Published by Macmillan ELT
Between Towns Road, Oxford OX4 3PP
A division of Macmillan Publishers Limited
Companies and representatives throughout the world

ISBN 978–0–2304–0853–1

All additional material written by Ceri Jones

First published 2011

This version first published 2011

The authors and publishers would like to thank the following for permission to reproduce the following copyright material: David Higham Associates for the short story "Lamb to the Slaughter" by Roald Dahl, published in *Someone Like You*, 1970, reproduced by permission of David Higham Associates; Johnson & Alcock Ltd for the short story 'The Teddy-bear's Picnic' by William Trevor, copyright © William Trevor, *Beyond The Pale*, 1998. Reproduced with permission of Johnson & Alcock Ltd.; Bloomsbury and Random House, Inc. for the short story "The Rich Brother" by Tobias Wolff, published in *Our Story Begins*, 2008, copyright © 2008 by Tobias Wolff. Used by permission of Bloomsbury and Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc. Darhansoff, Verrill, Feldman Literary Agents and Simon & Schuster, Inc. for "The Blood Bay," from *Close Range: Wyoming Stories* by Annie Proulx copyright © 1999 by Dead Line, Ltd. All rights reserved. Used courtesy of Darhansoff, Verrill, Feldman Literary Agents; and Scribner, a Division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.;

Every effort has been made to trace the copyright holders, but if any have been inadvertently overlooked, the publishers will be pleased to make the necessary arrangements at the first opportunity.

These materials may contain links for third party websites. We have no control over, and are not responsible for, the contents of such third party websites. Please use care when accessing them.

Cover by Skyscan/Underwood & Underwood

Printed and bound in Thailand

2017 2016 2015 2014 2013 2012 2011
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Contents

Macmillan Literature Collections

Welcome to the *Macmillan Literature Collections* – a series of advanced-level readers containing original, unsimplified short stories written by famous classic and modern writers. We hope that these stories will help to ease the transition from graded readers to reading authentic novels.

Each collection in the series includes:

Introduction

- an introduction to the short story
- tips for reading authentic texts in English
- an introduction to the genre
- a carefully-chosen selection of classic and modern short stories.

The stories

Each story is presented in three parts: the introduction and pre-reading support material; the story; and post-reading activities. Each part includes the following sections:

- *About the author* – in-depth information about the author and their work
- *About the story* – information about the story, including background information about setting and cultural references
- *Summary* – a brief summary of the story that does not give away the ending.

Pre-reading activities

- *Key vocabulary* – a chance to look at some of the more difficult vocabulary related to the main themes and style of the story before reading the story
- *Main themes* – a brief discussion of the main themes, with questions to keep in mind as you read.

The story

You will find numbered footnotes in the stories. These explain cultural and historical references, and key words that you will need to understand the text. Many of these footnotes give definitions of words which are very formal, old-fashioned or rarely used in modern English. You will find more common, useful words and phrases from the stories in the *Glossary* at the end of the book. Words included in the *Glossary* will appear in **bold**.

Post-reading activities

- *Understanding the story* – comprehension questions that will help you make sure you've understood the story
- *Language study* – a section that presents and practises key linguistic and structural features of authentic literary texts (you will find an index of the areas covered at the end of the book)
- *Literary analysis* – discussion questions that guide you to an in-depth appreciation of the story, its structure, its characters and its style.

In addition, at the end of each book there are:

- suggested *Essay questions*
- a comprehensive *Glossary* highlighting useful vocabulary from each story
- an index for the *Language study* section.

How to use these books

You can use these books in whatever way you want. You may want to start from the beginning and work your way through. You may want to pick and choose. The *Contents* page gives a very brief, one-line introduction to each story to help you decide where to start. You may want to learn about the author and the story before you read each one, or you may prefer to read the story first and then find out more about it afterwards. Remember that the stories and exercises can be challenging, so you may want to spend quite a long time studying each one. The most important thing is to enjoy the collection – to enjoy reading, to enjoy the stories and to enjoy the language that has been used to create them.

