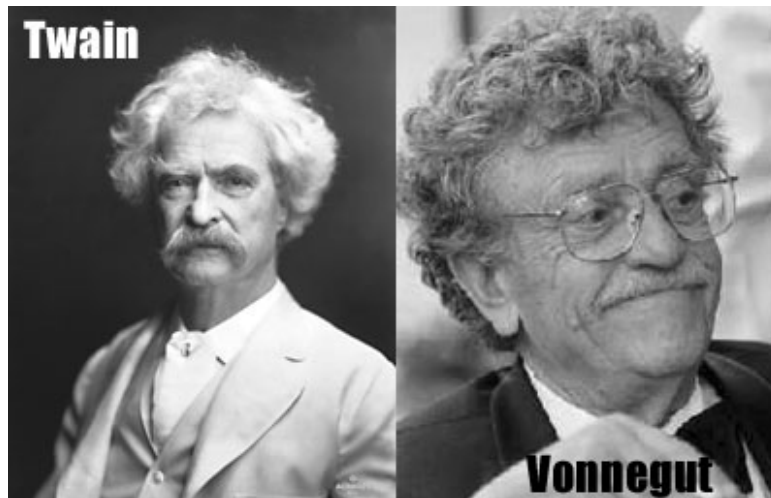


# **Texas Christian University**

2016 TCU APSI for English

Twain and Vonnegut -  
Twin Short Story Writers



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Long Walk to Forever by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	My Notes
<p>1 They had grown up next door to each other, on the fringe of a city, near fields and woods and orchards, within sight of a lovely bell tower that belonged to a school for the blind.</p> <p>2 Now they were twenty, had not seen each other for nearly a year. There had always been playful, comfortable warmth between them, but never any talk of love.</p> <p>3 His name was Newt. Her name was Catharine. In the early afternoon, Newt knocked on Catharine's front door.</p> <p>4 Catharine came to the door. She was carrying a fat, glossy magazine she had been reading. The magazine was devoted entirely to brides. "Newt!" she said. She was surprised to see him.</p> <p>5 "Could you come for a walk?" he said. He was a shy person, even with Catharine. He covered his shyness by speaking absently, as though what really concerned him were far away—as though he were a secret agent pausing briefly on a mission between beautiful, distant, and sinister points. This manner of speaking had always been Newt's style, even in matters that concerned him desperately.</p> <p>6 "A walk?" said Catharine.</p> <p>7 "One foot in front of the other," said Newt, "through leaves, over bridges—"</p> <p>8 "I had no idea you were in town," she said.</p> <p>9 "Just this minute got in," he said.</p> <p>10 "Still in the Army, I see," she said.</p> <p>11 "Seven more months to go," he said. He was a private first class in the Artillery. His uniform was rumpled. His shoes were dusty. He needed a shave. He held out his hand for the magazine. "Let's see the pretty book," he said.</p> <p>12 She gave it to him. "I'm getting married, Newt," she said.</p> <p>13 "I know," he said. "Let's go for a walk."</p> <p>14 "I'm awfully busy, Newt," she said. "The wedding is only a week away."</p> <p>15 "If we go for a walk," he said, "it will make you rosy. It will make you a rosy bride." He turned the pages of the magazine. "A rosy bride like her—like her—like her," he said, showing her rosy brides.</p> <p>16 Catharine turned rosy, thinking about rosy brides.</p> <p>17 "That will be my present to Henry Stewart Chasens," said Newt. "By taking you for a walk, I'll be giving him a rosy bride."</p> <p>18 "You know his name?" said Catharine.</p> <p>19 "Mother wrote," he said. "From Pittsburgh?"</p> <p>20 "Yes," she said. "You'd like him."</p> <p>21 "Maybe," he said.</p> <p>22 "Can—can you come to the wedding, Newt?" she said.</p> <p>23 "That I doubt," he said.</p>	<p>What details does the author use to create a tranquil mood in paragraph 1?</p> <p>What can you infer from the writer's description of Newt in paragraph 5?</p> <p>What details does the author use to characterize Newt in paragraph 11? What can you infer about Newt from these details?</p>

