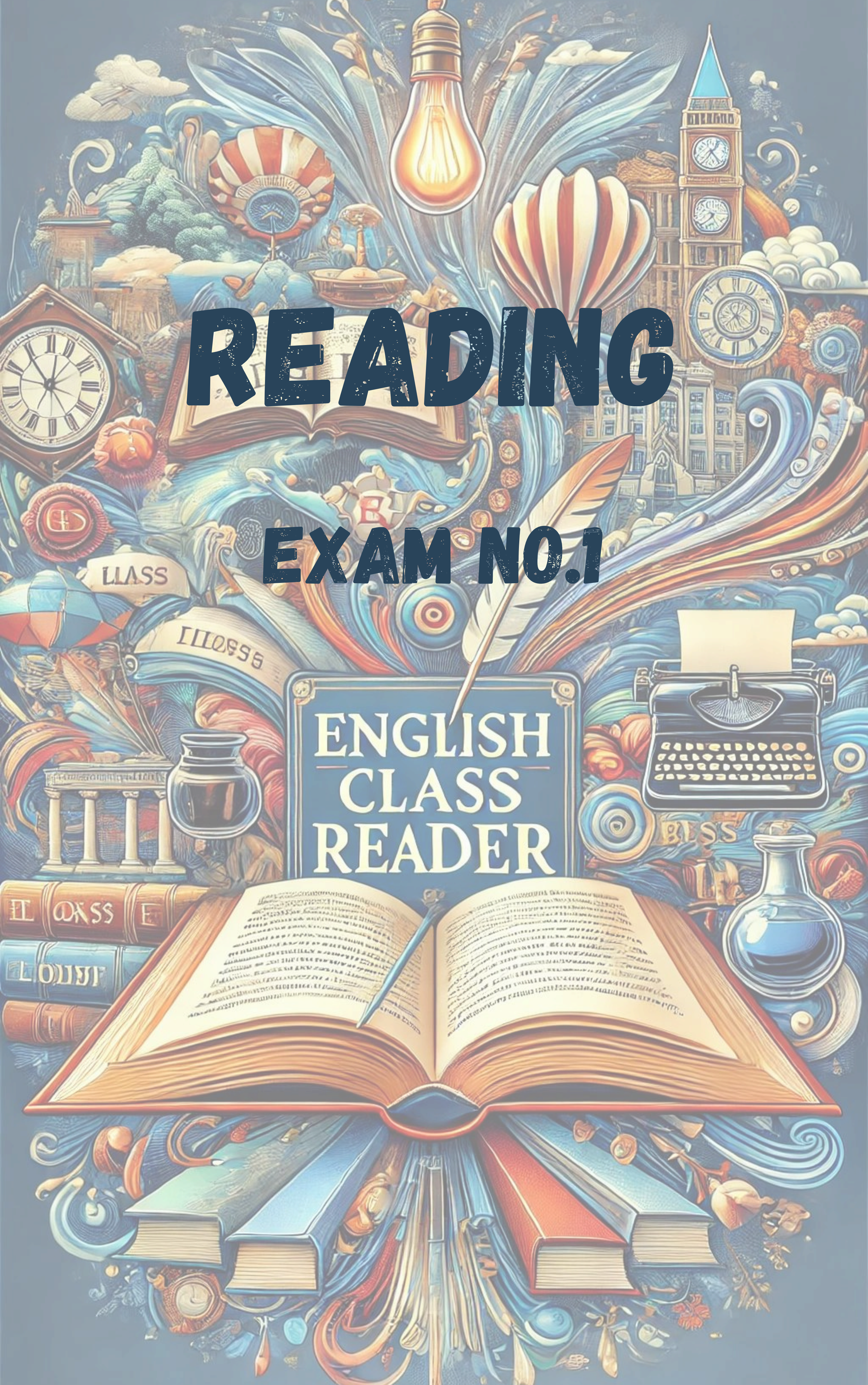




5 HAVO PERIOD 1

ENGLISH
CLASS
READER

Name:



READING

EXAM NO.1

**ENGLISH
CLASS
READER**

Multicultural London English (MLE)



- 1 If you're a Londoner, or even if you're not, have you noticed the way a lot of young Londoners speak? Have you ever thought about the kind of dialect that people like Dizzee Rascal, Stormzy or Big Shaq use in their music? This is a kind of English that linguists have called Multicultural London English, or MLE for short. Sometimes MLE goes by the name 'Jafaican', at least in the media.
- 2 MLE is a dialect of London English which has emerged since the early 1980s in parts of London where there has been a relatively high level of immigration. The first major group of post-Second World War immigrants to London came from the West Indies (the Caribbean) in the period from 1948 to around the mid-70s. They brought their language – Jamaican Creole or 'Patois' – and this sowed the seed that, 40 years later, would become MLE.
- 3 But relatively few of the features of MLE can be proved to be Jamaican – it's mainly the slang that reveals any Jamaican ancestry. MLE certainly isn't 'fake Jamaican' as the name 'Jafaican' suggests: it's home-grown. And, MLE has many other ancestors, too. This is obvious if you consider the very large number of other languages that immigrants brought with them, ranging from Punjabi, Bengali and Tamil to Yoruba, Akan, Arabic and Turkish – and many more besides. Researchers have counted over 300 languages spoken in London.
- 4 Many of the people who spoke these languages learnt English after they arrived, and like almost all adult learners they spoke it with a 'foreign' accent. This foreign accent formed part of the linguistic 2 that made up the input to MLE. Remarkably, though, it's virtually impossible to say that a particular feature – a sound or a bit of grammar – comes directly from this or that language.

Let op: beantwoord een open vraag altijd in het Nederlands, behalve als het anders is aangegeven. Als je in het Engels antwoordt, levert dat 0 punten op.

Tekst 1 Multicultural London English (MLE)

- 3p **1** Komen de volgende beweringen overeen met de inhoud van de tekst?
Noteer 'wel' of 'niet' achter elk nummer op het antwoordblad.
- 1 MLE is populair geworden toen muzikanten het gingen gebruiken.
 - 2 De basis voor MLE werd gelegd toen een groot aantal immigranten uit hetzelfde gebied naar Engeland kwam.
 - 3 MLE is beïnvloed door verschillende talen uit meerdere gebieden.
 - 4 MLE wordt met name gesproken door de eerste generatie nieuwkomers.
 - 5 MLE is gemakkelijk te leren vanwege het beperkte aantal grammaticaregels dat het heeft.
- 1p **2** Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 4?
- A cup of tea
 - B dead end
 - C melting pot
 - D piece of cake
 - E turning point

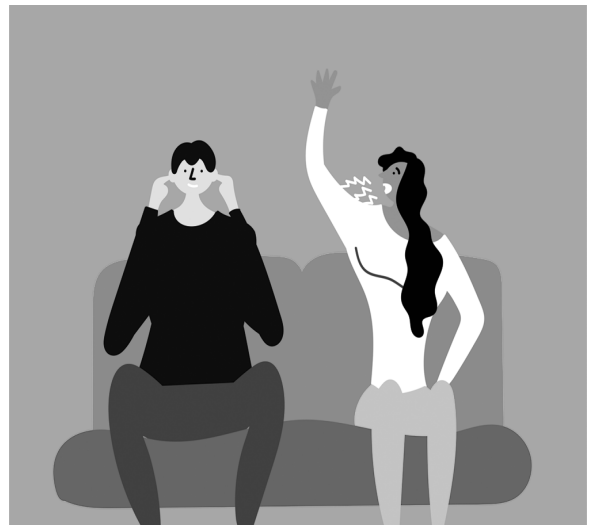
Tekst 2 Men, you need to listen

- 1p **3** How can this letter best be characterised?
- A as a blunt reaction to a delicate social question
 - B as a critical response to an overly broad statement
 - C as a professional adjustment of a scientific study
 - D as a rather sharp attack on a female colleague
- 1p **4** Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 4?
- A ask for more tolerance
 - B deny the biological aspect
 - C focus on political extremism
 - D turn men against women

Men, you need to listen

To the Editor:

- 1 Read “Men, You Need to Listen” (letters, Feb. 16): Kimberly Probolus is to be credited for thoughtfully calling attention to men’s need to listen more carefully to women. However, psychological research offers a more nuanced view.
- 2 Differences between men and women in listening are apt to depend on a host of factors, including culture, race, the topic and the nature of the relationship between speaker and listener. There may be as many within-gender differences in listening as between-gender differences. It’s not clear that men listen less attentively to women than they do to other men, suggesting that the problem is broader than sexism; that is, guys just don’t listen to anyone but themselves!
- 3 Women can fail to listen as well, as when millions of women who voted for Donald Trump in 2016 failed to engage in what Dr. Probolus calls “feminist listening” by not heeding the advice of women who called attention to Mr. Trump’s abusive sexism.
- 4 Rather than 4, which tends to be disruptive, it would be more useful to suggest strategies by which all can learn to engage in more humane, gender-egalitarian listening behavior.



Richard M. Perloff
Cleveland

The writer is a professor of communication and psychology at Cleveland State University.

nytimes.com, 2020

Vacant chairs

Sir,

- 1 So disheartened to read that your article addressing the lack of board room diversity in the City uses the term “chairmen” (“A financial whitewash”, Eye 1524). Your very valid criticism of the lack of diversity in City firms 5 your use of gender-biased language.
- 2 I started work in the City in the 1990s and have sat on several boards in an executive and a non-executive capacity, but have still never sat on a board with a female chair. It can be a lonely struggle for women to get to board level and then even harder to ensure that half of the UK population is adequately represented.
- 3 A sloppy use of terminology only helps to superglue women to the floor. If you are serious about playing your part in making boards more representative, and less white male dominant, please help us by using gender-neutral language.

MELANIE TILLOTSON

Private Eye, 2020

Tekst 3 Vacant chairs

- 1p 5 Which of the following fits the gap in the text?
- A gains some strength through
 - B is inadequately illustrated by
 - C is totally undermined by

Triller Fight Club



- 1 Sports, entertainment, and unfettered greed are a match made in heaven. This past weekend, millions of Americans gawked from home as YouTuber Jake Paul knocked out former mixed martial arts (MMA) world champion Ben Askren in just under two minutes. The match marked the buzzworthy conclusion of the inaugural weekend of Triller Fight Club, a series of boxing matches hosted by short-form video sharing app Triller.
- 2 The odd, filled-with-money-but-still-hollow feeling of Triller Fight Club is perhaps the best wrap-up of our current cultural moment: Lured in part by a guaranteed payday, celebrities earn pointless credits for their new boxing career – which has nothing to do with the reason they’re famous – by fighting arguable athletic mismatches.
- 3 Fans of Paul may know Ben Askren as a former MMA fighter and Olympic wrestler, so the fact that Paul stepped into the ring in the first place is interesting in itself. What audiences might not know is that the 36-year-old Askren was known for being a poor boxer, and that he retired from MMA in 2019 in part due to a hip injury. The spectacle of a 24-year-old YouTuber making light work of an older opponent lays bare the mechanics of contemporary fame: We watch as already-famous personalities forge boxing careers out of thin air, on the backs of athletes who have been chewed up and spat out by the athletic industrial complex.
- 4 The calculus for throwing anyone with millions of followers into the ring, ultimately, is not that different from buying followers on Instagram until you become a bona fide influencer. Instead of building up boxers over time, you can convince someone with lots of followers to enter the sport. And not even Triller’s own executives are pretending that it’s anything more than that. As Bert Marcus, Triller’s show director, said in an interview with *Rolling Stone*: “This isn’t sports, it’s entertainment that has sports.”

- 5 On the surface, it's understandable why certain celebrities and athletes might want to 9: These events offer a check and some publicity. But watching this weekend's spectacle of a former MMA athlete joining a novelty event like Triller Fight Club begs the question: What led Askren to Triller in the first place? "MMA pay is criminally low," Trent Reinsmith, a journalist who covers mixed martial arts, told *VICE*. Askren earned more with the Triller appearance than all of his UFC appearances combined.

adapted from *vice.com*, 2021

Tekst 4 Triller Fight Club

- 1p 6 How can the writer's attitude towards the Triller Fight Club matches best be characterised, judging from paragraphs 1-2?
- A as admiring
 - B as critical
 - C as curious
 - D as matter-of-fact
- 1p 7 What is the point made about Ben Askren in paragraph 3?
- A He is a weaker fighter than people might have expected.
 - B He makes clever use of his connections in the world of boxing.
 - C His financial situation led him to participate in the competition.
 - D His reputation made sure the event drew a large audience.
- 1p 8 How are Triller Fight Club and buying followers on Instagram alike, according to paragraph 4?
- A They are both based on inefficient business models.
 - B They are both frowned upon by social media experts.
 - C They both exploit audiences that are easily impressed.
 - D They can both be a shortcut to fame and fortune.
- 1p 9 Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 5?
- A be in charge of the promotion
 - B deny any involvement
 - C get even with opponents
 - D participate in the show
 - E train for the competition

Football, finances and fans

by Mark Middling, Senior Lecturer in Accounting, Northumbria University, Newcastle

- 1 Football clubs are not like other businesses. Their primary aim is not to make a profit, but to win matches. Research shows this creates a conflict between sporting goals on the one hand, and the logic of business on the other. This in turn can result in what one study refers to as a “gambling culture” in which “clubs splurge on playing talent in the hope of achieving sporting success”.
- 2 The financial impact can be catastrophic for clubs and fans. For while the English Premier League (EPL) is the highest earning football league in the world, with a domestic TV rights deal worth over £1.5 billion a year, life in the leagues below sees a stark reduction in revenues – and intense competition for promotion.
- 3 To address this, a fan-led review into the game has listed no fewer than 47 recommendations aimed at protecting English football. Led by MP, football coach and Spurs fan Tracey Crouch, with the help of ex-England manager Roy Hodgson, the review states the long-term financial stability of clubs as “the single most important factor” facing English football.
- 4 It suggests that a new regulator oversees clubs’ financial management by introducing business plans, monitoring costs, and having the power to demand improvements in club finances. This would take financial governance away from leagues and clubs and allow a regulator to intervene before issues become severe. These suggestions have not been universally well received, with the owner of Leeds FC comparing them to the Maoist regime in China. But the argument in favour of better regulation can be illustrated by the fortunes of two English clubs: Derby County and Bury FC.
- 5 In September, Derby went into administration after years of overspending and failure to achieve promotion to the Premier League. This prompted an automatic points deduction which left Derby bottom of the Championship (the second tier of English football). Bury, meanwhile, overspent on players, which led to promotion to League One, but also serious financial problems and eventually expulsion from the English Football League.



- 6 It is likely that the measures recommended in the recent review may have prevented both of these situations. The clubs may not have been allowed to spend so much on wages, and the regulator would have stepped in to bring their finances under control before administration or expulsion occurred. The review's recommendation of greater involvement by fans into how their clubs are run could also have highlighted issues sooner.
- 7 More generally, if the recommendations are taken up, there could be an end to clubs' institutionalized overspending. This is most evident in the Championship, where spending on wages can count for as much as £2 for every £1 of income.
- 8 The review goes a long way toward protecting the people that matter most – the fans. If implemented properly, independent regulation could save the teams that supporters hold dear. It could prevent the heartache that closing down clubs can bring to communities, and help them to concentrate on the tricky business of playing football.

theconversation.com, 2021

Tekst 5 Football, finances and fans

- 1p 10 What is the point made about football clubs in paragraph 1?
A Their competitive objectives may be financially unwise.
B Their corporate model makes them financially risky enterprises.
C Their obsession with financial success may ruin the spirit of the game.
- “gambling culture” in which “clubs splurge on playing talent in the hope of achieving sporting success”.’ (alineea 1)
- 1p 11 In welke alineea wordt **voor het eerst** een concreet voorbeeld gegeven van de gevolgen van dit fenomeen?
Noteer het nummer van de alineea op het antwoordblad.
- 1p 12 How does paragraph 3 relate to paragraph 2?
A It gives an example of the problem stated in paragraph 2.
B It offers an explanation of the problem stated in paragraph 2.
C It puts the problem stated in paragraph 2 into perspective.
D It suggests the problem stated in paragraph 2 can be tackled.
- ‘a fan-led review into the game’ (paragraph 3)
- 1p 13 Which of the following recommendations does this review make, according to paragraphs 4-6?
A Do research into English clubs that went bankrupt in the past.
B Ensure that supporters participate in the policymaking of their clubs.
C Hire new club managers who have a background in finances.
D Restrict the influence that foreign investors have on a club.
- 1p 14 What is the main point made about football clubs in paragraph 8?
A They might risk losing loyal fans as a result of current guidelines.
B They ought to invest in facilities for fans rather than costly players.
C They should prioritise the connection between fans and their squads.
D They would do justice to the fans by accepting a financial watchdog.

Speaking of privacy

How do New York Times journalists use technology in their jobs and in their personal lives? We interviewed Nick Confessore, an investigative reporter, and discussed the tech he's using.

[15-1]

- 1 I'm not a privacy expert, just a normal person who has done some reporting on how tech platforms handle personal data. So the answer is: I safeguard my privacy as well as I can – which is not very well.
- 2 Most of the ecosystem of mobile phones and apps, as well as the advertising technology that permeates the mobile and desktop web, is designed to extract a large amount of your personal information. The whole thing is effectively unregulated and almost impossible to escape without a fair amount of planning and technical expertise.
- 3 For search, I mostly use DuckDuckGo, a privacy-optimized search engine that chooses not to collect or save certain kinds of data about the people who use it. I use a browser plug-in from the Electronic Frontier Foundation, the digital civil rights group, called Privacy Badger, which tells me when a site I visit is letting third parties look over its shoulder at what I'm doing.
- 4 In my privacy settings, I've turned off – or “paused” – all of the Google services associated with my Gmail accounts that track me or collect my data. I never sign into another website or service using my Facebook account, a feature Facebook has used to track its users' browsing activities off the Facebook platform. I've tweaked all the privacy settings on Facebook and other services that I can find.
- 5 16, I have no doubt that a true privacy expert reading this article will laugh at all the things I'm missing. And that's kind of the point: In the United States, and in some other countries, the deck is stacked against users.



