

Adult Basic Education

English Language Arts

English 2013 Reading: Short Stories/Non- Fiction/Research

Study Guide

Suggested Resources: *Making It Work: A Handbook for Reading, Writing, Language and Media*
The Road Ahead: Reading Selections for Canadian Students

Level II English Courses

English 2011

English 2012

English 2013

English 2014

English 2015

English 2016



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To the Student

Who should do English 2013 Writing: Short Stories/Non-Fiction/Research?

English 2013 is the third series of six Level II English courses. It is meant to provide you with an opportunity to read and experience short stories and non-fiction. You will also be introduced to the research process.

You do not have to complete all six Level II English courses to move into ABE Level III. The decision to do all or some of the six Level II English courses will be made based on your instructor's assessment. The following will be taken into consideration in this assessment: your previous education, your CAAT (or another standardized test) result, your work experience, your future employment/post-secondary goals, your progress in Level II courses, or any other factor impacting your future success in Level III. For example, if you enter Level II from Level I and wish to pursue the Degree and Technical Profile (Academic) in Level III, you will likely have to complete all six Level II English courses. If you intend to pursue the General College Profile (General) in Level III, you may only have to complete a selection of Level II English courses.

You will receive up to four equivalency credits if you continue with Level III. For every five Level II courses (English, Math and/or Science) you successfully complete, you may be given one General Options credit in Level III, up to a total of four.

What is the English 2013 Study Guide?

The English 2013 Study Guide describes all the work that is required for the completion of this course.

How should I Use the Study Guide?

Before beginning to do the work in this Study Guide, you will need to talk to your instructor about the course and the resources you will need. You should work through the *Study Guide* page by page, consulting with your instructor as you go.

How is the Study Guide organized?

The Study Guide is organized in two columns, as follows:

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
This column provides a numbered list of all the work you are required to do for the course.	This column gives important information on the resources being used and some notes to help you complete the required work.

Important Note

This Study Guide is intended to make it possible for you to work independently in Adult Basic Education. If you use the Study Guide correctly, you may be able to work on your own for certain periods of time. You should always make sure that your instructor is aware of what you doing. Feel free to ask your instructor for help and guidance at all times.

Unit 1: Short Stories

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>All responses in this Study Guide should be written in complete sentences with examples if appropriate.</p> <p>1. Read pages 2-3 in <i>Making It Work</i>, and then respond to the following items in writing:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) What are some reasons why people read?b) What are some examples of fiction texts and why can reading fiction be enjoyable?c) How does reading help you see the world in a different way? <p>2. Read the section entitled “How to Read Literature” on page 30 of <i>Making It Work</i>, and then respond to the following items in writing:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) Why can reading short stories be considered “powerful”?b) What are two ways to understand reading literature?	<p><i>Making It Work</i>, pp. 2-3.</p> <p>Fiction is writing that is based on the imagination and the events or plot is not entirely factual; for example, short stories, novels and plays.</p> <p><i>Making It Work</i>, p. 30.</p>

Unit 1: Short Stories

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>3. Pages 31-32 in <i>Making It Work</i> lists and defines the elements of a narrative (short story). Explain the following elements of a short story:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) Charactersb) Protagonistc) Antagonistd) Settinge) Plotf) Conflictg) Themeh) Point of View	<p><i>Making It Work</i>, pp. 31-32.</p>
<p>4. The plot of a short story can be divided into parts. Using the section entitled “Plot” on page 31 of <i>Making It Work</i>, explain the four basic parts of plot in a short story.</p>	<p><i>Making It Work</i>, p. 31.</p>
<p>5. <i>Appendix A: Short Stories</i>, found at the end of this Study Guide, contains the following short stories:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• “The Appointment in Samarra”, by W. Somerset Maugham• “The Necklace”, by Guy de Maupassant• “The Dinner Party”, by Mona Gardner,• “The Soul of Caliban”, by Emma-Lindsay Squier	

Unit 1: Short Stories

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>Read each short story and discuss anything that you do not fully understand with your instructor. Respond in writing to the items which follow each short story.</p> <p>6. Read the short story entitled “I Can’t Write No Pretty Poem” on pages 47-49 of <i>The Road Ahead</i>. After reading the selection, discuss anything you are unsure about with your instructor. Then, respond to the following items in writing:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) How is the protagonist in the story like or unlike myself?b) Do you like Geraldine’s poem? Why/why not?c) What does Geraldine learn about herself in this story?	<p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, pp. 47-49.</p>

Unit 2: Non-Fiction

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>All responses in this Study Guide should be written in complete sentences with examples if appropriate.</p>	
<p>1. Read the “Incident Report” on page 176 of <i>The Road Ahead</i>, and then respond in writing to the following items:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) Brainstorm a list of the kinds of conflicts/situations that happen in a workplace. From the list, decide which conflicts are reportable and why?b) Consider how Mia has presented her side of the story. Do you think she presented her information well or did she leave out any important details that the manager might need to know?c) Would you prefer to fill out a form or write a report to describe an incident? Why?	<p>Non-Fiction means that the selection being studied is true, is about real things, people, events, and places. Examples of non-fiction are newspapers, personal writing, textbooks, workplace texts, visual information, instructions, information, biography, magazine selections, and online text.</p> <p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, pp. 176-177.</p>
<p>2. Study the visual on page 179 of <i>The Road Ahead</i>, and then respond in the writing to the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) What is the message of this visual and how is it communicated?b) Steve did what he was supposed to do, and he shut the machine off before checking it; nevertheless, he still lost an arm. What could have prevented his injury?	<p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, p. 179.</p>