<p>24 "Your furlough isn't for long enough?" she said.  25 "Furlough?" said Newt. He was studying a two-page ad for flat silver. "I'm not on furlough," he said.  26 "Oh?" she said.  27 "I'm what they call A.W.O.L.," said Newt.  28 "Oh, Newt! You're not!" she said.  29 "Sure I am," he said, still looking at the magazine.  30 "Why, Newt?" she said.  31 "I had to find out what your silver pattern is," he said. He read names of silver patterns from the magazine. "Albermarle? Heather?" he said. "Legend? Rambler Rose?" He looked up, smiled. "I plan to give you and your husband a spoon," he said.  32 "Newt, Newt—tell me really," she said.  33 "I want to go for a walk," he said.  34 She wrung her hands in sisterly anguish. "Oh, Newt—you're fooling me about being A.W.O.L.," she said.  35 Newt imitated a police siren softly, raised his eyebrows.  36 "Where—where from?" she said.  37 "Fort Bragg," he said.  38 "North Carolina?" she said.  39 "That's right," he said. "Near Fayetteville—where Scarlet O'Hara went to school."  40 "How did you get here, Newt?" she said.  41 He raised his thumb, jerked it in a hitchhike gesture. "Two days," he said.  42 "Does your mother know?" she said.  43 "I didn't come to see my mother," he told her.  44 "Who did you come to see?" she said.  45 "You," he said.  46 "Why me?" she said.  47 "Because I love you," he said. "Now can we take a walk?" he said. "One foot in front of the other—through leaves, over bridges—"    48 They were taking the walk now, were in a woods with a brown-leaf floor.  49 Catharine was angry and rattled, close to tears. "Newt," she said, "this is absolutely crazy."  50 "How so?" said Newt.  51 "What a crazy time to tell me you love me," she said. "You never talked that way before." She stopped walking.  52 "Let's keep walking," he said.  53 "No," she said. "So far, no farther. I shouldn't have come out with you at all," she said.  54 "You did," he said.  55 "To get you out of the house," she said. "If somebody walked in</p>	<p>What is Catharine's reaction when she learns that Newt is A.W.O.L.? (absent without leave)</p> <p>What is ironic in paragraph 31?</p> <p>What details lead to suspect that Newt does not really want to buy Catharine and Henry a spoon?</p> <p>What can you infer from paragraph 43?</p> <p>Why does Newt repeat this phrase from paragraph 7?</p> <p>Why does the writer include extra space here?</p> <p>Do you think Catherine's</p>
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<p>and heard you talking to me that way a week before the wedding—”</p> <p>56 “What would they think?” he said.</p> <p>57 “They’d think you were crazy,” she said.</p> <p>58 “Why?” he said.</p> <p>59 Catharine took a deep breath, made a speech. “Let me say that I’m deeply honored by this crazy thing you’ve done,” she said. “I can’t believe you’re really A.W.O.L., but maybe you are. I can’t believe you really love me, but maybe you do. But—”</p> <p>60 “I do,” said Newt.</p> <p>61 “Well, I’m deeply honored,” said Catharine, “and I’m very fond of you as a friend, Newt, extremely fond—but it’s just too late.” She took a step away from him. “You’ve never even kissed me,” she said, and she protected herself with her hands. “I don’t mean you should do it now. I just mean this is all so unexpected. I haven’t got the remotest idea of how to respond.”</p> <p>62 “Just walk some more,” he said. “Have a nice time.”</p> <p>63 They started walking again.</p> <p>64 “How did you expect me to react?” she said.</p> <p>65 “How would I know what to expect?” he said. “I’ve never done anything like this before.”</p> <p>66 “Did you think I would throw myself into your arms?” she said.</p> <p>67 “Maybe,” he said.</p> <p>68 “I’m sorry to disappoint you,” she said.</p> <p>69 “I’m not disappointed,” he said. “I wasn’t counting on it. This is very nice, just walking.”</p> <p>70 Catharine stopped again. “You know what happens next?” she said.</p> <p>71 “Nope,” he said.</p> <p>72 “We shake hands,” she said. “We shake hands and part friends,” she said. “That’s what happens next.”</p> <p>73 Newt nodded. “All right,” he said. “Remember me from time to time. Remember how much I loved you.”</p> <p>74 Involuntarily, Catharine burst into tears. She turned her back to Newt, looked into the infinite colonnade of the woods.</p> <p>75 “What does that mean?” said Newt.</p> <p>76 “Rage!” said Catharine. She clenched her hands. “You have no right—”</p> <p>77 “I had to find out,” he said.</p> <p>78 “If I’d loved you,” she said, “I would have let you know before now.”</p> <p>79 “You would?” he said.</p> <p>80 “Yes,” she said. She faced him, looked up at him, her face quite red. “You would have known,” she said.</p> <p>81 “How?” he said.</p> <p>82 “You would have seen it,” she said. “Women aren’t very clever at hiding it.”</p> <p>83 Newt looked closely at Catharine’s face now. To her</p>	<p>real reason is just to get him out of the house? Why?</p> <p>What characteristics does Catherine's speech in paragraph 59 reveal about her?</p> <p>What conflict does Catharine's speech reveal? How does the writer reveal Catharine's affection for Newt?</p> <p>How would you describe Newt's approach to pursuing Catherine? What does this reveal about him?</p> <p>Catherine feels that her tears are caused by rage. What other emotions might be causing her outburst?</p> <p>What are the context clues for the word "consternation"?</p>
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<p>consternation, she realized that what she had said was true, that a woman couldn't hide love.</p> <p>84 Newt was seeing love now.</p> <p>85 And he did what he had to do. He kissed her.</p>	<p>Why does the writer include extra space again?</p>
<p>86 "You're hell to get along with!" she said when Newt let her go.</p> <p>87 "I am?" said Newt.</p> <p>88 "You shouldn't have done that," she said.</p> <p>89 "You didn't like it?" he said.</p> <p>90 "What did you expect," she said—"wild, abandoned passion?"</p> <p>91 "I keep telling you," he said, "I never know what's going to happen next."</p> <p>92 "We say good-bye," she said.</p> <p>93 He frowned slightly. "All right," he said.</p> <p>94 She made another speech. "I'm not sorry we kissed," she said. "That was sweet. We should have kissed, we've been so close. I'll always remember you, Newt, and good luck."</p> <p>95 "You too," he said.</p> <p>96 "Thank you, Newt," she said.</p> <p>97 "Thirty days," he said.</p> <p>98 "What?" she said.</p> <p>99 "Thirty days in the stockade," he said—"that's what one kiss will cost me."</p> <p>100 "I—I'm sorry," she said, "but I didn't ask you to go A.W.O.L."</p> <p>101 "I know," he said.</p> <p>102 "You certainly don't deserve any hero's reward for doing something as foolish as that," she said.</p> <p>103 "Must be nice to be a hero," said Newt. "Is Henry Stewart Chasens a hero?"</p> <p>104 "He might be, if he got the chance," said Catharine. She noted uneasily that they had begun to walk again. The farewell had been forgotten.</p> <p>105 "You really love him?" he said.</p> <p>106 "Certainly I love him!" she said hotly. "I wouldn't marry him if I didn't love him!"</p> <p>107 "What's good about him?" said Newt.</p> <p>108 "Honestly!" she cried, stopping again. "Do you have an idea how offensive you're being? Many, many, many things are good about Henry! Yes," she said, "and many, many, many things are probably bad too. But that isn't any of your business. I love Henry, and I don't have to argue his merits with you!"</p> <p>109 "Sorry," said Newt.</p> <p>110 "Honestly!" said Catharine.</p> <p>111 Newt kissed her again. He kissed her again because she wanted him to.</p>	<p>What important change does the writer begin to reveal to the reader?</p> <p>What can you infer from the fact that Catharine continues to walk?</p> <p>Describe Catharine's feelings toward Henry.</p> <p>Why the white space?</p>