[15-2]

- 6 Once I started reporting deeply on Facebook, I deleted all Facebook-owned apps from my phone, including Instagram. I don't know exactly who has access to the data those apps collect, but while meeting with confidential sources, I don't want to risk that an app on my phone might be sending Facebook my location.

- 7 The social media app I really miss is Instagram. I always had a private account, and I accept requests only from real-life friends and family. So it's an ocean of sanity and genuine relationships compared with Twitter, which is a hell of random angry people. But when I log in – once or twice a week at most, usually on my wife's phone – I'm now hyper-conscious that every like, thumb click and scroll may go into my permanent Facebook record.

[15-3]

- 8 I'm going to answer this one the long way. The United States has no basic consumer privacy law. So every individual has to be in charge of navigating the entire commercial-surveillance-industrial-complex on his or her own. Which is to say, it's practically impossible for any nonexperts to protect their privacy in a meaningful way.
- 9 The privacy expert Ashkan Soltani, whom I've quoted in some stories, compares it to ordering a cup of coffee at a Starbucks and being told that the coffee may be loaded with arsenic, but that it's up to you to figure out whether or not the coffee is safe to drink.
- 10 I've come to the view that no effective privacy-protection product is really possible without clearer – and probably more stringent – laws governing what data companies are allowed to collect and what rights I have to control my own information. If such laws did come into play, it would open the door to interesting private-sector privacy solutions. For example, California recently passed a law allowing consumers to “opt out” of many kinds of online and offline data collection. With such a law in place, new businesses can sell subscription services that would, for a fee, do all the opting out for you.

[15-4]

- 11 We're a pretty analog people. Aside from the requisite phones, laptops and iPad, I don't have a lot of gear. Most of the gadgets we do have I don't actually like.
- 12 Sonos is a great-sounding speaker with an inexplicably unwieldy user interface that makes me want to throw my phone out the window. (Hey, Sonos, why can't I just play my songs directly from my phone's Music app?) The Nest learning thermostats never seem to actually learn anything. (Also, the Nests give Google the equivalent of a couple of cameras in my home.)
- 13 I've shied away from voice-activated speakers like Amazon Echo. I find these devices extremely creepy.
- 14 I have a few guitars and a nice big tube amplifier that I never get to turn on, because it's New York, I live in an apartment and I want my neighbors to like me.

adapted from *The New York Times*, 2019

Tekst 6 Speaking of privacy

In de tekst beantwoordt journalist Nick Confessore een aantal vragen over het gebruik van technologie.

- 2p 15 Geef van de onderstaande vragen aan bij welk onderdeel (**15-1**, **15-2**, **15-3** of **15-4**) van het interview ze horen.

Noteer de juiste letter van de vraag achter elk nummer op het antwoordblad.

Let op: er blijven twee vragen over.

- a Have you changed your use of social media after writing about some of the data practices of Facebook?
- b If you could invent a product to help people protect their online privacy, what would it be?
- c In your work, you have been comparing apps from different companies. Which one do you find the most useful?
- d Outside of work, what tech do you and your family love to use and why?
- e Why should customers resist having to give up their privacy in exchange for using Google and Facebook?
- f You've written a lot about the misuse of people's online data. How do you protect your own data privacy in your work?

- 1p 16 Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 5?

- A As a result
- B For all that
- C In like manner
- D In other words

'the deck is stacked against users' (alinea 5)

Verderop in het interview wordt hier een verklaring voor gegeven.

- 1p 17 In welke zin wordt deze verklaring **voor het eerst** genoemd?

Citeer de eerste twee woorden van deze zin.

- 1p 18 Which of the following becomes clear about Nick Confessore in paragraphs 6-7?

- A He has been advised to cancel his social media accounts due to the nature of the work he does.
- B He has found a foolproof way to prevent data collection on his social media accounts.
- C He is aware that social media apps track his every move and he tries to work around that.
- D He is worried about his family because they may be exposed to social media aggression.

- 1p **19** What is the point made in paragraphs 8-10?
- A** American citizens prefer the present state of affairs over more secure online privacy settings.
 - B** American internet companies know how to bypass the existing online privacy laws.
 - C** American legislators should strengthen the protection of online privacy rights.
 - D** American politicians disagree about which general standards to set for online privacy.
- 1p **20** What is the goal of paragraphs 11-14?
- A** to highlight the deviousness of the majority of technology companies
 - B** to point out how some appliances are impractical rather than helpful
 - C** to stress how the internet has changed modern society for the worse
 - D** to tone down the suggestion that people's privacy is easily violated

[25]

adapted from an article by Sam Blum



- 1 It didn't take long for Jessica Zollman to amass a giant following on Instagram. As the company's fifth employee and 95th user of the app in 2011, she was in on the ground floor of the tech giant a year after its launch, advising users on best practices that are now ingrained in social media's DNA. Naturally, scores of followers flocked to her account.
- 2 Her newfound Insta-fame quickly earned her a ride on a "beautiful, mysterious train, making a really, really impressive amount of money as an influencer," she says. But four years later, the train had sputtered to a halt, leaving her scrambling financially.
- 3 "22," she says. "People started noticing how lucrative doing that kind of work was, and so there came this new goal of becoming the influencer." Brands weren't paying as much because people would work for less – or even for free. "I had to lower my day rate. I had to work twice as hard for half as much," she says.
- 4 The psychological impact of struggling for work, coupled with the surge of competition, was enough for Zollman to quit the influencer lifestyle and transition back to the polar opposite: a traditional nine-to-five job. Relying on Instagram for creative validation and regular income had left her emotionally exhausted, and getting a steady job felt like the best thing for her mental health.

- 5 Zollman isn't the only influencer who's grown disillusioned with what she calls the "song and dance performance" of the industry. Experts say it's evidence of change; a sort of fatigue affecting not only influencers, but also brands and consumers, who are justifiably sceptical of many of the sponsored posts cluttering their newsfeeds.
- 6 Companies are becoming increasingly cautious about selecting influencer talent, according to Karen Doolittle, social media director at an advertising firm in Los Angeles. A few high-profile cases of influencer fraud – when influencers have artificially inflated the reach of their accounts or fabricated personal narratives – have helped the public become "more shrewd and discerning", she says, and there's now a "hesitancy and almost mistrust on behalf of both consumers and brands" when it comes to influencers.
- 7 "A steady influencer gig will be harder to come by for many," says Doolittle. "If sponsored content resonates and feels relevant, people will engage. If it doesn't, they unfollow. The one and done, hit it and quit it content deals you might see scattered across your Instagram feed today lack authenticity," she says. To allay growing public scepticism, brands will go for more long-term campaigns in the vein of traditional brand ambassadorships, and focus on micro-influencers whose smaller audiences are more relatable to consumers.
- 8 For Zollman, leaving the financially precarious influencer world behind has been a great decision. She now oversees photography and marketing for a Los Angeles coffee company as its visual coordinator, and no longer feels her self-esteem is so intertwined with her job. She still maintains an Instagram page and publishes the occasional sponsored post for her 216,000 followers, but does so on her own terms. "I don't feel like I gave something up," she says. "I feel like I have a day job so I can still make art, and make art that makes me feel good."

bbc.com, 2019

Tekst 7

- 1p 21 Which of the following is true about Jessica Zollman, according to paragraphs 1-2?
- A A large group of people appreciated her posts on Instagram.
 - B She left Instagram because she grew tired of their regulations.
 - C She was an app designer who helped improve Instagram software.
 - D The owners of Instagram used her posts to further develop the app.

- 1p 22 Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 3?
- A Content quality suffered
 - B Earnings steadily increased
 - C Market saturation happened
 - D Online scamming emerged

In alinea 4 staan redenen waarom Jessica Zollman besloot om een vaste baan te zoeken.

- 1p 23 Worden de onderstaande redenen genoemd in alinea 4?
Noteer 'wel' of 'niet' achter elk nummer op het antwoordblad.
- 1 Ze vond het leven als influencer te oppervlakkig.
 - 2 Ze kon niet langer rondkomen van haar inkomsten als influencer.

'almost mistrust on behalf of both consumers and brands when it comes to influencers.' (alinea 6)

- 1p 24 In welke zin **verderop in de tekst** wordt genoemd wat bedrijven gaan doen om dit probleem te bestrijden?
Citeer de eerste twee woorden van deze zin.

- 1p 25 Which of these titles best fits the article as a whole?
- A Easy money on Instagram
 - B End of the road for influencers
 - C Insta rookie on top of the world
 - D The toll of the influencer lifestyle

The business of helping kids get into college

- 1 Getting into college is something worth celebrating but the process of getting into college 26. In 2007, Neha Gupta was a recent college graduate, and the memory of applying to schools was still fresh: It was a confusing experience that sparked arguments with her parents and left Gupta feeling isolated. To bring in cash, she started offering to help parents and students navigate the intense, draining application process, and as her clientele grew, College Shortcuts was born. Today, the Houston-based business has nearly 100 Ivy League-educated employees helping teens across the country target potential schools and perfect their applications while providing a heavy dose of emotional support.
- 2 “This company started with \$500 and a really ugly logo,” Gupta says. “A friend who was a graphic designer helped me with it, and it was hideous. We had nothing. The phone number on our website was my cell number.” To drum up early business in a world that hadn’t yet been transformed by social media, Gupta went analog: “I put an ad in the newspaper just to see if families needed assistance.”
- 3 When prospective clients reached out, Gupta would arrange an in-person-meeting: essentially an interview in which students’ parents decided whether or not she was trustworthy. “Being the nerd that I was, I showed up to people’s homes in a suit with a two-page résumé in hand,” she says. It helped her win over moms and dads, and as a young 20-something, she was more easily seen as an ally by teens. “We’re not the nagging parent or the crusty counselor,” she says. “We’re the helpful sibling. Once people saw that, moms were like, ‘You’re hired.’”
- 4 Gupta was a one-woman show at first. However, she had exhausted her bandwidth within three months. “Our first employees were friends of mine, other top students who wanted to do this part-time,” she says. Before too long, she was getting requests from outside Houston. (“Moms talk,” Gupta says.) As she considered a long-term plan to scale, she focused on taking advantage of new technologies that were already being embraced by teens. “I could have opened an office in other cities and been a blip in those markets, but we’re in a time when the internet enables you to have



a team all over the country,” she says. “We can embrace video chat, work with kids across the country, and have the same impact.”

- 5 As the company has evolved over the past 12 years, one thing has remained constant: Gupta and her team acknowledge and embrace that their clients are at a complicated moment in their lives. “I look at my competitors and it’s a lot of data-driven males using technology to give XYZ results,” she says. “That’s great and we have data as well but this is about someone’s child leaving home for the first time. We make it clear that we have the heart to help these students go from teen to adult.”

adapted from *entrepreneur.com*, 2019

Tekst 8 The business of helping kids get into college

- 1p 26 Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 1?
A costs more than most can afford
B could be made more challenging
C is nothing short of excruciating
D should be a communal activity
- 1p 27 What is the point made about College Shortcuts in paragraph 2?
A It had to print its own promotional materials.
B It made optimal use of online marketing tools.
C It took a while before it became profitable.
D It was initially a very small-scale operation.
- 2p 28 Zijn de volgende beweringen over Neha Gupta in overeenstemming met de inhoud van alinea 3-4?
Noteer ‘wel’ of ‘niet’ achter elk nummer op het antwoordblad.
1 Ze ging standaard bij mensen thuis langs om hen te overtuigen haar in te huren.
2 Ze had aanbevelingen van familie verzameld om te bewijzen dat ze goede resultaten leverde.
3 Ze huurde vrienden in om haar personeelskosten laag te houden.
4 Haar bedrijf groeide als gevolg van mond-tot-mondreclame.
- 1p 29 What is the main difference between College Shortcuts and other companies offering the same service, according to paragraph 5?
A College Shortcuts also offers its services to postgraduates.
B College Shortcuts has the best reputation in this field.
C College Shortcuts hires a high proportion of female employees.
D College Shortcuts makes use of scientifically proven methods.
E College Shortcuts pays attention to the clients' personal needs.

Sounds Appealing

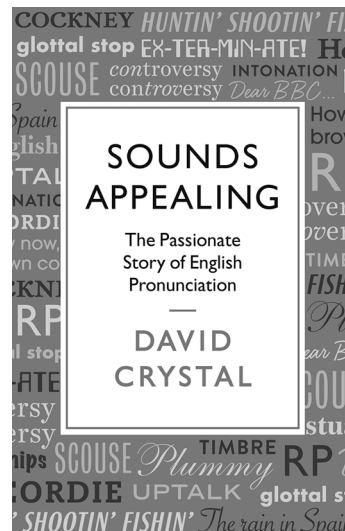
The following text is an adapted introduction to **Sounds Appealing – The Passionate Story of English Pronunciation** by David Crystal (2019)

In the 1980s, I found myself as the ‘voice of language’ on BBC Radio 4. It was a time when the range of presenters you would hear on the air in Britain had greatly increased, following the emergence of local radio stations all over the country, and with new voices came new usages and new accents. Many listeners, used to the traditional ‘voice of the BBC’, with its echoes of wartime authority and pride, were taken aback, and sent letters and postcards in great numbers, expressing **30-1** at what they perceived to be a falling of standards. The comments related to all aspects of spoken language, including vocabulary and grammar, but most were passionate about **30-2**.

The BBC didn’t know ~~what to do~~ with the huge postbags that were coming in. There was a Unit that dealt with queries (such as how to pronounce the name of a foreign place or politician), but the range of issues being raised went well beyond its remit and the small team that staffed it couldn’t cope with the **30-3**. So, as a known linguist who’d already done some broadcasting, ~~the Unit~~ sent them to me.

I went through a month’s worth, and organized the complaints into a ‘top twenty’ list. (In the hundreds of letters and cards that I read, nobody once wrote words of **30-4**.)

What really struck me ~~was the~~ intemperate language used by the complainers. People didn’t just say they ‘disliked’ a particular accent. They used the most extreme words they could think of. They were ‘appalled’, ‘aghast’, ‘horrified’, ‘outraged’, ‘distressed’, ‘dumbfounded’ when they heard something they didn’t like. If one can be ‘appalled’ about such matters, what kind of language is there left to refer to serious issues?



Tekst 9 Sounds Appealing

Vier van de onderstaande zes woorden (a tot en met f) zijn uit de tekst weggelaten. (zie **30-1**, **30-2**, **30-3** en **30-4** in de tekst)

2p **30** Geef bij elke plaats aan welk woord daar hoort.

Noteer de letter van het woord achter elk nummer op het antwoordblad.

Let op: er blijven twee woorden over.

- a concern
- b ignorance
- c praise
- d pronunciation
- e quantity
- f verification

My fate is sealed

- 1 Why are things so hard to open? Having just spent an entire Melbourne/Sydney flight wrestling with a packet of cheese and crackers, I am considering driving next time instead.
- 2 ...
- 3 ...
- 4 ...
- 5 I have mastered the uncorking of a bottle of champagne (needs must) and uncovered the secret to opening a jar of caviar: a 20-cent coin, twisted under the lid. You'll find one down the back of the couch. Other things escape me. Anchovy cans are problematic. And the Canadian maple syrup I love has such a rusted-on screw cap that I have to wait for an electrician or plumber to come to the house with a proper set of pliers.
- 6 For jars at least, there's a handy little gadget that lifts the edge of the lid just enough to break the vacuum seal. If you don't have one, use a teaspoon for leverage. You will end up with a drawer of bent spoons, but you will have open jars.
- 7 Why is there not a subject on the school syllabus on how to open things, or a supermarket with a jar-opening service? How is there not an app on which the elderly or arthritic can book someone to come and help them with their jar of peanut butter? There has got to be an opening for something like that.

smh.com.au, 2022

Tekst 10 My fate is sealed

Alinea 2, 3 en 4 ontbreken in de tekst 'My fate is sealed'. Ze staan hieronder, maar niet in de juiste volgorde:

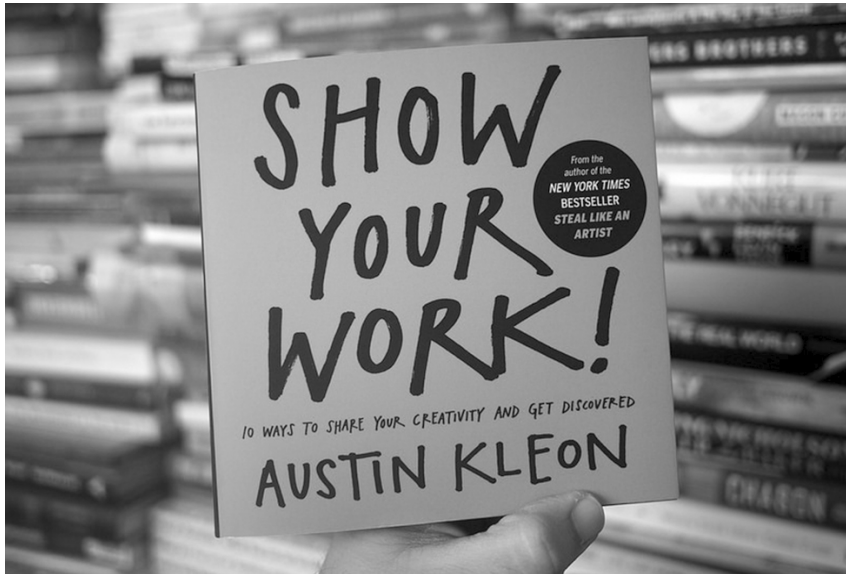
[a] And speaking of this material, let me tell you the technical term for that little plastic ring-pull beneath the cap on a bottle of soy or oyster sauce, the one that is too small to get your finger into, so you use a chopstick to pull it up, and you break both the chopstick and the plastic ring. The technical term is very, very colourful – at my place, at least.

[b] A simple can of beetroot? You need a health and safety officer standing by, just in case. I place the can on a sheet of paper towel and a tray before stealthily approaching it with the can opener, but still end up with a massacre on my hands.

[c] Ditto those sealed packs of prosciutto: they lead to yet another battlefield. Which is the magic corner with the lift-up tab? I have yet to find it. Does it even exist? Instead, I stab at the plastic with a sharp knife, which means having to re-seal the leftovers in plastic wrap. Which means opening the box of plastic wrap without maiming myself again.

