

ELA 4 Term 1 Final Test Study Guide



'By the Whirlpool', by Isaac Levitan, 1892.

Date: January 4, 2023

Time: 8:00 – 9:35 (95 minutes)

Structure: Essay (Use this guide.)

Assessment:

- Argumentative claims
- 2 textual analysis skills (You can choose which ones to apply to the prompt.)
- Conventions

How to Study

1. Carefully read and annotate each story – at least twice!
 - a. Make sure you are familiar with the vocabulary, plot, setting, use of literary devices, etc.
2. If you can, discuss the stories with a friend: it will help!
3. With an eye on the rubrics, ORGANISE DETAILS & EVIDENCE according to:
 - a. Word choice
 - b. Point of View
 - c. Theme
 - d. Structure
 - e. Development
4. Identify similarities and differences between each story: Remember, this is a comparative essay! (There are note charts and guiding questions to help you at the bottom of this document.)
5. If you're feeling ambitious, write an essay using one of the sample prompts below. (You'll get an original prompt on test day.) Setting a time to 90 minutes is a good way to make sure to check how to budget your time on test day.

Sample Prompts
<p>Discuss and evaluate how Chekhov and Joyce have tried to “take you to the heart” of their characters.</p> <p>Compare and contrast how Chekhov and Joyce establish an ‘epiphany’ in one of their characters and assess the impact on the stories.</p>



Story 1: ‘A Medical Case’, by Anton Chekhov, 1898. Translated from the Russian by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky.

A professor received a telegram from the Lialikovs’ factory asking him to come quickly. The daughter of a certain Mrs. Lialikov, apparently the owner of the factory, was sick—nothing more could be understood from the long, witlessly composed telegram. The professor did not go himself, but sent his intern Korolev in his place.

He had to go two stations away from Moscow and then some three miles by carriage. A troika was sent to the station to pick Korolev up; the driver wore a hat with a peacock feather, and to all questions responded with a loud military “No, sir!” or “Yes, sir!” It was Saturday evening, the sun was setting. Crowds of workers came walking from the factory to the station and bowed to the horses that were bringing Korolev. And he was enchanted by the evening, and the country houses and dachas along the way, and the birches, and that quiet mood all around, when it seemed that, together with the workers, the fields, the woods, and the sun were preparing to rest on the eve of the holy day—to rest and perhaps to pray ...

He was born and grew up in Moscow, did not know the countryside and had never been interested in factories or visited them. But he had chanced to read about factories and to visit factory owners and talk with them; and when he saw some factory in the distance or up close, he

thought each time of how quiet and peaceful everything was outside, and how inside there must be the impenetrable ignorance and obtuse egoism of the owners, the tedious, unhealthy labor of the workers, squabbles, vodka, vermin. And now, as the workers deferentially and timorously stepped aside before the carriage, in their faces, caps, and gait he could discern physical uncleanness, drunkenness, nervousness, perplexity.

They drove through the factory gates. On both sides flashed workers' cottages, women's faces, linen and blankets on the porches. "Watch out!" cried the driver, not reining in the horses. Then came a wide yard with no grass, and in it five huge buildings with smokestacks, standing separate from each other, warehouses, barracks, and over everything lay some sort of gray coating, as of dust. Here and there, like oases in the desert, were pathetic little gardens and the green or red roofs of the houses where the management lived. The driver suddenly reined in the horses, and the carriage stopped at a house newly painted gray; there was a front garden with dust-covered lilacs, and a strong smell of paint on the yellow porch.

"Come in, doctor," women's voices said from the hall and the front room, followed by sighs and whispers. "Come in, we've been waiting ... it's very bad. Come in here."

Mrs. Lialikov, a stout, elderly lady in a black silk dress with fashionable sleeves, but, judging by her face, a simple and illiterate one, looked at the doctor with anxiety and hesitated, not daring to offer him her hand. Beside her stood a person with short hair and a pince-nez, in a bright multicolored blouse, skinny and no longer young. The servants called her Christina Dmitrievna, and Korolev figured that she was a governess. It was probably she, as the most educated person in the house, who had been charged with meeting and receiving the doctor, because she at once began hastily explaining the causes of the illness in minute, nagging detail, but without saying who was ill or what was the matter.

The doctor and the governess sat and talked, while the mistress stood motionless by the door, waiting. Korolev understood from the conversation that the ill person was Liza, a girl of twenty, Mrs. Lialikov's only daughter, the heiress; she had long been ill and had been treated by various doctors, and during the past night, from evening till morning, she had had such a pounding of the heart that no one in the house had slept for fear she might die.

