“The hardest thing to do is to write straight honest prose on human beings.”

—Ernest Hemingway
The Modern American Short Story

Since the era of Poe, Hawthorne, and Irving, the short story has been one of the most popular genres among American writers. The early stories of American Romanticism featured supernatural plots and clear moral themes adapted from well-known European myths and tales. As literary styles and themes shifted in the 1800s during the movements of Realism and Naturalism, however, short story writers in the United States began to portray plots and characters that mirrored real life. Modernist writers continued this progression by experimenting with new ways of capturing the rich complexity of human life and by responding to a world that was just beginning to rise from the ashes of World War I.

“There are no plot stories in life.”
—Sherwood Anderson

Stream of Consciousness

Many modernist short story writers in the early 1900s were influenced by the new psychological theories of the time, including the writings of Sigmund Freud, who believed in the presence of unconscious causes for people’s behavior. This flurry of interest in the human mind spawned a new literary technique called *stream of consciousness*. American psychologist William James, the brother of writer Henry James, coined the phrase in 1890. He believed people have a constant stream of thoughts that flow through their minds without clear logic or order.

James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, William Faulkner, and Katherine Anne Porter (see page 774) are some of the notable practitioners of this method of narration. In stories that employ stream of consciousness, certain memories trigger seemingly random thoughts. Stream of consciousness stories include the following elements:

- first-person point of view
- a lack of conventional sentence structure or grammar
- “free associations” that flow through a character’s mind and link distinctly separate events
- interior monologues

Room in New York, 1932. Edward Hopper. Oil on Canvas, 28½ x 35½ in. F.M. Hall Collection.
The Interior World

Modernist writers reacted against formulaic, plot-driven stories that dominated the early 1900s, including the surprise endings that made the fiction of O. Henry famous. Irish short-story writer Frank O'Connor explained that Modernists instead strove for the “artful approach to the significant moment.” Another Irish writer, James Joyce, brought this idea of the moment charged with meaning to full effect in his 1914 short story collection *Dubliners*, in which he introduced the *epiphany*, or moment of revelation, and used it to redefine the short story.

Many writers of the period cited Russian writer Anton Chekhov (see page 552) as a key influence. Translations of his work into English between 1916 and 1923 brought his method of storytelling to the United States. Chekhov was a master at employing realistic detail and *understatement*—a de-emphasis on the importance of something or someone. He preferred to use “slice of life” anecdotes in his stories rather than traditional plots. Chekhov’s stories, such as “Gooseberries,” lack obvious external conflicts, action-packed events, and clear climaxes. Instead, the drama rages inside characters’ minds. The protagonists in modern short stories, notably by Hemingway and Fitzgerald, are often *antiheroes*, or conflicted characters engulfed by indecision.

The language in modern short stories is often subtle and poetic, and requires the reader to infer what is left unsaid. British short-story writer and critic H. E. Bates said, “It is no longer necessary to describe; it is enough to suggest. The full-length portrait, in full dress, with scenic background, has become superfluous; now it is enough that we should know a woman by the shape of her hands.”

Hemingway (see page 732), who was influenced by Chekhov’s style, was also a master of understatement. Hemingway’s terse, suggestive language, a staple of the modern short story, was frequently imitated. Hemingway used the metaphor of an iceberg to explain his view of the short story, “There is seven-eighths of it underwater for every part that shows.”

Features of the Modern Short Story

Note the following features of modern short stories to help enrich your understanding of these works.

- understatement
- irony
- stream of consciousness
- antiheroes
- unspectacular, or everyday, settings
- themes of instability and loss
- plots without a clear climax or resolution

**RESPONDING AND THINKING CRITICALLY**

1. What factors inspired writers in the modern period to revamp the short story?
2. (a) What is stream of consciousness?  
   (b) What influenced its emergence in modern fiction?
3. Look back at one of the short stories in Unit Two: American Romanticism. How is it similar to and different from one of the modern short stories in Unit Five?
**BEFORE YOU READ**

## MEET ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Big-game hunters, deep-sea fishermen, soldiers, boxers, bullfighters—these are the types of characters found in Ernest Hemingway’s fiction. Yet the Hemingway hero is not the typical action-adventure daredevil. Strong but sensitive, brainy as well as brawny, he is usually someone who has been wounded by life, though he keeps his suffering to himself. Inextricably linked to Hemingway’s own adventurous life and personality, the Hemingway hero captured the public’s imagination and granted the author celebrity status that extended beyond the world of literature. His style and depiction of characters has been widely imitated by generations of writers.

**Coming of Age** Born in the Chicago suburb of Oak Park, Illinois, Ernest Hemingway spent large chunks of his childhood camping, hunting, and fishing with his father. He began writing in high school and upon graduating landed a job as a cub reporter for the *Kansas City Star*. Soon after, when the United States entered World War I, Hemingway was determined to be part of the action. Rejected by the U.S. military because of an eye defect, he volunteered to serve as a Red Cross ambulance driver near the battlefront in Italy, and was seriously wounded less than a month before his nineteenth birthday. The injury, said critic Alfred Kazin, “was a shock that went straight into Hemingway’s early stories and fables of the war.”

“A man can be destroyed but not defeated.”
—Ernest Hemingway from *The Old Man and the Sea*

After medical treatment in Italy and recuperation back home, Hemingway accepted a job as foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star*. Settling in Paris, he joined the colony of American writers and artists who, disillusioned by the war but reluctant to leave the continent where they had fought it, chose to live as expatriates. Many expatriates often gathered at the Paris home of American author Gertrude Stein, who coined the term *lost generation* to describe the alienated writers and artists of the post–World War I era.

**A Celebrity Author** In 1925, encouraged by Stein and others, Hemingway published *In Our Time*, a story collection that established his presence as an important new writer. He followed with *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), a novel of the lost generation in 1920s Paris and Spain, and *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), a tragic World War I love story. Hemingway drew on his personal adventures as he wrote his fiction and won fame for his lifestyle as much as for his writing style. He wrote his bullfighting novel, *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), after attending bullfights in Spain, and his story “The Snows of Kilimanjaro” (1936) came after he went on safari in Africa. In 1952 Hemingway published *The Old Man and the Sea*, a short novel that drew on his own experiences as a deep-sea fisherman off the coast of Cuba. In 1954 Hemingway won the Nobel Prize for Literature “for his mastery of the art of narrative, most recently demonstrated in *The Old Man and the Sea*, and for the influence that he has exerted on contemporary style.” He is one of fewer than ten U.S. writers to be presented with a Nobel Prize.

Ernest Hemingway was born in 1899 and died in 1961.

**LiteratureOnline** Author Search For more about Ernest Hemingway, go to [www.glencoe.com](http://www.glencoe.com).
Connecting to the Story

Hemingway once defined “guts,” or courage, as the ability to display “grace under pressure.” In “In Another Country,” several of the characters have been awarded medals for behaving courageously. As you read the story, think about the following questions:

- What are some different forms of courage?
- Can a person be courageous in a situation even after he or she becomes disillusioned by it?

Building Background

“In Another Country” takes place in the northern Italian city of Milan during World War I. The war, fought from 1914 to 1918, pitted the Allied Powers, which included England and France, against the Central Powers, which included Germany and Austria-Hungary. The United States joined the Allied Powers only a year before the war ended, but Italy joined the Allied Powers in 1915. The war exacted a high toll of casualties; in fact, of the 65 million people who fought in World War I, over 10 million were killed, and more than 20 million more were wounded.

Setting Purposes for Reading

**Big Idea** Modern Fiction

As you read, notice how Hemingway’s story differs from earlier fiction you have read in terms of both subject matter and style.

**Literary Element** Style

Style is the writer’s characteristic way of writing. It includes elements such as word choice, sentence structure, and tone. Hemingway, who was strongly influenced by his training as a journalist, pioneered a simple, unadorned style that has been frequently imitated. As you read the story, look for examples of Hemingway’s simple, journalistic style.


**Reading Strategy** Recognizing Author’s Purpose

Writers have different purposes, or reasons, for writing. For some, the main purpose is to entertain. Others want to present stories with as much realism as possible. Some writers may also want to teach a lesson or present a set of values or an approach toward life. As you read Hemingway’s story, think about what his purpose may have been.

**Reading Tip: Tracking Ideas** Use a chart to note your ideas about the author’s purposes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Detail</th>
<th>Purpose</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 735: “It was cold in the fall in Milan. . . . Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions.”</td>
<td>to portray the setting realistically</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Vocabulary**

- **lurch** (lurch) v. to move suddenly and unevenly; p. 735 When I shoved the refrigerator, it lurched a few inches to the right.
- **withered** (wi’ thard) adj. shriveled; p. 735 Fresh water did not revive the withered flowers.
- **detached** (di tacht’ ) adj. not involved emotionally; aloof; indifferent; p. 737 Others tried to befriend him, but he remained detached.
- **jostle** (jo’ sal) v. to bump, push, or shove while moving, as in a crowd; p. 737 Did the crowd jostle you, or did you just trip and fall on your own?
- **resign** (ri zîn’ ) v. to make oneself accept something; p. 738 I will have to resign myself to the situation, since I cannot change it.

**Vocabulary Tip: Antonyms** Words that have opposite or nearly opposite meanings are called antonyms. Note that antonyms are always the same part of speech.
In Another Country

Ernest Hemingway

The Invincible Soldier. B.V. Cerbakov. Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow, Russia.
In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and there were different ways of walking across the town through the dusk to the hospital. Two of the ways were alongside canals, but they were long. Always, though, you crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket.

The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered through a gate and walked across a courtyard and out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, and there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: “What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practice a sport?”

I said: “Yes, football.”

“Good,” he said. “You will be able to play football again better than ever.”

My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: “That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion.”

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps that bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: “And will I too play football, captain-doctor?” He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy.

The doctor went to his office in the back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as the major's, before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. “A wound?” he asked. “An industrial accident,” the doctor said. “Very interesting, very interesting,” the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

“You have confidence?”

“No,” said the major.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Café Cova, which was next door to the Scala. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop some one would call out, “A basso
gli ufficiali!” as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face, and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been a lieutenant of Arditi and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little
detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of town, walking in the dark, with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops, and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand.

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls—and I believe they are still patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in very beautiful language and full of fratellanza and abnegazione, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hour, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals; but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the street lights, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself, afraid to die and wondering how I would be when I went back to the front again.

The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted; they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front, because he would never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it; everything was so easy to say. “Ah, yes,” the major said. “Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?” So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such a difficult language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind.

The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do not think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, “a theory, like another.” I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust

8. Fratellanza (fra tal an’ za) and abnegazione (ab nà ga tzyo’ nà) are Italian for “brotherhood” and “self-denial.”
9. Citations are specific references to military achievements worthy of reward or praise.

**Vocabulary**

- **detached** (di tacht’ ə) adj. not involved emotionally; aloof; indifferent
- **jostle** (jo’ sal) v. to bump, push, or shove while moving, as in a crowd

**Big Idea** Modern Fiction How is the portrayal of these characters different from portrayals of war heroes in literature from earlier periods?

**Big Idea** Modern Fiction How does the close proximity of these three unrelated statements reflect new ideas of Modernism?
into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumped up and down with his fingers in them.

“What will you do when the war is over if it is over?” he asked me. “Speak grammatically!”

“I will go to the States.”

“No, but I hope to be.”

“The more of a fool you are,” he said. He seemed very angry. “A man must not marry.”

“Why, Signor Maggiore?”

“Don’t call me ‘Signor Maggiore.’”

“Why must not a man marry?”

“He cannot marry. He cannot marry,” he said angrily. “If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose.”

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked.

“But why should he necessarily lose it?”

“He’ll lose it,” the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. “He’ll lose it,” he almost shouted. “Don’t argue with me!” Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines. “Come and turn this thing off.”

He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door. When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He was wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder.

“I am so sorry,” he said, and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. “I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me.”

“Oh—” I said, feeling sick for him. “I am so sorry.”

He stood there biting his lower lip. “It is very difficult,” he said. “I cannot resign myself.”

He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. “I am utterly unable to resign myself,” he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door.

The doctor told me that the major’s wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour, wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.

10. Signor Maggiore (sê nyor ˈ ma jôˈ râ) means “Mr. Major.” In Italy, one said Signor before an officer’s rank as a sign of respect.

11. Invalided means “removed from active duty because of sickness or disability.”

Reading Strategy  Recognizing Author’s Purpose  What might the unexpected death of the major’s wife reveal about the author’s purpose?

Big Idea  Modern Fiction  How is Hemingway’s omission of facts about the machines, the photos, and the fate of the major characteristic of the Modernist approach to fiction?

Vocabulary  resign (ri zîn) v. to make oneself accept something
RESPONDING AND THINKING CRITICALLY

Respond


Recall and Interpret

2. (a) Why do the narrator and the others go to the hospital every afternoon? (b) What might the machines represent?

3. (a) What is the effect of the narrator’s grammar lessons? (b) Based on this effect, what generalization can you make about the narrator’s views on the world?

4. (a) What makes the narrator suspicious of the machines? (b) What do his suspicions show about his attitude toward authority and the likelihood of his recovery?

Analyze and Evaluate

5. (a) To what type of bird does the narrator compare the three young Italian men with medals? (b) How does this comparison affect your view of the three young men, and how does it stress the difference between them and the narrator?

6. (a) What is ironic about the bad news that the major receives? (b) How realistic do you find his reaction to this news?

7. (a) Besides their physical injuries, how might the narrator and the other soldiers be wounded? (b) How effectively does the story convey their attitudes?

Connect

8. **Big Idea Modern Fiction** How is the portrayal of war in this story different from heroic depictions in times past?

LITERARY ANALYSIS

**Literary Element: Style**

When he began working for the *Kansas City Star*, Hemingway received a *style* sheet that instructed reporters to "avoid the use of adjectives, especially such extravagant ones as splendid, gorgeous, grand, magnificent, etc." Short sentences, brief opening paragraphs, and "vigorou..." 

**Review: Setting**

As you learned on page 594, *setting* is the time and place in which the events of a literary work occur.

**Partner Activity** Meet with another classmate to discuss the setting of "In Another Country." Consider the relevance of the story’s title and how it highlights the situation of the narrator or the other characters. Also consider how the setting helps determine the story’s plot events and themes. You might gather your ideas in a diagram like the one below.
Reading Strategy  Recognizing Author’s Purpose

In traditional fiction, the author’s purpose is often to entertain readers with an exciting story that builds to a climax and ends with a satisfying resolution. Most Modernist writers do not follow that formula. Instead their stories are more fragmentary, with seemingly unrelated events that may not build to a climax and often leave readers hanging at the end.

1. How do Hemingway’s fragmentary presentation and lack of a clear resolution help convey his themes about modern life and modern warfare?
2. Would you say that the story is without a climax? Explain.

Vocabulary  Practice

Practice with Antonyms  Find the antonym for each vocabulary word from “In Another Country” listed in the first column below. Use a dictionary or a thesaurus if you need help.

1. lurched  a. twisted  b. glided
2. withered  a. shrunk  b. thickened
3. detached  a. concerned  b. separated
4. jostle  a. restrain  b. injure
5. resign  a. refuse  b. accept

Academic Vocabulary

Here are two words from the vocabulary list on page R86. These words will help you think, write, and talk about the selection.

despite  (di spit’) prep. in spite of; regardless
resolve  (ri zolv’) v. to solve, settle, or answer

Practice and Apply
1. Why is the major skeptical of the machines’ effectiveness despite the doctor’s assurances?
2. How does the narrator resolve his feelings of boredom while in the hospital?

