

Learn and Gain

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By

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P U B L I S H I N G

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Introduction

What do you enjoy most about reading stories: meeting unique characters, visiting fantastic places? Stories, it is believed, are wonderfully versatile. Like a necklace, a story can take many shapes while always needing a firm thread or structure to link one end to the other. In reading the selections included in this course, you may find that one of the most delightful things about reading stories is that anything can happen. The selections all seek to illustrate how great writers can with their insight and gift for words; help us to see the world we live in, in new probing and exciting ways.

General Aims and Attainment Targets

On completion of this course, you are expected to:

- Read to find and handle information for a range of purposes, as well as read to enjoy and respond to a variety of texts.
- Write for a range of purposes, to convey meaning in language appropriate to purpose and audience.

You, as such, will be able to:

- Identify the theme, diction, plot, writer's attitude, character's mood, conflict, and genre.
- Recognize variations in vocabulary according to theme, purpose and situation.
- Recognize symbolism, irony and cohesion devices.
- Differentiate between denotations and connotations.
- Shape chronological writing using appropriate cohesion devices.

In addition, you are required to develop your abilities in reading critically. In so doing, you will be able to:

- Distinguish facts, opinions and reasoned justifications.
- Grasp feelings, opinions and attitudes implied.

- Deduce meaning of unfamiliar lexical items from context.
- Make judgments based upon personal knowledge and experience.
- Recognize the adequacy and effectiveness of employing literary devices for appreciation purposes.

Moreover, you are supposed to improve your abilities in writing critically. In so doing, you will be able to:

- Write coherent pieces of written discourse.
- Utilize cohesive devices in a written piece appropriately.
- Employ literary techniques in writing effectively.

Language Concepts Discussed throughout the Course

•Cause/Effect

What makes something happen is its cause. What happens is the effect.

•Character

The development of a character depends on the importance of the character to the story. In a short story, usually only one or two characters are developed very fully. In a novel, by contrast, more than three characters are usually developed.

•Character's Presentation: Direct

The author *tells* the reader exactly what the character is like.

•Character's Presentation: Indirect

The author *shows* the reader what the character is like, and the reader should interpret the character from: what the character says, what the character does, what the character thinks, and what other characters say about the character

•Character's Role: Antagonist

An antagonist character is the protagonist's opponent, for example in a fight or competition. Antagonists are usually intended to portray wickedness.

•Character's Role: Protagonist

A protagonist is the main character in a story who is attempting to solve the major conflict and/or trying to introduce helpful ideas.

•Character's Type: Dynamic

A dynamic character undergoes a permanent change in personality or attitude. It is important to evaluate the plausibility (believability) of the change a dynamic character goes through. Two questions should be considered: was the situation or experience that the character went through

strong enough to cause him or her to change, and was it within the character's capabilities to undergo the change?

•Character's Type: Flat

Only one or two traits are usually revealed. Generally speaking, we see them in only one or two situations in the story. They are not developed. Flat characters are not always unimportant. They can be used as part of the setting, or they can advance the plot in significant ways.

•Character's Type: Round

Round characters are complex and many faceted. The reader sees them in variety of situations. Because they are well developed, they are realistic and therefore, it is difficult to describe them in definite terms. When describing the traits of a round character, it is important to back up your understanding with reference to behavior, events and description in the story. Other people may interpret these characters in different, but equally valid ways.

•Character's Type: Static

A static character does not undergo any basic personality change, or a significant change in attitude in the story. They are essentially the same at the end of the story as they were at the beginning. Flat and stock characters are always static. Round characters may be static or dynamic.

•Character's Type: Stock (Stereotype)

These characters have occurred so often in literature that their nature is immediately known. They do not exist in real life, because they are predictable and follow a set pattern in their behavior.

•Classify/Categorize

When you classify, you look for ways things are alike.

•Compare/Contrast

When you compare, you tell ways things/characters/ideas/aspects are alike. When you contrast, you tell ways things/characters/ideas/aspects are different.