“She’s been sickly, you might say, from childhood,” Christina Dmitrievna went on recounting in a sing-song voice, wiping her lips with her hand now and then. “The doctors say it’s nerves, but when she was little, the doctors drove her scrofula inside, so I think it might come from that.”

They went to see the patient. Quite grown-up, big, tall, but not pretty, resembling her mother, with the same small eyes and broad, overly developed lower face, her hair undone, the blanket drawn up to her chin, she gave Korolev the impression at first of a wretched, woebegone creature who had been taken in and given shelter here out of pity, and it was hard to believe that she was the heiress to five huge buildings.

“And so,” Korolev began, “we’ve come to take care of you. How do you do.”

He introduced himself and shook her hand—a big, cold, uncomely hand. She sat up and, obviously long accustomed to doctors, not caring that her shoulders and breast were uncovered, allowed herself to be auscultated.

“My heart pounds,” she said. “All last night, it was so terrible ... I nearly died of fright! Give me something for it!”

“I will, I will! Calm down.”

Korolev examined her and shrugged his shoulders.

“Nothing’s wrong with your heart,” he said, “everything’s well, everything’s in order. Your nerves are probably acting up a bit, but that’s not unusual. I assume the attack is over now. Lie down and sleep.”

Just then a lamp was brought into the bedroom. The sick girl squinted at the light and suddenly clutched her head with her hands and burst into tears. And the impression of a woebegone and uncomely creature suddenly vanished, and Korolev no longer noticed either the small eyes or the coarsely developed lower face; he saw a soft, suffering look, which was both reasonable and touching, and the whole of her seemed shapely to him, feminine, simple, and he would have liked to comfort her now, not with medications, not with advice, but with a simple, tender word. Her mother embraced her head and pressed it to her. There was so much despair, so much grief

in the old woman's face! She, the mother, had nourished and raised her daughter, sparing nothing, had given her whole life to teaching her French, dancing, music, had invited dozens of tutors, the best doctors, had kept a governess, and now she could not understand where these tears came from, why so much torment, could not understand and was at a loss, had a guilty, anxious, despairing look, as if she had missed something else very important, had failed to do something else, to invite someone else, but whom—she did not know.

"Lizanka, again ... again," she said, pressing her daughter to her. "My dear, my darling, my child, what's wrong? Have pity on me, tell me."

They both wept bitterly. Korolev sat on the edge of the bed and took Liza's hand.

"Come, is it worth crying?" he said tenderly. "There's nothing in the world that merits these tears. Let's not cry, now, there's no need to ..."

And he thought to himself:

"It's time she was married ..."

"Our factory doctor gave her potassium bromide," said the governess, "but I've noticed that it makes her even worse. I think, if it's for her heart, it should be those drops ... I forget what they're called ... Convallarin, or whatever."

And again there followed all sorts of details. She interrupted the doctor, prevented him from speaking; zeal was written all over her face, as if she assumed that, being the best-educated woman in the house, she had to engage the doctor in ceaseless conversation and about nothing but medicine.

Korolev became bored.

"I don't find anything in particular," he said, coming out of the bedroom and addressing the mother. "Since the factory doctor has been treating your daughter, let him continue. So far the treatment has been correct, and I see no need to change doctors. Why change? It's an ordinary illness, nothing serious ..."

He spoke unhurriedly, putting on his gloves, while Mrs. Lialikov stood motionless and looked at him with tear-filled eyes.

“It’s half an hour till the ten o’clock train,” he said. “I hope I won’t be late.”

“Can’t you stay with us?” she asked, and tears poured down her cheeks again. “It’s a shame to trouble you, but be so kind ... for God’s sake,” she went on in a low voice, glancing at the door, “stay with us overnight. She’s my only ... my only daughter ... She frightened us last night, I can’t get over it ... Don’t leave, for God’s sake ...”

He was about to tell her that he had much work in Moscow, that his family was waiting for him at home; it was hard for him to spend the whole evening and night needlessly in a strange house, but he looked at her face, sighed, and silently began taking off his gloves.