<p>112 They were now in a large orchard.  113 "How did we get so far from home, Newt?" said Catharine.  114 "One foot in front of the other—through leaves, over bridges," said Newt.  115 "They add up—the steps," she said.  116 Bells rang in the tower of the school for the blind nearby.  117 "School for the blind," said Newt.  118 "School for the blind," said Catharine. She shook her head in drowsy wonder. "I've got to go back now," she said.  119 "Say good-bye," said Newt.  120 "Every time I do," said Catharine, "I seem to get kissed."  121 Newt sat down on the close-cropped grass under an apple tree. "Sit down," he said.  122 "No," she said.  123 "I won't touch you," he said.  124 "I don't believe you," she said.  125 She sat down under another tree, 20 feet away from him. She closed her eyes.  126 "Dream of Henry Stewart Chasens," he said.  127 "What?" she said.  128 "Dream of your wonderful husband-to-be," he said.  129 "All right, I will," she said. She closed her eyes tighter, caught glimpses of her husband-to-be.  130 Newt yawned.  131 The bees were humming in the trees, and Catharine almost fell asleep. When she opened her eyes she saw that Newt really was asleep.  132 He began to snore softly.  133 Catharine let Newt sleep for an hour, and while he slept she adored him with all her heart.  134 The shadows of the apple tree grew to the east. The bells in the tower of the school for the blind rang again.  135 "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," went a chickadee.  136 Somewhere far away an automobile starter nagged and failed, nagged and failed, fell still.  137 Catharine came out from under her tree, knelt by Newt.  138 "Newt?" she said.  139 "H'm?" he said. He opened his eyes.  140 "Late," she said.  141 "Hello, Catharine," he said.  142 "Hello, Newt," she said.  143 "I love you," he said.  144 "I know," she said.  145 "Too late," he said.  146 "Too late," she said.  147 He stood, stretched groaningly. "A very nice walk," he said.  148 "I thought so," she said.</p>	<p>Why does Newt repeat this from paragraph 7 again?</p> <p>Why the repetition of "school for the blind"?</p> <p>Why does Newt tell Catherine to dream of Henry?</p> <p>Why does the writer have Newt yawn in paragraph 130?</p> <p>What are paragraphs 132-137 mostly about? What is the significance of the "starter" in paragraph 136?</p> <p>What is the significance of the short lines beginning with paragraph 138?</p>
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<p>149 "Part company here?" he said. 150 "Where will you go?" she said. 151 "Hitch into town, turn myself in," he said. 152 "Good luck," she said. 153 "You, too," he said. "Marry me, Catharine?" 154 "No," she said. 155 He smiled, stared at her hard for a moment then walked away quickly. 156 Catharine watched him grow smaller in the long perspective of shadows and trees, knew that if he stopped and turned now, if he called to her, she would run to him. She would have no choice. 157 Newt did stop. He did turn. He did call. "Catharine," he said. 158 She ran to him, put her arms around him, could not speak.</p> <p>Long Walk to Forever," from WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., copyright © 1961 by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.</p>	<p>What characteristic of Newt does paragraph 153 reveal?</p> <p>Why does the writer use short sentences in paragraph 157?</p>
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### **Biting and Harsh**

**Juvenalian Satire** - is biting, bitter, and angry; it points out the corruption of human beings and institutions with contempt, using *saeva indignation*, a savage outrage based on the style of the Roman poet Juvenal.

Sometimes perceived as enraged, Juvenalian satire sees the vices and follies in the world as intolerable. Juvenalian satirists use large doses of sarcasm and irony.

**Invective** - Speech or writing that abuses, denounces, or vituperates against. It can be directed against a person, cause, idea, or system. It employs a heavy use of negative emotive language

**Sarcasm** - From the Greek meaning, "to tear flesh," sarcasm involves bitter, caustic language that is meant to hurt or ridicule someone or something. It may use irony as a device, but not all ironic statements are sarcastic. When well done, sarcasm can be witty and insightful; when poorly done, it's simply cruel.

### **Middle Ground**

**Hyperbole** - A figure of speech using deliberate exaggeration or overstatement. Hyperboles sometimes have a comic effect; however, a serious effect is also possible. Hyperbole often produces irony at the same time.

**Understatement** - The ironic minimizing of fact, understatement presents something as less significant than it is. The effect can frequently be humorous and emphatic. Understatement is the opposite of hyperbole.

