

มหาวิทยาลัยเชียงใหม่
Chiang Mai University

ภาคผนวก

ภาคผนวก ก

รายนามผู้เชี่ยวชาญ

ในการวิจัยครั้งนี้มีผู้เชี่ยวชาญที่ให้คำแนะนำและตรวจสอบเนื้อหาที่เป็นบทเรียน
แผนการสอน แบบทดสอบวัดความสามารถในการเขียนเชิงสร้างสรรค์ และแบบวัดความสามารถ
ในการคิดอย่างมีวิจารณญาณ

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|---|--|
| 1. ผู้ช่วยศาสตราจารย์ขมพูนุท ขไลธร | ภาควิชาภาษาอังกฤษ คณะมนุษยศาสตร์
มหาวิทยาลัยเชียงใหม่ |
| 2. ผู้ช่วยศาสตราจารย์ชนันกร สุทนต์จิตต์ | ภาควิชาภาษาต่างประเทศ
คณะมนุษยศาสตร์และสังคมศาสตร์
สถาบันราชภัฏลำปาง |
| 3. อาจารย์ศิริพร พันพันธ์ | ภาควิชาภาษาต่างประเทศ
คณะมนุษยศาสตร์และสังคมศาสตร์
สถาบันราชภัฏลำปาง |
| 4. อาจารย์พิมพ์พร ไชยรุ่งเรือง | ภาควิชาภาษาต่างประเทศ
คณะมนุษยศาสตร์และสังคมศาสตร์
สถาบันราชภัฏลำปาง |

ภาคผนวก ข

แผนการสอนโดยใช้กิจกรรมเขียนบันทึกการอ่านเป็นกิจกรรมหลัก

Lesson Plan 1

Subject : Introduction to Literature

Content : Poetry

Time : 6 periods

Terminal Objective : Students should be able to write a reading log to express their opinions to the given poem.

Enabling Objectives : Students should be able to

1. make an outline of the story.
2. guess how the story develops.
3. picture the characters or scenes described in the story.
4. interact to characters' actions and events.
5. comment on the skill of the writer.

Procedures :

Introduction

1. Students read the poem in handout no.1.
2. Teacher asks for volunteers to read each part of the poem aloud.
3. Teacher asks the following questions;
 - What makes poetry different from a short story or a novel ?
 - What are the characters of poetry ?

4. Teacher writes the students' answers on the board and asks students to conclude.

5. Students read handout no.2 in groups of four and find the rhyme, alliteration and assonance which appear in handout no.1.

6. Teacher asks one group to present the answer.

7. Teacher asks students the following questions ;

- How do you feel when you read a poem ?
- If nothing, can you tell why ?
- If something, then what ?
- Do you think along when you are reading the poem ?
- Look back when you were young, have you ever played in your

imaginative world like an author ? Is it different or similar to the author's ?

- Does it remind you of anyone you have ever seen, or any experience you have had ?

8. Teacher guides students to reponse to the poem by using the following questions ;

- Who is the most important between a writer and a reader ?
- Who makes the meaning from literature ?
- Where are the reader's thoughts and feelings from ?
- Do you think that your background experience will help you to understand a story ? Why or why not ?
- Have you ever changed your attitudes or your thoughts after reading ?

If so, why do you change them ?

9. Teacher give handout no.3 to students and asks them to read the poem in handout no.1 again. While they are reading the poem, students have to note down all the elements in handout no.3. It includes questions, memories, guesses, reflections, comparisons, thoughts and feelings, and comments in a piece of paper.

10. Students compare their response in pairs first, then in a group of four and at last in the whole class.

Practicing Writing a Reading log

11. Teacher says that one method that we can use to response to what we read is a reading log and gives handout no.4 as an example.

12. Students read handout no.4.

13. Teacher asks students to clarify the meaning of 'outline, anticipating, picturing, interacting, and evaluation' from their understandings.

14. Teacher concludes the meanings of each element as followings;

- An outline is a summary of the story.
- Anticipating is to guess what will happen next and how the story will end.
- Picturing is to imagine characters' image or setting described.
- Interacting is to express opinions to characters' behaviors or feelings towards events, situations in the story.
- Evaluation is to criticize the writer's ability which can impress the reader.

15. In group of four, students read the poem in handout no.5 again and write their reading logs. They have to find the use of devices of sound as well.

Rethinking and Discussion Writing a log

16. Each group presents their reading logs to the class.

17. Students discuss their friends' reading logs.

18. Teacher tells the interpretation from critics and asks students to discuss whether they agree with the interpretation or not.

19. Students read the poem in handout no.6 and write their reading logs individually. Besides they have to draw a picture of a woman discribed in the poem and paint as the poet explained.

Evaluation :

- from students' reading logs whether they can write an outline, anticipate, picture, interact, and evaluate the given poem as the example in handout no.4 or not.
- from the picture of the woman that students draw and paint.

Teaching Aids : handouts

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit ;
They sit at home and talk and sing
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes ;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

Devices of Sound

To make a poem beautiful to your ears, the poet has used certain devices of sound.

1. Rhyme : When 2 (or more) words have the same vowel and the same final consonant sound, e.g. lit rhymes with sit, sing with thing. A rhyming pair is represented by the same letter as in the following example :

_____ lit	a
_____ sit	a
_____ sing	b
_____ anything	b

2. Alliteration : When 2 (or more) words have the same initial consonant, e.g.
lamp

And lit.

3. Assonance : When 2 (or more) words have the same vowel sound, but
different

final consonant sound, e.g.

if in fireit Indian

Keeping a reading log

While you are reading, write down all the things that go in your head in a 'stream of consciousness' style. As you read, you will be making a record of images, associations, feeling, thoughts, judgements, etc. You will probably find that this record will contain :

Questions that you ask yourself about characters and events as you read.

(Answer these yourself when you can.)

Memories from your own experience, provoked by the reading.

Guesses about how you think the story will develop, and why.

Reflections on striking moments and ideas in the book.

Comparisons between how you behave and how the characters in the novel are behaving.

Thoughts and feelings about characters and events.

Comments on how the story is being told. For example, any words and phrases or even whole passages that makes an impression on you, or motifs which you notice the author keeps using.

Connections to other texts, ideas, and courses.

Please do not try to rewrite the book.

Example of reading logs

The Great Gatsby

Anticipating/retrospecting

All these descriptions give me a feeling of misery and loneliness. I think something terrible will happen soon or later. I guess it was Daisy who drove the car. Because if it's Gatsby, he ought to stop the car.

Picturing

Doctor T. J. Eckleburg's eyes is vivid. I feel that I see a movie. The author describes one row of apartment houses in a very active, pictorial way, so that we can imagine the scene very easily. It's really touching for me. I like this sentence, especially 'one slice in a long white cake'.

Interacting (Contrasting feelings about the character of Gatsby.)

I want to scold Gatsby and say 'stupid' one hundred times. His behaviors are just like a naïve kid. He has too much desire and demand. His actions are pathetic. I think I can understand the feeling of Gatsby. It's because I had the same experience with him. It's a sorrow that when a man must leave his lover, and his lover love another man during this period. Now I can understand that why Gatsby prepare five years to wait for Daisy.

Evaluating

I think Nick has done a great job in describing some ways. For example :
p.2, 1.17 ; the earth lurches away from the sun. All he wants to say in the coming of the night; however, he just transfers in another way. Nick isn't the onlooker in this story. He is the guide of this story. He directs our emotions and feelings and the thought about Gatsby. We'll love Gatsby's personalities unconsciously because of Nick's narration although he is not as objective as he mentioned in chapter 1, 'I'm inclined to reserve all judgement'.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

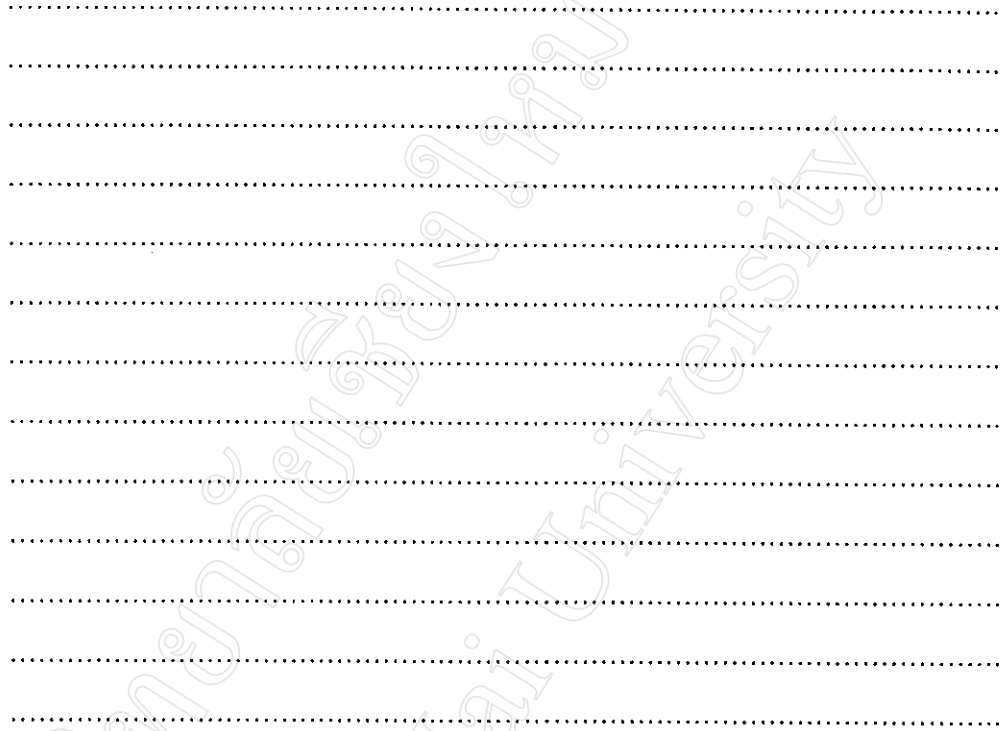
MY MISTRESS' EYES ARE NOTHING LIKE THE SUN

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

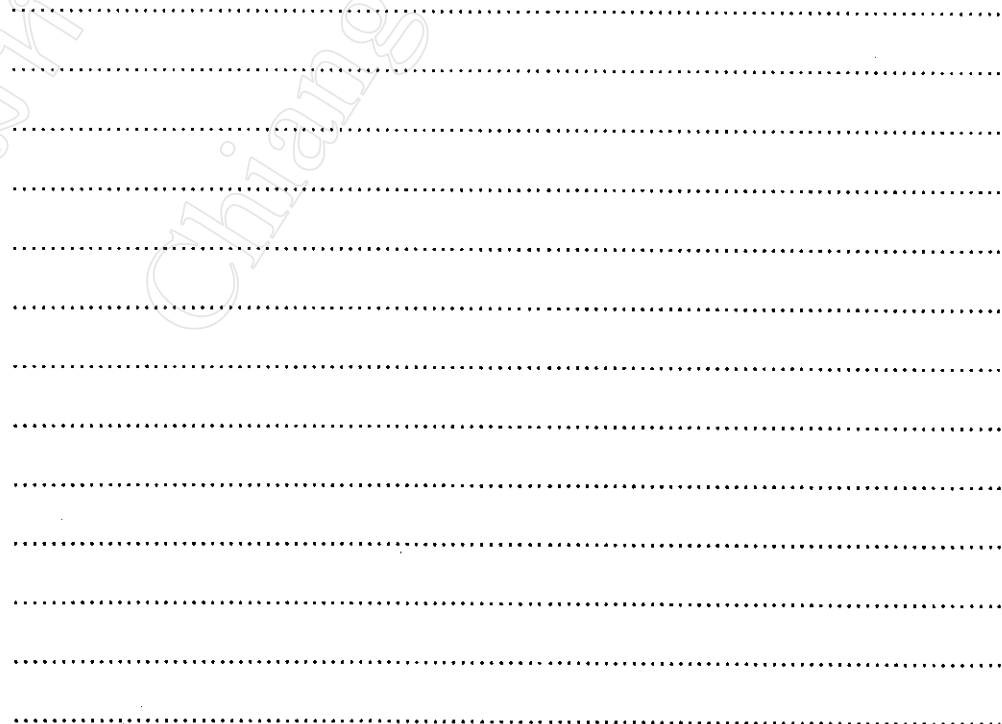
William Shakespeare

An outline (no longer than a paragraph)

[illegible][illegible]

Picturing

A series of 15 horizontal dotted lines for writing.