Unit 2: Non-Fiction

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>3. Read the selection entitled “How to Assemble Your Fax Machine” on pages 141-143 of <i>The Road Ahead</i>, and then respond in writing to the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) Discuss whether you think these instructions are easy to follow and your reasons why/why not?b) What changes, if any, would you make to these manual pages?c) Comment on the design elements that make the instructions easy to follow (bold-face type, colours, font, headings, upper case letters).	<p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, pp. 141-143.</p>
<p>4. Read the selection entitled “Film Dispels Myths about Down Syndrome” on pages 134-135 of <i>The Road Ahead</i>, and then respond in writing to the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) One theme in this newspaper article is achieving goals in life. Write a brief paragraph, about six to ten sentences, where you reflect on your own goals. You can use the following questions to guide your response:<ul style="list-style-type: none">• What are your personal goals in life?• What are your goals on the job?• How do you expect to reach your goals?	<p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, pp. 134-135.</p>

Unit 2: Non-Fiction

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>b) What do we learn by reading profiles of real people?</p> <p>c) How well did the photographs and headline help you understand the main message in this selection? Write an alternative headline that would help readers better predict what the article is about.</p> <p>5. Read the selection entitled “Bittersweet Memories of a Rock Hero” on pages 138-140 of <i>The Road Ahead</i>, and then respond in writing to the following:</p> <p>a) What music or musicians do you like and how do these influence:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• your choice of friends.• the way you dress.• the way you talk.• what you believe about people and about life? <p>b) Explain how Bidini’s attainment of his quest—meeting the Ramones—does not necessarily meet his expectations.</p> <p>c) Look up the meaning of the word “bittersweet” in a dictionary or online. Write a brief paragraph, about six to ten sentences, describing a situation you faced that did not meet your expectations.</p>	<p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, pp. 134-135.</p>

Unit 3: Research

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
<p>All responses in this Study Guide should be written in complete sentences with examples if appropriate.</p> <p>1. Read the section entitled “How to Research” on pages 54-56 of <i>Making It Work</i>, and then briefly explain what research involves.</p> <p>2. The anthology <i>The Road Ahead</i> includes classified ads (pages 84-88); web pages (pages 208-209); and travel brochures (pages 222-227 and 235-238). You can use all of these as sources for research. Respond in writing to the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) What makes these sources useful for research?b) Are some sources of information easier to use than others? Why/Why not? <p>3. Choose one topic of interest to you. Some general topic suggestions are given in the right hand column. Respond to the following in writing:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">a) Find one internet source of information on your chosen topic.b) Write down accurate information about where you find the details. An example of this is found in the right hand column.c) Briefly explain why you think the source you selected is reliable or why it might contain questionable information.	<p><i>Making It Work</i>, pp. 54-56.</p> <p><i>The Road Ahead</i>, pp. 84-88, 208-209, 222-227, 235-238.</p> <p>Topic Suggestions:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">1. A car or truck I am planning on buying.2. A new skidoo or ATV I am planning on buying.3. A place I am planning on visiting.4. My favorite short story author.5. New appliances I am planning on purchasing.6. Safety standards in the workplace.7. Any other topic discussed and approved by your instructor.

Unit 3: Research

Required Work	Suggested Resources/Notes
	<p data-bbox="1057 562 1299 667">Example of acknowledging an internet source:</p> <p data-bbox="1057 709 1395 888">“Aruba Weather and Climate.” http://www.aruba-travelguide.com/weather/index.html</p>

Appendix A: Short Stories

The Appointment in Samarra
W. Somerset Maugham

The speaker is Death

There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, Master, just now when I was in the marketplace I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture, now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me. The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the marketplace and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning? That was not a threatening gesture, I said, it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra.

Respond to the following items in writing using complete sentences and specific references to the selection.

1. Write a brief paragraph (six to ten sentences) that gives your personal thoughts and opinions about the short story. Your paragraph may include what you liked about it, what you didn't like about it, and/or what confused or puzzled you.

2. Write a brief paragraph (six to ten sentences) that gives your thoughts and opinions about the characters in the short story. Your paragraph may include your views on the story's narrator, the suggested gender of Death, and/or how the Merchant approaches Death toward the end of the story.

3. Write a brief paragraph (six to ten sentences) that gives your thoughts and opinions about how the short story relates to your own life. Your paragraph may include your views on fate, on death, on accidents, on parables (a brief story used to teach a moral lesson), and/or any other way the story relates to your life.

The Necklace

Guy de Maupassant

She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as though fate had blundered over her, into a family of artisans. She had no marriage portion, no expectations, no means of getting known, understood, loved, and wedded by a man of wealth and distinction; and she let herself be married off to a little clerk in the Ministry of Education. Her tastes were simple because she had never been able to afford any other, but she was as unhappy as though she had married beneath her; for women have no caste or class, their beauty, grace, and charm serving them for birth or family, their natural delicacy, their instinctive elegance, their nimbleness of wit, are their only mark of rank, and put the slum girl on a level with the highest lady in the land.

She suffered endlessly, feeling herself born for every delicacy and luxury. She suffered from the poorness of her house, from its mean walls, worn chairs, and ugly curtains. All these things, of which other women of her class would not even have been aware, tormented and insulted her. The sight of the little Breton girl who came to do the work in her little house aroused heart-broken regrets and hopeless dreams in her mind. She imagined silent antechambers, heavy with Oriental tapestries, lit by torches in lofty bronze sockets, with two tall footmen in knee-breeches sleeping in large arm-chairs, overcome by the heavy warmth of the stove. She imagined vast saloons hung with antique silks, exquisite pieces of furniture supporting priceless ornaments, and small, charming, perfumed rooms, created just for little parties of intimate friends, men who were famous and sought after, whose homage roused every other woman's envious longings.

When she sat down for dinner at the round table covered with a three-days-old cloth, opposite her husband, who took the cover off the soup-tureen, exclaiming delightedly: "Aha! Scotch broth! What could be better?" she imagined delicate meals, gleaming silver, tapestries peopling the walls with folk of a past age and strange birds in faery forests; she imagined delicate food served in marvellous dishes, murmured gallantries, listened to with an inscrutable smile as one trifled with the rosy flesh of trout or wings of asparagus chicken.

