

Focus Questions for Short Short Stories

writer → _____

title → _____

PLOT 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]

Characterize the chronology of the plot. Where does it differ from the chronology of the story?

CHARACTER 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]

SETTING 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]

POINT OF VIEW 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]

Where are examples of free indirect style in this story?

SYMBOL 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]

THEME 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]

State the theme of this story in one sentence.

STYLE, TONE, and IMAGERY 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.

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, 8th 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 this, 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 the 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 marriage 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?

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?*