Writing About Literature

Respond to Theme  The major says, “A man must not marry” (page 738). He goes on to explain that a man should not put himself in a position to lose something dear to him but should instead “find things he cannot lose.” Do you agree or disagree with this theme—that people should distance themselves from others to avoid loss? Write a brief essay explaining your personal response.

Before you begin drafting, prewrite by jotting down your reasons for agreeing or disagreeing with the major’s views. Then, to support your reasons, list examples from personal experience and analogies, or comparisons that clarify the main quality of one thing by comparing it to another.

Model Analogy

Not marrying because you fear loss of a loved one

Not using a new mug because you fear you might break it

After you complete prewriting, use the details you’ve collected to draft your response. Meet with a peer reviewer to evaluate each other’s work and suggest ways to improve it. Finally, proofread your draft for errors in spelling, grammar, and punctuation.

Literary Criticism

Group Activity  “I always try to write on the principle of the iceberg,” Hemingway once noted. “There is seven-eighths of it underwater for every part that shows.” Meet with classmates and discuss how “In Another Country” illustrates Hemingway’s iceberg principle. In your discussion, consider at least five details in the story and discuss the underlying meaning of each one.

Web Activities  For eFlashcards, Selection Quick Checks, and other Web activities, go to www.glencoe.com.
Using Coordinating Conjunctions

“In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more.”
—Ernest Hemingway, “In Another Country”

Connecting to Literature Before handing in written work, check to see that you have used coordinating conjunctions correctly. A conjunction is a word, like but in the quotation above, that joins single words or groups of words in a sentence. A coordinating conjunction joins words or groups of words that are of equal grammatical importance in a sentence.

Coordinating Conjunctions

and but or nor for yet so

Use coordinating conjunctions to join the parts of a sentence or to link short, choppy sentences.

He looked straight past me and out through the window.

Hemingway was rejected by the military, so he became an ambulance driver.

Try to use appropriate coordinating conjunctions. For example, use but and yet only when there is a contrast between the clauses in a sentence.

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more.

Exercise

Inserting Conjunctions Rewrite the following sentences, combining the sentence parts by using one of the coordinating conjunctions in parentheses.

1. A woman sold chestnuts, (and, but) we didn’t buy them often.
2. The doctor told the men to exercise (or, and) face the consequences.
3. The hospital was old, (so, and) it was beautiful.
4. The major had neither confidence (or, nor) the ability to fence again.
5. We were glad to be safe in the city, (so, for) there was still fighting elsewhere.
6. The people hated us, (yet, so) they were not violent.
7. I could speak Italian, (but, and) the major tried to correct my grammar.
8. The major’s wife had died, (for, so) he cried and looked out the window.

Commas and Coordinate Conjunctions

Use a comma before conjunctions when they join clauses that could stand on their own as complete sentences.

- He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily.

A comma is generally used between clauses connected by the conjunction for to avoid confusion.

- We stopped the car, for we were lost.

Test-Taking Tip

Before handing in a written test, check to see that you have used appropriate coordinating conjunctions.

Language Handbook

For more on coordinating conjunctions, see Language Handbook, p. R47.

eWorkbooks To link to the Grammar and Language eWorkbook, go to www.glencoe.com.

OBJECTIVES

- Use coordinating conjunctions correctly.
- Demonstrate control of grammar and sentence structure.
Winter Dreams

MEET F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Scott Fitzgerald once wrote that “all the stories that came into my head had a touch of disaster in them... I was pretty sure living wasn’t the reckless, careless business these people thought.” Many of Fitzgerald’s stories and novels describe the reckless lifestyles of young, wealthy Americans in the 1920s.

“Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy.”
—F. Scott Fitzgerald, from Notebooks

Fitzgerald was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. He attended Princeton University, where he wrote for the newspaper and participated in the drama club. Fitzgerald joined the army before graduating, and while stationed in the South in 1918, he met Zelda Sayre at a country club dance. He fell in love, but Zelda was at first reluctant to marry him. That same summer, a New York publisher rejected the manuscript of his novel The Romantic Egotist.

Literary Success Following his stint in the army, Fitzgerald settled in New York City, where he worked for an advertising agency, but he eventually returned home to St. Paul to begin revising his novel. The publisher accepted the revision of his book, retitled This Side of Paradise, and Fitzgerald was ecstatic. He and Zelda were married in 1920, and in 1921 they made their first trip to Europe, returning to St. Paul for the birth of their only child, daughter Frances Scott (Scottie).

Fitzgerald’s second novel, The Beautiful and the Damned, and “Winter Dreams” were published in 1922. While in France and Italy, he wrote and revised his most successful novel, The Great Gatsby (1925). He and Zelda lived lavishly, both in the United States and abroad, and spent most of the money Fitzgerald earned from his writing. They regularly moved from Paris to various cities on the French Riviera and then back to Paris. But when the frantic decade ended with the stock market crash in 1929, Fitzgerald’s private life and prosperous career also crashed. His lucrative writing career began to dry up with the onset of the Depression. In 1930 Zelda suffered a series of nervous breakdowns and was hospitalized in Europe and the United States.

Later Years Though Fitzgerald struggled in the 1930s with alcoholism and with his marriage, he continued to write stories and novels. Tender Is the Night was published in 1934, and under contract with MGM, Fitzgerald worked on several screenplays in Hollywood. He was working on his fifth novel, The Last Tycoon, when he died in Hollywood of a heart attack at the age of 44. Zelda died in a hospital fire in North Carolina in 1948.

Fitzgerald’s works, and his life with Zelda, have inspired more than twenty films of varying success. There have been three film versions of The Great Gatsby alone. Reviews were mixed of all of the movie versions of the novel. There are few dissenters about the book itself, however. Tobias Wolff says that Fitzgerald “saw our American world... with clearer eyes than any of his contemporaries.”

F. Scott Fitzgerald was born in 1896 and died in 1940.

Author Search For more about F. Scott Fitzgerald, go to www.glencoe.com.
Connecting to the Story
Do you think most people have an unfulfilled dream? Have most people been misled by a dream? As you read, think about the following questions:

- Do you think it is possible to love someone your entire life even though you are not with that person?
- Can money provide true happiness?

Building Background
Many of Fitzgerald’s stories, including “Winter Dreams,” are somewhat autobiographical. In 1915 he met Ginevra King at a party in St. Paul. She lived in Lake Forest, Illinois, north of Chicago, and was attending school in Connecticut. She was sixteen and he was eighteen and in his sophomore year at Princeton. The attraction was instant. Fitzgerald and Ginevra corresponded regularly, and Ginevra kept a diary in which she recorded that she was “madly in love with him.” Ginevra had other boyfriends, however, and Fitzgerald was jealous. The romance was doomed. Ginevra ended up marrying a wealthy Lake Forest stockbroker, and shortly after, Scott married Zelda. Critics see aspects of Ginevra in most of Fitzgerald’s heroines, however, including Judy Jones in “Winter Dreams.”

Setting Purposes for Reading
**Big Idea**  Modern Fiction
As you read “Winter Dreams,” notice what it reveals about romantic feelings and relationships during the Jazz Age.

**Literary Element**  Motivation
Motivation refers to the stated or implied reason or cause for a character’s actions. It is often revealed through a combination of the character’s desires and morals and the circumstances in which the character finds himself or herself. As you read “Winter Dreams,” think about what motivates the two main characters.


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**Reading Strategy**  Evaluating Sensory Details
Sensory details are details that appeal to one or more of the five senses. Writers use these details to help the reader imagine or experience more deeply the content of their work. As you read Fitzgerald’s story, evaluate the effectiveness of these details.

**Reading Tip: Taking Notes**  Use a chart like the one below to record the sensory details you find as you read.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Detail</th>
<th>Sense It Appeals To</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“desolate sand-boxes knee-deep in crusted ice”</td>
<td>sight</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Vocabulary**
-grimace (grim’is) n. facial expression showing contempt, disgust, or pain; p. 745 The doctor’s needle made the child grimace.
-ominous (om’a nas) adj. threatening; p. 746 Black clouds in the west looked ominous.
-perturbation (pur’tar bā’shan) n. state of being perturbed, anxious, or uneasy; p. 746 The clerk showed perturbation when the police appeared.
-ingenuous (in jen’ ŭ as) adj. lacking in sophistication; naive; p. 747 Her argument with the judge was ingenuous, to say the least.
-mundane (mun dān’) adj. ordinary; p. 751 The mundane details disappointed them.

**Vocabulary Tip: Word Parts**  If a word has a suffix, you can usually tell what part of speech that word is. For example, the suffix -ous forms adjectives (ambitious) and -ly forms adverbs (merrily). The suffixes -ion or -ian form nouns (musician). The suffix -er forms nouns (driver).
Some of the caddies were poor as sin and lived in one-room houses with a neurasthenic\(^1\) cow in the front yard, but Dexter Green’s father owned the second best grocery-store in Black Bear—the best one was “The Hub,” patronized by the wealthy people from Sherry Island—and Dexter caddied only for pocket-money.

In the fall when the days became crisp and gray, and the long Minnesota winter shut down like the white lid of a box, Dexter’s skis moved over the snow that hid the fairways of the golf course. At these times the country gave him a feeling of profound melancholy—it offended him that the links should be in enforced fallowness, haunted by ragged sparrows for the long season. It was dreary, too, that on the tees where the gay colors fluttered in summer there were now only the desolate sandboxes knee-deep in crusted ice. When he crossed the hills the wind blew cold as misery, and if the sun was out he tramped with his eyes squinted up against the hard dimensionless glare.

In April the winter ceased abruptly. The snow ran down into Black Bear Lake scarcely tarrying for the early golfers to brave the season with red and black balls. Without elation, without an interval of moist glory, the cold was gone.

Dexter knew that there was something dismal about this Northern spring, just as he knew there was something gorgeous about the fall. Fall made him clinch his hands and tremble and repeat idiotic sentences to himself, and make brisk abrupt gestures of command to imaginary audiences and armies. October filled him with hope which November raised to a sort of ecstatic triumph, and in this mood the fleeting brilliant impressions of the summer at Sherry Island were ready grist to his mill. He became a golf champion and defeated Mr. T. A. Hedrick in a marvellous match played a hundred times over the fairways of his imagination, a match each detail of which he changed.

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1. A neurasthenic cow is one that is thin and weak.
about untiringly—sometimes he won with almost laughable ease, sometimes he came up magnificently from behind. Again, stepping from a Pierce-Arrow automobile, like Mr. Mortimer Jones, he strolled stiffly into the lounge of the Sherry Island Golf Club—or perhaps, surrounded by an admiring crowd, he gave an exhibition of fancy diving from the spring-board of the club raft. . . . Among those who watched him in open-mouthed wonder was Mr. Mortimer Jones.

And one day it came to pass that Mr. Jones—himself and not his ghost—came up to Dexter with tears in his eyes and said that Dexter was the — — best caddy in the club, and wouldn’t he decide not to quit if Mr. Jones made it worth his while, because every other — — caddy in the club lost one ball a hole for him—regularly—

“No, sir,” said Dexter decisively, “I don’t want to caddy any more.” Then, after a pause: “I’m too old.”

“You’re not more than fourteen. Why the devil did you decide just this morning that you wanted to quit? You promised that next week you’d go over to the State tournament with me.”

“I decided I was too old.”

Dexter handed in his “A Class” badge, collected what money was due him from the caddy master, and walked home to Black Bear Village.

“The best — — caddy I ever saw,” shouted Mr. Mortimer Jones over a drink that afternoon. “Never lost a ball! Willing! Intelligent! Quiet! Honest! Grateful!”

The little girl who had done this was eleven—beautifully ugly as little girls are apt to be who are destined after a few years to be inexpressibly lovely and bring no end of misery to a great number of men. The spark, however, was perceptible. There was a general ungodliness in the way her lips twisted down at the corners when she smiled, and in the—Heaven help us!—in the almost passionate quality of her eyes. Vitality is born in such women. It was utterly in evidence now, shining through her thin frame in a sort of glow.

She had come eagerly out on to the course at nine o’clock with a white linen nurse and five small new golf-clubs in a white canvas bag which the nurse was carrying. When Dexter first saw her she was standing by the caddy houses, rather ill at ease and trying to conceal the fact by engaging her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation graced by startling and irrelevant grimaces from herself.

“Well, it’s certainly a nice day, Hilda,” Dexter heard her say. She drew down the corners of her mouth, smiled, and glanced furtively around, her eyes in transit falling for an instant on Dexter.

Then to the nurse:

“Well, I guess there aren’t very many people out here this morning, are there?”

The smile again—radiant, blatantly artificial—convincing.

“I don’t know what we’re supposed to do now,” said the nurse, looking nowhere in particular.

“Oh, that’s all right. I’ll fix it up.”

Dexter stood perfectly still, his mouth slightly ajar. He knew that if he moved forward a step his state would be in her line of vision—if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her face. For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before—in bloomers. 2

Suddenly, involuntarily, he laughed, a short abrupt laugh—then, startled by himself, he turned and began to walk quickly away.

“Boy!”

Dexter stopped.

“Boy—”

Beyond question he was addressed. Not only that, but he was treated to that absurd smile, that preposterous smile—the memory of which at least a dozen men were to carry into middle age.

“Boy, do you know where the golf teacher is?”

“He’s giving a lesson.”

“Well, do you know where the caddy-master is?”

“He isn’t here yet this morning.”

“Oh.” For a moment this baffled her. She stood alternately on her right and left foot.

“We’d like to get a caddy,” said the nurse. “Mr. Mortimer Jones sent us out to play golf, and we don’t know how without we get a caddy.”

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2. Bloomers are baggy trousers gathered at the knee and once worn by girls and women as an athletic costume.

**Vocabulary**

grimace (grim ’is) n. facial expression showing contempt, disgust, or pain
“You damn little mean old thing!” cried Miss Jones wildly.

Another argument ensued. Realizing that the elements of comedy were implied in the scene, Dexter several times began to laugh, but each time restrained the laugh before it reached audibility. He could not resist the monstrous conviction that the little girl was justified in beating the nurse.

The situation was resolved by the fortuitous appearance of the caddy-master, who was appealed to immediately by the nurse.

“Miss Jones is to have a little caddy, and this one says he can’t go.”

“Mr. McKenna said I was to wait here till you came,” said Dexter quickly.

“Well, he’s here now.” Miss Jones smiled cheerfully at the caddy-master. Then she dropped her bag and set off at a haughty mince toward the first tee.

“Well?” The caddy-master turned to Dexter. “What you standing there like a dummy for? Go pick up the young lady’s clubs.”

“I don’t think I’ll go out to-day,” said Dexter. “You don’t—”

“I think I’ll quit.”

The enormity of his decision frightened him. He was a favorite caddy, and the thirty dollars a month he earned through the summer were not to be made elsewhere around the lake. But he had received a strong emotional shock, and his perturbation required a violent and immediate outlet.

It was not so simple as that, either. As so frequently would be the case in the future, Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams.

II

Now, of course, the quality and the seasonability of these winter dreams varied, but the stuff of them remained. They persuaded Dexter several

3. A retinue is an attendant or a helper.

Vocabulary

ominous (omˈə nas) adj. threatening

perturbation (purˈ tər bə ˈshən) n. state of being perturbed, anxious, or uneasy
years later to pass up a business course at the State university—his father, prospering now, would have paid his way—for the precarious advantage of attending an older and more famous university in the East, where he was bothered by his scanty funds. But do not get the impression, because his winter dreams happened to be concerned at first with musings on the rich, that there was anything merely snobbish in the boy. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people—he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it—and sometimes he ran up against the mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as a whole that this story deals.

