

## **The Lottery (Summnerized)**

By: Shirley Jackson

Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Dunbar." several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Right." Sr. Summers said. A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

"Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said. "Joe." Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. Mr. Summers said. "Time sure goes fast" Mrs. Graves said.

Delacroix."

"There goes my old man." Mrs. Delacroix said. "Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said. Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand, turning them over and over nervously Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper. Hutchinson."

“Get up there, Bill,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

Old Man Warner snorted. “Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody.”

“Some places have already quit lotteries,” Mrs. Adams said.

“Nothing but trouble in that,” Old Man Warner said stoutly. “Martin.” Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. “Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery,” Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. “Seventy-seventh time.”

The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, “Don’t be nervous, Jack,” and Mr. Summers said, “Take your time, son.”

It’s Bill,” “Bill Hutchinson’s got it.”

Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers. “Shut up, Tessie,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“Bill,” he said, “you draw for the Hutchinson family. “There’s Don and Eva,” Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. “Daughters draw with their husbands’ families, Tessie,” Mr. Summers said gently. “I guess not, Joe,” Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. “My daughter draws with her husband’s family; that’s only fair. Right?”

“Right,” Bill Hutchinson said.

Mr. Summers asked formally.

“Three,” Bill Hutchinson said.

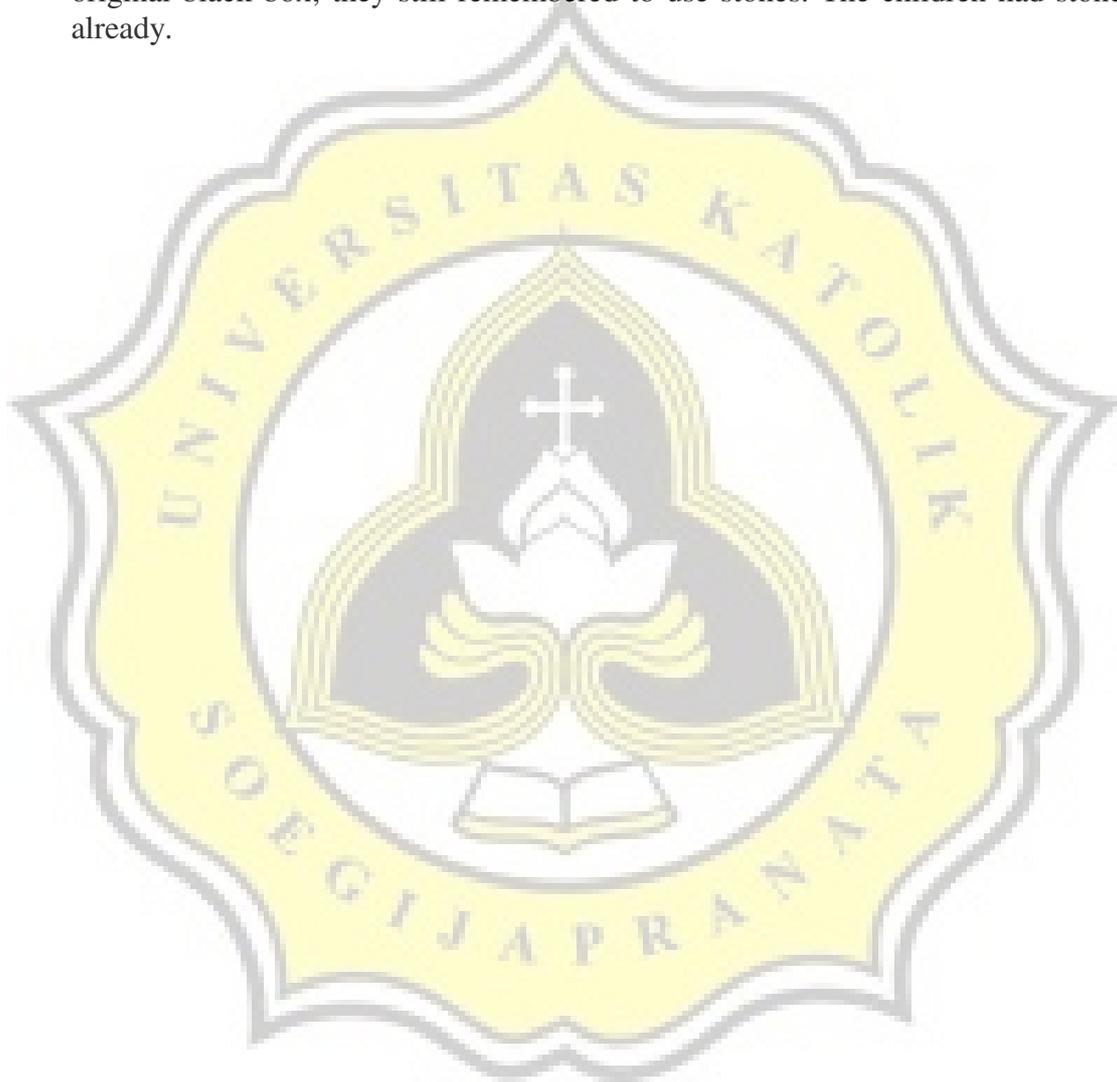
“There’s Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. “All right, then,” Mr. Summers said. Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. “Put them in the box, then,” Mr. Summers directed. “Listen, everybody,” Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