- 1p **31** Wat is de juiste volgorde?
Noteer de letters van de alinea's in de juiste volgorde op het antwoordblad.
- 1p **32** Which of the following characterises the overall tone of this text best?
A as matter-of-fact
B as over-the-top
C as spiteful
D as subdued
- 'My fate is sealed' (titel)
De titel bevat een woordgrapje.
- 1p **33** In welke zin in alinea 5-7 staat ook een woordgrap, die aansluit bij het onderwerp van de tekst?
Citeer de eerste twee woorden van deze zin.

Show Your Work!



- 1 There are a lot of destructive myths about creativity, but one of the most dangerous is the “lone genius” myth: An individual with superhuman talents appears out of nowhere at certain points in history, free of influences or precedent, with a direct connection to God or The Muse. When inspiration comes, it strikes like a lightning bolt, a lightbulb switches on in his head, and then he spends the rest of his time toiling away in his studio, shaping his idea into a finished masterpiece that he releases into the world to great fanfare. If you believe in the lone genius myth, creativity is an *antisocial* act, performed by only a few great figures – mostly dead men with names like Mozart, Einstein or Picasso. The rest of us are left to stand around and gawk in awe at their achievements.
- 2 There is a healthier way of thinking about creativity that the musician Brian Eno refers to as “scenius.” Under this model, great ideas are often birthed by a group of creative individuals – artists, curators, thinkers, theorists, and other tastemakers who make up an ecology of talent. If you look back closely at history, many of the people who we think of as lone geniuses were actually part of “a whole scene of people who were supporting each other, looking at each other’s work, copying from each other, stealing ideas, and contributing ideas.” Scenius doesn’t take away from the achievements of those great individuals; it just acknowledges that good work isn’t created 35, and that creativity is always, in some sense, a collaboration, the result of a mind connected to other minds.

from *Show Your Work!* by Austin Kleon, 2014

Tekst 11 Show Your Work!

- 1p 34 Komen de volgende beweringen overeen met de manier waarop **Austin Kleon** denkt over creativiteit, volgens de tekst?
Noteer 'wel' of 'niet' achter elk nummer op het antwoordblad.
- 1 Artistieke prestaties komen voort uit goddelijke inspiratie.
 - 2 Het is onethisch om ideeën van anderen te gebruiken.
- 1p 35 Which of the following fits the gap in paragraph 2?
- A for instant fame
 - B in a vacuum
 - C in the moment
 - D without any effort
- 1p 36 What can be concluded about the 'lone genius' myth according to the writer?
- A It fails to take into account how gifted people work.
 - B It has been scientifically disproved in recent years.
 - C It is a credible theory that fits the majority of artists.
 - D It only holds true for exceptionally talented artists.

Light sneeze

Question:

I have noticed that many people tend to sneeze when they go from dark conditions into very bright light. What is the reason for this?

D. Boothroyd
Harpenden, Hertfordshire, UK



Reactions:

- 1 I think that the answer may be fairly simple: when the sun hits a given area, particularly one shielded or enclosed in glass, there is a marked rise in local temperature. This results in warming of the air and a subsequent upward movement of the air and, with it, many millions of particles of dust and hair fibres. These particles quite literally get up one's nose within seconds of being elevated, hence the sneezing.

Alan Beswick
Birkenhead, Merseyside, UK

- 2 My mother, one of my sisters and I all experience this. I feel the behaviour is innate and confers an unrecognized evolutionary advantage. I have questioned many people, and we sun-sneezers seem to be in the minority. However, as the ozone thins and more ultraviolet light penetrates the Earth's atmosphere, it will become increasingly dangerous to allow direct sunlight into the eye. Those of us with the sun-sneeze gene will not be exposed to this, as our eyes automatically close as we sneeze! The rest of the population will gradually go blind, something not usually favoured by natural selection.

Alex Hallatt
Newbury, Berkshire, UK

- 3 The tendency to sneeze on exposure to bright light is termed the 'photic' sneeze. It is a genetic character transmitted from one generation to the next and which affects between 18 and 35 per cent of the population. The sneeze occurs because the protective reflexes of the eyes (in this case on encountering bright light) and nose are closely linked. Likewise, when we sneeze our eyes close and also water. The photic sneeze is well known as a hazard to pilots of combat planes, especially when they turn towards the sun or are exposed to flares from anti-aircraft fire at night.

R. Eccles
Cardiff, UK

from *Why Don't Penguins' Feet Freeze? and 114 other questions*

Tekst 12 Light sneeze

Two of the reactions in the text present the same cause for the light sneeze.

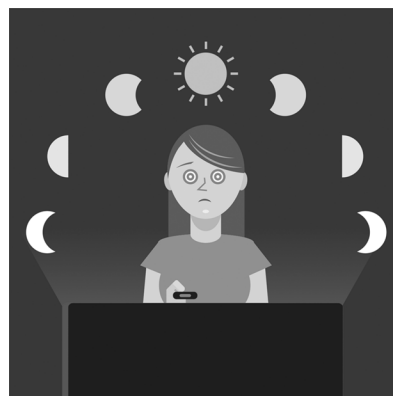
- 1p 37 Which cause is mentioned twice?
- A global warming
 - B inherited traits
 - C rising dirt
- 1p 38 How can the tone of Alex Hallat's response be characterised?
- A as alarmed
 - B as matter-of-fact
 - C as surprised
 - D as tongue-in-cheek

Lees eerst de opgaven voordat je naar de tekst gaat.

To Binge or Not To Binge

adapted from an article by Mark Griffiths, Director of the International Gaming Research Unit and Professor of Behavioural Addiction, Nottingham Trent University

- 1 The term “binge-watch” was a contender for the Oxford English Dictionary’s 2013 word of the year. Although it didn’t win (“selfie” ultimately took the crown), this pointed to the rise of what was becoming a popular activity of watching multiple episodes of a TV show in a single sitting.



- 2 Today, millions of us – including me – regularly consume our favourite series in this way. The proliferation of streaming services over recent years has made it very easy to do. But can binge-watching become problematic or addictive? And if you can’t tear yourself away, what can you do?

Binge-watching addiction

- 3 Problematic binge-watching isn’t defined by the number of episodes watched, or a specific number of hours spent in front of the TV or computer screen. As with other addictive behaviours, more important is whether binge-watching is having a negative impact on other aspects of the person’s life.
- 4 Like many other behavioural addictions, binge-watching addiction is not officially recognised in any psychiatric manuals. We also don’t have accurate estimates of the prevalence of problematic binge-watching. But research into this phenomenon is growing.

Research on binge-watching

- 5 In the latest study on this topic, a research team in Poland surveyed 645 young adults, all of whom reported that they had watched at least two episodes of one show in a single sitting. The researchers wanted to understand some of the factors underlying problematic binge-watching.
- 6 The authors used a questionnaire they developed in an earlier study to assess problematic binge-watching among participants. Questions included: “How often do you neglect your duties in favour of watching series?” and “How often do you neglect your sleep to binge-watch

series?” Participants had to give answers on a six-point scale from one (never) to six (always). A score above a certain threshold was deemed indicative of problematic binge-watching.

- 7 Using a range of other scales, the researchers found that impulse control difficulties, lack of premeditation (difficulties in planning and evaluating the consequences of a given behaviour), watching to escape and forget about problems, and watching to avoid feeling lonely were among the most significant predictors of problematic binge-watching.
- 8 Using the same data, the researchers reported in an earlier study that problematic binge-watching had a significant association with anxiety-depressive syndrome. The greater the symptoms of anxiety and depression, the more problematic a person’s binge-watching was.
- 9 Other studies have reported similar findings. An American study found the behaviour was associated with depression and attachment anxiety. Most related studies have also shown escapism to be a key motivation of problematic binge-watching.
- 10 In terms of personality traits, research has shown that problematic binge-watching appears to be associated with low conscientiousness (characterised by being impulsive, careless and disorganised) and high neuroticism (characterised by being anxious and prone to negative emotions). We see these types of associations in addictive behaviours more generally.

Recommendations

- 11 If you want to cut down on the number of episodes you watch in one sitting, my golden rule is to stop watching mid-way through an episode. It’s really hard to stop watching at the end of an episode as so often the show ends with a cliff-hanger.
- 12 I also suggest setting realistic daily limits. For me, it’s 2.5 hours if I have work the next day, or up to five hours if I don’t. And only start watching as a reward to yourself after you’ve done everything you need to in terms of work and social obligations.
- 13 Remember, the difference between a healthy enthusiasm and an addiction is that the former adds to your life, whereas the latter detracts from it. If you feel binge-watching is taking over your life, you should seek a referral from your GP to see a clinical psychologist. Most addictions are symptomatic of other underlying problems.

Tekst 13 To Binge or Not To Binge

Lees eerst de opgaven voordat je naar de tekst gaat.

- 1p 39 'And if you can't tear yourself away, what can you do?' (alinea 2)
Hoeveel adviezen om **zelf** direct je kijktijd te verminderen, staan in dit artikel?
Noteer het aantal op je antwoordblad.
- 1p 40 In welke alinea worden **voor het eerst** meerdere factoren genoemd die kunnen leiden tot problematisch bingewatchen?
Noteer het nummer van deze alinea op het antwoordblad.



WRITING

A LETTER OF APPLICATION

ENGLISH
CLASS
READER

5 Havo

Writing a letter of application



Introduction

This handout forms the basis for a lesson series on Formal Letter writing. You will learn what a formal letter is, what its various parts are, and how to go about writing a formal letter of application.

A formal (or business) letter is a formal way of communicating between two or more parties. There are many different uses for formal letters: they can be used to give or ask for information, they can be letters of application, you can use them to file a complaint about a product or service, they can be used for legal purposes, etc. A formal letter is very different from an **informal** message (to a friend or a member of your family), in which you usually don't have to worry about format, polite language, accurate grammar, good sentence structure, and so on.

Before starting on the tasks and exercises below consider the following:

- the purpose of writing letters
- the organisation of the information contained in the letter
- grammatical accuracy and proper lexis
- register i.e. formal/informal

Content of this handout

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Layout of a formal letter

Below you find the general layout for a formal letter. This format is fixed, which means you are not supposed to deviate from it. The numbers in the left margin refer to the explanations of the various parts on the following pages.

1	Your address (line 1) Your address (line 2) Your country
2	(Mr/Ms) Full Name of Recipient (Title/Position of Recipient) Company Name Address (line 1) Address (line 2) Country
3	Date (Day Month Year)
4	Dear Ms/Mr Last Name, OR Dear Sir/Madam ,
5	Introduction
6	Body paragraph 1 Body paragraph 2 Body paragraph 3
7	Thank you for considering me for this position. I am looking forward to hearing from you.
8	Yours sincerely, / Yours faithfully,
9	<i>Your signature</i>
10	Your name

Always leave a **blank line** between **each** of the main components of the letter.

1. Your address

The first line is your address, so the recipient can easily find out where to send a reply to. **Do not start with your name!** Do not forget to mention the country you are writing from. Note that there are no commas after the lines.

2. Recipient's address

This is the address of the person you are writing to. It contains the recipient's name, their title and company name. If you are not sure who the letter should be addressed to, then leave it blank, but try to put in a title, for example "Director of Human Resources". Do not forget to mention the country you are writing to.

3. Date

Write the date in the format Day Month Year, for example, 30 October 2011. (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th etc. would also be correct, but note that mistakes are more easily made in this kind of notation.) Note that in English the names of the months are spelled with an initial capital!

4. Salutation (greeting)

If you know the name of the person you are writing to, begin:

- *Dear Mr Jones, (to a man)*
- *Dear Mrs Jones, (to a married woman)*
- *Dear Ms Jones, (to a woman)*
- *Dear Miss Jones (not used much these days)*

If you don't know the name of the person you are writing to, begin:

- *Dear Sir, (to a man)*
- *Dear Madam, (to a woman)*
- *Dear Sir or Madam, (when you don't know which gender)*

Note that there is a **comma** after the salutation.

5. The opening paragraph

This paragraph (only 1 or 2 sentences) contains a clear statement of your reason for writing: applying for a job. This will tell the employer which direction the letter will take. Some typical openings are:

- *I am writing in/with reference to.....*
- *I am writing in response to....*

6. The body of the letter

The body can contain 1-3 paragraphs, very rarely would it contain 4 or more paragraphs. The body contains all relevant information on your motivation, skills, qualifications, etc. Make sure to include examples.

7. Signalling the end

The final sentence or very short paragraph often indicates that the letter is going to finish. Some typical sentences are:

- *I look forward to receiving your reply*
- *Thanking you in advance for your consideration*
- *I look forward to hearing from you*
- *Please find enclosed a copy of my CV for your perusal*

8. Closing

This phrase puts an end to the letter. If you know the name of the person you are writing to, end with

a. Yours sincerely,

If you don't know the name of the person you are writing to, end with

b. Yours faithfully,

9. Signature

In a formal letter it is common to print your name under your signature.

10. Your name

The “regular” version of your name.

Task 1: Sort the following elements in the right order to make up a proper letter.

- A. I look forward to hearing from you in the near future.
- B. Yours faithfully,
- C. I purchased a mobile phone from you in November of last year at a cost of £150. The phone has never worked properly and I have taken it back to Dixet many times to repair.
- D. The Manager
Dixet Electricals
14 East Road
Suffolk XP5 6ED
UK
- E. I am writing to complain about my mobile phone.
- F. Dear Sir,
- G. I would like to receive a full refund of the cost of this phone or a new replacement. I do not want a further repair.
- H. John A. Smith
- I. Each time the phone has been brought back to you it has been impossible to trace the fault, although your staff agree that it does not work properly.
- J. 7 West Street
Sudnorth
Suffolk IP34 7ER
UK
- K. 15 October 2010

Sentence structure

Form

A sentence starts with a capital letter and ends with a full stop(.), question mark(?), or exclamation mark(!).

Present your point in a clear and concise manner. Do not be vague, just get to the point without going into unnecessary details.

Even if you are writing a complaint letter, remain polite and courteous. Simply state the problem(s) along with other relevant information and be sure to avoid threats and slander.

Order

The word order of English sentences is as follows:

subject <i>who/what?</i>	verb(s)	object <i>who/what?</i>	other <i>where (Place)</i>	other <i>when (Time)</i>
You	are	a liar.		
People	should be	polite.		
He	has called	her.		
She	is going		to Hawaii.	
He	goes		to Italy	every year.
Henry	will give	Charlene a diamond	in Paris	next week.

Task 2: Make correct English sentences

1. the Prime Minister / tomorrow / will announce / to fight unemployment / tough measures
2. can / to my place / you / tonight / come
3. a strange incident / the day before yesterday / in front of our house / happened
4. were present / last night / at the meeting / many people
5. to work / John / every day / by train / goes
6. has / John / his car / at the local dealer / bought
7. in the morning / he / at six o'clock / gets up
8. writes / she / a letter / often
9. always / your father / to work / walks
10. to the club / the girls / go / on Saturdays

Questions

In **questions**, the word order changes: the subject and the verb swap places. Use “Do” or “Does” or “Did” if there is no auxiliary verb (*hulpwerkwoord*).

example: Children **should go** to bed early. → **Should** children **go** to bed early?
He **goes** to Italy every year. → **Does** he go to Italy every year?
I **gave** Charlene a present last week. → What **did** you **give** Charlene last week?

Task 3: Using correct prepositions

When writing you must be careful about the preposition that follows certain nouns. Fill in the table below with the proper prepositions and continue the sentence. The first one has been done as an example.

information +	<i>I would like further information</i>
interested + ()	<i>I am interested.....</i>
() + response + ()	<i>I am writing..... response.....</i>
() + reference + ()	<i>I am writing..... reference.....</i>
apply + () the position + ()	<i>I am applying the position.....</i>
years + () age	<i>I am 22 years..... age</i>
work + ()	<i>I have worked a teacher for 2 years</i>
details + ()	<i>Please send me further details</i>
graduate + ()	<i>I graduated.....Economics</i>
graduate + ()	<i>I graduated.....The University of Pavia</i>
According + ()	<i>According..... your advertisement.....</i>

Register and effect

Formal letters are written for different purposes such as to complain, to request information, to give information, in response to a letter or a fax, to confirm details, to apply for a position, etc. They are letters that are written to people you do not know well or might not know at all so you should use a more formal, polite tone.

Task 4: Analysing language for effect (using text A + B)

Read text A and determine:

1. who it was written by
2. why it was written
3. the register (remember that lexis is very important in register)
4. how Mrs Roberts will react to the letter

Text A

Dear Ms Roberts,

I am writing with reference to your advertisement for summer language courses abroad. I would like to receive more detailed information about the courses you offer. I would be able to attend a course for two or three weeks in June. Could you please send me more information and details of prices?

I would particularly like to know how many students attend the school, and the maximum number of students per class. I would also like to know the resources the school has. Your article mentioned a language library and fully equipped computer rooms. Would it be possible to use these facilities also in the evenings? Could you inform me of the staff? Are they all qualified teachers?

I would be grateful if you could send me more details regarding the social and sports programmes offered. Are the activities included in the price of the course?

Furthermore, I would appreciate your informing me on the amenities near the school.

I look forward to receiving your reply.

Yours sincerely,

Robert Black

Now read text B and determine:

1. who it was written by
2. if the writer makes his point clear
3. the register and type of language used
4. which impression the writer will make on the recipient of the letter
5. how the chocolate manufacturers will react to the letter

Text B

Dear Madam,

I bought a bar of your “Dark Fantasy Delight” chocolate at my neighbourhood store and it was all mouldy with little white specks in it. Of course the chocolate was on the shelf for too long and it went bad. Anyway, I unwrapped the wrapper and ate a piece, it was absolutely disgusting and made me sick to my stomach and so now I want my money back!

If you don’t give me my money back I think that I’ll go to my lawyer and have him start legal proceedings against you and your chocolate company. Sometimes you manufacturers of chocolate bars think that you can get away with murder!

You’d better send me the money or better yet, you could even send me a year’s supply of decent chocolate.

I want an answer and I want it fast.

Yours,

Robert Black

Task 5: Formal or informal language?

