



*Advanced Placement Summer Institute*  
*Advanced Placement English Literature & Composition*

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# FICTION BOOT CAMP: READING SCHEDULE

using Michael Meyer, *The Bedford Introduction to Literature*, 8<sup>th</sup> ed.

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## 0. Reading Fiction

- ◇ Reading Fiction Responsively, pp. 13-19
  - ◇ Explorations and Formulas, pp. 25-30
  - ◇ A Comparison of Two Stories, pp. 30-44
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## 1. Plot

Introduction, p. 67-76 (Burroughs)

- ◇ Joyce Carol Oates, "Three Girls," p. 77
  - ◇ Ha Jin, "Love in the Air," p. 84
  - ◇ William Faulkner, "A Rose for Emily," p. 95
- 

## 2. Character

Introduction, p. 123-128 (Dickens)

- ◇ May-Lee Chai, "Saving Sourdi," p. 130
  - ◇ Herman Melville, "Bartleby, the Scrivener," p. 144
  - ◇ Susan Straight, "Mines," p. 173
- 

## 3. Setting

Introduction, p. 182-84

- ◇ Ernest Hemingway, "Soldier's Home," p. 185
  - ◇ Andrea Lee, "Anthropology," p. 192
  - ◇ Fay Weldon, "IND AFF," p. 201
  - ◇ Robert Olen Butler, "Christmas 1910," p. 210
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## 4. Point of View

Introduction, pp. 218-223

- ◇ Achy Obejas, "We Came All the Way from Cuba so You Could Dress Like This?" p. 224
  - ◇ Anton Chekhov, "The Lady with the Pet Dog," p. 235
  - ◇ Joyce Carol Oates, "The Lady with the Pet Dog," p. 249
  - ◇ Alice Walker, "Roselily," p. 266
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## 5. Symbolism

Introduction, pp. 270-273

- ◇ Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, "Clothes," p. 273
  - ◇ Colette, "The Hand," p. 282
  - ◇ Ralph Ellison, "Battle Royal," 285
  - ◇ Peter Meinke, "The Cranes," p. 301
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## 6. Theme

Introduction, pp. 304-307

- ◇ Stephen Crane, "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," p. 308
  - ◇ Katherine Mansfield, "Miss Brill," p. 317
  - ◇ Dagoberto Gilb, "Love in L.A.," p. 321
  - ◇ Daly Walker, "I Am the Grass," 325
- 

## 7. Style, Tone, and Irony

Instruction, pp. 339-343

- ◇ Raymond Carver, "Popular Mechanics," p. 343
  - ◇ Susan Minot, "Lust," p. 349
  - ◇ Lydia Davis, "Letter to a Funeral Parlor," p. 357
  - ◇ Z. Z. Packer, "Brownies," p. 358
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Fiction: Reading and Study Guide

## Lesson Five: Symbolism [Teaching Plan]

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### Introduction

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#### Activity 1: Conventional symbols (*Team discussion*)

Generate a list of at least 20 common conventional symbols (from ‘our culture’) to add to those mentioned in the textbook.

Arrange the symbols you have identified into categories or groups.

[Construct a master list for the class]

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#### Activity 2: Common symbols / cultural differences (*discussion*)

What traditional, conventional, or public meanings do you associate with:

Water: *origin of life, baptism rites, cleansing, destruction (floods)*

East vs. West: Dragons, White

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#### Activity 3: Symbol in specific stories (*team analysis*)

1. Divakaruni (p. 281, questions 4 - 6)
2. Colette (p. 284, question 9)
3. Ellison (p. 294, questions 4 and 5)
4. Meinke (p. 303, question 6)
5. Faulkner (p. 102, question 5, treating the items listed as symbols)

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#### Activity 4: Symbol in magical realism (*class analysis*)

García-Márquez (“The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World,” handout, questions 2, 5)

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Fiction: Reading and Study Guide

## Part Five: Symbolism

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Reading:

- o Chapter 7: "Symbolism," pp. 270-273

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Stories included in the readings:

- o Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, "Clothes," p. 273
- o Colette, "The Hand," p. 282
- o Ralph Ellison, "Battle Royal," 285
- o Peter Meinke, "The Cranes," p. 301

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Vocabulary for study:

(p. 270) embedded  
(p. 271) evoke  
Provincial

Petty  
subvert  
(p. 272) definitive

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Literary Terms and Concepts to Know

(p. 270) symbol

(p. 272) allegory

(p. 271) conventional symbol  
literary symbol

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To sharpen your skills

1. Be certain you can explain the difference between symbolism and allegory, giving clear examples other than those in the textbook.
2. Keep a running list of familiar symbols from daily experience of other reading and viewing.
3. Keep track of the kinds of clues writers use, consciously or not, to guide a reader toward symbols.

Due Date:

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Fiction: Reading and Study Guide

**PRACTICE: Symbol**

Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni: “Clothes”

Discuss the significance of the following symbols. In your conversation, use the author’s name frequently.

the saris	
the 7-11	
alcoholic drinks	
the women’s lake	

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## Ralph Ellison: "Battle Royal"

Identify the story's possible symbols and discuss the significance Ellison intends them to have. In your conversation, use his name frequently.


## Short Story Quiz 5

### Alberto Alvaro Rios, A Secret Lion

1. Which of the following are not among the changes that the narrator experiences when he goes to junior high? [A] He has more teachers. [B] His relationship with girls changes. [C] He has to take the school bus. [D] He learns new, forbidden words.
2. What is "the one place [the narrator and his friend Sergio were] not supposed to go"? [A] The train station [B] The arroyo [C] Each other's houses [D] The highway
3. What happens when the narrator and Sergio go swimming in the stream? [A] Sergio almost drowns. [B] The narrator almost drowns. [C] They sometimes see some girls swimming upstream. [D] They are occasionally deluged with sewage.
4. When the narrator and Sergio walk into the hills, they discover a spot that they at first consider to be heaven. What does this place turn out to be? [A] The arroyo [B] A golf course [C] A private school [D] A waterfall
5. What is the secret lion? [A] A grinding ball [B] A kitten [C] Junior high school [D] A beautiful girl

### Colette, The Hand

6. What color hair does the husband have? [A] Blond [B] Brown [C] Copper [D] Gray
7. Why can't the wife sleep at the beginning of the story? [A] She is too depressed to sleep. [B] She is too angry to sleep. [C] She is too happy to sleep. [D] She is too embarrassed to sleep.
8. How long has the couple been married? [A] Two weeks [B] One year [C] Ten years [D] Fifty years
9. After looking closely at her husband's hand, the wife finds it [A] erotic. [B] womanly. [C] spider-like. [D] horrible.
10. What does the wife do at the end of the story? [A] She asks for a divorce. [B] She tells the husband she is pregnant. [C] She tries to destroy the hand. [D] She kisses the hand.

