever road you take in your life, it will turn out the right road, given that you are committed and devoted to this road? Prove that with your own experience.

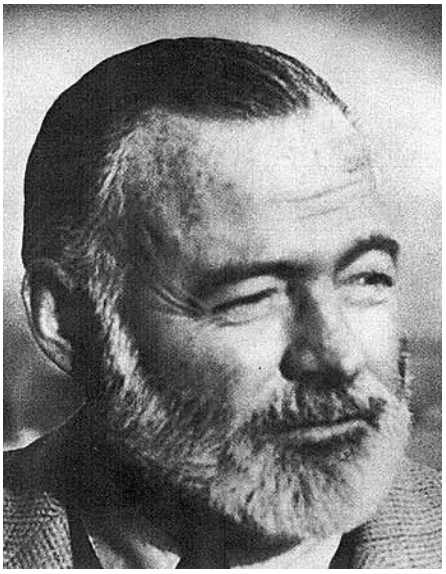
VI. Poem translation

Work in groups to translate the poem into Vietnamese.

Story: HILLS LIKE WHITE ELEPHANTS (1927)

Author: Ernest Hemingway

Literary Lesson: Use of language



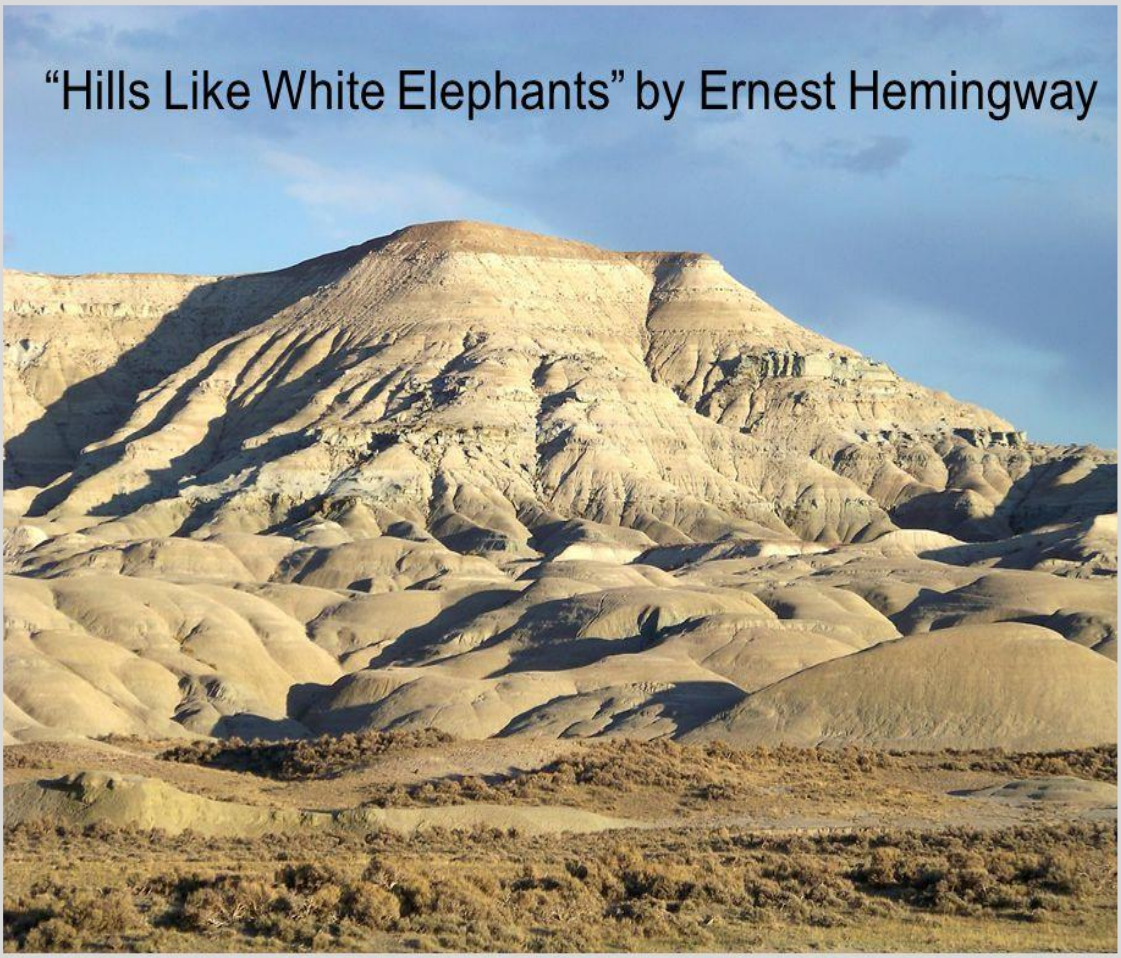
Ernest Miller Hemingway (July 21, 1899 – July 2, 1961) was born in Illinois. His family took him, as a boy, on frequent hunting and fishing trips and so acquainted him early with the kinds of virtues, such as courage and endurance, which were later reflected in his fiction. After high school, he worked as a newspaper reporter and then went overseas to take part in World War I. After the war he lived for several years in Paris, where he became part of a group of Americans who felt alienated from their country. They considered themselves a lost generation. It was not long before he began publishing remarkable and completely individual short stories. The year he left Paris he published the powerful novel *The Sun Also Rises*. His subjects were often war and its effects on people, or contests, such as hunting or bullfighting, which demand stamina and courage.

Hemingway's style of writing is striking. His economical and understated style-which he termed the *Iceberg theory*-had a strong influence on 20th century fiction. His sentences are short, his words simple, yet they are often filled with emotion. A careful reading can show us, furthermore, that he is a master of the pause. That is, if we look closely, we see how the action of his stories continues during the silences, during the times his characters say nothing. This action is often full of meaning. There are times when the most powerful effect comes from restraint. Such times occur often in Hemingway's fiction. He perfected the art of conveying emotion with few words.

Hemingway produced most of his work between the mid-1920s and the mid-1950s. His fiction was successful because the characters he presented exhibited authenticity that resonated with his audience. He published seven novels, six short-story collections, and two non-fiction works. Three of his novels, four short-story collections, and three non-fiction works were published posthumously. Many of his works are considered classics of American Literature. He won the Pulitzer Prize and then the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954 with the novel *The Old Man and The Sea* (1952). Other famous novels include *Indian Camp* (1924), *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940).

Hemingway maintained permanent residences in Key West, Florida (in the 1030s) and Cuba (in the 1940s and 1950s). In 1959, he bought a house in Ketchum, Idaho, where, in mid-1961, he ended his own life.

(Source:https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ernest_Hemingway)



A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. As for the title of the story, are the hills compared with the elephants in terms of shape or color?

2. What is the symbol of white elephants in your opinion?

Hills Like White Elephants

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

'What should we drink?' the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

'It's pretty hot,' the man said.

'Let's drink beer.'

'Dos cervezas,' the man said into the curtain.

'Big ones?' a woman asked from the doorway.

'Yes. Two big ones.'

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

'They look like white elephants,' she said.

'I've never seen one,' the man drank his beer.

'No, you wouldn't have.'

'I might have,' the man said. 'Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything.'

The girl looked at the bead curtain. 'They've painted something on it,' she said. 'What does it say?'

'Anis del Toro. It's a drink.'

'Could we try it?'

The man called 'Listen' through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

'Four reales.' 'We want two Anis del Toro.'

'With water?'

'Do you want it with water?'

'I don't know,' the girl said. 'Is it good with water?'

'It's all right.'

'You want them with water?' asked the woman.

'Yes, with water.'

'It tastes like liquorice,' the girl said and put the glass down.

'That's the way with everything.'

'Yes,' said the girl. 'Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe.'

'Oh, cut it out.'

'You started it,' the girl said. 'I was being amused. I was having a fine time.'

'Well, let's try and have a fine time.'

'All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?'

'That was bright.'

'I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it - look at things and try new drinks?'

'I guess so.'

The girl looked across at the hills.

'They're lovely hills,' she said. 'They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees.'

'Should we have another drink?'

'All right.'

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

'The beer's nice and cool,' the man said.

'It's lovely,' the girl said.

'It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig,' the man said. 'It's not really an operation at all.'

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

'I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in.'

The girl did not say anything.

'I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural.'

'Then what will we do afterwards?'

'We'll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.'

'What makes you think so?'

'That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy.'

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

'And you think then we'll be all right and be happy.'

'I know we will. You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it.'

'So have I,' said the girl. 'And afterwards they were all so happy.'

'Well,' the man said, 'if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple.'

'And you really want to?'

'I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to.'

'And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?'

'I love you now. You know I love you.'

'I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?'

'I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry.'

'If I do it you won't ever worry?'

'I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple.'

'Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me.'

'What do you mean?'

'I don't care about me.'

'Well, I care about you.'

'Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine.'

'I don't want you to do it if you feel that way.'

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

'And we could have all this,' she said. 'And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.'

'What did you say?'

'I said we could have everything.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can have the whole world.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can go everywhere.'

'No, we can't. It isn't ours any more.'

'It's ours.'

'No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back.'

'But they haven't taken it away.'

'We'll wait and see.'

'Come on back in the shade,' he said. 'You mustn't feel that way.'

'I don't feel any way,' the girl said. 'I just know things.'

'I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do -'

'Nor that isn't good for me,' she said. 'I know. Could we have another beer?'

'All right. But you've got to realize - '

'I realize,' the girl said. 'Can't we maybe stop talking?'

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

'You've got to realize,' he said, ' that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you.'

'Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along.'

'Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I know it's perfectly simple.'

'Yes, you know it's perfectly simple.'

'It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it.'

'Would you do something for me now?'

'I'd do anything for you.'

'Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?'

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

'But I don't want you to,' he said, 'I don't care anything about it.'

'I'll scream,' the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. 'The train comes in five minutes,' she said.

'What did she say?' asked the girl.

'That the train is coming in five minutes.'

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

'I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station,' the man said. She smiled at him.

'All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer.'

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

'Do you feel better?' he asked.

'I feel fine,' she said. 'There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine”

B. AFTER READING

I. Foreshadowing in the setting

The story begins with a couple waiting at the railway station for the express train to Madrid.

