

ENG 3CW- LESSONS 1-5-LONGER SHORT STORY UNIT

LESSON 1 "THE GIFT OF THE MAGI"

- Read and highlight the note on Short story terms
- Complete the handouts on Characters and plot
- Read "The Gift of the Magi" by O'Henry
- Complete the Graphic Organizer for "The Gift of the Magi" entitled *Story Elements* (support question)
- Answer all of the comprehension questions (Key Question)

LESSON 2 "POPULAR MECHANICS" BY RAYMOND CARVER

- Read "Popular Mechanics" by Raymond Carver
- Complete the graphic organizer for "Popular Mechanics" entitled *Story Elements* (support question)
- Answer questions 1-5 (Support question)
- Complete the attached worksheet (Key question)

LESSON 3 "LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER" BY ROALD DAHL

- Complete the vocabulary chart (Support question)
- Read "Lamb to the Slaughter"
- Complete the graphic organizer for "Lamb to the Slaughter" entitled *Story Elements* (Support question)
- Answer comprehension questions 1-16 (Key question)

LESSON 4 "THE TURN OF THE TIDE" BY C.S. FORESTER

- Read "The Turn of the Tide"
- Complete the graphic organizer for "The Turn of the Tide" entitled *Story Elements* (support question)
- Answer comprehension questions and multiple choice questions (Key question)

LESSON 5 "CHARLES" BY SHIRLEY JACKSON

- Read "Charles" by Shirley Jackson
- Complete the chart for elements of a short story (Support question)
- Complete the vocabulary chart (Key question)
- Answer all of the comprehension questions (Key question)

Five Elements of Fiction: Plot, Setting, Character, Point of View, Theme

I. Plot – How the author arranges events to develop the basic idea; it is the sequence of events in a story or play. The plot is a planned, logical series of events having a beginning, middle, and end. The short story usually has one plot so it can be read in one sitting. There are five essential parts of plot:

- 1) **Exposition (introduction)** – Beginning of the story; characters, background, and setting revealed.
- 2) **Rising Action** – Events in the story become complicated; the conflict is revealed. These are events between the introduction and climax.
 - **Conflict** – Essential to plot, opposition ties incidents together and moves the plot. Not merely limited to arguments, conflict can be any form of struggle the main character faces. Within a short story, there may be only one central struggle, or there may be many minor obstacles within a dominant struggle. There are two types of conflict:
 - **Internal** – Struggle within one's self.
 - **Character vs. Self** – Struggles with own soul, physical limitations, choices, etc.
 - **External** – Struggle with a force outside one's self.
 - **Character vs. Character** – Struggles against other people.
 - **Character vs. Nature** – Struggles against animals, weather, environment, etc.
 - **Character vs. Society** – Struggles against ideas, practices, or customs of others
- 3) **Climax** – Turning point of the story. Readers wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not? Consider the climax as a three-fold phenomenon:
 - Main character receives new information.
 - Main character accepts this information (realizes it but does not necessarily agree with it).
 - Main character acts on this information (makes a choice that will determine whether or not objective is met).
- 4) **Falling action** – Resolution begins; events and complications start to fall into place. These are the events between climax and denouement.
- 5) **Resolution (Conclusion)** – Final outcome of events in the story.

II. Setting – Time and location that a story takes place. For some stories, the setting is very important; while for others, it is not. When examining how setting contributes to a story, there are multiple aspects to consider:

- 1) **Place** - Geographical location; where is the action of the story taking place?
- 2) **Time** - Historical period, time of day, year, etc; when is the story taking place?
- 3) **Weather conditions** - Is it rainy, sunny, stormy, etc?
- 4) **Social conditions** - What is the daily life of the character's like? Does the story contain local colour (writing that focuses on the speech, dress, mannerisms, customs, etc. of a particular place)?
- 5) **Mood or atmosphere** - What feeling is created at the beginning of the story? Cheerful or eerie?

III. Character – There are *two* meanings for “character”: 1) a person in a fictional story; or 2) qualities of a person.

- 1) People in a work of fiction can be a(n):
 - **Protagonist** – Clear center of story; all major events are important to this character.
 - **Antagonist** – Opposition or “enemy” of main character.
- 2) Characteristics of a character can be revealed through:
 - his/her physical appearance
 - what he/she says, thinks, feels, dreams and what he/she does or does not do
 - what others say about him/her and how others react to him/her

3) Characters can be...

- **Round** – Fully developed personalities that are affected by the story's events; they can learn, grow, or deteriorate by the end of the story. Characters are most convincing when they resemble real people by being consistent, motivated, and life-like.
- **Flat** - One-dimensional character
- **Dynamic** – Character who does go through change and “grows” during a story
- **Static** – Character does not go through a change.

IV. Point of View – The angle from which the story is told. There are several variations of POV:

- 1) **First Person** – Story told by the protagonist or a character who interacts closely with the protagonist or other characters; speaker uses the pronouns “I”, “me”, “we”. Readers experience the story through this person's eyes and only knows what he/she knows and feels.
- 2) **Second Person** – Story told by a narrator who addresses the reader or some other assumed “you”; speaker uses pronouns “you”, “your”, and “yours”. Ex: *You wake up to discover that you have been robbed of all of your worldly possessions.*
- 3) **Third Person** – Story told by a narrator who sees all of the action; speaker uses the pronouns “he”, “she”, “it”, “they”, “his”, “hers”, “its”, and “theirs”. This person may be a character in the story. There are several types of third person POV:
 - **Limited** – Probably the easiest POV for a beginning writer to use, “limited” POV funnels all action through the eyes of a single character; readers only see what the narrator sees.
 - **Omniscient**- God-like, the narrator knows and sees everything, and can move from one character's mind to another. Authors can be omniscient narrators by moving from character to character, event to event, and introducing information at their discretion. There are *two* main types of omniscient POV:
- 4) **Innocent Eye/Naïve Narrator** – Story told through child's eyes; narrator's judgment is different from that of an adult.
- 5) **Stream of Consciousness** – Story told so readers solely experience a character's thoughts and reactions.

V. Theme – Central message, “moral of the story,” and underlying meaning of a fictional piece; may be the author's thoughts on the topic or view of human nature.

- 1) Story's title usually emphasizes what the author is saying.
- 2) Various figures of speech (symbolism, allusion, simile, metaphor, hyperbole, or irony) may be utilized to highlight the theme.
- 3) Examples of common themes occurring in literature, on television, and in film are:
 - Things are not always as they appear to be.
 - Love is blind.
 - Believe in yourself.
 - People are afraid of change.
 - Don't judge a book by its cover.

