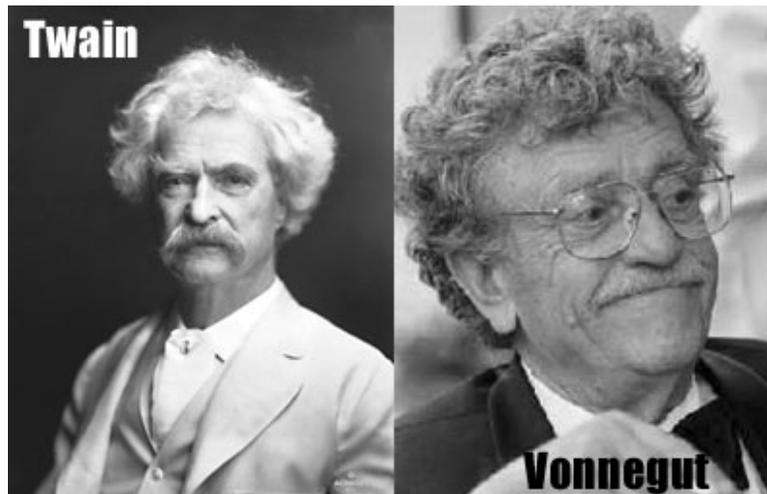


# Texas Christian University

2015 TCU APSI for English

Twain and Vonnegut -  
Twin Short Story Writers



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<b>Long Walk to Forever by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.</b>	<b>My Notes</b>
<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>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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As the following story is read aloud, highlight as many of the sensory details as you can. Use a different color for sound, sight, smell, taste and feel. In a well-organized essay analyze how the sensory details help to produce a comic effect.

**Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning** Mark Twain

1 Well, sir, — continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk; —the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be *reasoned* with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself—or a mouse — loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

2 Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said,—

3 "Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

4 "Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

5 "Why, how *can* one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

6 "You never try, Mortimer, — you know very well you never try."

7 I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

8 That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—

9 "I'm sorry, dear, — I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and—"

10 "MORTIMER!"

11 "Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

12 "Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

13 "Why, of course."

14 "Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for *my* sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

15 "But my love—"

16 "Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this, —all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life, — for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and—"

17 "But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed, *now*. I'm—"

18 [Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

19 "There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how *can* you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

20 "I *didn't* swear. And that *wasn't* a result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline, — at least you ought to know, — that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity—"

21 "Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! — I don't see how you can act so, when you *know* there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What *are* you doing? — lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

22 "Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and—"

23 "Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt! — crash! boom — boloom-boom-boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

24 "No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't *cause*

lightning, — I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was leveled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship, — about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that—"

25 "For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to — Mortimer!"

26 "Well?"

27 "Did you say your prayers to-night?"

28 "I — I — meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and—"

29 [ *Fzt! — boom — berroom — boom! Bumble-umble bang — SMASH!* ]

30 "Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How *could* you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

31 "But it *wasn't* such a time as this. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, any way, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

32 "MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

33 "My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll *stand* the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed—"

34 [ *Fzt! — BOOM berroom-boom! boom! — BANG!* ]

35 "Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language — Mortimer!"

36 "WELL! What now?"

37 "Your voice sounds as if — Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fireplace?"

38 "That is the very crime I am committing."

39 "Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?"

40 "I'm here by the window."

40 "Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?"

42 "Yes?"

43 "What is that rustling?"

44 "It's me."

45 "What are you doing?"

46 "Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

47 "Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What can you be thinking of?"

48 "Now where's the harm in it?"

49 "Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and — What on *earth* are you opening

that door for?"

50 "Goodness gracious, woman, is there is any harm in *that*?"

51 "*Harm*? There's *death* in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it *tight*, — and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?"

52 "Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

53 "You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that — Mortimer, what was that?"

54 "It was a da — it was a picture. Knocked it down."

55 "Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

56 "No. Forgot it."