What do you think the following details foreshadow the relationship between the American and the girl and the situation they are in.

1. "... the station was between two lines of rails in the sun"
2. 'it was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went on to Madrid"

II. Literary Lesson: Use of language

1. Interpreting characters' feelings

An interesting trademark in Hemingway's writing style is his principle of iceberg, in which the implication and the brevity are effectively used so that the reader has to do a lot of "reading between the lines" (interpreting) to decide what is going on.

The girl in the story is the person who always starts the conversations and shifts the topics on purpose. She is so restrained in what she says.

In this exercise, try to put into your own words what she is feeling when she speaks. The first two have been done as examples, but you can change them if you have different ideas. Then continue by writing your own interpretation.

What she says	How she is feeling
- "I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it-look at things and try new drinks?" (paragraph 33)	→ I wanted to try the new feeling of being a mother. What I really want to do now is having our baby.
- "They are lovely hills. I just mean the coloring of their skin through the trees" (paragraph 36)	→Look! The hills are like cute babies with their white and smooth skin.
- "And you think then we'll be all right and be happy?" (paragraph 52)	→
- "And afterward they were all so happy" (paragraph 54)	→
- "Would you do something for me now?" (paragraph 96)	→
- "I'll scream" (paragraph 101)	→
- "I'll fine, there's nothing wrong with me. I'll feel fine" (paragraph 110)	→

2. Substitutional pronoun "it"

In this story, Hemingway used the substitutional pronoun "it" to avoid monotonous repetition of lengthiness and make the story simpler, shorter, and more implicative.

How many "it" are there in the story?

What does "it" refer to in the following sentences:

a. "**It**'s really an awfully simple operation, Jig," the man said. "**It**'s not really an operation at all"

b. "That's the only thing that bothers us. **It**'s the only thing that's made us unhappy"

c. "I know. But if I do **it**, then **it** will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like **it**?"

3. Characters and their relationship

a. What is the couple's relationship like at the beginning of the story? Who dominates the relationship?

b. How does the relationship between the girl and the man change by the second drink?

c. How does the man attempt to manipulate the girl into having a "simple operation"? What kind of operation do you think the couple are talking about? What do they never openly name the operation?

d. How do the landscapes on either side of the river differ? What might these contrasting landscapes suggest about the girl's feeling and mood?

e. What is the couple's lifestyle like as revealed through their bags on which there were labels from all the hotels where they had spent nights?

IV. Insight discussion

1. According to the dictionary "white elephant" is an expression used about something requiring a lot of care and money to get, but that gives little profit to the owner, or something one might throw away because it is not valuable. How does this information highlight the plot in the story?

2. Elaborate on how "white elephant" is used as a metaphor in the story. What makes us aware of the way the man and the woman think differently about the white elephant? They are obviously discussing a very essential question, which is fundamental in their relationship. Would you identify the attitudes expressed by the man and the woman as gender typical?

V. Writing Script and Role play

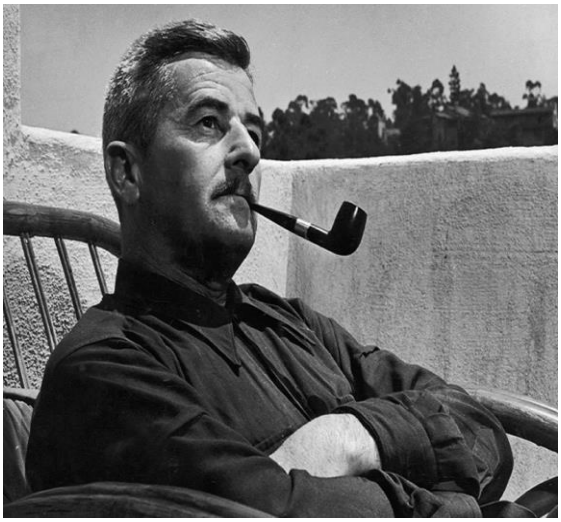
In your group, rewrite the story into a script making it possible to act it out. You may have to adjust the script to the number of students in your group.

Rehearse the dialogue with your group, then record the performance in a video, using sounds, music, and some props to set the atmosphere.

Story: A ROSE FOR EMILY (1930)

Author: William Faulkner

Literary Lesson: Symbolism

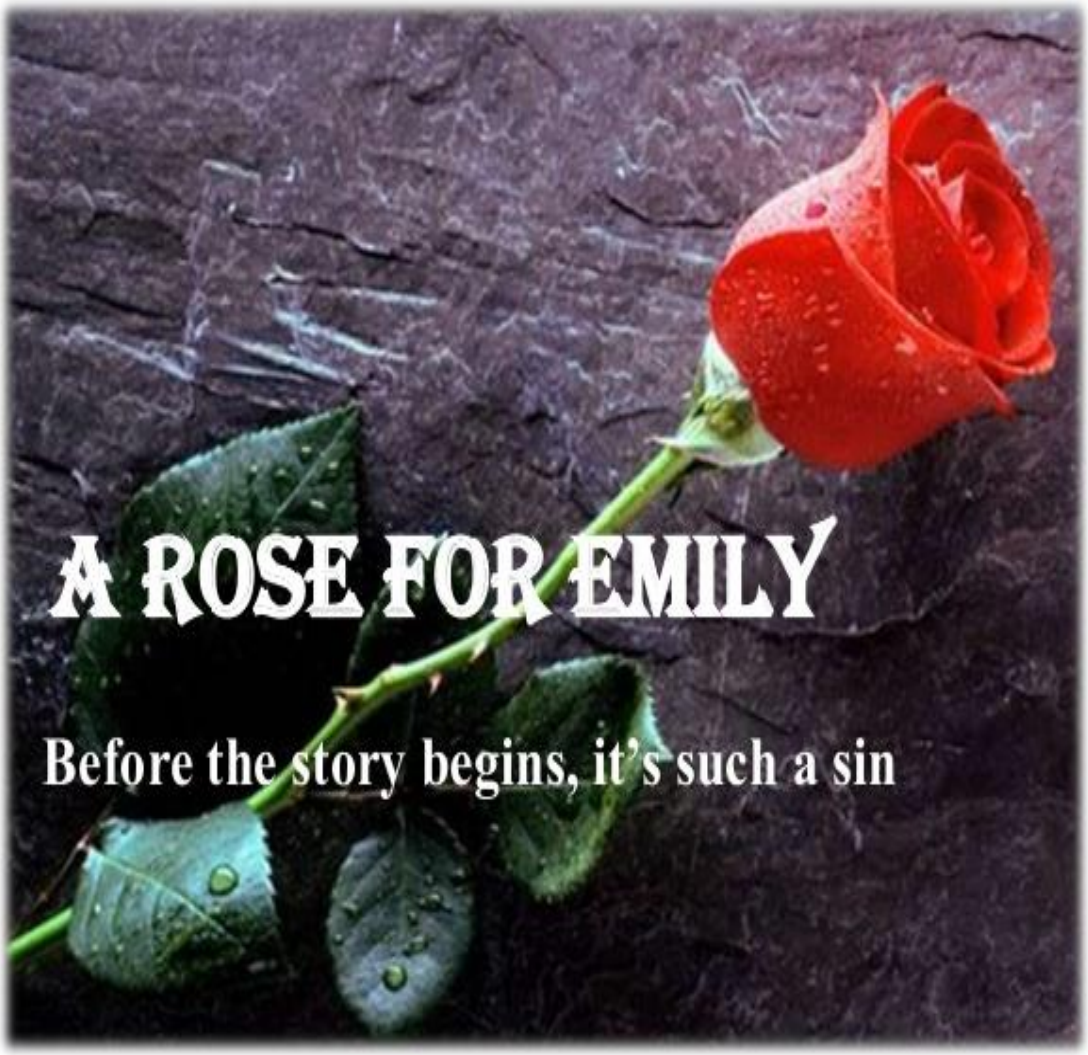


William Cuthbert Faulkner (September 25, 1897 – July 6, 1962), who came from an old southern family, grew up in Oxford, Mississippi. Faulkner was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1949. Faulkner's style is not very easy; in this he has connections to European literary modernism. His sentences are long and hypnotic, sometimes he withholds important details, or refers to people or events that the reader will not learn about until much later.

In an attempt to create a saga of his own, Faulkner has invented a host of characters typical of the historical growth and subsequent decadence of the South. The human drama in Faulkner's novels is then built on the model of the actual, historical drama extending over almost a century and a half. Each story and each novel contributes to the construction of a whole, which is the imaginary Yoknapatawpha County and its inhabitants. Their theme is the decay of the old South, as represented by the Sartoris and Compson families, and the emergence of ruthless and brash newcomers, the Snopeses. Theme and technique - the distortion of time through the use of the inner monologue are fused particularly successfully in *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), the downfall of the Compson family seen through the minds of several characters. The novel *Sanctuary* (1931) is about the degeneration of Temple Drake, a young girl from a distinguished southern family. In *Light in August* (1932), prejudice is shown to be most destructive when it is internalized, as in Joe Christmas, who believes, though there is no proof of it, that one of his parents was a Negro. The theme of racial prejudice is brought up again in *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936), in which a young man is rejected by his father and brother because of his mixed blood. Faulkner's most outspoken moral evaluation of the relationship and the problems between Negroes and whites is to be found in *Intruder In the Dust* (1948).

In 1940, Faulkner published the first volume of the Snopes trilogy, *The Hamlet*, to be followed by two volumes, *The Town* (1957) and *The Mansion* (1959), all of them tracing the rise of the insidious Snopes family to positions of power and wealth in the community. *The reivers*, his last - and most humorous - work, appeared in 1962, the year of Faulkner's death.

(Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Faulkner)



A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. What is the symbol of a rose? On what occasions do people in your country offer roses to each other?

2. How important is the past in one's life? How does the past affect the present?

A Rose for Emily

I

WHEN Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps-an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor--he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron-remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse--a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered--a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see We must go by the--"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily--"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

So SHE vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart--the one we believed would marry her --had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man--a young man then--going in and out with a market basket.

"Just as if a man--any man--could keep a kitchen properly, "the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law? "

"I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met--three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

"It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't. .."

"Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will.

