



外國文學
作品欣賞

An Introduction to English Fiction, Poetry and Drama

小说、诗歌 与戏剧探寻之旅

——英语文学导读

高 奋 编 著



ZHEJIANG UNIVERSITY PRESS

浙江大学出版社



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前言

“生命是一束纯净的火焰，我们依靠自己内心看不见的太阳而生存。”

托马斯·布朗

当我们静下心来，回想我们走过的生命历程时，我们会发现文学阅读在我们生活的时空中占据着很重要的位置。幼年的时候，我们陶醉在祖父母、父母讲述的故事里，兴致勃勃地在他们动听的讲述中捕捉着由语言编织的美丽想象；童年和青年的时候，我们在阅读和欣赏各类课文、读物、作品中学会了表达、书写和思考，逐渐形成对社会和自我的理解和认识。可以说，我们心灵的成长在很大程度上是体验和感悟的过程，而在这一过程中文学作品以其灵动的想象、真挚的情感、深刻的人文关怀深深地渗透到我们的思想和灵魂之中，成为我们感知世界、自我和历史的最重要的途径。

我们应该已经阅读了不少中国文学名著，比如《红楼梦》、《西游记》、《三国演义》等等，但是一提起英语文学作品，许多读者可能依然一脸无奈和困惑。这种无奈和困惑是由多种原因造成的，比如文化的差异、语言的隔阂等等，其中英语文学导读类书籍的缺乏也是导致读者无法进入英语文学天地的重要原因之一。

本教材是为学习者轻松地跨入英语文学的殿堂而编写的。它的目的不仅在于拓展学习者的通识范畴，加深理解力和提高品位，而且在于为学习者提供英语小说、诗歌和戏剧的基础知识、分析技能、赏析范例，为英语文学学习提供良好的基础能力训练，有效提升学习者的实力。

作为导读类教材，本书拟解决的核心问题是：如何阅读英语文学作品？围绕这个问题，本教材系统地介绍和展示了阅读和批评英语文学作品的基础知识、解读过程和分析方法。全书根据作品体裁的不同分为三个部分，即：阅读小说、阅读诗歌和阅读戏剧。每一章节都在简要介绍和简要分析某个特定的基本要素的基础上，精选优秀的

英语文学作品,并对其进行详尽的分析或赏析。编著者希望通过分层次提供基础知识、分析技能、赏析范例,为学习者提供阅读、欣赏、感悟和研究文学作品的平台。

依据小说、诗歌和戏剧的不同特性,本教材的三个部分各有侧重:“阅读小说”部分主要围绕小说的人物、主题、情节、背景、叙述视角、反讽等小说的基本要素展开;为了更贴近生活,对小说的选择基本限定在现代文学;为了更好地了解分析过程和方法,对小说的赏析大都包含三种不同的批评方法。“阅读诗歌”部分主要围绕诗歌的措辞、句法、基调、修辞方法、节奏、音韵等基本要素展开;为了凸现英语诗歌悠久的历史,对诗歌的选择范围没有特定的限制,并且提供了诗歌类型的介绍;为了更好把握诗歌阅读的精妙,部分分析是用母语进行的,重在唤醒我们对语词的感觉。

“阅读戏剧”部分主要围绕戏剧的主要种类喜剧、悲剧展开;为了真正了解英语戏剧的底蕴,选择了莎士比亚的著名悲剧作为阅读对象;由于篇幅的限制,只能选择莎剧的一部分,因此无法对莎剧作细致的赏析;不过,这样可能更切合实际,我们可以将学习重点放在阅读和表演上,以便更好地体验戏剧。

本教材的主要特点是:

(一)从读者阅读的立场出发,用形象的方式,将学习、思考和研究放置在同一个平台上,使学生轻松入门。在综合英美文学界对基本文学术语所作的研究的基础上,对这些基本术语作出精练而明确的界定,并对它们作了简明扼要的述评,便于学习者理解和把握。同时,用多角度的批评范文揭示英语文学中的小说、诗歌、戏剧文本的分析过程,让读者轻松地理解和掌握阅读文学作品的基本技能和方法。

(二)从文学欣赏的立场出发,以体验的方式,使学生在细读多篇原汁原味的英语诗歌、小说和戏剧作品的过程中,真正了解文学作品的精妙。每一个章节都围绕一个问题展开,力求以生动、形象的方式就文学阅读和批评中的主要问题进行讨论和引导,旨在引发读者的兴趣和更多的问题,为他们进一步的研究打开窗户。

(三)从批评解惑的立场出发,在解读诗歌、小说的阅读过程和阅读技巧的基础上,为文学文本提供西方批评界普遍采用的多种批评方法和视角,为学习者提高自己的鉴赏和思维能力,增强的文本研究能力提供参考模板。

本教材中所采用的部分赏析文章由王霞、王金、刘鑒、姚依东、余华、孙艳艳等撰写,特此表示感谢。本教材是《英语文学阅读导论》的修订版,特别感谢浙江大学出版社诸葛勤先生的绝妙建议和细致编辑,特别感谢我历届学生在本课程学习中的积极参与和热烈讨论。没有你们,本教材的出版将变得不可能。