Below are some phrases and types of language that you could find in letters. Decide whether the phrase or type of language would be found in a formal or informal letter and put a tick in the proper column.

Phrase or Type of Language	Formal	Informal
“I am sorry to inform you that...”		
phrasal verbs; idioms and slang		
“I am very grateful for...”		
“Why don’t we...”		
contracted verb forms		
“Yours faithfully”, “Yours sincerely”,		
“Yours”, “Best wishes”, “Write soon”		
polite phrases		
refers to reason for writing		
“I look forward to receiving your reply”.		
“nevertheless,” “therefore”		
“but”		
P.S.		

"Everything is OK."		
simple linkers, e.g. then, later, so		
"Get in touch with..."		

Task 6: Formal and informal synonyms

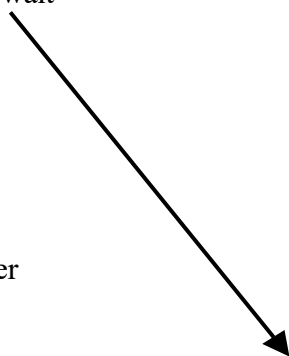
Look at the 2 columns below and match each word in column A to its equivalent in column B. Then write 1 phrase or sentence for each. There might be more than 1 equivalent. An example has been given.

A (informal)

can't wait
about
tell
can
say
answer
also
want

B (formal)

in reference to (st)
would be able to
furthermore
please / would you
inform (sb)
mention
would like
look forward to
reply



1. Informal I **can't wait** to receive your answer.
Formal I **look forward to** receiving your reply.

2. Informal
Formal

3. Informal
Formal

4. Informal
Formal

5. Informal
Formal

6. Informal
Formal

7. Informal
Formal

8. Informal
Formal

Task 7: Formal questions

In an **in**formal letter, we say:

“Are you interested in this offer?”

In a **formal** letter we need to be more polite, so we prefer to say:

“Please let us know whether you are interested in this offer.” (‘whether’ is formal for ‘if’.)

Therefore, when writing formal letters, we often write questions with phrases like:

Could you please let us know.... Kindly inform us...

Change the following questions into formal questions.

1. How would you like us to pay?

Could you please let us know _____

2. How many items would you like to order?

Please let us know _____

3. Do you have the items in stock?

Could you please _____

4. Are these items acceptable to you?

Please let us _____

5. Do you anticipate any delays with delivery?

Please let _____

6. When would you be able to ship the order?

Kindly inform us _____

7. Where would you like us to send the order?

Please _____

8. Would you be prepared to offer us a quantity discount?

Could you _____

9. When would you like to receive payment?

Please _____

10. Would you like us to arrange a maintenance contract?

Kindly inform _____

Task 8: Fill in the gaps in formal phrases

1. I would be _____ if you could send me your brochure.

a. thankful b. please c. content d. grateful

2. You were _____ to us by our associates.

a. advised b. suggest c. recommended d. informed

3. Thank you for your letter _____ 19 June.
a. in b. on c. of d. from
4. Please _____ enclosed our current catalogue and price list.
a. find b. look c. receive d. examine
5. We would appreciate _____ you could send us further information on your range of high-speed printers.
a. it that b. this c. when d. it if
7. I would be grateful if you could arrange for your Technical Director _____ me.
a. will call b. is calling c. to call d. calls
8. We look forward _____ from you.
a. hear b. to hear c. hearing d. to hearing
9. We would be grateful _____ an early reply.
a. to b. of c. for d. with
10. Should you require anything further at this time, please do not _____ to contact me.
a. avoid b. hesitate c. delay d. prevent

Task 9: Sentence structure including formal expressions

Look at the jumbled words below and put them in a logical order so as to make a full sentence. All the phrases deal with formal expressions.

1. as as could goods please possible replace soon the you damaged ?
2. am delighted examination have I inform passed that to you you your
3. about am at college courses enquire I to writing your
4. forward I look receiving reply to your
5. allow apologise for had have me please problems the to you
6. , be complain done forced is director the this to to unless we will
7. a cannot I offer refund regret inform that to we you you

8. a addressed enclosed envelop find please stamped self
9. 16th about enquiring for June letter of thank vacancies you your
10. 16th April letter of reference to with your
11. advertisement in reference the Times to with your
12. about be college could grateful I if information me send would you your
13. complain am to writing I

Task 10: Indicate the function of each of the phrases in task 9. One has been done as an example.

Opening a letter: 3: I am writing to enquire about your college
Giving good news:
Giving bad news:
Complaining:
Explaining that something is included in the letter:
Requesting and/or demanding action:
Warning or threatening:

Requesting information:
Requiring a reply:
Apologising:

Task 11: Rewriting an informal letter to make it formal

1. Study the letter of application (Text C) below. Why would this letter be unacceptable as a letter of application for a job?

Text C

Dear Sir,

I saw your ad for a part-time English Teacher which was in a daily newspaper sometime last week and I would like you to give me this job.

I know I can do this job because I speak English very well and I'm attending 1st year university language courses. I taught my friend to speak English, too. This friend of mine is Italian and can now talk English. I think being an English teacher would be great because I like talking to people from other countries, and I like going to the pub down the road with the students to help them improve their English and to get a bit of English culture.

I can come for an interview if you want. I can come any day except Fridays because I always go out to lunch with my football mates on Friday. My CV is in this letter so have a look at it and phone me if you want, anytime after 11pm when I get back home from the pub.

Hope to hear from you soon,
Mark

P.S. I'm 27.

The letter can be improved upon in many ways:

- a. By using formal lexis and expressions
 - b. By using proper grammatical constructions and structures
 - c. by giving only pertinent facts
 - d. by organising the information in a coherent manner
2. **Re-write text C** using formal language. Make sure the content and meaning of the letter do not change, but make sure the register is completely different. If you need to make up some details or leave out some information, that is allowed.

Paragraphs and linking words

A paragraph consists of a number of sentences, all of which should be about only **one** central idea. Each paragraph should deal with a different subject/topic, and paragraphs should follow each other in a logical order. Here is how paragraphs can be organised.

First paragraph

The first paragraph should be short and state the purpose of the letter: to make an enquiry, a complaint, a request, etc. In the first paragraph, the reader must be clear on what you want with your letter.

- ➔ *Mention how you found out about the vacancy.*
- ➔ *Briefly identify yourself and the position you are applying for.*

The paragraphs in the middle of the letter should contain the relevant information behind the writing of the letter. Most letters in English are not very long, so keep the information to the essentials and concentrate on organising it in a clear and logical manner rather than expanding too much.

- ➔ *Give the reasons why you are interested in working for the company/organisation and why you wish to be considered for that particular position.*
- ➔ *State your relevant qualifications and experience, as well as your personal qualities that make you a suitable candidate.*
- ➔ *Add any further information that you think could help your case.*

Last paragraph

The last paragraph of a formal letter should state what action you expect the recipient to take – to refund, send you information, etc.

- ➔ *Thank the reader for their consideration, include your availability for an interview (if appropriate)*
- ➔ *Restate your interest and close the letter.*

Task 12: Match the numbers of the phrases from the box to the sections of an application letter in which these phrases belong.

1. As you can see from my CV,...	Opening (first paragraph): reasons for applying: experience and qualifications: closing the letter (last paragraph):
2. Currently, I am working as a...	
3. I am in charge of...	
4. I will be available for interview from...	
5. I am particularly interested in this position...	
6. I am very keen to use my English...	
7. I am writing in reply to your advertisement...	
8. I have five years experience in this sector.	
9. I look forward to hearing from you.	
10. I would be more than happy to discuss...	
11. Please do not hesitate to contact me...	
12. With reference to your advertisement in...	

Task 13: Complete the following letter according to the prompt given on the right

53 Bradburn Close
Muswell Hill
London N10 1PJ

Ms J. Fisher
Personnel Manager
DJ Banking Corp.
54 Smithson Ave.
London E17 6TY

20 February 2014

Dear _____,

_____ about the financial-management workshop scheduled for 15 March. Unfortunately, we have had to cancel it. However, we can include your staff in the July 8 workshop instead if this is convenient.

_____ we were unable to inform you of this change earlier, and I hope you will be able to attend at this date.

_____ you let me know as soon as possible the names of your staff who will be attending.

_____ your staff will find the workshop both useful and informative. We _____ from you.

Yours _____,

T. Reading

Tom Reading, Training Manager, Rainbow Training Institute

Salutation

Explain the reason for writing

Apologise

Request

Polite ending

Closing

Linking words

For your job application letter it is necessary to use linking words.

Writing a good letter is not just a matter of using the right words and phrases, but also of structuring the text to make it easier to understand for the reader. Linking words will help you to present your ideas and arguments in a logical order. In this way, the linking words help the reader to see how two elements of your letter relate to each other.

When using linking words, make sure that you know what you are trying to express and choose the right linking word for that. After you have written your letter, always check it for the use of linking words. If you have not used any, you probably have not explained your thoughts as thoroughly as you should have.

A brief overview of useful linking words and when to use them is present below:

TRANSITION WORDS IN ENGLISH			
Emphasis	Addition	Contrast	Order
Undoubtedly Unquestionably Obviously Particularly / in particular Especially Clearly Importantly Absolutely Definitely Without a doubt Indeed It should be noted	Along with Apart from this Moreover Furthermore Also Too As well as that Besides In addition Not only...but also In addition to this Additionally / an additional	Unlike Nevertheless On the other hand Nonetheless Despite / in spite of In contrast (to) Contrary to Whereas Alternatively Conversely Even so Differing from	Following At this time Previously First/ firstly Second/ secondly Third/ thirdly Finally Subsequently Above all Before Last but not least First and foremost

LINKING WORDS in English			
Order	Time	Addition	Contrast
First/firstly Second/secondly Third/thirdly Finally Above all Before Subsequently Previously Following At this time After During Soon Since While	Meanwhile Presently At last Finally Immediately Thereafter At that time Subsequently Currently Eventually In the meantime In the past	Moreover Too Also Besides In addition Not only ... but also Apart from this Along with Further Furthermore Additionally Again Equally First, second...	However Nevertheless On the other hand On the contrary Conversely Nonetheless Instead Though Even so Notwithstanding Alternatively At the same time Unlike While Whereas Differing from

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Language tips & useful sentences

Important to keep in mind when writing (formally)

- Do not use contractions in your letter (I'm, we're, don't, etc.)
- Use formal language
- You must sign your letter, so don't forget your signature
- No full stop after Mr, Mrs, Ms (in the salutation)
- If you use 'cannot', please be sure to write it as 'cannot' (no space) and not as 'can not'.
- Before you start writing, read the assignment carefully and use the items as listed.
- When you finish writing your letter, make sure you have checked the following:
 - There are no grammar or spelling mistakes.
 - You have answered the job requirements.
 - The application letter flows and is easy to read.

Starting phrases

- I am writing this letter with reference to your advertisement in the [newspaper] of [date].
- I noticed with interest your advertisement for ...
- I am writing in response to your advertisement posted on [name of website]...
- I am very interested in applying for the position of ...
- I am applying for the position of, which was advertised in
- I would like to apply for the post of / a job as / the position of ...
- I was interested to see your advertisement for ...
- I was referred to you by .../name/, who informed me of a .../position/
- I have pleasure in applying for the advertised position, as ...
- Please accept this letter as my application for the position of...

Reasons for applying for a job

- I would be well suited to the position because ...
- My professional skills appear to be well suited to your company's requirements.
- I have a lively interest in ... and would appreciate the opportunity to work with you.
- As you can see from my enclosed résumé, my experience and qualifications match this position's requirements.
- I would be well suited to the position because ...
- My strengths are ...
- I believe the combination of my education and experiences have prepared me...
- It is a challenging position for which I believe I am well qualified.
- This position represents an opportunity to continue my committed career path...

Writing about your skills

- I am a student in Higher General Secondary Education (HAVO)
- I think I am qualified/ have the right qualifications for this position because...
- I believe I am very well suited for this job because ...
- I can make myself understood in (languages)...
- I am fluent in ... / I can speak ... fluently/well
- I am about to take my final exams / I will be taking my final exams in ...
- I have (successfully) completed my studies in / a course in...
- I am interested in / I have always been interested in ...
- I have (extensive) experience in ...I have a working knowledge of ...
- I believe I possess the right combination of ...
- I am an experienced user of ...
- My professional experiences are supplemented by...
- My interest and knowledge in this area was further enhanced by...
- My particular area of effectiveness is...
- I have an excellent command of ...

Closing phrases

- If you require any further information, feel free to contact me.
- I am looking forward to hearing from you.
- I am looking forward to your reply.
- Should you require any further information, please do not hesitate to contact me.
- Please do not hesitate to contact me (if you would like further information).
- I would appreciate the chance to meet with you to discuss ...
- I look forward to our meeting.
- I am eager to talk with you about the contribution I could make to your firm/organization/....
- I would welcome the opportunity to discuss these and other qualifications with you.
- I look forward with enthusiasm to an opportunity for an interview.
- I hope you will invite me for an interview.
- I am available for an interview (mention time when).
- Thanking you most sincerely for your time and consideration.
- I would welcome the opportunity to discuss further details of the position with you personally.
- Thank you for considering me for this very important position.
- Thanking you in advance / Thank you in advance for

Curriculum Vitae or resume

Personal details

Name:
Address:
Telephone number:
E-mail address:
Date of birth:
Marital status:
Nationality:
Sex:

Profile

(Short description of yourself)
Example (not to be used but just for information!!)
I am a motivated, adaptable, and responsible graduate seeking an entry-level position in public relation in which I will utilize the organizational and communication skills developed during university.

Education

Dates, school, level. If necessary, mention some subjects that you could be needing for the job.

Work experience

First, the 'real' jobs you have had.
Then volunteer work (if any) and odd jobs (supermarket etc.)

Skills

Focus on the skills mentioned in the job overview.
Example
Computing skills: I am proficient in
Planning and organization: My biggest test of organization was completing my PWS (school research project) for ...

Additional information

Referees

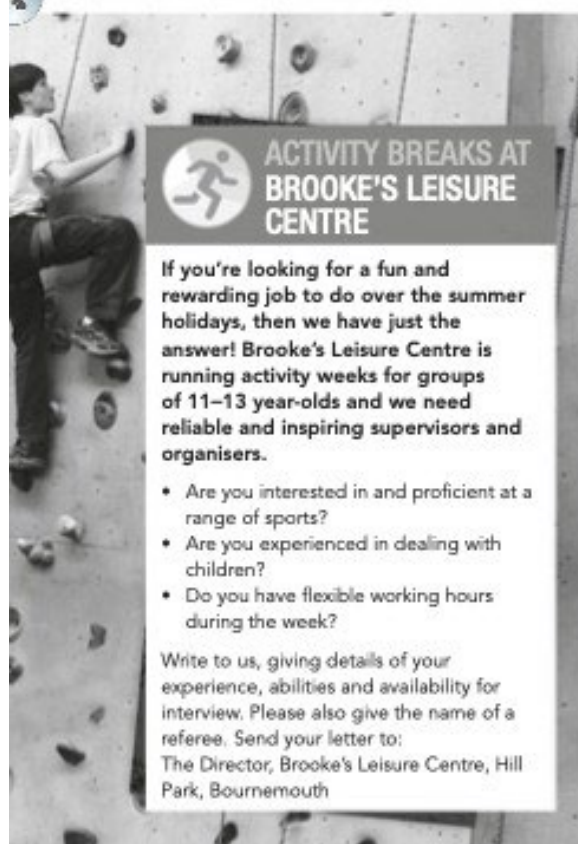
Company – Referee's name – Referee's position – telephone number / e-mail address

Practice letter 1 (with lead-up exercises)

1 Correct the following useful expressions used in covering letters.

- 1 I write in response with your advertisement ...
- 2 I am interest by the position to ...
- 3 I could welcome the opportunity for work at your company
- 4 I believe I am good-suited in this job ...
- 5 I have experience to working ...
- 6 I consider myself being ...
- 7 I am delighted attend an interview at your first convenience ...
- 8 As request, I send my CV ...

2 Read the advert. What is the job for? Look at the notes below and tick (✓) which information you would include in a covering letter.



ACTIVITY BREAKS AT BROOKE'S LEISURE CENTRE

If you're looking for a fun and rewarding job to do over the summer holidays, then we have just the answer! Brooke's Leisure Centre is running activity weeks for groups of 11-13 year-olds and we need reliable and inspiring supervisors and organisers.

- Are you interested in and proficient at a range of sports?
- Are you experienced in dealing with children?
- Do you have flexible working hours during the week?

Write to us, giving details of your experience, abilities and availability for interview. Please also give the name of a referee. Send your letter to:
The Director, Brooke's Leisure Centre, Hill Park, Bournemouth

3 Order the paragraphs of a covering letter.

- a give information about your character
- b give information so the company can continue further with the application
- c give basic information about yourself and why you are applying for the job
- d say why you are writing and which job you are applying for
- e state your relevant experience and/or relevant skills

4 Make notes for each paragraph in a covering letter to apply for the job in 2.

- I am writing in response to ...
- I am 18 years old and ...
- I believe that I am ...
- As for my personal qualities, ...
- I would be delighted ...

5 Write your covering letter. Use phrases from 1, your notes from 4 and the Writing bank in the Student's Book.

Remember to check:

- you have used correct paragraphing
- you have used formal language
- you have included your address, the address of the person/company you are writing to, the date
- you have laid out the letter correctly

- 1 ☐ sports centres are good places for kids to learn
- 2 ☐ excellent at swimming/riding, also good at cycling/tennis (won swimming competitions)
- 3 ☐ lots of babysitting experience. Big family - always organising younger siblings!
- 4 ☐ in future might study sport at university
- 5 ☐ time no problem, can be flexible
- 6 ☐ good exam results
- 7 ☐ very calm, can keep temper even in difficult situations
- 8 ☐ did first aid last month & have lifeguard certificate
- 9 ☐ did similar job last year - boss could be referee
- 10 ☐ available for interview

Practice letter 2: translate a given letter

Vertaal onderstaande brief. Let op de gegeven woordjes!

Je eigen adres, zonder naam

Datum

Dreamland Marina Terrace Margate
Kent CT9 1KL England

Geachte heer/mevrouw,

Ik schrijf u deze brief, hoewel u misschien helemaal geen vacature heeft. Maar, zoals de Engelsen zeggen, 'Niet geschoten, altijd mis'.