III

SHE WAS SICK for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows--sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with niggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee--a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the niggers, and the niggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget *noblesse oblige*- -

without calling it *noblesse oblige*. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could . . ." This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

She carried her head high enough--even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

"I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eyesockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

"Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom--"

"I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is--"

"Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

"Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want--"

"I want arsenic."

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

IV

So THE NEXT day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked--he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club--that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister--Miss Emily's people were Episcopal-- to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron--the streets had been finished some time since--was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did

that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows--she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house--like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation--dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro

He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

V

THE NEGRO met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and

macabre; and the very old men --some in their brushed Confederate uniforms--on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron- gray hair.

B. AFTER READING

I. Video watching

(Source: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PM4SHvHjXZA)

II. The plot summary

The story was written in "the Stream of consciousness", in which the events were not arranged following the passage of time, but were revived in the first-personal pronoun narrator's memory. After finishing reading the story, rearrange the following jumbled events following the passage of time:

1. Miss Emily Grierson died and the whole town of Jefferson went to her funeral.
2. Only Emily was remitted her taxes in the town by Colonel Sartoris.
3. A deputation of young mayors came to Emily's house asking for her taxes, but they were dismissed ignominiously by a Negro servant.
4. A terrible smell emerged from her house.
5. Emily's father died and she refused to accept his death.
6. Homer Barron appeared in the town and Emily went out with him very often.
7. Emily went to buy some poison for rats.
8. Emily ordered a man's toilet set in silver for her wedding.
9. Homer Barron deserted Emily and disappeared ever since.
10. Emily gave lessons in china-painting for children in the town.
11. Emily captured herself indoor for a long time.
12. The door of Emily's bed room was broken down and people saw a rotten skeleton lying in the bed.

III. Literary Lesson: Symbolism

1. Elements of setting as symbol

Faulkner's stories are influenced by the past, and by the effects of the past on the present. Emily Grierson was a character out of the past who endured into modern time. She was so much a part of the past that she becomes a symbol of tradition and monument which the townspeople of Jefferson recalled with an uncertain nostalgia.

Exercise 1

Read the following passage:

"They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse- a close, dank smell. The Negro led them

into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father."

Which element of the setting best symbolizes the passage of time?

A. the door and the hallway

B. the blinds and the sun-ray

C. the dust and the cracked leather

D. the stairway and shadows

Exercise 2

What is the symbol of the past generation that the author includes in the passage?

2. Characters as symbol

Exercise 3

Read the following passage:

"They rose when she entered- a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue."

Like the past, Miss Emily is represented as appearing to be:

A. dead and decaying

B. dear and inescapable

C. domineering but dependable

D. plump and comfortable

Exercise 4

Which character in the story symbolizes the domination of the aristocracy on Emily?

3. Symbols in situations and actions

Exercise 5

After her father died, Emily "dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead." What might her action symbolize?

A. The action is symbolic of Emily's reluctance to conform with town customs.

B. The action may symbolize the pressure a town places on its aristocracy.

C. The action indicates that Emily has probably inherited the strain of family insanity.

D. The action is probably symbolic of Emily's reluctance to break with the past.

Exercise 6: What might Emily's relationship with Homer Barron symbolize?

IV. Discussing the story

1. When the townspeople thought Emily was "fallen", did they mean socially, morally or what? Do you think they wanted her to fall, even though she was their "tradition, duty, and care"?
2. Why was Emily a "hereditary obligation" for the people when it seems that she had done nothing special for the town?
3. When Emily's father died, she refused at first to admit he was dead. The people thought "We believe she had to do that ... she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will". How do you connect that statement with the shocking end of the story?
4. What might be the symbolism of the rose in the title *A Rose for Emily*?

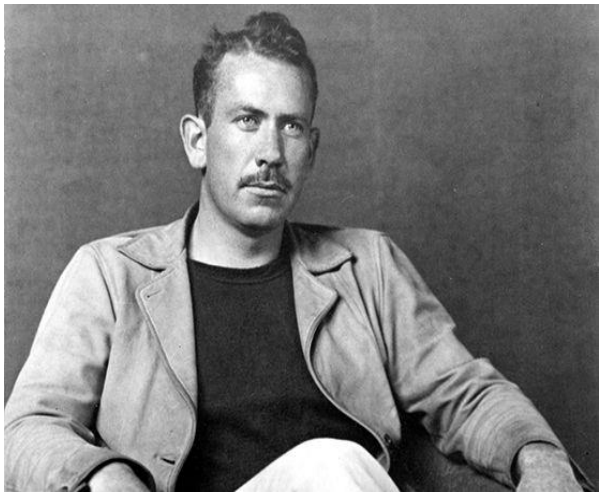
V. Creative conversation writing

Write a conversation between the spirit of Emily and you, in which she told you the reason why she poisoned Homer Barron.

Story: THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS (1938)

Author: John Steinbeck

Literary Lesson: Setting



John Steinbeck (February 27, 1902 – December 20, 1968) Steinbeck was born on February 27, 1902, in Salinas, California. He was of German, English, and Irish descent. Steinbeck lived in a small rural town, no more than a frontier settlement, set in some of the world's most fertile land. He spent his summers working on nearby ranches and later with migrant workers on Spreckels sugar beet farms. There he learned of the harsher aspects of the migrant life and the darker side of human nature, which supplied him with material expressed in such work as *Of Mice and Men* (1937). In 1930, Steinbeck met the marine biologist Ed Ricketts, who became a close friend and mentor to Steinbeck during the following decade. In the 1930s and 1940s, Ed Ricketts strongly influenced Steinbeck's writing. In May 1948, Ed Ricketts died of the serious injury in an accident and Steinbeck spent the year after Ricketts' death in deep depression. In June 1949, Steinbeck met stage-manager Elaine Scott at a restaurant in Carmel, California. They eventually began a relationship and then married in 1950. This third marriage for Steinbeck lasted until his death in 1968.

Steinbeck won the 1962 Nobel Prize in Literature for his realistic and imaginative writings, combining as they do sympathetic humour and keen social perception. He has been called "a giant of American letters," and many of his works are considered classics of Western literature. Steinbeck often populate his stories with struggling characters; his works examined the lives of the working class and migrant workers during the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression. His works frequently explored the themes of fate and injustice, especially as applied to downtrodden or everyman protagonists. During his writing career, he authored 27 books, including 16 novels, six non-fiction books, and two collections of short stories. He achieved his first critical success and is widely known for the comic novels *Tortilla Flat* (1935) and *Cannery Row* (1945), the multi-generation epic *East of Eden* (1952). Steinbeck began to write a series of "California novels" and Dust Bowl fiction, including *In Dubious Battle* (1936), *Of Mice and Men* (1937) and *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939). The Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Grapes of Wrath* is considered Steinbeck's masterpiece and part of the American literary canon. *Of Mice and Men* was critically acclaimed and Steinbeck's 1962 Nobel Prize citation called it a "little masterpiece".

(Source:https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Steinbeck)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. Have you ever been in a valley? What problems do you think you would encounter if you were to live there in winter?
2. In what ways, does the hobby of growing the flowers become a source of joy in people's life?
3. Are the chrysanthemums popular flowers in your country? Describe the typical chrysanthemums in your country?

The Chrysanthemums

The high gray-flannel fog of winter closed off the Salinas Valley from the sky and from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot. On the broad, level land floor the gang plows bit deep and left the black earth shining like metal where the shares had cut. On the foothill ranches across the Salinas River, the yellow stubble fields seemed to be bathed in pale cold sunshine, but there was no sunshine in the valley now in December. The thick willow scrub along the river flamed with sharp and positive yellow leaves.

It was a time of quiet and of waiting. The air was cold and tender. A light wind blew up from the southwest so that the farmers were mildly hopeful of a good rain before long; but fog and rain did not go together.

Across the river, on Henry Allen's foothill ranch there was little work to be done, for the hay was cut and stored and the orchards were plowed up to receive the rain deeply when it should come. The cattle on the higher slopes were becoming shaggy and rough-coated.

Elisa Allen, working in her flower garden, looked down across the yard and saw Henry, her husband, talking to two men in business suits. The three of them stood by the tractor shed, each man with one foot on the side of the little Ford-son. They smoked cigarettes and studied the machine as they talked.

Elisa watched them for a moment and then went back to her work. She was thirty-five. Her face was lean and strong and her eyes were as clear as water. Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clodhopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron with four big pockets to hold the snips, the trowel and scratcher, the seeds and the knife she worked with. She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked.

She was cutting down the old year's chrysanthemum stalks with a pair of short and powerful scissors. She looked down toward the men by the tractor shed now and then. Her face was eager and mature and handsome; even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy.

She brushed a cloud of hair out of her eyes with the back of her glove, and left a smudge of earth on her cheek in doing it. Behind her stood the neat white farm house with red geraniums close-banked around it as high as the windows. It was a hard-swept looking little house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mud-mat on the front steps.

Elisa cast another glance toward the tractor shed. The strangers were getting into their Ford coupe. She took off a glove and put her strong fingers down into the forest of new green chrysanthemum sprouts that were growing around the old roots. She

spread the leaves and looked down among the close-growing stems. No aphids were there, no sowbugs or snails or cutworms. Her terrier fingers destroyed such pests before they could get started.

Elisa started at the sound of her husband's voice. He had come near quietly, and he leaned over the wire fence that protected her flower garden from cattle and dogs and chickens.

"At it again," he said. "You've got a strong new crop coming.

Elisa straightened her back and pulled on the gardening glove again. "Yes. They'll be strong this coming year." In her tone and on her face there was a little smugness.

You've got a gift with things," Henry observed. "Some of those yellow chrysanthemums you had this year were ten inches across. I wish you'd work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big."

Her eyes sharpened. "Maybe I could do it, too. I've a gift with things, all right. My mother had it. She could stick anything in the ground and make it grow. She said it was having planters' hands that knew how to do it."

"Well, it sure works with flowers," he said. "Henry, who were those men you were talking to?"

"Why, sure, that's what I came to tell you. They were from the Western Meat Company. I sold those thirty head of three-year-old steers. Got nearly my own price, too."

"Good," she said. "Good for you.

"And I thought," he continued, "I thought how it's Saturday afternoon, and we might go into Salinas for dinner at a restaurant, and then to a picture show—to celebrate, you see."