•Conflict

Conflict arises from the difficulties the protagonist encounters when trying to achieve his or her goal.

•Conflict: Person vs. Environment

The protagonist is against a facet or belief of society, or against any outside force that is not necessarily a person.

•Conflict: Person vs. Him or Herself

The protagonist is in conflict with something within him or herself-physical, mental, emotional, moral or spiritual. This type of conflict is also called an internal conflict.

•Conflict: Person vs. Person

The protagonist is pitted against one or two other characters.

•Context Clues

If you come to a word you do not know, look for clues in the sentence or paragraph. These context clues can help you figure out what the word means.

•Inferences /Drawing Conclusions

Authors sometimes give hints in a story instead of telling you everything. When you figure out what the author means, you draw conclusions.

•Inferences/Predicting Outcomes

When you predict outcomes, you use clues and what you know to figure out what will happen next.

•Irony

Irony is a literary technique by which an author can express a meaning contradictory to, or opposite from, the one literally stated. Something is not as it appears to be. The main types of irony are: *verbal irony* meaning that a speaker knowingly states the opposite to what he or she means, *situational irony* meaning that the opposite happens to what is expected, and *dramatic irony* meaning that a speaker unknowingly says or does something that is the opposite of what he or she would say or do if they were aware of the circumstances.

•Main Ideas/Details

The important ideas in a story are called the main ideas. Details tell more about the main ideas.

•Plot

Plot is the series of events that take place in a story.

•Plot: Linear Outline

Not all stories begin at one point in time, and continue forward through time to a conclusion at a later date. To understand the basis of plot, you need to have a clear idea about linear plot outlines. A linear plot outline consists of the following developments:

Exposition: The exposition provides you with background information about which you must be aware in order to understand or receive full benefit from the story. It is not always revealed at the beginning, though this is common. The exposition may include any or all of the following: a description of the setting, antecedent action which is the actions or events that occur prior to the opening of the story, and atmosphere or mood which is the feeling the story conveys to the reader.

Initial Incident: The initial incident is the incident that first begins the conflict.

Rising Action: The series of events and crisis that lead up to the climax.

Crisis: An individual event within the rising action that creates tension and pushes the conflict toward a resolution at the climax.

Climax: The highest point of interest, at which the reader learns the outcome of the conflict.

Denouement: A wrapping up of “loose ends.” The unanswered questions about characters’ lives or sub-plots in the story may be answered. A denouement is not always present.

•Point of View

Point of view is important because it can set both the tone of the story and amount of information which the author can give about the thoughts and feelings of the characters. It also influences the degree to which you identify with the protagonist.

•Point of View: First Person

The narrator is a character in the story. Therefore, the story is written in first person (using *I/my/me/mine* and *we/our/us/ours*). In this case, the author is limited to revealing only the thoughts and feelings of the narrator, and to being only in places the narrator is able to be. If the narrator is the protagonist, strong identification on the part of the reader with the protagonist is more easily achieved.

•Point of View: Limited Omniscient

The narrator is able to reveal the thoughts and feelings of only one character (usually the protagonist). This point of view attempts to combine the advantages of both omniscient and first person since narrator is able to be in places this character is not, while there is also a strong identification with the protagonist since we can see only into this character’s mind and heart.

•Point of View: Objective

The narrator only reveals what is seen and heard, and cannot reveal any character’s thoughts or feelings. The narrator has the ability to move from place to place and time to time, but simply records the action much like a camera.

•Point of View: Omniscient

The narrator is able to reveal the thoughts and feelings of more than one character. He or she is able to move from place to place, as well as through time, as is needed.

•**Sequence:** The sequence is the order of events in a story. One event happens first then another happens, and so on.

•Setting

Setting refers to both the time when and location where a story takes place. The amount of description depends on the importance the setting has to the story. In some cases, the setting may have a great influence on other

elements of the story, thus bearing on the characters or their development, on the mood, or on the theme of a story. In other stories, the setting is only important in that it must take place somewhere at some time, but has little influence on the other elements of the story.