“Ready, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

Harry, you help little Dave.” Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. “Take a paper out of the box, Davy,” Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. “Take just one paper.” Mr. Summers said. “Nancy next,” Mr. Summers said. “Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. “Bill,” Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. "All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. "It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. Mr. Summers said. Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The children had stones already.



## **Rope (Summerized)**

By: Katherine Anne Porter

On the third day after they moved to the country he came walking back from the village carrying a basket of groceries and a twenty-four-yard coil of rope. She came out to meet him, wiping her hands on her green smock. Her hair was tumbled, her nose was scarlet with sunburn; he told her that already she looked like a born country woman, his gray flannel shirt stuck to him, his heavy shoes were dusty, she assured him he looked like a rural character in a play.

She had been waiting all day long for coffee. They had forgot it when they ordered at the store the first day. Unfortunately, he had not brought the coffee. Instead, he brought a great pile of rope. She was wondering what it was for, but she assumed that it might do to hang clothes on, or something. However, she was convinced that he bought the rope because he wanted to.

Yet, she was a little disappointed about the coffee. Then she found that the eggs were running. What had he put on top of them? Had not he known eggs must not be squeezed? It was the grocer's fault, said he, that he simply brought them along in the basket with the other things. She could see one thing for sure that there would be no eggs for breakfast. He had an idea that the eggs and the meat could be cooked together and kept the meat to be warmed up for breakfast. But the idea choked her.