Interacting

A series of 15 horizontal dotted lines for writing.

សាកលវិទ្យាល័យ ប៉ារីស ១

Lesson Plan 2

Subject : Introduction to literature.

Content : Short story

Time : 6 periods

Terminal Objective : Students should be able to write a reading log to express their opinions to the given short stories.

Enabling Objectives : Students should be able to

1. make an outline of the story.
2. guess how the story develops.
3. picture the characters or scenes described in the story.
4. interact to characters' actions and events.
5. comment on the skill of the writer.

Procedures :

Introduction

1. Teacher asks students what the characteristics of short story are.
2. Teacher writes the students' answers in the OHP.
3. Teacher sums up the characteristics of short story again.
4. Students get into groups of four and read handout no.1. Each group has to present 4 important literary terms to the class with examples.
5. Teacher writes the followings on the board ;
 - plot
 - characters
 - point of view

- setting
- theme

and ask students to read handout no.2 "Eveline". Then students present their answers to the class.

Practicing Writing a Reading log

6. In groups of four, students make 2-3 questions from the story to ask the class.
7. After answering all the questions, students write their reading logs in groups.

Rethinking and Discussion

8. Teacher chooses some remarkable ideas from the logs for class discussion.
9. Teacher asks each group to answer the question "Why does Eveline refuse to leave her pinched, narrow life with her father and the younger children?"
10. Students present their answers to the class.
11. After that teacher present her answer by giving them handout no. 3 and no.4 and asks for students' agreement.

Writing a log

12. Students read the short story "Indian camp" in handout no.5. Besides they have to write down

- characters
- point of view
- setting
- theme

of the story.

Evaluation :

- from students reading logs whether they can write an outline, anticipate, picture, interact, and evaluate the given story or not.
- from stating characters, point of view, setting and theme of the story

Teaching Aids : handouts and transparencies.

Glossary of Literary Terms

ACTION

At its simplest, the thing or things that happen in a story PLOT - - what the CHARACTERS do and what is done to them. A story may have more than one action (a plot and one or more SUBPLOTS), but a successful short story usually has one identifiable central action.

ALLEGORY

A narrative in which CHARACTERS, places, things, and events represent general qualities, and their interactions are meant to reveal a general or abstract truth. Such characters, places, things, and events thus often function as SYMBOLS of the concepts or ideas referred to.

AMBIGUITY

A situation expressed in such a way as to admit more than one possible interpretation ; also, the way of expressing such a situation. Many short story writers intend some element of their work to be ambiguous, but careless or sloppy writing often creates unintentional ambiguity, or vagueness.

ANECDOTE

A brief, unified NARRATION of one incident or EPISODE often humorous and often based on an actual event. Some very good short stories may consist of nothing more than an anecdote; others may be made up of several anecdotes strung together, or may use one or more anecdotes as a way of advancing the PLOT or developing a CHARACTER.

ANTAGONIST

A CHARACTER in some stories who is in real or imagined opposition to the PROTAGONIST or HERO. The CONFLICT between these characters makes up the ACTION, or PLOT, of the story. It is usually resolved in some way, but it need not be.

ANTICLIMAX

An unexpected, insignificant RESOLUTION to a narrative, sometimes appearing in the place of a CLIMAX, sometimes after a true climax. Many anticlimaxes are the unintended result of inept writing, but often - - especially in modern works - - they are used intentionally to indicate the randomness, futility, or boredom of human life and action.

ANTI-STORY

An experimental short story that attempts to convey objective reality by avoiding what its authors consider the false CONVENTIONS of PLOY, CHARACTER, and THEME, relying instead on seemingly uninterpreted and unarranged fragments of direct experience and language.

ATMOSPHERE

The MOOD, feeling or quality of life in a story and conveyed by the author's choices of language and organization in describing the SETTING in which the speech and activity of the CHARACTERS takes place. The atmosphere in which an author makes characters appear and events occur is often important in determining the TONE of the author in the particular work.

CHARACTER

Any person who plays a part in a narrative. Characters may be FLAT - - simple, one-dimensional, unsurprising, and usually unchanging or static - - or ROUND - - complex, full, described in detail, often contradictory, and usually dynamic, i.e., changing in some way during the story. The main character in the story can usually be labeled the PROTAGONIST or HERO; he or she is often in CONFLICT with some other character, an ANTAGONIST : Other characters who affect the action slightly or only indirectly may be called minor characters; but, depending on the intention or the skill of the author, the main characters need not be round, nor the minor characters flat. Minor characters are often as full and complex as major characters, or fuller.

CLIMAX

The turning point or point of highest interest in a narrative; the point at which the most important part of the ACTION takes place and the final outcome or RESOLUTION of the PLOT becomes inevitable. Leading up to the climax is the RISING ACTION of the story; after the climax, the FALLING ACTION takes the reader to the DENOUEMENT or conclusion, in which the results of the climactic action are presented.

COINCIDENCE

An event or situation that arises for no apparent reason and with little or no preparation, and then had a significant effect on the working out of the PLOT or the lives of one or more of the CHARACTERS of a work; a chance happening that has an important consequence or result; an accident of fate.

COMPLICATION

The introduction and development of a CONFLICT between CHARACTERS or between a character and his or her situation. A complication moves the PLOT forward by exciting the reader's expectation that the conflict so introduced must lead to a CLIMAX and reach some ultimate RESOLUTION as a result of that climax.

CONFLICT

The opposition presented to the main CHARACTER (or PROTAGONIST) of a narrative by another character (an ANTAGONIST), by events or situations, by fate, or by some aspect of the protagonist's own personality or nature. The conflict is introduced by means of a COMPLICATION that sets in motion the RISING ACTION, usually toward a CLIMAX and eventual RESOLUTION.

CONNOTATION

The meaning of a word (or words) that is implied or suggested by the specific associations the word calls to mind and by the TONE in which it is used, as opposed to its literal meaning or DENOTATION.

CONVENTION

A traditional or commonly accepted technique of writing or device used in writing, often an unbelievable device that the reader agrees to believe - - such as, for example, the very fact that a FIRST - PERSON NARRATOR is addressing the reader in a friendly and intimate manner.

CONVENTIONAL

Following or observing CONVENTIONS; often used in a derogatory manner to indicate a certain overreliance on such conventions and thus a lack of originality or failure of imagination on the part of the writer.

CRISIS

The turning point in a narrative; the point at which the ACTION reaches its CLIMAX and its RESOLUTION becomes inevitable.

DENOUEMENT

The conclusion of an ACTION or PLOT, in which the FALLING ACTION is brought to a close and the outcome or outcomes of the CLIMAX are presented to the reader; from a French word meaning "the untying of a knot."

DESCRIPTION

○ The use of language to present the features of a person, place, or thing.

DIALOGUE

○ The written presentation of words spoken by CHARACTERS in a narrative; used to introduce the CONFLICT, give some impressions of the lives and personalities of the characters who are speaking, and advance the action to its CLIMAX and RESOLUTION.

DICTION

The choice and arrangement of specific words and types of words to tell a story. A writer's diction is an important element of STYLE, and has a significant effect on the meaning of a story : The same ACTION will leave a different impression on the reader when it is narrated in street slang, in the simple, precise language of an old schoolteacher, or in the professional jargon of a lawyer or a social scientist.

DIDACTIC

A term used to describe a narrative or other work of art that is presented in order to teach a specific lesson, convey a **MORAL**, or inspire and provide a model for proper behavior.

DRAMATIC IRONY

The reader's awareness of a discrepancy between a **CHARACTER'S** perception of his or her own situation or activities, or of the consequences of such activities, and the true nature of that situation or those consequences.

EPISODE

A specific, usually very brief incident, often complete in itself and usually narrated at once and as a whole (as in an **ANECDOTE**). A story may consist of the **NARRATION** of one episode, or of several episodes strung together and united by a common **SETTING** or common **CHARACTERS**, or proceeding toward a single **CLIMAX** and **RESOLUTION**; the latter kind of story is referred to as an episodic narrative.

EXPOSITION

The presentation of background information that a reader must be aware of, especially of situations, that exist and events that have occurred before the **ACTION** of a story begins.

FABLE

A very short, often humorous narrative told to present a **MORAL**. A fable's **CHARACTERS** are often animals, and specific animals have **CONVENTIONAL** uses representing specific abstract qualities or values -- the fox representing wiliness, the ant industry, and the lion nobility, for example.

FALLING ACTION

The events of a narrative that follow the **CLIMAX** and resolve the **CONFLICT** that reached its highest point in that climax before bringing the story to its conclusion or **DENOUEMENT**.

FANTASY

A narrative or events in a narrative that have no possible existence in reality and could not have occurred in the real world ; used sometimes to amuse or delight readers, sometimes to comment on or illustrate by contrast some aspect of reality, and sometimes, as in a **FABLE**, to present a clear **MORAL** that will not be complicated or diminished by the untidiness or inconsistency of reality.

FICTION

A narrative drawn from an author's imagination, made up of an **ACTION** of **PLOT** of imagined events involving imagined **CHARACTERS** in imagined or imaginatively reconstructed **SETTINGS**; lies told with the tolerance, consent, and even complicity of the listener or reader.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

The use of a word or a group of words that is literally inaccurate to describe or define a person, event, or thing vividly by calling forth the sensations or responses that person, event, or thing evokes. Such language often takes the form of **METAPHORS**, in which one thing is equated with another, or of **SIMILES**, in which one thing is compared to another by using like, as, or some other such connecting word.

FIRST-PERSON NARRATION

The telling of a story by a person who was involved in or directly observed the **ACTION** narrated. Such a **NARRATOR** refers to himself or herself as I and becomes a **CHARACTER** in the story, with his or her understanding shaping the reader's perception of the events and characters.

FLASHBACK

A technique of **EXPOSITION** in which the How or events in a narrative is interrupted to present to the reader an earlier incident or situation that has a bearing on the story or its **CHARACTERS**.

FLAT CHARACTER

A simple, one-dimensional, usually unchanging CHARACTER who shows none of the human depth, complexity, and contrariness of a ROUND CHARACTER or of most real people.

FOLK TALE

A narrative that comes out of the tradition -- usually the oral tradition -- of a specific culture, and is used to communicate that culture's beliefs, values, history, and MYTHS from generation to generation.

FORESHADOWING

The introduction of specific words, IMAGES, or events into a narrative to suggest or anticipate later events that are central to the ACTION and its RESOLUTION.

HERO/HEROINE

The PROTAGONIST of a story or other narrative; the main CHARACTER, whose CONFLICT is presented and resolved in the ACTION or PLOT. Traditionally, heroine had been used to refer to a female hero, but hero may be used, and is more and more being used, to refer to a protagonist of either sex.

IMAGE

A word or group of words used to give a CONCRETE representation, either literal or FIGURATIVE, of a sensory experience or an object that is perceived by the senses.

IMAGERY

The use of IMAGES, especially of a consistent pattern of related images -- often FIGURATIVE ones -- to convey an overall sensory impression.

IMPARTIAL OMNISCIENCE

The telling of a story by a THIRD-PERSON NARRATOR whose OMNISCIENCE does not allow for any evaluation or judgment of the CHARACTERS and their activities.

IMPRESSIONISM

A way of writing in which an author presents CHARACTERS and events in a highly subjective and personal light, freely admitting an authorial POINT OF VIEW and effectively denying and claim to OBJECTIVITY or disinterestedness; after the style of the French Impressionist painters of the middle and late years of the nineteenth century, who sought to free painting from the REALISTIC, representational CONVENTIONS of the day.

IRONY

The reader's or audience's awareness of a reality that differs from the reality the characters perceive (DRAMATIC IRONY) or the literal meaning of the author's words (VERBAL IRONY).

LIMITED OMNISCIENCE

The ability of a THIRD-PERSON NARRATOR to tell the reader directly about any events that have occurred, are occurring, or will occur in the PLOT of a story, and about the thoughts and feelings of one particular CHARACTER, or a few characters; distinguished from simple OMNISCIENCE, whereby such a NARRATOR can tell the reader directly about the thoughts and feelings of any character.