Enkele weken geleden heb ik een brochure ontvangen van uw prachtige pretpark Dreamland in Margate. Toevallig ben ik gek op pretparken. Ik ben in alle pretparken in Nederland geweest. Bovendien heb ik FantasiaLand in Keulen bezocht en Bobbejaanland in België. Tot op zekere hoogte kan ik wel zegen dat ik enige ervaring heb met parken zoals Dreamland.

Ik doe binnenkort eindexamen en ik zou graag enkele maanden in Engeland doorbrengen. Ik ben beschikbaar van 1 juni tot 1 september. Ik hoop dat u een vakantiebaan voor mij heeft. Ik ben bereid allerlei karweitjes te verrichten. Ik kan werken als ober/serveerster (ik spreek vloeiend Duits, Engels en natuurlijk Nederlands, en ik kan me verstaanbaar maken in het Frans); ik heb een Eerste Hulp diploma; ik kan gehandicapte bezoekers van dienst zijn en ik vind het helemaal niet erg om de toiletten schoon te maken. Kortom, ik ben niet kieskeurig.

Ik vraag geen salaris. Het enige wat ik vraag is gratis kost en inwoning en £35 zakgeld per week. En ik hoop dat u bereid bent mijn reiskosten te betalen.

Ik hoop echt dat u een baantje voor mij heeft. Ik wil graag mijn Engels verbeteren, omdat ik in september van dit jaar Engels ga studeren. Zoals u kunt lezen, ben ik erg gemotiveerd. Ik zou graag zo spoedig mogelijk iets van u horen.

Hoogachtend,

Je naam en handtekening

Tot op zekere hoogte

Karweitjes verrichten

Kortom

Kieskeurig

Niet geschoten, altijd mis

To some extent

To do odd jobs

In short

Choosy

A miss is as good as a mile

Practice letter 3


Je zag op Instagram dat je favoriete artiest(en) van plan is met een grote begeleidingsgroep een tournee door Nederland en België te maken. De manager zoekt enkele Nederlandse jongens en meisjes die goed Engels spreken om tijdens de tournee allerlei hand- en spandiensten te verrichten (van kaartjes verkopen tot sjouwen en als uitsmijter fungeren). Je schrijft naar: The Manager, 11 the Avenue, Oxford OX2 6LX, England.

Verwerk in je brief:

1. Je schrijft dat je op insta hebt gezien dat (naam artiest(en) bezig is met de voorbereidingen voor een tournee door Nederland en België in de maand juni. Je bent al meer dan een jaar een bewonderaar en je vindt de muziek heel speciaal. Daarom zou je het ontzettend leuk vinden om op wat voor manier dan ook te helpen.
2. Je zou graag solliciteren naar een functie als kaartjescontroleur. Je hebt dat wel eens eerder gedaan bij een popfestival in Rotterdam. De functie van uitsmijter zie je niet zo zitten.
3. De advertentie op insta zegt niets over loon, werkuren, verzekeringen, precieze data e.d. Je wilt over dat alles informatie voordat je je definitief kunt binden. De eerste week van juni ben je overigens ook nog druk met school.
4. Je hebt een vriend en een vriendin die ook belangstelling hebben voor hetzelfde soort werk, en je zou het wel aardig vinden als jullie met z'n drieën zouden worden aangenomen.
5. In verband met je verdere plannen voor de zomervakantie, zou je het op prijs stellen spoedig antwoord te krijgen. Je hoopt van harte dat dat antwoord gunstig zal zijn, want je bent vreselijk enthousiast over het idee dat jouw favoriete artiest(en) komt.
6. Schrijf een passend slot.

Practice letter 4

You want to find a temporary job for the summer, and you have seen this advertisement in a newspaper for personal guides.



Friendly Personal Guides Services

Are you looking for a summer job right in your own city?

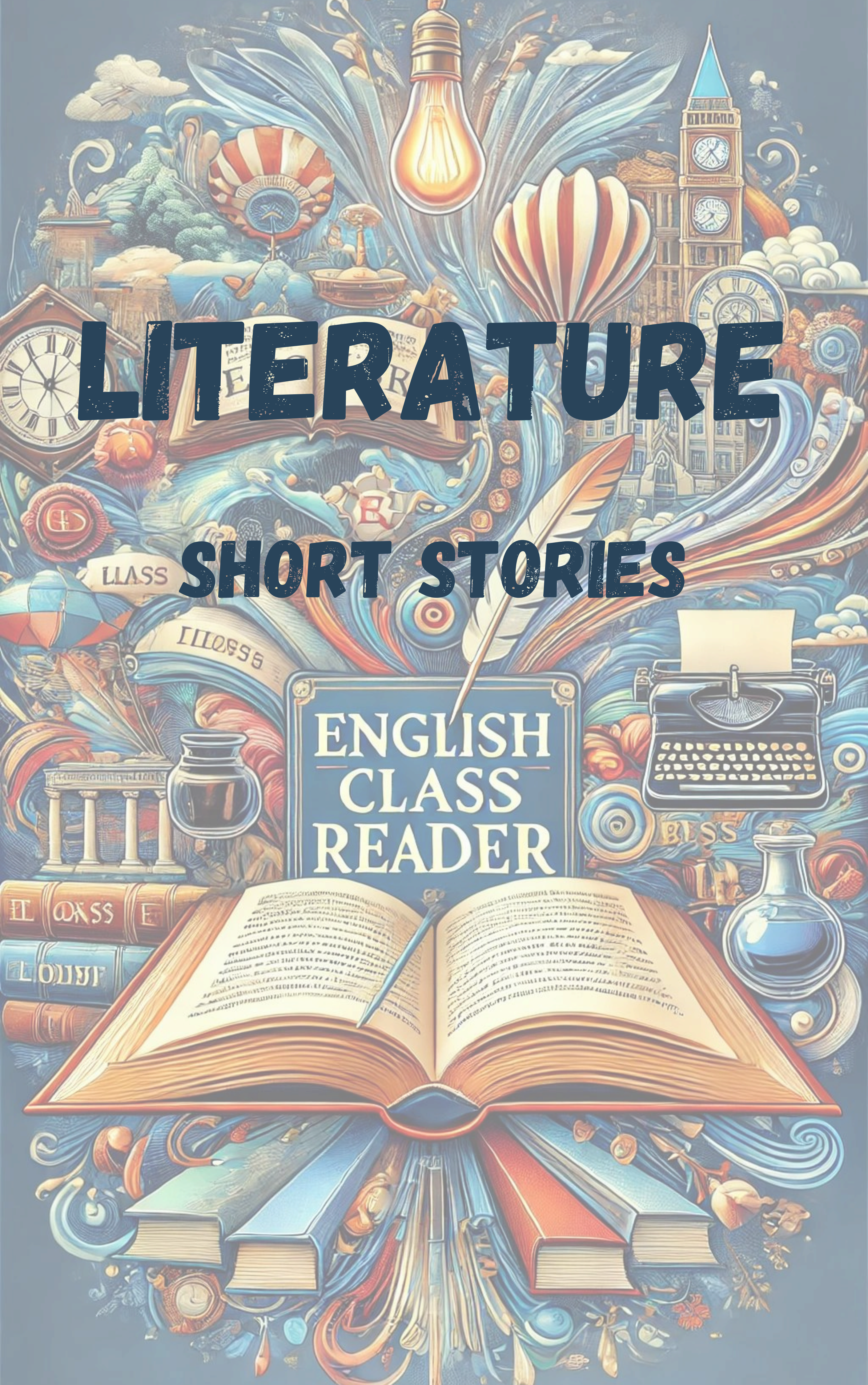
Why not try being a personal guide.

We are looking for young people who:

- are dynamic and have an attractive appearance
- have a good knowledge of the city and of the best places to visit
- can help with transportation, shopping, etc.
- have a good command of the English language

If you feel you have the right qualifications write to Mr Jennings of the Temps Jobs Company (England)

Write a letter of application in response to the advertisement.

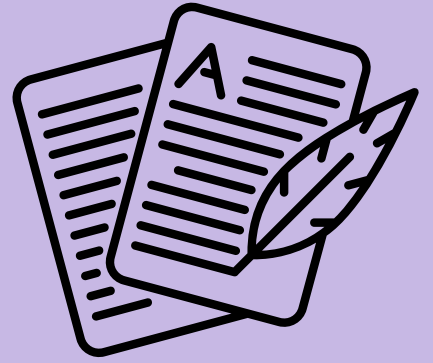


LITERATURE

SHORT STORIES

ENGLISH
CLASS
READER

POSE LITERATURE SHORT STORIES



OVERVIEW

In this period, we will delve into the world of short stories, focusing on various literary devices. You will engage in both group and individual tasks to explore and analyze these devices.

OBJECTIVES

- Understand and identify key literary devices in short stories.
- Collaborate with peers to present a short story, emphasizing its literary elements.
- Conduct an individual analysis of a new short story.

ASSIGNMENT

The POSE consists out of two grades that each are 50% of your final grade.

part 1: a group presentation

part 2: an individual analysis of a short story
(done in class under supervision)

MIND YOU

- Read the short stories that will be presented before you get to class, and analyse by highlighting and taking notes.
- The presentation must be submitted no later than 3 days after the second class session dedicated to working on the presentation.
- in the case of someone falling ill, the presentation will proceed as planned without them - they will present individually when they have recovered.

PART 1

PRESENTATION

Part 1 will be done in 6 evenly divided groups. Your group will present one of the short stories from the reader. Ensure you have thoroughly studied the aspects of the short story (see next pages) and present those aspects in regards to the chosen short story. Each group will present their analysis and interpretation and the other groups are expected to actively participate during the presentation. Every presentation should start with a quiz to check if all students have read the short story and are capable of thinking of some of the aspects.

In short: your presentation includes:

- a quiz to check your peers' understanding of the short story
- an analysis and interpretation of the chosen story (based on the aspects of the short story)

Criteria:

- depth of knowledge
- use of language (level)
- creativity (use of tool)
- presentation skills (no cheat sheet!)

PART 2

INDIVIDUAL ANALYSIS

Part 2 will be completed in class, individually, and written on paper on a date set by the teacher.

This part consists of a new short story - to be read during class - and involves answering questions that demonstrate your ability to analyse a short story independently. It is essential you have had some practice with this (prepare by reading and analysing the short stories before each class).

In this written part, you will answer the questions and explain them by using the aspects of the short story you have studied.

ASPECTS OF THE SHORT STORY

The **main ingredients** of a short story are:

- 1.Setting
- 2.Plot
- 3.Conflict
- 4.Character
- 5.Theme
- 6.Point of view

SETTING

The time and location in which a story takes place is called the setting. For some stories the setting is very important, while for others it is not. There are several aspects of a story's setting to consider (some or all may be present):

- **place** (geographical location)
- **time** (historical period, time of day, etc.)
- **weather**
- **social conditions** (what is the daily life of the characters like?)
- **mood** or **atmosphere** (what feeling is created at the beginning of the story? Bright and cheerful or dark and frightening?)

PLOT

How the author arranges events to develop the basic idea; it is the sequence of events in the story. It is a planned, logical series of events having a beginning, middle and end. A plot diagram has the following structure:

1.Initial Incident

The first event that starts the conflict (the first thing that happens in the story is not always the initial incident-some stories start in the middle or at the end and there are flashbacks which reveal the initial incident.)

2.Rising Action

This is where the events in the story become complicated, the suspense builds

3.Climax

The highest point of interest and the turning point of the story. The reader wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not?

4.Falling Action

The events and complications begin to resolve themselves. The reader knows what has happened and if the conflict was resolved or not.

5.Resolution

This wraps up the story; untangling of events in the story.

ASPECTS OF THE SHORT STORY

CONFLICT

This is essential. Without conflict there is no plot. It is the opposition of forces which ties one incident to another and makes the plot move. Conflict is not merely limited to open arguments, rather it is any form of opposition that faces the main character. To determine conflict one may ask: What does the character want or desire? (this creates the conflict)

There are two types of conflict:

1.External (a struggle with a force outside one's self)

2.Internal (A struggle within one's self - make a decision, overcome pain, resist an urge)

Kinds of conflict:

1.Person vs. Person (physical) - the leading character struggles with his physical strength against other men

2.Person vs. Nature (physical) - the leading character struggles for survival against the forces of nature or against animals

3.Person vs. Circumstances (classical) - the leading character struggles against fate, or the circumstances of life facing them.

4.Person vs. Society (social) - a struggle against ideas, practices, or customs of other people.

5.Person vs Unknown/Supernatural - a struggle against vampires, ghosts, etc

6.Person vs. Himself (psychological) - struggles with the soul, ideas of right or wrong, physical limitations, choices, etc.

There are two meanings for this word:

- The person in a work of fiction.
- The characteristics of a person.

CHARACTER

Persons in a work of fiction - one person is central to the story, the (anti)hero or **protagonist**. The character who opposes of the main character is the **antagonist**.

Characteristics of a Person - physical appearance, actions, thoughts, feelings, goals, how they react to what people tell or say. Characters are convincing if they are consistent, motivated, and life-like (resemble real people).

Characters are:

1.Individual - round, many-sided and complex personalities.

2.Developing - dynamic, many sided personalities that change, for better or worse.

3.Static - stereotype, have one or two characteristics that never change and are emphasized e.g. cruel stepmother, Scrooge, etc.

ASPECTS OF THE SHORT STORY

THEME

the controlling idea or its central insight. It is the author's underlying meaning or main idea that he is trying to convey. The theme may be the author's thoughts about a topic or view of human nature. The title of the short story usually points to what the writer is saying and he/she may use various figures of speech to emphasize this theme, such as: symbol, allusion, simile, metaphor, hyperbole, or irony.

E.g. love is blind, believe in yourself, people are afraid of change.

POINT OF VIEW/ P.O.V.

is defined as the angle from which the story is told.

1. Innocent Eye Narrator (or: Unreliable Narrator) - The story is told through the eyes of a child (his/her judgment being different from that of an adult).

2. Stream of Consciousness - The story is told so that the reader feels as if they are inside the head of one character and knows all their thoughts and reactions.

3. First Person Narrator - The story is told by the protagonist or one of the characters who interacts closely with the protagonist or other characters (using pronouns I, me, we, etc). The reader sees the story through this person's eyes as he/she experiences it and only knows what he/she knows or feels.

4. Omniscient Narrator - The author can narrate the story using the omniscient point of view. He can move from character to character, event to event, having free access to the thoughts, feelings and motivations of his characters and he introduces information where and when he chooses. There are two main types of omniscient point of view:

a) Omniscient Limited - The author tells the story in third person (using pronouns they, she, he, it, etc). We know only what the character knows and what the author allows him/her to tell us. We can see the thoughts and feelings of characters if the author chooses to reveal them to us.

b) Omniscient Objective - The author tells the story in the third person. It appears as though a camera is following the characters, going anywhere, and recording only what is seen and heard. There is no comment on the characters or their thoughts. No interpretations are offered. The reader is placed in the position of spectator without the author there to explain. The reader has to interpret events on his own.

Genesis and Catastrophe

Roald Dahl

A true story

'Everything is normal,' the doctor was saying. 'Just lie back and relax.' His voice was miles away in the distance and he seemed to be shouting at her.

'You have a son.'

'What?'

'You have a fine son. You understand that, don't you? A fine son. Did you hear him crying?'

'Is he all right, Doctor?'

'Of course he is all right.'

'Please let me see him.'

'You'll see him in a moment.'

'You are certain he is all right?'

'I am quite certain.'

'Is he still crying?'

'Try to rest. There is nothing to worry about.'

'Why has he stopped crying, Doctor? What happened?'

'Don't excite yourself, please. Everything is normal.'

'I want to see him. Please let me see him.'

'Dear lady,' the doctor said, patting her hand. 'You have a fine strong healthy child. Don't you believe me when I tell you that?'

'What is the woman over there doing to him?'

'Your baby is being made to look pretty for you,' the doctor said. 'We are giving him a little wash, that is all. You must spare us a moment or two for that.'

'You swear he is all right?'

'I swear it. Now lie back and relax. Close your eyes. Go on, close your eyes. That's better. Good girl...'

'I have prayed and prayed that he will live, Doctor.'

'Of course he will live. What are you talking about?'

'The others didn't.'

'What?'

'None of my other ones lived, Doctor.'

The doctor stood beside the bed looking down at the pale exhausted face of the young woman. He had never seen her before today. She and her husband were new people in town. The innkeeper's wife, who had come up to assist in the delivery, had told him that the husband worked at the local customs-house on the border and that the two of them had arrived quite suddenly at the inn with one trunk and one suitcase about three months ago. The husband was a drunkard, the innkeeper's wife had said, an arrogant, overbearing, bullying little drunkard, but the young woman was gentle and religious. And she was very sad. She never smiled. In the few weeks that she had been here, the innkeeper's wife had never once seen her smile. Also there was a rumour that this was the husband's third marriage, that one wife had died and that the other had divorced him for unsavoury reasons. But that was only a rumour.

The doctor bent down and pulled the sheet up a little higher over the patient's chest. 'You have nothing to worry about,' he said gently. 'This is a perfectly normal baby.'

'That's exactly what they told me about the others. But I lost them all, Doctor. In the last eighteen months I have lost all three of my children, so you mustn't blame me for being anxious.'

'Three?'

'This is my fourth ... in four years.'

The doctor shifted his feet uneasily on the bare floor.

'I don't think you know what it means, Doctor, to lose them all, all three of them, slowly, separately, one by one. I keep seeing them. I can see Gustav's face now as clearly as if he were lying here beside me in the bed. Gustav was a lovely boy, Doctor. But he was always ill. It is terrible when they are always ill and there is nothing you can do to help them.'

'I know.'

The woman opened her eyes, stared up at the doctor for a few seconds, then closed them again.

'My little girl was called Ida. She died a few days before Christmas. That is only four months ago. I just wish you could have seen Ida, Doctor.'

'You have a new one now.'

'But Ida was so beautiful.'

'Yes,' the doctor said. 'I know.'

'How can you know?' she cried.