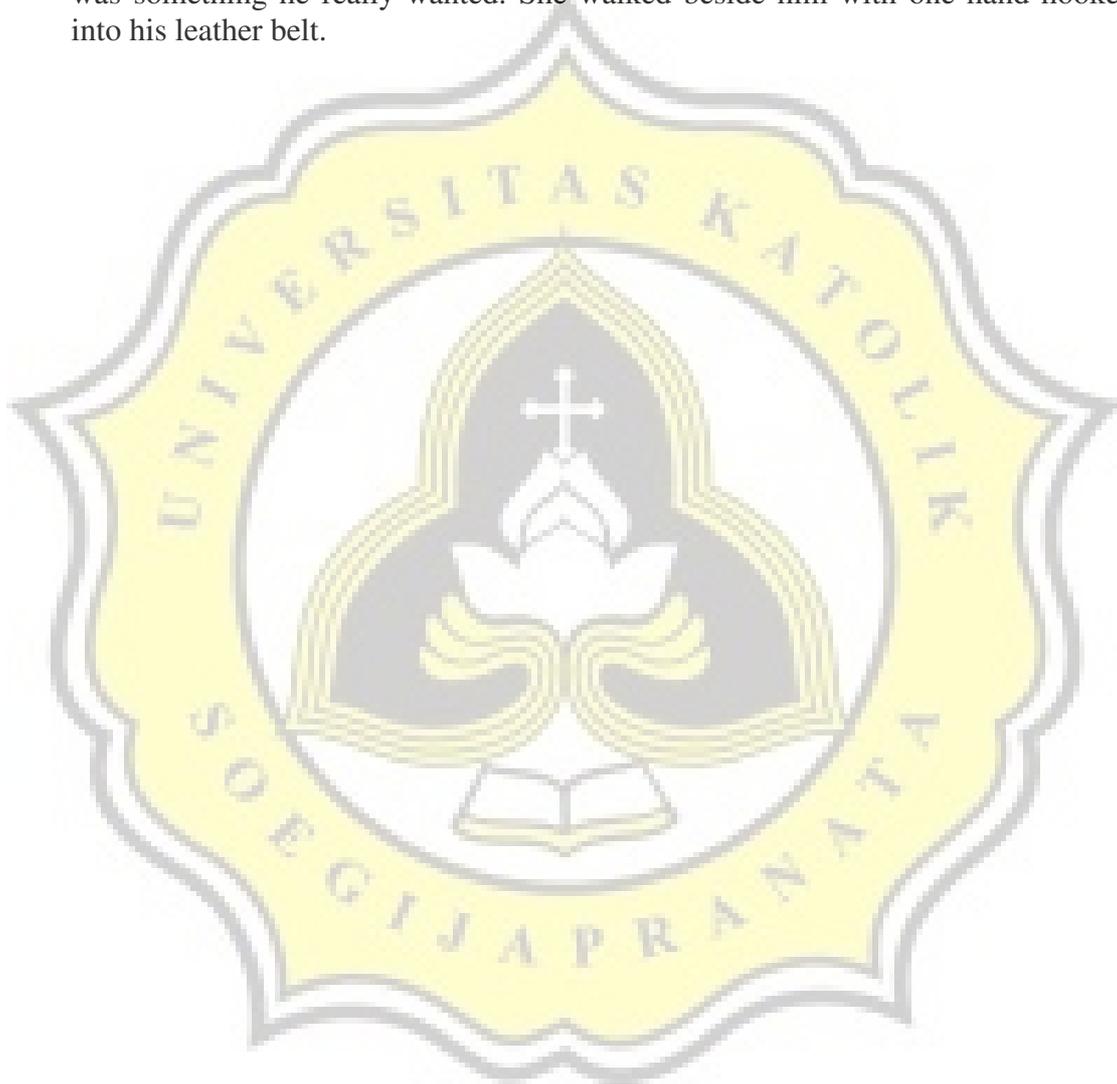
He picked up the rope and started to put it on the top shelf but she would not have it on the top shelf because it was belonged to the jars and tins. She would like to keep all things in order. But he replied that what the hammer and nails were doing up there? He wanted to keep the rope in the closet, but it was the place for brooms and mops and dustpans. He thought to keep it in the kitchen, but had he stopped to consider there were seven rooms in the house and only one kitchen? He wanted to know if she realized she was making a complete fool of herself. He wished to God now they had a couple of children she could hekle on.

As the conflict rose, she was surprised he hadn't stayed in town as it was until she had come out and done the work and got things straightened out. He thought it was a little far. But she had not meant she was happy because she was away from him. She meant she was happy getting the devilish house nice and ready for him. She wanted him to get that rope from underfoot, and go back to the village and get her coffee, and if he could remember it, he might bring a metal mitt for the skillets, and two more curtain rods, and if there were any rubber gloves in the village, her hands were simply raw, and a bottle of milk of magnesia from the drugstore.

Well, he was going to get her coffee even though it was ridiculous for him. He just thought why not tomorrow. She reminded him that housekeeping was no more her work than it was his; she had other work to do as well, and when both of them were working on their own time, was there going to be a division of the housework?

Eventually, he would take back the rope and exchange it for something else. But he wanted it. He stopped and selected a large stone by the road. He would put the rope behind it. He would put it in the tool box when he got back.

When he came back from the village, she was waiting for him beside the road. She called out that supper was ready and waiting, was he starved? He was starved. Here was the coffee, and on his other hand, the rope again. He had meant to exchange it but forgot. She wanted to know why he should exchange it, if it was something he really wanted. She walked beside him with one hand hooked into his leather belt.



## **The Story of an Hour (Summerized)**

By: Kate Chopin

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband' s friend Richards was there, too, near her. There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! For heaven' s sake open the door."

It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister' s importunities. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.