METAPHOR

An implied comparison of two different things that is achieved by a FIGURATIVE verbal equation of those things. "Love is a rose," "War is hell," and "The exam was a killer" are all metaphors, intended not to define the first terms mentioned but to attribute certain qualities to the things being discussed.

MOOD

The ATMOSPHERE that is created by the author's choice of details and the words with which to present them.

MORAL

The lesson to be drawn from a story, especially from a FABLE or (in this sense the word is often used disparagingly) from a heavily DIDACTIC story.

MOTIVATION

The external forces (SETTING, circumstance) and internal forces (personality, temperament, morality, intelligence) that compel a CHARACTER to act as he or she does in a narrative.

MYTH

A traditional story, often a FOLK TALE arising out of a culture's oral tradition and involving gods or superhumanly heroic figure, that is used to explain the way things are and the way things happen, and to transmit the culture's values and beliefs from generation to generation.

NARRATION

The dramatic telling of the events that make up the ACTION or PLOT of a story. FIRST-PERSON NARRATION is the telling of a story by a NARRATOR who participated in or directly observed the events being recounted, and who is thus a CHARACTER in the story, identifying himself or herself as I. THIRD-PERSON NARRATION is the telling of a story by a detached, almost always anonymous voice refers to the characters as he, she, and they. A third-person narrator may or may not be OMNISCIENT.

NARRATOR

The teller of a story; usually either a character who participates in the story's ACTION (see FIRST-PERSON NARRATION) or a detached, anonymous observer who may or may not present himself or herself as omniscient of the story's action from the beginning (see THIRD-PERSON NARRATION).

NATURALISM

An extreme form of REALISM in which authors present their work as a scientific observation of a world in which people's acts are strictly determined by their nature and the nature of their surroundings.

NOVEL

A long fictional prose narrative.

NOVELLA

A short novel; a work of prose fiction whose length falls somewhere between that of a SHORT STORY and that of a NOVEL; sometimes (though infrequently today) referred to as a novelette. Different critics have attempted to specify different standards of length for a novella or short novel - some saying 15,000 to 50,000 words, others 50 to 125 ordinary book pages - but there is no universal agreement on such a standard.

OBJECTIVITY

An attempt on the part of an author to remove himself or herself from say personal involvement with the CHARACTERS and ACTIONS of a story, to tell the story without bias and without expressing any personal opinions or making any personal judgments of the characters.

OMNISCIENCE

Literally, "all-knowingness"; the ability of an author or a NARRATOR usually a THIRD-PERSON NARRATOR) to tell the reader directly about any events that have occurred, are occurring, or will occur in the PLOT of a story, and about the thoughts and feelings of any CHARACTER.

PACE

The rate at which the ACTION of a story progresses. Pace may be affected by varying the lengths of words, sentences, and paragraphs, by COMPRESSING or expanding the NARRATION of certain incidents or EPISODES, or by introducing and repeating certain key words and formulaic phrases.

PARABLE

A narrative, usually short, that is told to answer a difficult moral question or teach a moral truth; often a form of ALLEGORY, because each person, event, or thing in the parable represents a literally unrelated person, event, thing, or quality that is involved in the moral dilemma being examined.

PARODY

A humorous imitation of another, usually serious, work or type of work, in which the parodist adopts the quirks of **STYLE** or the **CONVENTIONS** of the work or works being imitated and uses them in extreme and ridiculous ways, or applies them to a comically inappropriate subject matter.

PATHOS

The quality in a work that evokes sorrow or pity. Inappropriate pathos, or a too-frequent resorting to pathetic effects, can reduce a work to **SENTIMENTALITY** or bathos.

PLOT

The series of events in a narrative that form the **ACTION** of the story, in which a **CHARACTER** or characters face an internal or external **CONFLICT** that propels the story to a **CLIMAX** and an ultimate **RESOLUTION**.

POINT OF VIEW

The perspective from which an author lets the reader view the **ACTION** of a narrative; thus, the choice of who tells the story. In **FIRST-PERSON NARRATION** the **NARRATOR** tells a story he or she took part in or observed directly; such a narrator usually knows only what has been explicitly revealed, or what he or she has been able to deduce from that. In **THIRD-PERSON NARRATION** the narrator is not directly involved in the story, and so views it from a certain **DISTANCE**. Such a narrator may be **OMNISCIENT** about the **CHARACTERS** and their actions and **MOTIVATIONS**, or his or her knowledge may be **LIMITED** to what one or a few characters know, or even to the plainly observable speeches and acts of the characters.

PROTAGONIST

The main **CHARACTER** of a narrative; its **HERO**. The **ACTION** of the story is usually the presentation and **RESOLUTION** of some internal or external **CONFLICT** of this protagonist; if the conflict is with another major character, that character may be called the **ANTAGONIST**.

REALISM

The telling of a story in a manner that is faithful to the reader's experience of real life, limiting events in the PLOT to things that might actually happen and CHARACTERS to people who might actually exist.

RESOLUTION

The FALLING ACTION of a narrative, in which the CONFLICT, set in motion during the RISING ACTION and reaching its high point in the CLIMAX, is settled, or at least significant by altered, and the story moves swiftly toward its conclusion or DENOUEMENT.

REVERSAL

Any turnabout in the fortunes of a CHARACTER, especially of the PROTAGONIST.

RISING ACTION

The event or events that present and develop the CONFLICT whose dramatization is the story's ACTION; the COMPLICATION (or set of complications) that leads up to the CLIMAX.

ROUND CHARACTER

A full, complex, multidimensional character whose personality reveals some of the richness and contradictoriness we are accustomed to observing in most actual people, rather than the transparent obviousness of a FLAT CHARACTER.

SATIRE

A work that ridicules some aspect of human behavior by portraying it at its most extreme; distinguished from PARODY, which burlesques the STYLE or content of another work or type of work.

SENTIMENTALITY

An overreliance on emotional effect or PATHOS so great as to strain the reader's willingness to believe; also referred to as bathos.

SETTING

The place and time in which a story's ACTION takes place; also, in a broader sense, the culture and the ways of life of the CHARACTERS, and the shared beliefs and assumptions that guide their lives.

SHORT STORY

A short fictional prose narrative. Critics have attempted to discover distinctions between the short story and the NOVEL - - that the short story is more unified, say, or involves fewer CHARACTERS or incidents, or covers a shorter time, or narrates a more specific and independent ACTION- - but short stories and novels can always be found that violate any such rules. The only distinction that can be safely drawn between a short story and a novel is that a short story is - - well, shorter.

SIMILE A FIGURATIVE

Comparison of one thing to another, especially to one that is not usually thought of as similar. The comparison is achieved by using such connection words as like or as. An old country song says, "Life is like a mountain railway," and then goes on to describe the narrow, tortuous paths a person must pass through in dealing with life's moral dilemmas, and the steep fall that awaits those who are not careful. The simile makes possible this figurative comparison of two such dissimilar things as life, a very large abstraction, and mountain railway, a very specific and seemingly unrelated object.

STEREOTYPE

A generalized, oversimplified CHARACTER (often a STOCK CHARACTER) whose thoughts and actions are excessively predictable because they are used so frequently that they have become CONVENTIONAL.

STOCK CHARACTERS CONVENTIONAL CHARACTERS

Who appear in numerous works, especially in works of the same type, and behave in predictable ways. Examples include the cruel stepmother in fairy tales, or the hard-boiled detective in certain mystery stories.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The narrative technique by which an author attempts to capture the flow of a CHARACTER'S thoughts, often in a series of separate and apparently unrelated passages that unite to give an IMPRESSIONISTIC view of reality as seen by that character.

STYLE

The habitual manner of expression of an author. An author's style is the product of choices, made consciously or unconsciously, about such things as vocabulary, organization, DICTION, IMAGERY, PACE, and even certain recurring THEMES of subjects.

SUBPLOT

A minor PLOT, often involving one or more secondary CHARACTERS, that may add an additional COMPLICATION to the ACTION of a narrative, or may reinforce that action, or provide an enlightening contrast to it or a welcome relief from its tension.

SUSPENSE

The anxious uncertainty an author creates in a reader about the outcome of a story's ACTION. Suspense is often resolved when the action reaches a CLIMAX, after which the RESOLUTION is more or less inevitable.

SYMBOL

A person, event, or thing that stands for or represents by association some other, usually broader, idea or range of ideas, in addition to maintaining its own literal meaning.

THEME

The central, unifying point or idea that is made concrete, developed, and explored in the ACTION and the IMAGERY of a work of FICTION. A message that the writer reverts to the reader.

THIRD-PERSON NARRATION

The telling of a story by a detached, usually anonymous NARRATOR, a voice who refers to all the characters as he, she, and they. Such a third-person narrator may view his story with full OMNISCIENCE, which may or may not be IMPARTIAL OMNISCIENCE; or he or she may have only LIMITED OMNISCIENCE, seeing through the eyes of only one or a few CHARACTERS.

TONE

The expression of the author's attitude toward his or her subject matter - - - the CHARACTERS, their SETTING, and the ACTION they undertake or undergo. Tone is revealed in the author's DICTION, IMAGERY, organization, vocabulary, and various other choices that contribute to the making of a STYLE.

UNITY

The relationship of all parts of a work to one central unifying or organizing principle that forms them into a complete and coherent whole.

VERBAL IRONY

The reader's awareness of a discrepancy between the real meaning of the situation being presented and the literal meaning of the author's words in presenting it.

James Joyce 1882-1941

Eveline

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odor of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

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 cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in 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 : but usually little keogh used to keep nex and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her fathere 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. Everyghing changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

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 duse came from. Perhaps shw would never see agin those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the colored print of the promises made to Blessed Margared Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word :

"He is in Melbourne now."

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 in 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 had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

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

"Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that.

Than 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 given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly 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 squabble for 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 squander the money, that she had no head, that her 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 her load of provisions. She had hard

work to keep the house together and to 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.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, maly, 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 peaked cap pushed back 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 elated 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. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had 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 sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. 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.

"I know these sailor chaps," he said.

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

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 bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odor of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. 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 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 air of Italy. The organ player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying :

"Damned Italians ! Coming over there !" ¹

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence :

"Derevaun Seraun ! Derevaun Seraun !"

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 in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swauomg crpwd on 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 gaggage. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat,

¹One interpretation : "The end of pleasure is pain."

lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. 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 distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand :

"Come!"

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.

"Come!"

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

"Eveline! Evvy!"

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.