All the lamps and candles were lighted for him in the reception room and the drawing room. He sat at the grand piano and leafed through the scores, then examined the paintings on the walls, the portraits. The paintings, done in oils, with gilded frames, were views of the Crimea, a stormy sea with a little boat, a Catholic monk with a wineglass, and all of them dry, slick, giftless ... Not a single handsome, interesting face among the portraits, everywhere wide cheekbones, astonished eyes; Lialikov, Liza’s father, had a narrow forehead and a self-satisfied face, the uniform hung like a sack on his big, plebeian body, on his chest he had a medal and the badge of the Red Cross. The culture was poor, the luxury accidental, unconscious, ill at ease, like his uniform; the gleam of the floors was annoying, the chandelier was annoying, and for some reason brought to mind the story of the merchant who went to the bathhouse with a medal on his neck ...

From the front hall came a whispering, someone quietly snored. And suddenly sharp, abrupt, metallic noises came from outside, such as Korolev had never heard before and could not understand now; they echoed strangely and unpleasantly in his soul.

“I don’t think I’d ever stay and live here for anything ...” he thought, and again took up the scores.

“Doctor, come and have a bite to eat!” the governess called in a low voice.

He went to supper. The table was big, well furnished with food and wines, but only two people sat down: himself and Christina Dmitrievna. She drank Madeira, ate quickly, and talked, looking at him through her pince-nez:

“The workers are very pleased with us. We have theatricals at the factory every winter, the workers themselves act in them, and there are magic- lantern lectures, a magnificent tearoom, and whatever you like. They’re very devoted to us, and when they learned that Lizanka was worse, they held a prayer service for her. They’re uneducated, and yet they, too, have feelings.”

“It looks as if you have no men in the house,” said Korolev.

“Not one. Pyotr Nikanorych died a year and a half ago, and we were left by ourselves. So there’s just the three of us. In the summer we live here, and in the winter in Moscow, on Polianka Street. I’ve been with them for eleven years now. Like one of the family.”

For supper they were served sterlet, chicken cutlets, and fruit compote; the wines were expensive, French.

“Please, doctor, no ceremony,” said Christina Dmitrievna, eating and

wiping her mouth with her fist, and it was obvious that her life there was fully to her satisfaction.

“Please eat.”

After dinner the doctor was taken to a room where a bed had been made for him. But he did not want to sleep, it was stuffy and the room smelled of paint; he put his coat on and went out.

It was cool outside; dawn was already breaking,¹ and in the damp air all five buildings with their tall smokestacks, the barracks and warehouses were clearly outlined. Since it was Sunday, no one was working, the windows were dark, and only in one of the buildings was a furnace still burning; the two windows were crimson and, along with smoke, fire occasionally came from the smokestack. Further away, beyond the yard, frogs were croaking and a nightingale sang.

Looking at the buildings and at the barracks where the workers slept, he again thought what he always thought when he saw factories. There may be theatricals for the workers, magic lanterns,

factory doctors, various improvements, but even so the workers he had met that day on his way from the station did not look different in any way from the workers he had seen back in his childhood, when there were no factory theatricals or improvements. As a physician, he could make correct judgments about chronic ailments the fundamental cause of which was incomprehensible and incurable, and he looked at factories as a misunderstanding the cause of which was also obscure and irremediable, and while he did not consider all the improvements in the workers' lives superfluous, he saw them as the equivalent of treating an incurable illness.

"This is a misunderstanding, of course ..." he thought, looking at the crimson windows. "Fifteen hundred, two thousand factory hands work without rest, in unhealthy conditions, producing poor-quality calico, starving, and only occasionally sobering up from this nightmare in a pothouse; a hundred men supervise the work, and the whole life of those hundred men goes into levying fines, pouring out abuse, being unjust, and only the two or three so-called owners enjoy the profits, though they don't work at all and scorn poor-quality calico. But what profits, and how do they enjoy them? Mrs. Lialikov and her daughter are unhappy, it's a pity to look at them, only Christina Dmitrievna, a rather stupid old maid in a pince-nez, lives to her full satisfaction. And so it turns out that all five of these buildings work, and poor-quality calico is sold on the Eastern markets, only so that Christina Dmitrievna can eat sterlet and drink Madeira."

Strange sounds suddenly rang out, the same that Korolev had heard before supper. Near one of the buildings someone banged on a metal bar, banged and stopped the sound at once, so that what came out were short, sharp, impure sounds, like "derr ... derr ... derr ..." Then a half minute of silence, and then sounds rang out by another building, as sharp and unpleasant, but lower now, more bass—"drinn ... drinn ... drinn ..." Eleven times. Evidently this was the watchman banging out eleven o'clock.