Answer keys

In many cases you can check your answers in the story by using the page references given. However, an Answer key for all the exercises is available at www.macmillanenglish.com/readers

Macmillan Literature Collection | 20th Century Stories | Advanced Level | Lektürensammlung | ISBN 978-3-19-382959-7

Introduction

What is a short story?

A short story is shorter than a novel, but longer than a poem. It is usually between 1,000 and 20,000 words long. It tells a story which can usually be read quite quickly. It often concentrates on one, central event; it has a limited number of characters, and takes place within a short space of time.

History of the short story

Stories and storytelling have existed for as long as people have had language. People love, and need, stories. They help us explain and understand the world. Before people could read or write, storytellers travelled from village to village, telling stories.

The first written stories developed from this storytelling tradition. Two of the best-known examples of early, written stories in Europe appeared in the 14th century. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Bocaccio's *Decameron* are both based on the same idea – a group of people who are travelling or living together for a short space of time, agree to tell each other stories. Their individual short stories are presented together as one long story.

The first modern short stories appeared at the beginning of the 19th century. Early examples of short story collections include the *Fairy Tales* (1824–26) of the Brothers Grimm, and Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* (1840). In the late 19th century, printed magazines and journals became more popular and more and more short stories were published. Nineteenth-century short stories often reflected the literary interest of the time in realism, in stories based on contemporary situations that explored the reality of life at all levels of society.

Short stories in the twentieth century

By the 20th century most well-known magazines included short stories in every issue and the publishers paid a lot of money for them. In 1952, Ernest Hemingway's short story, *The Old Man and the Sea*, helped sell over five million copies of the magazine *Life* in just over two days. In the first half of the 20th century, some writers managed to make a good living solely out of writing short stories. Later in the same century, short stories became the starting point for novels, or the basis of successful films.

Short stories throughout the 20th century reflected a growing interest in psychology and the inner thoughts and feelings of their characters, echoing literary trends in novels of the same era. As the century progressed, writers also became interested in people's reactions to science and technology and to modern, urban settings. Plots and narratives became less linear. Novels and stories often had open or ambiguous endings, asking questions rather than offering answers, and the reader had to form their own interpretation of facts and motives. Beliefs and social structures were often questioned as the emphasis shifted to the individual and the individual's actions, reactions and thought processes.

The short story today

Today, short stories are often published in collections called anthologies. They are usually grouped according to a particular category – by theme, topic, national origin, time, or author. Some newspapers and magazines continue to print individual stories. Many short stories are first published on the Internet, with authors posting them on special-interest websites and in online magazines.

Reading authentic literary texts in English

Reading authentic literary texts can be difficult. They may contain grammatical structures you have not studied, or expressions and sayings you are not familiar with. Unlike graded readers, they have not been written for language students. The words have been chosen to create a particular effect, not because they are easy or difficult. But you do not need to understand every word to understand and enjoy the story.

When you are reading in your own language you will often read so quickly that you skip over words, and read for the general effect, rather than the details. Try to do the same when you are reading in English. Remember that looking up every word you don't know slows you down and stops you enjoying the story.

Macmillan Literature Collection | 20th Century Stories | Advanced Level | Lektürensammlung | ISBN 978-3-19-382959-7

When you're reading authentic short stories, remember:
- It should be a pleasure!
- You should read at your own pace.
- Let the story carry you along – don't worry about looking up every word you don't understand.
- Don't worry about looking up difficult words unless they stop you from understanding the story.
- Try not to use the *Glossary* or a dictionary when you're reading.

You might want to make a note of words to look up later, especially key words that you see several times (see *Using a dictionary* on page 10 for more tips on looking up and recording new words). But remember, you can always go back again when you have finished the story. That is the beauty of reading short stories – they are short! You can finish one quite quickly, especially if you do not worry about understanding every single word; then you can start again at the beginning and take your time to re-read difficult passages and look up key words.