**Irony** - The contrast between what is stated explicitly and what is really meant; the difference between what appears to be and what actually is true. Irony is used for many reasons, but frequently, it's used to create poignancy or humor.

**Parody** - A satiric imitation of a work or of an author with the idea of ridiculing the author, his ideas, or work. The parodist exploits the peculiarities of an author's expression--his propensity to use too many parentheses, certain favorite words, or whatever. It may also be focused on, say, an improbable plot with too many convenient events.

### **Light and Humorous**

**Wit** - In modern usage, wit is intellectually amusing language that surprises and delights. A witty statement is humorous, while suggesting the speaker's verbal power in creating ingenious and perceptive remarks. Wit usually uses terse language that makes a pointed statement.

**Horatian Satire** - is gentle, urbane, smiling; it aims to correct with broadly sympathetic laughter. Based on the Roman lyrical poet Horace, its purpose may be "to hold up a mirror" so readers can see themselves and their world honestly. The vices and follies satirized are not destructive; however, they reflect the foolishness of people, the superficiality and meaninglessness of their lives, and the barrenness of their values.

**Caricature** - A representation, especially pictorial or literary, in which the subject's distinctive features or peculiarities are deliberately exaggerated to produce a comic or grotesque effect. Sometimes caricature can be so exaggerated that it becomes a grotesque imitation or misrepresentation.

Kurt Vonnegut "Of course we're all tired. We spend the entire day reasoning in a universe that was not meant to be reasonable."

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First published in 1879 as “Mark Twain as a Presidential Candidate.”

A Presidential Candidate	My Notes
<p>I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up anything against him that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography in the hope of discovering any dark and deadly deed that I have secreted, why—let it prowl.</p> <p>In the first place, I admit that I treed a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1850. He was old and inexpert in climbing trees, but with the heartless brutality that is characteristic of me I ran him out of the front door in his night-shirt at the point of a shotgun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I ever have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in 1850. I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge for the purpose of saying his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have somebody else save it. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's</p>	

mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get over the fence and go home. My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of every fight two-thirds more men than when I went in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates of inflation. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under my grapevine was correct. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The Constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of this office because he enriched his grapevines with his dead relatives. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit also that I am not a friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the cannibal islands and to improve our export trade with that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be: "Desiccate the poor workingman; stuff him into sausages."

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

**In the following story how does Vonnegut reveal the absurdity of life? In a well-organized essay discuss how the author uses literary techniques to provide a social commentary.**

**"Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog" by Kurt Vonnegut**

1 Two old men sat on a park bench one morning in the sunshine of Tampa, Florida, —one trying doggedly to read a book he was plainly enjoying while the other, Harold K. Bullard told him the story of his life in the full, round, head tones of a public address system. At their feet lay Bullard's Labrador retriever, who further tormented the aged listener by probing his ankles with a large, wet nose.

2 Bullard, who had been, before he retired, successful in many fields, enjoyed reviewing his important past. But he faced the problem that complicates the lives of cannibals— which is that a single victim cannot be used over and over. Anyone who had passed the time of day with him and his dog refused to share a bench with them again.

3 So Bullard and his dog set out through the park each day in quest of new faces. They had had good luck this morning, for they had found this stranger right away, clearly a new arrival in Florida, still buttoned up tight in heavy stiff collar and necktie and with nothing better to do than read.

4 "Yes," said Bullard, rounding out the first hour of his lecture, "made and lost five fortunes in my time."

5 "So you said," said the stranger, whose name Bullard had neglected to ask. "Easy, boy! No, no, no, boy," he said to the dog, who was growing more aggressive toward his ankles.

6 "Oh? Already told you that, did I?" said Bullard.

7 "Twice."

8 "Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, and one in oil and one in trucking."

9 "So you said."

10 "I did? Yes, guess I did. Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, one in oil, and one in trucking.

Wouldn't take back a day of it."

11 "No, I suppose not," said the stranger. "Pardon me, but do you suppose you could move your dog somewhere else? He keeps—"

12 "Him?" said Bullard, heartily. "Friendliest dog in the world. Don't need to be afraid of him." 13 "I'm not afraid of him. It's just that he drives me crazy, sniffing at my ankles."

13 "Plastic," said Bullard, chuckling.

14 "What?"

15 "Plastic. Must be something plastic on your garters. By golly, I'll bet it's those little buttons. Sure as we're sitting here, those buttons must be plastic. That dog is nuts about plastic. Don't know why that is, but he'll sniff it out and find it if there's a speck around. Must be a deficiency in his diet, though, by gosh, he eats better than I do. Once he chewed up a whole plastic humidor. Can you beat it? *That's* the business I'd go into now, by glory, if the pill rollers hadn't told me to let up, to give the old ticker a rest."

16 "You could tie the dog to that tree over there," said the stranger.

17 "I get so darn' sore at all the youngsters these days!" said Bullard. "All of 'em mooning around about no frontiers anymore. There never have been so many frontiers as there are today. You know what Horace Greeley would say today?"

18 "His nose is wet," said the stranger, and he pulled his ankles away, but the dog humped forward in patient pursuit. "Stop it, boy!"

19 "His wet nose shows he's healthy," said Bullard. "'Go plastic, young man!' That's what Greeley'd say. 'Go atom young man!'"

20 The dog had definitely located the plastic buttons on the stranger's garters and was cocking his head one way and another, thinking out ways of bringing his teeth to bear on those delicacies.

21 "Scat!" said the stranger.