'I am sure that she was a lovely child. But this new one is also like that.' The doctor turned away from the bed and walked over to the window and stood there looking out. It was a wet grey April afternoon, and across the street he could see the red roofs of the houses and the huge raindrops splashing on the tiles.

'Ida was two years old, Doctor... and she was so beautiful I was never able to take my eyes off her from the time I dressed her in the morning until she was safe again in bed at night. I used to live in holy terror of something happening to that child. Gustav had gone and my little Otto had also gone and she was all I had left. Sometimes I used to get up in the night and creep over to the cradle and put my ear close to her mouth just to make sure that she was breathing.'

'Try to rest,' the doctor said, going back to the bed. 'Please try to rest.' The woman's face was white and bloodless, and there was a slight bluish-grey tinge around the nostrils and the mouth. A few strands of damp hair hung down over her forehead, sticking to the skin.

'When she died ... I was already pregnant again when that happened, Doctor. This new one was a good four months on its way when Ida died. "I don't want it!" I shouted after the funeral. "I won't have it! I have buried enough children!" And my husband ... he was strolling among the guests with a big glass of beer in his hand ... he turned around quickly and said, "I have news for you, Klara, I have good news." Can you imagine that, Doctor? We have just buried our third child and he stands there with a glass of beer in his hand and tells me that he has good news. "Today I have been posted to Braunau," he says, "so you can start packing at once. This will be a new start for you, Klara," he says. "It will be a new place and you can have a new doctor..."'

'Please don't talk any more.'

'You *are* the new doctor, aren't you, Doctor?'

'That's right.'

'And here we are in Braunau.'

'Yes.'

'I am frightened, Doctor.'

'Try not to be frightened.'

'What chance can the fourth one have now?'

'You must stop thinking like that.'

'I can't help it. I am certain there is something inherited that causes my children to die in this way. There must be.'

'That is nonsense.'

'Do you know what my husband said to me when Otto was born, Doctor? He came into the room and he looked into the cradle where Otto was lying and he said, "Why do *all* my children have to be so small and weak?"'

'I am sure he didn't say that.'

'He put his head right into Otto's cradle as though he were examining a tiny insect and he said, "All I am saying is why can't they be better *specimens*? That's all I am saying." And three days after that, Otto was dead. We baptised him quickly on the third day and he died the same evening. And then Gustav died. And then Ida died. All of them died, Doctor ... and suddenly the whole house was empty...'

'Don't think about it now.'

'Is this one so very small?'

'He is a normal child.'

'But small?'

'He is a little small, perhaps. But the small ones are often a lot tougher than the big ones. Just imagine, Frau Hitler, this time next year he will be almost learning how to walk. Isn't that a lovely thought?'

She didn't answer this.

'And two years from now he will probably be talking his head off and driving you crazy with his chatter. Have you settled on a name for him yet?'

'A name?'

'Yes.'

'I don't know. I'm not sure. I think my husband said that if it was a boy we were going to call him Adolfus.'

'That means he would be called Adolf.'

'Yes. My husband likes Adolf because it has a certain similarity to Alois. My husband is called Alois.'

'Excellent.'

'Oh no!' she cried, starting up suddenly from the pillow. 'That's the same question they asked me when Otto was born! It means he is going to die! You are going to baptise him at once!'

'Now, now,' the doctor said, taking her gently by the shoulders 'You are quite wrong. I promise you you are wrong. I was simply being an inquisitive old man, that is all. I love talking about names. I think Adolphus is a particularly fine name. It is one of my favourites. And look – here he comes now.'

The innkeeper's wife, carrying the baby high up on her enormous bosom, came sailing across the room towards the bed. 'Here is the little beauty!' she cried, beaming. 'Would you like to hold him, my dear? Shall I put him beside you?'

'Is he well wrapped?' the doctor asked. 'It is extremely cold in here.'

'Certainly he is well wrapped.'

The baby was tightly swaddled in a white woollen shawl and only the tiny pink head protruded. The innkeeper's wife placed him gently on the bed beside the mother. 'There you are,' she said. 'Now you can lie there and look at him to your heart's content.'

'I think you will like him,' the doctor said, smiling. 'He's a fine little baby.' 'He has the most lovely hands!' the innkeeper's wife exclaimed. 'Such long delicate fingers!'

The mother didn't move. She didn't even turn her head to look.

'Go on!' cried the innkeeper's wife. 'He won't bite you!'

'I am frightened to look. I don't dare to believe that I have another baby and that he is all right.'

'Don't be so stupid.'

Slowly, the mother turned her head and looked at the small, incredibly serene face that lay on the pillow beside her.

'Is this my baby?'

'Of course.'

'Oh ... oh ... but he is so beautiful.'

The doctor turned away and went over to the table and began putting his things into his bag. The mother lay on the bed gazing at the child and smiling and touching him and making little noises of pleasure. 'Hello, Adolfuls,' she whispered. 'Hello, my little Adolf...'

'Ssssh!' said the innkeeper's wife. 'Listen! I think your husband is coming.' The doctor walked over to the door and opened it and looked out into the corridor.

'Herr Hitler!'

'Yes.'

'Come in, please.'

A small man in a dark-green uniform stepped softly into the room and looked around him.

'Congratulations,' the doctor said. 'You have a son.'

The man had a pair of enormous whiskers meticulously groomed after the manner of the Emperor Franz Josef, and he smelled strongly of beer.

'A son?'

'Yes.'

'How is he?'

'He is fine. So is your wife.'

'Good.' The father turned and walked with a curious little prancing stride over to the bed where his wife was lying. 'Well, Klara,' he said, smiling through his whiskers. 'How did it go?' He bent down to take a look at the baby. Then he bent lower. In a series of quick jerky movements, he bent lower and lower until his face was only about twelve inches from the baby's head. The wife lay sideways on the pillow, staring up at him with a kind of supplicating look.

'He has the most marvellous pair of lungs,' the innkeeper's wife announced. 'You should have heard him screaming just after he came into this world.'

'But my God, Klara...'

'What is it, dear?'

'This one is even smaller than Otto was!'

The doctor took a couple of quick paces forward. 'There is nothing wrong with that child,' he said. Slowly, the husband straightened up and turned away from the bed and looked at the doctor. He seemed bewildered and stricken. 'It's no good lying, Doctor,' he said. 'I know what it means. It's going to be the same all over again.'

'Now you listen to me,' the doctor said.

'But do you *know* what happened to the others, Doctor?'

'You must forget about the others, Herr Hitler. Give this one a chance.'

'But so small and weak!'

'My dear sir, he has only just been born.'

'Even so ...'

'What are you trying to do?' cried the innkeeper's wife. 'Talk him into his grave?'

'That's enough!' the doctor said sharply.

The mother was weeping now. Great sobs were shaking her body.

The doctor walked over to the husband and put a hand on his shoulder.

'Be good to her,' he whispered. 'Please. It is very important.' Then he squeezed the husband's shoulder hard and began pushing him forward surreptitiously to the edge of the bed. The husband hesitated. The doctor squeezed harder, signalling him urgently through fingers and thumb. At last, reluctantly the husband bent down and kissed his wife lightly on the cheek. 'All right, Klara,' he said.

'Now stop crying.'

'I have prayed that he will live, Alois.'

'Yes.'

'Every day for months I have gone to the church and begged on my knees that this one will be allowed to live.'

'Yes, Klara, I know.'

'Three dead children is all that I can stand, don't you realize that?'

'Of course.'

'He *must* live, Alois. He *must*, he *must*... Oh God, be merciful unto him now...'

“Rules of The Game” - Amy Tan

I was six when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength. It was a strategy for winning arguments, respect from others, and eventually, though neither of us knew it at the time, chess games.

"Bite back your tongue," scolded my mother when I cried loudly, yanking her hand toward the store that sold bags of salted plums. At home, she said, "Wise guy, he not go against wind. In Chinese we say, Come from South, blow with wind-poom!-North will follow. Strongest wind cannot be seen."

The next week I bit back my tongue as we entered the store with the forbidden candies. When my mother finished her shopping, she quietly plucked a small bag of plums from the rack and put it on the counter with the rest of the items. ,

My mother imparted her daily truths so she could help my older brothers and me rise above our circumstances. We lived in San Francisco's Chinatown. Like most of the other Chinese children who played in the back alleys of restaurants and curio shops, I didn't think we were poor. My bowl was always full, three five-course meals every day, beginning with a soup of mysterious things I didn't want to know the names of.

We lived on Waverly Place, in a warm, clean, two-bedroom flat that sat above a small Chinese bakery specializing in steamed pastries and dim sum. In the early morning, when the alley was still quiet, I could smell fragrant red beans as they were cooked down to a pasty sweetness. By daybreak, our flat was heavy with the odor of fried sesame balls and sweet curried chicken crescents. From my bed, I would listen as my father got ready for work, then locked the door behind him, one-two-three clicks.

At the end of our two-block alley was a small sandlot playground with swings and slides well-shined down the middle with use. The play area was bordered by wood-slat benches where old-country people sat cracking roasted watermelon seeds with their golden teeth and scattering the husks to an impatient gathering of gurgling pigeons. The best playground, however, was the dark alley itself. It was crammed with daily mysteries and adventures. My brothers and I would peer into the medicinal herb shop, watching old Li dole out onto a stiff sheet of white paper the right amount of insect shells, saffron-colored seeds, and pungent leaves for his ailing customers. It was said that he once cured a woman dying of an ancestral curse that had eluded the best of American doctors. Next to the pharmacy was a printer who specialized in gold-embossed wedding invitations and festive red banners.

Farther down the street was Ping Yuen Fish Market. The front window displayed a tank crowded with doomed fish and turtles struggling to gain footing on the slimy green-tiled sides. A hand-written sign informed tourists, "Within this store, is all for food, not for pet." Inside, the butchers with their bloodstained white smocks deftly gutted the fish while customers cried out their orders and shouted, "Give me your freshest," to which the butchers always protested, "All are freshest." On less crowded market days, we would inspect the crates of live frogs and crabs which we were warned not to poke, boxes of dried cuttlefish, and row upon row of iced prawns, squid, and slippery fish. The sanddabs made me shiver each time; their eyes lay on one flattened side and reminded me of my mother's story of a careless girl who ran into a crowded street and was crushed by a cab. "Was smash flat," reported my mother.

At the corner of the alley was Hong Sing's, a four-table cafe with a recessed stairwell in front that led to a door marked "Tradesmen." My brothers and I believed the bad people emerged from this door at night. Tourists never went to Hong Sing's, since the menu was printed only in Chinese. A Caucasian man with a big camera once posed me and my playmates in front of the restaurant. He had us move to the side of the picture window so the photo would capture the roasted duck with its head dangling from a juice-covered rope. After he took the picture, I told him he should go into Hong Sing's and eat dinner. When he smiled and asked me what they served, I shouted, "Guts and duck's feet and octopus gizzards!" Then I ran off with my friends, shrieking with laughter as we scampered across the alley and hid in the entryway grotto of the China Gem Company, my heart pounding with hope that he would chase us.

My mother named me after the street that we lived on: Waverly Place Jong, my official name for important American documents. But my family called me Meimei, "Little Sister." I was the youngest, the only daughter. Each morn

ing before school, my mother would twist and yank on my thick black hair until she had formed two tightly wound pigtails. One day, as she struggled to weave a hard-toothed comb through my disobedient hair, I had a sly thought.

I asked her, "Ma, what is Chinese torture?" My mother shook her head. A bobby pin was wedged between her lips. She wetted her palm and smoothed the hair above my ear, then pushed the pin in so that it nicked sharply against my scalp.

"Who say this word?" she asked without a trace of knowing how wicked I was being. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Some boy in my class said Chinese people do Chinese torture."

"Chinese people do many things," she said simply. "Chinese people do business, do medicine, do painting. Not lazy like American people. We do torture. Best torture."

My older brother Vincent was the one who actually got the chess set. We had gone to the annual Christmas party held at the First Chinese Baptist Church at the end of the alley. The missionary ladies had put together a Santa bag of gifts donated by members of another church. None of the gifts had names on them. There were separate sacks for boys and girls of different ages. One of the Chinese parishioners had donned a Santa Claus costume and a stiff paper beard with cotton balls glued to it. I think the only children who thought he was the real thing were too young to know that Santa Claus was not Chinese. When my turn came up, the Santa man asked me how old I was. I thought it was a trick question; I was seven according to the American formula and eight by the Chinese calendar. I said I was born on March 17, 1951. That seemed to satisfy him. He then solemnly asked if I had been a very, very good girl this year and did I believe in Jesus Christ and obey my parents. I knew the only answer to that. I nodded back with equal solemnity.

Having watched the older children opening their gifts, I already knew that the big gifts were not necessarily the nicest ones. One girl my age got a large coloring book of biblical characters, while a less greedy girl who selected a smaller box received a glass vial of lavender toilet water. The sound of the box was also important. A ten-year-old boy had chosen a box that jangled when he shook it. It was a tin globe of the world with a slit for inserting money. He must have thought it was full of dimes and nickels, because when he saw that it had just ten pennies, his face fell with such undisguised disappointment that his mother slapped the side of his head and led him out of the church hall, apologizing to the crowd for her son who had such bad manners he couldn't appreciate such a fine gift.

As I peered into the sack, I quickly fingered the remaining presents, testing their weight, imagining what they contained. I chose a heavy, compact one that was wrapped in shiny silver foil and a red satin ribbon. It was a twelve-pack of Life Savers and I spent the rest of the party arranging and rearranging the candy tubes in the order of my favorites. My bother Winston chose wisely as well. His present turned out to be a box of intricate plastic parts; the instructions on the box proclaimed that when they were properly assembled he would have an authentic miniature replica of a World War II submarine.

Vincent got the chess set, which would have been a very decent present to get at a church Christmas party, except it was obviously used and, as we discovered later, it was missing a black pawn and a white knight. My mother graciously thanked the unknown benefactor, saying, "Too good. Cost too much." At which point, an old lady with fine white, wispy hair nodded toward our family and said with a whistling whisper, "Merry, merry Christmas."

When we got home, my mother told Vincent to throw the chess set away. "She not want it. We not want it," she said, tossing her head stiffly to the side with a tight, proud smile. My brothers had deaf ears. They were already lining up the chess pieces and reading from the dog-eared instruction book. I watched Vincent and Winston play during Christmas week. The chessboard seemed to hold elaborate secrets waiting to be untangled. The chessmen were more powerful than old Li's magic herbs that cured ancestral curses. And my brothers wore such serious faces that I was sure something was at stake that was greater than avoiding the tradesmen's door to Hong Sing's.

"Let me! Let me!" I begged between games when one brother or the other would sit back with a deep sigh of relief and victory, the other annoyed, unable to let go of the outcome. Vincent at first refused to let me play, but when I offered my Life Savers as replacements for the buttons that filled in for the missing pieces, he relented. He chose the flavors: wild cherry for the black pawn and peppermint for the white knight. Winner could eat both.

As our mother sprinkled flour and rolled out small doughy circles for the steamed dumplings that would be our dinner that night, Vincent explained the rules, pointing to each piece. "You have sixteen pieces and so do I. One king and queen, two bishops, two knights, two castles, and eight pawns. The pawns can only move forward one

step, except on the first move. Then they can move two. But they can only take men by moving crossways like this, except in the beginning, when you can move ahead and take another pawn."

"Why?" I asked as I moved my pawn. "Why can't they move more steps?" "Because they're pawns," he said.

"But why do they go crossways to take other men? Why aren't there any women and children?"

"Why is the sky blue? Why must you always ask stupid questions?" asked Vincent. "This is a game. These are the rules. I didn't make them up. See. Here in the book." He jabbed a page with a pawn in his hand. "Pawn. P-A-W-N. Pawn. Read it yourself."

My mother patted the flour off her hands. "Let me see book," she said quietly. She scanned the pages quickly, not reading the foreign English symbols, seeming to search deliberately for nothing in particular.

"This American rules," she concluded at last. "Every time people come out from foreign country, must know rules. You not know, judge say, Too bad, go back. They not telling you why so you can use their way go forward. They say,

Don't know why, you find out yourself. But they knowing all the time. Better you take it, find out why yourself." She tossed her head back with a satisfied smile.

I found out about all the whys later. I read the rules and looked up all the big words in a dictionary. I borrowed books from the Chinatown library. I studied each chess piece, trying to absorb the power each contained.

I learned about opening moves and why it's important to control the center early on; the shortest distance between two points is straight down the middle. I learned about the middle game and why tactics between two adversaries are like clashing ideas; the one who plays better has the clearest plans for both attacking and getting out of traps. I learned why it is essential in the endgame to have foresight, a mathematical understanding of all possible moves, and patience; all weaknesses and advantages become evident to a strong adversary and are obscured to a tiring opponent. I discovered that for the whole game one must gather invisible strengths and see the endgame before the game begins.

I also found out why I should never reveal "why" to others. A little knowledge withheld is a great advantage one should store for future use. That is the power of chess. It is a game of secrets in which one must show and never tell.

I loved the secrets I found within the sixty-four black and white squares. I carefully drew a handmade chessboard and pinned it to the wall next to my bed, where I would stare for hours at imaginary battles. Soon I no longer lost any games or Life Savers, but I lost my adversaries. Winston and Vincent decided they were more interested in roaming the streets after school in their Hopalong Cassidy cowboy hats.

On a cold spring afternoon, while walking home from school, I detoured through the playground at the end of our alley. I saw a group of old men, two seated across a folding table playing a game of chess, others smoking pipes, eating peanuts, and watching. I ran home and grabbed Vincent's chess set, which was bound in a cardboard box with rubber bands. I also carefully selected two prized rolls of Life Savers. I came back to the park and approached a man who was observing the game.

"Want to play?" I asked him. His face widened with surprise and he grinned as he looked at the box under my arm.

"Little sister, been a long time since I play with dolls," he said, smiling benevolently. I quickly put the box down next to him on the bench and displayed my retort.

Lau Po, as he allowed me to call him, turned out to be a much better player than my brothers. I lost many games and many Life Savers. But over the weeks, with each diminishing roll of candies, I added new secrets. Lau Po gave me the names. The Double Attack from the East and West Shores. Throwing Stones on the Drowning Man. The Sudden Meeting of the Clan. The Surprise from the Sleeping Guard. The Humble Servant Who Kills the King. Sand in the Eyes of Advancing Forces. A Double Killing Without Blood.