"Good," she repeated. "Oh, yes. That will be good."

Henry put on his joking tone. "There's fights tonight. How'd you like to go to the fights?"

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly. "No, I wouldn't like fights."

"Just fooling, Elisa. We'll go to a movie. Let's see. It's two now. I'm going to take Scotty and bring down those steers from the hill. It'll take us maybe two hours. We'll go in town about five and have dinner at the Cominos Hotel. Like that?"

"Of course I'll like it. It's good to eat away from home."

"All right, then. I'll go get up a couple of horses."

She said, "I'll have plenty of time transplant some of these sets, I guess."

She heard her husband calling Scotty down by the barn. And a little later she saw the two men ride up the pale yellow hillside in search of the steers.

There was a little square sandy bed kept for rooting the chrysanthemums. With her

trowel she turned the soil over and over, and smoothed it and patted it firm. Then she dug ten parallel trenches to receive the sets. Back at the chrysanthemum bed she pulled out the little crisp shoots, trimmed off the leaves of each one with her scissors and laid it on a small orderly pile.

A squeak of wheels and plod of hoofs came from the road. Elisa looked up. The country road ran along the dense bank of willows and cotton-woods that bordered the river, and up this road came a curious vehicle, curiously drawn. It was an old spring-wagon, with a round canvas top on it like the cover of a prairie schooner. It was drawn by an old bay horse and a little grey-and-white burro. A big stubble-bearded man sat between the cover flaps and drove the crawling team. Underneath the wagon, between the hind wheels, a lean and rangy mongrel dog walked sedately. Words were painted on the canvas in clumsy, crooked letters. "Pots, pans, knives, scissors, lawn mores, Fixed." Two rows of articles, and the triumphantly definitive "Fixed" below. The black paint had run down in little sharp points beneath each letter.

Elisa, squatting on the ground, watched to see the crazy, loose-jointed wagon pass by. But it didn't pass. It turned into the farm road in front of her house, crooked old wheels skirling and squeaking. The rangy dog darted from between the wheels and ran ahead. Instantly the two ranch shepherds flew out at him. Then all three stopped, and with stiff and quivering tails, with taut straight legs, with ambassadorial dignity, they slowly circled, sniffing daintily. The caravan pulled up to Elisa's wire fence and stopped. Now the newcomer dog, feeling outnumbered, lowered his tail and retired under the wagon with raised hackles and bared teeth.

The man on the wagon seat called out, "That's a bad dog in a fight when he gets started."

Elisa laughed. I see he is. How soon does he generally get started?"

The man caught up her laughter and echoed it heartily. "Sometimes not for weeks and weeks," he said. He climbed stiffly down, over the wheel. The horse and the donkey drooped like unwatered flowers.

Elisa saw that he was a very big man. Although his hair and beard were graying, he did not look old. His worn black suit was wrinkled and spotted with grease. The laughter had disappeared from his face and eyes the moment his laughing voice ceased. His eyes were dark, and they were full of the brooding that gets in the eyes of teamsters and of sailors. The calloused hands he rested on the wire fence were cracked, and every crack was a black line. He took off his battered hat.

"I'm off my general road, ma'am," he said. "Does this dirt road cut over across the river to the Los Angeles highway?"

Elisa stood up and shoved the thick scissors in her apron pocket. "Well, yes, it does, but it winds around and then fords the river. I don't think your team could pull through the sand."

He replied with some asperity, "It might surprise you what them beasts can pull through."

"When they get started?" she asked.

He smiled for a second. "Yes. When they get started."

"Well," said Elisa, "I think you'll save time if you go back to the Salinas road and pick up the highway there."

He drew a big finger down the chicken wire and made it sing. "I ain't in any hurry, ma am. I go from Seattle to San Diego and back every year. Takes all my time. About six months each way. I aim to follow nice weather."

Elisa took off her gloves and stuffed them in the apron pocket with the scissors. She touched the under edge of her man's hat, searching for fugitive hairs. "That sounds like a nice kind of a way to live," she said.

He leaned confidentially over the fence. "Maybe you noticed the writing on my wagon. I mend pots and sharpen knives and scissors. You got any of them things to do?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Nothing like that." Her eyes hardened with resistance.

"Scissors is the worst thing," he explained. "Most people just ruin scissors trying to sharpen 'em, but I know how. I got a special tool. It's a little bobbit kind of thing, and patented. But it sure does the trick."

"No. My scissors are all sharp."

"All right, then. Take a pot," he continued earnestly, "a bent pot, or a pot with a hole. I can make it like new so you don't have to buy no new ones. That's a saving for you.

"No," she said shortly. "I tell you I have nothing like that for you to do."

His face fell to an exaggerated sadness. His voice took on a whining undertone. "I ain't had a thing to do today. Maybe I won't have no supper tonight. You see I'm off my regular road. I know folks on the highway clear from Seattle to San Diego. They save their things for me to sharpen up because they know I do it so good and save them money.

"I'm sorry," Elisa said irritably. "I haven't anything for you to do."

His eyes left her face and fell to searching the ground. They roamed about until they came to the chrysanthemum bed where she had been working. "What's them plants, ma'am?"

The irritation and resistance melted from Elisa's face. "Oh, those are chrysanthemums, giant whites and yellows. I raise them every year, bigger than anybody around here."

"Kind of a long-stemmed flower? Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke?" he asked.

"That's it. What a nice way to describe them."

"They smell kind of nasty till you get used to them," he said.

"It's a good bitter smell," she retorted, "not nasty at all."

He changed his tone quickly. "I like the smell myself."

"I had ten-inch blooms this year," she said.

The man leaned farther over the fence. "Look. I know a lady down the road a piece, has got the nicest garden you ever seen. Got nearly every kind of flower but no chrysanthemums. Last time I was mending a copper-bottom washtub for her (that's a hard job but I do it good), she said to me, 'If you ever run acrost some nice chrysanthemums I wish you'd try to get me a few seeds.' That's what she told me."

Elisa's eyes grew alert and eager. "She couldn't have known much about chrysanthemums. You can raise them from seed, but it's much easier to root the little sprouts you see there."

"Oh," he said. "I s'pose I can't take none to her, then."

"Why yes you can," Elisa cried. "I can put some in damp sand, and you can carry them right along with you. They'll take root in the pot if you keep them damp. And then she can transplant them."

"She'd sure like to have some, ma'am. You say they're nice ones?"

"Beautiful," she said. "Oh, beautiful." Her eyes shone. She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair. "I'll put them in a flower pot, and you can take them right with you. Come into the yard."

While the man came through the picket fence Elisa ran excitedly along the geranium-bordered path to the back of the house. And she returned carrying a big red flower pot. The gloves were forgotten now. She kneeled on the ground by the starting bed and dug up the sandy soil with her fingers and scooped it into the bright new flower pot. Then she picked up the little pile of shoots she had prepared. With her strong fingers she pressed them into the sand and tamped around them with her knuckles. The man stood over her. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "You remember so you can tell the lady."

"Yes, I'll try to remember."

"Well, look. These will take root in about a month. Then she must set them out, about a foot apart in good rich earth like this, see?" She lifted a handful of dark soil for him to look at. "They'll grow fast and tall. Now remember this. In July tell her to cut them down, about eight inches from the ground."

"Before they bloom?" he asked.

"Yes, before they bloom." Her face was tight with eagerness. "They'll grow right up again. About the last of September the buds will start."

She stopped and seemed perplexed. "It's the budding that takes the most care," she said hesitantly. "I don't know how to tell you." She looked deep into his eyes, searchingly. Her mouth opened a little, and she seemed to be listening. "I'll try to tell you," she said. "Did you ever hear of planting hands?"

"Can't say I have, ma'am."

"Well, I can only tell you what it feels like. It's when you're picking off the buds you don't want. Everything goes right down into your fingertips. You watch your fingers work. They do it themselves. You can feel how it is. They pick and pick the buds. They never make a mistake. They're with the plant. Do you see? Your fingers and the plant. You can feel that, right up your arm. They know. They never make a mistake. You can feel it. When you're like that you can't do anything wrong. Do you see that? Can you understand that?"

She was kneeling on the ground looking up at him. Her breast swelled passionately.

The man's eyes narrowed. He looked away self-consciously. "Maybe I know," he said. "Sometimes in the night in the wagon there—"

Elisa's voice grew husky. She broke in on him. "I've never lived as you do, but I know what you mean. When the night is dark—why, the stars are sharp-pointed, and there's quiet. Why, you rise up and up! Every pointed star gets driven into your body. It's like that. Hot and sharp and—lovely."

Kneeling there, her hand went out toward his legs in the greasy black trousers. Her hesitant fingers almost touched the cloth. Then her hand dropped to the ground. She crouched low like a fawning dog.

He said, "It's nice, just like you say. Only when you don't have no dinner, it ain't."

She stood up then, very straight, and her face was ashamed. She held the flower pot out to him and placed it gently in his arms. "Here. Put it in your wagon, on the seat, where you can watch it. Maybe I can find something for you to do."

At the back of the house she dug in the can pile and found two old and battered aluminum saucepans. She carried them back and gave them to him. "Here, maybe you can fix these."

His manner changed. He became professional. "Good as new I can fix them." At the back of his wagon he set a little anvil, and out of an oily tool box dug a small machine hammer. Elisa came through the gate to watch him while he pounded out the dents in the kettles. His mouth grew sure and knowing. At a difficult part of the work he sucked his under-lip.

"You sleep right in the wagon?" Elisa asked.

"Right in the wagon, ma'am. Rain or shine I'm dry as a cow in there."

It must be nice," she said. "It must be very nice. I wish women could do such things."

"It ain't the right kind of a life for a woman."

Her upper lip raised a little, showing her teeth. "How do you know? How can you tell?" she said.

"I don't know, ma'am," he protested. "Of course I don't know. Now here's your kettles, done. You don't have to buy no new ones."

"How much?"

"Oh, fifty cents will do. I keep my prices down and my work good. That's why I have all them satisfied customers up and down the highway."

Elisa brought him a fifty-cent piece from the house and dropped it in his hand. "You might be surprised to have a rival some time. I can sharpen scissors, too. And I can beat the dents out of little pots. I could show you what a woman might do."