He made money. It was rather amazing. After college he went to the city from which Black Bear Lake draws its wealthy patrons. When he was only twenty-three and had been there not quite two years, there were already people who liked to say: “Now there’s a boy—” All about him rich men’s sons were peddling bonds precariously, or investing patrimonies or plodding through the two dozen volumes of the “George Washington Commercial Course,” but Dexter borrowed a thousand dollars on his college degree and his confident mouth, and bought a partnership in a laundry.

It was a small laundry when he went into it, but Dexter made a specialty of learning how the English washed fine woolen golf-stockings without shrinking them, and within a year he was catering to the trade that wore knickerbockers. Men were insisting that their Shetland hose and sweaters go to his laundry, just as they had insisted on a caddy who could find golf-balls. A little later he was doing their wives’ lingerie as well—and running five branches in different parts of the city. Before he was twenty-seven he owned the largest string of laundries in his section of the country. It was then that he sold out and went to New York. But the part of his story that concerns us goes back to the days when he was making his first big success.

When he was twenty-three Mr. Hart—one of the gray-haired men who liked to say “Now there’s a boy”—gave him a guest card to the Sherry Island Golf Club for a week-end. So he signed his name one day on the register, and that afternoon played golf in a foursome with Mr. Hart and Mr. Sandwood and Mr. T. A. Hedrick. He did not consider it necessary to remark that he had once carried Mr. Hart’s bag over this same links, and that he knew every trap and gully with his eyes shut—but he found himself glancing at the four caddies who trailed them, trying to catch a gleam or gesture that would remind him of himself, that would lessen the gap which lay between his present and his past.

It was a curious day, slashed abruptly with fleeting, familiar impressions. One minute he had the sense of being a trespasser—in the next he was impressed by the tremendous superiority he felt toward Mr. T. A. Hedrick, who was a bore and not even a good golfer any more.

Then, because of a ball Mr. Hart lost near the fifteenth green, an enormous thing happened. While they were searching the stiff grasses of the rough there was a clear call of “Fore!” from behind a hill in their rear. And as they all turned abruptly from their search a bright new ball sliced abruptly over the hill and caught Mr. T. A. Hedrick in the abdomen.

“By Gad!” cried Mr. T. A. Hedrick, “they ought to put some of these crazy women off the course. It’s getting to be outrageous.”

A head and a voice came up together over the hill:

“Do you mind if we go through?”

“You hit me in the stomach!” declared Mr. Hedrick wildly.

“Did I?” The girl approached the group of men. “I’m sorry. I yelled ‘Fore!’”

Her glance fell casually on each of the men—then scanned the fairway for her ball.

“Did I bounce into the rough?”

It was impossible to determine whether this question was ingenuous or malicious. In a moment,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Literary Element</th>
<th>Motivation</th>
<th>What is Dexter’s motivation for seeking “the glittering things”?</th>
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</thead>
</table>

5. A patrimony is an inheritance from a father.
6. Knickerbockers are full pants gathered just below the knee.

**ingenuous** (in jen′ˈu əs) adj. lacking in sophistication; naïve
however, she left no doubt, for as her partner came up over the hill she called cheerfully:

“Here I am! I’d have gone on the green except that I hit something.”

As she took her stance for a short mashie shot, Dexter looked at her closely. She wore a blue gingham dress, rimmed at throat and shoulders with a white edging that accentuated her tan. The quality of exaggeration, of thinness, which had made her passionate eyes and downturned mouth absurd at eleven, was gone now. She was arrestingly beautiful. The color in her cheeks was centered like the color in a picture—it was not a “high” color, but a sort of fluctuating and feverish warmth, so shaded that it seemed at any moment it would recede and disappear. This color and the mobility of her mouth gave a continual impression of flux, of intense life, of passionate vitality—balanced only partially by the sad luxury of her eyes.

She swung her mashie impatiently and without interest, pitching the ball into a sand-pit on the other side of the green. With a quick, insincere smile and a careless “Thank you!” she went on after it.

“That Judy Jones!” remarked Mr. Hedrick on the next tee, as they waited—some moments—for her to play on ahead. “All she needs is to be turned up and spanked for six months and then to be married off to an old-fashioned cavalry captain.”

“My God, she’s good-looking!” said Mr. Sandwood, who was just over thirty.

“Good-looking!” cried Mr. Hedrick contemptuously. “She always looks as if she wanted to be kissed! Turning those big cow-eyes on every calf in town!”

It was doubtful if Mr. Hedrick intended a reference to the maternal instinct.

“She’d play pretty good golf if she’d try,” said Mr. Sandwood.

“She has no form,” said Mr. Hedrick solemnly.

“She has a nice figure,” said Mr. Sandwood.

“Better thank the Lord she doesn’t drive a swifter ball,” said Mr. Hart, winking at Dexter.

Later in the afternoon the sun went down with a riotous swirl of gold and varying blues and scarlets, and left the dry, rustling night of Western summer. Dexter watched from the veranda of the Golf Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest-moon. Then the moon held a finger to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. Dexter put on his bathing-suit and swam out to the farthest raft, where he stretched dripping on the wet canvas of the springboard.

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. Over on a dark peninsula a piano was playing the songs of last summer and of summers before that—songs from “Chin-Chin” and “The Count of Luxemburg” and “The Chocolate Soldier” and because the sound of a piano over a stretch of water had always seemed beautiful to Dexter he lay perfectly quiet and listened.

The tune the piano was playing at that moment had been gay and new five years before when Dexter was a sophomore at college. They had played it at a prom once when he could not afford the luxury of proms, and he had stood outside the gymnasium and listened. The sound of the tune precipitated in him a sort of ecstasy and it was with that ecstasy he viewed what happened to him now. It was a mood of intense appreciation, a sense that, for once, he was magnificently attuned to life and that everything about him was radiating a brightness and a glamour he might never know again.

A low, pale oblong detached itself suddenly from the darkness of the Island, spitting forth the reverberated sound of a racing motor-boat. Two white streamers of cleft water rolled themselves out behind it and almost immediately the boat was beside him, drowning out the hot tinkle of the piano in the drone of its spray. Dexter raising himself on his arms was aware of a figure standing at the wheel, of two dark eyes regarding him over the lengthening space of water—then the boat had gone by

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7. A mashie is a five iron used in playing golf.

8. “Chin-Chin,” “The Count of Luxemburg,” and “The Chocolate Soldier” are all musicals or light operas popular at the time of the story.
and was sweeping in an immense and purposeless circle of spray round and round in the middle of the lake. With equal eccentricity one of the circles flattened out and headed back toward the raft.

“Who’s that?” she called, shutting off her motor. She was so near now that Dexter could see her bathing-suit, which consisted apparently of pink rompers.9

The nose of the boat bumped the raft, and as the latter tilted rakishly he was precipitated toward her. With different degrees of interest they recognized each other.

“Aren’t you one of those men we played through this afternoon?” she demanded.

He was.

“Well, do you know how to drive a motor-boat? Because if you do I wish you’d drive this one so I can ride on the surf-board behind. My name is Judy Jones”—she favored him with an absurd smirk—rather, what tried to be a smirk, for, twist her mouth as she might, it was not grotesque, it was merely beautiful—“and I live in a house over there on the Island, and in that house there is a man waiting for me. When he drove up at the door I drove out of the dock because he says I’m his ideal.”

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. Dexter sat beside Judy Jones and she explained how her boat was driven. Then she was in the water, swimming to the floating surf-board with a sinuous crawl. Watching her was without effort to the eye, watching a branch waving or a seagull flying. Her arms, burned to butternut, moved sinuously among the dull platinum ripples, elbow appearing first, casting the forearm back with a cadence of falling water, then reaching out and down, stabbing a path ahead.

They moved out into the lake; turning, Dexter saw that she was kneeling on the low rear of the now uptilted surf-board.

“Go faster,” she called, “fast as it’ll go.”

Obediently he jammed the lever forward and the white spray mounted at the bow. When he looked around again the girl was standing up on the rushing board, her arms spread wide, her eyes lifted toward the moon.

“It’s awful cold,” she shouted. “What’s your name?”

He told her.

“Well, why don’t you come to dinner to-morrow night?”

His heart turned over like the fly-wheel of the boat, and, for the second time, her casual whim gave a new direction to his life.

III

Next evening while he waited for her to come down-stairs, Dexter peopled the soft deep summer room and the sun-porch that opened from it with the men who had already loved Judy Jones. He knew the sort of men they were—the men who when he first went to college had entered from

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9. Rompers are a one-piece outfit that includes loose pants gathered at the knee.
the great prep schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summers. He had seen that, in one sense, he was better than these men. He was newer and stronger. Yet in acknowledging to himself that he wished his children to be like them he was admitting that he was but the rough, strong stuff from which they eternally sprang.

When the time had come for him to wear good clothes, he had known who were the best tailors in America, and the best tailors in America had made him the suit he wore this evening. He had acquired that particular reserve peculiar to his university, that set it off from other universities. He recognized the value to him of such a mannerism and he had adopted it; he knew that to be careless in dress and manner required more confidence than to be careful. But carelessness was for his children. His mother's name had been Krimplich. She was a Bohemian\(^7\) of the peasant class and she had talked broken English to the end of her days. Her son must keep to the set patterns.

At a little after seven Judy Jones came down-stairs. She wore a blue silk afternoon dress, and he was disappointed at first that she had not put on something more elaborate. This feeling was accentuated when, after a brief greeting, she went to the door of a butler's pantry and pushing it open called: “You can serve dinner, Martha.” He had rather expected that a butler would announce dinner, that there would be a cocktail. Then he put these thoughts behind him as they sat down side by side on a lounge and looked at each other.

“Father and mother won't be here,” she said thoughtfully.

He remembered the last time he had seen her father, and he was glad the parents were not to be here to-night—they might wonder who he was. He had been born in Keeble, a Minnesota village fifty miles farther north, and he always gave Keeble as his home instead of Black Bear Village. Country towns were well enough to come from if they weren't inconveniently in sight and used as footstools by fashionable lakes.

They talked of his university, which she had visited frequently during the past two years, and of the near-by city which supplied Sherry Island with its patrons, and whither Dexter would return next day to his prospering laundries.

During dinner she slipped into a moody depression which gave Dexter a feeling of uneasiness. Whatever petulance\(^12\) she uttered in her throaty voice worried him. Whatever she smiled at—at

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**Victorian Ball. Vincent McIndoe.**

**Viewing the Art:** What elements of high society depicted in this painting might Dexter find attractive?

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\(^7\) A Bohemian is a native of Bohemia, now part of the Czech Republic.

\(^12\) Petulance is irritability or impatience.
him, at a chicken liver, at nothing—it disturbed him that her smile could have no root in mirth, or even in amusement. When the scarlet corners of her lips curved down, it was less a smile than an invitation to a kiss.

Then, after dinner, she led him out on the dark sun-porch and deliberately changed the atmosphere.

“Do you mind if I weep a little?” she said. “I’m afraid I’m boring you,” he responded quickly.

“You’re not. I like you. But I’ve just had a terrible afternoon. There was a man I cared about, and this afternoon he told me out of a clear sky that he was poor as a church-mouse. He’d never even hinted it before. Does this sound horribly mundane?”

“Perhaps he was afraid to tell you.”

“Suppose he was,” she answered. “He didn’t start right. You see, if I’d thought of him as poor—well, I’ve been mad about loads of poor men, and fully intended to marry them all. But in this case, I hadn’t thought of him that way, and my interest in him wasn’t strong enough to survive the shock. As if a girl calmly informed her fiancé that she was a widow. He might not object to widows, but—

“Let’s start right,” she interrupted herself suddenly. “Who are you, anyhow?”

For a moment Dexter hesitated. Then:

“I’m nobody,” he announced. “My career is largely a matter of futures.”

“Are you poor?”

“No,” he said frankly, “I’m probably making more money than any man my age in the Northwest. I know that’s an obnoxious remark, but you advised me to start right.”

There was a pause. Then she smiled and the corners of her mouth drooped and an almost imperceptible sway brought her closer to him, looking up into his eyes. A lump rose in Dexter’s throat, and he waited breathless for the experiment, facing the unpredictable compound that would form mysteriously from the elements of their lips. Then he saw—she communicated her excitement to him, lavishly, deeply, with kisses that were not a promise but a fulfilment. They aroused in him not hunger demanding renewal but surfeit that would demand more surfeit . . .

kisses that were like charity, creating want by holding back nothing at all.

It did not take him many hours to decide that he had wanted Judy Jones ever since he was a proud, desiring little boy.

IV

It began like that—and continued, with varying shades of intensity, on such a note right up to the dénouement. Dexter surrendered a part of himself to the most direct and unprincipled personality with which he had ever come in contact. Whatever Judy wanted, she went after with the full pressure of her charm. There was no divergence of method, no jockeying for position or premeditation of effects—there was a very little mental side to any of her affairs. She simply made men conscious to the highest degree of her physical loveliness. Dexter had no desire to change her. Her deficiencies were knit up with a passion-ate energy that transcended and justified them.

When, as Judy’s head lay against his shoulder that first night, she whispered, “I don’t know what’s the matter with me. Last night I thought I was in love with a man and to-night I think I’m in love with you”—it seemed to him a beautiful and romantic thing to say. It was the exquisite excitability that for the moment he controlled and owned. But a week later he was compelled to view this same quality in a different light. She took him in her roadster to a picnic supper, and after supper she disappeared, likewise in her roadster, with another man. Dexter became enormously upset and was scarcely able to be decently civil to the other people present.

When she assured him that she had not kissed the other man, he knew she was lying—yet he was glad that she had taken the trouble to lie to him.

He was, as he found before the summer ended, one of a varying dozen who circulated about her. Each of them had at one time been favored

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**Literary Element** Motivation What prompts Judy to smile and look into Dexter’s eyes, when she has been moodily depressed up until this point?

**Vocabulary** mundane (mun·dən) adj. ordinary

**Big Idea** Modern Fiction What does Dexter’s discovery foreshadow about his relationship with Judy?
above all others—about half of them still basked in the solace of occasional sentimental revivals. Whenever one showed signs of dropping out through long neglect, she granted him a brief honeyed hour, which encouraged him to tag along for a year or so longer. Judy made these forays upon the helpless and defeated without malice, indeed half unconscious that there was anything mischievous in what she did.

When a new man came to town every one dropped out—dates were automatically cancelled.

The helpless part of trying to do anything about it was that she did it all herself. She was not a girl who could be “won” in the kinetic sense—she was proof against cleverness, she was proof against charm; if any of these assailed her too strongly she would immediately resolve the affair to a physical basis, and under the magic of her physical splendor the strong as well as the brilliant played her game and not their own. She was entertained only by the gratification of her desires and by the direct exercise of her own charm. Perhaps from so much youthful love, so many youthful lovers, she had come, in self-defense, to nourish herself wholly from within.