She had no clothes, no jewels, nothing. And these were the only things she loved; she felt that she was made for them. She had longed so eagerly to charm, to be desired, to be wildly attractive and sought after.

She had a rich friend, an old school friend whom she refused to visit, because she suffered so keenly when she returned home. She would weep whole days, with grief, regret, despair, and misery.

*

One evening her husband came home with an exultant air, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"Here's something for you," he said.

Swiftly she tore the paper and drew out a printed card on which were these words:

"The Minister of Education and Madame Ramponneau request the pleasure of the company of Monsieur and Madame Loisel at the Ministry on the evening of Monday, January the 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she flung the invitation petulantly across the table, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with this?"

"Why, darling, I thought you'd be pleased. You never go out, and this is a great occasion. I had tremendous trouble to get it. Every one wants one; it's very select, and very few go to the clerks. You'll see all the really big people there."

She looked at him out of furious eyes, and said impatiently: "And what do you suppose I am to wear at such an affair?"

He had not thought about it; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very nice, to me . . ."

He stopped, stupefied and utterly at a loss when he saw that his wife was beginning to cry. Two large tears ran slowly down from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" he faltered.

But with a violent effort she overcame her grief and replied in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I haven't a dress and so I can't go to this party. Give your invitation to some friend of yours whose wife will be turned out better than I shall."

He was heart-broken.

"Look here, Mathilde," he persisted. "What would be the cost of a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions as well, something very simple?"

She thought for several seconds, reckoning up prices and also wondering for how large a sum she could ask without bringing upon herself an immediate refusal and an exclamation of horror from the careful-minded clerk.

At last she replied with some hesitation:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could do it on four hundred francs."

He grew slightly pale, for this was exactly the amount he had been saving for a gun, intending to get a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre with some friends who went lark-shooting there on Sundays.

Nevertheless he said: "Very well. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try and get a really nice dress with the money."

The day of the party drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy and anxious. Her dress was ready, however. One evening her husband said to her:

"What's the matter with you? You've been very odd for the last three days."

"I'm utterly miserable at not having any jewels, not a single stone, to wear," she replied. "I shall look absolutely no one. I would almost rather not go to the party."

"Wear flowers," he said. "They're very smart at this time of the year. For ten francs you could get two or three gorgeous roses."

She was not convinced.

"No . . . there's nothing so humiliating as looking poor in the middle of a lot of rich women."

"How stupid you are!" exclaimed her husband. "Go and see Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You know her quite well enough for that."

She uttered a cry of delight.

"That's true. I never thought of it."

Next day she went to see her friend and told her her trouble.

Madame Forestier went to her dressing-table, took up a large box, brought it to Madame Loisel, opened it, and said:

"Choose, my dear."

First she saw some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross in gold and gems, of exquisite workmanship. She tried the effect of the jewels before the mirror, hesitating, unable to make up her mind to leave them, to give them up. She kept on asking:

"Haven't you anything else?"

"Yes. Look for yourself. I don't know what you would like best."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin case, a superb diamond necklace; her heart began to beat covetously. Her hands trembled as she lifted it. She fastened it round her neck, upon her high dress, and remained in ecstasy at sight of herself.

Then, with hesitation, she asked in anguish:

"Could you lend me this, just this alone?"

"Yes, of course."

She flung herself on her friend's breast, embraced her frenziedly, and went away with her treasure. The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was the prettiest woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling, and quite above herself with happiness. All the men stared at her, inquired her name, and asked to be introduced to her. All the Under-Secretaries of State were eager to waltz with her. The Minister noticed her.

She danced madly, ecstatically, drunk with pleasure, with no thought for anything, in the triumph of her beauty, in the pride of her success, in a cloud of happiness made up of this universal homage and admiration, of the desires she had aroused, of the completeness of a victory so dear to her feminine heart.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Since midnight her husband had been dozing in a deserted little room, in company with three other men whose wives were having a good time. He threw over her shoulders the garments he had brought for them to go home in, modest everyday clothes, whose poverty clashed with the beauty of the ball-dress. She was conscious of this and was anxious to hurry away, so that she should not be noticed by the other women putting on their costly furs.

Loisel restrained her.

"Wait a little. You'll catch cold in the open. I'm going to fetch a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the staircase. When they were out in the street they could not find a cab; they began to look for one, shouting at the drivers whom they saw passing in the distance.

They walked down towards the Seine, desperate and shivering. At last they found on the quay one of those old night-prowling carriages which are only to be seen in Paris after dark, as though they were ashamed of their shabbiness in the daylight.

It brought them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they walked up to their own apartment. It was the end, for her. As for him, he was thinking that he must be at the office at ten.

She took off the garments in which she had wrapped her shoulders, so as to see herself in all her glory before the mirror. But suddenly she uttered a cry. The necklace was no longer round her neck!

"What's the matter with you?" asked her husband, already half undressed.

She turned towards him in the utmost distress.

"I . . . I . . . I've no longer got Madame Forestier's necklace. . . ."

He started with astonishment.

"What! . . . Impossible!"

They searched in the folds of her dress, in the folds of the coat, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

"Are you sure that you still had it on when you came away from the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I touched it in the hall at the Ministry."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall."

"Yes. Probably we should. Did you take the number of the cab?"

"No. You didn't notice it, did you?"

"No."

They stared at one another, dumbfounded. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I'll go over all the ground we walked," he said, "and see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She remained in her evening clothes, lacking strength to get into bed, huddled on a chair, without volition or power of thought.

Her husband returned about seven. He had found nothing.

He went to the police station, to the newspapers, to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere that a ray of hope impelled him.