Dynamic or Static

Characters are described as being dynamic or static.

> Dynamic character:

- Undergoes an important change in personality in the story
- Comes to some sort of realization that permanently changes the character
- A change occurs within the character because of the events of the story
- The protagonist is usually dynamic, but not always
- Examples of dynamic characters:

 _____

 _____

 _____

> **Static** character:

- Remains the same throughout the story
- Although something may happen to the character, it does not cause the character to change
- Minor characters are usually static
- Examples of static characters:

 _____

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Round or Flat

Characters are described as being round or flat.

➤ **Round** character:

- Well-developed
- Has many traits, both good and bad
- Not easily defined because we know many details about the character
- Realistic and life-like
- Most major characters are round
- *"The test of a round character is whether it is capable of surprising in a convincing way. If it never surprises, it is flat."* E. M. Forster

○ Examples of round characters:

 _____

 _____

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➤ **Flat** character:

- Not well-developed
- Does not have many traits
- Easily defined in a single sentence because we know little about the character
- Sometimes stereotyped
- Most minor characters are flat

○ Examples of round characters:

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Parts of Plot Worksheet

Name _____

Period _____

Read the plot summary and answer the questions

Ellen Montgomery lives in Pullman, Washington. She wants an expensive racing bicycle, but does not have enough money to buy it. She works for eight months after school and weekends in a supermarket to earn the money to buy it. When she has just saved enough money to buy the bicycle, the money is stolen from her house. Ellen then works another six months in the bicycle shop. She is finally able to buy the bicycle, and she becomes a state champion bicycle racer.

1. What is the exposition of this plot summary?

2. Describe the inciting incident.

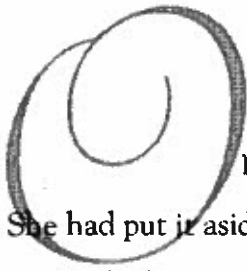
3. What is the development?

4. What is the climax of this plot summary?

5. What is the resolution?



The Gift of the Magi



ONE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS.

That was all. She had put it aside, one cent and then another and then another, in her careful buying of meat and other food. Della counted it three times. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be **Christmas**.

There was nothing to do but fall on the bed and cry. So Della did it.

While the lady of the home is slowly growing quieter, we can look at the home. **Furnished** rooms at a cost of \$8 a week. There is little more to say about it.

In the hall below was a letter-box too small to hold a letter. There was an electric bell, but it could not make a sound. Also there was a name beside the door: "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

When the name was placed there, Mr. James Dillingham Young was being paid \$30 a week. Now, when he was being paid only \$20 a week, the name seemed too long and important. It should perhaps have been "Mr. James D. Young." But when Mr. James Dillingham Young entered the furnished rooms, his name became very short indeed. Mrs. James Dillingham Young put her arms warmly about him and called him "Jim." You have already met her. She is Della.

Della finished her crying and cleaned the marks of it from her face. She stood by the window and looked out with no interest. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a gift. She had put aside as much as she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week is not much. Everything had cost more than she had expected. It always happened like that.

Only \$ 1.87 to buy a gift for Jim. Her Jim. She had had many happy hours planning something nice for him. Something nearly good enough. Something almost worth the honor of belonging to Jim.

There was a looking-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen the kind of looking-glass that is placed in \$8 furnished rooms. It was very narrow. A person could see only a little of himself at a time. However, if he was very thin and moved very quickly, he might be able to get a good view of himself. Della, being quite thin, had mastered this art.

Suddenly she turned from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brightly, but her face had lost its color. Quickly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its complete length.

The James Dillingham Youngs were very proud of two things which they owned. One thing was Jim's gold watch. It had once belonged to his father. And, long ago, it had belonged to his father's father. The other thing was Della's hair.

If a queen had lived in the rooms near theirs, Della would have washed and dried her hair where the queen could see it. Della knew her hair was more beautiful than any queen's **jewels** and gifts.

If a king had lived in the same house, with all his riches, Jim would have looked at his watch every time they met. Jim knew that no king

had anything so valuable.

• So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, shining like a falling stream of brown water. It reached below her knee. It almost made itself into a dress for her.

And then she put it up on her head again, nervously and quickly. Once she stopped for a moment and stood still while a tear or two ran down her face.

She put on her old brown coat. She put on her old brown hat. With the bright light still in her eyes, she moved quickly out the door and down to the street.

Where she stopped, the sign said: "Mrs. Sofronie. Hair Articles of all Kinds."

Up to the second floor Della ran, and stopped to get her breath. Mrs. Sofronie, large, too white, cold-eyed, looked at her.

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Mrs. Sofronie. "Take your hat off and let me look at it."

Down fell the brown waterfall.

"Twenty dollars," said Mrs. Sofronie, lifting the hair to feel its weight.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours seemed to fly. She was going from one shop to another, to find a gift for Jim.

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 shops, and she had looked in every shop in the city.

It was a gold watch chain, very simply made. Its value was in its rich and pure material. Because it was so plain and simple, you knew that it was very valuable. All good things are like this.

It was good enough for The Watch.

As soon as she saw it, she knew that Jim must have it. It was like him. Quietness and value—Jim and the chain both had quietness and value. She paid twenty-one dollars for it. And she hurried home with the chain and eighty-seven cents.

With that chain on his watch, Jim could look at his watch and learn the time anywhere he might be. Though the watch was so fine, it had never had a fine chain. He sometimes took it out and looked at it only when no one could see him do it.

When Della arrived home, her mind quieted a little. She began to think more reasonably. She started to try to cover the sad marks of what she had done. Love and large-hearted giving, when added together, can leave deep marks. It is never easy to cover these marks, dear friends—never easy.

Within forty minutes her head looked a little better. With her short hair, she looked wonderfully like a schoolboy. She stood at the looking-glass for a long time.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he looks at me a second time, he'll say I look like a girl who sings and dances for money. But what could I do—oh! What could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven, Jim's dinner was ready for him.

Jim was never late. Della held the watch chain in her hand and sat near the door where he always entered. Then she heard his step in the hall and her face lost color for a moment. She often said little prayers quietly, about simple everyday things. And now she said: "Please God, make him think I'm still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in. He looked very thin and he was not smiling. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and with a family to take care of! He needed a new coat and he had nothing to cover his cold hands.

Jim stopped inside the door. He was as quiet as a hunting dog when it is near a bird. His eyes looked strangely at Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not understand. It filled her with fear. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor anything she had been ready for. He simply looked at her with that strange expression on his face.