Succeeding Dexter’s first exhalation came restlessness and dissatisfaction. The helpless ecstasy of losing himself in her was opiate rather than tonic. It was fortunate for his work during the winter that those moments of ecstasy came infrequently. Early in their acquaintance it had seemed for a while that there was a deep and spontaneous mutual attraction—that first August, for example—three days of long evenings on her dusky veranda, of strange wan kisses through the late afternoon, in shadowy alcoves or behind the protecting trellises of the garden arbors, of mornings when she was fresh as a dream and almost shy at meeting him in the clarity of the rising day. There was all the ecstasy of an engagement about it, sharpened by his realization that there was no engagement. It was during those three days that, for the first time, he had asked her to marry him. She said “maybe some day,” she said “kiss me,” she said “I’d like to marry you,” she said “I love you”—she said—nothing.

The three days were interrupted by the arrival of a New York man who visited at her house for half September. To Dexter’s agony, rumor engaged them. The man was the son of the president of a great trust company. But at the end of a month it was reported that Judy was yawning. At a dance one night she sat all evening in a motor-boat with a local beau, while the New Yorker searched the club for her frantically. She told the local beau that she was bored with her visitor, and two days later he left. She was seen with him at the station, and it was reported that he looked very mournful indeed.

On this note the summer ended. Dexter was twenty-four, and he found himself increasingly in a position to do as he wished. He joined two clubs in the city and lived at one of them. Though he was by no means an integral part of the stag-lines at these clubs, he managed to be on hand at dances where Judy Jones was likely to appear. He could have gone out socially as much as he liked—he was an eligible young man, now, and popular with down-town fathers. His confessed devotion to Judy Jones had rather solidified his position. But he had no social aspirations and rather despised the dancing men who were always on tap for the Thursday or Saturday parties and who filled in at dinners with the younger married set. Already he was playing with the idea of going East to New York. He wanted to take Judy Jones with him. No disillusion as to the world in which

12. Opiate rather than tonic means that Dexter’s helpless ecstasy is numbing rather than stimulating.

13. Stag-lines are lines of single men waiting for dance partners at the clubs.
she had grown up could cure his illusion as to her desirability.

Remember that—for only in the light of it can what he did for her be understood.

Eighteen months after he first met Judy Jones he became engaged to another girl. Her name was Irene Scheerer, and her father was one of the men who had always believed in Dexter. Irene was light-haired and sweet and honorable, and a little stout, and she had two suitors whom she pleasantly relinquished when Dexter formally asked her to marry him.

Summer, fall, winter, spring, another summer, another fall—so much he had given of his active life to the incorrigible lips of Judy Jones. She had treated him with interest, with encouragement, with malice, with indifference, with contempt. She had inflicted on him the innumerable little slights and indignities possible in such a case—as if in revenge for having ever cared for him at all. She had beckoned him and yawned at him and beckoned him again and he had responded often with bitterness and narrowed eyes. She had brought him ecstatic happiness and intolerable agony of spirit. She had caused him untold inconvenience and not a little trouble. She had insulted him, and she had ridden over him, and she had played his interest in her against his interest in his work—for fun. She had done everything to him except to criticise him—this she had not done—it seemed to him only because it might have sullied the utter indifference she manifested and sincerely felt toward him.

When autumn had come and gone again it occurred to him that he could not have Judy Jones. He had to beat this into his mind but he convinced himself at last. He lay awake at night for a while and argued it over. He told himself the trouble and the pain she had caused him, he enumerated her glaring deficiencies as a wife. Then he said to himself that he loved her, and after a while he fell asleep. For a week, lest he imagined her husky voice over the telephone or her eyes opposite him at lunch, he worked hard and late, and at night he went to his office and plotted out his years.

At the end of a week he went to a dance and cut in on her once. For almost the first time since they had met he did not ask her to sit out with him or tell her that she was lovely. It hurt him that she did not miss these things—that was all. He was not jealous when he saw that there was a new man to-night. He had been hardened against jealousy long before.

He stayed late at the dance. He sat for an hour with Irene Scheerer and talked about books and about music. He knew very little about either. But he was beginning to be master of his own time now, and he had a rather priggish notion that he—the young and already fabulously
That was in October, when he was twenty-five. In January, Dexter and Irene became engaged. It was to be announced in June, and they were to be married three months later.

The Minnesota winter prolonged itself interminably, and it was almost May when the winds came soft and the snow ran down into Black Bear Lake at last. For the first time in over a year Dexter was enjoying a certain tranquillity of spirit. Judy Jones had been in Florida, and afterward in Hot Springs, and somewhere she had been engaged, and somewhere she had broken it off. At first, when Dexter had definitely given her up, it had made him sad that people still linked them together and asked for news of her, but when he began to be placed at dinner next to Irene Scheerer people didn’t ask him about her any more—they told him about her. He ceased to be an authority on her.

May at last. Dexter walked the streets at night when the darkness was damp as rain, wondering that so soon, with so little done, so much of ecstasy had gone from him. May one year back had been marked by Judy’s poignant, unforgivable, yet forgiven turbulence—it had been one of those rare times when he fancied she had grown to care for him. That old penny’s worth of happiness he had spent for this bushel of content. He knew that Irene would be no more than a curtain spread behind him, a hand moving among gleaming tea-cups, a voice calling to children ... fire and loveliness were gone, the magic of nights and the wonder of the varying hours and seasons ... slender lips, down-turning, dropping to his lips and bearing him up into a heaven of eyes. ... The thing was deep in him. He was too strong and alive for it to die lightly.

In the middle of May when the weather balanced for a few days on the thin bridge that led to deep summer he turned in one night at Irene’s house. Their engagement was to be announced in a week now—no one could be surprised at it. And to-night they would sit together on the lounge at the University Club and look on for an hour at the dancers. It gave him a sense of solidity to go with her—she was so sturdily popular, so intensely “great.”

He mounted the steps of the brownstone house and stepped inside.

“Irene,” he called.

Mrs. Scheerer came out of the living-room to meet him.

“Dexter,” she said, “Irene’s gone up-stairs with a splitting head-ache. She wanted to go with you but I made her go to bed.”

“Nothing serious, I—”

“Oh, no. She’s going to play golf with you in the morning. You can spare her for just one night, can’t you, Dexter?”

Her smile was kind. She and Dexter liked each other. In the living-room he talked for a moment before he said good-night.

Returning to the University Club, where he had rooms, he stood in the doorway for a moment and watched the dancers. He leaned against the door-post, nodded at a man or two—yawned.

“Hello, darling.”

The familiar voice at his elbow startled him. Judy Jones had left a man and crossed the room to him—Judy Jones, a slender enamelled doll in cloth of gold: gold in a band at her head, gold in two slipper points at her dress’s hem. The fragile glow of her face seemed to blossom as she smiled at him. A breeze of warmth and light blew through the room. His hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket tightened spasmodically. He was filled with a sudden excitement.

“When did you get back?” he asked casually.

“Come here and I’ll tell you about it.”

She turned and he followed her. She had been away—he could have wept at the wonder of her return. She had passed through enchanted streets, doing things that were like provocative music. All mysterious happenings, all fresh and quickening hopes, had gone away with her, come back with her now.

She turned in the doorway.

“Have you a car here? If you haven’t, I have.”

“I have a coupé.”

In then, with a rustle of golden cloth.

He slammed the door. Into so many cars she

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14. A coupé is a small two-door car.
had stepped—like this—like that—her back against the leather, so—her elbow resting on the door—waiting. She would have been soiled long since had there been anything to soil her—except herself—but this was her own self outpouring.

With an effort he forced himself to start the car and back into the street. This was nothing, he must remember. She had done this before, and he had put her behind him, as he would have crossed a bad account from his books.

He drove slowly down-town and, affecting abstraction, traversed the deserted streets of the business section, people here and there where a movie was giving out its crowd or where consumptive or pugilistic youth lounged in front of pool halls. The clink of glasses and the slap of hands on the bars issued from saloons, cloisters of glazed glass and dirty yellow light.

She was watching him closely and the silence was embarrassing, yet in this crisis he could find no casual word with which to profane the hour. At a convenient turning he began to zigzag back toward the University Club.

“Have you missed me?” she asked suddenly.

“Everybody missed you.”

He wondered if she knew of Irene Scheerer. She had been back only a day—her absence had been almost contemporaneous with his engagement.

“What a remark!” Judy laughed sadly—without sadness. She looked at him searchingly. He became absorbed in the dashboard.

“You’re handsomer than you used to be,” she said thoughtfully. “Dexter, you have the most rememberable eyes.”

He could have laughed at this, but he did not laugh. It was the sort of thing that was said to sophomores. Yet it stabbed at him.

15. Consumptive means “wasteful,” and pugilistic means “eager to fight.”
“I’m awfully tired of everything, darling.” She called every one darling, endowing the endearment with careless, individual camaraderie. “I wish you’d marry me.”

The directness of this confused him. He should have told her now that he was going to marry another girl, but he could not tell her. He could as easily have sworn that he had never loved her.

“I think we’d get along,” she continued, on the same note, “unless probably you’ve forgotten me and fallen in love with another girl.”

Her confidence was obviously enormous. She had said, in effect, that she found such a thing impossible to believe, that if it were true he had merely committed a childish indiscretion—and probably to show off. She would forgive him, because it was not a matter of any moment but rather something to be brushed aside lightly.

“Of course you could never love anybody but me,” she continued, “I like the way you love me. Oh, Dexter, have you forgotten last year?”

“No, I haven’t forgotten.”

“Neither have I!”

Was she sincerely moved—or was she carried along by the wave of her own acting?

“I wish we could be like that again,” she said, and he forced himself to answer:

“I don’t think we can.”

“I suppose not... I hear you’re giving Irene Scheerer a violent rush.”

There was not the faintest emphasis on the name, yet Dexter was suddenly ashamed.

“Oh, take me home,” cried Judy suddenly; “I don’t want to go back to that idiotic dance—with those children.”

Then, as he turned up the street that led to the residence district, Judy began to cry quietly to herself. He had never seen her cry before.

The dark street lightened, the dwellings of the rich loomed up around them, he stopped his coupé in front of the great white bulk of the Mortimer Joneses’ house, somnolent, gorgeous, drenched with the splendor of the damp moonlight. Its solidity startled him. The strong walls, the steel of the girders, the breadth and beam and pomp of it were there only to bring out the contrast with the young beauty beside him. It was sturdy to accentuate her slightness—as if to show what a breeze could be generated by a butterfly’s wing.

He sat perfectly quiet, his nerves in wild clamor, afraid that if he moved he would find her irresistibly in his arms. Two tears had rolled down her wet face and trembled on her upper lip.

“I’m more beautiful than anybody else,” she said brokenly, “why can’t I be happy?” Her moist eyes tore at his stability—her mouth turned slowly downward with an exquisite sadness: “I’d like to marry you if you’ll have me, Dexter. I suppose you think I’m not worth having, but I’ll be so beautiful for you, Dexter.”

A million phrases of anger, pride, passion, hatred, tenderness fought on his lips. Then a perfect wave of emotion washed over him, carrying off with it a sediment of wisdom, of convention, of doubt, of honor. This was his girl who was speaking, his own, his beautiful, his pride.

“Won’t you come in?” He heard her draw in her breath sharply.

“Waiting.”

“All right,” his voice was trembling.

“I’ll come in.”

It was strange that neither when it was over nor a long time afterward did he regret that night. Looking at it from the perspective of ten years, the fact that Judy’s flare for him endured just one month seemed of little importance. Nor did it matter that by his yielding he subjected himself to a deeper agony in the end and gave serious hurt to Irene Scheerer and to Irene’s parents, who had befriended him. There was nothing sufficiently pictorial about Irene’s grief to stamp itself on his mind.

Dexter was at bottom hard-minded. The attitude of the city on his action was of no importance to him, not because he was going to leave the city, but because any outside attitude on the situation seemed superficial. He was completely indifferent to popular opinion. Nor, when he had seen that it was no use, that he did not possess in...
himself the power to move fundamentally or to hold Judy Jones, did he bear any malice toward her. He loved her, and he would love her until the day he was too old for loving—but he could not have her. So he tasted the deep pain that is reserved only for the strong, just as he had tasted for a little while the deep happiness.

Even the ultimate falsity of the grounds upon which Judy terminated the engagement that she did not want to “take him away” from Irene—Judy, who had wanted nothing else—did not revolt him. He was beyond any revulsion or any amusement.

He went East in February with the intention of selling out his laundries and settling in New York—but the war came to America in March and changed his plans. He returned to the West, handed over the management of the business to his partner, and went into the first officers’ training-camp in late April. He was one of those young thousands who greeted the war with a certain amount of relief, welcoming the liberation from webs of tangled emotion.

VI

This story is not his biography, although things creep into it which have nothing to do with those dreams he had when he was young. We are almost done with them and with him now. There is only one more incident to be related here, and it happens seven years farther on.

It took place in New York, where he had done well—so well that there were no barriers too high for him. He was thirty-two years old, and, except for one flying trip immediately after the war, he had not been West in seven years. A man named Devlin from Detroit came into his office to see him in a business way, and then and there this incident occurred, and closed out, so to speak, this particular side of his life.

“So you’re from the Middle West,” said the man Devlin with careless curiosity. “That’s funny—I thought men like you were probably born and raised on Wall Street. You know—wife of one of my best friends in Detroit came from your city. I was an usher at the wedding.”

Dexter waited with no apprehension of what was coming.

“Judy Simms,” said Devlin with no particular interest; “Judy Jones she was once.”

“Yes, I knew her.”

A dull impatience spread over him. He had heard, of course, that she was married—perhaps deliberately he had heard no more.

“Awfully nice girl,” brooded Devlin meaninglessly, “I'm sort of sorry for her.”

“Why?” Something in Dexter was alert, receptive, at once.

“Oh, Lud Simms has gone to pieces in a way. I don’t mean he ill-uses her, but he drinks and runs around—”

“Doesn’t she run around?”

“No. Stays at home with her kids.”

“Oh.”

“She’s a little too old for him,” said Devlin.

“Too old!” cried Dexter. “Why, man, she’s only twenty-seven.”

He was possessed with a wild notion of rushing out into the streets and taking a train to Detroit. He rose to his feet spasmodically.

“I guess you’re busy,” Devlin apologized quickly. “I didn’t realize—”

“No, I’m not busy,” said Dexter, steadying his voice. “I’m not busy at all. Not busy at all. Did you say she was—twenty-seven? No, I said she was twenty-seven.”

“Yes, you did,” agreed Devlin dryly.

“Go on, then, Go on.”

16. The war refers to World War I, which the United States entered in 1917.
“What do you mean?”
“About Judy Jones.”
Devlin looked at him helplessly.
“Well, that’s—I told you all there is to it. He treats her like the devil. Oh, they’re not going to get divorced or anything. When he’s particularly outrageous she forgives him. In fact, I’m inclined to think she loves him. She was a pretty girl when she first came to Detroit.”

A pretty girl! The phrase struck Dexter as ludicrous.

“Isn’t she—a pretty girl, any more?”
“Oh, she’s all right.”

“Look here,” said Dexter, sitting down suddenly. “I don’t understand. You say she was a ‘pretty girl’ and now you say she’s ‘all right.’ I don’t understand what you mean—Judy Jones wasn’t a pretty girl, at all. She was a great beauty. Why, I knew her, I knew her. She was—”

Devlin laughed pleasantly.

“I’m not trying to start a row,” he said. “I think Judy’s a nice girl and I like her. I can’t understand how a man like Lud Simms could fall madly in love with her, but he did.” Then he added: “Most of the women like her.”

Dexter looked closely at Devlin, thinking wildly that there must be a reason for this, some insensitivity in the man or some private malice.