He put his hammer back in the oily box and shoved the little anvil out of sight. "It would be a lonely life for a woman, ma'am, and a scary life, too, with animals creeping under the wagon all night." He climbed over the singletree, steadying himself with a hand on the burro's white rump. He settled himself in the seat, picked up the lines. "Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said. "I'll do like you told me; I'll go back and catch the Salinas road."

"Mind," she called, "if you're long in getting there, keep the sand damp."

"Sand, ma'am? ... Sand? Oh, sure. You mean around the chrysanthemums. Sure I will." He clucked his tongue. The beasts leaned luxuriously into their collars. The mongrel dog took his place between the back wheels. The wagon turned and crawled out the entrance road and back the way it had come, along the river.

Elisa stood in front of her wire fence watching the slow progress of the caravan. Her shoulders were straight, her head thrown back, her eyes half-closed, so that the scene came vaguely into them. Her lips moved silently, forming the words "Good-bye—good-bye." Then she whispered, "That's a bright direction. There's a glowing there." The sound of her whisper startled her. She shook herself free and looked about to see whether anyone had been listening. Only the dogs had heard. They lifted their heads toward her from their sleeping in the dust, and then stretched out their chins and settled asleep again. Elisa turned and ran hurriedly into the house.

In the kitchen she reached behind the stove and felt the water tank. It was full of hot water from the noonday cooking. In the bathroom she tore off her soiled clothes and flung them into the corner. And then she scrubbed herself with a little block of pumice, legs and thighs, loins and chest and arms, until her skin was scratched and red. When she had dried herself she stood in front of a mirror in her bedroom and looked at her body. She tightened her stomach and threw out her chest. She turned and looked over her shoulder at her back.

After a while she began to dress, slowly. She put on her newest underclothing and her nicest stockings and the dress which was the symbol of her prettiness. She worked carefully on her hair, pencilled her eyebrows and rouged her lips.

Before she was finished she heard the little thunder of hoofs and the shouts of Henry and his helper as they drove the red steers into the corral. She heard the gate bang shut and set herself for Henry's arrival.

His step sounded on the porch. He entered the house calling, "Elisa, where are you?"

"In my room, dressing. I'm not ready. There's hot water for your bath. Hurry up. It's

getting late."

When she heard him splashing in the tub, Elisa laid his dark suit on the bed, and shirt and socks and tie beside it. She stood his polished shoes on the floor beside the bed. Then she went to the porch and sat primly and stiffly down. She looked toward the river road where the willow-line was still yellow with frosted leaves so that under the high grey fog they seemed a thin band of sunshine. This was the only color in the grey afternoon. She sat unmoving for a long time. Her eyes blinked rarely.

Henry came banging out of the door, shoving his tie inside his vest as he came. Elisa stiffened and her face grew tight. Henry stopped short and looked at her. "Why—why, Elisa. You look so nice!"

"Nice? You think I look nice? What do you mean by 'nice'?"

Henry blundered on. "I don't know. I mean you look different, strong and happy."

"I am strong? Yes, strong. What do you mean 'strong'?"

He looked bewildered. "You're playing some kind of a game," he said helplessly. "It's a kind of a play. You look strong enough to break a calf over your knee, happy enough to eat it like a watermelon."

For a second she lost her rigidity. "Henry! Don't talk like that. You didn't know what you said." She grew complete again. "I'm strong," she boasted. "I never knew before how strong."

Henry looked down toward the tractor shed, and when he brought his eyes back to her, they were his own again. "I'll get out the car. You can put on your coat while I'm starting."

Elisa went into the house. She heard him drive to the gate and idle down his motor, and then she took a long time to put on her hat. She pulled it here and pressed it there. When Henry turned the motor off she slipped into her coat and went out.

The little roadster bounced along on the dirt road by the river, raising the birds and driving the rabbits into the brush. Two cranes flapped heavily over the willow-line and dropped into the river-bed.

Far ahead on the road Elisa saw a dark speck. She knew.

She tried not to look as they passed it, but her eyes would not obey. She whispered to herself sadly, "He might have thrown them off the road. That wouldn't have been much trouble, not very much. But he kept the pot," she explained. "He had to keep the pot. That's why he couldn't get them off the road."

The roadster turned a bend and she saw the caravan ahead. She swung full around toward her husband so she could not see the little covered wagon and the mismatched team as the car passed them.

In a moment it was over. The thing was done. She did not look back. She said loudly, to be heard above the motor, "It will be good, tonight, a good dinner."

"Now you're changed again," Henry complained. He took one hand from the wheel

and patted her knee. "I ought to take you in to dinner oftener. It would be good for both of us. We get so heavy out on the ranch."

"Henry," she asked, "could we have wine at dinner?"

"Sure we could. Say! That will be fine."

She was silent for a while; then she said, "Henry, at those prize fights, do the men hurt each other very much?"

"Sometimes a little, not often. Why?"

"Well, I've read how they break noses, and blood runs down their chests. I've read how the fighting gloves get heavy and soggy with blood."

He looked around at her. "What's the matter, Elisa? I didn't know you read things like that." He brought the car to a stop, then turned to the right over the Salinas River bridge.

"Do any women ever go to the fights?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, some. What's the matter, Elisa? Do you want to go? I don't think you'd like it, but I'll take you if you really want to go."

She relaxed limply in the seat. "Oh, no. No. I don't want to go. I'm sure I don't." Her face was turned away from him. "It will be enough if we can have wine. It will be plenty."

She turned up her coat collar so he could not see that she was crying weakly—like an old woman.

B. AFTER READING

I. Literary Lesson: Setting

1. Setting and Atmosphere

The setting of a story is the place and time in which the story happens. The setting is described so that we can picture the scene and enter the world of the story. More importantly, setting can help us understand the characters and can foreshadow what happens in the story. The setting then creates an atmosphere, or mood that runs through the entire story. In other words, the atmosphere seems to produce certain kinds of characters who reflect that atmosphere.

The story *The Chrysanthemums* is set in Salinas Valley in December when the winter fog covers the whole valley.

Exercise 1:

Pick up the figurative language used to describe the Salinas Valley in the setting.

In *The Chrysanthemums*, the description of "the fog closed off the Salinas Valley [...] and made of the great valley a close pot" foreshadows...

A. the poverty of the farmers

B. the withered chrysanthemums

C. Elisa's isolated and undesirable life

2. Setting and Action

The setting often influences the action, or works together with what the characters in the story are doing. Consider the connection between the fact that the farmers living in the Salinas Valley were waiting for the rain which would never come and the way Elisa kept her glance toward Henry and the men.

Exercise 2:

How many times did Elisa look up toward Henry and the men? What might her regular glance reveal?

3. Setting and Theme

The setting in a story helps to present the author's ideas. In the setting of this story, the clues of the "gray-flannel fog of winter", the valley like "a closed pot", and the time "of quiet and of waiting" emphasize the theme of the story.

Exercise 3:

What will the rest of Elisa's life be like?

A. She will become a good planter of the chrysanthemums.

B. She will suffer a lonely and isolated life forever.

C. She will enjoy a peaceful life with her chrysanthemums.

II. Reading comprehension

1. Why does Elisa begin to trust the tinker and to let him into the garden?

A. He is kind of liberal person and knows how to share the beauty of the chrysanthemums with her.

B. She falls in love with him at first sight.

C. She wants to have her old pots mended.

D. He is kind of generous person and she wants to take advantage of his labor.

2. In *The Chrysanthemums*, how are Elisa and the chrysanthemums similar?

A. Both are so attractive that they are treasured and taken good care of.

B. Both are confined to a narrow environment, beautiful but serve no useful function beyond this ornamental purpose in the range.

C. They are typified as the symbol of beauty at the Sallinas valley.

D. Both can survive in this isolated valley.

3. What is the tinker's motivation for pretending to be interested in Elisa's chrysanthemums?

A. He wants to court Elisa because she is so beautiful and attractive.

B. He needs someone to talk with when he has a lot of free time.

C. He wants to test Elisa's knowledge about flowers and gardening.

D. He needs work, and the longer he keeps Elisa talking, the more likely she will find something for him to do.

4. Why does Elisa's husband and the traveler unintentionally insult her?

A. The two men are too much materialistic and selfish.

B. Henry is not tactful and considerate enough to see how bored Elisa's life is.

C. She was basically fooled because she is an inferior woman whose feelings are presumably not worth being taken care of.

D. All of the above

5. What affects Elisa's changing attitude towards the tinker?

A. His weather beaten appearance attracts her, and she also admires his nomadic life too.

B. His compliments and deceitful interest in her flowers evoke her passion for the chrysanthemums, and she lengthens their time together for some talk by giving him some mending jobs.

C. Suddenly she thinks of her literary skill, then she takes this opportunity to give him a presentation about flowers, planting hands, and beautiful starry sky at Salinas.

D. She finds the tinker is much better than Henry in reading her mind, then she falls in love with him.

6. Why is Elisa so affected by the discarded baby stems on the side of the road?

A. She realises that she is betrayed.

B. She gets angry at the tinker's carelessness.

C. She finds that the tinker does not keep the environment clean and tidy.

D. She thinks that the street cleaner should have worked harder.

7. Why does Elisa take such a thorough bath?

A. She is so dirty working in the garden, and Henry is going to take her to town for dinner. That is why she needs a thorough bath and wears a pretty dress.

B. She is hardly taken to town; so going out for dinner is such an event.

C. After being visited by the tinker, Elisa gains confidence in herself and indulges in a makeover; apparently, the tinker brings out the woman in her! (Living with her apathetic husband makes her feel like a man!)

D. That day, Elisa heats the water for both of them to have a thorough bath before going out to town for dinner.

8. Why does Elisa cry at the end of the story?

A. She bitterly loses her faith in the tinker, who tricks her for his own benefit.

B. Neither Henry nor the tinker could understand and sympathize with her.

C. She feels self-pity for not being respected and taken care of.

D. She foresees the coming days of her life, which is lonely and isolated.

III. Questions for discussion

1. What statement does Henry make about Elisa's talent for gardening, and how does he wish she might use her talents? What do the chrysanthemums symbolize?

2. At first, Elisa is annoyed by and resistant to the tinker's sales pitch. What does the tinker do to change her attitude?