### Ralph Ellison, Battle Royal

11. What does the narrator do on his graduation day? [A] He kills a man. [B] He gives a speech. [C] He runs away. [D] He becomes invisible.

12. Who is the audience for the battle royal? [A] The narrator and his schoolmates [B] The town's leading white citizens [C] The town's leading black citizens [D] A racial mix of townspeople
13. To what does the narrator refer when he says, "Had the price of looking been blindness I would have looked"? [A] A boxing match between other black boys [B] A dangerous drug deal [C] A pornographic magazine [D] A naked white woman
14. When the boys dive onto the rug to grab for money, what do they discover? [A] The money is not real. [B] The rug is electrified. [C] There is not enough money for everyone. [D] The men don't intend to let them keep the money.
15. What does the narrator say during his talk that provokes a violent response from his audience? [A] "Cast down your bucket where you are." [B] "I have a dream!" [C] "Social equality." [D] "Friends always."

### Gabriel Márquez, The Handsomest Drowned Man...

16. When the villagers laid the drowned man on the floor of the nearest house, what do they discover about him? [A] He is not really dead. [B] He is someone they know. [C] He is taller than any man they know. [D] He was a murderer during his lifetime.
17. Who is Esteban? [A] The name they give the drowned man [B] The boy who discovers the drowned man [C] The drowned man's father [D] The drowned man's best friend
18. Which of the following do the villagers NOT do for the drowned man? [A] They attempt to discover who he is. [B] They clean and dress his body. [C] They raise money for his family. [D] They give him an elaborate funeral.
19. How do the women of the village respond to the drowned man's body? [A] They think he is an evil spirit. [B] They are revolted by the decay. [C] They fall in love with him. [D] They are eager to return him to the sea.
20. In what way does the narrator predict the village will change as a result of the drowned man's appearance? [A] Men will avoid going to sea. [B] The villagers will plant flowers on the cliff sides in his memory. [C] Houses will be smaller from now on. [D] Their dreams will be narrower.

## PRACTICE: Combining the Elements of Fiction

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### David Updike: "Summer"

Study "Summer" in light of your assigned element. Examine the way your element functions in the story. Use the following questions as a guide to generate discussion

**Plot** Does "Summer" have a clear beginning, middle, and end? Is the plot straightforward? Fragmentary? What is the conflict in the story?

**Character** How realistic are the story's characters? Which are dynamic, and which, static? With which character(s) do you identify most? Why? What information does Updike provide about the characters and what does he leave out? What effect do these choices have on the reader?

**Setting** Describe the setting. What details does Updike use to convey the tone of the setting? How important is the setting to the narrative as a whole?

**Point of View** How would we read this story if it were told from Sandra's point of view? What information would an omniscient third-person narrator reveal that we do not receive here? Would the story differ significantly if Homer were the actual narrator?

**Symbolism** Explain how Updike manipulates the story's major symbols: summer, heat, the characters' names, and Sherlock Holmes. What other symbols can you identify? How important are those symbols to your reading of the story?

**Theme** What is the story's theme? Is it stated explicitly or implicitly?

**Style, Tone, Irony** Identify the tone. Is it nostalgic? ironic? objective? A combination? Cite textual examples.

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#### General Questions

1. What is gained by studying this story in light of more than one element?
2. How do the elements work together to create the total effect of the story (and what *is* that effect)?
3. It's unusual to have all the elements equally important in a story. Are they here?
4. If you were to include this story in one of the earlier chapters of the textbook, which one would you choose? Why?

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#### Story Questions

5. Homer admits that "to touch her, or kiss her, seemed suddenly incongruous, absurd, contrary to something he could not put his finger on"; "he realized he had never been able to imagine the moment he distantly longed for." What is Homer's motivation here? Why doesn't he kiss Sandra? Why doesn't he need to demonstrate his affection for her in some tangible way? What is there in the story that indicates that longing itself is enough?
6. What is the connection between his distanced affection for Sandra and his interest in the girl in the canoe who waves to them at the end of the summer?
7. He tells us, "there was something in the way that she raised her arm which, when added to the distant impression of her fullness, beauty, youth, filled him with longing as their boat moved inexorably past, slapping the waves, and she disappeared behind a crop of trees" (p. 15) Is this in some sense a metaphor for the ending of his pursuit of Sandra as the summer comes to a close?



# Literary Terms: an incomplete list

1. allegory
2. alliteration
3. allusion
4. ambiguity
5. antagonist
6. apostrophe
7. archetype
8. aside
9. assonance
10. audience
11. ballad
12. blank verse
13. cæsure
14. central idea (theme)
15. characterization
16. climax
17. comedy
18. conceit
19. concrete poetry
20. connotation
21. consonance
22. convention
23. couplet
24. denotation
25. *deus ex machina*
26. detail
27. diction
28. elegy
29. epic
30. epiphany
31. exposition
32. farce
33. figurative language
34. first person (point of view)
35. fixed form
36. flashback (~forward)
37. foil
38. foreshadowing
39. free indirect discourse
40. free verse
41. hyperbole
42. iambic pentameter
43. image
44. *in medias res*
45. irony
46. literal language
47. litotes
48. lyric
49. metaphor
50. meter (iamb, trochee, dactyl, anapest)
51. narrator
52. naturalistic
53. octet
54. ode
55. omniscient (point of view)
56. overstatement
57. oxymoron
58. paradox
59. parody
60. persona
61. personification
62. plot
63. point of view
64. prosody
65. protagonist
66. purpose
67. quatrain
68. realistic
69. resolution
70. reversal
71. rhyme (interior, slant)
72. rhythm
73. romantic
74. satire
75. scan
76. sestet
77. simile
78. soliloquy
79. sonnet
80. speaker
81. stage direction
82. stock character
83. stream-of-consciousness
84. symbol
85. syntax
86. theme
87. tone
88. tragedy
89. understatement
90. unreliable narrator

*for further practice: Symbol*

Gariel García Márquez: “The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World”

Identify the story’s possible symbols and discuss the significance García Márquez intends them to have. In your conversation, use his name frequently.