高 奋

2013 年春

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Section 1 Reading Fiction

第一部分 阅读小说

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main... Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

John Donne

在快节奏的现代生活中，我们是否有必要阅读小说？为什么要阅读小说？我们的回答是：小说能够给人带来愉悦和感悟。小说丰富的想象力和曲折的情节，可以给平淡的生活注入生机和活力，这是毫无疑问的。不过，小说更重要的作用在于：它可以加深我们对生活的感知，并且帮助我们深入了解我们的“自我”。借助于想象的翅膀，小说能够使我们透过现实生活表面的物象世界，潜入到“真实”的世界之中，了解生活中“基本的、持久的、本质的东西”（约瑟夫·康拉德语）；凭借感悟的触角，小说能够使我们突破“自我”的堡垒，感知人类共同的“集体无意识”，真正把握“自我”与“世界”的关系。小说是一种探索，它用文字照亮我们的生活和行为；小说是一种洞见，它用意识提炼我们对生存本质的瞬间理解；小说是一位朋友，它通过“人物”向我们展示了“他者”的世界和“他者”的价值体系，使我们在体验中建构“自我”的世界。

什么是小说？英语的“小说”有两种称谓，即“fiction”和“novel”。“fiction”是对虚构作品的总称，通常包括小说、故事、寓言等叙事作品，它大都以散文体的形式出现，但是“fiction”同时又是“novel”的同义词。“novel”是指一种特定的叙事体裁。

简要介绍:

Novel, nearly always an extended fictional prose narrative, although some novels are very short, some are non-fictional, some have been written in verse, and some do not even tell a story. Such exceptions help to indicate that the novel as a literary genre is itself exceptional: it disregards the constraints that govern other literary forms, and acknowledges no obligatory structure, style, or subject-matter. Thriving on this openness and flexibility, the novel has become the most important literary genre of the modern age, superseding the epic, the romance, and other narrative forms. Novels can be distinguished from short stories and novellas by their greater length, which permits fuller, subtler development of characters and themes. There is no established minimum length for a novel, but it is normally at least long enough to justify its publication in an independent volume, unlike the short story. The novel differs from the prose romance in that a greater degree of realism is expected of it, and that it tends to describe a recognizable secular social world, often in a skeptical and prosaic manner inappropriate to the marvels of romance. The novel has frequently incorporated the structures and languages of non-fictional prose forms (history, autobiography, journalism, travel writing), even to the point where the non-fictional element outweighs the fictional. It is normally expected of a novel that it should have at least one character, and preferably several characters shown in processes of change and social relationship; a plot, or some arrangement of narrated events, is another normal requirement. Special subgenres of the novel have grown up around particular kinds of character (the spy novel), setting (the historical novel, the campus novel), and plot (the detective novel); while other kinds of novel are distinguished either by their structure (the epistolary novel, the picaresque novel) or by special emphases on character (the Bildungsroman) or ideas. —It is the publication in Spain of the first part of Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote de la Mancha* in 1605 that is most widely accepted as announcing the arrival of the true novel. —In England Daniel Defoe is regarded as the founder of the English novel with his *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) and *Moll Flanders* (1722). The novel achieved its predominance in the 19th century, when Charles Dickens and other writers found a huge audience through serial publication, and when the conventions of realism were consolidated. In the 20th century a division became more pronounced between the popular forms of novel and the various experiments

of modernism and postmodernism—from the stream of consciousness to the anti-novel.¹

简析:

上面的界定用简洁的语言对小说作了全面的勾勒:

1) 从形式上看, 小说是开放而灵动的, 它在语言、篇幅、结构、风格、题材等方面都没有特别的规定和限制。

2) 从内容上看, 小说以主题和人物为核心向外拓展, 具有一种独立的整体性。

3) 从构成上看, 小说基本的要素包括人物、主题、情节、背景、叙述视角、反讽等。

4) 从类型上看, 小说由于突出某个要素而构成一种特别的类型。比如, 突出人物的小说有: 流浪汉小说、成长小说等; 突出情节的小说有: 侦探小说、言情小说、科幻小说等; 突出背景的小说有: 历史小说、校园小说、社会小说、宗教小说等。当然, 这种分类是主观的, 其中有重叠的成分。

5) 从历史发展角度看, 英语小说从 18 世纪小说家笛福的伪自传体小说《鲁滨孙漂流记》开始, 经历了 19 世纪的现实主义小说和 20 世纪的现代主义小说, 到 20 和 21 世纪的后现代主义小说, 已经走过了 3 个世纪的历程。

经历了 3 个世纪的发展, 小说的形式、内容、类型都经历了很多的变化, 唯独它的基本要素依然保留。本部分将在简要介绍小说的基本要素的基础上, 对部分短篇小说进行赏析, 帮助读者形成自己的阅读和批评方式。

Elements of Fiction (小说的要素):

- ◆ Plot: author's deliberate arrangement of events and actions
- ◆ Character: the persons created in the literary work
- ◆ Setting: time and place and social context
- ◆ Point of view: the way a story is told
- ◆ Irony: basic tone of the story
- ◆ Theme: the central idea of a story

Questions:

1. What do you think of the definition offered?
2. Please tell your understanding of the novel based on your reading of novels.
3. What is the relationship between the novel and our life?