From near another building came a "zhak... zhak... zhak ..." And so on near all the buildings and then beyond the barracks and the gates. And in the silence of the night it seemed as if these sounds were being produced by the crimson-eyed monster, the devil himself, who ruled here over both owners and workers and deceived the ones like the others.

Korolev went out of the yard to the fields.

“Who goes there?” a coarse voice called to him by the gates. “Just like a prison ...” he thought and did not answer.

Here the nightingales and frogs could be heard better, you could feel the May night. The noise of a train came from the station; sleepy cocks crowed somewhere, but even so the night was still, the world slept peacefully. In the field, not far from the factory, a house-frame stood, with building materials piled by it. Korolev sat on some planks and went on thinking:

“Nobody feels good here except the governess, and the factory works for her satisfaction. But it just seems so, she’s only a straw man here. The main one that everything here is done for is—the devil.”

And he thought about the devil, in whom he did not believe, and kept glancing back at the two windows gleaming with fire. It seemed to him that the devil himself was gazing at him through those crimson eyes, the unknown power that created the relations between strong and weak, the grave mistake that now could in no way be set right. It had to be that the strong hinder the life of the weak, such was the law of nature, but this thought could be clearly and easily formulated only in a newspaper article or a textbook, while in the mishmash that is everyday life, in the tangle of all the trifles of which human relations are woven, it was not a law but a logical incongruity, when strong and weak alike fell victim to their mutual relations, inadvertently obeying some controlling power, unknown, extraneous to life, alien to man. So thought Korolev as he sat on the planks, and the feeling gradually came over him that this unknown, mysterious power was in fact close by and watching. Meanwhile the east grew paler, the time passed quickly. Against the gray background of the dawn, with not a soul around, as if everything had died out, the five buildings and smokestacks had a peculiar look, different from in the daytime; the steam engines, electricity, telephones inside them left one’s mind, and one somehow kept thinking of pile-dwellings, of the Stone Age, one sensed the presence of crude, unconscious power ...

And again came the banging:

“Derr ... derr ... derr ... derr ...”

Twelve times. Then stillness, half a minute of stillness, and from the other end of the yard came:

“Drinn ... drinn ... drinn ...”

“Terribly unpleasant!” thought Korolev.

“Zhak ... zhak ...” came from a third place, abruptly, sharply, as if in vexation, “zhak ... zhak ...”

And it took them about four minutes to strike twelve. Then it was still; and again the impression was as if everything around had died out.

Korolev sat a while longer and then went back to the house, but he did not go to bed for a long time. There was whispering in the neighboring rooms, a shuffling of slippers and bare feet.

“Is she having another fit?” thought Korolev.

He went to have a look at the patient. It was already quite light in the rooms, and on the walls and floor of the reception room sunlight trembled faintly, having broken through the morning mist. The door to Liza’s room was open, and she was sitting in an armchair by the bed, in a robe, a shawl around her shoulders, her hair undone. The window blinds were drawn.

“How are you feeling?” asked Korolev.

“Well, thank you.”

He took her pulse, then straightened the hair that had fallen across her forehead.

“You’re not asleep,” he said. “The weather is wonderful outside, it’s spring, the nightingales are singing, and you sit in the dark and brood on something.”

She listened and looked into his face; her eyes were sad, intelligent, and it was clear that she wanted to say something to him.

“Does this happen to you often?” he asked.

She moved her lips and answered:

“Often. I feel oppressed almost every night.”

Just then the watchmen in the yard began striking two: “Derr ... derr ...” and she gave a start.

“Does this rapping upset you?” he asked.

“I don’t know. Everything here upsets me,” she said, and thought a little. “Everything. I hear sympathy in your voice, at the first sight of you I thought for some reason that I could talk with you about everything.”

“Please do talk.”

“I want to tell you my opinion. It seems to me that I’m not ill, but I’m upset and afraid because that’s how it should be and it can’t be otherwise. Even the healthiest person can’t help being upset if, for instance, a robber is prowling under his windows. I’ve been treated often,” she went on, looking into her lap and smiling bashfully. “I’m very grateful, of course, and I don’t deny the benefits of the treatment, but I’d like to talk, not to a doctor, but to someone close to me, a friend who would understand me, who could convince me that I’m either right or wrong.”

“You don’t have any friends?” asked Korolev.

“I’m lonely. I have my mother, I love her, but still I’m lonely. Life has worked out this way ... Lonely people read a lot, but talk little and hear little, life is mysterious for them; they’re mystics and often see the devil where he’s not. Lermontov’s Tamara was lonely and saw the devil.”² [A reference to the heroine in Lermontov’s poem ‘The Demon’]

“And you read a lot?”