<p>the hoped for gardens and springs at the story’s end</p>	
<p>the children</p>	
<p>the sea</p>	

# The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World

Gabriel García Márquez

Translated by Gregory Rabassa

The first children who saw the dark and slinky bulge approaching through the sea let themselves think it was an enemy ship. Then they saw it had no flags or masts and they thought it was a whale. But when it washed up on the beach, they removed the clumps of seaweed, the jellyfish tentacles, and the remains of fish and flotsam, and only then did they see that it was a drowned man.

They had been playing with him all afternoon, burying him in the sand and digging him up again, when someone chanced to see them and spread the alarm in the village. The men who carried him to the nearest house noticed that he weighed more than any dead man they had ever known, almost as much as a horse, and they said to each other that maybe he'd been floating too long and the water had got into his bones. When they laid him on the floor they said he'd been taller than all other men because there was barely enough room for him in the house, but they thought that maybe the ability to keep on growing after death was part of the nature of certain drowned men. He had the smell of the sea about him and only his shape gave one to suppose that it was the corpse of a human being, because the skin was covered with a crust of mud and scales.

They did not even have to clean off his face to know that the dead man was a stranger. The village was made up of only twenty-odd wooden houses that had stone courtyards with no flowers and which were spread about on the end of a desertlike cape. There was so little land that mothers always went about with the fear that the wind would carry off their children and the few dead that the years had caused among them had to be thrown off the cliffs. But the sea was calm and bountiful and all the men fitted into seven boats. So when they found the drowned man they simply had to look at one another to see that they were all there.

That night they did not go out to work at sea. While the men went to find out if anyone was missing in neighboring villages, the women stayed behind to care for the drowned man. They took the mud off with grass swabs, they removed the underwater stones entangled in his hair, and they scraped the crust off

with tools used for scaling fish. As they were doing that they noticed that the vegetation on him came from faraway oceans and deep water and that his clothes were in tatters, as if he had sailed through labyrinths of coral. They noticed too that he bore his death with pride, for he did not have the lonely look of other drowned men who came out of the sea or that haggard, needy look of men who drowned in rivers. But only when they finished cleaning him off did they become aware of the kind of man he was and it left them breathless. Not only was he the tallest, strongest, most virile, and best built man they had ever seen, but even though they were looking at him there was no room for him in their imagination.

They could not find a bed in the village large enough to lay him on nor was there a table solid enough to use for his wake. The tallest men's holiday pants would not fit him, nor the fattest ones' Sunday shirts, nor the shoes of the one with the biggest feet. Fascinated by his huge size and his beauty, the women then decided to make him some pants from a large piece of sail and a shirt from some bridal linen so that he could continue through his death with dignity. As they sewed, sitting in a circle and gazing at the corpse between stitches, it seemed to them that the wind had never been so steady nor the sea so restless as on that night and they supposed that the change had something to do with the dead man. They thought that if that magnificent man had lived in the village, his house would have had the widest doors, the highest ceiling, and the strongest floor, his bedstead would have been made from a midship frame held together by iron bolts, and his wife would have been the happiest woman. They thought that he would have had so much authority that he could have drawn fish out of the sea simply by calling their names and that he would have put so much work into his land that springs would have burst forth from among the rocks so that he would have been able to plant flowers on the cliffs. They secretly compared him to their own men, thinking that for all their lives theirs were incapable of doing what he could do in one night, and they ended up dismissing them deep in their hearts as the weakest, meanest and most useless creatures on earth. They were wandering through that maze of fantasy when

the oldest woman, who as the oldest had looked upon the drowned man with more compassion than passion, sighed:

'He has the face of someone called Esteban.'

It was true. Most of them had only to take another look at him to see that he could not have any other name. The more stubborn among them, who were the youngest, still lived for a few hours with the illusion that when they put his clothes on and he lay among the flowers in patent leather shoes his name might be Lautaro. But it was a vain illusion. There had not been enough canvas, the poorly cut and worse sewn pants were too tight, and the hidden strength of his heart popped the buttons on his shirt. After midnight the whistling of the wind died down and the sea fell into its Wednesday drowsiness. The silence put an end to any last doubts: he was Esteban. The women who had dressed him, who had combed his hair, had cut his nails and shaved him were unable to hold back a shudder of pity when they had to resign themselves to his being dragged along the ground. It was then that they understood how unhappy he must have been with that huge body since it bothered him even after death. They could see him in life, condemned to going through doors sideways, cracking his head on crossbeams, remaining on his feet during visits, not knowing what to do with his soft, pink, sea lion hands while the lady of the house looked for her most resistant chair and begged him, frightened to death, sit here, Esteban, please, and he, leaning against the wall, smiling, don't bother, ma'am, I'm fine where I am, his heels raw and his back roasted from having done the same thing so many times whenever he paid a visit, don't bother, ma'am, I'm fine where I am, just to avoid the embarrassment of breaking up the chair, and never knowing perhaps that the ones who said don't go, Esteban, at least wait till the coffee's ready, were the ones who later on would whisper the big boob finally left, how nice, the handsome fool has gone. That was what the women were thinking beside the body a little before dawn. Later, when they covered his face with a handkerchief so that the light would not bother him, he looked so forever dead, so defenseless, so much like their men that the first furrows of tears opened in their hearts. It was one of the younger ones who began the weeping. The others, coming to, went from sighs to wails, and the more they sobbed the more they felt like weeping, because the drowned man was becoming all the more Esteban for them, and so they wept so much, for he was the more destitute, most peaceful, and most obliging man on earth, poor Esteban. So when the men returned with the news

that the drowned man was not from the neighboring villages either, the women felt an opening of jubilation in the midst of their tears.

'Praise the Lord,' they sighed, 'he's ours!'