Preparing yourself for a story

It is always a good idea to prepare yourself, mentally, before starting a story.
- Look at the title. What does it tell you about the story? What do you expect the story to be about?
- If there is a summary, read it. This will help you follow the story.
- Quickly read the first few paragraphs and answer these questions:
  Where is it set?
  When is it set?
  Who is the main character?
- As you read, concentrate on following the gist (the general idea) of the story. You can go back and look at the details later. You can use the questions at the end of the story (see *Understanding the story*) to help you understand what is happening.

Tips for dealing with difficult passages

Some stories include particularly difficult passages. They are usually descriptive and give background information, or set the scene. They are generally difficult to follow because they are full of detail. Try to read these passages quickly, understanding what you can, and then continue with the story. Make a note of the passage and come back to it later, when you have finished the whole story.

If, at any time, you are finding it difficult to follow the story, go back to this difficult passage. It may hold the answers to your questions.

Read through the passage again carefully and underline all the unknown words. Try to understand as much as you can from the immediate context and what you now know about the story. Then, look up any remaining words in the *Glossary* at the back of the book, or in your dictionary.

Tips for dealing with difficult words

- Decide if the word (or phrase) is important to the overall message. Read the whole paragraph. Do you understand the general meaning? Yes? Then the word isn't important. Don't worry about it. *Keep reading!*
- If you decide the word is important, see if you can work out its meaning from the context. Is it a verb, a noun or an adjective? Is it positive or negative? How would you translate it in your own language? Underline the word or make a note of it and the page number, but *keep reading*. If it really is important, you'll see it again.
- If you keep seeing the same word in the story, and you still can't understand it, look in your monolingual dictionary!

Macmillan Literature Collection | 20th Century Stories | Advanced Level | Lektürensammlung | ISBN 978-3-19-382959-7

A Lesson on a Tortoise

by D H Lawrence

About the author

David Herbert Lawrence (1885–1930) was the youngest son of five children. He was born in the mining village of Eastwood, near the city of Nottingham in central England. His father was a coal miner and his mother had been a school teacher before she married. The difference in their backgrounds and education caused a lot of problems in their marriage. Mrs Lawrence was disappointed with her life. She wanted her children's lives to be better – she did not want her daughters to be servants or her sons to become miners. She was therefore very proud when her youngest son, David, won a scholarship to Nottingham High School. Unfortunately, though, David did not do well at school, and when he left in 1901, he worked for a short time as a factory clerk. But he soon became ill and had to give up his job. After a long illness, he became a pupil-teacher[1] at the British School in Eastwood, where he stayed for three years. This time he was more successful, and in 1904, he did outstandingly well in the King's Scholarship exam[2] and went on to study for his teacher's certificate at University College Nottingham.

Once he had completed his training, he moved to London, where he got a job in a large school in Croydon, South London. In 1909, his first poems were published after Jessie Chambers, a childhood girlfriend who shared his love of books and literature, sent some of his poems to a magazine, the *English Review*[3]. But it was not until after his mother died in December 1910, and after Lawrence himself nearly died a year later of pneumonia, that he felt ready to stop work as a teacher and dedicate himself to writing.

In March 1912, Lawrence fell in love with Frieda von Richthofen, a German aristocrat and wife of his former professor at Nottingham University. Frieda was six years older than Lawrence and had three young children. Eventually, Lawrence persuaded her to leave her husband and children and they travelled first to Germany, to her hometown of Metz, and then to Italy. It was in Italy that Lawrence, inspired by the beauty of the country and his love for a fiercely independent woman, completed the novel *Sons and Lovers*. Lawrence and Frieda argued passionately. She was, he said, 'the one possible woman for me, for I must have opposition – something to fight'.