22 "Go electronic, young man!" said Bullard. "Don't talk to me about no opportunity anymore. Opportunity's knocking down every door in the country, trying to get in. When I was young, a man had to go out and find opportunity and drag it home by the ears. Nowadays—"

23 "Sorry," said the stranger, evenly. He slammed his book shut, stood and jerked his ankle away from the dog. "I've got to be on my way. So good day, sir."

24 He stalked across the park, found another bench, sat down with a sigh and began to read. His respiration had just returned to normal when he felt the wet sponge of the dog's nose on his ankles again.

25 "Oh, it's you!" said Bullard, sitting down beside him. "He was tracking you. He was on the scent of something, and I just let him have his head. What'd I tell you about plastic?" He looked about contentedly. "Don't blame you for moving on. It was stuffy back there. No shade to speak of and not a sign of a breeze."

26 "Would the dog go away if I bought him a humidifier?" said the stranger.

27 "Pretty good joke, pretty good joke," said Bullard, amiably.

28 Suddenly he clapped the stranger on his knee. "Say, you aren't in plastics, are you? Here I've been blowing off about plastics, and for all I know that's your line."

29 "My line?" said the stranger crisply, laying down his book. "Sorry—I've never had a line. I've been a drifter since the age of nine, since Edison set up his laboratory next to my home, and showed me the intelligence analyzer."

30 "Edison?" said Bullard. "Thomas Edison, the inventor?"

31 "If you want to call him that, go ahead," said the stranger.

32 "If I *want* to call him that?"—Bullard guffawed—"I guess I just will! Father of the light bulb and I don't know what all."

33 "If you want to think he invented the light bulb, go ahead. No harm in it." The stranger resumed his reading.

34 "Say, what is this?" said Bullard, suspiciously. "You pulling my leg? What's this about an intelligence analyzer? I never heard of that."

35 "Of course you haven't," said the stranger. "Mr. Edison and I promised to keep it a secret. I've never told anyone. Mr. Edison broke his promise and told Henry Ford, but Ford made him promise not to tell anybody else—for the good of humanity."

36 Bullard was entranced. "Uh, this intelligence analyzer," he said, "it analyzed intelligence, did it?"

37 "It was an electric butter churn," said the stranger.

38 "Seriously now," Bullard coaxed.

39 "Maybe it *would* be better to talk it over with someone," said the stranger. "It's a terrible thing to keep bottled up inside me, year in and year out. But how can I be sure that it won't go any further?"

40 "My, word as a gentleman," Bullard assured him.

41 "I don't suppose I could find a stronger guarantee than that, could I?" said the stranger, judiciously.

42 "There is no stronger guarantee," said Bullard, proudly. "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

43 "Very well." The stranger leaned back and closed his eyes, seeming to travel backward through time. He was silent for a full minute, during which Bullard watched with respect.

44 "It was back in the fall of eighteen seventy-nine," said the stranger at last, softly. "Back in the

village of Menlo Park, New Jersey. I was a boy of nine. A young man we all thought was a wizard had set up a laboratory next door to my home, and there were flashes and crashes inside, and all sorts of scary goings on. The neighborhood children were warned to keep away, not to make any noise that would bother the wizard.

45 "I didn't get to know Edison right off, but his dog Sparky and I got to be steady pals. A dog a whole lot like yours, Sparky was, and we used to wrestle all over the neighborhood. Yes, sir, your dog is the image of Sparky."

46 "Is that so?" said Bullard, flattered.

47 "Gospel," replied the stranger. "Well, one day Sparky and I were wrestling around, and we wrestled right up to the door of Edison's laboratory. The next thing I knew, Sparky had pushed me in through the door and bam! I was sitting on the laboratory floor, looking tip at Mr. Edison himself."

48 "Bet he was sore," said Bullard, delighted.

49 "You can bet I was scared," said the stranger. "I thought I was face to face with Satan himself. Edison had wires hooked to his ears and running down to a little black box in his lap! I started to scoot, but he caught me by my collar and made me sit down.

50 "'Boy,' said Edison, 'it's always darkest before the dawn. I want you to remember that.' 5 1 " 'Yes, sir,' I said.

51 "'For over a year, my boy,' Edison said to me, 'I've been trying to find a filament that will last in an incandescent lamp. Hair, string, splinters—nothing works. So while I was trying to think of something else to try, I started tinkering with another idea of mine, just letting off steam. I put this together,' he said, showing me the little black box. 'I thought maybe intelligence was just a certain kind of electricity, so I made this intelligence analyzer here. It works! You're the first one to know about it, my boy. But I don't know why you shouldn't be. It will be your generation that will grow up in the glorious new era when people will be as easily graded as oranges.' "

52 "I don't believe it!" said Bullard.

53 "May I be struck by lightning this very instant!" said the stranger. "And it did work, too. Edison had tried out the analyzer on the men in his shop, without telling them what he was up to. The smarter a man was, by gosh, the farther the needle on the indicator in the little black box swung to the right. I let him try it on me, and the needle just lay where it was and trembled. But dumb as I was, then is when I made my one and only contribution to the world. As I say, I haven't lifted a finger since."

54 "Whadja do?" said Bullard, eagerly.

55 "I said, 'Mr. Edison, sir, let's try it on the dog.' And I wish you could have seen the show that dog put on when I said it! Old Sparky barked and howled and scratched to get out. When he saw we meant business, that he wasn't going to get out, he made a beeline right for the intelligence analyzer and knocked it out of Edison's hands. But we cornered him, and Edison held him down while I touched the wires to his ears. And would you believe it, that needle sailed clear across the dial, way past a little red pencil marker on the dial face!"