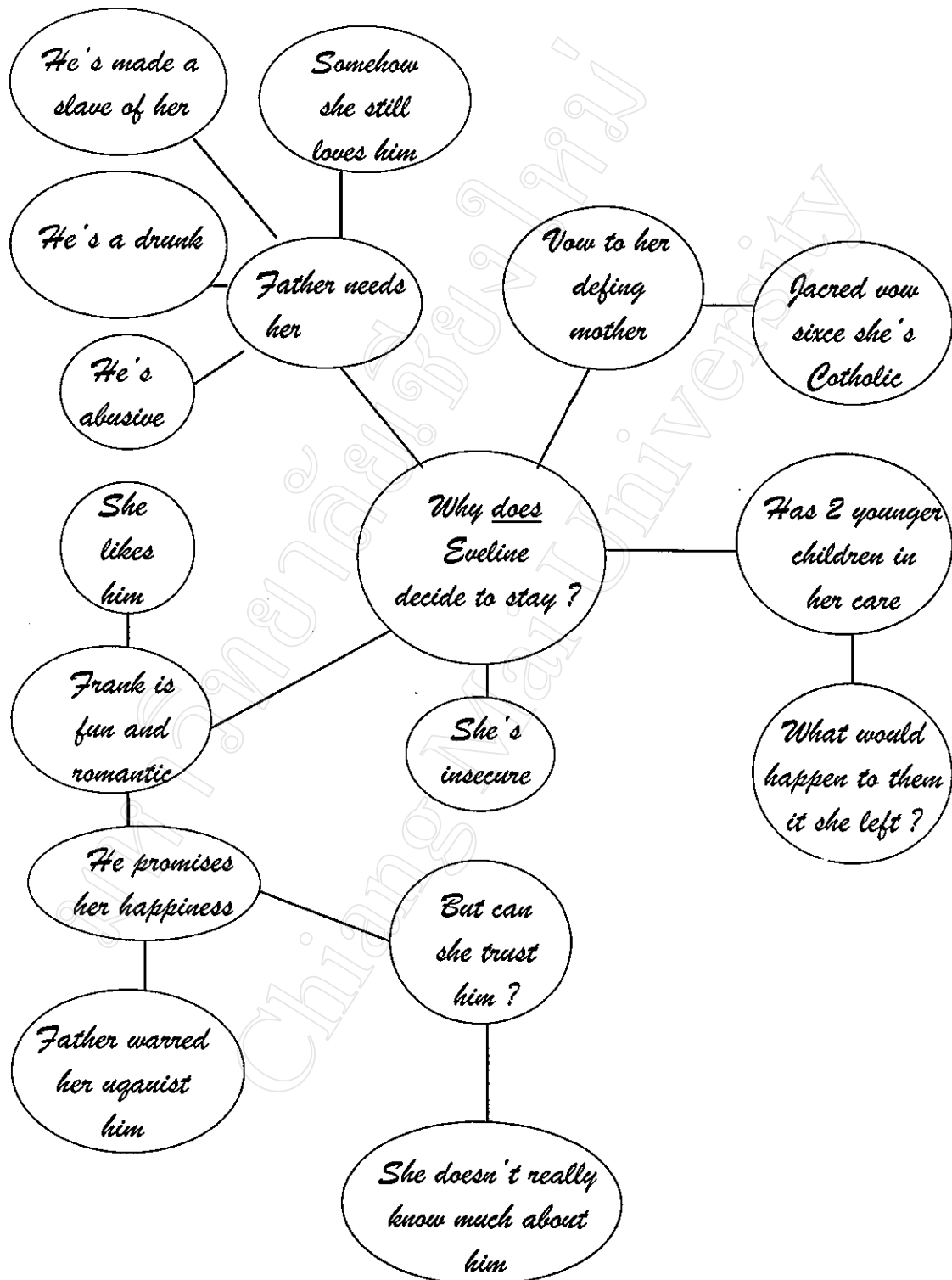


FIGURE 1-2 Clustering

Why does Eveline stay? She feels a sense of duty - to her mother (dying wish/ promise). ☆ Father old, lonely, needs her to run household. She needs to feel loved. ☆ to feel she belongs. ☆ Naturally, she's afraid to leave home for the first time - and go so far away. ☆ She's insecure. But she's 19 - must want to test her wings, have a better life than her poor mother's. She's suffocating there in all that dust! Frank represents freedom and romance and fun. She thinks she likes him, maybe loves him. She doesn't seem sure. But her father's warned her about Frank. ☆ And how much does she actually know about him? What if he's all promise, promises - and then deserts her halfway around the world? Maybe her father's right. But try telling a teenager anything! How does she feel about her parents? She knows, her mother's life was miserable - she gave herself completely to the family - died a pitiful death. She fears her ☆ father who must have been responsible for a lot of her mother's misery & hardship. But E. has a strong sense of duty - and she does love her father despite his many faults. ☆

Fiction
Ernest Hemingway
Indian Camp

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961), novelist and short-story writer, began his career as a reporter and during World War I served with an ambulance unit in France and Italy. After the war he lived in Paris as a correspondent for the Hearst papers. During the Spanish Civil War he went to Spain as a war correspondent. His works include the collections of short stories *In Our Time* (1925), *Men Without Women* (1927), *The Fifth Column and the First 49 Stories* (1938), and the novels *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), and *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), which was awarded a Pulitzer Prize. In 1954 he received the Nobel Prize for Literature. This is a story of initiation, from the collection *In Our Time*, in which the boy is exposed to a violent birth and death.

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

"Where are we going, Dad?" Nick asked

"Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."

"Oh," said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

The walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian Who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and following a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the windos. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the women cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any anaesthetic," his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!" and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an interne?"

Nick said, "All right." He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it," said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now," his father said, "there's some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

"I'll put some peroxide on that, George," the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were-closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning," the doctor said, standing up. "The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Caesarean with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders."

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

"Oh, you're a great man, all right," he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said. "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George," the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along, Nickie," said his father, all his post-operative explanation gone. "It was an awful mess to put you through."

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right."

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick. It all depends."

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

Suggestion for Discussion

1. How is the emotional tension of the story built up by the descriptive details of the journey to the Indian camp and the arrival at the shanties?
2. Inside the hut, what images of sight, sound, and smell take you into the heart of the scene?
3. What is the effect of the rather cold, scientific attitude of the doctor-father? of his laconic explanations to his son interspersed with details of action? Note the verbs he uses.
4. What do Uncle George and the young Indian observers contribute to the reader's rising sense of horror?
5. How are you prepared for the suicide of the husband?
6. Comment on the irony of the concluding conversation and the significance of the experience in Nick's emotional growth and awareness of life and death.
7. Explain the final sentence.
8. By specific reference to the text, support the view that this is primarily a story of Nick's initiation.

Suggestions for Writing

1. Discuss the story as a commentary on the condition of Indians in rural areas or on reservations today.
2. Write about an early experience in which you learned about birth or death, death or violence.
3. Compare and contrast "Indian Camp" and "The Bear" as stories of initiation. Consider the boys' fears, their fathers' attitudes, and the resolution of the action.

Ernest Hemingway

1899-1961



American short story writer, novelist, essayist, nonfiction writer, memoirist, journalist, poet, and dramatist.

INTRODUCTION

Hemingway is lauded as one of the greatest American writers of the twentieth century. Considered a master of the understated prose style which became his trademark, he was awarded the 1954 Nobel Prize in Literature. Although his literary stature is secure, he remains a highly controversial writer, and his novels and short stories have evoked an enormous amount of critical commentary. His narrow range of characters and his thematic focus on violence and machismo, as well as his terse, objective prose, have led some critics to regard his fiction as shallow and insensitive.

Others claim that beneath the deceptively limited surface lies a complex and fully realized fictional world. Although Hemingway's literary achievement had been measured chiefly by his novels *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), and *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), his short stories have increasingly won critical acclaim. Today, works of both genres are widely read, and Hemingway remains one of the most imitated writers in modern literature.

Perhaps to a larger degree than that of any other twentieth-century writer, criticism of Hemingway's work had been colored by his own mythic persona. Indeed, he helped promote his larger-than-life reputation as a robust, belligerent American hero who sought to experience violence as well as write about it. He was a schooled expert in the arenas of war, bullfighting, deep-sea fishing, boxing, big-game hunting, and reckless, extravagant living-experiences that he often recounted in his fiction. Although he spent much of his life in foreign countries—France, Spain, Italy, and Cuba, in particular—he was, once established as a major writer, continually in the public eye. His passion for fistfighting and quarrels and his weakness for hard liquor become legendary, as did his ties to Hollywood personalities. Yet, beneath this flamboyance was a man who viewed writing as his sacred occupation, one which he strove always to master. Although he loved fame and never shunned his mythic status, he was disenchanted in his later years with the vulnerable position created by his literary success. His life was marred by three failed marriages, a debilitating addiction to alcohol, and marked periods of literary stagnation.

Born and raised in Oak Park, Illinois, by strict, Congregationalist parents, Hemingway led a fairly happy, upper-middle-class childhood. Scholars note, however, that as he grew older he felt bitter toward both his parents, particularly his mother, whom he viewed as selfish and domineering. By his teens he had become interested in literature, and he wrote a weekly column for his high school newspaper and contributed poems and stories to the school magazine. Upon his graduation in 1917, he took a junior reporter position on the *Kansas City Star*, covering the police and hospital beats and writing feature stories. Here he began consciously refining his prose according to the

Star's guidelines of compression, selectivity, precision, and immediacy. In his journalism, Hemingway demonstrated a proclivity for powerful yet utterly objective stories of violence, despair, and emotional unrest, concerns that dominated his fiction. Of tremendous impact to Hemingway's development as a writer was his ensuing participation in World War I as a Red Cross ambulance driver in Italy. Wounded in both legs by a shrapnel explosion near the front lines, he fell in love with the American nurse who cared for him; however, she abruptly left Hemingway for an older man. He returned to the States a decorated hero, but his triumph was overshadowed by the disillusionment of his broken romance and stifling relationship with his parents. At Oak Park, and also in northern Michigan where his family owned a summer cottage, Hemingway drafted stories drawn from boyhood, adolescence, and wartime experiences that captured his awakening realization of life's inherent misfortunes. He eventually returned to journalism to support himself, contributing features to the Toronto Star.

Following his first marriage in 1921, Hemingway returned to Europe to launch a writing career. Sherwood Anderson, who had met and befriended Hemingway earlier in Chicago, provided him with letters of introduction to several notable writers living in Paris, the literary capital of the twenties. For the next seven years, Hemingway resided principally in France, though he travelled frequently, covering the Greco-Turkish War of 1922 and writing special-interest pieces for the Toronto paper. During this period Hemingway matured as a writer, greatly aided in his artistic development by his close contact with several of the most prominent writers of the time, including Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. He eventually quit journalism, though he periodically returned to the medium, serving as a correspondent during several major wars.

Hemingway's first publication, *Three Stories and Ten Poems* (1923), included an Anderson-inspired story, "My Old Man," that Edward J. O'Brien chose for his *The Best Stories of 1923*. Hemingway's power and originality as a writer of compressed, impressionistic sketches became apparent with his next publication, *In Our Time* (1924). A series of eighteen brief untitled chapters stemming from Hemingway's war and

journalistic experiences, this work was revised, greatly expanded, and published in America a year later as *In Our Time*. The American version included fifteen complete short stories with the remaining vignettes serving as interchapters. By the appearance of his next story collection, *Men without Women* (1927), Hemingway's literary reputation-as the author of *The Sun Also Rises* and consequent chronicler of the "lost generation"-was all but solidified. Following the immense success of *A Farewell to Arms*, he was recognized as a major force in literature.

While the 1930s was Hemingway's most prolific decade, he published little of lasting significance, save for the short story collection *Winner Take Nothing* (1933) and an assemblage of forty-nine stories, published with the play *The Fifth Column*, which incorporated such widely anthologized stories as "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." The 1940s was a fallow decade for Hemingway. After the publication of his variously received long novel of the Spanish Civil War, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), his major achievement was his participation as reporter and paramilitary aide in the liberation of France from German Occupation in 1944. The fifties was for Hemingway nearly as productive as the thirties, though most of the work from this period was published posthumously. By the middle of the decade, however, a variety of recurrent physical ailments had severely curtailed his creative energy. In 1960 Hemingway suffered a mental breakdown and was admitted to the Mayo Clinic for electrotherapy treatments. His depressive behavior and other illnesses persisted, and Hemingway committed suicide the following year.

Although Hemingway's most significant works include such renowned novels as *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*-as well as his Pulitzer Prize-winning novella, *The Old Man and the Sea*-critical response to these works had been varied. His short stories, however, particularly those in *In Our Time*, are consistently considered some of his finest efforts. The majority of these stories focus on Nick Adams, a protagonist often discussed as the quintessential Hemingway hero and the first in the line of the author's "fictional selves."

Like Hemingway, Nick Adams spent much of his early youth in the Michigan woods. The early stories set in Michigan, such as "Indian Camp," "The End of Something," "The Three-Day Blow," and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," introduce Nick as a vulnerable adolescent attempting to understand a brutal, violent, and confusing world. On the surface, Nick, like all of Hemingway's protagonists, appears tough and insensitive. However, recent scholarship has determined that Nick's toughness stems not from insensitivity but from a strict moral code that functions as his sole defense against the overwhelming chaos of the world. Cleanth Brooks, Jr. and Robert Penn Warren, in their influential exposition of the short story "The Killers," noted that "it is the tough man,...the disciplined man, who actually is aware of pathos or tragedy." Though he seems to lack spontaneous human emotion, the hero "sheathes (his sensibility) in the code of toughness" because "he had learned that the only way to hold on to 'honor,' to individuality, to, even, the human order... is to live by his code."

The "code" hero is also found in Hemingway's most celebrated novels. Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises* is both disillusioned and emasculated as a result of the War, and he establishes his own code of behavior because he no longer believes in the dictates of society. Frederic Henry in *A Farewell to Arms* finds order in his life through his love for a woman, maintaining his dignity even when she dies and the structure of his world collapses. Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is an American who dedicates himself to the Loyalist cause during the Spanish Civil War and ultimately dies for his convictions. These men demonstrate courage and perseverance in the face of adversity, thus exemplifying Hemingway's concern with fortitude and personal commitment.