•**Summarize**

To summarize means to retell in as a few words as possible. A summary gives only the most important information.

•**Synonyms/Antonyms**

Synonyms are words that have the same or nearly the same meaning. Antonyms are words with opposite meanings.

•**Theme**

Authors use stories to send messages to readers.

Examining a Story throughout the Reading Process: Questions to Raise

-**Language.** Does the language strike readers as unusual in any way(s)? What is the effect?

-**Repetition.** Is anything repeated again and again? What is the effect?

-**Literal vs. metaphorical.** (a) What literal details are given? What do they bring to the text? (b) Are there any comparisons or associations? Are they between people, animals, things, ideas? What do they bring to the text?

-**Silence.** What relevant information is not given? What is the effect of that?

-**Setting.** What use (if any) is made of the physical setting?

-**Narrator.** What kind of narrator is used? Is the narrator a character in the story? Can the narrator get into anyone else's thoughts?

-**Perspective.** Through whose eyes is the story told? What is the effect of that?

-**Characterization.** How is a character portrayed?

-**Speech/Thoughts.** To render a character's words, does the narrator use direct speech, indirect speech, or some other method(s)?

Writer's Workshop: A Short Checklist of Questions for Global Revision of Written Work

- Does the draft meet the requirements of the assignment? Is it the appropriate length? Does it address an appropriate topic? A brilliant paper that fails to meet the assignment is probably going to get a poor grade.
- Does the draft have a clear thesis or purpose? If so, what is it?
- Does each paragraph relate to and support the thesis? Which paragraphs, if any, do not?
- Are ideas coherently arranged so that one paragraph follows clearly and understandably from another?
- Does the essay include adequate evidence or examples to support and illustrate the various points?

AMONG THE DAHLIAS

BY WILLIAM SAMSON

1. The zoo was almost empty. It was a day in late September, dry and warm, quiet with sunshine. The school-holidays were over. And it was a Monday afternoon – most people had a weekend's enjoyment on their consciences and would forbear to appear until Tuesday.

2. An exception to this was John Doole. He could be seen at about two o'clock making his way quietly past the owl-houses.

3. Doole is what may too easily be called an "ordinary" man, a man who has conformed in certain social appearances and comportments for a common good; but a man who is still alive with dreams, desires, whims, fancies, hates and loves – none particularly strong or frequent. The effect of a life of quiet conformity had been to keep such impulses precisely in their place as dreams or desires, writing them off as impracticable.

4. Doole would also have been called a phlegmatic man: at least, the opposite to a nervous type. When Doole compulsively whistled to himself, or pulled up the brace of his trousers with his left hand while his right patted the back of his head, or took unnecessarily deep breaths while waiting for a train, so deep that he seemed to be saying Hum-ha, Hum-ha with his mouth contorted into a most peculiar shape, or went through a dozen other such queer acrobatics during the course of his day – these gestures were never recognised as the symptoms of nervous unbalance, for too many other people did exactly the same, and Doole knew this too, he found nothing odd in such antics.

5. Doole was a man of forty, with a happy pink face and receding fair hair, a little paunch, and creased baby-fat round his wrists. He wore a richly sober brown suit, a little rounded over his short figure; an eyeglass bounced on a black ribbon against his paunch; his tawny shoes were brilliantly shined.

6. He was in business, in fireplaces. But he would often take a walk in the afternoon between two and three. "Nobody comes back from lunch till three, you might as well not have a telephone", so he often said. "I'm damned if I'm going to sit there like a stuffed dummy while they stuff the real man". He himself was principally a vegetarian, ate lightly and often alone. He loved animals. He often visited the zoo, though he shuddered a little at the hunks of raw meat dribbling from the vulture's beak and the red bones lying about the lion's cage.