56 "The dog busted it," said Bullard.

57 "'Mr. Edison, sir,' I said, 'what's the red mark mean?'

58 "'My boy,' said Edison, 'it means that the instrument is broken, because that red mark is me.' "

5 9 "I'll say it was broken," said Bullard.

60 The stranger said gravely, "But it wasn't broken. No, sir. Edison checked the whole thing, and it was in apple pie order. When Edison told me that, it was then that Sparky, crazy to get out, gave himself away."

61 "How?" said Bullard suspiciously.

62 "We really had him locked in, see? There were three locks on the door— a hook and eye, a bolt, and a regular knob and latch. That dog stood up, unhooked the hook, pushed the bolt back and had the knob in his teeth when Edison stopped him."

63 "No!" said Bullard.

64 "Yes!" said the stranger, his eyes shining. "And then is when Edison showed me what a great scientist he was. He was willing to face the truth, no matter how unpleasant it might be.

65 "'So!' said Edison to Sparky. 'Man's best friend, huh? Dumb animal, huh?'

66 "That Sparky was a caution. He pretended not to hear. He scratched himself and bit fleas and went around growling at ratholes, anything to get out of looking Edison in the eye.

67 "'Pretty soft, isn't it, Sparky?' said Edison. 'Let somebody else worry about getting food, building shelters and keeping warm, while you sleep in front of a fire or go chasing after the girls or raise hell with the boys. No mortgages, no politics, no war, no work, no worry. Just wag the old tail or lick a hand, and you're all taken care of.'

68 "'Mr. Edison,' I said, 'do you mean to tell me that dogs are smarter than people?' 7 0 "'Smarter?' said Edison. 'I'll tell the world! And what have I been doing for the past year? Slaving to work out a light bulb so dogs can play at night!'

6 9 "'Look, Mr. Edison,' said Sparky, 'why not--' "

7 0 "Hold on!" roared Bullard.

71 "Silence!" shouted the stranger, triumphantly. "'Look, Mr. Edison,' said Sparky, 'why not keep quiet about this? It's been working out to everybody's satisfaction for hundreds of thousands of years. Let sleeping dogs lie. You forget all about it, destroy the intelligence analyzer, and I'll tell you what to use for a lamp filament.'"

72 "Hogwash!" said Bullard, his face purple.

73 The stranger stood. "You have my solemn word as a gentleman. That dog rewarded me for my silence with a stock-market tip that made me independently wealthy for the rest of my days. And the last words that Sparky ever spoke were to Thomas Edison. 'Try a piece of carbonized cotton thread,' he said. Later, he was torn to bits by a pack of dogs that had gathered outside the door, listening."

74 The stranger removed his garters and handed them to Bullard's dog. "A small token of esteem, sir, for an ancestor of yours who talked himself to death. Good day." He tucked his book under his arm and walked away.