Lawrence and Frieda returned to England and married in July 1914. Life in England was difficult for the Lawrences. Many people disapproved of their marriage, and there was a lot of anti-German feeling because of the war. Lawrence continued to write, and to publish, but many people were hostile towards this work – his honest descriptions of love and relationships were considered shocking at the time. His next major novel, *The Rainbow*, was banned and Lawrence longed to escape to America, but the world was at war, and he could not get visas for himself and Frieda.

In 1915, the couple moved to Cornwall, where Lawrence finally finished his novel, *Women in Love*, which he had begun writing as a teenager. The couple's lives remained difficult – Lawrence was ill and they had little money, but he continued to earn a living from his writing.

After the war, in 1919, the Lawrences left England for Europe. They lived in Italy, Malta, Austria and Germany. Lawrence continued writing novels, poetry and some non-fiction. He wrote a history book which was used in English schools. However, it had to be published under a pseudonym[4] because of Lawrence's bad reputation. Lawrence returned twice to England for short visits, but he continued to talk about Eastwood as 'the country of my heart'.

In 1922, the Lawrences left Europe and travelled more widely. But ultimately, poor health brought them back to Italy, and they bought a villa near Florence. Here, Lawrence wrote his last major novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, about an aristocratic woman who falls in love with a gamekeeper[5]. The novel was published in Italy, but was banned in a high-profile court case in the UK. His health worsened and on 2nd March 1930, Lawrence died from tuberculosis in Vence, France. He was 44 years old.

Lawrence was an unconventional man in his lifestyle and his writings. On the whole, his work was not understood or fully appreciated in his lifetime. After his death, Lawrence's reputation continued to

1 someone who is both teaching and studying at the same school
2 an exam for students who could not afford to pay for university fees
3 a literary magazine published in London from 1908 to 1937
4 a false name used by a writer
5 a person who looks after the grounds of a large house or estate

Macmillan Literature Collection | 20th Century Stories | Advanced Level | Lektürensammlung | ISBN 978-3-19-382959-7

grow. Several of his novels became very well known, particularly *Sons and Lovers*, *Women in Love*, *The Rainbow* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Lawrence's background and experiences growing up in a mining village led to his beliefs that increasing industrialization degraded people and caused workers to live a life of ugliness. He believed that people needed beauty to live, and he was extremely sensitive to all forms of beauty in nature. His best work reveals his love of life and living things, and his detailed examination of the relationship between men and women.

About the story

A Lesson on a Tortoise was written in 1908 or 1909, when Lawrence was working as a teacher in a large school in London. It is closely based on his experiences there. It was not published during his lifetime. In 1973 it was included in a collection of the best of *Lawrence on Education* (Penguin).

Background information

Elementary education

In 1870 Parliament introduced compulsory education for all children aged 5–13. The education provided was to be affordable and acceptable to different religious interests. Emphasis was on reading, writing and arithmetic[6]. It also aimed to teach values, such as respect for a teacher's authority and the need for punctuality, obedience and conformity. It was based on a 'monitorial system', where a teacher supervised a large class with assistance from a team of monitors – or helpers – who were usually older students.

Lawrence's experience as a teacher

When Lawrence first started teaching in Croydon, in South London, he described himself in a letter to a friend as: 'a quivering[7] greyhound set to mind[8] a herd of pigs.' After a month he wrote to another friend: 'It is the cruellest and most humiliating sport, this of teaching and trying to tame some fifty or sixty malicious young human animals.'

6 the part of mathematics that involves basic calculations such as adding or multiplying numbers
7 trembling
8 look after

But soon he was in control of the situation and able to write: 'School is really very pleasant here. I have tamed my wild beasts – I have conquered my turbulent subjects[9], and can teach in ease and comfort.'

Summary

It may help you to know something about what happens in the story before you read it. Don't worry, this summary does *not* tell you how the story ends!

The storyteller is a teacher of a difficult class of 11-year-old boys in a state school in London. It is the last lesson of the week, on Friday afternoon, and the subject is Nature Study. The teacher has brought in a live tortoise for the boys to sketch[10], and he hopes that the class will enjoy doing something new and special.