The men thought the fuss was only womanish frivolity. Fatigued because of the difficult nighttime inquiries, all they wanted was to get rid of the bother of the newcomer once and for all before the sun grew strong on that arid, windless day. They improvised a litter with the remains of foremasts and gaffs, tying it together with rigging so that it would bear the weight of the body until they reached the cliffs. They wanted to tie the anchor from a cargo ship to him so that he would sink easily into the deepest waves, where fish are blind and divers die of nostalgia, and bad currents would not bring him back to shore, as had happened with other bodies. But the more they hurried, the more the women thought of ways to waste time. They walked about like startled hens, pecking with the sea charms on their breasts, some interfering on one side to put a scapular of the good wind on the drowned man, some on the other side to put a wrist compass on him, and after a great deal of get away from there, woman, stay out of the way, look, you almost made me fall on top of the dead man, the men began to feel mistrust in their livers and started grumbling about why so many main-altar decorations for a stranger, because no matter how many nails and holy-water jars he had on him, the sharks would chew him all the same, but the women kept piling on their junk relics, running back and forth, stumbling, while they released in sighs what they did not in tears, so that the men finally exploded with since when has there ever been such a fuss over a drifting corpse, a drowned nobody, a piece of cold Wednesday meat. One of the women, mortified by so much lack of care, then removed the handkerchief from the dead man's face and the men were left breathless too.

He was Esteban. It was not necessary to repeat it for them to recognize him. If they had been told Sir Walter Raleigh, even they might have been impressed with his gringo accent, the macaw on his shoulder, his cannibal-killing blunderbuss, but there could be only one Esteban in the world and there he was, stretched out like a sperm whale, shoeless, wearing the pants of an undersized child, and with those stony nails that had to be cut with a knife. They only had to take the handkerchief off his face to see that he was ashamed, that it was not his fault that he was so big or so heavy or so handsome, and if he had known that this was going to happen, he would have looked for a more discreet place to drown in, seriously, I even would

have tied the anchor off a galleon around my neck and staggered off a cliff like someone who doesn't like things in order not to be upsetting people now with this Wednesday dead body, as you people say, in order not to be bothering anyone with this filthy piece of cold meat that doesn't have anything to do with me. There was so much truth in his manner that even the most mistrustful men, the ones who felt the bitterness of endless nights at sea fearing that their women would tire of dreaming about them and begin to dream of drowned men, even they and others who were harder still shuddered in the marrow of their bones at Esteban's sincerity.

That was how they came to hold the most splendid funeral they could ever conceive of for an abandoned drowned man. Some women who had gone to get flowers in the neighboring villages returned with other women who could not believe what they had been told, and those women went back for more flowers when they saw the dead man, and they brought more and more until there were so many flowers and so many people that it was hard to walk about. At the final moment it pained them to return him to the waters as an orphan and they chose a father and mother from among the best people, and aunts and uncles and cousins, so that through him all the inhabitants of the village became kinsmen. Some sailors who heard the weeping from a distance went off course and people heard of one who had himself tied to the mainmast, remembering ancient fables about sirens. While they fought for the privilege of carrying him on their shoulders along the steep escarpment by the cliffs, men and women became aware for the first time of the desolation of their streets, the dryness of their courtyards, the narrowness of their dreams as they faced the splendor and beauty of their drowned man. They let him go without an anchor so that he could come back if he wished and whenever he wished, and they all held their breath for the fraction of centuries the body took to fall into the abyss. They did not need to look at one another to realize that they were no longer all present, that they would never be. But they also knew that everything would be different from then on, that their houses would have wider doors, higher ceilings, and stronger floors so that Esteban's memory could go everywhere without bumping into beams and so that no one in the future would dare whisper the big boob finally died, too bad, the handsome fool has finally died, because they were going to paint their house fronts gay colors to make Esteban's memory eternal and they were going to break their backs digging for

springs among the stones and planting flowers on the cliffs so that in future years at dawn the passengers on great liners would awaken, suffocated by the smell of gardens on the high seas, and the captain would have to come down from the bridge in his dress uniform, with his astrolabe, his pole star, and his row of war medals and, pointing to the promontory of roses on the horizon, he would say in fourteen languages, look there, where the wind is so peaceful now that it's gone to sleep beneath the beds, over there, where the sun's so bright that the sunflowers don't know which way to turn, yes, over there, that's Esteban's village.

## Focus Questions for Short Short Stories

writer → \_\_\_\_\_

title → \_\_\_\_\_

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<b>PLOT</b> <i>Characterize the chronology of the plot. Where does it differ from the chronology of the story?</i>	PLOT is an author's selection and arrangement of incidents in a story to shape the action and give the story a particular focus. Discussions of plot include not just what happens, but also how and why things happen the way they do. [B]
<b>CHARACTER</b>	CHARACTER is established through (1) direct exposition (comment by the author directly to the reader, although this is nearly always filtered through a narrator or other character, whose reliability you must always question), (2) dialogue (what the character says or thinks), and (3) action (what the character actually does). [H]
<b>SETTING</b>	SETTING is "the physical, and sometimes spiritual, background against which the action of a narrative (novel, drama, short story, poem) takes place." It includes (1) geography (country / city/region), (2) time (day/night, season, century/year/era, historical and social conditions and values), and (3) society (class, beliefs, values of the characters). [H]
<b>POINT OF VIEW</b> <i>Where are examples of Free Indirect Style in this story?</i>	POINT OF VIEW refers to who tells us a story and how it is told. The two broad categories are (1) the third-person narrator who tells the story and does not participate in the action and (2) the first-person narrator who is a major or minor participant. [B]
<b>SYMBOL</b>	SYMBOL is 'something which is itself and yet stands for or suggests or means something else...', a figure of speech which combines a literal and sensuous quality with an abstract or suggestive aspect." [H]
<b>THEME</b> <i>State the theme of this story in one sentence.</i>	THEME (sometimes called "thesis") is "an attitude or position taken by a writer with the purpose of proving or supporting it." The topic is the subject about which a writer writes; the theme is what the writer says about the topic. [H]
<b>STYLE, TONE, and IMAGERY</b>	TONE is the author's implicit attitude toward the reader or the people, places, and events in a work as revealed by the elements of the author's style. STYLE is the distinctive and unique manner in which a writer arranges words to achieve particular effects. An IMAGE is a word, phrase, or figure of speech that addresses the senses, suggesting mental pictures of sights, sounds, smells tastes, feelings or actions.

