

Grade 10

20F English

Short Story Unit

___ Terms

Comprehension

___ Questions – A Man Who Had No Eyes

___ Questions – The Sniper

Writing Piece

___ Outlining the Elements of My Short Story

___ Short Story Outline

A Man Who Had No Eyes

1. Who are the two main characters of this story?

2. What was the weather like when the two main characters first met?

3. How did the two main characters know each other?

4. How did the weather change once the two characters once the two characters knew each other from past events?

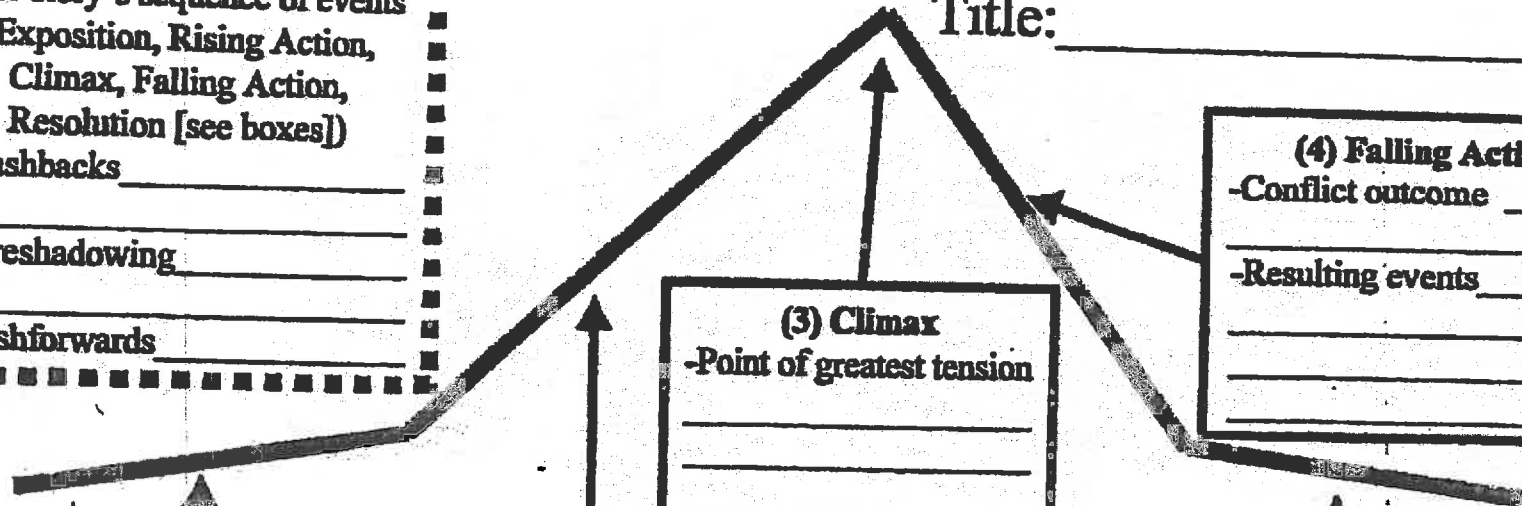
5. What is the surprise ending?

Name: _____

Title: _____

Plot

- The story's sequence of events
(Exposition, Rising Action, Climax, Falling Action, Resolution [see boxes])
- Flashbacks _____
- Foreshadowing _____
- Flashforwards _____



(4) Falling Action

- Conflict outcome _____
- Resulting events _____
- _____
- _____

(3) Climax

- Point of greatest tension _____
- _____
- _____

(1) Exposition

Setting

- Place _____
- Time _____
- Characters _____
- Main _____
- _____
- Secondary _____
- _____

Mood

Point of View

(2) Rising Action

Character Roles

- Protagonist(s) _____
- _____
- Antagonist(s) _____
- _____

Conflict

Mood

(5) Resolution

- Final outcome _____
- Theme**
- Story's meaning _____
- _____

Author's Purpose
(Persuade, inform, entertain, teach, etc.)