The lesson starts well. The boys are excited but able to concentrate and work hard. The teacher enjoys looking out of the window at a beautiful sunset. But then one boy asks if they can have rubbers. The teacher had previously refused to let them use rubbers because too many had disappeared in recent weeks. After the teacher says yes, it becomes apparent that another four rubbers have gone missing. The teacher gets angry and decides he must find out who is responsible.

9 people who live under the control of a king or queen
10 draw a picture quickly and with few details

Macmillan Literature Collection | 20th Century Stories | Advanced Level | Lektürensammlung | ISBN 978-3-19-382959-7

20

A Lesson on a Tortoise

by D H Lawrence

It was the last lesson on Friday afternoon, and this, with Standard VI[11], was Nature Study from half past three till half past four. The last lesson of the week is a **weariness** to teachers and scholars. It is the end; there is no need to keep up the tension of discipline and effort any longer, and, **yielding** to weariness, a teacher is spent[12].

But Nature Study is a pleasant lesson. I had got a big old tortoise, who had not yet gone to sleep[13], though November was darkening the early afternoon, and I knew the boys would enjoy sketching him. I put him under the radiator to warm while I went for a large empty shell that I had **sawn** in two to show the ribs of some ancient tortoise absorbed in his bony coat. When I came back I found Joe, the old reptile, stretching slowly his skinny neck, and looking with indifferent eyes at the two **intruding** boys who were kneeling beside him. I was too good-tempered to send them out again into the playground, too **slack** with the great relief of Friday afternoon. So I bade[14] them put out the Nature books ready. I crouched to look at Joe, and stroked his horny, blunt head with my finger. He was quite lively. He spread out his legs and gripped the floor with his flat hand-like paws, then he slackened again as if from a yawn, **drooping** his head meditatively.

I felt pleased with myself, knowing that the boys would be delighted with the lesson. 'He will not want to walk,' I said to myself, 'and if he takes a sleepy **stride**, they'll be just in **ecstasy**, and I can easily calm him down to his old position.' So I **anticipated** their entry. At the end of playtime I went to bring them in. They were a small class of about thirty – my own boys. A difficult, mixed class, they were, consisting of six London Home[15] boys, five boys from a fairly **well-to-do** Home for the children of actors[16], and a set of commoners[17] varying from poor **lads** who **hobbled** to school, **crippled** by broken enormous boots, to boys who brought soft, light shoes to wear in school on snowy days. The Gordons[18] were a difficult set; you could pick them out: crop haired, coarsely dressed lads, distrustful, always ready to assume the defensive. They would lie till it made my heart sick if they were charged with offence, but they were willing, and would respond beautifully to an **appeal**. The actors were of different fibre, some gentle, a pleasure even to look at; others polite and obedient, but indifferent, **covertly insolent** and vulgar; all of them more or less gentlemanly.

The boys crowded round the table noisily as soon as they discovered Joe. 'Is he alive? – Look, his head's coming out! He'll bite you? – He *won't*!' – with much **scorn** – 'Please Sir, do tortoises bite?' I hurried them off to their seats in a little group in front, and pulled the table up to the desks. Joe kept fairly still. The boys **nudged** each other excitedly, making half audible remarks concerning the poor reptile, looking quickly from me to Joe and then to their neighbours. I set them sketching, but in their pleasure at the **novelty** they could not be still:

'Please Sir – shall we draw the marks on the shell? Please sir, has he only got four toes?' – 'Toes!' echoes somebody, covertly delighted at the absurdity of calling the grains of claws 'toes'. 'Please Sir, he's moving – Please Sir!'