“Lots of women fade just like that,” Devlin snapped his fingers. “You must have seen it happen. Perhaps I’ve forgotten how pretty she was at her wedding. I’ve seen her so much since then, you see. She has nice eyes.”

A sort of dullness settled down upon Dexter. For the first time in his life he felt like getting very drunk. He knew that he was laughing loudly at something Devlin had said, but he did not know what it was or why it was funny. When, in a few minutes, Devlin went he lay down on his lounge and looked out the window at the New York sky-line into which the sun was sinking in dull lovely shades of pink and gold.

He had thought that having nothing else to lose he was invulnerable at last—but he knew that he had just lost something more, as surely as if he had married Judy Jones and seen her fade away before his eyes.

The dream was gone. Something had been taken from him. In a sort of panic he pushed the palms of his hands into his eyes and tried to bring up a picture of the waters lapping on Sherry Island and the moonlit veranda, and gingham on the golf-links and the dry sun and the gold color of her neck’s soft down. And her mouth damp to his kisses and her eyes plaintive with melancholy and her freshness like new fine linen in the morning. Why, these things were no longer in the world! They had existed and they existed no longer.

For the first time in years the tears were streaming down his face. But they were for himself now. He did not care about mouth and eyes and moving hands. He wanted to care, and he could not care. For he had gone away and he could never go back any more. The gates were closed, the sun was gone down, and there was no beauty but the gray beauty of steel that withstands all time. Even the grief he could have borne was left behind in the country of illusion, of youth, of the richness of life, where his winter dream had flourished.

“Long ago,” he said, “long ago, there was something in me, but now that thing is gone. Now that thing is gone. I cannot cry. I cannot care. That thing will come back no more.”

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**Big Idea**

What dream has gone, and why has it gone?
RESPONDING AND THINKING CRITICALLY

Respond
1. At the end of the story, Dexter is obviously undergoing a significant life crisis. What would you tell him if you were with him?

Recall and Interpret
2. (a) What are Dexter’s winter dreams? (b) What do these dreams tell you about him?
3. In giving up caddying, “Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams.” Explain how these dreams affected his decision.
4. (a) What is the point of view of this story? (b) How does this point of view affect the plot?

Analyze and Evaluate
5. How do Dexter’s laundry business and his round of golf in Part II tell you that he is still under the influence of his winter dreams?
6. (a) In Part III, is Dexter becoming a snob, with his emphasis on clothes and his hometown, or is he simply trying to fit in? Explain. (b) Why does he tell Judy that he is making “more money than any man his age in the Northwest”?
7. Why do you think Dexter becomes engaged to Irene?
8. In Part VI, after Dexter learns about Judy’s marriage, why is he so disturbed?
9. (a) Do you think Dexter really loves Judy? Explain. (b) Do you think Dexter would have been happier if he had married Judy? Why or why not?

Connect
10. **Big Idea** Modern Fiction Is Judy’s reckless disregard for the feelings of others a symptom of the Jazz Age, or could her character appear in a story from any period? Explain.
11. In what ways is this short story more modern than traditional short stories like those in Unit Four?

THEME CHART

The theme is the central message of a work of literature that readers can apply to life. Some works directly state the theme. More often, however, the theme is implied, and it is up to the reader to figure it out based on events, dialogue, or descriptions in the text. A literary work may have more than one theme.

You may find it helpful to isolate key passages from the text that can help you uncover the theme. Use a chart such as the one at right to list significant passages from “Winter Dreams.” In the second column of the chart, identify how each passage is related to the theme of the story. Then fill in additional passages from the story that you find.

**Group Activity**
Discuss the following questions with classmates. Use your chart to support your views.

1. What do you think is the theme of “Winter Dreams”?
2. Do you think this theme is specific to the time and place of this story, or does it apply today?
**Literary Analysis**

**Literary Element**  
**Motivation**

In literature, *motivation* refers to the reasons or causes for a character’s actions. Lack of clear motivation for actions is considered a weakness in a story or play. Sometimes motivation is subtle, however, and may not be immediately apparent.

1. What is the chief motivation for most of Dexter’s actions?
2. What do you think motivates Judy to behave as she does in her relationships with Dexter and others before she is married?
3. What is Judy’s motivation in mentioning Irene to Dexter after he becomes engaged?
4. What do you think motivated Judy to get married?

**Review: Conflict**

As you learned in Unit Four, Part 2, *conflict* is the main struggle between two opposing forces in a story or drama. An *external conflict* is a struggle between a character and an outside force, such as another character. An *internal conflict* is a struggle between opposing thoughts in a character’s mind.

**Group Activity**  
In a small group, discuss the nature of the conflict in “Winter Dreams.” Answer these questions.

1. What is the conflict in “Winter Dreams”?
2. Is this conflict internal or external?
3. How is the conflict resolved?

**Reading Strategy**  
**Evaluating Sensory Details**

*Sensory details* are details that appeal to the senses. Often, these details contribute to the meaning and mood, or atmosphere, of a story.

**Partner Activity**  
A passage in the last part of “Winter Dreams” reads: “the sun was sinking in dull lovely shades of pink and gold.” How does this passage seem to sum up Dexter’s feelings and his life? Meet with another classmate to discuss this question.

**Vocabulary Practice**  
**Practice with Word Parts**  
Suffixes can often help you identify or change the part of speech of a word. Add one of the following suffixes to the word parts below to form the correct word in each sentence.

**adjective suffix** -ous  
**noun suffixes** -ian, -ion, or -er  
**adverb suffix** -ly

1. The prisoner in the courtroom was a grimac_____. He made faces all the time.
2. He seemed so omin_____ that we tried not to look at him.
3. At first he acted quite mundane_____.
4. We didn’t know whether he was clever or ingenu_____.
5. Later, we were filled with perturbat_____.

**Academic Vocabulary**

Here are two words from the vocabulary list on page R86.

**outcome**  
n. (out´kum´) something that follows as a result; an effect; a consequence

**affect**  
v. (ə fekt´) to produce an influence on; to make a change in

**Practice and Apply**

1. What is the *outcome* of Dexter’s romance?
2. How does news of Judy’s married life *affect* Dexter?
Writing About Literature

Analyze Conflict  Write a brief essay in which you analyze the main conflict in “Winter Dreams.” Use evidence from the story to support your analysis.

To help you organize your essay, make a flowchart showing the major events from the beginning to the end of the story, the conflicts that arise from these events, and the resolutions, if any, of these conflicts. The first part is done for you as an example.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

Dexter first sees Judy age 11

emotional shock; begins yearning for a different life

quits caddying

After you complete your draft, meet with a peer reviewer to evaluate each other’s work and to suggest revisions. Then proofread and edit your draft for errors in spelling, grammar, and punctuation.

Fitzgerald’s Language and Style

Using Active and Passive Voice  A verb is in the active voice if the subject of the sentence performs the action. A verb is in the passive voice if the subject of the sentence receives the verb’s action. Different uses of a verb in a sentence allow a writer to emphasize what is most important and enhance a particular style. Notice the difference in emphasis in these two pairs of sentences that contain active and passive voice from “Winter Dreams.”

“The nose of the boat bumped the raft.” (p. 749)
The raft was bumped by the nose of the boat.

“Dexter walked the streets at night . . .” (p. 754)
The streets were walked by Dexter at night.

Although you should try to use the active voice whenever possible because it is stronger and more direct, sometimes the passive voice is preferred or necessary if the doer of the action is secret, unimportant, or unknown.

“Their engagement was to be announced in a week now—no one could be surprised at it.” (p. 754)

In this example, the person who will announce the engagement is unimportant or unknown.

To form the passive voice, use a form of the auxiliary verb be with the past participle of the main verb. The tense of the auxiliary verb determines the tense of the passive verb.

Activity  For each sentence below, identify the voice as passive or active.
1. A ball came bouncing onto the green.
2. Mr. Hedrick acted annoyed.
3. Mr. Hedrick was annoyed by the interruption.
4. The ball was bounced right onto the green.

Revising Check

Using Active and Passive Voice  Work with a partner to review and revise passive sentences that would be more appropriate in active voice in your essay for “Winter Dreams.”
Building Background

F. Scott Fitzgerald met Ginevra King, a woman who would influence him for the rest of his life, in 1915, when he was only eighteen. King became the model for some of Fitzgerald’s most memorable characters, including Judy Jones in “Winter Dreams,” and, most famously, Daisy Buchanan in The Great Gatsby. Her recently discovered diary and letters to Fitzgerald shed light on their previously mysterious relationship. The following selection from The Perfect Hour, James L. W. West’s discussion of their romance and its effect on Fitzgerald’s fiction, describes their first meeting and the start of their correspondence.

Setting a Purpose for Reading

Read to find out more about the inspiration for Judy Jones in Fitzgerald’s “Winter Dreams.”

CHAPTER TWO

The Romance

Scott met Ginevra in St. Paul on the evening of Monday, January 4, 1915. She was in the city to visit Marie (“Bug”) Hersey, a classmate at Westover who had been one of Scott’s childhood sweethearts. Ginevra was sixteen years old; Scott, then eighteen, was midway through his second year at Princeton. The two met at an informal party at Marie’s house on Summit Avenue. Scott was scheduled to take the Pullman east that night; his Christmas vacation was over, and he was due back at Princeton for classes. He was so smitten with Ginevra, however, that he decided to postpone the journey for twenty-four hours. He wanted to spend Tuesday afternoon with her and to attend a dance being

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1. Westover was a boarding school founded in 1910, in Middlebury, Connecticut.
2. The Pullman is a train’s sleeping car intended for overnight travel.
given in her honor Tuesday evening by Elizabeth (“Lib”) McDavitt, another local girl. Ginevra was flattered: “Scott perfectly darling,” she wrote in her diary that night. “Am dipped about.”

They spent the afternoon of January 5th crowded next to each other in the back seat of Reuben Warner’s car. (Reuben, a rival for Ginevra’s affections, was taking some teenagers for an auto ride across the river to see Minneapolis.) They were together again that evening at Lib McDavitt’s dance: this time, however, Scott had to catch his train. He had hoped for time alone with Ginevra at the dance, but he was unable to pry her away from the other party guests. At eleven o’clock he stood with her in the front hall of the McDavitt house. They squeezed hands and exchanged regretful glances; he promised to write, and she promised to answer. The next day she set down her impressions of the party in her diary. “Danced and sat with Scott most all evening,” she wrote. “He left for Princeton at 11—oh—I!”

. . . As soon as he was back at Princeton, he sent her a special-delivery letter. It was the custom then that if one met a young woman and meant to pursue her seriously, one sent her a “special-dellie” almost immediately after the first encounter. The letter reached Ginevra on Thursday, January 7th, while she was still visiting in St. Paul. She made a matter-of-fact note of its arrival in her diary: “Got a Special Delivery from Scott this morning.”

* The diaries are original documents in Ginevra’s hand and are quoted verbatim. The letters are transcriptions by a typist: obvious errors have been corrected and a few marks of punctuation added for readability.
As a popular girl, pursued by many boys, Ginevra might have expected to receive Scott’s special delivery as a matter of course, but she surely did not anticipate the deluge of mail that would follow. Letters began to arrive from her Princeton admirer frequently and in bulk, and her diary entries became more intense with each letter. She received “a sweet one from Scott” on January 14th. Another arrived on the fifteenth: “Wonderful letter from Scott again to-day!” she notes in surprise. On January 23rd: “Wonderful one from Scott (he is so darling).” And on January 28th: “Long wonderful letter from Scott this morn.” On February 6th there arrived a “marvelous wonderful heavenly letter from Scott—24 pages—cheered me up immensely.” And on February 12th, “24 pages from Scott. Thrills.” Her affections, she wrote him on February 7th, were “thriving under the stimulus of so much mail.”

The dynamics of letter-writing for teenagers of Scott and Ginevra’s time were elaborate. A girl’s popularity was measured in part by which boys wrote to her and how many letters she received. There was much banter³ about who was writing to whom and how often the letters were arriving. Many weekday evenings were taken up with letter-writing; popular girls learned to complain about how many boys they had to correspond with. Girls would wander in and out of one another’s rooms during letter-writing sessions. One girl might look over another’s shoulder as she wrote and, if she knew the boy, might pick up a pen and (with permission) add marginalia⁴ or a postscript.

Girls would give readings to their friends from letters they had received; often the girl would supply running commentary on the boy who had written the letter. Certain parts of

³ Banter means “quick-witted conversation.”
⁴ Marginalia are notes written in the margins of printed pages.
the letters (the affectionate or intimate bits) would be omitted, although if the boy had been fresh or the girl had a perverse streak, these passages might be read aloud and giggled over. The boys who wrote the letters were aware that this might happen, and they knew to be careful about what they put in their letters. Girls knew it too: boys would show letters to their friends as trophies or would read the sentimental passages aloud—to the accompaniment of eye-rolling and guffaws. No girl wanted to have her personal feelings exposed in this way. Thus there was wariness on both sides until a boy and a girl felt they could trust each other. Only then would they begin to include confidences or confessions of emotion in their letters.

Ginevra does not seem to have worried overly much about this sort of thing. Once she was sure of Scott’s interest, she came to enjoy writing to him. “You know, it’s queer, but I’ve always been able to write reams to you and never get bored or tired,” she told him on October 13th. He might have said the same thing. So lengthy were his epistles to her that he sometimes had to send them in two envelopes, marked “Part I” and “Part II.”

Letter-writing provided Ginevra with an escape. She was not happy about going back to Westover; she made this clear to Scott in her first letter, written on January 11th. “I dread school,” she said. “I simply can’t go back. I loathe the thought. I curse the fates that call for my education. I rebel at another
Informational Text

8 weeks of grind.” Her days at Westover consisted mostly of classes, tests, gym period, glee club, and Bible study (which she began to skip in order to write letters to Scott). Nights were taken up with studying, card games, and chitchat with girlfriends. Incoming letters were the most exciting events of the day.

Most of these missives, one imagines, were pedestrian; boys in their teens typically do not excel at the epistolary arts. Scott Fitzgerald, however, quickly proved himself to be a wonderful correspondent. He was observant and witty, gossipy and funny, full of news and speculations and questions. In other letters of his that have survived from this period, he often included impromptu verse or humorous drawings, and sometimes he sent letter/collages, with cut-out images of swimsuit queens or of movie stars with bobbed hair. Best of all, he could strike a note of longing when he needed to, telling a girl that he was perishing to see her. He must have been a most satisfying young man with whom to trade mail. Ginevra told him so: “Your last letter was most satisfying. I have been doing, and I honestly tried to act properly, but I am afraid I’ll never be able to wholly reform.” She understood the double standard of her time: “I am afraid I’ll never be able to wholly reform.” She understood the double standard of her time: “I am afraid I’ll never be able to wholly reform.” She understood the double standard of her time: “I am afraid I’ll never be able to wholly reform.”

In more serious moments he began to urge Ginevra to reveal herself to him, frankly and honestly. This was a lifelong habit with him. He often questioned people about themselves and prodded them into confessing things that they might not ordinarily have admitted to. Later in his life he irritated some of his friends, including Sara Murphy and Ernest Hemingway, with these interrogations. Ginevra did not reveal much to Scott at first; self-analysis did not come naturally to her. Scott, however, was persistent and pressed her to disclose her techniques. How did she charm so many boys and entice them into falling for her? Ginevra seems to have been puzzled by the question. Scott was assuming that her behavior, like his, was planned for effect. She could not really tell him why so many boys were drawn to her—only that they were, and that she liked the attention. Thus when he called her a vamp in a letter written late in January, she took exception. “I want you to apologize for calling me a vampire,” she admonished him on January 29th. “Très rude I should say.”