“Yes. My time is all free, from morning till evening. During the day I read, but in the night my head is empty, there are some sort of shadows instead of thoughts.”

“Do you see things at night?” asked Korolev.

“No, but I feel ...”

Again she smiled and raised her eyes to the doctor, and looked at him so sadly, so intelligently; and it seemed to him that she trusted him, wanted to talk openly with him, and that she thought as he did. But she was silent, perhaps waiting for him to speak.

And he knew what to tell her. It was clear to him that she ought quickly to leave those five buildings and the million, if she had it, to leave that devil who watched at night; it was also clear to him that she herself thought so, too, and was only waiting for someone she trusted to confirm it.

But he did not know how to say it. How? It was mortifying to ask condemned people what they were condemned for; just as it was awkward to ask very rich people what they needed so much money for, why they disposed of their wealth so badly, why they would not abandon it, even when they could see it was to their own misfortune; and if such a conversation began, it usually turned out to be embarrassing, awkward, long.

“How to say it?” pondered Korolev. “And need I say it?”

And he said what he wanted to say, not directly, but in a roundabout way:

“You’re not content in your position as a factory owner and a rich heiress, you don’t believe in your right to it, and now you can’t sleep, which, of course, is certainly better than if you were content, slept soundly, and thought everything was fine. Your insomnia is respectable; in any event, it’s a good sign. In fact, for our parents such a conversation as we’re having now would have been unthinkable; they didn’t talk at night, they slept soundly, but we, our generation, sleep badly, are anguished, talk a lot, and keep trying to decide if we’re right or not. But for our children or grandchildren this question—whether they’re right or not—will be decided. They’ll see better than we do. Life will be good in fifty years or so, it’s only a pity we won’t make it that far. It would be interesting to have a look.”

“And what will the children and grandchildren do?” asked Liza.

"I don't know ... They'll probably drop it all and leave."

"For where?"

"Where? ... Why, wherever they like," said Korolev, and he laughed. "As if there weren't lots of places a good, intelligent person can go."

He glanced at his watch.

"The sun is up, however," he said. "It's time you slept. Get undressed and have a good sleep. I'm very glad to have met you," he went on, pressing her hand. "You are a nice, interesting person. Good night!"

He went to his room and slept.

Next morning, when the carriage drove up, everybody came out on the porch to see him off. Liza was festive in a white dress, with a flower in her hair, pale, languid; she looked at him, as yesterday, sadly and intelligently, smiled, talked, and all with an expression as if she would have liked to say something special, important—to him alone. One could hear the larks singing, the church bells ringing. The windows of the factory shone merrily, and, driving through the yard and then on the way to the station, Korolev no longer remembered the workers, or the pile-dwellings, or the devil, but thought about the time, perhaps close at hand, when life would be as bright and joyful as this quiet Sunday morning; and he thought about how nice it was, on such a morning, in springtime, to ride in a good carriage with a troika and feel the warmth of the sun.

DECEMBER 1898



Story 2: 'Araby', from the short story collection *Dubliners*, by James Joyce, 1914.

NORTH RICHMOND STREET, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot*, by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the

gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *come-all-you* about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "*O love! O love!*" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any

patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I felt the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret

these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to His Steed*. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and

laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"O, there's a ... fib!"

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"No, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

APPENDIX: Note Charts and Rubrics

Word Choice		
<p>Identifies words and phrases that impact the meaning and tone of the text; clearly and accurately explains the meaning of those words and phrases as they are used in the text (e.g., figurative, connotative, and technical meanings). Analyses the impact of a pattern of word choices on meaning and tone and the relationship between word choice and context or medium. When relevant, clearly analyses how an author uses or refines the meaning of a key term/concept over the course of a text.</p> <p>Questions to consider:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • How does word choice – either in narration or dialogue - help reveal character? • How does word choice help develop motifs and/or themes? 		
‘A Medical Case’	Both	‘Araby’

Point of View

Analyses author's/ speaker's point of view, including its development, limitations, biases, impact on the meaning of the text, and differences from and responses to other points of view. Analyses author's/ speaker's use of rhetoric or differences in point of view to create specific effects. Analyses the effect of cultural experience on author's/ speaker's point of view. [Level 7]

All of Level 7, plus: Identifies cases where the **rhetoric or the development of point of view is particularly effective** and analyses how the point of view and/ or rhetoric contributes to the **power, persuasiveness, or beauty of the text**. [Level 8]

Questions to consider:

- How is characterisation achieved and **what are the effects of this?** (social / cultural / political / economic background, etc.)
- How much do these characteristics determine / influence relations between characters?
- What is the significance of a character's point of view?
- How does the narrative structure of the story explore / make use of PoV?
- Does PoV help develop a theme?
- Does the point of view make the story more believable, persuasive, and powerful? (Or not?)