With the novella *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway turned from themes of love and war to focus on a lone fisherman's struggle to capture a large marlin. The protagonist, Santiago, heroically fights the elements, only to lose all but the fish's carcass to sharks. Characteristic of Hemingway's fiction, the terse, almost journalistic prose, the compressed action, and the subdued yet suggestive symbolism in *The Old Man and the Sea* point to a deeper meaning than appears on the surface. Hemingway stresses Santiago's heroism through subtle allusions to Christ, and the simplicity of action serves to underscore the hero's nobility.

"The writer's job is to tell the truth," Hemingway once said. When he was having difficulty writing he reminded himself of this, as he explained in his memoirs, *A Moveable Feast* (1964) : "I would stand and look out over the roofs of Paris and think, 'Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now. All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know.' So finally I could write one true sentence, and then go on from there. It was easy then because there was always one true sentence that I knew or had seen or had heard someone say." His endeavor to write "one true sentence" resulted in the creation of over twenty-five books. Summing up Hemingway's work and contribution to American literature, Robert P. Weeks concluded: "Hemingway had won his reputation as an artist of the first rank by operation within limits that would have stifled a lesser writer. But within and because of these limits, he had in his best work uttered a lyric cry that-although it may not resemble the full orchestra of Tolstoy or the organ tones of Melville-is nonetheless a moving and finely wrought response to our times."

(For further information about Hemingway's life and works, see *Contemporary Authors*, Vols. 77-80; *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, Vols. 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, 19, 30, 34, 39, 41, 44, 50, 61; *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Vols. 4, 9; *Dictionary of Literary Biography Documentary Series*, Vol. 1; *Dictionary of Literary Biography Yearbook*, Vols. 81, 87; and *Short Story Criticism*, Vol. 1.)

Lesson Plan 3

Subject : Introduction to Literature

Content : Drama

Time : 6 periods

Terminal Objective : Students should be able to write a reading log to express their opinions to the given play.

Enabling Objectives : Students should be able to

1. write a plot of the play.
2. guess how the play develop.
3. picture the characters or scenes described in the play.
4. interact to characters' actions and event.
5. comment on the skill of the writer.

Procedures :

Introduction

1. Teacher asks students how they feel about the name of the play "Picnic on the Battlefield".
2. Teacher tells students that the name of the play is irony and asks them to describe irony from their understanding.
3. Teacher explains the term 'irony' on the transparency.
4. Teacher describes the 'Theater of the absurd" by showing the transparency.
5. Students do an exercise in handout no.2 and tell the class which sentences are irony.
6. Teacher explains the stage and stage direction in handout no.2 after that students fill in the empty floorplan for the play "Picnic on the Battlefield" in exercise 1.
7. Students guess about the characters' appearance in handout no.3

Rethinking and Discussion

8. Students get into a group of four and discuss the following instructions/questions in their group :

- How do you feel about the play?
- Give the examples from the play to clarify how the characters
- How war and game are similar?
- Compare and contrast Zapo and Zepo in handout no.4 and discuss why the writer creates these 2 characters to behave exactly alike.
- How do Zapo's hobby. (knitting) and Zepo's (making rag flowers) suggest their share characteristic"
- How is the language used in the play? Is it simple or complex?
- Find out 5 ironic scenes or speech and present them to the class.

9. Teacher and students conclude the theme of the play.

10. Students perform the play "Picnic on the Battlefield" to the public.

Writing a log

11. Students reread the play "Picnic on the Battlefield" and write their reading logs which are composed of

- plot
- anticipating
- picturing
- interacting
- evaluating

Evaluation :

- From students' reading logs whether they can write a plot, anticipate, picture, interact, and evaluate the play or not.
- from the discussion in the class.
- from the play performance.

Teaching Aids :

- handouts
- transparency

Fernando Arrabal 1933-
PICNIC ON THE BATTLEFIELD

CHARACTERS

ZAPO, *a soldier.*

MONSIEUR TEPAN, *the soldier's father.*

MADAME TEPAN, *the soldier's mother.*

ZEPO, *an enemy soldier.*

FIRST STRETCHER BEARER SECOND STRETCHER BEARER

A battlefield. The stage is covered with barbed wire and sandbags.

The battle is at its height. Rifle shots, exploding bombs and machine guns can be heard.

ZAPO is alone on the stage, flat on his stomach, hidden among the sandbags. He is very frightened. The sound of the fighting stops.

Silence.

ZAPO takes a ball of wool and some needles out of a canvas workbag and starts knitting a pullover, which is already quite far advanced.

The field telephone, which is by his side, suddenly starts ringing.

ZAPO. Hallo, hallo... yes, Captain... yes, I'm the sentry of sector 47... Nothing new, Captain... Excuse me, Captain, but when's the fighting going to start again? And what am I supposed to do with the hand-grenades? Do I chuck them in front of me or behind me?... Don't get me wrong. I didn't mean to annoy you... Captain, I really feel terribly lonely, couldn't you send me someone to keep me company?... even if it's only a nanny-goat? [The CAPTAIN is obviously severely reprimanding him.] Whatever you say, Captain, whatever you say. [ZAPO bangs up. He mutters to himself. Silence. Enter MONSIEUR and MADAME TEPAN, carrying baskets as if they were going on a picnic. They address their son, who has his back turned and doesn't see them come in.]

MONS. T. [ceremoniously.] Stand up, my son, and kiss your mother on the brow [ZAPO, surprised, gets up and kisses his mother very respectfully on the forehead. He is about to speak, but his father doesn't give him a chance.] And now, kiss me.

ZAPO. But, dear Fater and dear Mother, how did you dare to come all this way, to such a dangerous place? You must leave at once.

MONS. T. So you think you've got something to teach your father about war and danger, do you? All this is just a game to me. How many times-to take the first example that comes to mind-have I got off an underground train while it was still moving.

MME. T. We thought you must be bored, so we came to pay you a little visit. This war must be a bit tedious, after all.

ZAPO. It all depends.

MONS. T. I know exactly what happens. To start with you're attracted by the novelty of it all. It's fun to kill people, and throw hand-grenades about, and wear uniforms-you feel smart, but in the end you get bored stiff. You'd have found it much more interesting in my day. Wars were much more lively, much more highly colored. And then, the best thing was that there were horses, plenty of horses. It was a real pleasure; if the Captain ordered us to attack, there we all were immediately, on horseback, in our red uniforms. It was a sight to be seen. And then there were the charges at the gallop, sword in hand, and suddenly you found yourself face to face with the enemy, and he was equal to the occasion too-with his horses-there were always horses, lots of horses, with their well-rounded rumps-in his highly-polished boots, and his green uniform.

MME. T. No, no, the enemy uniform wasn't green. It was blue. I remember distinctly that it was blue.

MONS. T. I tell you it was green.

MME. T. When I was little, how many times did I go out on to the balcony to watch the battle and say to the neighbour's little boy: "I bet you a gum-drop the blues win." And the blues were our enemies.

MONS. T. Oh, well, you must be right, then.

MME. T. I've always liked battles. As a child I always said that when I grew up I wanted to be a Colonel of dragoons. But my mother wouldn't hear of it, you know how she will stick to her principles at all costs.

MONS. T. Your mother's just a half-wit.

ZAPO. I'm sorry, but you really must go. You can't come into a war unless you're a soldier.

MONS. T. I don't give a damn, we came here to have a picnic with you in the country and to enjoy our Sunday.

MME. T. And I've prepared an excellent meal, too. Sausage, hard-boiled eggs-you know how you like them!-ham sandwiches, red wine, salad, and cakes.

ZAPO. All right, let's have it your way. But if the Captain comes he'll be absolutely furious. Because he isn't at all keen on us having visits when we're at the front. He never stops telling us : "Discipline and hand-grenades are what's wanted in war, not visits."

MONS. T. Don't worry, I'll have a few words to say to your Captain.

ZAPO. And what if we have to start fighting again ?

MONS. T. You needn't think that'll frighten me, it won't be the first fighting I've seen. Now if only it was battles on horseback! Times have changed, you can't understand. [Pause.] We came by motor bike. No one said a word to us.

ZAPO. They must have thought you were the referees.

MONS. T. We had enough trouble getting through, though. What with all the tanks and jeeps.

MME. T. And do you remember the bottle-neck that cannon caused, just when we got here?

MONS. T. You musn't be surprised at anything in wartime, everyone knows that.

MME. T. Good, let's start our meal.

MONS. T. You're quite right, I feel as hungry as a hunter. It's the smell of gunpowder.

MME. T. We'll sit on the rug while we're eating.

ZAPO. Can I bring my rifle with me ?

MME. T. You leave your rifle alone. It's not good manners to bring your rifle to table with you. [Pause.] But you're absolutely filthy, my boy. How on earth did you get into such a state? Let's have a look at your hands.

ZAPO. [ashamed, holding out his hands]. I had to crawl about on the ground during the manoeuvres.

MME. T. And what about your ears ?

ZAPO. I washed them this morning.

MME. T. Well that's all right, then. And your teeth ? [He shows them.] Very good. Who's going to give her little boy a great big kiss for cleaning his teeth so nicely? [To her husband] Well, go on, kiss your son for cleaning his teeth so nicely. [M. TEPAN kisses his son.] Because, you know, there's one thing I will not have, and that's making fighting a war an excuse for not washing.

ZAPO. Yes, Mother. [They eat.]

MONS. T. Well, my boy, did you make a good score?

ZAPO. When ?

MONS. T. In the last few days, of course.

ZAPO. Where ?

MONS. T. At the moment, since you're fighting a war.

ZAPO. No, nothing much. I didn't make a good score. Hardly ever scored a bull.

MONS. T. Which are you best at shooting, enemy horses or soldiers?

ZAPO. No, not horses, there aren't any horses any more.

MONS. T. Well, soldiers then?

ZAPO. Could be.

MONS. T. Could be? Aren't you sure ?

ZAPO. Well you see... I shoot without taking aim, [pause] and at the same time I say a Pater Noster for the chap I've shot.

MONS. I You must be braver than that. Like your father.

MME. T. I'm going to put a record on. [She puts a record on the gramophone-a pasodoble. All three are sitting on the ground, listening.]

MONS. T. That really is music. Yes indeed, Ole! [The music continues. Enter an enemy soldier : ZEPO. He is dressed like ZAPO. The only difference is the colour of their uniforms. ZEPO is in green and ZAPO is in Grey. ZEPO listens to the music openmouthed. He is behind the family so they can't see him. The record ends. As he gets up ZAPO discovers ZEPO. Both put their hands up. M. and MME. TEPAN look at them in surprise.] What's going on? [ZAPO reacts-be besitates. Finally, looking as if he's made up his mind, he points his rifle at ZEPO.]

ZAPO. Hands up! [ZEPO puts his hands up even higher, looking even more terrified. ZAPO doesn't know what to do. Suddenly he goes over quickly to ZEPO and touches him gently on the shoulder, like a child playing a game of 'tag'.] Got you! [To his father, very pleased.] There we are! A prisoner!

MONS. T. Fine. And now what're you going to do with him?

ZAPO. I don't know, but, well, could be-they might make me a corporal.

MONS. T. In the meantime, you'd better tie him up.

ZAPO. Tie him up? Why?

MONS. T. Prisoners always get tied up!

ZAPO. How?

MONS. T. Tie up his hands.

MME. T. Yes, there's no doubt about it, you must tie up his hands, I've always seen them do that.

ZAPO. Right. [To his prisoner.] Put your hands together, if you please

ZEPO. Don't hurt me too much.

ZAPO. I won't.

ZEPO. Ow! You're hurting me.

MONS. T. Now now, don't maltreat your prisoner.

MME. T. Is that the way I brought you up? How many times have I told you that we must be considerate of our fellow -men?

ZAPO. I didn't do it on purpose. [To ZEPO.] And like that, does it hurt ?

ZEPO. No, it's all right like that.

MONS. T. Tell him straight out, say what you mean, don't mind us.

ZEPO. It's all right like that.

MONS. T. Now his feet.

ZAPO. His feet as well, whatever next?

MONS. T. Didn't they teach you the rules?

ZAPO. Yes.

MONS. T. Well then!