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Definitions are adapted from C. Hugh Holman, *A Handbook to Literature*, Indianapolis: The Odyssey Press, 1972, Print. [Those marked "H"] or from Michael Meyer, ed., *The Bedford Introduction to Literature, 8<sup>th</sup> Edition*, Boston: Bedford/St. Martin's, 2008. Print. [Those marked [B]

# There Was Once

Margaret Atwood

**There was once a poor girl, as beautiful as she was good, who lived with her wicked stepmother in a house in the forest.**

Forest? *Forest* is passé, I mean, I've had it with all this wilderness stuff. It's not a right image of our society, today. Let's have some *urban* for a change.

**There was once a poor girl, as beautiful as she was good, who lived with her wicked stepmother in a house in the suburbs.**

That's better. But I have to seriously query this word *poor*.

**But she was poor!**

Poor is relative. She lived in a house, didn't she?

**Yes.**

Then socio-economically speaking, she was not poor.

**But none of the money was hers! The whole point of the story is that the wicked stepmother makes her wear old clothes and sleep in the fireplace**

Aha! They had a *fireplace*! With poor, let me tell you, there's no fireplace. Come down to the park, come to the subway stations after dark, come down to where they sleep in cardboard boxes, and I'll show you *poor*!

**There was once a middle-class girl, as beautiful as she was good**

Stop right there. I think we can cut the *beautiful*, don't you? Women these days have to deal with too many intimidating physical role models as it is, what with those bimbos in the ads. Can't you make her, well, more average?

**There was once a girl who was a little overweight and whose front teeth stuck out, who—**

I don't think it's nice to make fun of people's appearances. Plus, you're encouraging anorexia.

**I wasn't making fun! I was just describing—**

Skip the description. Description oppresses. But you can say what colour she was.

**What colour?**

You know. Black, white, red, brown, yellow. Those are the choices. And I'm telling you right now, I've had enough of white.

**Dominant culture thus, dominant culture that. I don't know what colour.**

Well, it would probably be your colour, wouldn't it?

**But this isn't about me! It's about this girl—**

Everything is about you.

**Sounds to me like you don't want to hear this story at all.**

Oh well, go on. You could make her ethnic. That might help.

**There was once a girl of indeterminate descent, as average looking as she was good, who lived with her wicked—**

Another thing. *Good* and *wicked*. Don't you think you should transcend those puritanical judgemental moralistic epithets? I mean, so much of that is conditioning, isn't it?

**There was once a girl, as average-looking as she was well-adjusted, who lived with her stepmother, who was not a very open and loving person because she herself had been abused in childhood.**

Better. But I am so *tired* of negative female images! And stepmothers they always get it in the neck! Change it to *stepfather*, why don't you? That would make more sense anyway, considering the bad behaviour you're about to describe. And throw in some whips and chains. We all know what those twisted, repressed, middle-aged men are like—

**Hey, just a minute! I'm a middle-aged—**

Stuff it, Mister Nosy Parker. Nobody asked you to stick in your oar, or whatever you want to call that thing. This is between they two of us. Go on.

**There was once a girl—**

How old was she?

**I don't know. She was young.**

This ends with a marriages right?

**Well, not to blow the-plot, but—yes.**

Then you can scratch the condescending terminology. It's woman, pal. *Woman!*

**There was once—**

What's this was, once? Enough of-the dead past. Tell me about *now*.

**There**

So?

**So, what?**

So, why not here?

## Girl

Jamaica Kincaid

Wash the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry; don't walk barehead in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn't have gum on it, because that way it won't hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won't turn someone else's stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don't sing benna in Sunday school; you mustn't speak to wharf flies will follow you; but I don't sing benna on Sundays at all and never in Sunday school; this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a button-hole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father's khaki shirt so that it doesn't have a crease; this is how you iron your father's khaki pants so that they don't have a crease; this is how you grow okra far from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don't like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don't like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don't know you very well, and this way they won't recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is with your own spit; don't squat down to play marbles you are not a boy, you know; don't pick people's flowers you might catch something; don't throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona; this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and that way something bad won't fall on you; this is how to bully a man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man; and if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air if you feel like it, and this is how to move quick so that it doesn't fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread to make sure it's fresh; but what if the baker won't let me feel the bread?; you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread?



Julio Cortázar (1914-1984)  
**Continuity of Parks**

He had begun to read the novel a few days before. He had put it down because of some urgent business conferences, opened it again on his way back to the estate by train; he permitted himself a slowly growing interest in the plot, in the characterizations. That afternoon, after writing a letter giving his power of attorney and discussing a matter of joint ownership with the manager of his estate, he returned to the book in the tranquillity of his study which looked out upon the park with its oaks. Sprawled in his favorite armchair, its back toward the door—even the possibility of an intrusion would have irritated him, had he thought of it—he let his left hand caress repeatedly the green velvet upholstery and set to reading the final chapters. He remembered effortlessly the names and his mental image of the characters; the novel spread its glamor over him almost at once. He tasted the almost perverse pleasure of disengaging himself line by line from the things around him, and at the same time feeling his head rest comfortably on the green velvet of the chair with its high back, sensing that the cigarettes rested within reach of his hand, that beyond the great windows the air of afternoon danced under the oak trees in the park. Word by word, licked up by the sordid dilemma of the hero and heroine, letting himself be absorbed to the point where the images settled down and took on color and movement, he was witness to the final encounter in the mountain cabin. The woman arrived first, apprehensive; now the lover came in, his face cut by the backlash of a branch. Admirably, she stanching the blood with her kisses, but he rebuffed her caresses, he had not come to perform again the ceremonies of a secret passion, protected by a world of dry leaves and furtive paths through the forest. The dagger warmed itself against his chest, and underneath liberty pounded, hidden close. A lustful, panting dialogue raced down the pages like a rivulet of snakes, and one felt it had all been decided from eternity. Even to those caresses which writhed about the lover's body, as though wishing to keep him there, to dissuade him from it; they sketched abominably the frame of that other body it was necessary to destroy. Nothing had been forgotten: alibis, unforeseen hazards, possible mistakes. From this hour on, each instant had its use minutely assigned. The cold-blooded, twice-gone-over reexamination of the details was barely broken off so that a hand could caress a cheek. It was

beginning to get dark.