She waited all day long, in the same state of bewilderment at this fearful catastrophe.

Loisel came home at night, his face lined and pale; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," he said, "and tell her that you've broken the clasp of her necklace and are getting it mended. That will give us time to look about us."

She wrote at his dictation.

*

By the end of a week they had lost all hope.

Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must see about replacing the diamonds."

Next day they took the box which had held the necklace and went to the jewellers whose name was inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I who sold this necklace, Madame; I must have merely supplied the clasp."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for another necklace like the first, consulting their memories, both ill with remorse and anguish of mind.

In a shop at the Palais-Royal they found a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They were allowed to have it for thirty-six thousand.

They begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they arranged matters on the understanding that it would be taken back for thirty-four thousand francs, if the first one were found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs left to him by his father. He intended to borrow the rest.

He did borrow it, getting a thousand from one man, five hundred from another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes of hand, entered into ruinous agreements, did business with usurers and the whole tribe of money-lenders. He mortgaged the whole remaining years of his existence, risked his signature without even knowing if he could honour it, and, appalled at the agonising face of the future, at the black misery about to fall upon him, at the prospect of every possible physical privation and moral torture, he

went to get the new necklace and put down upon the jeweller's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace to Madame Forestier, the latter said to her in a chilly voice:

"You ought to have brought it back sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not, as her friend had feared, open the case. If she had noticed the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she not have taken her for a thief?

*

Madame Loisel came to know the ghastly life of abject poverty. From the very first she played her part heroically. This fearful debt must be paid off. She would pay it. The servant was dismissed. They changed their flat; they took a garret under the roof.

She came to know the heavy work of the house, the hateful duties of the kitchen. She washed the plates, wearing out her pink nails on the coarse pottery and the bottoms of pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and dish-cloths, and hung them out to dry on a string; every morning she took the dustbin down into the street and carried up the water, stopping on each landing to get her breath. And, clad like a poor woman, she went to the fruiterer, to the grocer, to the butcher, a basket on her arm, haggling, insulted, fighting for every wretched halfpenny of her money.

Every month notes had to be paid off, others renewed, time gained.

Her husband worked in the evenings at putting straight a merchant's accounts, and often at night he did copying at twopence-halfpenny a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years everything was paid off, everything, the usurer's charges and the accumulation of superimposed interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become like all the other strong, hard, coarse women of poor households. Her hair was badly done, her skirts were awry, her hands were red. She spoke in a shrill voice, and the water slopped all over the floor when she scrubbed it. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down by the window and thought of that evening long ago, of the ball at which she had been so beautiful and so much admired.

What would have happened if she had never lost those jewels. Who knows? Who knows? How strange life is, how fickle! How little is needed to ruin or to save!

One Sunday, as she had gone for a walk along the Champs-Elysees to freshen herself after the labours of the week, she caught sight suddenly of a woman who was taking a child out for a walk. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still attractive.

Madame Loisel was conscious of some emotion. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She went up to her.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other did not recognise her, and was surprised at being thus familiarly addressed by a poor woman.

"But . . . Madame . . ." she stammered. "I don't know . . . you must be making a mistake."

"No . . . I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! . . . my poor Mathilde, how you have changed! . . ."

"Yes, I've had some hard times since I saw you last; and many sorrows . . . and all on your account."

"On my account! . . . How was that?"

"You remember the diamond necklace you lent me for the ball at the Ministry?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How could you? Why, you brought it back."

"I brought you another one just like it. And for the last ten years we have been paying for it. You realise it wasn't easy for us; we had no money. . . . Well, it's paid for at last, and I'm glad indeed."

Madame Forestier had halted.

"You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You hadn't noticed it? They were very much alike."

And she smiled in proud and innocent happiness.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! But mine was imitation. It was worth at the very most five hundred francs! . . . "

Respond to the following items in writing using complete sentences and specific references to the selection.

1. Describe your favourite part of this short story in a paragraph of about six to ten sentences. You may wish to discuss the characters, the suspense, the surprise ending, the setting, and/or any other aspect of the selection.
2. Explain how you would have reacted if you found yourself in a similar set of circumstances.
3. What would you identify as the theme of this short story?

The Dinner Party

Mona Gardner

The country is India. A colonial official and his wife are giving a large dinner party. They are seated with their guests- army officers and government attaches and their wives, and a visiting American naturalist- in their spacious dining room, which has a bare marble floor, open rafters, and wide glass doors opening onto a veranda.

A spirited discussion springs up between a young girl who insists that women have outgrown the jumping-on-a-chair-at-the-sight-of-a-mouse era and a colonel who says that they haven't.

"A woman's unfailing reaction in any crisis," the colonel says, "is to scream. And while a man may feel like it, he has that ounce more of nerve control than a woman has. And that last ounce is what counts."

The American does not join in the argument but watches the other guests. As he looks, he sees a strange expression come over the face of the hostess. She is staring straight ahead, her muscles contracting slightly. With a slight gesture she summons the native boy standing behind her chair and whispers to him. The boy's eyes widen; he quickly leaves the room.

Of the guests, none except the American notices this or sees the boy place a bowl of milk on the veranda just outside the open doors.

The American comes to with a start. In India, milk in a bowl means only one thing- bait for a snake. He realizes there must be a cobra in the room. He looks up at the rafters- the likeliest place- but they are bare. Three corners of the room are empty, and the fourth the servants are waiting to serve the next course. There is only one place left- under the table.

His first impulse is to jump back and warn the others, but he knows the commotion would frighten the cobra into striking. He speaks quickly, the tone of his voice so arresting that it sobers everyone.

"I want to know just what control everyone at this table has. I will count to three hundred- that's five minutes- and not one of you is to move a muscle. Those who move will forfeit fifty rupees. Ready!"