3. Why does Elisa give the tinker a pot of chrysanthemum shoots?

4. Do you believe the tinker's story about the other woman's garden? Why or why not?

5. Comment on the monologues Elisa made during the tinker's visit.

6. Describe Elisa's *psychological* changing process in the course of the story, especially from being more *masculine* to more *feminine*.

7. Describe her reaction to the tinker's visit as she prepares for her evening out.

8. What is the dark speck in the road, and how is it dumped there? What does Elisa realize when she sees the dark speck?

9. Is Elisa aware of the importance of her need to communicate with her husband? If so, how does the reader know?

10. What do you think the rest of Elisa's life is going to be like? Do you think she will break out of her lonely, isolated world?

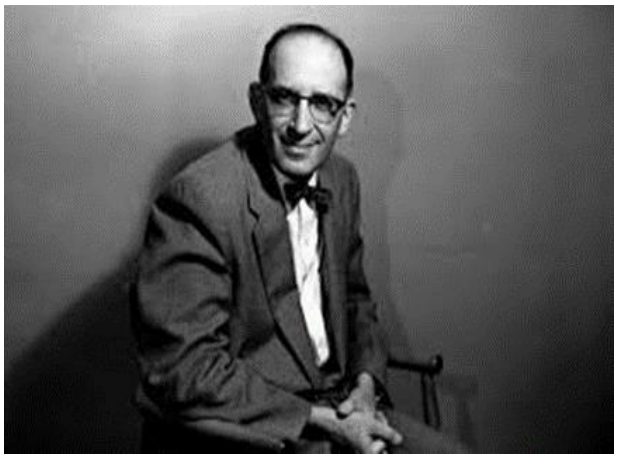
IV. Journal writing:

This story is open-ended. Write an ending for Elisa's future in your own imagination. (Your writing should be in around 200 words)

Story: THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS (1958)

Author: Bernard Malamud

Literary Lesson: Characters and Characterization



Bernard Malamud (April 26, 1914 – March 18, 1986) was an American novelist and short story writer. Bernard Malamud was born in Brooklyn, New York, the son of Bertha and Max Malamud, Russian Jewish immigrants. Malamud entered adolescence at the start of the Great Depression. Starting in 1949, Malamud taught at Oregon State University, which was an experience fictionalized in his 1961 novel *A New Life*. While at OSC, he devoted three days out of every week to his writing, and gradually emerged as a major American author. In 1942, Malamud met Ann De Chiara, an Italian-American Roman Catholic and they married on November 6, 1945, despite the opposition of their respective parents. Raised Jewish, Malamud was in adulthood an agnostic humanist.

Bernard Malamud was an American writer, best known for his novels and short stories of the Jewish-American life in the first half of the 20th century. He is the author of eight novels and four collections of short stories. In his writing, Malamud depicts an honest picture of the despair and difficulties of the immigrants to America, and their hope of reaching their dreams despite their poverty.

Though told in a spare, compressed prose that reflects the terse speech of their immigrant characters, the stories often burst into emotional metaphorical language. Writing in the second half of the twentieth century, Malamud was well aware of the social problems of his day: rootlessness, infidelity, abuse, divorce, and more. But he also depicted love as redemptive and sacrifice as uplifting. In his writings, success often depends on cooperation between antagonists. His baseball novel, *The Natural* (1952), was adapted into a 1984 film. Malamud's second novel, *The Assistant* (1957), set in New York and drawing on Malamud's own childhood. This novel was quickly followed by *The Magic Barrel*, his first published collection of short stories (1958). It won Malamud the first of two National Book Awards that he received in his lifetime. His 1966 novel *The Fixer* (also filmed), won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize**.** His other novels include *Dubin's Lives*, a powerful evocation of middle age which uses biography to recreate the narrative richness of its protagonists' lives, and *The Tenants*, perhaps a meta-narrative on Malamud's own writing and creative struggles, which, set in New York City, deals with racial issues and the emergence of black/African American literature in the American 1970s landscape.

(Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bernard_Malamud)

A. BEFORE READING

I. Think before you read

1. Do you think that love should be based on spiritual factor rather than material factor?
2. In your opinion, is seven years of waiting for love a long time?

The First Seven Years

FELD, the shoemaker, was annoyed that his helper, Sobel, was so insensitive to his reverie that he wouldn't for a minute cease his fanatic pounding at the other bench. He gave him a look, but Sobel's bald head was bent over the last as he worked, and he didn't notice. The shoemaker shrugged and continued to peer through the partly frosted window at the nearsighted haze of falling February snow. Neither the shifting white blur outside, nor the sudden deep remembrance of the snowy Polish village where he had wasted his youth, could turn his thoughts from Max the college boy (a constant visitor in the mind since early that morning when Feld saw him trudging through the snowdrifts on his way to school), whom he so much respected because of the sacrifices he had made throughout the years—in winter or direst heat—to further his education. An old wish returned to haunt the shoemaker: that he had had a son instead of a daughter, but this blew away in the snow, for Feld, if anything, was a practical man. Yet he could not help but contrast the diligence of the boy, who was a peddler's son, with Miriam's unconcern for an education. True, she was always with a book in her hand, yet when the opportunity arose for a college education, she had said no she would rather find a job. He had begged her to go, pointing out how many fathers could not afford to send their children to college, but she said she wanted to be independent. As for education, what was it, she asked, but books, which Sobel, who diligently read the classics, would as usual advise her on. Her answer greatly grieved her father.

A figure emerged from the snow and the door opened. At the counter the man withdrew from a wet paper bag a pair of battered shoes for repair. Who he was the shoemaker for a moment had no idea, then his heart trembled as he realized, before he had thoroughly discerned the face that Max himself was standing there, embarrassedly explaining what he wanted done to his old shoes. Though Feld listened eagerly, he couldn't hear a word, for the opportunity that had burst upon him was deafening.

He couldn't exactly recall when the thought had occurred to him, because it was clear he had more than once considered suggesting to the boy that he go out with Miriam. But he had not dared speak, for if Max said no, how would he face him again? Or suppose Miriam, who harped so often on independence, blew up in anger and shouted at him for his meddling? Still, the chance was too good to let by: all it meant was an introduction. They might long ago have become friends had they happened to meet somewhere, therefore was it not his duty—an obligation—to bring them together, nothing more, a harmless connivance to replace an accidental encounter in the subway, let's say, or a mutual friend's introduction in the street? Just let him once see and talk to her and he would for sure be interested. As for Miriam, what possible harm for a working girl in an office, who met only loudmouthed salesmen and illiterate shipping clerks, to make the acquaintance of a fine scholarly boy? Maybe he would awaken in her a desire to go to college; if not—the shoemaker's mind at last came to grips with the truth—let her marry an educated man and live a better life.

When Max finished describing what he wanted done to his shoes, Feld marked them, both with enormous holes in the soles which he pretended not to notice, with large white-chalk X's and the rubber heels, thinned to the nails, he marked with O's, though it troubled him he might have mixed up the letters. Max inquired the price, and the shoemaker cleared his throat and asked the boy, above Sobel's insistent hammering, would he please step through the side door there into the hall. Though surprised, Max did as the shoemaker requested, and Feld went in after him. For a minute they were both silent, because Sobel had stopped banging, and it seemed they understood neither was to say anything until the noise began again. When it did, loudly, the shoemaker quickly told Max why he had asked to talk to him.

"Ever since you went to high school," he said, in the dimly lit hallway, "I watched you in the morning go to the subway to school, and I said always to myself, this is a fine boy that he wants so much an education."

"Thanks," Max said, nervously alert. He was tall and grotesquely thin, with sharply cut features, particularly a beak-like nose. He was wearing a loose, long, slushy overcoat that hung down to his ankles, looking like a rug draped over his bony shoulders, and a soggy old brown hat, as battered as the shoes he had brought in.

"I am a businessman," the shoemaker abruptly said to conceal his embarrassment, "so I will explain you right away why I talk to you. I have a girl, my daughter Miriam—she is nineteen—a very nice girl and also so pretty that everybody looks on her when she passes by in the street. She is smart, always with a book, and I thought to myself that a boy like you, an educated boy—I thought maybe you will be interested sometime to meet a girl like this." He laughed a bit when he had finished and was tempted to say more but had the good sense not to.

Max stared down like a hawk. For an uncomfortable second he was silent, then he asked, "Did you say nineteen?"

"Yes."

"Would it be all right to inquire if you have a picture of her?"

"Just a minute." The shoemaker went into the store and hastily returned with a snapshot that Max held up to the light.

"She's all right," he said.

Feld waited.

"And is she sensible—not the flighty kind?"

"She is very sensible."

After another short pause, Max said it was okay with him if he met her.

"Here is my telephone," said the shoemaker, hurriedly handing him a slip of paper. "Call her up. She comes home from work six o'clock."

Max folded the paper and tucked it away into his worn leather wallet.

"About the shoes," he said. "How much did you say they will cost me?"

"Don't worry about the price."

"I just like to have an idea."

"A dollar—dollar fifty. A dollar fifty," the shoemaker said.

At once he felt bad, for he usually charged $2.25 for this kind of job. Either he should have asked the regular price or done the work for nothing.

Later, as he entered the store, he was startled by a violent clanging and looked up to see Sobel pounding upon the naked last. It broke, the iron striking the floor and jumping with a thump against the wall, but before the enraged shoemaker could cry out, the assistant had torn his hat and coat off the hook and rushed out into the snow.

So Feld, who had looked forward to anticipating how it would go with his daughter and Max, instead had a great worry on his mind. Without his temperamental helper he was a lost man, especially as it was years now since he had carried the store alone. The shoemaker had for an age suffered from a heart condition that threatened collapse if he dared exert himself. Five years ago, after an attack, it had appeared as though he would have either to sacrifice his business on the auction block and live on a pittance thereafter, or put himself at the mercy of some unscrupulous employee who would in the end probably ruin him. But just at the moment of his darkest despair, this Polish refugee, Sobel, had appeared one night out of the street and begged for work. He was a stocky man, poorly dressed, with a bald head that had once been blond, a severely plain face, and soft blue eyes prone to tears over the sad books he read, a young man but old—no one would have guessed thirty. Though he confessed he knew nothing of shoemaking, he said he was apt and would work for very little if Feld taught him the trade. Thinking that with, after all, a landsman, he would have less to fear than from a complete stranger, Feld took him on and within six weeks the refugee rebuilt as good a shoe as he, and not long thereafter expertly ran the business for the thoroughly relieved shoemaker.