7. Now he stood for a moment discussing a large white owl. The owl had its trousered legs placed neatly together. Unconsciously Doole moved his own into a similar position: at any moment the two might have clicked heels and bowed. "Just a flying puss", Doole said to himself, considering the owl's cat face of night eyes and furry ears and feathered round cheeks. "Likes mice like puss, too", he thought with satisfaction, forgetting in the pleasure of this observation his vegetarian principles. It is satisfactory to come across a common coincidence in the flesh – and Doole expanded for a moment as he nodded, "How true!" As if to please him, the owl opened its beak and made, from a distance deep inside the vase of feathers, a thin mewling sound.

8. Doole smiled and passed on. All seemed very right with the world. Creatures were *really* so extraordinary. Particularly birds. And he paused again before a delicate blue creature which stood on one long brittle leg with its nut-like head cocked under a complicated hat of coloured feathers. This bird did not look at Doole. It stood and jerked its head backwards and forwards, like a little lady in a spring hat practising the neck movements of an Indonesian dance. Doole took out his watch and checked the time. Nearly half an hour before he need think of the office. Delightful! And what a wholly delightful day, not a cloud in the golden blue sky! And so quite- almost ominously quiet, he thought, imagining for a moment the uneasy peace of the metropolitan parks deserted by plague or fear. The panic noon, he thought- well, the panic afternoon, then. Time for sunny ghosts. Extraordinary, too, how powerful the presence of vegetarian grows when one is alone with it! Yet put a few people about the place – all that power would recede. Man is a gregarious creature, he repeated to himself, and is frightened to be alone – and how very charming these zinnias are! How bright, like a consortium of national flags, the dahlias!

9. Indeed these colourful flowers shone very brightly in that September light. Red, yellow, purple and white, the large flower – moons stared like

blodges from a paint box, hard as the colours of stained-glass windows. The lateness of the year had dried what green there was about, leaves were shrunk but not yet turned, so that all flowers had a greater prominence, they stood out as they never could in the full green luxuriance of spring and summer. And the earth was dry and the gravel walks dusty. Nothing moved. The flowers stared. The sun bore steadily down. Such vivid, motionless colour gave a sense of magic to the path; it did not seem quite real.

10. Doole passed slowly along the netted bird-runs, mildly thankful for the company of their cackling, piping inmates. Sometimes he stopped and read with interest a little white card describing the bird's astounding Latin name and its place of origin. A thick-trousered bird with a large pink lump on its head croaked at Doole then swung its head back to bury its whole face in feathers, nibbling furiously with closed eyes. In the adjoining cage everything looked deserted, old dried droppings lay scattered, the water bowl was almost dry – and then he spied a grey bird tucked up on a corner, lizard lids half-closed, sleeping or resting or simply tired of it all. Doole felt distress for this bird, it looked so lonely and grieved, he would far rather be croaked at. He passed on, and came to the peacocks: the flaming blue dazzled him and the little heads jerked so busily that he smiled again, and turned contentedly back to the path – when the smile was washed abruptly from his face. He stood frozen with terror in the warm sunshine.

11. The broad gravel path, walled in on one side by dahlias, on the other by cages, stretched yellow with sunlight. A moment before it had been quite empty. Now, exactly in the centre and only some thirty feet away, stood a full-manned male lion.

12. It stared straight at Doole.

13. Doole stood absolutely still, as still as a man can possibly stand, but in that first short second, like an immensely efficient and complicated machine, his eyes and other senses flashed every detail of the surrounding scene into his consciousness – he knew instantly that on the right there were high wire cages, he estimated whether he could pull himself up by his fingers in the net, he felt the stub ends of his shoes pawing helplessly beneath; he saw the bright dahlia balls on the left, he saw behind them a high green hedge, with under bush too thick to penetrate – it was a ten-foot hedge rising high against the sky, could one leap and plunge half-way through, like a clown through a circus hoop? And if so, who would

follow? And behind the lion, cutting across the path like a wall, a further hedge – it hardly mattered what was behind the lion, though it gave in fact a further sense of impasse. And behind himself? The path stretched back past all those cages by which he had strolled at such leisure such a very little time ago – the thought of it started tears of pity in his eyes – and it was far, far to run to the little thatched hut that said *Bath Chairs for Hire*, he felt that if only he could get among those big old safe chairs with their blankets and pillows he would be safe. But he knew it was too far. Long before he got there those hammer-strong paws would be on him, his clothes torn and his own red meat staining the yellow gravel.