The twenty people sit like stone images while he counts. He is saying "...two hundred and eighty..." when, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the cobra emerge and make for the bowl of milk.

Screams ring out as he jumps to slam the veranda doors safely shut.

"You were right, Colonel!" the host exclaims. "A man has just shown us an example of perfect control."

"Just a minute," the American says, turning to his hostess. "Mrs. Whnnes, how did you know that cobra was in the room?"

A faint smile lights up in the woman's face as she replies: "Because it was crawling across my foot."

Respond to the following items in writing using complete sentences and specific references to the selection.

1. Foreshadowing is a technique used by writers to provide clues for the reader to be able to predict what might happen later on in the story. Discuss Mona Gardner's use of foreshadowing in "The Dinner Party".
2. How does Mona Gardner make use of chance and coincidence in this short story?
3. What is the point of view used in this short story? What are the advantages of this chosen point of view?

The Soul of Caliban
Emma-Lindsay Squier

(1) From French Louie I had this story, which you will accept as true or scout as impossible, according to your liking and knowledge of dogs. For myself, I think it is true, for he was not blessed - or cursed —with imagination.

(2) French Louie is a curious mixture of savagery and simplicity. For many years he lived by trapping in the northern woods. And yet, despite his cruel occupation, he has always loved animals. Many a fox cub he has reared to adulthood when it came to grief in his traps. Many a tear has he shed — I can well believe it — when a dragged and bloody trap told the mute story of an animal's desperate gnawing of a foot or a leg as the price of freedom. One day when he heard a visitor to the menagerie remark that it was a pity that animals had no souls, he flew into a rage, fairly booted the visitor out of the place, and was still sputtering French and English when I dropped in upon him.

(3) "No souls, they say!" he snorted, spreading his hands and puckering his lips in contemptuous mimicry. "Faugh! They give me the gran' pain! The only animal they ever have, I bet you, is a canary bird that say 'Pretty Poll' all day long!"

(4) "That's a parrot," I said mildly. But he only snorted.

(5) "No soul, they say! Listen, I tell you somet'ing I bet you nobody believe, by Gar! Or they say, 'Oh, dat dog he obey hees instinct.' Bien, all I say ees, who know what ees instinct and what ees soul? And I bet you many a man he ain't got the soul that that dog got instinct—no, by Gar!"

(6) It was in the sheep country of Alberta that Louie knew the dog, Caliban. Leon Suprenon was his owner, and Louie used to visit the sheep man at his ranch, far removed from civilization.

(7) "Leon, he was one fine educated man, by Gar," he told me. "Books - with pictures - he had many of them in hees 'ouse. Dat dog, Caliban, he name' heem from a pleh by Shakespeare-you have heard of heem?"

(8) "Yes," I said, unsmiling.

(9) "You know a pleh with a dog name' Caliban in eet?"

(10) "Not a dog," I answered, "but a poor imprisoned monster, ugly, deformed, and very wicked, yet somehow very pitiful."

(11) French Louie nodded vigorously. "C'est la meme chose," he assured me. "Dat dog, Caliban-oh, mon Dieu, he was ogly! Hees lip she always lifted up like zis-in a snar-rl-all the time dat lip'. And hees eyes-leetle, mean looking eyes, wid a frown between dem

always, and teeth dat would snap together - clop! No tramps ever came near the place of Leon Suprenon. Dey know dat dog, Caliban; he was not a beast to be trifle' with."

(12) "What kind of a dog was he?" I asked of Louie the Frenchman.

(13) He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands and shook his head. No kind, and every kind, was what I gathered from his description - a big, shaggy dog, as large as a sheep dog, and much more stockily built. His hair had no silky smoothness to it. Rather it was like the rough, matted fur of a wolf-and Louie maintained that Caliban had wolf blood in him. There was a strain of bulldog, too, that made his legs short and bowed a bit. His under jaw came out pugnaciously-always with that lifted lip which was no fault of his, but which gave his face a perpetually savage expression. Ugly he must have been; yet useful, too. As a guard against tramps and the lawless characters who are to be found in any part of the country where civilization is at a distance, he was invaluable. As a sheep dog, too, he had not his equal in Alberta. Perhaps it is too much to say that he could count the sheep his master owned. But it is true that he would watch them, passing into the big corrals, his sharp, shaggy ears pointed, his small, close-set eyes never wavering in their intense regard, his whole body taut with concentration. And if any sheep lingered or did not come, Caliban would need no word of command to stir him to action. Like an arrow he would dart out, snapping at the lagging heels, turning in a scatter-brained ewe, or dashing off across the fields to find a sheep which he knew had strayed or had fallen into the river.

(14) A dog of strange, tumultuous jealousies, and incomprehensible tenderness. So rough was he, when herding the sheep, that Leon Suprenon was always shouting, "Caliban, you devil! Stop biting that sheep or I'll beat your ugly brains out!"

(15) Caliban would stop short, regard his master with a long, disdainful stare, and then look back at the sheep, as if to say, "Those silly things! What difference does it make whether I bite their heels or not?"

(16) And yet—that was the dog that, after seeing the sheep into the corral one winter afternoon when a blizzard was threatening to blow down from the north, did not come into the house to dream and twitch under the kitchen stove as was his custom. When darkness fell Leon noticed the dog's absence at first with unconcern, and then with growing uneasiness. The rising wind flung itself viciously upon doors and windows, the white snow whirled up against the panes with sharp, sibilant flurries. Leon went to the door and called. The blizzard drove his voice back in his throat; the wind hurled him against the portals, and drove an icy blast of snow into the hall.

(17) Leon Suprenon was not the man to be daunted by a storm. He remembered that after the gates were shut, Caliban had stood steadily gazing away toward the dim fields, where the menacing curtain of oncoming wind and snow was blotting out the contours of stream and distant forest.