A Man Who Had No Eyes

MACKINLAY KANTOR

A beggar was coming down the avenue just as Mr. Parsons emerged from his hotel.

He was a blind beggar, carrying the traditional battered cane, and thumping his way before him with the cautious, half-furtive effort of the sightless. He was a shaggy, thick-necked fellow; his coat was greasy about the lapels and pockets, and his hand splayed over the cane's crook with a futile sort of clinging. He wore a black pouch slung over his shoulder. Apparently he had something to sell.

The air was rich with spring; sun was warm and yellowed on the asphalt. Mr. Parsons, standing there in front

of his hotel and noting the *clack-clack* approach of the sightless man, felt a sudden and foolish sort of pity for all blind creatures.

And, thought Mr. Parsons, he was very glad to be alive. A few years ago he had been little more than a skilled laborer; now he was successful, respected, admired. . . . Insurance. . . . And he had done it alone, unaided, struggling beneath handicaps. . . . And he was still young. The blue air of spring, fresh from its memories of windy pools and lush shrubbery, could thrill him with eagerness.

He took a step forward just as the tap-tapping blind man passed him by. Quickly the shabby fellow turned.

"Listen, gov'nor. Just a minute of your time."

Mr. Parsons said, "It's late. I have an appointment. Do you want me to give you something?"

"I ain't no beggar, gov'nor. You bet I ain't. I got a handy little article here" — he fumbled until he could press a small object into Mr. Parsons's hand — "that I sell. One buck. Best cigarette lighter made."

Mr. Parsons stood there, somewhat annoyed and embarrassed. He was a handsome figure with his immaculate gray suit and gray hat and Malacca stick. Of course the man with the cigarette lighters could not see him. . . . "But I don't smoke," he said.

"Listen. I bet you know plenty people who smoke. Nice little present," wheedled the man. "And, mister, you wouldn't mind helping a poor guy out?" He clung to Mr. Parsons' sleeve.

Mr. Parsons sighed and felt in his vest pocket. He brought out two half dollars and pressed them into the man's hand. "Certainly. I'll help you out. As you say, I can give it to someone. Maybe the elevator boy would —" He hesitated, not wishing to be boorish and inquisitive, even with a blind peddler. "Have you lost your sight entirely?"

The shabby man pocketed the two half dollars. "Four-

teen years, gov'nor." Then he added with an insane sort of pride, "Westbury, sir. I was one of 'em."

"Westbury," repeated Mr. Parsons. "Ah, yes. The chemical explosion. . . . The papers haven't mentioned it for years. But at the time it was supposed to be one of the greatest disasters in —"

"They've all forgot about it." The fellow shifted his feet wearily. "I tell you, gov'nor, a man who was in it don't forget about it. Last thing I ever saw was C shop going up in one grand smudge, and that damn gas pouring in at all the busted windows."

Mr. Parsons coughed. But the blind peddler was caught up with the train of his one dramatic reminiscence. And, also, he was thinking that there might be more half dollars in Mr. Parsons' pocket.

"Just think about it, gov'nor. There was a hundred and eight people killed, about two hundred injured, and over fifty of them lost their eyes. Blind as bats —" He groped forward until his dirty hand rested against Mr. Parsons' coat. "I tell you, sir, there wasn't nothing worse than that in the war. If I had lost my eyes in the war, OK. I would have been well took care of. But I was just a workman, working for what was in it. And I got it. You're damn right I got it, while the capitalists were making their dough! They was insured, don't worry about that. They —"

"Insured," repeated his listener. "Yes. That's what I sell —"

"You want to know how I lost my eyes?" cried the man. "Well, here it is!" His words fell with the bitter and studied drama of a story often told, and told for money. "I was there in C shop, last of all the folks rushing out. Out in the air there was a chance, even with buildings exploding right and left. A lot of guys made it safe out the door and got away. And just when I was about there, crawling along between those big vats, a guy behind me grabs my leg. He

says, 'Let me past, you —!' Maybe he was nuts. I dunno. I try to forgive him in my heart, gov'nor. But he was bigger than me. He haul me back and climbs right over me! Tramples me into the dirt. And he get out, and I lie there with all that poison gas pouring down on all sides of me, and flame and stuff. . . ." He swallowed — a studied sob — and stood dumbly expectant. He could imagine the next words: *Tough luck, my man. Damned tough. Now, I want to —* "That's the story, gov'nor."