Not looking at one another now, rigidly fixed upon the task which awaited them, they separated at the cabin door. She was to follow the trail that led north. On the path leading in the opposite direction, he turned for a moment to watch her running, her hair loosened and flying. He ran in turn, crouching among the trees and hedges until, in the yellowish fog of dusk, he could distinguish the avenue of trees which led up to the house. The dogs were not supposed to bark, they did not bark. The estate manager would not be there at this hour, and he was not there. He went up the three porch steps and entered. The woman's words reached him over the thudding of blood in his ears: first a blue chamber, then a hall, then a carpeted stairway. At the top, two doors. No one in the first room, no one in the second. The door of the salon, and then, the knife in hand, the light from the great windows, the high back of an armchair covered in green velvet, the head of the man in the chair reading a novel.

### *Questions*

1. Did the ending of the story surprise you? Why did it surprise you (if it did)? Should you have been surprised by the ending?
2. You may have noticed that seemingly insignificant details in the early part of the story are essential for making sense of the ending. For example, the reference to the green velvet upholstery at the beginning of the story becomes a key to understanding the last sentence. What other details does Cortázar casually plant at the beginning of the story that become important at the end? What is the significance of these details? Are there any wasted details?
3. Does the novel that the man reads sound like a realistic story? Does "Continuity of Parks" strike you as a highly realistic story? What does this story illustrate about the relationship between life and fiction? What does the title mean?
4. Cortázar writes, "one felt it had all been decided from eternity." What does the "it" refer to? What does the line mean? Do such sentiments explain why the man reading the novel doesn't leave his chair?
5. Is the ending of the story a surprise to the man reading the novel? What is Cortázar's attitude toward surprises? Who could be the author of the novel read by the man in the story?

ONE OF THESE DAYS  
Gabriel García-Márquez

Monday dawned warm and rainless. Aurelio Escovar, a dentist without a degree, and a very early riser, opened his office at six. He took some false teeth, still mounted in their plaster mold, out of the glass case and put on the table a fistful of instruments which he arranged in size order, as if they were on display. He wore a collarless striped shirt, closed at the neck with a golden stud, and pants held up by suspenders. He was erect and skinny, with a look that rarely corresponded to the situation, the way deaf people have of looking.

When he had things arranged on the table, he pulled the drill toward the dental chair and sat down to polish the false teeth. He seemed not to be thinking about what he was doing, but worked steadily, pumping the drill with his feet, even when he didn't need it.

After eight he stopped for a while to look at the sky through the window, and he saw two pensive buzzards who were drying themselves in the sun on the ridgepole of the house next door. He went on working with the idea that before lunch it would rain again. The shrill voice of his eleven-year-old son interrupted his concentration.

"Papa."

"What?"

"The Mayor wants to know if you'll pull his tooth."

"Tell him I'm not here."

He was polishing a gold tooth. He held it at arm's length, and examined it with his eyes half closed. His son shouted again from the little waiting room.

"He says you are, too, because he can hear you."

The dentist kept examining the tooth. Only when he had put it on the table with the finished work did he say:

"So much the better."

He operated the drill again. He took several pieces of a bridge out of a cardboard box where he kept the things he still had to do and began to polish the gold.

"Papa."

"What?"

He still hadn't changed his expression.

"He says if you don't take out his tooth, he'll shoot you."

Without hurrying, with an extremely tranquil movement, he stopped pedaling the drill, pushed it away from the chair, and pulled the lower drawer of the table all the way out. There was a revolver. "O.K.," he said. "Tell him to come and shoot me."

He rolled the chair over opposite the door, his hand resting on the edge of the drawer. The Mayor appeared at the door. He had shaved the left side of his face, but the other side, swollen and in pain, had a five-day-old beard. The dentist saw many nights of desperation in his dull eyes. He closed the drawer with his fingertips and said softly:

"Sit down."

"Good morning," said the Mayor.

"Morning," said the dentist.

While the instruments were boiling, the Mayor leaned his skull on the headrest of the chair and felt better. His breath was icy. It was a poor office: an old wooden chair, the pedal drill, a glass case with ceramic bottles. Opposite the chair was a window with a shoulder-high cloth curtain. When he felt the dentist approach, the Mayor braced his heels and opened his mouth.

Aurelio Escovar turned his head toward the light. After inspecting the infected tooth, he closed the Mayor's jaw with a cautious pressure of his fingers.

"It has to be without anesthesia," he said.

"Why?"

"Because you have an abscess."

The Mayor looked him in the eye. "All right," he said, and tried to smile. The dentist did not return the smile. He brought the basin of sterilized instruments to the worktable and took them out of the water with a pair of cold tweezers, still without hurrying. Then he pushed the spittoon with the tip of his shoe, and went to wash his hands in the washbasin. He did all this without looking at the Mayor. But the Mayor didn't take his eyes off him.

It was a lower wisdom tooth. The dentist spread his feet and grasped the tooth with the hot forceps. The Mayor seized the arms of the chair, braced his feet with all his strength, and felt an icy void in his kidneys, but didn't make a sound. The dentist moved only his wrist. Without rancor, rather with a bitter tenderness, he said:

"Now you'll pay for our twenty dead men."

The Mayor felt the crunch of bones in his jaw, and his eyes filled with tears. But he didn't breathe until he felt the tooth come out. Then he saw it through his tears. It seemed so foreign to his pain that he failed to understand his torture of the five previous nights.

Bent over the spittoon, sweating, panting, he unbuttoned his tunic and reached for the handkerchief in his pants pocket. The dentist gave him a clean cloth.

"Dry your tears," he said.

The Mayor did. He was trembling. While the dentist washed his hands, he saw the crumbling ceiling and a dusty spider web with spider's eggs and dead insects. The dentist returned, drying his hands. "Go to bed," he said, "and gargle with salt water." The Mayor stood up, said goodbye with a casual military salute, and walked toward the door, stretching his legs, without buttoning up his tunic.

"Send the bill," he said.

"To you or the town?"

The Mayor didn't look at him. He closed the door and said through the screen:

"It's the same damn thing."

A Haunted House  
Virginia Woolf

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure—a ghostly couple.

“Here we left it,” she said. And he added, “Oh, but here too!” “It’s upstairs,” she murmured. “And in the garden,” he whispered. “Quietly,” they said, “or we shall wake them.”

But it wasn’t that you woke us. Oh, no. “They’re looking for it; they’re drawing the curtain,” one might say, and so read on a page or two. “Now they’ve found it,” one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. “What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?” My hands were empty. “Perhaps it’s upstairs then?” The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The windowpanes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling--what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. “Safe, safe, safe” the pulse of the house beat softly. “The treasure buried; the room . . .” the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burned behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us, coming to the woman first,

hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. “Safe, safe, safe,” the pulse of the house beat gladly. “The Treasure yours.”