ZAPO. [very politely, to ZEPO]. Would you be good enough to sit on the ground, please?

ZEPO. Yes, but don't hurt me.

MME. T. You'll see, he'll take a dislike to you.

ZAPO. No he won't, no he won't. I'm not hurting you, am I?

ZEPO. No, that's perfect.

ZAPO. Papa, why don't you take a photo of the prisoner on the ground and me with my foot on his stomach?

MONS. T. Oh, yes that'd look good.

ZEPO. Oh no, not that !

MME. T. Say yes, don't be obstinate.

ZEPO. No, I said no, and no it is.

MME. T. But just a little teeny weeny photo, what harm could that do you ? And we could put it in the dining room, next to the life-saving certificate my husband won thirteen years ago.

ZEPO. No-you won't shift me.

ZAPO. But why won't you let us?

ZEPO. I'm engaged. And if she sees the photo one day, she'll say I don't know how to fight a war properly.

ZAPO. No she won't, all you'll need to say is that it isn't you, it's a panther.

MME. T. Come on, do say yes.

ZEPO. All right then. But only to please you.

ZAPO. Lie down flat. [ZEPO lies down. ZAPO puts a foot on his stomach and grabs his rifle with a martial air.]

MME. T. Stick your chest out a bit further.

ZAPO. Like this ?

MME. T. Yes like that, and don't breathe.

MONS. T. Try to look like a hero.

ZAPO. What d' you mean, like a hero?

MONS. T. It's quite simple; try and look like the butcher does when he's boasting about his successes with the girls.

ZAPO. Like this?

MONS. T. Yes, like that.

MME. T. The most important thing is to puff your chest out and not breathe.

ZEPO. Have you nearly finished?

MONS. T. Just be patient a moment. One...two...three.

ZAPO. I hope I'll come out well.

MME. T. Yes, you looked very martial.

MONS. T. You were fine.

MME. T. It makes me want to have my photo taken with you.

MONS. T. Now there's a good idea.

ZAPO. Right. I'll take it if you like.

MME. T. Give me your helmet to make me look like a soldier.

ZEPO. I don't want any more photos. Even one's far too many.

ZAPO. Don't take it like that. After all, what harm can it do you ?

ZEPO. It's my last word.

MONS. T. [to his wife]. Don't press the point, prisoners are always very sensitive. If we go on he'll get cross and spoil our fun.

ZAPO. Right, what're we going to do with him, then?

MME. T. We could invite him to lunch. What do you say?

MONS. T. I don't see why not.

ZAPO. [to ZEPO]. Well, will you have lunch with us, then?

ZEPO. Er...

MONS. T. We brought a good bottle with us.

ZEPO. Oh well, all right then.

MME. T. Make yourself at home, don't be afraid to ask for anything you want.

ZEPO. All right.

MONS. T. And what about you, did you make a good score?

ZEPO. When?

MONS. T. In the last few days, of course.

ZEPO. Where?

MONS. T. At the moment, since you're fighting a war.

ZEPO. No, nothing much. I didn't make a good score, hardly ever scored a bull.

MONS. T. Which are you best at shooting? Enemy horses or soldiers?

ZEPO. No, not horses, they aren't any horses any more.

MONS. T. Well, soldiers, then?

ZEPO. Could be.

MONS. T. Could be? Aren't you sure?

ZEPO. Well you see... I shoot without taking aim [pause], and at the same time I say an Ave Maria for the chap I've shot.

ZAPO. An Ave Maria? I'd have thought you'd have said a Pater Noster.

ZEPO. No, always an Ave Maria. [Pause] It's shorter.

MONS. T. Come come, my dear fellow, you must be brave.

MME. T. [to ZEPO]. We can untie you if you like.

ZEPO. No, don't bother, it doesn't matter.

MONS. T. Don't start getting stand-offish with us now. If you'd like us to untie you, say so.

MME. T. Make yourself comfortable.

ZEPO. Well, if that's how you feel, you can untie my feet, but it's only to please you.

MONS. T. Zapo, untie him. [ZAPO unties him.]

MME. T. Well, do you feel better?

ZEPO. Yes, of course. I really am putting you to a lot of inconvenience.

MONS. T. Not at all, just make yourself at home. And if you'd like us to untie your hands you only have to say so.

ZEPO. No, not my hands, I don't want to impose upon you.

MONS. T. No no, my dear chap, no no. I tell you, it's no trouble at all.

ZEPO. Right... Well then, untie my hands too. But only for lunch, eh? I don't want you think that you give me an inch and I take an ell.¹

MONS. T. Untie his hands, son.

MME. T. Well, since our distinguished prisoner is so charming, we're going to have a marvellous day in the country.

ZEPO. Don't call me your distinguished prisoner; just call me your prisoner.

MME. T. Won't that embarrass you?

ZEPO. No, no, not at all.

MONS. T. Well, I must say you're modest. [Noise of aeroplanes.]

ZAPO. Aeroplanes. They're sure to be coming to bomb us. [ZAPO and ZEPO throw themselves on the sandbags and hide.] [To his parents]. Take cover. The bombs will fall on you. [The noise of the aeroplanes overpowers all the other noises. Bombs immediately start to fall. Whells explode very near the stage but not on it. A deafening noise. ZAPO and ZEPO are cowering down between the sandbags. M. TEPAN goes on talking calmly to his wife, and she answers in the same unruffled way. We can't hear

¹A unit of measure equal to forth-five inches.

what they are saying because of the bombing. MME. TEPAN goes over to one of the baskets and takes an umbrella out of it. She opens it. M. and MME. TEPAN shelter under it as if it were raining. They are standing up. They shift rhythmically from one foot to the other and talk about their personal affairs. The bombing continues. Finally the aeroplanes go away. Silence. M. TEPAN stretches an arm outside the umbrella to make sure that nothing more is falling from the heavens.]

MONS. T. [to his wife]. You can shut your umbrella. [MME. TEPAN does so. They both go over to their son and tap him lightly on the behind with the umbrella.] come on, out you com. The bombing's over. [ZAPO and ZEPO come out of their hiding place.]

ZAPO. Didn't you get hit?

MONS. T. What d'you think could happen to your father? [Proudly.] Little Bombs like that! Don't make me laugh! [enter, left, two RER CROSS SOLDIERS. They are carrying a stretcher.]

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. Any dead here?

ZAPO. No, no one around these parts.

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. Are you sure you've looked properly?

ZAPO. Sure.

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. And there isn't a single person dead?

ZAPO. I've already told you there isn't.

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. No one wounded, even?

ZAPO. Not even that.

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. [to the 1ST S.B.]. Well, now we're in a mess! [To ZAPO persuasively.] Just look again, search everywhere, and see if you can't find us a stiff.

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. Don't keep on about it, they've told you quite clearly there aren't any.

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. What a lousy trick!

ZAPO. I'm terribly sorry. I promise you I didn't do it on purpose.

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. That's what they all say. That no one's dead and that they didn't do it on purpose.

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. Oh, let the chap alone!

MONS. T. [obligingly]. We should be only too pleased to help you. At your service.

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. Well, really, if things go on like this I don't know what the Captain will say to us.

MONS. T. But what's it all about?

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. Quite simply that the others' wrists are aching with carting so many corpses and wounded men about, and that we haven't found any yet. And it's not because we haven't looked!

MONS. T. Well, yes, that really is annoying. [To ZAPO.] Are you quite sure no one's dead?

ZAPO. Obviously, Papa.

MONS. T. Have you looked under all the sandbags?

ZAPO. Yes, Papa.

MONS. T. [angrily]. Well then, you might as well say straight out that you don't want to lift a finger to help these gentlemen, when they're so nice, too!

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. Don't be angry with him. Let him be. We must just hope we'll have more luck in another trench and that all the lot'll be dead.

MONS. T. I should be delighted.

MME. T. Me too. There's nothing I like more than people who put their hearts into their work.

MONS. T. [indignantly, addressing his remarks to the wings]. Then is no one going to do anything for these gentlemen?

ZAPO. If it only rested with me, it'd already be done.

ZEPO. I can say the same.

MONS. T. But look here, is neither of you even wounded?

ZAPO [ashamed]. No, not me.

MONS. T. [to ZEPO]. What about you?

ZEPO [ashamed]. Me neither. I never have any luck.

MME. T. [pleased]. Now I remember! This morning, when I was peeling the onions, I cut my finger. Will that do you?

MONS. T. Of course it will {Enthusiastically.} They'll take you off at once!

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. No, that won't work. With ladies it doesn't work.

MONS. T. We're no further advanced. Then.

1ST STRETCHER BEARER. Never mind.

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. We may be able to make up for it in the other trenches. [They start to go off.]

MONS. T. Don't worry! If we find a dead man we'll keep him for you! No fear of us giving him to anyone else!

2ND STRETCHER BEARER. Thank you very much, sir.

MONS. T. Quite all right, old chap, think nothing of it. [The two stretcher bearers say goodbye. All four answer them. The stretcher bearers go out.]

MME. T. That's what's so pleasant about spending a Sunday in the country. You always meet such nice people.

MONS. T. [pause]. But why are you enemies?

ZEPO. I don't know, I'm not very well educated.

MME. T. Was it be birth, or did you become enemies afterwards?

ZEPO. I don't know, I don't know anything about it.

MONS. T. Well then, how did you come to be in the war?

ZEPO. One day, at home, I was just mending my mother's iron, a man came and asked me: "Are you Zepo?" "Yes." "Right, you must come to the war." And so I asked him: "But what war?" and he said: "Don't you read the papers then? You're just a peasant!" I told him I did read the papers but not the war bits...

ZAPO. Just how it was with me-exactly how it was with me.

MONS. T. Yes, they came to fetch you too.

MME. T. No, it wasn't quite the same; that day you weren't mending an iron, you were mending the car.

MONS. T. I was talking about the rest of it. [To ZEPO.] Go on, what happened then?

ZEPO. Then I told him I had a fiancée and that if I didn't take her to the pictures on Sundays she wouldn't like it. He said that wasn't the least bit important.

ZAPO. Just how it was with me—exactly how it was with me.

ZEPO. And then my father came down, and he said I couldn't go to the war because I didn't have a horse.

ZAPO. Just what my father said.

ZEPO. The man said you didn't need a horse any more, and I asked him if I could take my fiancée with me. He said no. Then I asked whether I could take my aunt with me so that she could make me one of her custards on Thursdays; I'm very fond of them.

MME. T. [realizing that she'd forgotten it]. Oh! The custard!

ZEPO. He said no again.

ZAPO. Same as with me.

ZEPO. And ever since then I've been alone in the trench nearly all the time.

MME. T. I think you and your distinguished prisoner might play together this afternoon, as you're so close to each other and so bored.

ZAPO. Oh no, Mother, I'm too afraid, he's an enemy.

MONS. T. Now now, you mustn't be afraid.

ZAPO. If you only knew what the General was saying about the enemy!

MME. T. What did he say?

ZAPO. He said the enemy are very nasty people. When they take prisoners they put little stones in their shoes so that it hurts them to walk.

MME. T. How awful! What barbarians!

MONS. T. [indignantly, to ZEPO]. And aren't you ashamed to belong to an army of criminals?

ZEPO. I haven't done anything. I don't do anybody any harm.

MME. T. He was trying to take us in, pretending to be such a little saint!

MONS. T. We oughtn't to have untied him. You never know, we only need to turn our backs and he'll be putting a stone in our shoes.

ZEPO. Don't be so nasty to me.

MONS. T. What'd you think we should be, then? I'm indignant. I know what I'll do. I'll go and find the Captain and ask him to let me fight in the war.

ZAPO. He won't let you, you're too old.

MONS. T. Then I'll buy myself a horse and a sword and come and fight on my own account.

MME. T. Bravo! If I were a man I'd do the same.

ZEPO. Don't be like that with me, Madame. Anyway I'll tell you something-our General told us the same thing about you.

MME. T. How could he dare tell such a lie!

ZAPO. Yes, the same thing.

MONS. T. Perhaps it was the same man who talked to you both?

MME. T. Well if it was the same man he might at least have said something different. That's a fine thing-saying the same thing to everyone!

MONS. T. [to ZEPO in a different tone of voice]. Another little drink?

MME. T. I hope you liked our lunch?

Mons. T. In any case, it was better than last Sunday.

ZEPO. What happened?