Della went to him.

"Jim, dear," she cried, "don't look at me like that. I had my hair cut off and sold it. I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a

gift. My hair will grow again. You won't care, will you? My hair grows very fast. It's Christmas, Jim. Let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful nice gift I got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim slowly. He seemed to labor to understand what had happened. He seemed not to feel sure he knew.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me now? I'm me, Jim. I'm the same without my hair."

Jim looked around the room.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said.

"You don't have to look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's the night before Christmas, boy. Be good to me, because I sold it for you. Maybe the hairs of my head could be counted," she said, "but no one could ever count my love for you. Shall we eat dinner, Jim?"

Jim put his arms around his Della. For ten seconds let us look in another direction. Eight dollars a week or a million dollars a year—how different are they? Someone may give you an answer, but it will be wrong. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. My meaning will be explained soon.

From inside the coat, Jim took something tied in paper. He threw it upon the table.

"I want you to understand me, Dell," he said. "Nothing like a haircut could make me love you any less. But if you'll open that, you may know what I felt when I came in."

White fingers pulled off the paper. And then a cry of joy; and then a change to tears.

For there lay The Combs—the combs that Della had seen in a shop window and loved for a long time. Beautiful combs, with jewels, perfect for her beautiful hair. She had known they cost too much for her to buy them. She had looked at them without the least hope of owning them. And now they were hers, but her hair was gone.

But she held them to her heart, and at last was able to look up and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then she jumped up and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful gift. She held it out to him in her open hand. The gold seemed to shine softly as if with her own warm and loving spirit.

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

Jim sat down and smiled.

"Della," said he, "let's put our Christmas gifts away and keep them a while. They're too nice to use now. I sold the watch to get the money to buy the combs. And now I think we should have our dinner."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the newborn Christ-child. They were the first to give Christmas gifts. Being wise, their gifts were doubtless wise ones. And here I have told you the story of two children who were not wise. Each sold the most valuable thing he owned in order to buy a gift for the other. But let me speak a last word to the wise of these days: Of all who give gifts, these two were the most wise. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are the most wise. Everywhere they are the wise ones. They are the magi.

"The Gift of the Magi" Questions for Critical Reading

Review these questions. Take time to create your responses.

1. What are instance of irony in the short story?
2. What is the significance of "3" in the story?
 - a. The story has three main characters: Della, Jim, and Madame Sophronie
 - b. Della counts her money three times (para. 1).
 - c. The narrator says that "Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles" (para. 2).
 - d. A reference is made to the Queen of Sheba, who gave King Solomon three types of gifts: spices, gold, and jewels.
 - e. A sentence in para. 5 states, "She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard."
 - f. The narrator alliteratively describes Della as speaking with "sudden serious sweetness."
 - g. Balthasar, Melchior, and Gaspar are the three magi, with three homelands.
 - h. The magi offered three gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.
 - i. The story centers on three valuables: Jim's gold watch, Della's hair, and the love that Jim and Della share.
3. Several passages in the story give subtle clues about Jim. Identify at least three passages that reveal aspects of Jim's character and explain their significance.
4. Why does the author make reference to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon?
5. What aspects of the story would be revealed or hidden if it were told from another point of view? For instance, how would the story change if it were told completely from Jim's perspective?
6. Who is the protagonist? Who or what is the antagonist?
7. How would the story change if the setting were different? Would this be an effective story if it were set in today's time?
8. Is there foreshadowing in the story?
9. Does the story end the way that you expect? Why or why not?

10. Would you invite either Della or Jim over for dinner? Why or why not?

11. Pretend that Jim sold his gold watch in a newspaper ad instead. Write the newspaper ad for Jim's gold watch. What details would he include? Would he divulge the reasoning behind him selling his possession?

12. If Della had had short hair in the beginning of the story, what do you think that she would have done/sold in order to pay for the gold chain? Why do you think so?

Name _____

Class ____ ()

Story Elements

Setting (place)

Where does the story take place?

Setting (time)

When does the story take place?

Main character

Who is the main character?

Supporting characters

Who are the other characters?

Title and Author:

Plot (sequence of events)

Beginning *What happens at the beginning of the story?*

Middle *What happens in the middle of the story?*

End *What happens at the end of the story?*

by Raymond Carver

Early that day the weather turned and the snow was melting into dirty water. Streaks of it ran down from the little shoulder-high window that faced the backyard. Cars slushed by on the street outside, where it was getting dark. But it was getting dark on the inside too.

He was in the bedroom pushing clothes into a suitcase when she came to the door.

I'm glad you're leaving! I'm glad you're leaving! she said. Do you hear?

He kept on putting his things into the suitcase.

Son of a bitch! I'm so glad you're leaving! She began to cry. You can't even look me in the face, can you?

Then she noticed the baby's picture on the bed and picked it up.

He looked at her and she wiped her eyes and stared at him before turning and going back to the living room.

Bring that back, he said.

Just get your things and get out, she said.

He did not answer. He fastened the suitcase, put on his coat, looked around the bedroom before turning off the light. Then he went out to the living room.

She stood in the doorway of the little kitchen, holding the baby.

I want the baby, he said.

Are you crazy?

No, but I want the baby. I'll get someone to come for his things.

You're not touching this baby, she said. The baby had begun to cry and she uncovered the blanket from around his head.

Oh, oh, she said, looking at the baby.

He moved toward her.

For God's sake! she said. She took a step back into the kitchen.

I want the baby.

Get out of here!

She turned and tried to hold the baby over in a corner behind the stove.

But he came up. He reached across the stove and tightened his hands on the baby.

Let go of him, he said.

Get away, get away! she cried.

The baby was red-faced and screaming. In the scuffle they knocked down a flowerpot that hung behind the stove. He crowded her into the wall then, trying to break her grip. He held onto the baby and pushed with all his weight.

Let go of him, he said.

Don't, she said. You're hurting the baby, she said.

I'm not hurting the baby, he said.

The kitchen window gave no light. In the near dark he worked on her fisted fingers with one hand and with the other hand he gripped the screaming baby up under an arm near the shoulder.

She felt her fingers being forced open. She felt the baby going from her.

No! she screamed just as her hands came loose.

She would have it, this baby. She grabbed for the baby's other arm. She caught the baby around the wrist and leaned back.

But he would not let go. He felt the baby slipping out of his hands and he pulled back very hard.

In this manner, the issue was decided.