(18) So he took a lantern and fought his way out into the terrible night, out toward the sheep corrals, and then out toward the invisible fields beyond the stream. A mile he went

— perhaps more — fighting his way against the fury of the storm. It was out by the cluster of pine trees that marks the east line of the ranch that he met Caliban, coming home.

(19) The dim light of the lantern threw a weak golden circle against the driving white mistiness of the snow. And into the nebulous ring of light came Caliban, grim, staggering, a grotesque monster looming out of the white darkness, his mouth strangely misshapen by something he was carrying — a lamb, newly born. Beside him, struggling weakly yet valiantly against the driving snow, came the mother sheep, which had given birth to her baby in the midst of the dreadful blizzard. Caliban was coming slowly, adapting his pace to hers, stopping when she would stop, yet with unmistakable signs that he expected her to struggle forward with him. And the lamb— the weak, bleating little thing that swung from his teeth as lightly as if it had been a puff of thistledown.

(20) Now the dog Caliban never begged for caresses. He was not the sort of dog to leap and bark and wag his tail when the master came home. Between him and Leon Suprenon there was an understanding — a man's understanding of mutual respect and restraint. A word of commendation sufficed him, or sometimes a pat on the head. But never, as long as Leon had owned the dog, could he recall a time when Caliban had ever sought to ingratiate himself by being friendly and playful, as the other dogs would do.

(21) Nevertheless, Caliban had his jealousies, fierce, deep and primitive. He killed a dog that Leon petted casually; he took it by the throat and crushed it with his great teeth, then flung the quivering body down and stared at it with those baleful, close-set eyes. There was blood on the perpetual snarl of his lifted lip. Then fearlessly he awaited his punishment. Leon beat him cruelly. But Caliban never flinched or whimpered, just stood there hunching himself up and shutting his eyes, licking his lips a bit as the blows hurt him more and more. When it was over, he shook himself, stretched, then pricked up his ears and looked Leon in the face, as if to say, "Well, that's over. Now have you any orders?" If he had whimpered once — but he did not. Leon swore furiously, and had the dead dog buried in the meadow. He did not caress the other dogs after that. They were valuable to him— but Caliban was priceless. And Leon knew that the only way of breaking his stubborn spirit would be to kill him.

(22) Caliban had one abiding hatred: cats. Whereas the other dogs chased them joyously, or ignored them as inferior creatures, Caliban loathed them, chased them savagely, killed them mercilessly. He had a short, brutal way of doing it; if he caught a luckless cat — and he would run like a yearling buck, that dog Caliban— he would give it one shake, like the crack of a whip, and then toss the cat into the air. It usually died with a broken neck and a broken back. And by the law of the survival of the fittest, the cats that escaped from Caliban's savage sallies were wise in their generation and kept out of his way. But there was one small cat, not yet out of kittenhood, that had either come recently to the ranch, or else by an accident had not crossed Caliban's path— a gentle little cat, all gray, with a white paw which she was always licking as if proud of it.

(23) One day she sat sunning herself on the porch before the house. Caliban came by that way, and saw her. With the savage, deep throated growl that all the other cats had learned to fear as the most deadly thing of life, he leaped at her, caught her, flung her up into the air.

(24) Perhaps it was supreme ignorance of danger that saved her from death. For the gentle little cat had not tried to run. Instead she stayed where he had flung her, dazed, inert, staring at the terrible dog, with round, uncomprehending eyes. He saw that he had not killed her. He came nearer, ready to shake her with the peculiarly deadly twist that he knew so well. Still she did not move. She could not. She only mewed, a very small, pitiful mew, and her stunned body twitched a little. Caliban hesitated, sniffed at her, turned away. After all, he seemed to tell himself, you could not kill a weak, helpless thing like that — a thing that could not run.

(25) Leon Suprenon came out and found the little cat. He took her up very gently, and she tried to purr as he stroked her quivering, hurt body. "Caliban," Leon said sternly, "that was not a sportsmanlike thing to do. I am ashamed of you!"

(26) And to his great surprise, Caliban, the insolent, the ever-snarling, put his tail between his legs and slunk down the porch steps. He too was ashamed. But Caliban, that ugly, misshapen dog with the perpetual snarl on his lifted lip, could make amends. And to the best of his ability he did. The gentle little cat did not die, but never did she fully recover the use of her limbs. She had a slow, halting way of walking, and running was an impossibility. She would have been an easy prey for the joyous, roistering dogs that chased cats, not from enmity, but because it was the proper thing to do. But Caliban stood between her and eager, sniffing dogs like a savage, sinister warrior. Too well did the other ranch dogs know the menace of those close-set eyes, the ugly, undershot jaw, and the snarl that showed the glitter of deadly, clamping teeth. They learned — through experience— that the little gray cat was not to be molested.

(27) Not only did Caliban become the little gray cat's protector; he became her friend. She would sit on the fence and watch for the sheep dogs to come up to the house after the day's work was done. When the other dogs filed past her, she paid no attention, realizing perfectly that they dared not harm her. And when Caliban came, close at the heels of Leon Suprenon, she would yawn and stretch, purr loudly, and drop squarely and lightly on the big dog's back. He would carry her gravely into the kitchen, lie down while she got slowly off his back, and would lie under the stove, with the little cat purring and rubbing about his face. It was not in him to show affection. But he permitted her carefully to wash his face and ears, tug at burrs that matted his heavy coat, and to sleep between his forefeet.

(28) Once another cat, emboldened by the gray cat's immunity from danger, went to sleep between Caliban's great paws. When he awoke and found the intruder peacefully purring against his chest, he gave one terrific growl, sprang to his feet, seized the strange cat and shook it. Savagely he flung it across the room. It was dead before ever it struck the floor.