Feld could trust him with anything and did, frequently going home after an hour or two at the store, leaving all the money in the till, and knowing Sobel would guard every cent of it. The amazing thing was that he demanded so little. His wants were few; in money he wasn't interested—in nothing but books, it seemed—which he one by one lent to Miriam, together with his profuse, queer written comments, manufactured during his lonely rooming house evenings, thick pads of commentary which the shoemaker peered at and twitched his shoulders over as his daughter, from her fourteenth year, read page by sanctified page, as if the word of God were inscribed on them. To protect Sobel, Feld himself had to see that he received more than he asked for. Yet his conscience bothered him for not insisting that the assistant accept a better wage than he was getting, though Feld had honestly told him he could earn a handsome salary if he worked elsewhere, or maybe opened a place of his own. But the assistant answered, somewhat ungraciously, that he was not interested in going elsewhere, and though Feld frequently asked himself, what keeps him here? why does he stay? he finally answered it that the man, no doubt because of his terrible experiences as a refugee, was afraid of the world.

After the incident with the broken last, angered by Sobel's behavior, the shoemaker decided to let him stew for a week in the rooming house, although his own strength was taxed dangerously and the business suffered. However, after several sharp nagging warnings from both his wife and daughter, he went finally in search of Sobel, as he had once before, quite recently, when over some fancied slight—Feld had merely asked him not to give Miriam so many books to read because her eyes were strained and red—the assistant had left the place in a huff, an incident which, as usual, came to nothing, for he had returned after the shoemaker had talked to him, and taken his seat at the bench. But this time, after Feld had plodded through the snow to Sobel's house—he had thought of sending Miriam but the idea became repugnant to him—the burly landlady at the door informed him in a nasal voice that Sobel was not at home, and though Feld knew this was a nasty lie, for where had the refugee to go? still for some reason he was not completely sure of—it may have been the cold and his fatigue—he decided not to insist on seeing him. Instead he went home and hired a new helper.

Thus he settled the matter, though not entirely to his satisfaction, for he had much more to do than before, and so, for example, could no longer lie late in bed mornings because he had to get up to open the store for the new assistant, a speech-less, dark man with an irritating rasp as he worked, whom he would not trust with the key as he had Sobel. Furthermore, this one, though able to do a fair repair job, knew nothing of grades of leather or prices, so Feld had to make his own purchases; and every night at closing time it was necessary to count the money in the till and lock up. However, he was not dissatisfied, for he lived much in his thoughts of Max and Miriam. The college boy had called her, and they had arranged a meeting for this coming Friday night. The shoemaker would personally have preferred Saturday, which he felt would make it a date of the first magnitude, but he learned Friday was Miriam's choice, so he said nothing. The day of the week did not matter. What mattered was the aftermath. Would they like each other and want to be friends? He sighed at all the time that would have to go by before he knew for sure. Often he was tempted to talk to Miriam about the boy, to ask whether she thought she would like his type—he had told her only that he considered Max a nice boy and had suggested he call her— but the one time he tried she snapped at him—justly—how should she know?

At last Friday came. Feld was not feeling particularly well so he stayed in bed, and Mrs. Feld thought it better to remain in the bedroom with him when Max called. Miriam received the boy, and her parents could hear their voices, his throaty one, as they talked. Just before leaving, Miriam brought Max to the bedroom door and he stood there a minute, a tall, slightly hunched figure wearing a thick, droopy suit, and apparently at ease as he greeted the shoemaker and his wife, which was surely a good sign. And Miriam, although she had worked all day, looked fresh and pretty. She was a large-framed girl with a well-shaped body, and she had a fine open face and soft hair. They made, Feld thought, a first-class couple.

Miriam returned after 11:30. Her mother was already asleep, but the shoemaker got out of bed and after locating his bathrobe went into the kitchen, where Miriam, to his surprise, sat at the table, reading.

"So where did you go?" Feld asked pleasantly.

"For a walk," she said, not looking up.

"I advised him," Feld said, clearing his throat, "he shouldn't spend so much money."

"I didn't care."

The shoemaker boiled up some water for tea and sat down at the table with a cupful and a thick slice of lemon.

"So how," he sighed after a sip, "did you enjoy?"

"It was all right."

He was silent. She must have sensed his disappointment, for she added, "You can't really tell much the first time."

"You will see him again?"

Turning a page, she said that Max had asked for another date.

"For when?"

"Saturday."

"So what did you say?"

"What did I say?" she asked, delaying for a moment—"I said yes."

Afterwards she inquired about Sobel, and Feld, without exactly knowing why, said the assistant had got another job. Miriam said nothing more and went on reading. The shoemaker's conscience did not trouble him; he was satisfied with the Saturday date.

During the week, by placing here and there a deft question, he managed to get from Miriam some information about Max. It surprised him to learn that the boy was not studying to be either a doctor or lawyer but was taking a business course leading to a degree in accountancy. Feld was a little disappointed because he thought of accountants as bookkeepers and would have preferred "a higher profession." However, it was not long before he had investigated the subject and discovered that Certified Public Accountants were highly respected people, so he was thoroughly content as Saturday approached. But because Saturday was a busy day, he was much in the store and therefore did not see Max when he came to call for Miriam. From his wife he learned there had been nothing especially revealing about their greeting. Max had rung the bell and Miriam had got her coat and left with him—nothing more. Feld did not probe, for his wife was not particularly observant. Instead, he waited up for Miriam with a newspaper on his lap, which he scarcely looked at so lost was he in thinking of the future. He awoke to find her in the room with him, tiredly removing her hat. Greeting her, he was suddenly inexplicably afraid to ask anything about the evening. But since she volunteered nothing he was at last forced to inquire how she

had enjoyed herself. Miriam began something noncommittal, but apparently changed her mind, for she said after a minute, “I was bored."

When Feld had sufficiently recovered from his anguished disappointment to ask why, she answered without hesitation, “Because he’s nothing more than a materialist.”

“What means this word?”

“He has no soul. He’s only interested in things.”

He considered her statement for a long time, then asked, “Will you see him again?”

“He didn’t ask.”

“Suppose he will ask you?”

“I won’t see him.”

He did not argue; however, as the days went by he hoped increasingly she would change her mind. He wished the boy would telephone, because he was sure there was more to him than Miriam, with her inexperienced eye, could discern. But Max didn’t call. As a matter of fact he took a different route to school, no longer passing the shoemaker’s store, and Feld was deeply hurt.

Then one afternoon Max came in and asked for his shoes. The shoemaker took them down from the shelf where he had placed them, apart from the other pairs. He had done the work himself and the soles and heels were well built and firm. The shoes had been highly polished and somehow looked better than new. Max’s Adam’s apple went up once when he saw them, and his eyes had little lights in them.

“How much?” he asked, without directly looking at the shoemaker.

“Like I told you before,” Feld answered sadly. “One dollar fifty cents.”

Max handed him two crumpled bills and received in return a newly minted silver half dollar.

He left. Miriam had not been mentioned. That night the shoemaker discovered that his new assistant had been all the while stealing from him, and he suffered a heart attack.

Though the attack was very mild, he lay in bed for three weeks. Miriam spoke of going for Sobel, but sick as he was Feld rose in wrath against the idea. Yet in his heart he knew there was no other way, and the first weary day back in the shop thoroughly convinced him, so that night after supper he dragged himself to Sobel’s rooming house.

He toiled up the stairs, though he knew it was bad for him, and at the top knocked at the door. Sobel opened it and the shoemaker entered. The room was a small, poor one, with a single window facing the street. It contained a narrow cot, a low table, and several stacks of books piled haphazardly around on the floor along the wall, which made him think how queer Sobel was, to be uneducated and read so much. He had once asked him, Sobel, why you read so much? and the assistant could not answer him. Did you ever study in a college some place? he had asked, but Sobel shook his

head. He read, he said, to know. But to know what, the shoemaker demanded, and to know, why? Sobel never explained, which proved he read so much because he was queer.

Feld sat down to recover his breath. The assistant was resting on his bed with his heavy back to the wall. His shirt and trousers were clean, and his stubby fingers, away from the shoemaker's bench, were strangely pallid. His face was thin and pale, as if he had been shut in this room since the day he had bolted from the store.

"So when you will come back to work?" Feld asked him.

To his surprise, Sobel burst out, "Never."

Jumping up, he strode over to the window that looked out upon the miserable street. "Why should I come back?" he cried.

"I will raise your wages."

"Who cares for your wages!"

The shoemaker, knowing he didn't care, was at a loss what else to say.

"What do you want from me, Sobel?"

"Nothing."

"I always treated you like you was my son."

Sobel vehemently denied it. "So why you look for strange boys in the street they should go out with Miriam? Why you don't think of me?"

The shoemaker's hands and feet turned freezing cold. His voice became so hoarse he couldn't speak. At last he cleared his throat and croaked, "So what has my daughter got to do with a shoemaker thirty-five years old who works for me?"

"Why do you think I worked so long for you?" Sobel cried out. "For the stingy wages I sacrificed five years of my life so you could have to eat and drink and where to sleep?"

"Then for what?" shouted the shoemaker.

"For Miriam," he blurted—"for her."

The shoemaker, after a time, managed to say, "I pay wages in cash, Sobel," and lapsed into silence. Though he was seething with excitement, his mind was coldly clear, and he had to admit to himself he had sensed all along that Sobel felt this way. He had never so much as thought it consciously, but he had felt it and was afraid.

"Miriam knows?" he muttered hoarsely.

"She knows."

"You told her?"

"No."

"Then how does she know?"

"How does she know?" Sobel said. "Because she knows. She knows who I am and what is in my heart."

Feld had a sudden insight. In some devious way, with his books and commentary, Sobel had given Miriam to understand that he loved her. The shoemaker felt a terrible anger at him for his deceit.

"Sobel, you are crazy," he said bitterly. "She will never marry a man so old and ugly like you."