14. At the same time as his animal instinct took all this in, some other instinct made him stand still, and as still as a rock, instead of running. Was this, too, an animal sense? Was he, Doole, in his brown suit, like an ostrich that imagines it has fooled its enemy by burying its head in the ground? Or was it rather an educated sense – how many times had he been told that savages and animals can smell fear; one must stand one's ground and face them? In any case, he did this – he stood his ground and stared straight into the large deep eyes of the lion, and as he stared there came over him the awful sense: *This has happened, this is happening to ME*. He had felt it in nightmares, and as a child before going up for a beating – a dreadfully condemned sense, the sense of *no way out*, never, never, and *now*. It was absolute.

15. The lion with its alerted head erect looked very tall. Its mane – and it was so near that he could see how coarse and strong the hair straggled – framed its face hugely. There was something particularly horrible in so much hair making an oval frame. Heavy disgruntled jowls, as big as hams, hung down in folds of muscled flesh buff-grey against the yellow gravel. Its eyes were too big, and from somewhere far back, as far away and deep as the beast's ancient wisdom, the two black pupils flickered at him from inside their lenses of golden-yellow liquid. The legs beneath had a coarse athletic bendiness: the whole creature was heavy and thick with muscle that thumped and rolled when it moved – as suddenly now it did, padding forward only one silent pace.

16. Doole's whole inside was wrenched loose – he felt himself panicked, he wanted to turn and run. But he held on. And a sense of the softness of his flesh overcame him, he felt small and defenceless as a child again.

17. The lion, large as it was, still had some of the look of a cat – though its heavy disgruntled mouth was down curved, surly, predatory as any human face with a long upper lip. But the poise of the head had the peculiarly questioning consideration of a cat – it smelled inwards with its eyes, there was the furry presence of a brain, or of a mass of instincts that thought slowly but however slowly always came to the same destined decision. Also, there was a cat's affronted look in its eyes. A long way behind, a knobbed tail swung slow and regular as a clock-pendulum.

18. Doole prayed: O God, please save me.

19. And then he thought: if only it could speak, if only like all these animals in books it could *speak*, then I could tell it how I'm me and how I must go on living, and about my house and my showroom just a few streets away over there, over the hedge, and out of the zoo, and all the thousand things that depend on me and upon which I depend. I could say how I'm not just meat, I'm a person, a club-member, a goldfish-feeder, a lover of flowers and detective stories – and I'll promise to reduce that profit on fire-surrounds, I promise, from forty to thirty per cent . I'd have to someday any way, but I won't make excuses any more.....

20. His mind drummed through the terrible seconds. But above all two separate feelings predominated: one, an athletic, almost youthful alertness – as though he could make his body spring everywhere at once and at superlative speed ; the other, an overpowering knowledge of guilt – and with it the canny hope that somehow he could bargain his way out, somehow expiate his wrong and avoid punishment . He had experienced this dual sensation before at moments in business when he had something to hide, and in some way hid the matter more securely by confessing half of his culpability. But such agilities were now magnified enormously, this was life and death, and he would bargain his life away to make sure of it, he would do anything and say anything..... and much the most urgent of his offerings was the promise never, never to do or think wrong in any way ever again.....

21. And the sun bore down yellow and the flowers stared with their mad colours and the lion stood motionless and hard as a top-heavy king – as Doole thought of his cool shaded show room and never, never again would he feel dull there... never again....

22. But it *was* never again, the ever was ever, at any minute now he would be dead and how long would it take him to die, how slowly did they tear ?

23. He suddenly screamed.

24. “No!” he screamed. “No, I can’t bear any pain! I can’t bear it.....” and he covered his face with his hands, so that he never saw the long shudder that ran through the whole length of the lion’s body from head to slowly swinging tail.