I stroked his neck and calmed him down:

'Now don't make me wish I hadn't brought him. That's

11 school years at the time were called Standard I, II, III and so on. Standard I was the first year of primary education, which started at the age of five. Children in Standard VI (six), would have been 10 or 11 years old

12 *literary*: very tired

13 tortoises hibernate, that is to say, they sleep in the winter

14 *literary*: ordered

15 children from a Church of England orphanage called Gordon Home in Croydon, South London. The home was named after General Gordon (1833–85), a British army officer

16 an institution for the orphan, illegitimate and unwanted children of actors and actresses

17 not members of any particular institution

18 see note 15

enough. Miles – you shall go to the back and draw **twigs** if I hear you again! Enough now – be still, get on with the drawing, it's hard!'

I wanted peace for myself. They began to sketch diligently. I stood and looked across at the sunset, which I could see facing me through my window, a great gold sunset, very large and magnificent, rising up in immense gold beauty beyond the town, that was become a low dark **strip** of nothingness under the wonderful upbuilding[19] of the western sky. The light, the thick, heavy golden sunlight which is only seen in its full dripping splendour in town, spread on the desks and the floor like **lacquer**. I lifted my hands, to take the sunlight on them, smiling faintly to myself, trying to shut my fingers over its tangible richness.

'Please Sir!' – I was interrupted – 'Please Sir, can we have rubbers?'

The question was rather **plaintive.** I had said they should have rubbers no more. I could not keep my **stock**, I could not detect the thief among them, and I was weary of the continual **degradation** of bullying them to try to recover what was lost among them. But it was Friday afternoon, very peaceful and happy. Like a bad teacher, I went back on my word.

'Well –!' I said indulgently.

My monitor, a pale, bright, **erratic** boy, went to the cupboard and took out a red box.

'Please Sir!' he cried, then he stopped and counted again in the box. 'Eleven! There's only eleven, Sir, and there were fifteen when I put them away on Wednesday –!'

The class stopped, every face upturned. Joe sunk, and lay flat on his shell, his legs **limp**. Another of the hateful moments had come. The sunset was **smeared** out, the charm of the afternoon was smashed like a fair glass[20] that falls to the floor. My nerves seemed to tighten and to vibrate with sudden tension.

'Again!' I cried, turning to the class in passion, to the upturned faces, and the sixty watchful eyes.

19 *poetic use:* something formed by combining different parts
20 *old fashioned:* a mirror

'Again! I am sick of it, sick of it I am! A thieving, **wretched** set! – a **skulking**, mean lot!' I was quivering with anger and **distress**.

'Who is it? You must know! You are all as bad as one another, you hide it – a miserable –!' I looked round the class in great agitation. The Gordons with their distrustful faces, were noticeable:

'Marples!' I cried to one of them, 'where are those rubbers?'

'I don't know where they are – I've never 'ad no rubbers' – he almost shouted back, with the usual insolence of his set. I was more angry:

'You must know! They're gone – they don't melt into air, they don't fly – who took them then? Rawson, do you know anything of them?'

'No Sir!' he cried, with **impudent** indignation.

'No, you intend to know nothing! Wood, have you any knowledge of these four rubbers?'

'No!' he shouted, with absolute insolence.

'Come here!' I cried, 'come here! Fetch the cane, Burton. We'll make an end, insolence and thieving and all.'

The boy dragged himself to the front of the class, and stood slackly, almost crouching, **glaring** at me. The rest of the Gordons sat upright in their desks, like animals of a **pack** ready to **spring**. There was tense silence for a moment. Burton handed me the cane, and I turned from the class to Wood. I liked him best among the Gordons.

'Now my lad!' I said. 'I'll cane you for impudence first.'

He turned swiftly to me; tears sprang to his eyes.

'Well,' he shouted at me, 'you always pick on the Gordons – you're always on to us –!' This was so manifestly untrue that my anger fell like a bird shot in mid-flight.

'Why!' I exclaimed, 'what a disgraceful untruth[21]! I am always excusing you, letting you off –!'

'But you pick on us – you start on us – you pick on Marples, an' Rawson, an' on me. You always begin with the Gordons.'

21 *formal:* a lie