There were also the fine points of chess etiquette. Keep captured men in neat rows, as well-tended prisoners. Never announce "Check" with vanity, lest someone with an unseen sword slit your throat. Never hurl pieces into the

sandbox after you have lost a game, because then you must find them again, by yourself, after apologizing to all around you. By the end of the summer, Lau Po had taught me all he knew, and I had become a better chess player.

A small weekend crowd of Chinese people and tourists would gather as I played and defeated my opponents one by one. My mother would join the crowds during these outdoor exhibition games. She sat proudly on the bench, telling my admirers with proper Chinese humility, "Is luck."

A man who watched me play in the park suggested that my mother allow me to play in local chess tournaments. My mother smiled graciously, an answer that meant nothing. I desperately wanted to go, but I bit back my tongue. I knew she would not let me play among strangers. So as we walked home I said in a small voice that I didn't want to play in the local tournament. They would have American rules. If I lost, I would bring shame on my family.

"Is shame you fall down nobody push you," said my mother.

During my first tournament, my mother sat with me in the front row as I waited for my turn. I frequently bounced my legs to unstick them from the cold metal seat of the folding chair. When my name was called, I leapt up. My mother unwrapped something in her lap. It was her chang, a small tablet of red jade which held the sun's fire. "Is luck," she whispered, and tucked it into my dress pocket. I turned to my opponent, a fifteen-year-old boy from Oakland. He looked at me, wrinkling his nose.

As I began to play, the boy disappeared, the color ran out of the room, and I saw only my white pieces and his black ones waiting on the other side. A light wind began blowing past my ears. It whispered secrets only I could hear.

"Blow from the South," it murmured. "The wind leaves no trail." I saw a clear path, the traps to avoid. The crowd rustled. "Shhh! Shhh!" said the corners of the room. The wind blew stronger. "Throw sand from the East to distract him." The knight came forward ready for the sacrifice. The wind hissed, louder and louder. "Blow, blow, blow. He cannot see. He is blind now. Make him lean away from the wind so he is easier to knock down."

"Check," I said, as the wind roared with laughter. The wind died down to little puffs, my own breath.

My mother placed my first trophy next to a new plastic chess set that the neighborhood Tao society had given to me. As she wiped each piece with a soft cloth, she said, "Next time win more, lose less."

"Ma, it's not how many pieces you lose," I said. "Sometimes you need to lose pieces to get ahead."

"Better to lose less, see if you really need."

At the next tournament, I won again, but it was my mother who wore the triumphant grin.

"Lost eight piece this time. Last time was eleven. What I tell you? Better off lose less!" I was annoyed, but I couldn't say anything.

I attended more tournaments, each one farther away from home. I won all games, in all divisions. The Chinese bakery downstairs from our flat displayed my growing collection of trophies in its window, amidst the dust-covered cakes that were never picked up. The day after I won an important regional tournament, the window encased a fresh sheet cake with whipped-cream frosting and red script saying "Congratulations, Waverly Jong, Chinatown Chess Champion." Soon after that, a flower shop, headstone engraver, and funeral parlor offered to sponsor me in national tournaments. That's when my mother decided I no longer had to do the dishes. Winston and Vincent had to do my chores.

"Why does she get to play and we do all the work," complained Vincent. "Is new American rules," said my mother. "Meimei play, squeeze all her brains out for win chess. You play, worth squeeze towel."

By my ninth birthday, I was a national chess champion. I was still some 429 points away from grand-master status, but I was touted as the Great American Hope, a child prodigy and a girl to boot. They ran a photo of me in Life magazine next to a quote in which Bobby Fischer said, "There will never be a woman grand master." "Your move, Bobby," said the caption.

The day they took the magazine picture I wore neatly plaited braids clipped with plastic barrettes trimmed with rhinestones. I was playing in a large high school auditorium that echoed with phlegmy coughs and the squeaky rubber knobs of chair legs sliding across freshly waxed wooden floors. Seated across from me was an American man, about the same age as Lau Po, maybe fifty. I remember that his sweaty brow seemed to weep at my every move. He wore a dark, malodorous suit. One of his pockets was stuffed with a great white kerchief on which he wiped his palm before sweeping his hand over the chosen chess piece with great flourish.

In my crisp pink-and-white dress with scratchy lace at the neck, one of two my mother had sewn for these special occasions, I would clasp my hands under my chin, the delicate points of my elbows poised lightly on the table in the manner my mother had shown me for posing for the press. I would swing my patent leather shoes back and forth like an impatient child riding on a school bus. Then I would pause, suck in my lips, twirl my chosen piece in

midair as if undecided, and then firmly plant it in its new threatening place, with a triumphant smile thrown back at my opponent for good measure.

I no longer played in the alley of Waverly Place. I never visited the playground where the pigeons and old men gathered. I went to school, then directly home to learn new chess secrets, cleverly concealed advantages, more escape routes.

But I found it difficult to concentrate at home. My mother had a habit of standing over me while I plotted out my games. I think she thought of herself as my protective ally. Her lips would be sealed tight, and after each move I made, a soft "Hmmp" would escape from her nose.

"Ma, I can't practice when you stand there like that," I said one day. She retreated to the kitchen and made loud noises with the pots and pans. When the crashing stopped, I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was standing in the doorway. "Hmmp!" Only this one came out of her tight throat.

My parents made many concessions to allow me to practice. One time I complained that the bedroom I shared was so noisy that I couldn't think. Thereafter, my brothers slept in a bed in the living room facing the street. I said I couldn't finish my rice; my head didn't work right when my stomach was too full. I left the table with half-finished bowls and nobody complained. But there was one duty I couldn't avoid. I had to accompany my mother on Saturday market days when I had no tournament to play. My mother would proudly walk with me, visiting many shops, buying very little. "This my daughter Wave-ly Jong," she said to whoever looked her way.

One day after we left a shop I said under my breath, "I wish you wouldn't do that, telling everybody I'm your daughter." My mother stopped walking.

Crowds of people with heavy bags pushed past us on the sidewalk, bumping into first one shoulder, then another.

"Aii-ya. So shame be with mother?" She grasped my hand even tighter as she glared at me.

I looked down. "It's not that, it's just so obvious. It's just so embarrassing." "Embarrass you be my daughter?" Her voice was cracking with anger. "That's not what I meant. That's not what I said."

"What you say?"

I knew it was a mistake to say anything more, but I heard my voice speaking, "Why do you have to use me to show off? If you want to show off, then why don't you learn to play chess?"

My mother's eyes turned into dangerous black slits. She had no words for me, just sharp silence.

I felt the wind rushing around my hot ears. I jerked my hand out of my mother's tight grasp and spun around, knocking into an old woman. Her bag of groceries spilled to the ground.

"Aii-ya! Stupid girl!" my mother and the woman cried. Oranges and tin cans careened down the sidewalk. As my mother stooped to help the old woman pick up the escaping food, I took off.

I raced down the street, dashing between people, not looking back as my mother screamed shrilly, "Meimei! Meimei!" I fled down an alley, past dark, curtained shops and merchants washing the grime off their windows. I sped into the sunlight, into a large street crowded with tourists examining trinkets and souvenirs. I ducked into another dark alley, down another street, up another alley. I ran until it hurt and I realized I had nowhere to go, that I was not running from anything. The alleys contained no escape routes.

My breath came out like angry smoke. It was cold. I sat down on an upturned plastic pail next to a stack of empty boxes, cupping my chin with my hands, thinking hard. I imagined my mother, first walking briskly down one street or another looking for me, then giving up and returning home to await my arrival. After two hours, I stood up on creaking legs and slowly walked home. The alley was quiet and I could see the yellow lights shining from our flat like two tiger's eyes in the night. I climbed the sixteen steps to the door, advancing quietly up each so as not to make any warning sounds. I turned the knob; the door was locked. I heard a chair moving, quick steps, the locks turning-click! click! click!-and then the door opened.

"About time you got home," said Vincent. "Boy, are you in trouble."

He slid back to the dinner table. On a platter were the remains of a large fish, its fleshy head still connected to bones swimming upstream in vain escape. Standing there waiting for my punishment, I heard my mother speak in a dry voice.

"We not concerning this girl. This girl not have concerning for us." Nobody looked at me. Bone chopsticks clinked against the inside of bowls being emptied into hungry mouths.

I walked into my room, closed the door, and lay down on my bed. The room was dark, the ceiling filled with shadows from the dinnertime lights of neighboring flats.

In my head, I saw a chessboard with sixty-four black and white squares. Opposite me was my opponent, two angry black slits. She wore a triumphant smile. "Strongest wind cannot be seen," she said.

Her black men advanced across the plane, slowly marching to each successive level as a single unit. My white pieces screamed as they scurried and fell off the board one by one. As her men drew closer to my edge, I felt myself growing light. I rose up into the air and flew out the window. Higher and higher, above the alley, over the tops of tiled roofs, where I was gathered up by the wind and pushed up toward the night sky until everything below me disappeared and I was alone.

I closed my eyes and pondered my next move.

The Sniper

by Liam O'Flaherty (1897-1984)

The long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey.

Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city, machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

On a rooftop near O'Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders was slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student, thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.

He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He finished the sandwich, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, he took a short drought. Then he returned the flask to his pocket. He paused for a moment, considering whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash might be seen in the darkness, and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk.

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself against the parapet of the roof. The sniper took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street.

He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it, until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen--just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armored car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street, fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the gray monster.

Then round the corner of a side street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof where the sniper lay. An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking toward the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the turret wall. The woman darted toward the side street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He stooped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm was dead. "I'm hit," he muttered.

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was no pain--just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breastwork of the parapet, and ripped open the sleeve. There was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound. the arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome the pain.

Then taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the ends with his teeth.

Then he lay still against the parapet, and, closing his eyes, he made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath all was still. The armored car had retired speedily over the bridge, with the machine gunner's head hanging lifeless over the turret. The woman's corpse lay still in the gutter.

The sniper lay still for a long time nursing his wounded arm and planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the roof. The enemy on the opposite roof covered his escape. He must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle. Then he pushed the rifle slowly upward over the parapet, until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the center of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap clipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hand with him.

Crawling quickly to his feet, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper, seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across, with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards--a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of a barber's shop beneath and then clattered on the pavement.

Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand, and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with a concussion and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed.

Taking the whiskey flask from his pocket, he emptied it a drought. He felt reckless under the influence of the spirit. He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company commander, to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot, whoever he was. He wondered did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but around here all was quiet.

The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine gun stopped.

Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his brother's face.

ERASER TATTOO by Jason Reynolds

Shay's father climbed up into the driver's seat of a rental truck and slammed the door. Started the engine, cut the emergency blinkers, then honked the horn twice to say goodbye, before pulling off. Moments later, another truck pulled up to the same spot—a replacement. Double-parked, killed the engine, toggled the emergency blinkers, rolled the windows up until there was only a sliver of space for air to slip through. "What I wanna know is, why you get to give me one, but I can't give you one?" Dante asked, leaning forward, elbows resting on his knees, his eyes on the street as the people in the new truck—a young man and woman—finally jumped out, lifted the door in the back, studied whatever was inside. Brooklyn was being its usual self. Alive, full of sounds and smells. A car alarm whining down the block. An old lady sitting at a window, blowing cigarette smoke.

The scrape and screech of bus brakes every fifteen minutes. A normal day for Brooklyn. But for Shay and Dante, not a normal day at all.

"Oh, simple. Two reasons. The first is that I can't risk getting some kind of nasty eraser infection. I'm too cute for that. And the second is that my dad will come back, find you, and kill you for marking me," Shay replied, stretching her arms over her head, then sitting back down on the stoop beside Dante.

"Kill me? Please. Your pops loves me," Dante shot back confidently. He wiped sweat from his neck, then snatched the pencil he had tucked behind his ear and gave it to Shay. They had been planning this ever since she got the news—ever since she told him she was leaving.

"Um ... 'love' is a strong word. He likes you. Sometimes. But he loves me." Shay pushed her finger into her own sternum, like pushing a button to turn her heart on. Or off.

"Not like I do." Dante let those words slip from his lips effortlessly, like breathing. He'd told Shay that he loved her a long time ago, back when they were five years old and she taught him how to tie his shoes. Before then, he'd just tuck in the laces until they worked their way up the sides, slowly crawling out like worms from wet soil, which would almost always lead to Dante tripping over them, scraping his knees, floor or ground burning holes in his denim. Mrs. Davis, their teacher, would clean the wounds, apply the Band-Aid that would stay put only until school was over. Then Dante would slowly peel it off because Shay always needed to see it, white where brown used to be, a blood-speckled boo-boo waiting to be blown. Kissed.

Shay smiled and murmured against Dante before turning to him and softly cupping his jaws with one hand, smushing his cheeks until his lips puckered into a fish face. She

pressed her mouth to his for a kiss, and exaggerated the suction noise because she loved how kissing sounded—like something sticking together, then coming unstuck.

“Don’t try to get out of this, Dante,” she scolded, releasing his face. “Gimme your arm.” She grabbed him by the wrist, yanked his arm straight. Then she flipped the pencil point-side up and started rubbing the eraser against his skin.

They'd been sitting on the stoop for a while, watching cars pull out and new cars pull in. Witnessing the neighborhood rearrange itself. They'd been sitting there since Dante helped Shay's father carry the couch down and load it into the truck. The couch was last and it came after the mattresses, dressers, and boxes with SHOES or BOOKS or SHAY'S MISC. in slanted cursive, scribbled in black marker across the tops. Up and down the steps Dante had gone, back and forth, lifting, carrying, moving, packing, while Shay and her mother continued taping boxes and bagging trash, pausing occasionally for moments of sadness.

Well, Shay's mother did, at least. She couldn't stop crying. This had been her home for over twenty years. This small, two-bedroom, third-floor walk-up with good sunlight...

...and hardwood floors. A show fireplace and ornate molding. Ugly prewar bathroom tiles, like standing on a psychedelic chessboard. This was where Shay took her first steps. Where she took sink baths before pretending her dolls were mermaids in the big tub. Where she scribbled her name on the wall in her room under the window, before slinking into her parents' bed to snuggle. This was where she left trails of stickiness across the floor whenever coming inside with a Popsicle from the ice-cream truck. Where she learned to water her mother's plants. Plants they weren't able to keep because now this space—their space—was gone. Bought out from under them. Empty. All packed into a clunky truck that was already headed south. And since Shay's father left early to get a jump on traffic, it seemed like a good idea to let her mother take a much-needed moment to weep in peace.

Plus, then Shay could have a much-needed moment to eraser-tattoo Dante. It felt like nothing at first, to Dante. No different than a finger rubbing. “Where y'all goin' again?” Dante asked. “For the millionth time, Dante, North Carolina.” “I know that part. I mean, what city?” Dante's skin started to itch a bit. “Wilmington,” Shay said. “Not too far from the water.” Dante didn't say anything. He had never heard of Wilmington, so he figured it was far. Figured it was a place buses couldn't get to.

“And that's good. I mean, not good that I have to move but that I'm gonna be near water so I can work on my career stuff. Maybe get an internship or something.” “I know, Shay. You wanna save fish and whales and all that.” One of the new tenants, a young white woman, came from the truck and approached the house, her wavy hair whipping in the breeze. She climbed the steps carrying a chair over her head. Dante scooted to the left an inch to let her by.

Shay cocked her head to the side, lifted the pencil for a moment, the air instantly cooling Dante's arm. "A marine biologist. Somebody gotta care for all the stuff underwater that nobody can see. It's a beautiful world down there, full of living things that most folks don't understand." "Like sharks." "Like fish that glow in the dark." Dante ticked his tongue against his teeth. "Fish that glow, Shay? Really?" He shook his head. "It don't matter anyway, because when I get rich and famous for building bridges, I'm gonna build one from here to..."

"Wilmington."

"Wilmington."

"Or, you could just buy me a plane ticket." Shay chuckled to herself and started in again with the eraser. She was concentrating on the top of the S, a curved back-and-forth motion—a frown. "I'm gonna buy you a plane ticket. Shoot, I might buy you a whole plane. And this house so we can live in it." Shay nodded but didn't respond. "You don't believe me?" "I do. I just don't want to think about all that." Shay glanced up at him with sadness, a dim shooting star in her eyes. She blinked it away. "Right now, I just want to think about burning my initial into your arm." "Yeah ... and, just so you know...um... it's starting to burn." "Am I not worth the pain?" Shay tightened her face, cut her eyes at Dante playfully. "Whatever, Shay. Ain't like you getting my initial. So don't give me that."

"Come on, Dante. Let's be real—" Just then, she was interrupted, not by Dante, or by any sound. Just by the other new tenant—the white man from the truck, cradling a big box, waddling up the stoop. Dante scooted a little more to the left, this time to let the guy pass before he was bowled over. Shay picked up her thought. "Let's be real," she said. "What if we break up?" And before Dante could interject with all the reasons they wouldn't, and why would you even think like that, Shay added, "Not that we will or that I want that, because I don't. But... what if we do? Then I gotta have that ugly D on my arm forever." "And I'm gonna have this S, so..." "Yeah, but at least you'll be able to tell people it's a snake or something. What am I gonna say?" "Whatever, Shay." Dante winced as the eraser broke the skin, and the two people trotted past them, back down the steps. Back to the truck. "Hurt?" Shay asked slyly. "A little," Dante lied. It hurt like hell. Like someone was trying to strike a match on his flesh. He glanced down at his arm, the eraser rolling back the brown as Shay started on the curve. "You don't gotta lie. Remember who you talkin' to. The girl who healed your boo-boos when we were kids." "Uh-huh. Which is why this is so funny—the girl who taught me how to tie my shoes so I wouldn't hurt myself is now... hurting me," Dante said, through his teeth. "Ah, so it does hurt." "It hurts, Shay. It hurts. It didn't at first, but now it does." "Just don't think about it. Take your mind off of it." "Um ... I can't. I mean, what you want me to think about? I can't think of nothing except for the fact that my arm's on fire!" Dante now clenched his jaw and squirmed on the rough clay step. He was doing his best not to quit, to keep his word and go through with this even though he was regretting it more and more each second. "Okay, okay."