Ginevra did reveal a little about herself in her letters: “I know I am a flirt and I can’t stop it,” she admitted on January 20th. “A few years ago I took pleasure in being called ‘fast,’” she confessed; “I didn’t care how I acted, I liked it, and so I didn’t care for what people said.” But that attitude had not lasted: “About a year ago I began to see that there was something better in life than what I had been doing, and I honestly tried to act properly, but I am afraid I’ll never be able to wholly reform.” She understood the double standard of her time: “I am pretty good on the whole, but you know how much alike we are, and in a boy it doesn’t matter, but a girl has to control her feelings, which is hard for me, as I am emotional.” These confidences, she hoped, were what he was after. “This is the kind of letter you said you wanted,” she told him, “and so this is what I wrote.”

Scott’s letters to Ginevra seem to have been playful at first. His opening letter to her (according to her January 11th reply) was signed “Temporarily Devotedly Yrs.” She was amused and responded in kind, closing her first letter to him, “Yours Fickely sometimes but Devotedly at present. . . .” In the same letter she asked for a photograph of him, claiming to remember only his “yellow hair and big blue eyes.” Photographs were an important part of this game and often became objects of near-fetishistic devotion. At one point Ginevra had five photos of Scott on her dresser and another on her desk.

Scott was undoubtedly fascinated with Ginevra, or at least with the image of her that he was carrying about in his head. He continued to write, and she referred to his letters in her replies, sometimes quoting snippets from them. He knew how to keep the correspondence going. He seems to have rationed the flattery, which Ginevra would have been accustomed to, and to have been irreverent instead. In one letter he asked her how much the Big Four weighed (in toto). In another he sent her a list of current undergraduate slang at Princeton. . . .

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5. Missives are notes or letters.

6. Epistolary means of or relating to “letter writing.”
Scott soon learned that his romance with Ginevra was causing a stir at Westover. On February 6th he received a cryptic telegram telling him not to expect his usual letter from her the following day. “G.K.’S DAILY DELAYED. UNAVOIDABLE. REASON EXPLAINED LATER,” read the wire. A special delivery from Ginevra arrived the next day to explain what had happened. One of her friends from down the hall had wandered into her room while she was composing a letter to him. The girl had wanted to read the letter, but Ginevra had refused to show it to her. The girl had tried to snatch it, precipitating a playful tussle. “In the scramble I shut up the letter in the desk-drawer, and it went so tight that no amount of pulling would open it,” she explained. “I only had 15 minutes to get it in the last mail . . . and we got started laughing and then of course lost all our strength—I was screaming—So Midge said—’Well, it’s my fault, now I’ll send a telegram and tell him he won’t get his daily letter.’ . . . I said all right, so she went and did it.” This was heady stuff for an eighteen-year-old college boy. He was becoming, in absentia, a celebrity at Westover.

Ginevra knew how to provoke Scott. In a January 25th letter she recalled their farewell in St. Paul and his failure to kiss her. “I hear you had plans for kissing me goodbye publicly,” she wrote him. “My goodness, I’m glad you didn’t—I’d have had to be severe as anything with you!” Though perhaps not, to judge from her next sentence: “Ans. this— Why didn’t you? (KISS ME).”


14. *In absentia* means “in absence.”

**RESPONDING AND THINKING CRITICALLY**

**Respond**
1. What aspect of King and Fitzgerald’s relationship interested you the most? Explain.

**Recall and Interpret**
2. (a) According to West, why did young people have to be careful about what they included in letters to members of the opposite sex? (b) What does this suggest about young people’s motivation for writing these letters?

3. (a) How did students at Westover react to Ginevra and Fitzgerald’s relationship? What does West think Fitzgerald’s reaction to this was? (b) What does Fitzgerald’s response suggest about his personality?

**Analyze and Evaluate**
4. (a) West states that “Scott was undoubtedly fascinated with Ginevra, or at least with the image of her that he was carrying about in his head.” In what ways do you think this statement is relevant to the character of Dexter Green in “Winter Dreams”? (b) Is West’s characterization of Fitzgerald’s “fascination” believable? Why or why not?

5. (a) Ginevra came from a far wealthier family than Fitzgerald’s. How do you think this affected their relationship? (b) How do you think it affected his representation of her in his stories? (c) From what you learned about Ginevra in this excerpt from *The Perfect Hour*, do you think Fitzgerald’s representation of her in “Winter Dreams” is accurate? Explain.

**Connect**
6. How does Fitzgerald’s semiautobiographical style relate to developments in Modernist fiction?
MEET DOROTHY PARKER

As a writer, editor, and critic, Dorothy Parker was both famed and feared for her scathing commentary. She once infamously dismissed Katharine Hepburn’s acting performance as running “the whole gamut of emotion from A to B.” Withering comments such as this one were hallmarks of Parker’s fiction, poetry, and especially her criticism.

“Wit has truth in it; wisecracking is simply calisthenics with words.”

—Dorothy Parker

New York and Hollywood  After an unhappy childhood marred by the deaths of several close family members, Parker left school and began working in New York City. Early on, she got a job as a drama critic for *Vanity Fair*, but was soon fired because of the harshness of her reviews. In 1919 Parker cofounded the influential Algonquin Round Table, an informal group of writers named for the New York hotel where they frequently met. Parker is the best-known female member of the group, which included literary celebrities such as humorist and drama critic Robert Benchley and playwrights Robert Sherwood and George S. Kaufman. In the mid-1920s, Parker published her first book of verse and became a frequent contributor to the fledgling magazine the *New Yorker*, writing reviews, stories, and poems. Throughout the twenties, Parker’s writings, and her poems in particular, expertly captured the lenient, “anything goes” attitude of the time as well as the jaded cynicism that could result from too much freedom and recklessness.

In 1934 Parker married actor and writer Alan Campbell and the couple left New York City for Hollywood shortly thereafter. Despite the fact that Parker hated Hollywood, she and Campbell collaborated as screenwriters on a number of lucrative projects, including the hit 1937 film *A Star Is Born*.

Political Passions  Parker’s celebrated wit and famous pranks—she once hung a sign reading “MEN” on her office door to attract company—often drew public attention away from her serious involvement in social issues. She became active in left-wing politics while she was in Hollywood and chaired an antifascist committee during the Spanish Civil War of the late 1930s. In 1937 she traveled to Spain in support of the Popular Front and did a radio broadcast from Madrid. Parker’s leftist sympathies were held against her years later during the surge of anticommunism that gripped Hollywood (and the nation) after World War II. In the mid-1950s, the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) tried to force Parker to name people she believed to have communist sympathies, but Parker refused. She was blacklisted, and as a result she was unable to work in the film industry.

Today’s readers enjoy Parker’s work for its combination of wit and substance. As one critic said of Parker’s play *The Ladies of the Corridor*, Parker was skilled not only at witty dialogue, but also at depicting “the acute understanding of human loneliness, cruelty, stupidity, and occasional glowing, unpredictable fortitude that gives the characters their intermittent flashes of absolute fidelity to life.”

Dorothy Parker was born in 1893 and died in 1967.
Connecting to the Story
Have you ever had a complete stranger share a personal story with you? What was your reaction? In “Soldiers of the Republic,” Dorothy Parker listens to six Spanish soldiers reveal their concerns about the effect of war on their families. Think about the following questions:

- Why do you think a person might tell a stranger a personal story during wartime?
- Why might a person hold back a personal story from a close friend or family member during wartime?

Building Background
Parker’s short story is set during the Spanish Civil War. In 1936, Spanish military forces, led by General Francisco Franco, revolted against Spain’s democratically elected left-wing government. A brutal and bloody civil war began, and was soon complicated by foreign intervention. The governments of Nazi Germany and fascist Italy aided Franco’s forces with arms, money, and troops. The Spanish Republican government was aided by forty thousand foreign volunteers (including many from the United States) and by trucks, planes, tanks, and military advisers from the Soviet Union. The Spanish Civil War came to an end when Franco’s forces captured Madrid in 1939, and he established a dictatorship.

Setting Purposes for Reading

**Big Idea** Modern Fiction
As you read “Soldiers of the Republic,” note how it reflects characteristics of modern fiction such as understatement and irony.

**Literary Element** Setting
Setting includes not only the time and place of a literary work, but also the ideas, customs, values, and beliefs of the people in that time and place. As you read this short story, pay attention to these aspects of setting.


**Vocabulary**
- **dissembling** (di sem’ ing) n. the act of concealing one’s true character, feelings, or intentions; p. 771 The salesman’s dissembling didn’t convince me the used car was a good buy.
- **contrivance** (kan triv’ ans) n. a cleverly designed device; p. 771 The inventor designed an interesting contrivance.
- **vehemently** (vē’ mantlē) adv. in a strong or passionate manner; p. 771 Eleanor yelled vehemently as the thief fled with her purse.
- **whimsically** (hwim’ ziklē) adv. in a quaintly humorous manner; p. 772 The circus clowns paraded whimsically into the center ring.
- **stoically** (stō’ īklē) adv. calmly and unemotionally, especially despite pain or suffering; p. 772 Without hope of parole, the prisoner still faced his jail sentence stoically.

**Vocabulary Tip: Analogies** An analogy is a type of comparison that is based on the relationships between things or ideas.
That Sunday afternoon we sat with the Swedish girl in the big café in Valencia. We had vermouth in thick goblets, each with a cube of honey-combed gray ice in it. The waiter was so proud of that ice he could hardly bear to leave the glasses on the table, and thus part from it forever. He went to his duty—all over the room they were clapping their hands and hissing to draw his attention—but he looked back over his shoulder.

It was dark outside, the quick, new dark that leaps down without dusk on the day; but, because there were no lights in the streets, it seemed as set and as old as midnight. So you wondered that all the babies were still up. There were babies everywhere in the café, babies serious without solemnity and interested in a tolerant way in their surroundings.

At the table next ours, there was a notably small one; maybe six months old. Its father, a little man in a big uniform that dragged his shoulders down, held it carefully on his knee. It was doing nothing whatever, yet he and his thin young wife, whose belly was already big again under her sleazy dress, sat watching it in a sort of ecstasy of admiration, while their coffee cooled in front of them. The baby was in Sunday white; its dress was patched so delicately that you would have thought the fabric whole had not the patches varied in their shades of whiteness. In its hair was a bow of new blue ribbon, tied with absolute balance of loops and ends. The ribbon was of no use; there was not enough hair to require restraint. The bow was sheerly an adornment, a calculated bit of dash.

“Oh, for God’s sake, stop that!” I said to myself. “All right, so it’s got a piece of blue ribbon on its hair. All right, so its mother went without eating so it could look pretty when its father came home on leave. All right, so it’s her business, and none of yours. All right, so what have you got to cry about?”

The big, dim room was crowded and lively. That morning there had been a bombing from the air, the more horrible for broad daylight. But nobody in the café sat tense and strained, nobody desperately forced forgetfulness. They drank coffee or bottled lemonade, in the pleasant, earned ease of Sunday afternoon, chatting of small, gay matters, all talking at once, all hearing and answering.

There were many soldiers in the room, in what appeared to be the uniforms of twenty different armies until you saw that the variety lay in the differing ways the cloth had worn or faded. Only a few of them had been wounded; here and there you saw one stepping gingerly, leaning on a crutch or two canes, but so far on toward recovery that his face had color. There were many men, too, in civilian clothes—some of them soldiers home on leave, some of them governmental workers, some of them anybody’s guess. There

1. Valencia (vá len’ sē’ä) is a port city and tourist resort on the Mediterranean coast of Spain.
2. Vermouth (vər mŏoth’) is a white wine used in cocktails.
3. Solemnity is deep seriousness.
were plump, comfortable wives, active with paper fans, and old women as quiet as their grandchildren. There were many pretty girls and some beauties, of whom you did not remark, “There’s a charming Spanish type,” but said, “What a beautiful girl!” The women’s clothes were not new, and their material was too humble ever to have warranted skillful cutting.

“It’s funny,” I said to the Swedish girl, “how when nobody in a place is best-dressed, you don’t notice that everybody isn’t.”

“Please?” the Swedish girl said.

No one, save an occasional soldier, wore a hat. When we had first come to Valencia, I lived in a state of puzzled pain as to why everybody on the streets laughed at me. It was not because “West End Avenue” was writ across my face as if left there by a customs officer’s chalked scrawl. They like Americans in Valencia, where they have seen good ones—the doctors who left their practices and came to help, the calm young nurses, the men of the International Brigade. But when I walked forth, men and women courteously laid their hands across their splitting faces and little children, too innocent for dissembling, doubled with glee and pointed and cried, “Olé!” Then, pretty late, I made my discovery, and left my hat off; and there was laughter no longer. It was not one of those comic hats, either; it was just a hat.

The café filled to overflow, and I left our table to speak to a friend across the room. When I came back to the table, six soldiers were sitting there. They were crowded in, and I scraped past them to my chair. They looked tired and dusty and little, the way that the newly dead look little, and the first things you saw about them were the tendons in their necks. I felt like a prize sow.

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They had told her, she told us, that they were at the end of forty-eight hours’ leave from the trenches, and, for their holiday, they had all pooled their money for cigarettes, and something had gone wrong, and the cigarettes had never come through to them. I had a pack of American cigarettes—in Spain rubies are as nothing to them—and I brought it out, and by nods and smiles and a sort of breast stroke, made it understood that I was offering it to those six men yearning for tobacco. When they saw what I meant, each one of them rose and shook my hand. Darling of me to share my cigarettes with the men on their way back to the trenches. Little Lady Bountiful. The prize sow.

Each one lit his cigarette with a contrivance of yellow rope that stank when afire and was also used, the Swedish girl translated, for igniting grenades. Each one received what he had ordered, a glass of coffee, and each one murmured appreciatively over the tiny cornucopia of coarse sugar that accompanied it. Then they talked.

They talked through the Swedish girl, but they did to us that thing we all do when we speak our own language to one who has no knowledge of it. They looked us square in the face, and spoke slowly, and pronounced their words with elaborate movements of their lips. Then, as their stories came, they poured them at us so vehemently, so emphatically that they were sure we must understand. They were so convinced we would understand that we were ashamed for not understanding.

But the Swedish girl told us. They were all farmers and farmers’ sons, from a district so poor that you try not to remember there is that kind

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4. Allied with the Republicans, the Brigade was a military force.
5. Olé (ô lâ’) is a cheer used at bullfights.
6. Scandinavian refers to Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish.

Big Idea Modern Fiction From what you know of the narrator’s character and her opinions about fashion, why is it ironic that people laughed at her?

Vocabulary

dissembling (di sem’ blîng) n. the act of concealing one’s true character, feelings, or intentions

Contrivance (kan trî’ vans) n. a cleverly designed device

Ve hemen tly (vê’ a mant lî) adv. in a strong or passionate manner
of poverty. Their village was next that one where the old men and the sick men and the women and children had gone, on a holiday, to the bullring; and the planes had come over and dropped bombs on the bullring, and the old men and the sick men and the women and the children were more than two hundred.

They had all, the six of them, been in the war for over a year, and most of that time they had been in the trenches. Four of them were married. One had one child, two had three children, one had five. They had not had word from their families since they had left for the front. There had been no communication; two of them had learned to write from men fighting next them in the trench, but they had not dared to write home. They belonged to a union, and union men, of course, are put to death if taken.