[1981]

Questions:

Fact & Inference Questions:

1. At what time of day does the story occur? (2)
: How do you know?
2. Where is the baby's picture? (1)
3. Is the baby a boy or a girl? (2)
: How do you know?
4. Are they hurting the baby? (2)
: How do you know?
5. What happens to the baby at the end of the story?
: Why do you think so? (2)

Paraphrasing Exercise:

1. Retell the main events of the story in your own words. (10)

- 5-style
- 5-content

Early that day the weather turned and the snow was melting into dirty water. Streaks of it ran down from the little shoulder-high window that faced the backyard. Cars slushed by on the street outside, where it was getting dark. But it was getting dark on the inside too.

STOP: Follow the instructions below and answer the following question in your notebook:

1. At what time of day does the story take place?

(3)

- Highlight the parts of the text that reveal the Setting.
- Write the word "setting" near those highlighted parts
- Write your answer to the question on the notebook paper

He was in the bedroom pushing clothes into a suitcase when she came to the door.

I'm glad you're leaving! I'm glad you're leaving! she said. Do you hear?

He kept on putting his things into the suitcase.

Son of a bitch! I'm so glad you're leaving! She began to cry. You can't even look me in the face, can you?

Then she noticed the baby's picture on the bed and picked it up.

STOP: Follow the instructions below and answer the following question in your notebook:

2. Why would the baby's picture be on the bed?

(3)

- Highlight the parts of the text that reveal why the picture might not be hanging.
- Write the word "conflict" near those highlighted parts
- Write your answer to the question on the notebook paper

He looked at her and she wiped her eyes and stared at him before turning and going back to the living room.

Bring that back, he said.

Just get your things and get out, she said.

He did not answer. He fastened the suitcase, put on his coat, looked around the bedroom before turning off the light. Then he went out to the living room.

She stood in the doorway of the little kitchen, holding the baby.

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Are you crazy?

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He moved toward her.

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Get out of here!

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But he came up. He reached across the stove and tightened his hands on the baby.

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Let go of him, he said.

Don't, she said. You're hurting the baby, she said.

I'm not hurting the baby, he said.

The kitchen window gave no light. In the near dark he worked on her fisted fingers with one hand and with the other hand he gripped the screaming baby up under an arm near the shoulder.

STOP: Follow the instructions below and answer the following question in your notebook:

- 3. When the man says he is not hurting the baby, is he correct? Are they hurting the baby?**
- Highlight the parts of the text that reveal how the baby feels.
 - Write the words "baby's feelings" near those highlighted parts
 - Write your answer to the question on the notebook paper

(3)

She felt her fingers being forced open. She felt the baby going from her.

No! she screamed just as her hands came loose.

She would have it, this baby. She grabbed for the baby's other arm. She caught the baby around the wrist and leaned back.

But he would not let go. He felt the baby slipping out of his hands and he pulled back very hard.

In this manner, the issue was decided.

STOP: Follow the instructions below and answer the following question in your notebook:

- 4. What happens to the baby at the end of the story? Why do you think that?**
- Highlight the parts of the text that reveal what happened to the baby.
 - Write the word's "baby's fate" near those highlighted parts
 - Write your answer to the question on the notebook paper

(3)

Name _____

Class _____ ()

Story Elements

Setting (place)

Where does the story take place?

Setting (time)

When does the story take place?

Main character

Who is the main character?

Supporting characters

Who are the other characters?

Title and Author:

Plot (sequence of events)

Beginning *What happens at the beginning of the story?*

Middle *What happens in the middle of the story?*

End *What happens at the end of the story?*

WORD	DEFINITION
Alight	
Sideboard	
anxiety	
Tranquil	
Acquired	
Translucent	
Placid	
Blissful	
Luxuriate	
Fuss	
Instinct	
Extraordinary	
Peculiar	
Congeaed	
Corpse	

LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER by ROALD DAHL

The room was warm, the curtains were closed, the two table lamps were lit. On the cupboard behind her there were two glasses and some drinks. Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she glanced at the clock, but without anxiety: She merely wanted to satisfy herself that each minute that went by made it nearer the time when he would come home. As she bent over her sewing, she was curiously peaceful. This was her sixth month expecting a child. Her mouth and her eyes, with their new calm look, seemed larger and darker than before.

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the car tires on the stones outside, the car door closing, footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She stood up and went forward to kiss him as he entered.

"Hello, darling," she said.

"Hello," he answered.

She took his coat and hung it up. Then she made the drinks, a strong one for him and a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he was in the other chair, holding the tall glass, rolling it gently so that the ice knocked musically against the side of the glass.

For her, this was always a wonderful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she was satisfied to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved the warmth that came out of him when they were alone together. She loved the shape of his mouth, and she especially liked the way he didn't complain about being tired.

"Tired, darling?"

"Yes," he sighed. "I'm thoroughly exhausted. And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drank it down in one swallow although there was still half of it left. He got up and went slowly to get himself another drink.

"I'll get it!" she cried, jumping up.

"Sit down," he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was a very strong one. She watched him as he began to drink.

"I think it's a shame," she said, "that when someone's been a policeman as long as you have, he still has to walk around all day long." He didn't answer. "Darling," she said, "If you're too tired to eat out tonight, as we had planned, I can fix you something. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer." Her eyes waited to an answer, a smile, a nod, but he made no sign.

"Anyway," she went on. "I'll get you some bread and cheese."

"I don't want it," he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair. "But you have to have supper. I can easily fix you something. I'd like to do it. We can have lamb. Anything you want. Everything's in the freezer."

"Forget it," he said.

"But, darling, you have to eat! I'll do it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like."

She stood up and put placed her sewing on the table by the lamp. "Sit down," he said. "Just for a minute, sit down." It wasn't until then that she began to get frightened.

"Go on," he said. "Sit down." She lowered herself into the chair, watching him all the time with large, puzzled eyes. He had finished his second drink and was staring into the glass.

"Listen," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

He became absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down.

"This is going to be a big shock to you, I'm afraid," he said. "But I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided that the only thing to do is to tell you immediately." And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat still through it all, watching him with puzzled horror.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's a tough time to be telling you this, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course, I'll give you money and see that you're taken care of. But there really shouldn't be any problem. I hope not, in any case. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it. She thought that perhaps she'd imagined the whole thing. Perhaps, if she acted as though she had not heard him, she would find out that none of it had ever happened.

"I'll fix some supper," she whispered. When she walked across the room, she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything except a slight sickness. She did everything without thinking. She went downstairs to the freezer and took hold of the first object she found. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at again --- a leg of lamb.

All right, then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, held the thin end with both her hands. She went into the living room, saw him standing by the window with his back to her, and stopped.