(29) Now it was at this time that Leon Suprenon married Amelie Morin, from Dubuqui, and brought her to the ranch that was bounded by dark forests and deep, turbulent rivers. She chafed a little under the isolation of the place, and shivered when at night the wolves howled far back on the distant slopes. But she loved Leon Suprenon, and in time became reconciled to the loneliness of the ranch— still more reconciled when a baby was born to her, and was strong and healthy and beautiful.

(30) Caliban had accepted the girl, Amelie, stoically, without apparent resentment. It was as if he knew that sooner or later his master would bring home a woman to share the lonely ranch house. But the baby—that was a different thing. He had not bargained on the small intruder who became at once the lord and tyrant of the household. When Leon took up the tiny baby in his arms, Caliban growled, and his eyes became a baleful red.

(31) When Leon put the baby in its crib, and spoke to it foolishly, fondly, as all fathers do, Caliban came and stood beside him, looking down at the red faced crinkly-eyed baby; and again the dog growled, deep in his throat.

(32) One day when Leon caressed the child, Caliban sprang, trying to tear the infant out of his arms. Leon kicked the dog furiously aside, and beat him with a leather whip.

(33) "Caliban, you devil!" he panted between the blows. "If you ever touch that baby, I'll kill you!"

(34) And, as if the dog understood, he hunched himself and shut his eyes, licking his lips as the heavy lash fell again and again. Then he shook himself, stared at his master with somber, unwavering eyes, and went out of the house without once looking back.

(35) For a whole week he did not return. One of the ranchmen reported that he had seen Caliban in the forest, that the dog had mated with a female wolf.

(36) Leon Suprenon said that it was not true, and that Caliban would come back. But Amelie cried out, "No, no! That dog, he is a monster! Never again would I feel that my baby was safe!"

(37) "You misjudge him," Leon said soothingly, "he is a little jealous of the baby, it is true, but he will overcome that in time. An ugly-looking dog, I grant you, but he is very gentle, nevertheless."

(38) "Gentle - that beast!" the girl shut her eyes and shuttered.

(39) Caliban did come back. He appeared at the kitchen door one day when Leon was out looking after the sheep - sullen, defiant, his glittering, close-set eyes seeming to question whether or not he would not be welcomed. The perpetual snarl on his lifted lip and the misshapen ugliness of his powerful body made him even more repellent to the girl Amelie, who snatched up her baby from where he was playing on the floor, ran with him to the bedroom, and closed and bolted the door. But a royal welcome he received from

the little gray cat, that dragged herself toward him with purring sounds of joy. She mewed delightedly, rubbed against his bowed legs, and tried to lick his face. Caliban, for the first and last time, bent his ugly head, and licked the little gray cat, briefly and furtively.

(40) The dog had learned his lesson as to the status of the baby. And whether or not his heart was seared with that savage, primitive jealousy which he had shown at first so plainly, no hint of it now appeared. At first he ignored the child, even when it crawled toward him as he lay under the kitchen stove. Later he would watch the round-faced baby with rigid, attentive eyes— eyes in which there were blue-green wolf gleams behind the honest brown. Sometimes he would sniff at the child questioningly, as if trying to ascertain for himself what charm such a helpless crawling little animal could possibly have for the man who was his master and his idol.

(41) Little by little Amelie's distrust lessened, and she was willing that the baby should lie in his crib on the sunny porch, when Caliban was stretched out on the steps with the little gray cat sleeping between his paws.

(42) Then one day, after a morning of housework within doors, she came out to take the baby—and he was gone. The crib was empty, the little blankets were rumped into confusion. The dog Caliban still lay sleeping upon the porch, and the little gray cat purred drowsily against his furry chest.

(43) Amelie screamed, and the men came running up from the sheep pens and barns, snatching up sticks of wood, or fumbling with guns. Leon came running with a face the color of chalk; arid Amelie clung to him, screaming, sobbing, and wild with hysterical fear. She was certain that some wild animal had snatched her baby out of his crib and devoured him.

(44) "Nonsense!" said Leon Suprenon positively. "No wild animal could have come near the house with Caliban on guard."

(45) After an hour of frantic searching, they found the child. In back of the ranch house where the garbage was dumped and burned, there they found the baby, playing happily with an old tin can, dirty and bedraggled, yet quite unhurt and unharmed.

(46) In the first moment of acute relief, no one thought to question how the child had come so far. But afterward — Leon stood in deep thought, staring down at Caliban, who returned his look steadily, unflinchingly, as was his wont. For the first time a doubt of the dog's integrity came into his mind. He knew Caliban's great strength, knew that the dog could have carried the baby as easily as he had carried the newborn lamb. And the garbage pile there was a grim humor in that which pointed to Caliban's line of reasoning. Undesirable things were thrown out there; things put upon the garbage pile were never brought back into the house; therefore, if the baby were put out there, with the rest of the rubbish ... "Caliban, you devil!" said Leon Suprenon between clenched teeth. Yet he could not beat the dog. The evidence was only circumstantial. Had the thing happened to

any one else's child, he would have laughed heartily at the story. But to him it was not so funny. Anything might have happened to the child. The dog might have dropped it; or stray wolves might have come down out of the woods. The baby might have cut its hands terribly on broken glass or rusty tin cans.

(47) "Caliban," said Leon Suprenon sternly, "you have spoiled my belief in you. I will never be able to trust you again."

(48) The great ugly dog stared at him with those glittering, close-set eyes, then turned away abruptly and lay down. It was as if he accepted the defeat of his plans, the humiliation, the loss of his master's trust, with stoical resignation. It was almost as if he had shrugged his shoulders.