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

“Here we slept,” she says. And he adds, “Kisses without number.” “Waking in the morning--” “Silver between the trees--” “Upstairs--” “In the garden--” “When summer came--” “In winter snowtime--” “The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come, cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken, we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. “Look,” he breathes. “Sound asleep. Love upon their lips.”

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

“Safe, safe, safe,” the heart of the house beats proudly. “Long years--” he sighs. “Again you found me.” “Here,” she murmurs, “sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure--” Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. “Safe! safe! safe!” the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry “Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart.”

## A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings: A Tale for Children

Gabriel García Márquez

On the third day of rain they had killed so many crabs inside the house that Pelayo had to cross his drenched courtyard and throw them into the sea, because the newborn child had a temperature all night and they thought it was due to the stench. The world had been sad since Tuesday. Sea and sky were a single ash-gray thing and the sands of the beach, which on March nights glimmered like powdered light, had become a stew of mud and rotten shellfish. The light was so weak at noon that when Pelayo was coming back to the house after throwing away the crabs, it was hard for him to see what it was that was moving and groaning in the rear of the courtyard. He had to go very close to see that it was an old man, a very old man, lying face down in the mud, who, in spite of his tremendous efforts, couldn't get up, impeded by his enormous wings.

Frightened by that nightmare, Pelayo ran to get Elisenda, his wife, who was putting compresses on the sick child, and he took her to the rear of the courtyard. They both looked at the fallen body with a mute stupor. He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather took away and sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked were forever entangled in the mud. They looked at him so long and so closely that Pelayo and Elisenda very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar. Then they dared speak to him, and he answered in an incomprehensible dialect with a strong sailor's voice. That was how they skipped over the inconvenience of the wings and quite intelligently concluded that he was a lonely castaway from some foreign ship wrecked by the storm. And yet, they called in a neighbor woman who knew everything about life and death to see him, and all she needed was one look to show them their mistake.

"He's an angel," she told them. "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down."

On the following day everyone knew that a flesh-and-blood angel was held captive in Pelayo's house. Against the judgment of the wise neighbor woman, for whom angels in those times were the fugitive survivors of a spiritual conspiracy, they did not have the heart to club

him to death. Pelayo watched over him all afternoon from the kitchen, armed with his bailiff's club, and before going to bed he dragged him out of the mud and locked him up with the hens in the wire chicken coop. In the middle of the night, when the rain stopped, Pelayo and Elisenda were still killing crabs. A short time afterward the child woke up without a fever and with a desire to eat. Then they felt magnanimous and decided to put the angel on a raft with fresh water and provisions for three days and leave him to his fate on the high seas. But when they went out into the courtyard with the first light of dawn, they found the whole neighborhood in front of the chicken coop having fun with the angel, without the slightest reverence, tossing him things to eat through the openings in the wire as if weren't a supernatural creature but a circus animal.

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be named mayor of the world. Others of sterner mind felt that he should be promoted to the rank of five-star general in order to win all wars. Some visionaries hoped that he could be put to stud in order to implant the earth a race of winged wise men who could take charge of the universe. But Father Gonzaga, before becoming a priest, had been a robust woodcutter. Standing by the wire, he reviewed his catechism in an instant and asked them to open the door so that he could take a close look at that pitiful man who looked more like a huge decrepit hen among the fascinated chickens. He was lying in the corner drying his open wings in the sunlight among the fruit peels and breakfast leftovers that the early risers had thrown him. Alien to the impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Father Gonzaga went into the chicken coop and said good morning to him in Latin. The parish priest had his first suspicion of an imposter when he saw that he did not understand the language of God or know how to greet His ministers. Then he noticed that seen close up he was much too human: he had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to

the proud dignity of angels. The he came out of the chicken coop and in a brief sermon warned the curious against the risks of being ingenuous. He reminded them that the devil had the bad habit of making use of carnival tricks in order to confuse the unwary. He argued that if wings were not the essential element in determining the difference between a hawk and an airplane, they were even less so in the recognition of angels. Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write his primate so that the latter would write to the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts.

His prudence fell on sterile hearts. The news of the captive angel spread with such rapidity that after a few hours the courtyard had the bustle of a marketplace and they had to call in troops with fixed bayonets to disperse the mob that was about to knock the house down. Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel.

The curious came from far away. A traveling carnival arrived with a flying acrobat who buzzed over the crowd several times, but no one paid any attention to him because his wings were not those of an angel but, rather, those of a sidereal bat. The most unfortunate invalids on earth came in search of health: a poor woman who since childhood has been counting her heartbeats and had run out of numbers; a Portuguese man who couldn't sleep because the noise of the stars disturbed him; a sleepwalker who got up at night to undo the things he had done while awake; and many others with less serious ailments. In the midst of that shipwreck disorder that made the earth tremble, Pelayo and Elisenda were happy with fatigue, for in less than a week they had crammed their rooms with money and the line of pilgrims waiting their turn to enter still reached beyond the horizon.

The angel was the only one who took no part in his own act. He spent his time trying to get comfortable in his borrowed nest, befuddled by the hellish heat of the oil lamps and sacramental candles that had been placed along the wire. At first they tried to make him eat some mothballs, which, according to the wisdom of the wise neighbor woman, were the food prescribed for angels. But he turned them down, just as he turned down the papal lunches that the pentinents brought him, and they never found out whether it was because he was an angel or because he was an old man that in the end ate nothing but eggplant mush. His only supernatural virtue seemed to be patience. Especially during the first days, when the hens pecked at him, searching for the stellar parasites that proliferated in his wings, and the cripples pulled out

feathers to touch their defective parts with, and even the most merciful threw stones at him, trying to get him to rise so they could see him standing. The only time they succeeded in arousing him was when they burned his side with an iron for branding steers, for he had been motionless for so many hours that they thought he was dead. He awoke with a start, ranting in his hermetic language and with tears in his eyes, and he flapped his wings a couple of times, which brought on a whirlwind of chicken dung and lunar dust and a gale of panic that did not seem to be of this world. Although many thought that his reaction had not been one of rage but of pain, from then on they were careful not to annoy him, because the majority understood that his passivity was not that of a her taking his ease but that of a cataclysm in repose.