MONS. T. Well. We went to the country and we put the food on the rug. While we'd got our backs turned a cow ate up all our lunch, and the napkins as well.

ZEPO. What a greedy cow!

MONS. T. Yes, but afterwards, to get our own back, we ate cow. [They laugh.]

ZAPO [to ZEPO]. They couldn't have been very hungry after that!

MONS. T. Cheers! [They all drink.]

MME. T. [to ZEPO]. And what do you do to amuse yourself in the trench?

ZEPO. I spend my time making flowers out of rags, to amuse myself. I get terribly bored.

MME. T. And what do you do with the flowers?

ZEPO. At the beginning I used to send them to my fiancée, but one day she told me that the greenhouse and the cellar were already full of them and that she didn't know what to do with them any more, and she asked me, if I didn't mind, to send her something else.

MME. T. And what did you do?

ZEPO. I tried to learn to make something else, but I couldn't so I go on making rag flowers to pass the time.

MME. T. Do you throw them away afterwards, then?

ZEPO. No, I've found a way to use them now. I give one flower for each pal who dies. That way I know that even if I make an awful lot there'll never be enough.

MONS. T. That's a good solution you've hit on.

ZEPO [shyly]. Yes.

ZAPO. Well, what I do is knit, so as not to get bored.

MME. T. But tell me, are all the soldiers as bored as you?

ZEPO. It all depends on what they do to amuse themselves.

ZAPO. It's the same on our side.

MONS. T. Then let's stop the war.

ZEPO. How?

MONS. T. It's very simple. [To ZAPO.] You just tell your pals that the enemy soldiers don't want to fight a war, and you [to ZEPO] say the same to your comrades. And then everyone goes home.

ZAPO. Marvellous!

MME. T. And then you'll be able to finish mending the iron.

ZAPO. How is it that no one thought of such a good idea before?

MME. T. Your father is the only one who's capable of thinking of such ideas; don't forget he's a former student of the Ecole Normale, and a philatelist.²

ZEPO. But what will the sergeant-majors and corporals do?

MONS. T. We'll give them some guitars and castanets to keep them quiet!

ZEPO. Very good idea.

MONS. T. You see how easy it is. Everything's fixed.

ZEPO. We shall have a tremendous success.

ZAPO. My pals will be terribly pleased.

MME. T. What d' you say to putting on the pasodoble we were playing just now, to celebrate?

ZEPO. Perfect.

ZAPO. Yes, put the record on, Mother. [MME. TEPAN puts a record on. She turns the handle. She waits. Nothing can be heard.]

MONS. T. I can't hear a thing.

MME. T. Oh, how silly of me! Instead of putting a record on I put on a beret. [She puts the record on. A gay pasodoble is heard. ZAPO dances with ZEPO and MME. TEPAN with her husband. They are all very gay. The field telephone rings. None of the four hears it. They go on dancing busily. The telephone rings again. The dance continues. The battle starts up again with a terrific din of bombs, shots and bursts of machine-gun fire. None of the four has seen anything and they go on dancing merrily. A burst of machine-gun fire mows them all down. They fall to the ground, stone dead. A shot must have grazed the gramophone; the record keeps repeating the same thing, like a scratched record. The music of the scratched record can be heard till the end of the play. The two STRETCHER BEARERS enter left. They are carrying the empty stretcher.]

SUDDEN CURTAIN

²Student of the Teacher's College and a stamp collector.

Using Library Sources in Your Writing

The ability to locate sources of information on a given subject and then incorporate the new ideas you find into your own writing is a valuable skill that every well-educated person needs to learn. In order to begin a documented paper about a literary work, you first should read carefully at least twice the primary source (the piece of literature about which you intend to do research). Our advice will use examples related to Arrabal's Picnic on the Battlefield, but remember that the process is the same for writing a library paper on any piece of literature you may choose.

Prewriting

The prewriting stage for a documented paper will necessarily be more complex than just gathering ideas for writing using only your own thoughts. You still need to understand completely the literary work before you begin, and your task will be complicated by the need to find, read, and assimilate the work of others, being careful all the while to credit these ideas when you incorporate them into your own writing.

Finding A Thesis

In order to write a good paper involving research, you should begin with a thesis question, which you can eventually turn into a thesis statement

Who say that?

I was just mending my mother's iron

It's not good manners to bring your rifle to table with you.

It's fun to kill people.

All this is just a game to me

And what about you ears?

How did you dare to come all this way to such a dangerous place?

We came by motor bike.

don't maltreat your prisoner.

And I prepare an excellent meal, too.

Prisoners always get tied up!

Give me your helmet to make me look like a soldier.

I feel as hungry as a huner.

Make yourself at home.

I don't know, I don't know anything about it.

And there isn't a single person dead?

He said the enemy are very nasty people.

Then let's stop the war.

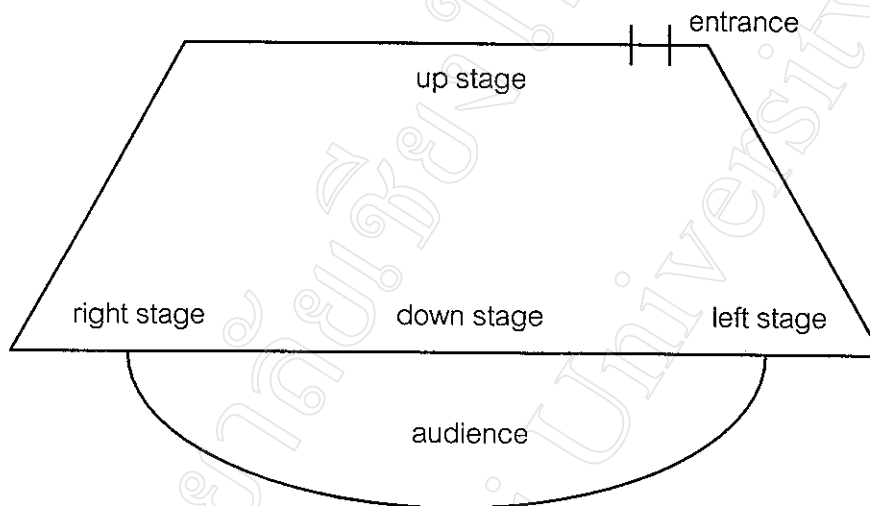
would you be good enough to sit on the ground, please?

Yes, you looked very martial.

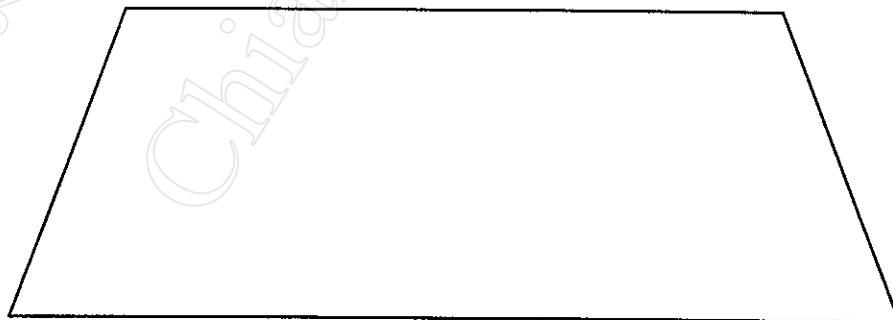
Try to look like a hero.

The stage and the stage direction

In the floorplan of a stage, the basic terms used to locate different spaces are as follow.



Exercise 1 : Read the stage directions in the "Picnic on the Battlefield" carefully and fill in the empty floorplan below the position of characters and furniture.



Exercise 2 : Fill in the space provided the names of characters and information/ description concerning those characters. Visualize the characters' appearance in your imagination.

	Name	Age	Description/information given
a.			
b.			
c.			
d.			

Compare and contrast Zapo and Zepo.

Directions	Zapo	Zepo
1. Words spoken when shooting enemy.		
2. How did he shoot?		
3. What was he doing when he was forced to the war?		
4. What day did it happen?		
5. Did he have a fiancée?		
6. What dessert did his aunt make for him?		
7. What did his Captain/ General say about the enemy? And what did they do to their prisoners?		
8. What did he do to amuse himself in the trench?		

ภาคผนวก ค

แบบทดสอบวัดความสามารถในการเขียนเชิงสร้างสรรค์

Part : 2

The Unquiet Grave

"The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
 And a few small drops of rain;
 I never had but one true love;
 In cold grave she was lain.

I'll do as much for my true love
 As any young man may;
 I'll sit and mourn all at her grave,
 For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
 The dead began to speak:
 "O who sits weeping on my grave,
 And will not let me sleep?"

It's I, my love, sits on your grave,
 And will not let you sleep;
 For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
 And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
 But my breath smells earthy strong;
 It you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
 Your time will not be long.

It's down in yonder garden green,
 Love, where we used to walk,
 The finest flower that ere was seen
 Is withered to a stalk.

The stalk is withered dry, my love,
 So will our hearts decay;
 So make yourself content, my love,
 Till God calls you away."¹

mourn; feel or show sorrow

grave ; hole in the ground for a dead body

crave; want

withered; became dry or dead

weeping; crying

decay; go bed

content; happy

มหาวิทยาลัยเชียงใหม่ Chiang Mai University

ภาคผนวก ง

แบบทดสอบวัดความสามารถในการคิดอย่างมีวิจารณญาณ

Course : 1552302 Introduction to Literature

Points : 10 points

Date : June 14, 2001

This test is composed of 2 parts. Part one is a short story. Part two is a poem.

Part 1 :

Kate Chopin 1851-1905

The Story of an Hour

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed". He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significant. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried herself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him-sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being.

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door-you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might belong.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease-of joy that kills.

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ภาคผนวก จ

ตัวอย่างงานเขียนของผู้เรียน

Instruction : Write one or two things from the poem that tell you the truth of life
(not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words).

Even if love is the thing that is important beautiful, love forever, never die love give life and the dead. It's make you unconscious or make you bright. The aiming of love sometime, it's make you make a mistake on make a good things. As lamps silent in your heart to control you.

Love is the good things if you understand in it, sometimes love for someone do not to lives to get her forever or untill pass away. For someone love is a sacrifice for who you love same the unquiet grave if your sweetheart was died you sad you think you cannot eat and living by yourself without him or her no! The future is so far you must go if you cry you must thought your sweetheart unhappy with you.

In the truth love is beauty make ease for your own, someday love return to you. You must accept the truth of life.

พิมพ์ภาพ

Instruction : Write a paragraph to express your opinion why Mrs. Mallard died. Is it because of happiness or sadness to see her husband again? (not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words)

She was died because of sadness to see her husband again.

At first, she was a heart disease when she know that her husband died she felt happy that she lived alone or lived with herself she like to lived alone, but her sister thought that she might would made herself ill when she lived alone and might be died. She was a strongest and bad triumph in her eyes, she was striving to beat with her will. She would lived for herself when she abandoned herself a little whispered word that she said from her lips it over and over under her breath : "free, free, free!." and "free! Body and soul free!" she said whispering. I think she feel happy, she was drinking in a very elixir of life and prayer that life might be long because she want to live alone, she don't want to lived with her husband, when her husband came back her sister to fear she was shock that her husband came back, then she to screen her husband, but she was saw her husband already and suddenly shock because she thought that she lived along, but why her husband came back she felt sadness she would died.

Finally, she was died because of sadness to see her husband again and when doctor came he said she had died of heart desease of joy that kill. No one don't know why did she died, they would said she had died of heart diseas, because of at first she was heart diseas, when her husband came back she felt very sas becaus time that she had free just to the end the time. So she was died and doctor misunderstood that she was died of heart disease.

Instruction : Write a paragraph to express your opinion why Mrs. Mallard died. Is it because of happiness or sadness to see her husband again? (not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words)

Mr. Mallard died because of sadness to see her husband again I think when she know about her husband died, she was sad and wept but in the last time she recognized that while he was leaved from herself she would lived for herself.

She did not sove that she loved him but often she had not, that show about shw is very happy when her husband died and she was drinking in a very elixir of life for made herself being. She kept whisper herself "free body and soul free", praner that life might be long this is assertion herself so happy. She doesn't care her husband because when he lived, they stayed keen and bright. In the end when she saw her husband again she was shock because she was over thinks he didn't died like she thought so she died cause sadness to see him

She died because of sadness to see her husband again because she want free body and soul free but when her husband come back everything are destroy so she died.