"I've already told you," he said. "Don't make supper for me. I'm going out."

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause, she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head. She might as well have hit him with a steel bar.

She stepped back, waiting, and the strange thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds. Then he crashed onto the carpet.

The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped to bring her out of the shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a few minutes, looking at the body, still holding the piece of meat tightly with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.

It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew what the punishment would be. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the baby? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill them both -- mother and child? Did they wait until the baby was born? What did they do? Mary Maloney didn't know and she wasn't prepared to take a chance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, put it into a pan, turned on the oven, and put the pan inside. Then she washed her hands, ran upstairs, sat down in front of the mirror, fixed her makeup, and tried to smile.

The smile was rather peculiar. She tried again. "Hello, Sam" she said brightly, aloud. The voice sounded peculiar, too. "I want some potatoes, Sam. Yes, and perhaps a can of beans." That was better. Both the smile and the voice sounded better now. She practiced them several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, and went out the back door, through the garden into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the neighborhood grocery. "Hello, Sam," she said brightly, smiling at the man in the shop.

"Good evening, Mrs. Maloney. How are you?"

"I want some potatoes, please, Sam. Yes, and perhaps a can of beans, too. Patrick's decided he's tired and he doesn't want to eat out tonight," she told him. "We usually go out on Thursdays, you know, and now I don't have any vegetables in the house."

"Then how about some meat, Mrs. Maloney?" asked the grocer.

"No, I've got meat, thanks, I've got a nice leg of lamb, from the freezer."

"Do you want these potatoes, Mrs. Maloney?"

"Oh, yes, they'll be fine. Two pounds, please."

"Anything else?" The grocer turned his head to one side, looking at her. "How about dessert? What are you going to give him for dessert? How about a nice piece of cake? I know he likes cake."

"Perfect," she said. "He loves it."

And when she had bought and paid for everything, she gave her brightest smile and said, "Thank you, Sam. Good night."

And now, she told herself as she hurried back home, she was returning to her husband and he was waiting for his supper. She had to cook it well and make it taste as good as possible, because the poor man was tired; and if she found anything unusual or terrible when she got home, then it would be a shock and she would have to react with grief and horror. Of course, she was not expecting to find anything unusual at home. She was just going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook dinner for husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do everything normally. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for acting at all. As she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was quietly singing to herself.

"Patrick!" she called. "How are you, darling?"

She put the package on the table and went into the living room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor, it really was a shock. All the old love for him came back to her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry hard. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later, she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him. "Quick! Come quickly! Patrick's dead."

"Who's speaking?"

"Mrs. Maloney. Mrs. Patrick Maloney."

"Do you mean that Patrick's dead?"

"I think so," she cried. "He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead."

"We'll be there immediately," the man said.

The car came very quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both. She knew nearly all the men at the police station. She fell into Jack Noonan's arms, crying uncontrollably. He put her gently into a chair.

"Is he dead?" she cried.

"I'm afraid he is. What happened?"

In a few words she told her story about going to the grocer and coming back, when she found him on the floor. While she was crying and talking, Noonan found some dried blood on the dead man's head. He hurried to the phone.

Some other men began to arrive -- a doctor, two detectives, a police photographer, and a man who knew about fingerprints. The

detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. They always treated her kindly. She told them how she'd put the meat into the oven -- "it's there now"--and how she had gone to the grocer's for vegetables and how she came back to find him lying on the floor.

The two detectives were exceptionally nice to her. They searched the house. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently. He told her that her husband had been killed by a blow to the back of the head. They were looking for the weapon. The murderer might have taken it with him, but he might have thrown it away or hidden it. --- "It's the old story," he said. "Get the weapon, and you've got the murderer."

Later, one of the detectives sat down beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could have been used as a weapon? Would she look around to see if anything was missing.

The search went on. It began to get late -- it was nearly nine o'clock. The men searching the rooms were getting tired. "Jack," she said, "Would you like a drink? You must be extremely tired."

"Well," he answered. "It's not allowed by police rules, but since you're a friend."

They stood around with drinks in their hands. The detectives were uncomfortable with her and they tried to say cheering things to her. Jack Noonan walked into the kitchen, came out quickly, and said, "Look, Mrs. Maloney. Did you know that your oven is still on, and the meat is still inside?"

"Oh," she said. "So it is! I'd better turn it off." She returned with tearful eyes. "Would you do me a favor? Here you all are, all good friends of Patrick's, and you're helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be very hungry by now because it's long past your supper time, and I know that Patrick would never forgive me if I let you stay in the house without offering you anything to eat. Why don't you eat up the lamb in the oven?"

"I wouldn't dream of it," Noonan said.

"Please," she begged. "Personally, I couldn't eat a thing, but it'd be a favor to me if you ate it up. Then you can go on with your work."

The detectives hesitated, but they were hungry, and in the end, they went into the kitchen and helped themselves to supper. The woman stayed where she was and listened to them through the open door. She could hear them speaking among themselves, and their voices were thick because their mouths were full of meat.

"Have some more, Charlie."

"No, we'd better not finish it."

"She wants us to finish it. She said we ought to eat it up."

"That's a big bar the murderer must have used to hit poor Patrick. The doctor says the back of his head was broken to pieces."

"That's why the weapon should be easy to find."

"Exactly what I say."

"Whoever did it, he can't carry a weapon that big around with him."

"Personally, I think the weapon is somewhere near the house."

"It's probably right under our noses. What do you think, Jack?"

And in the other room, Mary Maloney began to laugh.

Story Elements

Setting (place)*Where does the story take place?***Setting (time)***When does the story take place?***Main character***Who is the main character?***Supporting characters***Who are the other characters?***Title and Author:****Plot (sequence of events)****Beginning** *What happens at the beginning of the story?***Middle** *What happens in the middle of the story?***End** *What happens at the end of the story?*

LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER

COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS (KEY QUESTION) 35 marks

1. Write four things Mary does, says or feels that shows her love for her husband. (4)
2. Explain why might Patrick Mahoney be drinking more than usual? (2)
3. What is his profession? (1)
4. What does Patrick tell Mary? (1)
5. Why do you think the author chose not to reveal more details about the answer in question 4? (2)
6. Why does Mary decide to make supper? (2)
7. Give two explanations as to why Mary suddenly changes from the person first portrayed in the first part of the story. (2)
8. Explain why Mary's behavior in the store is so important. (2)
9. Think back to the beginning of the story. Mary is an example of a **DYNAMIC CHARACTER (one who changes throughout the story)**. Write two things that she has done that is very different from the person she was at the beginning of the story. (2)
10. Why is Mary comfortable talking to the detectives? (1)
11. Why does the statement, "Get the weapon, and you've got the man" indicate **VERBAL IRONY? (verbal irony is when something is said and there is an opposite, or hidden meaning to the statement.)** (2)
12. Why is the statement, "It would be a favour to me if you eat it up," an example of **VERBAL IRONY? (2)**
13. Why is Mary giggling at the end of the story? (2)
14. Explain how all of the following examples are **SITUATIONAL IRONY: (Situational irony is when there is a situation, or something happens in the story and it is the opposite, or different than the reader would expect)** (6)
 - a) The "perfect" wife kills her husband.
 - b) A woman commits a violent crime
 - c) The situation is involving a policeman and the crime probably won't be solved
15. Explain the **TONE** of the story. (**TONE IS THE FEELING THAT THE AUTHOR WANTS TO CONVEY**). (3)
16. Explain the **MOOD** of the story. (**MOOD IS THE FEELING THE READER GETS FROM THE EVENTS OF THE STORY**). (2)

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

by C. S. Forester

SLADE WAS glad it was such a tempestuous night. It meant that, more certainly than ever, there would be no one out in the lanes, no one out on the sands when he disposed of young Spalding's body.

Back in his drawing-room, Slade looked at the clock. There was still an hour to spare; he could spend it in making sure his plans were all correct.

He looked up the tide tables. Yes, that was right enough. Spring tides. The lowest of low water on the sands. There was not so much luck about that; young Spalding came back on the midnight train every Wednesday night, and it was not surprising that, sooner or later, the Wednesday night would coincide with a spring tide. But it was lucky that this particular Wednesday night should be one of tempest: luckier still that low water should be at one-thirty, the most convenient time for him.

He opened the drawing-room door and listened carefully. He could not hear a sound. Mrs. Dumbleton, his housekeeper, must have been in bed some time now. She was as deaf as a post, anyway, and would not hear his departure. Nor his return, when Spalding had been killed and disposed of.

The hands of the clock seemed to be moving very fast. He must make sure everything was correct. The plough chain and the other iron weights were already in the back seat of the car; he had put them there before old Matthews arrived to dine. He slipped on his overcoat.

From his desk, Slade took a curious little bit of apparatus: eighteen inches of strong cord, tied at each end to a six-inch length of wood so as to make a ring. He made a last close examination to see that the knots were quite firm, and then he put it in his pocket: as he did so, he ran through, in his mind, the words—he knew them by heart—of the passage in the book about the Thugs of India, describing the method of strangulation employed by them.

He could think quite coldly about all this. Young Spalding was a pestilent busybody. A word from him, now, would bring ruin upon Slade, could send him to prison, could have him struck off the rolls.

Slade thought of other defaulting solicitors he had heard of, even one or two with whom he had come into contact professionally. He remembered his brother-solicitors' remarks about them, pitying or contemptuous. He thought of having to beg his bread in the streets on his release from prison, of cold and misery and starvation. The shudder which shook him was succeeded by a hot wave of resentment. Never, never would he endure it.

What right had young Spalding, who had barely been qualified two years, to condemn a gray-haired man twenty years his senior to such a fate? If nothing but death would stop him, then he deserved to die. He clenched his hand on the cord in his pocket.

A glance at the clock told him he had better be moving. He turned out the lights and tiptoed out of the house, shutting the door quietly behind him. The bitter wind flung icy rain into his face, but he did not notice it.

He pushed the car out of the garage by hand, and, contrary to his wont, he locked the garage doors, as a precaution against the infinitesimal chance that, on a night like this, someone should notice that his car was out.

He drove cautiously down the road; of course, there was not a soul about in a quiet place like this. The few streetlamps were already extinguished.

There were lights in the station as he drove over the bridge; they were awaiting, there, the arrival of the twelve-thirty train. Spalding would be on that. Every Wednesday he went over to his subsidiary office, sixty miles away. Slade turned into the lane a quarter of a mile beyond the station, and then reversed his car so that it pointed towards the road. He put out the sidelights, and settled himself to wait; his hand fumbled with the cord in his pocket.

The train was a little late. Slade had been waiting a quarter of an hour when he saw the lights of the train emerge from the cutting and come to a standstill in the station. So wild was the night that he could hear nothing of it. Then the train moved slowly out again. As soon as it was gone, the lights in the station began to go out, one by one; Hobson, the porter, was making ready to go home, now that his turn of duty was completed.

Next, Slade's straining ears heard footsteps.

Young Spalding was striding down the road. With his head bent

before the storm, he did not notice the dark mass of the motorcar in the lane, and he walked past it.

Slade counted up to two hundred, slowly, and then he switched on his lights, started the engine, and drove the car out into the road in pursuit. He saw Spalding in the light of the headlamps—the rain making silver streaks in the beam—and drew up alongside.

"Is that Spalding?" he said, striving to make the tone of his voice as natural as possible. "I'd better give you a lift, old man, hadn't I?"

"Thanks very much," said Spalding. "This isn't the sort of night to walk two miles in."

He climbed in and shut the door. No one had seen. No one would know. Slade let in his clutch and drove slowly down the road.

"Bit of luck, seeing you," he said. "I was just on my way home from bridge at Mrs. Clay's when I saw the train come in and remembered it was Wednesday and you'd be walking home. So I thought I'd turn a bit out of my way to take you along."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," said Spalding.

"As a matter of fact," said Slade, speaking slowly and driving slowly, "it wasn't altogether disinterest. I wanted to talk business to you, as it happened."

"Rather an odd time to talk business," said Spalding. "Can't it wait till tomorrow?"

"No, it cannot," said Slade. "It's about the Lady Vere trust."

"Oh, yes, I wrote to remind you last week that you had to make delivery."

"Yes, you did. And I told you, long before that, that it would be inconvenient, with Hammond abroad, and so on."

"I don't see that," said Spalding. "I don't see that Hammond's got anything to do with it. Why can't you just hand over and have done with it? I can't do anything to straighten things up until you do."

"As I said, it would be inconvenient."

Slade brought the car to a standstill at the side of the road.

"Look here, Spalding," he said desperately. "I've never asked a favour of you before. But now I ask you, as a favour, to forgo delivery for a bit. Just for three months, Spalding."

But Slade had small hope that his request would be granted. So little hope, in fact, that he brought his left hand out of his pocket holding the piece of wood, with the loop of cord dangling from its ends. He put his arm around the back of Spalding's seat.