Sobel turned black with rage. He cursed the shoemaker, but then, though he trembled to hold it in, his eyes filled with tears and he broke into deep sobs. With his back to Feld, he stood at the window, fists clenched, and his shoulders shook with his choked sobbing.

Watching him, the shoemaker's anger diminished. His teeth were on edge with pity for the man, and his eyes grew moist. How strange and sad that a refugee, a grown man, bald and old with his miseries, who had by the skin of his teeth escaped Hitler's incinerators, should fall in love, when he had got to America, with a girl less than half his age. Day after day, for five years he had sat at his bench, cutting and hammering away, waiting for the girl to become a woman, unable to ease his heart with speech, knowing no protest but desperation.

"Ugly I didn't mean," he said half aloud.

Then he realized that what he had called ugly was not Sobel but Miriam's life if she married him. He felt for his daughter a strange and gripping sorrow, as if she were already Sobel's bride, the wife, after all, of a shoemaker, and had in her life no more than her mother had had. And all his dreams for her— why he had slaved and destroyed his heart with anxiety and labor—all these dreams of a better life were dead.

The room was quiet. Sobel was standing by the window reading, and it was curious that when he read he looked young.

"She is only nineteen," Feld said brokenly. "This is too young yet to get married. Don't ask her for two years more, till she is twenty-one, then you can talk to her."

Sobel didn't answer. Feld rose and left. He went slowly down the stairs but once outside, though it was an icy night and the crisp falling snow whitened the street, he walked with a stronger stride.

But the next morning, when the shoemaker arrived, heavy- hearted, to open the store, he saw he needn't have come, for his assistant was already seated at the last, pounding leather for his love.

B. After reading

I. Video show

(Source: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0pRD4OSbX4w)

II. Vocabulary

Choose the word/phrase that is nearest the meaning of each word in bold letters:

1. “Max inquired the price, and the shoemaker cleared his throat and asked the boy, above Sobel's **insistent** hammering, would he please step through the side door there into the hall”.

A. not regarded as normal or typical

B. possible to notice or understand

C. persistent or continuing or firm

2. When Feld has sufficiently recovered from his **anguished** disappointment to ask why, she answered without hesitation, "Because he's nothing more than a materialist."

A. enthusiastic

B. shriveled (wrinkled) or weakened

C. extreme distress of body or mind

3. “His shirt and trousers were clean, and his stubby fingers, away from the shoemaker's bench, were strangely **pallid**”.

A. tending to provoke, excite, or stimulate — especially controversy, sexual desire, or anger

B. abnormally pale (lacking healthy skin color); or anything that lacks energy or liveliness

C. someone or an adjective describing someone who strongly supports a person, group, or idea

4. “Miriam spoke of going for Sobel, but sick as he was, Feld rose in **wrath** against the idea”.

A. extreme anger

B. unpredictable moods

C. power

5. “Five years ago, after an attack, it had appeared as though he would either have to sacrifice his business on the auction block and live on a pittance thereafter or put himself at the mercy of some **unscrupulous** employee who would in the end probably ruin him”.

A. not serious B. unethical C. difficult

6. “Who he was, the shoemaker for a moment had no idea; then his heart trembled as he realized, before he had thoroughly **discerned** the face, that Max himself

was standing there, embarrassedly explaining what he wanted done to his old shoes".

A. gained or reached something with effort

B. noticed something that is not obvious

C. came up with (invented or created)

7. But this time, after Feld had plodded through the snow to Sobel's house – he had thought of sending Miriam but the idea became **repugnan**t to him – the burly landlady at the door informed him in a nasal voice that Sobel was not at home, and though Feld knew this was a nasty lie, for where had the refugee to go?

A. difficult B. disgusting C. very small

8. "Feld did not **probe**, for his wife was not particularly observant".

A. to investigate; or an investigation; or an instrument used for investigation

B. to stir up — emotionally (such as anxiety) or physically (such as shaking)

C. burn the surface with intense heat; or burn something unpleasant into memory

9. Or suppose Miriam, who harped so often on independence, blew up in anger and shouted at him for his **meddling?**

A. developing an understanding

B. helping

C. intruding in other people's affairs or business

10. During the week, by placing here and there a **deft** question, he managed to get from Miriam some information about Max.

A. outside B. nearby C. skillful

III. Literary lesson: Character and characterization

1. Round and flat characters

People have many different character traits that make up their personalities. The author of a story may use one trait or many traits to describe a character. Characters who show varied and sometimes contradictory traits are called **round characters.** Round characters are complex and they can surprise readers with their action or speech. Characters who reveal only one trait are called **flat characters**. Round characters are more like real people than flat characters.

Exercise 1:

Which characters are round characters and which ones are flat characters in the story *The First Seven Years*?

2. Direct characterization

An author often introduces characters by directly describing the characters in some details. With this description, the author can make you like or dislike a character, and make you sympathize with one and wish the worst for another. In

the setting of the story *The First Seven Years*, the author describes, through the narrator, Feld as a practical man, Miriam as independent girl, and Sobel as a diligent assistant.

Exercise 2

Find other direct statements by the author about Feld, Sobel, and Miriam.

3. Indirect characterization

When an author reveals a character's personality indirectly, through the character's words, and actions, or through what other characters think about that character, this is called "the dramatic method of characterization". In this story, Sobel's personality is revealed through his actions and his everyday work.

Exercise 3

Describe the key traits of Sobel's personality in Feld's thinking about Sobel:

"Feld could trust him with anything and did, frequently going home after an hour or two at the store, leaving all the money in the till, and knowing Sobel would guard every cent of it. The amazing thing was that he demanded so little. His wants were few; in money he wasn't interested—in nothing but books.[...] To protect Sobel, Feld himself had to see that he received more than he asked for. Yet his conscience bothered him for not insisting that the assistant accept a better wage than he was getting, though Feld had honestly told him he could earn a handsome salary if he worked elsewhere, or maybe opened a place of his own. But the assistant answered, somewhat ungraciously, that he was not interested in going elsewhere, and though Feld frequently asked himself, what keeps him here? why does he stay? he finally answered it that the man, no doubt because of his terrible experiences as a refugee, was afraid of the world."

4. Analyzing characters

Understanding people is character analysis. An author helps us to explore characters when creating interesting and complex characters for us to think about. In the story, Feld and Max stand for materialists who pursued practical purposes and calculating plans while Miriam and Sobel stand for romantic characters who have spiritual dimension that Max lacked and Feld could neither understand nor value.

Exercise 4:

Match the character with appropriate characteristics

- Feld
- Miriam
- Sobel
- Max

work focused	older	materialistic
genuine	opportunistic	calculating
self-educated	profound understanding	diligent
superficial	selfish	thoughtful
poor	persistent	independent

IV. Questions for discussion

1. Sobel and Max are completely opposite. Why do you think Bernard Malamud put such different kinds of characters into the story?

2. Why is Max so appealing to Feld? What hope does Feld hold for his daughter Miriam and the college boy Max?

3. Where can we detect Feld's initial reluctance to acknowledge the unspoken relationship between Miriam and Sobel?

4. At the climax of the story, Feld was forced to reexamine his value system and learned to empathize with Sobel. What did he realize in Sobel?

V. Journal writing

In *The First Seven Years*, do you think Miriam's own choice of her future husband is romantic? What are the best criteria for forming intimate relationships leading to marriage in your opinion? Do the practical and the romantic always have to be at odds?

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ANSWER KEYS

Rip Van Winkle

I. Plot

Exercise 1: Plot Development

Exposition: 8 → Narrative hook: 10 → Rising action: 2, 6, 4, 3, 5 → Climax: 7→ Falling action: 1→ Resolution: 9

Exercise 2: External conflict

The conflict between Rip and his wife.

Their husband-and-wife relationship was at stake with their big quarrel and Rip left for hunting with his dog.

Exercise 3: Internal conflict

Returning to the village, Rip was looking forward to seeing his family but he was happy with his wife's death.

Rip was the only remainder of his generation, but he was proud of his life story.

II. Characterization

1. Rip: kind-hearted, helpful, meek, obedient, sociable, careless, simple, easy-going, hen-pecked.
2. Mrs. Van Dam Winkle: shrewish, scolding, domineering, aggressive.
3. Matriarchal society

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

III. Tone and Mood

Exercise 1: C

Exercise 2: "the little waves efface the footprints" and "Darkness settles on roofs and walls"

Exercise 3: A

Exercise 4: D

Hope Is the Thing with Feathers

I. Vocabulary

1. C
2. B
3. A
4. C
5. C

III. Figurative language

1. B
2. B
3. C
4. C
5. A
6. D
7. B

The Scarlet Letter

II. Symbolism

Exercise 1: C

Exercise 2: C

Exercise 3: B

The Gift of the Magi

I. Vocabulary

1. D
2. C
3. B
4. B
5. D
6. B
7. C
8. D
9. B
10. C

The Road Not Taken

I. Vocabulary

1. E
2. D
3. F
4. A
5. C
6. B

Hills Like White Elephants

I. Foreshadowing

1. The couple might be in the middle of their choice for something.
2. They might have to give an urgent decision in a very short time.

II. Use of language

2. Substitutional "It"

a. Abortion

b. The girl's pregnancy

c. Abortion, our life, the baby

A Rose for Emily

II. Plot summary

Exercise 1:

5→6→8→7→9→4→2→10→3→11→1→12

III. Symbolism

Exercise 1: C

Exercise 2: a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father

Exercise 3: A

Exercise 4: Emily's father

Exercise 5: D

Exercise 6: This relationship is symbolic of an ambivalence of wanting to hang on to old ways even as time are changing.

The Chrysanthemums

I. Setting

1. Exercise 1: C
2. Exercise 2: 3 times. It shows Elisa's desire for her husband's care
3. Exercise 3: B

II. Reading Comprehension

1. A
2. B
3. D
4. C
5. B
6. A
7. C
8. D

The First Seven Years

II. Vocabulary

1. C
2. C
3. B
4. A
5. A
6. B
7. B
8. A
9. C
10. C

III. Characters and characterization

Exercise 4:

- Feld: superficial, selfish, materialistic, diligent
- Miriam: self-educated, profound understanding, independent
- Sobel: work-focused, genuine, self-educated, older, persistent, diligent, thoughtful
- Max: poor, opportunistic, selfish, materialistic, calculating