The spring wind shivered past them, damp and quivering.

"Not quite," said Mr. Parsons.

The blind peddler shivered crazily. "Not quite? What you mean, you —?"

"The story is true," Mr. Parsons said, "except that it was the other way around."

"Other way around?" he croaked unamiably. "Say, gov'nor —"

"I was in C shop," said Mr. Parsons. "It was the other way around. You were the fellow who hauled back on me and climbed over me. You were bigger than I was, Markwardt."

The blind man stood for a long time, swallowing hoarsely. He gulped: "Parsons. By God. By God! I thought you —" And then he screamed fiendishly: "Yes. Maybe so. Maybe so. But I'm blind! I'm blind, and you've been standing here letting me spout to you, and laughing at me every minute! I'm blind!"

People in the street turned to stare at him.

"You got away, but I'm blind! Do you hear? I'm —"

"Well," said Mr. Parsons, "don't make such a row about it, Markwardt. . . . So: u I."

The Sniper

1. Where is the story taking place?

2. What two groups are involved in a civil war? -

3. Why did the sniper not shoot at the car?

4. Who did the sniper hit?

5. Where was the sniper hit on his body?

6. How did the sniper trick his enemy into thinking he was dead?

7. Who did the sniper end up killing?

Name: _____

Title: _____

Plot

-The story's sequence of events
(Exposition, Rising Action,
Climax, Falling Action,
Resolution [see boxes])