25. In the evening newspapers there were no more than a few lines about the escape of a lion at the Zoological Gardens. Oddly – but perhaps no journalist was on the spot and the authorities wished to make little of it – the story was never expanded to its proper dimensions. The escape had resulted from a defect in the cage bolting, a chance in a million, and more than a million, for it involved also a momentary blank in the keeper’s mind, and a piece of blown carton wedged in a socket, the kind of thing that is never properly known and never can be explained, and certainly not in a newspaper. However – the end of it was that the lion had to be shot. It was too precarious a situation for the use of nets or cages. The animal had to go. And there the matter ended.

26. Doole’s body was never found – for the lion in fact never sprang at him. It did something which was probably, in a final evolution over the years, worse for Doole ; certainly worse for his peace of mind, which would have been properly at peace had his body gone, but which was now left forever afterwards to suffer from a shock peculiar to the occasion . If we are not animals, if the human mind is superior to the simple animal body, then it must be true to say that by not being killed, Doole finally suffered a greater ill.

27. For what happened was this – Doole opened very slowly the fingers that covered his eyes and saw through his tears and the little opening between his fingers, through the same opening through which in church during prayers he had once spied on the people near him, on the priest and the altar itself – he saw the lion slowly turn its head away! He saw it turn its head, in the worn weary way that cats turn from something dull and distasteful, as if the head itself had perceived something too heavy to bear, leaning itself to one side as if a perceptible palpable blow had been felt . And then the animal had turned and plodded off up the path and disappeared at the turn of the hedge.

28. Doole was left standing alone and unwanted. For a second he felt an unbearable sense of isolation. Alone, of all creatures in the world, he was undesirable.

29. The next moment he was running away as fast as his legs would carry him, for the lion might easily return, and secondly – a very bad second – the alarm must be given for the safety of others. It was some days before his nerve was partly recovered. But he was never quite the same afterwards. He took to looking at himself for long periods in the mirror. He went to the dentist and had his teeth seen to. He became a regular visitor at a Turkish bath house, with the vague intention of sweating himself out of himself. And even today, after dusk on summer evenings, his figure may sometimes be seen, in long white running shorts, plodding from shadow to lamplight and again into shadow, among the great tree-hung avenues to the north of Regent's Park, a man keeping fit – or a man running away from something? From himself?

Glossary

- conformed: accepted the need to behave like other people
- writing them off: dismissing them
- baby-fat: rolls of fat like those on a baby's wrists and ankles
- richly-sober: of good quality and dark in colour
- tawny: light brown
- like a stuffed dummy: uselessly
- trousered: covered with thick feathers looking like trousers
- clicked heels: brought their feet together with a sharp noise
- puss: pet name for a cat
- Likes mice like puss: the owl, like the cat, likes to eat mice
- in the flesh: in reality
- deserted: left
- consortium: gathering
- flashed: passed as quickly as a flash of lightning
- dahlia balls: the rounded heads of a variety of dahlias called "pompom"
- underbrush: the lower part of the hedge
- Bath Chairs: chairs on wheels for the use of invalids

Warm Up

Brainstorming

What should a zoo be characterised by? Explain.

Advance organiser

What does the word dahlias mean?

Reading in Action

As you read find out

- A. why the zoo was almost empty.
- B. why Doole liked visiting the zoo.
- C. why Doole's body was never found.

Keeping track

- A. What made Doole feel uneasy before seeing the lion?
- B. Upon seeing the lion, Doole stood still. Why?
- C. Why were there no more than a few lines about the incident in the evening newspapers?
- D. What was a greater ill for Doole than being killed?

Close study: focus on plot

Fill in the missing information.

Main character:

Setting:

Main events:

Beginning:

Middle:

End:

Conclusion: We are made aware of Doole's sensation and then with an ironical twist the terror subsides. Support the statement with reference to the story.

Reader's response

- A. Do you like the ending of the story? Explain.
- B. What moral does the story teach us?
- C. Upon seeing the lion, what would you do if you were Doole? Give reasons.
- D. Would the story have been more interesting if the lion had attacked Doole? Justify your answer.