Shay stared up at the sky, thinking. "How 'bout... You remember when you told me you loved me? "The first time?" "No. We were five. That ain't count. You told everybody you loved them back then. You used to kiss your juice boxes after you drank them and tell the straw the same thing." Shay shook her head. "I did love juice boxes, though." Dante shrugged, "Seriously, straws are made for kissing!" "Whatever." Shay shook her head again, "I'm talking about the first time you told me for real. In the ninth grade." A smile crept onto Dante's face. A perforated smile, interrupted every few seconds by a grimace. Partly due to the burn from the eraser, partly due to the burn from the memory. "Yeah. It was part of our secret handshake at first. Two claps, a pound, one clap, a dap, then 'I love you' from the both of us." "Exactly, and we had been friends so long that it was no big deal. Like family. Until one day..." She was scrubbing his skin vigorously with the eraser, now coming into the second curve. Almost done. "Until..." Dante's words caught in his throat, overtaken by a painful hiss. "Until one day I hit you with the smooth okey-doke." "Wasn't no damn okey-doke!" Shay teased. "You dapped me, and we both said 'I love you,' like usual, except you wouldn't let go. And you had this wild look in your eye like my face was lunch or something."

"Yeahhhh." Dante gave a cocky nod. "No, Dante. It was scary. But then you said it again. But you were super serious. Like real serious." "And you remember what you said?" Dante bit his lip to hold in a grunt. Again, part eraser, part memory. "You always try to bring that up." "No, Shay, you brought this whole thing up! I just wanna make sure before you move to Willington—"

"Wilmington."

"Whatever. I just wanna make sure before you move I get this part of the story straight. So, I told you I loved you, but this time I said it for real. And you said..." Shay sighed. "And I said, 'No doubt, homie.'"

"NO DOUBT, HOMIE!" Dante yelped, showering Shay in fake disappointment. "That's what you said!" Dante dramatically slapped his free hand to his chest. When the 'no doubt, homie' fiasco first took place, he thought his heart would split in half. But it'd been a long time and he'd gotten over it, for the most part. Now it was just something he loved to tease Shay about.

"Because I didn't think you were serious!" "But you just said you knew I was serious, Shay!" "Okay. Okay. So, I was scared. Because I knew I loved you too, but it was strange. It's always been me and you, and so for you to, like, try to make it us, well, that was a little weird for me at first. But after we walked away from each other, what happened?"

"Well, I was crushed." "No you weren't!" "Oh, yes I was. But then you ran up behind me and pinched me on the butt, and I knew you loved me too." "Yeahhhhhh!" Shay howled. "And that is what you call game."

Dante shook his head, first at Shay, then at the young man and woman now carrying a mattress toward them. They started up the stoop, but Dante and Shay had no more space to scoot over. They were already up against the railing.

"Get off the stoop so y'all can go up," he snapped, his tone somewhere between annoyed and confused. He and Shay stepped down so the couple could step up. "I just don't know why they couldn't say excuse me," Dante grumbled loud enough for the couple to hear. But they didn't respond. Didn't even flinch. And as Shay and Dante watched the man and woman struggle up the steps inside, they also watched Shay's mother struggle down the steps, eventually stumbling through the front door.

"Wasn't even out of the house before they started moving in all their shit," Shay's mother muttered under her breath. She wiped her eyes, then glanced up, noticing Shay and Dante at the bottom of the stoop. She flashed a sad grin. One of loss and love. One of understanding. "You ready, baby?" Shay nodded, sighed. Her mother moved slowly, as if giving each foot a moment to mourn each step, and Shay threw her arms around Dante, kissing him on the cheek. "I love you." It slipped easily from his lips. Like breathing. Like usual. "No doubt, homie," she replied, her whisper bookended by sniffles. Then she pinched him on the butt. Dante walked Shay and her mother to the car, opened the passenger-side door. Before Shay got in, she gingerly put the pencil back behind Dante's ear, and he held his arm out so she could see her work. She blew on it, her breath cooling the burn for just a moment. "Looks good," she said, simply, while slipping down into the seat.

Dante forced a smile, closed the door, and told Shay to call him when she got there. To Wilmington. A place he'd never heard of, where buses probably didn't go. He watched Shay and her mother pull away, their car easing slowly past the double-parked truck—its emergency blinkers still on—that had left only a sliver of space to get through. And as they turned the corner, vanishing from sight, Dante glanced down at the S on his arm again. The burn. White where brown used to be. He knew the sting wouldn't last forever.

But the scar would.



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HE—Y, COME ON OU—T!

by Shinichi Hoshi (translated by Stanleigh Jones) 1978

Shinichi Hoshi, one of the pioneers of Japanese science fiction, is best known for writing more than 1000 “short-short” stories like this one. In “He—y, Come on Ou—t!”, the residents of a Japanese village discover a mysterious hole.

The typhoon had passed and the sky was a gorgeous blue. Even a certain village not far from the city had suffered damage. A little distance from the village and near the mountains, a small shrine had been swept away by a landslide.

“I wonder how long that shrine’s been here.”

“Well, in any case, it must have been here since an awfully long time ago.” “We’ve got to rebuild it right away.”

While the villagers exchanged views, several more of their number came over. "It sure was wrecked."

"I think it used to be right here."

"No, looks like it was a little more over there."

Just then one of them raised his voice. "Hey what in the world is this hole?" Where they had all gathered there was a hole about a meter in diameter. They peered in, but it was so dark nothing could be seen. However, it gave one the feeling that it was so deep it went clear through to the centre of the earth.

There was even one person who said, "I wonder if it's a fox's hole."

"He—y, come on ou—t!" shouted a young man into the hole. There was no echo from the bottom. Next he picked up a pebble and was about to throw it in.

"You might bring down a curse on us. Lay off," warned an old man, but the younger one energetically threw the pebble in. As before, however, there was no answering response from the bottom. The villagers cut down some trees, tied them with rope and made a fence which they put around the hole. Then they repaired to the village.

"What do you suppose we ought to do?"

"Shouldn't we build the shrine up just as it was over the hole?"

A day passed with no agreement. The news traveled fast, and a car from the newspaper company rushed over. In no time a scientist came out, and with an all-knowing expression on his face he went over to the hole. Next, a bunch of gawking curiosity seekers showed up; one could also pick out here and there men of shifty glances who appeared to be concessionaires.

Concerned that someone might fall into the hole, a policeman from the local substation kept a careful watch.

One newspaper reporter tied a weight to the end of a long cord and lowered it into the hole. A long way down it went. The cord ran out, however, and he tried to pull it out, but it would not come back up. Two or three people helped out, but when they all pulled too hard, the cord parted at the edge of the hole. Another reporter, a camera in hand, who had been watching all of this, quietly untied a stout rope that had been wound around his waist.

The scientist contacted people at his laboratory and had them bring out a high- powered bull horn, with which he was going to check out the echo from the hole's bottom. He tried switching through various sounds, but there was no echo. The scientist was puzzled, but he could not very well give up with everyone watching him so intently. He put the bull horn right up to the hole, turned it to its highest volume, and let it sound continuously for a long time. It was a noise that would have carried several dozen kilometres above ground. But the hole just calmly swallowed up the sound.

In his own mind the scientist was at a loss, but with a look of apparent composure he cut off the sound and, in a manner suggesting that the whole thing had a perfectly plausible explanation, said simply, "Fill it in."
Safer to get rid of something one didn't understand.

The onlookers, disappointed that this was all that was going to happen, prepared to disperse. Just then one of the concessionaires, having broken through the throng and come forward, made a proposal.

"Let me have that hole. I'll fill it in for you."

"We'd be grateful to you for filling it in," replied the mayor of the village, "but we can't very well give you the hole. We have to build a shrine there."

"If it's a shrine you want, I'll build you a fine one later. Shall I make it with an attached meeting hall?"

Before the mayor could answer, the people of the village all shouted out. "Really? Well, in that case, we ought to have it closer to the village."

"It's just an old hole. We'll give it to you!"

So it was settled. And the mayor, of course, had no objection.

The concessionaire was true to his promise. It was small, but closer to the village he did build for them a shrine with an attached meeting hall.

About the time the autumn festival was held at the new shrine, the hole-filling company established by the concessionaire hung out its small shingle at a shack near the hole.

The concessionaire had his cohorts mount a loud campaign in the city. "We've got a fabulously deep hole!"

"Scientists say it's at least five thousand meters deep! Perfect for the disposal of such things as waste from nuclear reactors."

Government authorities granted permission. Nuclear power plants fought for contracts. The people of the village were a bit worried about this, but they consented when it was explained that there would be absolutely no above-ground contamination for several thousand years and that they would share in the profits. Into the bargain, very shortly a magnificent road was built from the city to the village.

Trucks rolled in over the road, transporting lead boxes. Above the hole the lids were opened, and the wastes from nuclear reactors tumbled away into the hole.

From the Foreign Ministry and the Defence Agency boxes of unnecessary classified documents were brought for disposal. Officials who came to supervise the disposal held discussions on golf. The lesser functionaries, as they threw in the papers, chatted about pinball.

The hole showed no signs of filling up. It was awfully deep, thought some; or else it might be very spacious at the bottom. Little by little the hole-filling company expanded its business.

Bodies of animals used in contagious disease experiments at the universities were brought out, and to these were added the unclaimed corpses of vagrants. Better than dumping all of its garbage in the ocean, went the thinking in the city, and plans were made for a long pipe to carry it to the hole.

The hole gave peace of mind to the dwellers of the city. They concentrated solely on producing one thing after another. Everyone disliked thinking about the eventual consequences. People wanted only to work for production companies and sales corporations; they had no interest in becoming junk dealers. But, it was thought, these problems too would gradually be resolved by the hole.

Young girls whose betrothals had been arranged discarded old diaries in the hole. There were also those who were inaugurating new love affairs and threw into the hole old photographs of themselves taken with former sweethearts. The police felt comforted as they used the hole to get rid of accumulations of expertly done counterfeit bills. Criminals breathed easier after throwing material evidence into the hole.

Whatever one wished to discard, the hole accepted it all. The hole cleansed the city of its filth; the sea and sky seemed to have become a bit clearer than before.

Aiming at the heavens, new buildings went on being constructed one after the other.

One day, atop the high steel frame of a new building under construction, a workman was taking a break. Above his head he heard a voice shout:

“He—y, come on ou—t!”

But, in the sky to which he lifted his gaze there was nothing at all. A clear blue sky merely spread over all. He thought it must be his imagination. Then, as he resumed his former position, from the direction where the voice had come, a small pebble skimmed by him and fell on past.

The man, however, was gazing in idle reverie at the city's skyline growing ever more beautiful, and he failed to notice.

The Cask of Amontillado

Fortunato had hurt me a thousand times and I had suffered quietly. But then I learned that he had laughed at my proud name, Montresor, the name of an old and honored family. I promised myself that I would make him pay for this — that I would have **revenge**. You must not suppose, however, that I spoke of this to anyone. I would make him pay, yes; but I would act only with the greatest care. I must not suffer as a result of taking my revenge. A **wrong** is not made right in that manner. And also the wrong would not be made right unless Fortunato knew that he was paying and knew who was forcing him to pay.



I gave Fortunato no cause to doubt me. I continued to smile in his face, and he did not understand that I was now smiling at the thought of what I planned for him, at the thought of my revenge.

Fortunato was a strong man, a man to be feared. But he had one great weakness: he liked to drink good wine, and indeed he drank much of it. So he knew a lot about fine wines, and **proudly** believed that he was a trained judge of them. I, too, knew old wines well, and I bought the best I could find. And wine, I thought, wine would give me my revenge!

It was almost dark, one evening in the spring, when I met Fortunato in the street, alone. He spoke to me more **warmly** than was usual, for already he had drunk more wine than was good for him. I acted pleased to see him, and I shook his hand, as if he had been my closest friend.

“Fortunato! How are you?” “Montresor!

Good evening, my friend.”

“My dear Fortunato! I am indeed glad that I have met you. I was just thinking of you. For I have been tasting my new wine. I have bought a full **cask** of a fine wine which they tell me is Amontillado. But....”

“Amontillado! Quite impossible.”

“I know. It does not seem possible. As I could not find you I was just going to talk to Luchresi. If anyone understands wines it is Luchresi. He will tell me....”

“Luchresi? He does not know one wine from another!” “But they say he knows as much about wines as you know.” “Ho! — Come. Let us go.”

“Go where?”

“To your **vaults**. To taste the wine.”

“No, my friend, no. I can see that you are not well. And the vaults are cold and wet.”

“I do not care. Let us go. I’m well enough. The cold is nothing. Amontillado! Someone is playing games with you. And Luchresi! Ha! Luchresi knows nothing about wines, nothing at all.”

As he spoke, Fortunato took my arm, and I allowed him to **hurry** me to my great stone **palace**, where my family, the Montresors, had lived for centuries. There was no one at home. I had told the **servants** that they must not leave the palace, as I would not return until the following morning and they must care for the place. This, I knew, was enough to make it certain that they would all leave as soon as my back was turned.

I took down from their places on the wall two **brightly** burning lights. I gave one of these to Fortunato and led him to a wide doorway. There we could see the stone steps going down into the darkness.

Asking him to be careful as he followed, I went down before him, down under the ground, deep under the old walls of my palace. We came finally to the bottom of the steps and stood there a moment together. The earth which formed the floor was cold and hard. We were entering the last resting place of the dead of the Montresor family. Here too we kept our finest wines, here in the cool, dark, still air under the ground.

Fortunato's step was not sure, because of the wine he had been drinking. He looked **uncertainly** around him, trying to see through the thick darkness which pushed in around us. Here our brightly burning lights seemed weak indeed. But our eyes soon became used to the darkness. We could see the bones of the dead lying in large piles along the walls. The stones of the walls were wet and cold.

From the long rows of bottles which were lying on the floor, among the bones, I chose one which contained a very good wine. Since I did not have anything to open the bottle with, I struck the stone wall with it and broke off the small end. I offered the bottle to Fortunato.

"Here, Fortunato. Drink some of this fine Medoc. It will help to keep us warm. Drink!"

"Thank you, my friend. I drink to the dead who lie sleeping around us."

"And I, Fortunato — I drink to your long life."

"Ahh! A very fine wine, indeed! But the Amontillado?" "It is farther on. Come."

We walked on for some time. We were now under the river's bed, and water fell in drops upon us from above. Deeper into the ground we went, past still more bones.

"Your vaults are many, and large. There seems to be no end to them."

"We are a great family, and an old one. It is not far now. But I can see you are **trembling** with the cold. Come! Let us go back before it is too late."

"It is nothing. Let us go on. But first, another drink of your Medoc!"

I took up from among the bones another bottle. It was another wine of a fine quality, a De Grève. Again I broke off the neck of the bottle. Fortunato took it and drank it all without stopping for a breath. He laughed, and threw the empty bottle over his shoulder.

We went on, deeper and deeper into the earth. Finally we arrived at a vault in which the air was so old and heavy that our lights almost died. Against three of the walls there were piles of bones higher than our heads. From the fourth wall someone had pulled down all the bones, and they were spread all around us on the ground. In the middle of the wall was an opening into another vault, if I can call it that — a little room about three feet wide, six or seven feet high, and perhaps four feet deep. It was hardly more than a hole in the wall.

"Go on," I said. "Go in; the Amontillado is in there."

Fortunato continued to go forward, uncertainly. I followed him immediately. Soon, of course, he reached the back wall. He stood there a moment, facing the wall, surprised and wondering. In that wall were two heavy iron rings. A short chain was hanging from one of these and a lock from the other. Before Fortunato could guess what was happening, I closed the lock and chained him **tightly** to the wall. I stepped back.



"Fortunato," I said. "Put your hand against the wall. You must feel how the water runs over it. Once more I ask you, please, will you not go back? No? If not, then I must leave you. But first I must do everything I can for you."

"But...But the Amontillado?"

"Ah, yes, yes indeed; the Amontillado."

As I spoke these words I began to search among the bones. Throwing them to one side I found the stones which earlier I had taken down from the wall. Quickly I began to build the wall again, covering the hole where Fortunato stood trembling.

"Montresor! What are you doing!?"

I continued working. I could hear him pulling at the chain, shaking it **wildly**. Only a few stones remained to put in their place.

"Montresor! Ha-ha. This is a very good joke, indeed. Many times will we laugh about it — ha-ha — as we drink our wine together — ha-ha."

"Of course. As we drink the Amontillado."

"But is it not late? Should we not be going back? They will be expecting us. Let us go."

"Yes. Let us go."

As I said this I lifted the last stone from the ground.

"Montresor! For the love of God!!"

"Yes. For the love of God!"

I heard no answer. "Fortunato!" I cried. "Fortunato." I heard only a soft, low sound, a half-cry of fear. My heart grew sick; it must have been the cold. I hurried to force the last stone into its position. And I put the old bones again in a pile against the wall. For half a century now no human hand has touched them. May he rest in peace!

"The Lottery" (1948)

by Shirley Jackson

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather. surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers. who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him. because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three- legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter. came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done.

The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office. and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up--of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr.

Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on. "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you. Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now." Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar." several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar." he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me. I guess," a woman said. and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen vet." Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right." Sr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for my mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said thin#s like "Good fellow, lack." and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?" "Here," a

voice said. and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions: most of them were quiet. wetting their lips. not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi. Steve." Mr. Summers said. and Mr. Adams said. "Hi. Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd. where he stood a little apart from his family. not looking down at his hand.

"Allen." Mr. Summers said. "Anderson. Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more." Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

"Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast.-- Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark. Delacroix"

"There goes my old man." Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said. "Go on. Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next." Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt. Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed. "Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries." Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke. Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry." "They're

almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson" The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?," "Who's got it?," "Is it the Dunbars?," "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance." "Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family; that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally. "Three," Bill

Hutchinson said.

"There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box. and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground. where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked. and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children. nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said. "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy." Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper." Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly. and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be." Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be." "All right,"

Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill. Jr.. opened theirs at the same time. and both beamed and laughed. turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks." Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mr. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.