"No, I can't, really I can't," said Spalding. "I've got my duty to

my clients to consider. I'm sorry to insist, but you're quite well aware of what my duty is."

"Yes," said Slade. "But I beg you to wait. I implore you to wait, Spalding. There! Perhaps you can guess why, now."

"I see," said Spalding, after a long pause.

"I only want three months," pressed Slade. "Just three months."

Spalding had known of other men who had had the same belief in their ability to get straight in three months. It was unfortunate for Slade—and for Spalding—that Slade had used those words. Spalding hardened his heart.

"No," he said. "I can't promise anything like that. I don't think it's any use continuing this discussion. Perhaps I'd better walk home from here."

He put out his hand to the latch of the door, and, as he did so, Slade jerked the loop of the cord over his head. A single turn of Slade's wrist—a thin, bony old man's wrist, but as strong as steel in that wild moment—tightened the cord about Spalding's throat. Slade swung round in his seat, getting both hands to the piece of wood, twisting madly. His breath hissed between his teeth with the effort, but Spalding never drew breath at all. He lost consciousness long before he was dead. Only Slade's grip of the cord round his throat prevented the dead body from falling forward, doubled up.

Nobody had seen, nobody would know. And what that book had stated about the method of assassination practised by Thugs was perfectly correct.

Slade had gained, now, the time in which he could get his affairs into order. With all the promise of his current speculations, with all his financial ability, he would be able to recoup himself for his past losses. It only remained to dispose of Spalding's body, and he had planned to do that very satisfactorily. Just for a moment Slade felt as if all this were only some heated dream, some nightmare, but then he came back to reality and went on with the plan he had in mind.

He pulled the dead man's knees forward so that the corpse lay back in the seat, against the side of the car. He put the car in gear, let in his clutch, and drove rapidly down the road—much faster than when he had been arguing with Spalding. Low water was in three-quarters of an hour's time, and the sands were ten miles away.

Slade drove fast through the wild night. There was not a soul about in those lonely lanes. He knew the way by heart—he had driven

repeatedly over that route recently in order to memorize it.

The car bumped down the last bit of lane, and Slade drew up on the edge of the sands.

It was pitch dark, and the bitter wind was howling about him, under the black sky. Despite the noise of the wind, he could hear the surf breaking far away, two miles away, across the level sands. He climbed out of the driver's seat and walked round to the other door. When he opened it the dead man fell sideways, into his arms.

With an effort, Slade held him up, while he groped into the back of the car for the plough chain and the iron weights. He crammed the weights into the dead man's pockets, and he wound the chain round and round the dead man's body, tucking in the ends to make it all secure. With that mass of iron to hold it down, the body would never be found again when dropped into the sea at the lowest ebb of spring tide.

Slade tried now to lift the body in his arms, to carry it over the sands. He reeled and strained, but he was not strong enough—Slade was a man of slight figure, and past his prime. The sweat on his forehead was icy in the icy wind.

For a second, doubt overwhelmed him, lest all his plans should fail for want of bodily strength. But he forced himself into thinking clearly; he forced his frail body into obeying the vehement commands of his brain.

He turned around, still holding the dead man upright. Stooping, he got the heavy burden on his shoulders. He drew the arms round his neck, and, with a convulsive effort, he got the legs up round his hips. The dead man now rode him pick-a-back. Bending nearly double, he was able to carry the heavy weight in that fashion, the arms tight round his neck, the legs tight round his waist.

He set off, staggering, down the imperceptible slope of the sands towards the sound of the surf. The sands were soft beneath his feet—it was because of this softness that he had not driven the car down to the water's edge. He could afford to take no chances of being embogged.

The icy wind shrieked round him all that long way. The tide was nearly two miles out. That was why Slade had chosen this place. In the depth of winter, no one would go out to the water's edge at low tide for months to come.

He staggered on over the sands, clasping the limbs of the body close about him. Desperately, he forced himself forward, not stopping to rest, for he only just had time now to reach the water's

edge before the flow began. He went on and on, driving his exhausted body with fierce urgings from his frightened brain.

Then, at last, he saw it: a line of white in the darkness which indicated the water's edge. Farther out, the waves were breaking in an inferno of noise. Here, the fragments of the rollers were only just sufficient to move the surface a little.

He was going to make quite sure of things. Steadying himself, he stepped into the water, wading in farther and farther so as to be able to drop the body into comparatively deep water. He held to his resolve, staggering through the icy water, knee deep, thigh deep, until it was nearly at his waist. This was far enough. He stopped, gasping in the darkness.

He leaned over to one side, to roll the body off his back. It did not move. He pulled at its arms. They were obstinate. He could not loosen them. He shook himself, wildly. He tore at the legs round his waist. Still the thing clung to him. Wild with panic and fear, he flung himself about in a mad effort to rid himself of the burden. It clung on as though it were alive. He could not break its grip.

Then another breaker came in. It splashed about him, wetting him far above his waist. The tide had begun to turn now, and the tide on those sands comes in like a racehorse.

He made another effort to cast off the load, and when it still held him fast, he lost his nerve and tried to struggle out of the sea. But it was too rough for his exhausted body. The weight of the corpse and of the iron with which it was loaded overbore him. He fell.

He struggled up again in the foam-streaked, dark sea, staggered a few steps, fell again—and did not rise. The dead man's arms were round his neck, throttling him, strangling him. Rigor mortis had set in and Spalding's muscles had refused to relax.

The Turn of the Tide

Read the story in the textbook *Your Voice and Mine* and answer the following questions.

1. From whose point of view is the story being told?

2. Where does the story take place? (Time and Place) _____

3. Why was Slade glad it was a stormy (tempestuous) night?

4. a) What happened every Wednesday night? _____

b) How long did Slade wait before starting the car and moving toward Spalding? _____

c) What explanation did Slade give to Spalding about meeting him that night? _____

5. What is a solicitor? _____

6. Describe the murder device Slade used to kill Spalding. Where did he get the idea to use this kind of device to kill Spalding? _____

7. *What did Slade do with the plough chain and iron weights?*

8. *Why didn't Slade drive his car on to the beach that night?*

9. *Why did Slade get tired as he carried the corpse out to sea?*

10. *What is rigor mortis? How did this lead to Slade's death that night? Explain.* _____

Vocabulary Section

Read each sentence and circle the correct definition for the underlined word in the sentence.