<p><b>Luck</b> by Mark Twain [Note - This is not a fancy sketch. I got it from a clergyman who was an instructor at Woolwich forty years ago, and who vouched for its truth.]</p> <p>It was at a banquet in London in honour of one of the two or three conspicuously illustrious English military names of this generation. For reasons which will presently appear, I will withhold his real name and titles, and call him Lieutenant General Lord Arthur Scoresby, V.C., K.C.B., etc., etc., etc. What a fascination there is in a renowned name! There sat the man, in actual flesh, whom I had heard of so many thousands of times since that day, thirty years before, when his name shot suddenly to the zenith from a Crimean battlefield, to remain forever celebrated. It was food and drink to me to look, and look, and look at that demigod; scanning, searching, noting: the quietness, the reserve, the noble gravity of his countenance; the simple honesty that expressed itself all over him; the sweet unconsciousness of his greatness - unconsciousness of the hundreds of admiring eyes fastened upon him, unconsciousness of the deep, loving, sincere worship welling out of the breasts of those people and flowing toward him.</p> <p>The clergyman at my left was an old acquaintance of mine - clergyman now, but had spent the first half of his life in the camp and field, and as an instructor in the military school at Woolwich. Just at the moment I have been talking about, a veiled and singular light glimmered in his eyes, and he leaned down and muttered confidentially to me - indicating the hero of the banquet with a gesture:</p> <p>"Privately - he's an absolute fool."</p> <p>This verdict was a great surprise to me. If its subject had been Napoleon, or Socrates, or Solomon, my astonishment could not have been greater. Two things I was well aware of: that the Reverend was a man of strict veracity, and that his judgement of men was good. Therefore I knew, beyond doubt or question, that the world was mistaken about this hero: he <i>was</i> a fool. So I meant to find out, at a convenient moment, how the Reverend, all solitary and alone, had discovered the secret.</p> <p>Some days later the opportunity came, and this is what the Reverend told me.</p> <p>About forty years ago I was an instructor in the military academy at Woolwich. I was present in one of the sections when young Scoresby underwent his preliminary examination. I was touched to the quick</p>	<p>As the story opens, what is narrator's attitude toward Scoresby? How do you know?</p> <p>Why do you think the narrator repeats the word "unconsciousness" so many times?</p> <p>Do you think the clergyman is honest and reliable? Why or why not?</p> <p>The clergyman will need supporting details for us to believe this.</p> <p>Does the narrator believe the clergyman to be reliable? Why or why not?</p> <p>How does the clergyman describe Scoresby? How does the language reveal the difference between his</p>
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<p>with pity; for the rest of the class answered up brightly and handsomely, while he - why, dear me, he didn't know <i>anything</i>, so to speak. He was evidently good, and sweet, and loveable, and guileless; and so it was exceedingly painful to see him stand there, as serene as a graven image, and deliver himself of answers which were veritably miraculous for stupidity and ignorance. All the compassion in me was aroused in his behalf. I said to myself, when he comes to be examined again, he will be flung over, of course; so it will be simply a harmless act of charity to ease his fall as much as I can. I took him aside, and found that he knew a little of Caesar's history; and as he didn't know anything else, I went to work and drilled him like a galley slave on a certain line of stock questions concerning Caesar which I knew would be used. If you'll believe me, he went through with flying colours on examination day! He went through on that purely superficial "cram," and got compliments too, while others, who knew a thousand times more than he, got plucked. By some strangely lucky accident - an accident not likely to happen twice in a century - he was asked no question outside of the narrow limits of his drill.</p> <p>It was stupefying. Well, all through his course I stood by him, with something of the sentiment which a mother feels for a crippled child; and he always saved himself - just by miracle, apparently.</p> <p>Now of course the thing that would expose him and kill him at last was mathematics. I resolved to make his death as easy as I could; so I drilled him and crammed him, and crammed him and drilled him, just on the line of questions which the examiners would be most likely to use, and then launching him on his fate. Well, sir, try to conceive of the result: to my consternation, he took the first prize! And with it he got a perfect ovation in the way of compliments.</p> <p>Sleep? There was no more sleep for me for a week. My conscience tortured me day and night. What I had done I had done purely through charity, and only to ease the poor youth's fall - I never had dreamed of any such preposterous result as the thing that had happened. I felt as guilty and miserable as the creator of Frankenstein. Here was a woodenhead whom I had put in the way of glittering promotions and prodigious responsibilities, and but one thing could happen: he and his responsibilities would all go to ruin together at the first opportunity.</p> <p>The Crimean war had just broken out. Of course</p>	<p>personality and his intelligence?</p> <p>How does the language disclose the clergyman's feelings about Scoresby?</p> <p>Ever had this experience on a test?</p> <p>Why does the clergyman still want to help Scoresby?</p> <p>Once again the results for Scoresby are rather astounding. How does the language reveal the clergyman's feeling? Is he beginning to change?</p> <p>Why does the clergyman begin to lose sleep? Does the language reveal a further change in his feeling about what he has done? How?</p>
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<p>there had to be a war, I said to myself: we couldn't have peace and give this donkey a chance to die before he is found out. I waited for the earthquake. It came. And it made me reel when it did come. He was actually gazetted to a captaincy in a marching regiment! Better men grow old and grey in the service before they climb to a sublimity like that. And who could ever have foreseen that they would go and put such a load of responsibility on such green and inadequate shoulders? I could just barely have stood it if they had made him a cornet; but a captain - think of it! I thought my hair would turn white.</p> <p>Consider what I did - I who so loved repose and inaction. I said to myself, I am responsible to the country for this, and I must go along with him and protect the country against him as far as I can. So I took my poor little capital that I had saved up through years of work and grinding economy, and went with a sigh and bought a cornetcy in his regiment, and away we went to the field.</p> <p>And there - oh dear, it was awful. Blunders? Why, he never did anything <i>but</i> blunder. But, you see, nobody was in the fellow's secret - everybody had him focused wrong, and necessarily misinterpreted his performance every time - consequently they took his idiotic blunders for inspirations of genius; they did, honestly! His mildest blunders were enough to make a man in his right mind cry; and they did make me cry - and rage and rave too, privately. And the thing that kept me always in a sweat of apprehension was the fact that every fresh blunder he made increased the lustre of his reputation! I kept saying to myself, he'll get so high, that when discovery does finally come, it will be like the sun falling out of the sky.</p> <p>He went right along up, from grade to grade, over the dead bodies of his superiors, until at last, in the hottest moment of the battle of ----- down went our colonel, and my heart jumped into my mouth, for Scoresby was next in rank! Now for it, said I; we'll all land in Sheol in ten minutes, sure.</p> <p>The battle was awfully hot; the allies were steadily giving way all over the field. Our regiment occupied a position that was vital; a blunder now must be destruction. At this crucial moment, what does this immortal fool do but detach the regiment from its place and order a charge over a neighbouring hill where there wasn't a suggestion of an enemy! "There you go!" I said to myself; "this <i>is</i> the end at last."</p>	<p>Why is the clergyman concerned about the war and Scoresby's advancement in rank?</p> <p>Why does the clergyman decide he must accompany Scoresby to the Crimea?</p> <p>Why does Scoresby's reputation continue to be enhanced?</p> <p>Why does the clergyman think this episode will finally reveal Scoresby's ignorance?</p>
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<p>And away we did go, and were over the shoulder of the hill before the insane movement could be discovered and stopped. And what did we find? An entire and unsuspected Russian army in reserve! And what happened? We were eaten up? That is necessarily what would have happened in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But no, those Russians argued that no single regiment would come browsing around there at such a time. It must be the entire English army, and that the sly Russian game was detected and blocked; so they turned tail, and away they went, pell-mell, over the hill and down into the field, in wild confusion, and we after them; they themselves broke the solid Russian centre in the field, and tore through, and in no time there was the most tremendous rout you ever saw, and the defeat of the allies was turned into a sweeping and splendid victory! Marshal Canrobert looked on, dizzy with astonishment, admiration, and delight; and sent right off for Scoresby, and hugged him, and decorated him on the field, in presence of all the armies!</p> <p>And what was Scoresby's blunder that time? Merely the mistaking his right hand for his left - that was all. An order had come to him to fall back and support our right; and instead, he fell <i>forward</i> and went over the hill to the left. But the name he won that day as a marvellous military genius filled the world with his glory, and that glory will never fade while history books last.</p> <p>He is just as good and sweet and loveable and unpretending as a man can be, but he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains. Now that is absolutely true. He is the supremest ass in the universe; and until half an hour ago nobody knew it but himself and me. He has been pursued, day by day and year by year, by a most phenomenal and astonishing luckiness. He has been a shining soldier in all our wars for a generation; he has littered his whole military life with blunders, and yet has never committed one that didn't make him a knight or a baronet or a lord or something. Look at his breast; why, he is just clothed in domestic and foreign decorations. Well, sir, every one of them is the record of some shouting stupidity or other; and taken together, they are proof that the very best thing in all this world that can befall a man is to be born lucky. I say again, as I said at the banquet, Scoresby's an absolute fool.</p>	<p>Why does the clergyman think this is "the end"?</p> <p>Why do the Russians leave?</p> <p>What is the "twist" in the story?</p> <p>How does this story expose the contrast between reputation and reality?</p>
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## ***Differentiating Reality from a Hoax***