-Flashbacks _____

-Foreshadowing _____

-Flashforwards _____

(4) Falling Action

-Conflict outcome _____

-Resulting events _____

(3) Climax

-Point of greatest tension

(1) Exposition Setting

-Place _____

-Time _____

-Characters

-Main _____

-Secondary _____

Mood

Point of View

(2) Rising Action Character Roles

-Protagonist(s) _____

-Antagonist(s) _____

Conflict

Mood

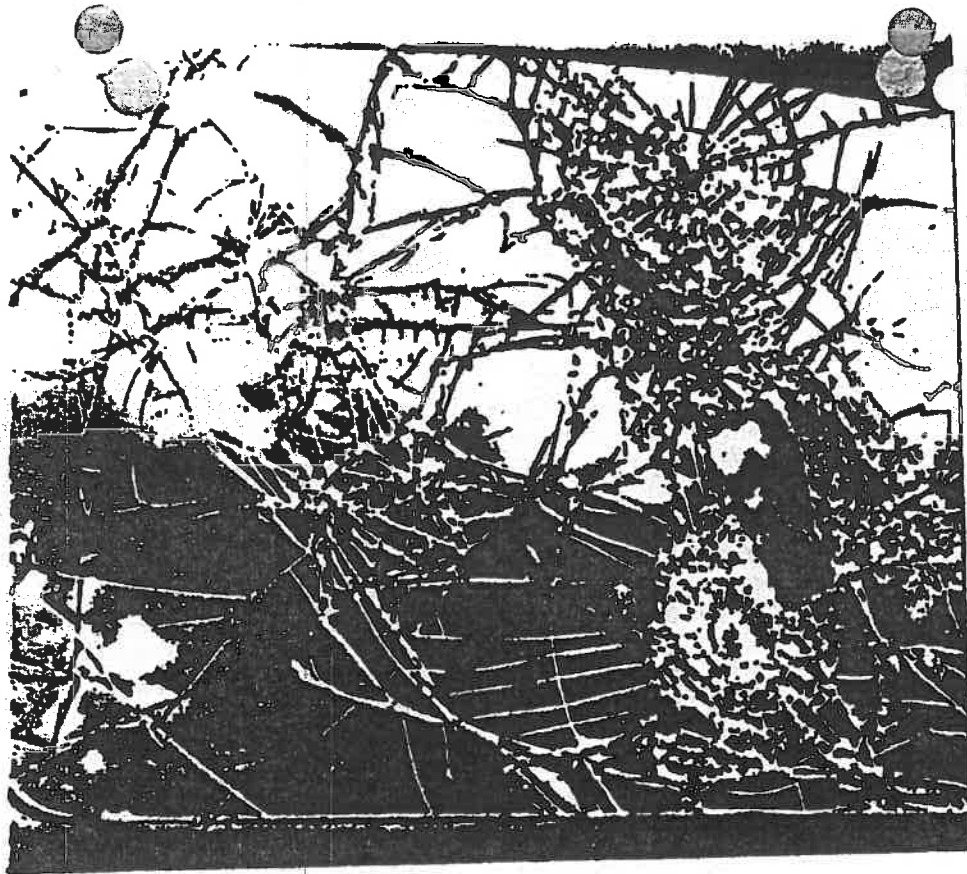
(5) Resolution

-Final outcome _____

Theme

-Story's meaning _____

Author's Purpose
(Persuade, inform, entertain, teach, etc.)



The Sniper

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

100
my car
the 2000-10-10

This experience is as old as time and as new as tomorrow.

"Then, when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony."

Why does man fight man? What happens when we are conflicted? How can we stop it? All of these questions are asked in this story and they are left for us to answer. During the early part of this century the Irish fought a civil war over the problem of independence. The pity of any civil war is that the fighting takes place between fellow countrymen. We pay for our conflicts, as this story shows.

THE LONG JUNE twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the street and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city machine-guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodical like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

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

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

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street.

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

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

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

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

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

"Christ," he muttered, "I'm hit."

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. There was no pain—just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breast-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The sniper darted across the street. A machine-gun tore up the

ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine-gun stopped.

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

Short Story Writing Assignment

Your final assignment of the unit is to write a short story.

Complete the following steps.

Identify a story starter from the list below to assist you in beginning your story.

1. You're digging in your garden and find a fist-sized nugget of gold.
2. Write about something ugly — war, fear, hate, or cruelty—but find the beauty (silver lining) in it.
3. The asteroid was hurtling straight for Earth...
4. A kid comes out of the school bathroom with toilet paper dangling from his or her waistband.
5. Write about your early memories of faith, religion, or spirituality; yours or someone else's.
6. There's a guy sitting on a park bench reading a newspaper...
7. Write a poem about a first romantic (dare I say: sexual) experience or encounter.
8. He turned the key in the lock and opened the door. To his horror, he saw...
9. Silvery flakes drifted down, glittering in the bright light of the harvest moon. The blackbird swooped down...
10. The detective saw his opportunity. He grabbed the waitress's arm and said...
11. There are three children sitting on a log near a stream. One of them looks up at the sky and says...
12. There is a magic talisman that allows its keeper to read minds. It falls into the hands of a young politician...
13. And you thought dragons didn't exist...
14. Write about nature. Include the following words: hard drive, stapler, phone, car, billboard.
15. The doctor put his hand on her arm and said gently, "You or the baby will survive. Not both. I'm sorry."
16. The nation is controlled by...
17. You walk into your house and it's completely different — furniture, decor, all changed. And nobody's home.
18. Write about one (or both) of your parents. Start with "I was born..."
19. The most beautiful smile I ever saw...
20. I believe that animals exist to...
21. A twinkling eye can mean many things. Start with a twinkle in someone's eye and see where it takes you.
22. Good versus evil. Do they truly exist? Are there gray areas? Do good people do bad things?
23. Write about your body.
24. Have you ever been just about to drift off to sleep only to be roused because you spontaneously remembered an embarrassing moment from your past?
25. Get a package of one of your favorite canned or boxed foods and look at the ingredients. Use every ingredient in your next piece of writing.