Instruction : Write a paragraph to express your opinion why Mrs. Mallard died. Is it because of happiness or sadness to see her husband again? (not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words)

Sadness because she received from her sister about her husband dead until she make her mind for live alone, she release her mine to get free. Her husband comeback and everybody don't want. She to know because she will shock before he come back. She think about him "She love him or not?" What the matter/with her, her can't dicied it by herself, However, I think she died because she sadness because she will died, she think she get independent (free), and real she haven't got it she worried about her husband at and of story because she saw her husband and the picture infront of her make her died, but the doctor tell her husband, she had died of heeart disease-of joy that kill, that is not ture.

In my idea : I think this story make me confuse between she happy or sad, but I think sadness because Mrs. Mallard she ready to live alone without her husband and she died because she shock to see her husband again. It she know that he will come back, I thing she should take care herself more than that. She sadness because she did not do something good for make helath goo. Until the dead take her separate from her husband I think she already to live alone from "free! Body and soul free!" She kept shispering.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory.

Instruction : Write one or two things from the poem that tell you the truth of life
(not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words).

Everybody can have loving but sometime loving may make someone to be sad or unhappy. Sometime loving make someone suffer such as when we love someone very very much so we can't live without her/him, but death tha brings big loss so the death is the truth of life that everyone can't avoid ttime is a thing that help treat the heart to be better. Sometime we must accept the real of life that everyone must have born, old, ill, death that it's sure.

Instruction : Write a paragraph to express your opinion why Mrs. Mallard died. Is it because of happiness or sadness to see her husband again? (not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words)

She died because of her heart disease with sadness to see her husband again. After she knew that her husband died. She said nothing and went to the room. She felt a bit sad and she had some strange feeling inside her mind. Though she felt sad, she was happier than the past. Because she whispered "free, free, free!", it meant she felt bored with her husband. When he died, she thought that she was free, she had no husband for bothering her again. But everybody realized that she was down and blue. In fact, her husband did not die. He stood far from the accident. When he came back home, Mr. Mallard saw him with surprise and then she died by heart disease. Everybody understood that she died because of her joy to see her husband. In fact she died because her independence was lost, when her husband appeared. No one knew the truth or her death, except her.

เสกสรรค์

Instruction : Write one or two things from the poem that tell you the truth of life
(not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words).

No one is immortal, love is immortal

Men can die, no one is immortal. But someone we love dies. It's a distress
scence. There are sorrowful and painful. It is hard to forget though we know that
everyone must die. Such a man in this poem. His lover died and he could not forget her.
He payed a visit to her grare and talked to it like he was talking to his lover. He
described the love that he had inside to her. Though she died but he treated to her like
she was alive and realized everything he said. "Love made people blind." This phase is
appreciated to use with him because he really loved his lover. Obserre by his visit and
his words that he used. Love makes the world peace even some one we love dies.
It love is inside your mind, person who died must know about your really love, anywhere.

เสกสรรค์

Instruction : Write a paragraph to express your opinion why Mrs. Mallard died. Is it because of happiness or sadness to see her husband again? (not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words)

Mrs. Mallard died by heart disease. It is because her see her husband again. She died with sadness that to see her husband. After she knew about her husband die in accident from sister and Richard. She close the door and stayed alone in her room and shispered "fee! Body and soul free" that show to she very glad that husband died but her sister worry about her health, her fear Mr. Millard will died when heard news. It isn't like that. Mrs. Mallard alright, she didn't sad and strong until someone was opening the front door. He is her husband, don't died because he had been far from the accident. Richard quick motion to screen him from Mr. Mallard but Richard was too late, Mrs. Mallard died. The doctor and everyone think her died of joy that kills because too glad that husband come back. But reallity Mr. Mallard died by sadness that to see her husband again. She think will have free but it isn't, her husband comeback. So she died with sadness to see her husband again.

ลัทธิก

Instruction : Write one or two things from the poem that tell you the truth of life
(not less than 100 words, not more than 150 words).

Two things that tell me the truth of life is died and love is immortal.

Human in this world everyone must died. Although whoever you are Everyone in this world wish to be immortal person but in reality the can not be. When you drop your breath that meaning you are ready to leave from here but your love is immortal when you hand love for someone every your breath will have them until you died. Although you died, you live in grave but you love still living in this real world. If this world had a lot of love when we died yet the love still living. In this life the love necessary more than your breath. God can calls you away but can't call your love away.

Two things in the truth life is love and died. Everyone must died but there love is immortal. Love is beautiful and died beautiful, too.

"Reading logs"

Plot :

1. Nick's father went to Indian Camp and help a lady who is going to have a baby by boat.
2. Nick's father operate on this lady for take a baby leave.
3. This lady who have a baby screams because haven't any anaesthetic.
4. The baby who was born from a lady is a boy.
5. The Indian woman's husband kill himself.
6. Nick and his father back home by boat in the early morning.

Anticipating :

I think Nick have to be a doctor like his father because his father is hero of him. In the Indian Camp will have equipment in operate by treating. Nick have to remember happen which a lady was operate on her and it always haunted him.

Picturing :

- Nick is a boy. I think he's 9 years old and had blond hair, white skin. He's gay and happy.
- Nick's father is a strong man, polite and good health. I think he were eyeglasses and heroic. He's tall and good looking.
- Uncle George, I think he has bad health, he very thin and has dark skin, bad looking because he smoke cigar.

Interacting :

- Nick is a good child, valiant and like observe because he obey an adult, he can help his father and he ask in everythings which he don't know.
- Nick's father is careful, valiant, clean, benevolent, have strong heart, serious and he is a good father because he teach his son and he is a precedent for his son, he performed well in this duty and he had determination.

- Uncle George is dirty but he is bravery, generous, have bad health because he smoke cigar but he like help people and gay.

Evaluation :

I think the writer had delicacy and can keep details from his experience. The writer has thoroughness because in the story can explain each happen thoroughly. For me who is a reader, I impress narration about atmosphere of this story because it's make me feel and image follow contents.

ศิริกมลพร

Reading logs

Plot :

1. Nick and his father went to the Indian camp
2. They walked from the beach into the wood to the camp
3. Nick's father helped the Indian woman have a baby born by operated
4. After the baby was born the husband of the Indian woman suicided himself
5. Nick and his father turn back by boat with the beginning of a new life of a baby at the Indian camp

Anticipating :

I think Nick's father still to help people forever because he is a doctor. And then about Nick he will grow up and have more experience by following his father to help people and maybe he is a clever man to have ability like his father. And a new baby will be grow up. Everything change all the time such as all of life will be start and will be end everyone will die it is a circle of life. It's including with Nick his father and a new baby too.

Pictureing :

This story gives a clear picture such as Nick's father help in Indian woman to have a baby born by operated and the woman screamed with her pain. And then the Indian woman husband suicided himself by cut his throat.

Interacting :

I think Nick's father he is real doctor he can help the Indian woman quickly he have a confidence to make a decision to help her and he don't interesting the Indian woman screamed. And then Nick he is clever child and he is a curious person. And then I'm fear with the woman screamed and try to have a baby born because when I read it I'm imagination with the story and I think she got pain so much. And I like Nick's idea that he doesn't kill himself like the Indian man it's express that he think his life very important.

Evaluation :

I like this story because the story easy to understand and I think the writer might be love and pround with his father so much like Nick's character. And then the writer had ability that can make the reader impression example the doctor's character in the story can be a good example for the reader who were a doctor because in the story the doctor try to do everything for help people. And then the relationship of the son and father it's good example for everyone too.

สุนารี

Reading logs

Indian Camp

Plot :

1. Nick's father, Nick and uncle George went to the Indian camp.
2. They went to the Indian camp because of to help Indian woman who has a baby.
3. A boby to be born unnatural.
4. Husband of the Indian woman killed himself.
5. Nick's father and Nick came to home in the morning but uncle George doesn't to came with them.

Anticipating :

In the story I think it's very exciting especially the part of a woman would be born a baby and a baby was born unnatural she had operated and she screamed I think she feared and painful. Finally a baby to be safe.

Pictureing :

I think a story is easy to understand because a writer can narate a story to the reader imagine as the beginning until the end of a story I can imagine a woman to be born a baby and she screams with painful but I think the end of a story everything are happy ending a baby and the Indian woman to be safe.

Interacting :

In my opinion I think Nick's father is a hero of a story because he can help a woman and a baby to be alive he can use an experience from a journal to help a woman to be born a baby I think Nick prouds in his father and he thinks his father is a hero of him.

Evaluation :

I think a story is interesting and exciting I like this story I can understand and I think it quite isn't confuse.

Reading logs

Incident :

- The child go to the Indian camp with his father for helps Indian lady very sick.
- His father is a brave man, he devotes himself to help people who lives in Indian camp
- His father is a hero in his eyes. So he too prounds with his father because his father is a doctor waiting to help people.
- His father helping the Indian lady who to give birth baby and can do achivement too.
- His father to teach everything for him something like that cycle of birth and death.

Anticipating :

I think the story is a interesting to study. The child respect his father and respect in his occupation, doctor too. He so pround with his father is a hero. May be when he grow-up he would like to be the "doctor" likes his father because his father to settle inside hisbody, bleed too.

Pictureing :

- The plots setting in the Indian Camp. Which a one man to help Indian lady who to give birth baby. He make to give birth for her with a natural. Althrough she too pain and screan but he don't care like insensitive. His father in his eyes likes hero. The climate so scare because her screan with pain. The doctor helps her haven't any anaesthetic sometime we will to get fishy of the blood from Indian lady.
- The climate in the dark full of mist is a terrible and so cold too.

Interacting :

- Nick's father he is a brave man devoted himself to his occupation. He is an insensitive man for example "her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

- Nick he is a good child and respects his father like a hero in his eyes may be when he is a child he would like to be a doctor like his father

Evaluation :

I think the story is interesting. The plot in the story settles in the Indian Camp and makes me get the picture and involve with real life. The language in the story is so easy and perfect.

We can get imagination following with the story something like that "Two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the car-loops of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist."

The plot is so exciting and terrible for example when the Indian lady takes out the baby and the doctor helps her but he hasn't any anaesthetic and her screams are so painful but he doesn't care her like insensitive.

I am impressed with the words which Nick's father teaches him "The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped making a circle in the water" which I like when we are born, grow-up and die like a row of natural and cycle of birth and death.

Reading logs

Indian Camp

Plot :

1. Nick, Nick's father and uncle George went to Indian camp in the night by rowboat and walk.
2. They are going to help Indian women who is going to have a baby.
3. A baby was born by caesarean a baby is a boy.
4. Husband of Indian woman kill himself.
5. They went home in the morning

Anticipating :

I think this story had an exciting event, we can know what's happen?, because in the night nobody want to leave from house. I think it hsd an exciting event waiting for them. And in the camp had a women screaning. I think she feeling painful because she is going to have a baby. The end I think the event is relax because a baby was born by Nick's father help. Everyone are happy.

Pictureing :

- When I read this story I think of a three people are going to somewhere in the night. And I think has someone waiting for them. They are must quickly for going to the camp. And in the camp has a women is screaming I think in the camp have a many people and everyone in trouble. After baby was born I think it is happy because a baby was strong and alive.

Interacting :

In my opinion I think Nick's father is a good doctor. He is insensitive, confident and brave person. He is a good father too. Because he will teach everythink for his son. He give a good thing for Nick. And Nick is a intelligent child and he is a child that has idea and know observe, remember and asking question a behavior of person that he

don't understand and want to know. And I like his opinion that he would never died"
Because he will know his father love him and his father must help him. His father doesn't kill him. The last I don't understand about a traditional of Indian. Why does husband of Indian woman must kill himself?

Evaluation :

I like this story because when we read this story we know about a relation of father and son and another that we don't know while we can help and friendly with everyone. Because we are live in the world together. I think this story easy to understand and not serious.

พัชราภรณ์

ประวัติผู้เขียน

ชื่อ-สกุล

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ประวัติการศึกษา

พ.ศ.2539

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ประวัติการทำงาน

พ.ศ.2540-2542

อาจารย์สอนวิชาภาษาอังกฤษโรงเรียนเรยีนาเชลีวิทยาลัย

อำเภอเมือง จังหวัดเชียงใหม่