(49) Now there came the winter time — a lean, terrible winter, when the wolves howled about the ranch, sometimes becoming so bold as to come close to the barns, and corrals, and the house. The spring was late, and even when the snow began to melt, and the first warm breezes to come up from the south, still the howling of the wolf pack was heard on distant hills, and still tracks were found in the crusted snow about the barn and the sheep corrals. One day in the spring an urgent message came to Amelie Suprenon, begging her to come to a neighbouring ranch where a woman lay in child-birth. She could only go on horseback — and the need for her help was imminent. She saddled her horse herself, for the men were out on the ranges. Then she hesitated as to leaving or taking the baby. But Leon had said he would return at noon, and the sun was then almost at the zenith. She scribbled a note for him, put the baby in the bedroom in the little pen which Leon had made for it, and shut the door. Then she mounted her horse and rode hard and fast to the woman who was in need of her.

(50) Leon Suprenon did not get the note. A hint of spring sickness had come upon some of the sheep, and he worked all through the morning and late into the afternoon with sheep dip and sprays. When he was about to return to the ranch house, one of the men told him that he had seen Amelie riding by, at noon, in the direction of the Pourers' ranch. Leon frowned a bit. He did not like to have Amelie ride alone, especially on the forest roads. He flung himself upon his horse, shouted to his men to go on with their work, and took a short cut across the fields to ride home with Amelie. He met her just as she came out of the door, tired, but smiling.

(51) "Such a sweet little baby boy!" she called to Leon as he rode nearer. Then her face suddenly clouded. "The baby— our baby—" she said uncertainly. "You did not leave him alone?"

(52) Leon stared back at her, his forehead wrinkled.

(53) "The baby?" he repeated. "Why, surely, Amelie, he is with you?"

(54) For an instant she did not reply. A slow fear was dawning in her heart that stretched her eyes wide and made them hard and glassy. "No—no," she almost whispered. "I left a note—I thought you would come at noon. The baby then— he is there alone — perhaps with— Caliban—" Her voice died away, as if she were afraid of the name she had spoken.

(55) Leon tried to laugh, to make light of her fears. But his lips were a bit stiff, and he breathed as he helped her into the saddle. "Come, come, Amelie, you worry too much. The little one will be quite well—you shall see — only very hungry perhaps and exercising his small lungs terrifically. As for Caliban—"

(56) Amelie slashed at her horse's flank with the whip. Her face was dead white. "Where was that dog—that terrible beast, when you came away?" she gasped as they galloped down the snowy road.

(57) "I don't know," Leon jerked out grimly, as if thinking aloud. "I can't remember seeing him— yes, yes, he stood looking away toward the ranch house; I remember now that he barked once-then trotted away. I thought he was rounding up a sheep. I did not call him back. One of the men laughed and said that he was going to meet the Lady - "

(58) "Wolf!" the girl finished hoarsely. "O grand Dieu, guard my baby! He is in danger, I tell you, Leon; I feel it, I know it! That beast —that horrible beast who mates with bloodthirsty wolves—you would not believe it, Leon, but I tell you it is true! Oh, my baby, my little baby!"

(59) She lashed her horse with frenzied, hysterical hands, and the startled animal reared and plunged forward. Fast, faster, the slender hoofs pounded through the snowy slush of the road, and Leon's horse followed, breathing hard and straining at the bit. They did not speak again, the husband and wife, but rode, rode as if for the saving of a life.

(60) It was Amelie who dismounted first, when at the end of that wild ride her horse came to a stop, panting and trembling. She dashed the unlocked door wide open, and an instant later a wild scream sent the blood ebbing from Leon's face and made his hands numb clods of flesh as they fumbled for the gun in his belt.

(61) The scene he saw as he stumbled through the hallway turned him sick with a deadly nausea of horror and despair. Amelie lay fainting in the open doorway of the bedroom. Beyond, an empty cradle, an open window, with muddy tracks on the window sill, told a dreadful story. But the thing that made him cry out, savagely, hoarsely, was the dog-Caliban. The snarling, misshapen beast stood in the doorway, staring at him with red, malevolent eyes -and there was blood on the heavy jowls and the thick-matted hair of the chest.

(62) "You-you devil!" Leon screamed like a madman-and fired.

(63) The dog still stood there, just an instant. The small, close-set eyes blinked slightly, the ugly head jerked back once - and he fell in a silent, twitching heap.

(64) "Oh, God! Oh, God!" Leon was sobbing, hardly knowing what he said or did. And then-he heard a baby crying. Stunned, incredulous, almost believing himself in a tortured dream, the man went slowly forward. The baby lay behind the door, lay where it had been dragged to safety. It was crying with fright and was beating the air vaguely with its pink little hands.

And over behind the dresser, in a pool of blood - lay a dead wolf.

(65) "There is a grave on the ranch of Leon Suprenon," said French Louie solemnly, in the language of his people, "where the dog, Caliban lies buried. And above it is a tombstone of marble - yes, the whitest of marble - with this inscription: Here lies Caliban, a dog. He died as he lived, misjudged, maligned, yet unafraid. In life he never failed in duty, and in death he was faithful to his trust. And dat is why," said Louie, the Frenchman, lapsing into the argot of his daily life, "dat I get so mad inside of me when people say animals dey have no souls. Did not the dog, Caliban, have a soul? Oh, mon Dieu! I know dis: when he died that day, and hees spirit went out of hees big, ogly body and rose up to the skies, the good Saint who guards the gates up dere he look out and sa.: 'Why, Caliban, ees dat you? Come in, mon brave. I did not know you. How beautiful you have grown!' "

Respond to the following items in writing using complete sentences and specific references to the selection.

1. Choose one example of suspense in this story and explain why it is suspenseful to you.

2. An adjective is a word used to describe a noun (person, place, or thing). Choose one adjective to describe Caliban. Write a paragraph of around six to ten sentences in which you explain why you chose this adjective. Use a specific example from the story in your paragraph.

3. Louie, the Frenchman, says in the last paragraph: "dat I get so mad inside of me when people say animals dey have no souls. Did not the dog, Caliban, have a soul?" Write a personal response to Louie's statement.