Complete – Story Plot Line

Complete – Outlining the Elements of My Short Story

Complete – Short Story Outline

Use Character trait list & Adjective Word list to help assist in developing your characters and setting

Sample Character Traits

able	demanding	hopeless	restless
active	dependable	humorous	rich
adventurous	depressed	ignorant	rough
affectionate	determined	imaginative	rowdy
afraid	discouraged	impatient	rude
alert	dishonest	impolite	sad
ambitious	disrespectful	inconsiderate	safe
angry	doubtful	independent	satisfied
annoyed	dull	industrious	scared
anxious	dutiful	innocent	secretive
apologetic	eager	intelligent	selfish
arrogant	easygoing	jealous	serious
attentive	efficient	kindly	sharp
average	embarrassed	lazy	short
bad	encouraging	leader	shy
blue	energetic	lively	silly
bold	evil	lonely	skillful
bored	excited	loving	sly
bossy	expert	loyal	smart
brainy	fair	lucky	sneaky
brave	faithful	mature	sorry
bright	fearless	mean	spoiled
brilliant	fierce	messy	stingy
busy	foolish	miserable	strange
calm	fortunate	mysterious	strict
careful	foul	naughty	stubborn
careless	fresh	nervous	sweet
cautious	friendly	nice	talented
charming	frustrated	noisy	tall
cheerful	funny	obedient	thankful
childish	gentle	obnoxious	thoughtful
clever	giving	old	thoughtless
clumsy	glamorous	peaceful	tired
coarse	gloomy	picky	tolerant
concerned	good	pleasant	touchy
confident	graceful	polite	trusting
confused	grateful	poor	trustworthy
considerate	greedy	popular	unfriendly
cooperative	grouchy	positive	unhappy
courageous	grumpy	precise	upset
cowardly	guilty	proper	useful
cross	happy	proud	warm
cruel	harsh	quick	weak
curious	hateful	quiet	wicked
dangerous	healthy	rational	wise
daring	helpful	reliable	worried
dark	honest	religious	wrong
decisive	hopeful	responsible	young

Adjectives Word List

humble	studious	demanding	brave
intelligent	bossy	courageous	honest
gentle	serious	mischievous	loving
funny	friendly	proud	humours
adventurous	wild	sad	hard-working
messy	resourceful	timid	neat
stubborn	shy	joyful	loyal
bold	cooperative	gullible	daring
lovable	handsome	ambitious	caring
carefree	curious	selfish	patriotic
witty	fighter	generous	successful
determined	responsible	dreamer	leader
rude	creative	independent	imaginative

Plot

-The story's sequence of events
(Exposition, Rising Action,
Climax, Falling Action,
Resolution [see boxes])