¹ Baldick, Chris. *Oxford Concise Dictionary of Literary Terms*. 上海: 上海外语教育出版社, 2000: 151-152.

Chapter 1 Plot

第一章 情节

I have always felt that the first duty of a writer was to ascend—to make flights, carrying others along if he could manage it.

E. B. White

简要介绍:

The **Plot** refers to the author's deliberate arrangement of events and actions in a dramatic or narrative work, which are manipulated as a coherent and unified whole to achieve particular artistic and emotional effects.

The plot is different from the story. The plot is the selected and manipulated version of events and actions as presented to the reader or audience in a certain order and duration, whereas the story is the chronological sequence of events in their “natural” order and duration. Therefore, the story is the “raw material” of events, which is used by the author to reconstruct the plot.

The events and actions of the plot are performed by particular characters in a work, for instance, protagonist (the chief character in a plot), antagonist (the character against protagonist), villain (evil antagonist), and are the means to reveal moral and values of the characters through their relationship.

The plot mostly develops with conflicts, with suspense and surprise used to elicit the interest of reader and audience. The conflict may be that of person against person, or of person against environment, or of person against himself/herself, which may be physical, mental, emotional or moral.

The order of a plot is a continuously sequence of beginning, middle and end, as Aristotle pointed out in his *Poetics*, and all the parts are closely connected into a unified whole. The basic elements of the traditional plot generally include the

following four parts:

1. Exposition: which depicts the initial setting, who are the characters, where does the story take place, when does the story happens, what is the social background;

2. Elaboration: the actions develops into conflict;

3. Climax: the conflicts develop into a crisis;

4. Denouement (resolution, ending): the crisis is resolved with either a happy ending or an unhappy ending or an indeterminate ending.

Although there are four parts in the plot, yet it does not mean that all novels must have all of them. Generally speaking, there are three kinds of plot patterns:

1. Common type: the story is narrated with four basic parts;

2. In *medies res*: the story is narrated without an exposition;

3. Opening ending: the story is narrated without an ending.

简 析:

关于“情节”，我们需要注意的是：

1) 情节不同于故事，不像故事一样按照事件自然发生的顺序发展，而是作家根据自己的意图和构思对事件的取舍和安排。因此，情节安排本身已经隐藏了对生活的理解和感悟。

2) 自亚里士多德以来，情节通常被分为三个部分：开端、发展和结尾。为了分析的方便，也有批评家将情节分为四个部分：开端、发展、高潮、结尾。所有这些部分共同组成一个有机整体，用于有效表达作品的主题。

3) 传统小说情节的发展是围绕冲突进行的，这些冲突可能是关于人与人之间的、人与环境之间的或人与自我之间的。现代小说和后现代小说是反情节的，因此冲突不再显现，许多时候以顿悟（*epiphany*）的方式取而代之。

4) 情节的发展是由人物推动和完成的，因此情节的发展是与人物个性的全方位展开和小说主题思想的发展同步进行的。

作 品:

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[1888—1923]

The Fly

"Y'are very snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the

great, green leather arm-chair by his friend, the boss's desk, as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his... stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesday he was dressed up and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day. Though what he did there the wife and girls couldn't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed... Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added, "It's snug in here, upon my word!"

"Yes, it's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped the *Financial Times* with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the past—how many?—weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings. "New furniture," and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating!" He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim remembering. "Now what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly, "I tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's

beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That's the medicine," said he. "And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.T. it came from the cellars at Windsor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It's whisky, ain't it?" he piped feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D'you know," said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." And he looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly, "It's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain—he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver of his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better if they were at home. You've not been across, have ye?"

"No, no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There's miles of it," quavered old Woodifield, "and it's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D'you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a

half-crown. And she hadn't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it's trading on our feelings. They think because we're over there having a look around we're ready to pay anything. That's what it is." And he turned towards the door.

"Quite right, quite right!" cried the boss, though what was quite right he hadn't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodifield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the grey-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubbyhole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run. Then: "I'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

"Very good, sir."

The door shut, the firm heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep...

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. "My son!" groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men perhaps might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible! His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he

had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn't make enough of the boy. And he wasn't in the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid!"

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. "Deeply regret to inform you..." And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years... How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it wasn't a favorite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy had never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings, down came a great, heavy blot. What would it make of that? What indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began again.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things; that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of... But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful little b..." And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, as he dipped the pen deep into the inkpot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the dragged fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on," said the boss. "Look sharp!" And he stirred it with his pen—in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket, but such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was... He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

Questions:

1. In terms of the plot, "The Fly" is constructed in three parts: the boss with old Woodifield, the boss's memory of his dead son, and the boss and the fly. What is the connection between these parts?
2. The story is entitled "Thy Fly", is it appropriate? Is it of symbolic meaning?
3. Is there any conflict in the story?
4. What helps form the unity of the story?
5. What does the ending indicate?
6. Does the plot help the expression of the theme successfully?