### ***Petrified Man***



*Illustration of the Petrified Man from 1882 edition of Twain's Sketches, New and Old.*

The following news report appeared in the *Territorial Enterprise*, Virginia City, Nevada's leading newspaper, on October 4, 1862:

*A petrified man was found some time ago in the mountains south of Gravelly Ford. Every limb and feature of the stony mummy was perfect, not even excepting the left leg, which has evidently been a wooden one during the lifetime of the owner - which lifetime, by the way, came to a close about a century ago, in the opinion of a savan who has examined the defunct.*

*The body was in a sitting posture, and leaning against a huge mass of croppings; the attitude was pensive, the right thumb resting against the side of the nose; the left thumb partially supported the chin, the forefinger pressing the inner corner of the left eye and drawing it partly open; the right eye was closed, and the fingers of the right hand spread apart.*

*This strange freak of nature created a profound sensation in the vicinity, and our informant states that by request, Justice Sewell or Sowell, of Humboldt City, at once proceeded to the spot and held an inquest on the body. The verdict of the jury was that "deceased came to his death from protracted exposure," etc. The people of the neighborhood volunteered to bury the poor unfortunate, and were even anxious to do so; but it was discovered, when they attempted to remove him, that the water which had dripped upon him for ages from the crag above, had coursed down his back and deposited a limestone sediment under him which had glued him to the bed rock upon which he sat, as with a cement of adamant, and Judge S. refused to allow the charitable citizens to blast him from his position. The opinion expressed by his Honor that such a course would be little less than sacrilege, was eminently just and proper. Everybody goes to see the stone man, as many as three hundred having visited the hardened creature during the past five or six weeks.*

#### **Background Information:**

Note the position of the Petrified Man's hands. It was a fascinating little blurb. So fascinating that many other papers soon reprinted it. The only problem was that not a word of it was true. It had been written by a young man named Samuel Clemens (better known later as Mark Twain) who was a recent employee of the *Territorial Enterprise*. (He had arrived in Nevada in 1861 hoping to make his fortune as a miner, but having failed at that endeavor, accepted a job at the newspaper.)

Twain later admitted that he was surprised at how many people were fooled by his story. It was his first attempt at a hoax, and when he penned it he had considered it "a string of roaring absurdities."

But once he realized how well his deception had succeeded, he admitted feeling a “soothing secret satisfaction.”

His intention in writing it had been two-fold. First, he wanted to poke fun at the many petrification stories that were all the rage at the time. He later wrote: “One could scarcely pick up a paper without finding in it one or two glorified discoveries of this kind. The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a brand-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant, fatherly moods at one time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrification mania with a delicate, a very delicate satire.”

Of course, his satire didn’t exactly work, since most people failed to recognize it as satire. Indeed, he was later “stunned to see the creature I had begotten to pull down the wonder-business with, and bring derision upon it, calmly exalted to the grand chief place in the list of the genuine marvels our Nevada had produced.”

His second motive was to mock a local politician, Judge Sewall, whom he considered to be a bit of a pompous fool. He explained, “I had had a temporary falling out with Mr.—, the new coroner and justice of the peace of Humboldt, and thought I might as well touch him up a little at the same time and make him ridiculous, and thus combine pleasure with business.” For months the hoax continued to spread, appearing in newspaper after newspaper around the world. According to Twain, it even graced the pages of the London Lancet. Twain mischievously sent Sewall copies of all the papers that it appeared in: “I think that for about eleven months, as nearly as I can remember, Mr.—’s daily mail-bag continued to be swollen by the addition of half a bushel of newspapers hailing from many climes with the Petrified Man in them, marked around with a prominent belt of ink. I sent them to him. I did it for spite, not for fun. He used to shovel them into his back yard and curse.”

Twain noted that the Petrified Man article did contain one prominent clue that, for careful readers, should have identified it immediately as a farce. Note the position of the Petrified Man’s hands. They’re arranged in a gesture of ridicule. But the gesture was too obliquely described. Twain admitted that:

“I was too ingenious. I mixed it up rather too much; and so all that description of the attitude, as a key to the humbuggery of the article, was entirely lost, for nobody but me ever discovered and comprehended the peculiar and suggestive position of the petrified man’s hands”