-Flashbacks _____

-Foreshadowing _____

-Flashforwards _____

Name: _____

Title: _____

(1) Exposition
Setting

-Place _____

-Time _____

-Characters _____

-Main _____

-Secondary _____

Mood

Point of View

(2) Rising Action
Character Roles

-Protagonist(s) _____

-Antagonist(s) _____

Conflict

Mood

(3) Climax
-Point of greatest tension

(4) Falling Action
-Conflict outcome _____

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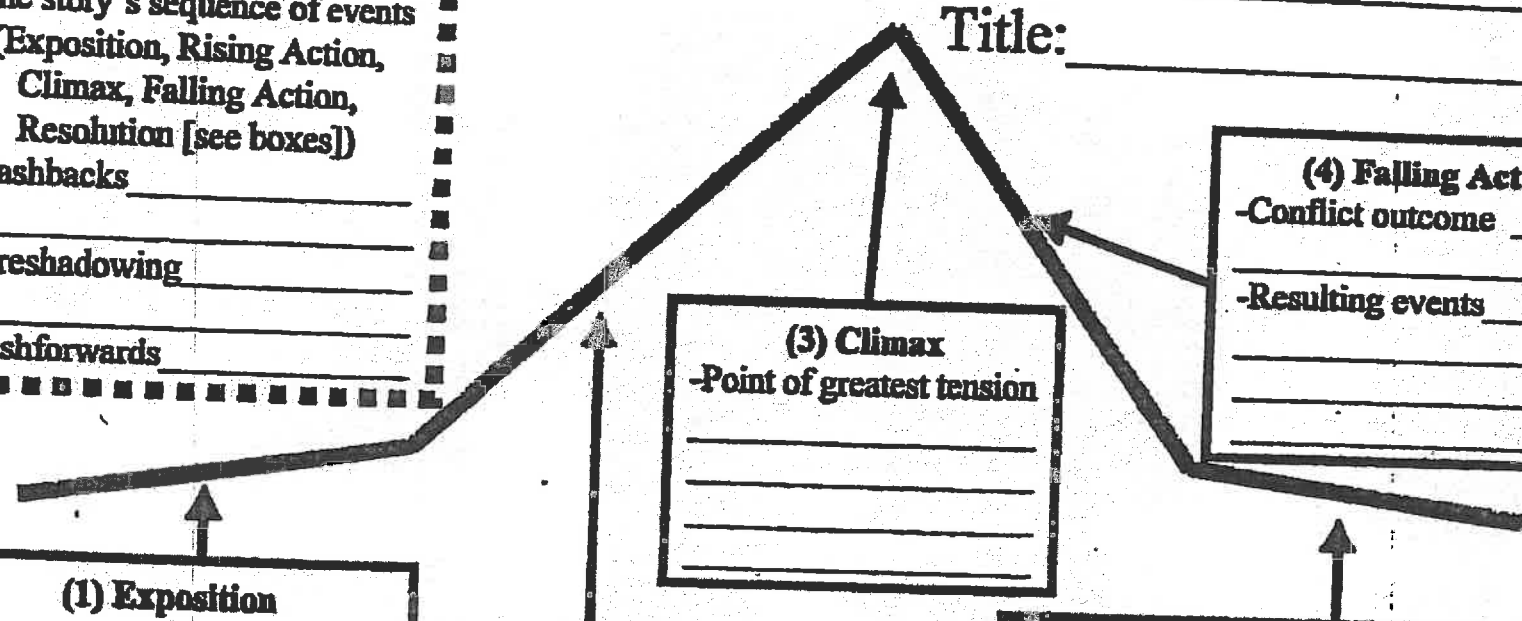
(5) Resolution

-Final outcome _____

Theme _____

-Story's meaning _____

Author's Purpose
(Persuade, inform, entertain, teach, etc.)



Name: _____

Outlining the Elements of My Short Story

Name of story: _____ (Fiction or non-fiction)

Plot: What was the general idea of the story?

List your characters and give each a character trait and 2 physical appearance descriptors:

Characters:

Protagonist = _____ Trait = _____ Physical = _____

Antagonist = _____ Trait = _____ Physical = _____

Other Characters = _____ Trait = _____ Physical = _____

Other Characters = _____ Trait = _____ Physical = _____

Setting: (time, place, weather and 5 senses descriptors)

Time = _____ Place = _____ Sensory Descriptors = _____

Other details = _____

Quote that describes the setting:

What was the conflict or major problem in the story?

Climax (The big event!):

How was the problem solved?

Theme: (What was the message or moral of the story?)

Short Story Outline

Introduction

Paragraph One - Describe the Setting

Paragraph Two - Describe one character (a)

Paragraph Three - Describe another character (b)

Paragraph Four - Describe the problem/conflict

Dialogue

" _____ "

" _____ "

" _____ "

" _____ "

“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”

Paragraph Five - Describe thoughts of character (a)

Paragraph Six - Describe thoughts of character (b)

Dialogue

“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”
“ _____ ”

"
"
"
"

Paragraph Seven - Describe the resolution to the problem/conflict

The End