Follow up

Draw a portrait of the zoo as described in the story.

Language Practice**Word finder**

Find the words/phrases which are similar in meaning to each of the following:

- A. ways of behaving (paragraph 3)
- B. hanging down and dripping with blood (paragraph 6)
- C. meet (paragraph 7)
- D. turned up to one side (paragraph 8)
- E. impenetrability (paragraph 13)
- F. guilt (20)
- G. risky (paragraph 25)
- H. formed the habit of (paragraph 29)

Grammar focus – present simple tense

Read paragraph 3 and underline the verbs used in the present simple tense, explaining what meaning each conveys.

Literary qualities

- A. What literary device is used in each of the following?
 - "It stood and jerked its head backwards and forwards, like a little lady in a spring hat practising the neck movements of an Indonesian dance".
 - "How bright, like a consortium of national flags, the dahlias!"
- B. Is the wording effective in each of the following? Explain.
 - "But it was never again, the ever was ever".
 - "certainly worse for his peace of mind, which would have been properly at peace had his body gone",
 - "it smelled inwards with its eyes".

Oral Production

Act with a fellow-student, a dialogue between the peacock and his mate about what they saw. Suppose that like all animals in books, they could speak.

Writer's Workshop

Know your purpose – working from facts to inferences to hypotheses

To infer means to draw the meaning/information required by reasoning. A hypothesis, on the other hand, is a theory that can lead to new facts and discoveries but it is not necessarily a certainty.

- A. **Pre-writing.** Skim through a book that lists facts, so that you can later draw inferences and form a hypothesis.
- B. **Drafting.** Now that you have skimmed through the book, find a group of related facts on one subject and write them down, drawing all the inferences that would explain what these facts mean. Then select one conclusion that seems to be the most likely hypothesis and list what further facts you need to determine whether or not it is true. When you are ready, make this a short essay assignment.
- C. **Revising.** Refer to the checklist provided in the Introductory Unit to ensure cohesion.
- D. **Proof-reading.** Check for mistakes in word choice, spelling and punctuation.
- E. **Publishing for your classroom journal.** Use clothes pins to hang your essay on a line in your classroom. Remember to exchange reading the essays in order to ultimately choose the best.

Self Evaluation

Use the *PM Chart* to reflect on your progress in English.

Plus	Minus

Building Up Your Portfolio

Write an account of the events in the story as they might appear in a newspaper.

EVELINE BY JAMES JOYCE

1. She sat at the window watching the evening enter the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains, and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cotton cloth. She was tired.

2. Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the path before the new red houses. Once there used to be a field there in which they used to play every morning with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses on it-not like their little brown houses, but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field- the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others to leave her home.

3. Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided.

4. She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her at the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always spoken harshly to her, especially whenever there were people listening.

5. "Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

6. "Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

7. She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

8. But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married-she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never struck her, as he used to strike Harry and Ernest because she was a girl ; but lately he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake . And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable quarrel about money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages-seven shillings-and Harry always sent up what he could, but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to waste the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work-a hard life-but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

9. She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres, where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him! He was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his cap pushed on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see The Bohemian Girl

and she felt excited as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting, and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He told tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

10. "I know these sailor chaps", he said.

11. One day he had quarrelled with Frank, and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

12. The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite, but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's hat to make the children laugh.

13. Her time was running out, but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of a dusty cotton cloth. Down in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the tune. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close, dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy tune of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and been given sixpence. She remembered her father walking back into the sick-room saying: 'Damned Italians! Coming over here.'

14. As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on her very soul-that life of common-place sacrifices ending in final craziness.

She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence: "Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!"

15. She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her. He would save her.

16. She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggage. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of her black mass of the boat, lying beside the quay wall, with lighted portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a confusion of pain, she prayed to God to direct her. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her pain awoke nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

17. A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand: "Come!"

18. All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

19. "Come!"

20. No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in madness. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

21. "Eveline ! Evvy !"

22. He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on, but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.