The village where their families lived had been captured, and if your wife gets a letter from a union man, who knows but they'll shoot her for the connection?

They told about how they had not heard from their families for more than a year. They did not tell it gallantly or whimsically or stoically. They told it as if—Well, look. You have been in the trenches, fighting, for a year. You have heard nothing of your wife and your children. They do not know if you are dead or alive or blinded. You do not know where they are, or if they are. You must talk to somebody. That is the way they told about it.

One of them, some six months before, had heard of his wife and his three children—they had such beautiful eyes, he said—from a brother-in-law in France. They were all alive then, he was told, and had a bowl of beans a day. But his wife had not complained of the food, he heard. What had troubled her was that she had no thread to mend the children’s ragged clothes. So that troubled him, too.

“She has no thread,” he kept telling us. “My wife has no thread to mend with. No thread.”

We sat there, and listened to what the Swedish girl told us they were saying. Suddenly one of them looked at the clock, and then there was excitement. They jumped up, as a man, and there were calls for the waiter and rapid talk with him, and each of them shook the hand of each of us. We went through more swimming motions to explain to them that they were to take the rest of the cigarettes—fourteen cigarettes for six soldiers to take to war—and then they shook our hands again. Then all of us said “Salud!” as many times as could be for six of them and three of us, and then they filed out of the café, the six of them, tired and dusty and little, as men of a mighty horde are little.

Only the Swedish girl talked, after they had gone. The Swedish girl has been in Spain since the start of the war. She has nursed splintered men, and she has carried stretchers into the trenches and, heavier laden, back to the hospital. She has seen and heard too much to be knocked into silence.

Presently it was time to go, and the Swedish girl raised her hands above her head and clapped them twice together to summon the waiter. He came, but he only shook his head and his hand, and moved away.

The soldiers had paid for our drinks.

8. The Republicans belonged to trade unions.

LITERARY ELEMENT  SETTING What details of the war setting in this paragraph make you feel sympathy for the soldiers?

VOCABULARY

whimsically (hwim’ sik le) adv. in a quaintly humorous manner

stoically (stó’ īk le) adv. calmly and unemotionally, especially despite pain or suffering

9. Salud! (sà lōd’), meaning “Health!” is a toast, like Cheers!
RESPONDING AND THINKING CRITICALLY

Respond
1. What surprised you most about the story? Explain.

Recall and Interpret
2. (a) What difficult circumstances do the people of Valencia and the soldiers in the café face? (b) What attitude do they have toward these circumstances?
3. (a) How do the soldiers react to the gift of cigarettes? (b) How do you explain their reactions?

Analyze and Evaluate
4. (a) How do you think the author wants readers to feel about the people of Valencia and the soldiers? (b) Do you think the author was successful in making you feel a certain way? Use examples from the story to support your answer.
5. In your opinion, are the soldiers in this story like other people who face danger, or do they handle their situation differently? Explain.
6. (a) How does the narrator feel about herself in relation to the people of Valencia? (b) In your opinion, why does she feel this way?
7. What did you find most puzzling about the narrator? Put your thoughts in the form of a question.

Connect
8. This story shows the basic decency, almost nobility, of ordinary soldiers during wartime. How do you think the story would change had Parker decided to focus on a group of high-ranking military officers instead?
9. **Big Idea** Modern Fiction Irony, the contrast between appearance and reality, is a basic characteristic of modern fiction. How does this story display irony?

LITERARY ANALYSIS

**Literary Element** Setting

Setting often influences the mood, or atmosphere, of a literary work. For example, a story set in a dark and gloomy castle might have a forbidding or melancholy mood. “Soldiers of the Republic” is set in a café in Valencia, a large city in Spain, during the Spanish Civil War.

1. What mood is created by the story’s setting?
2. How might the mood of the story be different if there were not a war going on?

Writing About Literature

**Analyze Theme** From what you have read, what conclusions can you draw about Parker’s attitude toward ordinary people during wartime? Using details from the story, identify the author’s position and write a few paragraphs to persuade your classmates to share your point of view.

READING AND VOCABULARY

**Reading Strategy** Visualizing

Visualizing is one of the best ways to understand and remember information in fiction, nonfiction, and informational text.

1. What images came to mind as you visualized the café setting?
2. How did you imagine that the narrator and her companions looked as compared with the soldiers?

**Vocabulary** Practice

**Practice with Analogies** Choose the word pair that best completes each analogy.

1. dissembling : concealment :: a. sympathy : compassion  
   b. deceit : truth
2. vehemently : fanatic :: a. greedily : miser  
   b. humbly : aristocrat
3. contrivance : clever :: a. toad : beautiful  
   b. infant : helpless
4. stoically : unemotionally :: a. fearfully : bravely  
   b. brashly : boldly

**Web Activities** For eFlashcards, Selection Quick Checks, and other Web activities, go to www.glencoe.com.
MEET KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Katherine Anne Porter, who published her first collection of short stories when she was forty, described herself as “a late starter.” But “a late finisher” might be more accurate. During her long career, she tended to write and rewrite her stories, sometimes putting them aside for many years. Porter sought to tell each story “as clearly and purely and simply as I can.”

Experiences of Death and Near-Death
Katherine Anne Porter was born in a small log house on a farm in central Texas. Her mother died before she was two, and Porter and her four siblings were raised by one of their grandmothers. The grandmother’s death when Porter was eleven had a powerful emotional impact on the family. Afterward, Porter’s family moved to San Antonio, Texas, where she studied acting.

“I knew what death was, and had almost experienced it. I had . . . the happy vision just before death. Now if you have had that, and survived it, come back from it, you are no longer like other people.”

—Katherine Anne Porter

Shortly after moving to Dallas, Texas, in 1915, Porter became ill with tuberculosis and believed she had only a few months to live. She recovered only to be hit by the World War I flu epidemic, and she came so close to death that her family finalized her burial arrangements. Porter’s struggle to survive, the close friendships she formed with other young women in a sanatorium in Texas, and the opportunities she had to reflect on her life during this period were to have a profound effect on her creative activities. She emerged from several years of illness with a new career goal: to be a writer.

A Creative Restlessness
Porter spent most of her thirties living abroad. She took on a range of writing projects and sought out the company of friends and circles of writers and artists who provided her with the intense interpersonal experiences that inspired her writing.

Porter published several collections of short stories, starting with Flowering Judas (1929). Although it was her novel, Ship of Fools (1962), that became a best seller, Porter was primarily a practitioner of the short story. Many of her stories, including “The Jilting of Granny Weatherall,” are set in the South and feature women who have profound self-realizations at crucial moments in their lives. At age seventy-six, two years after the publication of twenty-seven of her stories in The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter, Porter received a Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award.

Katherine Anne Porter was born in 1890 and died in 1980.

Author Search For more about Katherine Anne Porter, go to www.glenco.com.
Connecting to the Story
Granny Weatherall was jilted on her wedding day, causing social humiliation and a painful loss of love. As you read the story, think about how people learn to live with—or never quite accept—a social disgrace. Consider the following questions:

- How would you feel if you were left waiting on your wedding day?
- What might be especially painful about losing a loved one in this way?

Building Background
This story is set in the South in the early twentieth century. Women of the time were often confined to the traditional roles of wife, mother, and homemaker. Roman Catholicism figures prominently in Porter’s story. Granny Weatherall’s religious beliefs and her ideas about guilt and forgiveness are important elements of the story.

Big Idea Modern Fiction
As you read “The Jilting of Granny Weatherall,” notice the Modernist techniques that Porter uses. For example, she rearranges the chronology of events to provide insight into the inner and outer worlds of the protagonist.

Literary Element Stream of Consciousness
Stream of consciousness is a technique that a writer uses to imitate the flow of thoughts, feelings, images, and memories of a character in a literary work. Stream of consciousness replaces traditional chronological order with a seemingly random collection of impressions, forcing the reader to piece together the plot or theme of the work. Porter uses stream of consciousness to represent Granny’s thoughts and memories as well as her overall state of mind. As you read, you might want to create a timeline to help you understand when the events in the story take place.


Reading Strategy Drawing Conclusions About the Protagonist
To draw conclusions means to use different pieces of information to make a general statement. A protagonist is the central character in a literary work, around whom the main conflict revolves. As Granny’s thoughts skip from one person or subject to another, and back and forth in time, various clues about her past emerge. To draw conclusions about Granny’s character, read carefully and combine the clues in the story.

Reading Tip: Taking Notes Use a chart to record details and draw conclusions based on them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Details</th>
<th>Conclusion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Granny calls the doctor a brat.</td>
<td>Granny thinks of the doctor as a kid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vocabulary

- **tactful** (takt’ fəl) adj. able to speak or act without offending others; p. 777 Southern women were expected to be tactful in their relations.
- **dutiful** (dō’ fəl) adj. careful to fulfill obligations; p. 777 Only a dutiful person could take care of a farm and raise several children.
- **vanity** (van’ ĕ tē) n. excessive pride, as in one’s looks; p. 779 The man’s vanity made it hard for him to see why he had not received the award.
- **jilt** (jilt) v. to drop or reject as a sweetheart; p. 779 None of her children had been jilted; they had all married their first loves.
- **piety** (pī’ ā tē) n. religious devoutness; goodness; p. 781 Piety was a common response to the moral issues raised by the war.

Vocabulary Tip: Context Clues You often can determine the meaning of an unfamiliar word by looking at the words that surround it.

OBJECTIVES
In studying this selection, you will focus on the following:

- analyzing stream of consciousness
- relating literature to the historical period
- drawing conclusions about the protagonist

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER 775
She flicked her wrist neatly out of Doctor Harry's pudgy careful fingers and pulled the sheet up to her chin. The brat ought to be in knee-breeches. Doctoring around the country with spectacles on his nose. "Get along now, take your schoolbooks and go. There's nothing wrong with me."

Doctor Harry spread a warm paw like a cushion on her forehead where the forked green vein danced and made her eyelids twitch. "Now, now, be a good girl, and we'll have you up in no time."

"That's no way to speak to a woman nearly eighty years old just because she's down. I'd have you respect your elders, young man."

"Well, missy, excuse me." Doctor Harry patted her cheek. "But I've got to warn you, haven't I? You're a marvel, but you must be careful or you're going to be good and sorry."

"Don't tell me what I'm going to be. I'm on my feet now, morally speaking. It's Cornelia. I had to go to bed to get rid of her."

Her bones felt loose, and floated around in her

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Reading Strategy: Drawing Conclusions About the Protagonist

"She" in this paragraph is Granny Weatherall. What can you infer about where she is and what she is like from this paragraph?

1. A marvel is a wonderful or astonishing thing.
skin, and Doctor Harry floated like a balloon around the foot of the bed. He floated and pulled down his waistcoat\(^2\) and swung his glasses on a cord. “Well, stay where you are, it certainly can’t hurt you.”

“Get along and doctor your sick,” said Granny Weatherall. “Leave a well woman alone. I’ll call for you when I want you . . . Where were you forty years ago when I pulled through milk-leg\(^3\) and double pneumonia? You weren’t even born. Don’t let Cornelia lead you on,” she shouted, because Doctor Harry appeared to float up to the ceiling and out. “I pay my own bills, and I don’t throw my money away on nonsense!”

She meant to wave good-bye, but it was too much trouble. Her eyes closed of themselves, it was like a dark curtain drawn round the bed. The pillow rose and floated under her, pleasant as a hammock in a light wind. She listened to the leaves rustling outside the window. No, somebody was swishing newspapers: no, Cornelia and Doctor Harry were whispering together. She leaped broad awake, thinking they whispered in her ear.

“She was never like this, never like this!” “Well, what can we expect?” “Yes, eighty years old . . .”

Well, and what if she was? She still had ears. It was like Cornelia to whisper round doors. She always kept things secret in such a public way. She was always being tactful and kind. Cornelia was dutiful; that was the trouble with her. Dutiful and good: “So good and dutiful,” said Granny, “that I’d like to spank her.” She saw herself spanking Cornelia and making a fine job of it.

— Katherine Anne Porter

2. A waistcoat is a vest.
3. Milk-leg is a painful swelling of the leg that may occur after childbirth.

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**Literary Element** Stream of Consciousness How does this paragraph show that Granny’s mind travels back and forth between the past and present?

**Reading Strategy** Drawing Conclusions About the Protagonist Do Granny’s thoughts refer to the past or present? Explain.

**Vocabulary**
- tactful (takt’ fal) adj. able to speak or act without offending others
- dutiful (doo’ ti fal) adj. careful to fulfill obligations

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**Visual Vocabulary**

Allspice, a spice thought to combine the flavors of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg, comes from the dried berries of the pimento tree.

4. Whirligigs (hwur’ i gigz’) are circular patterns, or swirls.

**Literary Element** Stream of Consciousness In what way is this paragraph an unpredictable flow of feelings, thoughts, memories, and images?
death there was no need for bringing it up again. Let it take care of itself now. When she was sixty she had felt very old, finished, and went round making farewell trips to see her children and grandchildren, with a secret in her mind: This is the very last of your mother, children! Then she made her will and came down with a long fever. That was all just a notion like a lot of other things, but it was lucky too, for she had once for all got over the idea of dying for a long time. Now she couldn't be worried. She hoped she had better sense now. Her father had lived to be one hundred and two years old and had drunk a noggin of strong hot toddy on his last birthday. He told the reporters it was his daily habit, and he owed his long life to that. He had made quite a scandal and was very pleased about it. She believed she'd just plague Cornelia a little. “Cornelia! Cornelia!” No footsteps, but a sudden hand on her cheek. “Bless you, where have you been?” “Here, mother.” “Well, Cornelia, I want a noggin of hot toddy.” “Are you cold, darling?” “I'm chilly, Cornelia. Lying in bed stops the circulation. I must have told you that a thousand times.”

Well, she could just hear Cornelia telling her husband that Mother was getting a little childish and they'd have to humor her. The thing that most annoyed her was that Cornelia thought she was deaf, dumb, and blind. Little hasty glances and tiny gestures tossed around her and over her head, saying, “Don’t cross her, let her have her way, she’s eighty years old,” and she sitting there as if she lived in a thin glass cage. Sometimes Granny almost made up her mind to pack up and move back to her own house where nobody could remind her every minute that she was old. Wait, wait, Cornelia, till your own children whisper behind your back!

In her day she had kept a better house and had got more work done. She wasn’t too old yet for Lydia to be driving eighty miles for advice when one of the children jumped the track, and Jimmy still dropped in and talked things over: “Now, Mammy, you’ve a good business head, I want to know what you think of this . . . ?” Old. Cornelia couldn't change the furniture round without asking. Little things, little things! They had been so sweet when they were little. Granny wished the old days were back again with the children young and everything to be done over. It had been a hard pull, but not too much for her. When she thought of all the food she had cooked, and all the clothes she had cut and sewed, and all the gardens she had made—well, the children showed it. There they were, made out of her, and they couldn’t get away from that. Sometimes she wanted to see John again and point to them and say, “Well, I didn’t do so badly, did I?” But that would have to wait. That was for tomorrow. She used to think of him as a man, but now all the children were older than their father, and he would be a child beside her if she saw him now. It seemed strange and there was something wrong in the idea. Why, he couldn't possibly recognize her. She had fenced in a hundred acres once, digging the post holes herself and clamping the wires with just a Negro boy to help. That changed a woman. John would be looking for a young woman with the peaked Spanish comb in her hair and the painted fan. Digging post holes changed a woman. Riding country roads in the winter when women had their babies was another thing: sitting up nights with sick horses and sick Negroes and sick children and hardly ever losing one. John, I hardly ever lost one of them! John would see that in a minute; that would be something he could understand, she wouldn't have to explain anything!