Father Gonzaga held back the crowd's frivolity with formulas of maidservant inspiration while awaiting the arrival of a final judgment on the nature of the captive. But the mail from Rome showed no sense of urgency. They spent their time finding out in the prisoner had a navel, if his dialect had any connection with Aramaic, how many times he could fit on the head of a pin, or whether he wasn't just a Norwegian with wings. Those meager letters might have come and gone until the end of time if a providential event had not put an end to the priest's tribulations.

It so happened that during those days, among so many other carnival attractions, there arrived in the town the traveling show of the woman who had been changed into a spider for having disobeyed her parents. The admission to see her was not only less than the admission to see the angel, but people were permitted to ask her all manner of questions about her absurd state and to examine her up and down so that no one would ever doubt the truth of her horror. She was a frightful tarantula the size of a ram and with the head of a sad maiden. What was most heartrending, however, was not her outlandish shape but the sincere affliction with which she recounted the details of her misfortune. While still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in tow and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider. Her only nourishment came from the meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss into her mouth. A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth, or

the paralytic who didn't get to walk but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sores sprouted sunflowers. Those consolation miracles, which were more like mocking fun, had already ruined the angel's reputation when the woman who had been changed into a spider finally crushed him completely. That was how Father Gonzaga was cured forever of his insomnia and Pelayo's courtyard went back to being as empty as during the time it had rained for three days and crabs walked through the bedrooms.

The owners of the house had no reason to lament. With the money they saved they built a two-story mansion with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in. Pelayo also set up a rabbit warren close to town and gave up his job as a bailiff for good, and Elisenda bought some satin pumps with high heels and many dresses of iridescent silk, the kind worn on Sunday by the most desirable women in those times. The chicken coop was the only thing that didn't receive any attention. If they washed it down with creolin and burned tears of myrrh inside it every so often, it was not in homage to the angel but to drive away the dungheap stench that still hung everywhere like a ghost and was turning the new house into an old one. At first, when the child learned to walk, they were careful that he not get too close to the chicken coop. But then they began to lose their fears and got used to the smell, and before they child got his second teeth he'd gone inside the chicken coop to play, where the wires were falling apart. The angel was no less standoffish with him than with the other mortals, but he tolerated the most ingenious infamies with the patience of a dog who had no illusions. They both came down with the chicken pox at the same time. The doctor who took care of the child couldn't resist the temptation to listen to the angel's heart, and he found so much whistling in the heart and so many sounds in his kidneys that it seemed impossible for him to be alive. What surprised him most, however, was the logic of his wings. They seemed so natural on that completely human organism that he couldn't understand why other men didn't have them too.

When the child began school it had been some time since the sun and rain had caused the collapse of the chicken coop. The angel went dragging himself about here and there like a stray dying man. They would drive him out of the bedroom with a broom and a moment later find him in the kitchen. He seemed to be in so many places at the same time that they grew to think that he'd be duplicated, that he was reproducing himself all through the house, and the exasperated and unhinged Elisenda shouted that it was awful living in that hell full of angels. He could scarcely

eat and his antiquarian eyes had also become so foggy that he went about bumping into posts. All he had left were the bare cannulae of his last feathers. Pelayo threw a blanket over him and extended him the charity of letting him sleep in the shed, and only then did they notice that he had a temperature at night, and was delirious with the tongue twisters of an old Norwegian. That was one of the few times they became alarmed, for they thought he was going to die and not even the wise neighbor woman had been able to tell them what to do with dead angels.

And yet he not only survived his worst winter, but seemed improved with the first sunny days. He remained motionless for several days in the farthest corner of the courtyard, where no one would see him, and at the beginning of December some large, stiff feathers began to grow on his wings, the feathers of a scarecrow, which looked more like another misfortune of decrepitude. But he must have known the reason for those changes, for he was quite careful that no one should notice them, that no one should hear the sea chanteys that he sometimes sang under the stars. One morning Elisenda was cutting some bunches of onions for lunch when a wind that seemed to come from the high seas blew into the kitchen. Then she went to the window and caught the angel in his first attempts at flight. They were so clumsy that his fingernails opened a furrow in the vegetable patch and he was on the point of knocking the shed down with the ungainly flapping that slipped on the light and couldn't get a grip on the air. But he did manage to gain altitude. Elisenda let out a sigh of relief, for herself and for him, when she watched him pass over the last houses, holding himself up in some way with the risky flapping of a senile vulture. She kept watching him even when she was through cutting the onions and she kept on watching until it was no longer possible for her to see him, because then he was no longer an annoyance in her life but an imaginary dot on the horizon of the sea.

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## Gabriel García-Márquez

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# A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings

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### Magical Realism / Symbols

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#### *Some vocabulary*

- |                    |                   |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. stupor (293)    | 8. antiquarian    | 16. cataclysm     |
| 2. grandeur (294)  | 9. terrestrial    | 17. providential  |
| 3. celestial       | 10. ingenuous     | 18. haughty (297) |
| 4. magnanimous     | 11. unwary        | 19. lament        |
| 5. catechism (295) | 12. prudence      | 20. iridescent    |
| 6. decrepit        | 13. sidereal      | 21. ingenious     |
| 7. impertinence    | 14. stellar (296) | 22. infamy        |
|                    | 15. hermetic      |                   |

#### *A couple of references*

- ❖ Aramaic
- ❖ how many angels could fit on the head of a pin

#### *And some questions to talk about*

1. What are the major symbols in the story? What makes you think they're symbols? What does each stand for? What other possibilities are there? Into what groups do the symbols seem to fall, or into what groups could we arrange them? Why would we want to do that? Come to some conclusion about the effect García-Márquez might be using each symbol and each set of symbols to achieve. To what extent are the characters symbols? Is a story still a good story if the characters get too busy standing for stuff to be credible as people?
2. Find four examples of irony in the story, and explain the effect that García-Márquez uses each to achieve. What different kinds or groups of irony appear in the story? How does the irony affect a meaning of the story? (And, what "meaning of the story" do you have in mind?)
3. Find five or six examples of humor in the story. Into what groups could we arrange the examples? What effects could García-Márquez be trying to achieve through the humor? Is he after different effects with different kinds of humor? Does it matter?
4. Who is that old guy, anyway? How do you know? Who else could he be?
5. Compose a good definition of "magical realism" based only on this story. Use illustration from the story to show what you mean.