57 "Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here, — come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

58 I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door *shut*, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out, —

59 "Mortimer, something *must* be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

60 I got the book, — at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out, —

61 "Mortimer, what was that?"

62 "Nothing but the cat."

63 "The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

64 I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

65 However, I went at my task, — over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges, — and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:—

66 "It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Fzt!* — *boom* — *bang!* — *smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

67 I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four, — broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

68 "Mortimer, it says, `Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.` What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?

69 "Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

70 "Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

71 I got it and put it on, — a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

72 "Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

73 I complied.

74 "Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

75 I did it, — in silence, — and kept my temper as well as I could.

76 "Mortimer, it says, `Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen könnten.` Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

77 "Yes, it seems to mean that, — if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording—"

78 "Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

79 Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood, — the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

80 When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:—

81 "What in the nation is the matter here?"

82 The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

83 I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said,—

84 "There is nothing the matter, friends, — only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

85 "Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

86 I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said,—

87 "I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

88 One after another of those people lay down on the ground to laugh, — and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked,—

89 "Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Garfield's nominated, — and that's what's the matter!"

90 Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams), the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck.

91 So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

### **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."

**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 7 "Twice."

7 "Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, and one in oil and one in trucking." 9 "So you said."

8 "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."

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

10 "Him?" said Bullard, heartily. "Friendliest dog in the world. Don't need to be afraid of him." 1 3 "I'm not afraid of him. It's just that he drives me crazy, sniffing at my ankles."

11 "Plastic," said Bullard, chuckling.

1 2 "What?"

13 "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."

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

15 "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?"

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

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

18 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.

19 "Scat!" said the stranger.

20 "'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—"

21 "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."

22 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.

23 "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."

24 "Would the dog go away if I bought him a humidor?" said the stranger. 28 "Pretty good joke, pretty good joke," said Bullard, amiably.

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."

25 "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."

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

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

28 "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."

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

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

31 "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."

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

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

34 "Seriously now," Bullard coaxed.

35 "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?"

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

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

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

39 "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.

40 "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.

41 "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."

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

43 "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."

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

45 "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.

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

47 "'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.' "

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

49 "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."

50 "Whadja do?" said Bullard, eagerly.

51 "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!"

52 "The dog busted it," said Bullard.

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

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

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

56 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."

57 "How?" said Bullard suspiciously.

58 "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."

59 "No!" said Bullard.

60 "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.

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

62 "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.

63 "'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.'

64 "'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!'

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

66 "Hold on!" roared Bullard.

67 "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.'"

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

69 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."

70 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.

**What does Twain reveal about human nature in the following contrasting stories? In a well-developed essay analyze how the author uses literary techniques to reveal aspects of human nature.**

**The Story Of The Bad Little Boy - Mark Twain**

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim--though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either--a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world might be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers, who teach them to say, "Now, I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother --no consumption, nor anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed "that the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious--everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sickbed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no; he stole as many apples as he wanted and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a brick when he came to tear him. It was very strange --nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the

waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and, when he was afraid it would be found out and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons, and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired, improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy--there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No it would have happened that way in the books, but didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday, and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, all through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life--that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence-of-peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua fortis. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no; he came home as drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an ax one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalesst wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

### **The Story Of The Good Little Boy - *Mark Twain***

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath-school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that that Jacob had, surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. As I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the gold little boys they put in the Sunday-school book; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and her weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner as he came from school, and welted him so over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a lithe uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always

died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school-boo boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances--to live right, and hang on as long as he could and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with the good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree, too, but he fell on him and broke his arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving him again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once, when he was on his way to Sunday-school, he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sailboat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin-boy. He called on a ship-captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the word, "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! that wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship-captains, and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift it never had in any book that ever he had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron-foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitroglycerin cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never minded grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir." But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron-foundry left on the face of the earth; and, as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.--[This glycerin catastrophe is borrowed from a floating newspaper item, whose author's name I would give if I knew it.--M. T.]

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.