1. *Slade was glad it was a tempestuous night.*
a) calm b) violent c) dark
2. *... The Wednesday night would coincide with the spring tide.*
a) come before b) opposite c) happen together
3. *He drove cautiously down the road. . .*
a) erratically b) with patience c) very carefully

4. ... drove the car out into the road in pursuit.
a) after b) quickly c) slowly
5. Young Spalding was a pestilent busy body.
a) friendly b) poisonous c) irritating
6. ... Slade took a curious little bit of apparatus:
a) tool b) instrument c) vehicle
7. The icy wind shrieked round him all that long way.
a) cry out b) scream c) shout
8. I implore you to wait, Spalding.
a) ask b) order c) beg
9. It only remained to dispose of Spalding's body...
a) bury b) get rid of c) submerge
10. For a second, doubt overwhelmed him...
a) held b) gripped c) overpowered
11. ... he forced his frail body to obey...
a) strong b) skinny c) weak
12. He leaned over to one side, to roll the body off his back. It did not move. He pulled at its arms. They were obstinate.
a) stuck b) frozen c) stubborn

Name _____

Class ____ ()

Story Elements

Setting (place)

Where does the story take place?

Setting (time)

When does the story take place?

Main character

Who is the main character?

Supporting characters

Who are the other characters?

Title and Author:

Plot (sequence of events)

Beginning *What happens at the beginning of the story?*

Middle *What happens in the middle of the story?*

End *What happens at the end of the story?*

Appendix f

Charles
by Shirley Jackson

THE DAY my son Laurie started kindergarten he renounced corduroy overalls with bibs and began wearing blue jeans with a belt. I watched him go off the first morning with the older girl next door, seeing clearly that an era of my life was ended, my sweet-voiced nursery-school tot replaced by a long-trousered, swaggering character who forgot to stop at the corner and wave good-bye to me.

He came home the same way, the front door slamming open, his hat on the floor, and the voice suddenly become raucous shouting, "Isn't anybody *here!*"

At lunch he spoke insolently to his father, spilled his baby sister's milk, and remarked that his teacher said we were not to take the name

On Monday Laurie came home late, full of news. "Charles," he shouted as he came up the hill; I was waiting anxiously on the front steps. "Charles," Laurie yelled all the way up the hill, "Charles was bad again."

"Come right in," I said, as soon as he came close enough. "Lunch is waiting."

"You know what Charles did?" he demanded, following me through the door. "Charles yelled so in school they sent a boy in from first grade to tell the teacher she had to make Charles keep quiet, and so Charles had to stay after school. And so all the children stayed to watch him."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He just sat there," Laurie said, climbing into his chair at the table.

"Hi, Pop, y'old dust mop."

"Charles had to stay after school today," I told my husband. "Everyone stayed with him."

"What does this Charles look like?" my husband asked Laurie. "What's his other name?"

"He's bigger than me," Laurie said. "And he doesn't have any rubbers and he doesn't ever wear a jacket."

Monday night was the first Parent-Teachers meeting, and only the fact that the baby had a cold kept me from going; I wanted passionately to meet Charles's mother. On Tuesday Laurie remarked suddenly, "Our teacher had a friend come to see her in school today."

"Charles's mother?" my husband and I asked simultaneously.

"Naaah," Laurie said scornfully. "It was a man who came and made us do exercises, we had to touch our toes. Look." He climbed down from his chair and squatted down and touched his toes. "Like this," he said. He got solemnly back into his chair and said, picking up his fork, "Charles didn't even *do* exercises."

"That's fine," I said heartily. "Didn't Charles want to do the exercises?"

"Naaah," Laurie said. "Charles was so fresh to the teacher's friend he wasn't *let* do exercises."

"Fresh again," I said.

"He kicked the teacher's friend," Laurie said. "The teacher's friend told Charles to touch his toes like I just did and Charles kicked him."

"What are they going to do about Charles, do you suppose?"

around to his father. His father bent his head down and Laurie whispered joyfully. His father's eyes widened.

"Did Charles tell the little girl to say *that*?" he asked respectfully.

"She said it twice," Laurie said. "Charles told her to say it twice."

"What happened to Charles?" my husband asked.

"Nothing," Laurie said. "He was passing out the crayons."

Monday morning Charles abandoned the little girl and said the evil word himself three or four times, getting his mouth washed out with soap each time. He also threw chalk.

My husband came to the door with me that evening as I set out for the PTA meeting. "Invite her over for a cup of tea after the meeting," he said. "I want to get a look at her."

"If only she's there," I said prayerfully.

"She'll be there," My husband said. "I don't see how they could hold a PTA meeting without Charles's mother."

At the meeting I sat restlessly, scanning each comfortable matronly face, trying to determine which one hid the secret of Charles. None of them looked to me haggard enough. No one stood up in the meeting and apologized for the way her son had been acting. No one mentioned Charles.

After the meeting I identified and sought out Laurie's kindergarten teacher. She had a plate with a cup of tea and a piece of chocolate cake; I had a plate with a cup of tea and a piece of marshmallow cake. We maneuvered up to one another cautiously, and smiled.

"I've been so anxious to meet you," I said. "I'm Laurie's mother."

"We're all so interested in Laurie," she said.

"Well, he certainly likes kindergarten," I said. "He talks about it all the time."

"We had a little trouble adjusting, the first week or so," she said primly, "but now he's a fine little helper. With occasional lapses, of course."

"Laurie usually adjusts very quickly," I said. "I suppose this time it's Charles's influence."

"Charles?"

"Yes," I said, laughing, "you must have your hands full in that kindergarten, with Charles."

"Charles?" she said. "We don't have any Charles in the kindergarten."

Identify the following elements for the short story: (12)

Setting:

Plot:

Conflict:

Character(s):

Point of View:

Theme:

Using your dictionary or computer, fill in the following chart for the vocabulary words from the short story "Charles".

VOCABULARY WORD	SENTENCE	CONTEXT GUESS	DICTIONARY DEFINITION
renounce			
swaggering			
raucous			
insolently			
deprived			
reassuringly			
anxiously			
simultaneously			
scornfully			
elaborately			

"CHARLES" BY SHIRLEY JACKSON- 22 marks

Answer the following questions after reading the short story "Charles".

1. Who is narrating the story? (1)

2. How does this point of view impact the story? (2)

3. How, according to Laurie's mother, is Laurie "growing up"? (2)

4. Provide 2 examples of Laurie's bad behavior at home. (2)

1. _____
2. _____

5. List 4 examples of Charles' bad behavior at school. (4)

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

6. What are two ways Charles' teacher punishes him? (2)

1. _____
2. _____

7. Explain how Charles becomes a household joke at home. (2)