'A Medical Case'

'Araby'

Development

[Literature] Analyses clearly and accurately the impact of the author's choices on the development of key elements of a story, (e.g., the setting, sequence of actions, and how characters are introduced and developed). Evaluates the effectiveness of the author's choices.

Questions to consider:

- How (and to what effect) is a POINT OF VIEW developed over the course of the story?
- How (and to what effect) is a THEME developed over the course of the story?
- How does repetition of a key word or phrase [WORD CHOICE] develop a THEME?
- How does the STRUCTURE of the sotry develop tension / suspense?

'A Medical Case'

'Araby'

Structure

[Literature] Accurately and concisely describes key **structural features** and sections of a story, drama, or poem, and **evaluates the impact of these author's choices** on the story's overall **meaning, style, and reader appeal**. When relevant, **proposes structural changes** that could improve the development of the story, drama, or poem.

Questions to consider:

- How important is narration – as opposed to dialogue – in the story?
- How does the structure of the story develop tension or suspense?
- How does the author/narrator make use of changes in setting in the story?
- How is the narrative structure connected to a theme in the story?

'A Medical Case'

'Araby'

Theme

Identifies **multiple themes/central ideas** in a text, when relevant, and provides a **sophisticated analysis of their development and interaction with each other** and with supporting ideas or other elements in the text, including an **evaluation of which theme/ central idea is the most significant and why**. When relevant, persuasively **interprets theme/ central idea through a critical lens or framework**.

Questions to consider:

- How do motifs in the story lead towards a theme?
- Can you identify the theme of the story in the form of a question?

'A Medical Case'

'Araby'

Rubrics

Conventions

Conventions [Level 8]

Has an effective fluent style with varied syntax, precise word choice, and skilful use of rhetorical techniques. Is free from errors in grammar, usage, and mechanics . When appropriate for the task, cites textual evidence consistently and accurately.

Textual Analysis

Theme and Central Idea [Level 8]

Identifies **multiple themes/central ideas** in a text, when relevant, and provides a **sophisticated analysis of their development and interaction with each other** and with supporting ideas or other elements in the text, including an **evaluation of which theme/ central idea is the most significant and why**. When relevant, persuasively **interprets theme/ central idea through a critical lens or framework**.

Point of View [Levels 7 & 8]

Analyses author's/ speaker's point of view, including its development, limitations, biases, impact on the meaning of the text, and differences from and responses to other points of view. Analyses author's/ speaker's use of rhetoric or differences in point of view to create specific effects. Analyses the effect of cultural experience on author's/ speaker's point of view. [Level 7]

All of Level 7, plus: Identifies cases where the **rhetoric or the development of point of view is particularly effective** and analyses how the point of view and/ or rhetoric contributes to the **power, persuasiveness, or beauty of the text**. [Level 8]

Development [Level 8]

[Literature] Analyses clearly and accurately the impact of the author's choices on the development of key elements of a story, (e.g., the setting, sequence of actions, and how characters are introduced and developed). Evaluates the effectiveness of the author's choices.

Structure [Level 8]

[Literature] Accurately and concisely describes key **structural features** and sections of a story, drama, or poem, and **evaluates the impact of these author's choices** on the story's overall **meaning, style, and reader appeal**. When relevant, **proposes structural changes** that could improve the development of the story, drama, or poem.

Word Choice [Level 8]

Identifies words and phrases that impact the meaning and tone of the text; clearly and accurately explains the meaning of those words and phrases as they are used in the text (e.g., figurative, connotative, and technical meanings). Analyses the impact of a pattern of word choices on meaning and tone and the relationship between word choice and context or medium. When relevant, clearly analyses how an author uses or refines the meaning of a key term/concept over the course of a text.

Argumentative Essay

Argumentative Claims [Level 8]

Claims and subclaims are **clear, precise, and nuanced** throughout the writing; the sequencing of the claims and subclaims creates a **complex and coherent structure** that builds the reader's understanding throughout the writing. The **significance** of the claims is clear and persuasive.