5. A noggin is a small mug or cup.
6. A hot toddy is a drink made with liquor, hot water, sugar, and spices.

**Drawing Conclusions About the Protagonist**

How does Granny view herself as a mother?
It made her feel like rolling up her sleeves and putting the whole place to rights again. No matter if Cornelia was determined to be everywhere at once, there were a great many things left undone on this place. She would start tomorrow and do them. It was good to be strong enough for everything, even if all you made melted and changed and slipped under your hands, so that by the time you finished you almost forgot what you were working for. What was it I set out to do? she asked herself intently, but she could not remember. A fog rose over the valley, she saw it marching across the creek swallowing the trees and moving up the hill like an army of ghosts. Soon it would be at the near edge of the orchard, and then it was time to go in and light the lamps. Come in, children, don’t stay out in the night air.

Lighting the lamps had been beautiful. The children huddled up to her and breathed like little calves waiting at the bars in the twilight. Their eyes followed the match and watched the flame rise and settle in a blue curve, then they moved away from her. The lamp was lit, they didn’t have to be scared and hang on to mother any more. Never, never, never more. God, for all my life I thank Thee. Without Thee, my God, I could never have done it. Hail, Mary, full of grace.

I want you to pick all the fruit this year and see that nothing is wasted. There’s always someone who can use it. Don’t let good things rot for want of using. You waste life when you waste good food. Don’t let things get lost. It’s bitter to lose things. Now, don’t let me get to thinking, not when I am tired and taking a little nap before supper . . .

The pillow rose about her shoulders and pressed against her heart and the memory was being squeezed out of it: oh, push down the pillow, somebody; it would smother her if she tried to hold it. Such a fresh breeze blowing and such a green day with no threats in it. But he had not come, just the same. What does a woman do when she has put on the white veil and set out the white cake for a man and he doesn’t come? She tried to remember. No, I swear he never harmed me but in that . . . and what if he did? There was the day, the day, but a whirl of dark smoke rose and covered it, crept up and over into the bright field where everything was planted so carefully in orderly rows. That was hell, she knew hell when she saw it. For sixty years she had prayed against remembering him and against losing her soul in the deep pit of hell, and now the two things were mingled in one, and the thought of him was a smoky cloud from hell that moved and crept in her head when she had just got rid of Doctor Harry and was trying to rest a minute. Wounded vanity, Ellen, said a sharp voice in the top of her mind. Don’t let your wounded vanity get the upper hand of you. Plenty of girls get jilted. You were jilted, weren’t you? Then stand up to it. Her eyelids wavered and let in streamers of blue-gray light like tissue paper over her eyes. She must get up and pull the shades down or she’d never sleep. She was in bed again and the shades were not down. How could that happen? Better turn over, hide from the light; sleeping in the light gave you nightmares. “Mother, how do you feel now?” and a stinging wetness on her forehead. But I don’t like having my face washed in cold water!

Hapsy? George? Lydia? Jimmy? No, Cornelia, and her features were swollen and full of little puddles. “They’re coming, darling, they’ll all be here soon.” Go wash your face, child, you look funny. Instead of obeying, Cornelia knelt down and put her head on the pillow. She seemed to be talking but there was no sound. “Well, are you tongue-tied? Whose birthday is it? Are you going to give a party?”

Cornelia’s mouth moved urgently in strange shapes. “Don’t do that, you bother me, daughter.” “Oh, no, Mother. Oh, no . . .”

Nonsense. It was strange about children. They disputed your every word. “No what, Cornelia?”

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7. *Hail, Mary, full of grace* is the beginning of a Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary.

**Big Idea** | **Modern Fiction**
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How is this method of showing Granny’s thoughts related to Modernism?

**Vocabulary**

- **vanity** (van’´i tê) n. excessive pride, as in one’s looks
- **jilt** (jilt) v. to drop or reject as a sweetheart
“Here’s Doctor Harry.”
“I won’t see that boy again. He just left five minutes ago.”
“That was this morning, Mother. It’s night now. Here’s the nurse.”
“This is Doctor Harry, Mrs. Weatherall. I never saw you look so young and happy!”
“Ah, I’ll never be young again—but I’d be happy if they’d let me lie in peace and get rested.”

She thought she spoke up loudly, but no one answered. A warm weight on her forehead, a warm bracelet on her wrist and a breeze went on whispering, trying to tell her something. A shuffle of leaves in the everlasting hand of God, He blew on them and they danced and rattled.
“Mother, don’t mind, we’re going to give you a little hypodermic.” “Look here, daughter, how do ants get in this bed? I saw sugar ants yesterday.” Did you send for Hapsy too?

It was Hapsy she really wanted. She had to go a long way back through a great many rooms to find Hapsy standing with a baby on her arm. She seemed to herself to be Hapsy also, and the baby on Hapsy’s arm was Hapsy and himself and herself, all at once, and there was no surprise in the meeting. Then Hapsy melted from within and turned flimsy as gray gauze and the baby was a gauzy shadow, and Hapsy came up close and said, “I thought you’d never come,” and looked at her very searchingly and said, “You haven’t changed a bit!” They leaned forward to kiss, when Cornelia began whispering from a long way off, “Oh, is there anything you want to tell me? Is there anything I can do for you?”

Yes, she had changed her mind after sixty years and she would like to see George. I want you to find George. Find him and be sure to tell him I forgot him. I want him to know I had my husband just the same, and my children and my house, like any other woman. A good house too and a good husband that I loved and fine children out of him. Better than I hoped for, even.

**Reading Strategy**

**Drawing Conclusions About the Protagonist** *In this paragraph, is Granny thinking about the past or present? How do you know?*
Tell him I was given back everything he took away, and more. Oh, no, O God, no, there was something else besides the house and the man and the children. Oh, surely they were not all? What was it? Something not given back . . . Her breath crowded down under her ribs and grew into a monstrous frightening shape with cutting edges; it bored up into her head, and the agony was unbelievable. Yes, John, get the doctor now, no more talk, my time has come.

When this one was born it should be the last. The last. It should have been born first, for it was the one she had truly wanted. Everything came in good time. Nothing left out, left over. She was strong, in three days she would be as well as ever. Better. A woman needed milk in her to have her full health.

"Mother, do you hear me?"
"I've been telling you—"
"Mother, Father Connolly's here."
"I went to Holy Communion only last week. Tell him I'm not so sinful as all that."

He could speak as much as he pleased. It was like him to drop in and inquire about her soul as if it were a teething baby, and then stay on for a cup of tea and a round of cards and gossip. He always had a funny story of some sort, usually about an Irishman who made his little mistakes and confessed them, and the point lay in some absurd thing he would blurt out in the confessional showing his struggles between native piety and original sin. Granny felt easy about her soul. Cornelia, where are your manners? Give Father Connolly a chair. She had her secret comfortable understanding with a few favorite saints who cleared a straight road to God for her. All as surely signed and sealed as the papers for the new Forty Acres. For ever . . . heirs and assigns forever.

Since the day the wedding cake was not cut, but thrown out and wasted. The whole bottom dropped out of the world, and there she was, blind and sweating, with nothing under her feet and the walls falling away. His hand had caught her under the breast, she had not fallen; there was the freshly polished floor with the green rug on it, just as before. He had cursed like a sailor's parrot and said, “I'll kill him for you.” “Don’t lay a hand on him, for my sake leave something to God.” “Now, Ellen, you must believe what I tell you . . .”

So there was nothing, nothing to worry about any more, except sometimes in the night one of the children screamed in a nightmare, and they both hustled out shaking and hunting for the matches and calling, “There, wait a minute, here we are!” John, get the doctor now, Hapsy's time has come. But there was Hapsy standing by the bed in a white cap. “Cornelia, tell Hapsy to take off her cap. I can’t see her plain.”

Her eyes opened very wide and the room stood out like a picture she had seen somewhere. Dark colors with the shadows rising towards the ceiling in long angles. The tall black dresser gleamed with nothing on it but John's picture, enlarged from a little one, with John's eyes very black when they should have been blue. You never saw him, so how do you know how he looked? But the man insisted the copy was perfect, it was very rich and handsome. For a picture, yes, but it's not my husband. The table by the bed had a linen cover and a candle and a crucifix. The light was blue from Cornelia's silk lampshades. No sort of light at all, just frippery. You had to live forty years with kerosene lamps to appreciate honest electricity. She felt very strong and she saw Doctor Harry with a rosy nimbus around him.

“You look like a saint, Doctor Harry, and I vow that's as near as you'll ever come to it.”
“She’s saying something.”
“I heard you, Cornelia. What’s all this carrying-on?”

“Father Connolly’s saying—”
Cornelia’s voice staggered and bumped like a cart in a bad road. It rounded corners and turned back again and arrived nowhere. Granny stepped up in the cart very lightly and reached for the reins, but a man sat beside her, and she knew him by his hands, driving the cart. She did not look in his face, for she knew without seeing, but looked instead down the road where the trees leaned over and bowed to each other and a thousand birds were singing a Mass. She felt like singing too, but she put her hand in the bosom of her dress and pulled out a rosary, and Father Connolly murmured Latin in a very solemn voice and tickled her feet.  

My God, will you stop that nonsense? I’m a married woman. What if he did run away and leave me to face the priest by myself? I found another a whole world better. I wouldn’t have exchanged my husband for anybody except St. Michael himself, and you may tell him that for me, with a thank you into the bargain.

Light flashed on her closed eyelids, and a deep roaring shook her. Cornelia, is that lightning? I hear thunder. There’s going to be a storm. Close all the windows. Call the children in . . . “Mother, here we are, all of us.” “Is that you, Hapsy?” “Oh, no, I’m Lydia. We drove as fast as we could.” Their faces drifted above her, drifted away. The rosary fell out of her hands and Lydia put it back. Jimmy tried to help, their hands fumbled together, and Granny closed two fingers round Jimmy’s thumb. Beads wouldn’t do, it must be something alive. She was so amazed her thoughts ran round and round. So, my dear Lord, this is my death and I wasn’t even thinking about it. My children have come to see me die. But I can’t, it’s not time. Oh, I always hated surprises. I wanted to give Cornelia the amethyst—Cornelia, you’re to have the amethyst set, but Hapsy’s to wear it when she wants, and, Doctor Harry, do shut up. Nobody sent for you. Oh, my dear Lord, do wait a minute. I meant to do something about the Forty Acres, Jimmy doesn’t need it and Lydia will later on, with that worthless husband of hers. I meant to finish the altar cloth and send six bottles of wine to Sister Borgia for her dyspepsia. I want to send six bottles of wine to Sister Borgia, Father Connolly, now don’t let me forget.

Cornelia’s voice made short turns and tilted over and crashed. “Oh, Mother, oh, Mother, oh, Mother . . .” “I’m not going, Cornelia. I’m taken by surprise. I can’t go.”

You’ll see Hapsy again. What about her? “I thought you’d never come.” Granny made a long journey outward, looking for Hapsy. What if I don’t find her? What then? Her heart sank down and down, there was no bottom to death, she couldn’t come to the end of it. The blue light from Cornelia’s lampshade drew into a tiny point in the center of her brain, it flickered and winked like an eye, quietly it fluttered and dwindled. Granny lay curled down within herself, amazed and watchful, staring at the point of light that was herself; her body was now only a deeper mass of shadow in an endless darkness and this darkness would curl round the light and swallow it up. God, give a sign!

For the second time there was no sign. Again no bridegroom and the priest in the house. She could not remember any other sorrow because this grief wiped them all away. Oh, no, there’s nothing more cruel than this—I’ll never forgive it. She stretched herself with a deep breath and blew out the light.
RESPONDING AND THINKING CRITICALLY

Respond

1. What was your reaction to Granny Weatherall’s train of thought throughout the story?

Recall and Interpret

2. (a) At the beginning of the story, what attitudes does Granny have toward Dr. Harry, Cornelia, and her own illness? (b) What do Granny’s attitudes reveal about her state of mind?

3. (a) Who is Hapsy, and where does Granny see her? (b) How does this experience relate to what occurs at the end of the story?

4. (a) Which event does Granny recall with particular anger and sadness? (b) What does her “message” for the person involved allow you to infer about her feelings toward him?

Analyze and Evaluate

5. (a) In your opinion, did Granny live a full life? Support your answer with details from the story. (b) What is symbolic about the name Weatherall?

6. (a) How do the present and past merge when the priest appears? (b) How does Porter use religion to add an extra layer of meaning to the story? Explain.

7. Evaluate whether Porter brings this story to an effective close. Explain your answer using details from the story.

Connect

8. Big Idea Modern Fiction How does the stream of consciousness technique that Porter uses to tell the story clarify the role that memories, experiences, and inner and outer worlds play in one’s life?

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Literary Element Stream of Consciousness

By using **stream of consciousness**, Porter takes the reader deep into the mind of Granny Weatherall and presents a vivid picture of death. Look back at the timeline you created as you answer the following questions:

1. What kinds of clues help the reader distinguish the past from the present?

2. Is stream of consciousness a good technique for telling the story of the hours and minutes leading up to death? Why or why not?

Review: Characterization

Characterization refers to the various methods that a writer uses to develop the personality of a character. These include description, dialogue, the character’s actions, and sometimes, as in this story, the character’s thoughts.

Partner Activity Work with a classmate to review how you learned about Cornelia as you read the story. Create a web diagram like the one below, adding new circles with specific information from the story.

![Web Diagram](image)

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER 783
**Reading Strategy** Drawing Conclusions About the Protagonist

Compared with most of the women of her time and culture, Granny Weatherall was very independent, both financially and personally. Review the chart you filled in as you read to draw conclusions about her traits.

1. What are two important events in Granny’s life that illustrate her independence?

2. Near the end of her life, how does Granny’s desire to remain independent affect her attitudes toward Cornelia, Dr. Harry, and George?

**Vocabulary** Practice

**Practice with Context Clues** Read each of the following sentences and then decide which of the choices is closest in meaning to the boldfaced word.

1. Annette was very **tactful** and complimented each of her friends.
   - a. blunt
   - b. polite

2. We wanted to leave a **dutiful** caretaker in charge of the animals so they would all remain healthy.
   - a. conscientious
   - b. quick

3. My uncle’s **vanity** was great enough that he felt sure he’d win the contest.
   - a. enthusiasm
   - b. conceit

4. My sister cried for three days after she was **jilted** by her boyfriend.
   - a. praised
   - b. rejected

5. Joseph, who always carried a rosary, was known for his **piety**.
   - a. religious faith
   - b. personal style

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**Writing About Literature**

**Apply Point of View** Choose any character in the story except Granny Weatherall, and write several paragraphs that present events from this person’s point of view, using stream of consciousness. Incorporate events from the story but invent the character’s response to them.

List the events, feelings, and memories that you wish to write about from your character’s point of view. Then create a flow chart like the one below to show how you will connect them. Link the events with memories and feelings.

**SEQUENCE OF EVENTS**

After you complete your draft, have a peer read it and suggest revisions. Then proofread and edit your work for errors in spelling, grammar, and punctuation.

**Listening and Speaking**

Imagine that George arrives in Granny’s room or calls her on the phone. Write and present a monologue in which Granny speaks to George. Keep Granny’s character, condition, and situation in mind. As you prepare, ask yourself the following questions:

- What would Granny really want to say to George?
- What would she actually say to him?