

Billy Budd

“But Billy came, and it was like a Catholic priest striking peace in an Irish shindy. Not that he preached to them or said or did anything in particular, but a virtue went out of him, sugaring the sour ones. They took to him like hornets to treacle . . .” (8).

“Billy was a striking instance that the arch interferer, the envious marplot of Eden, still has more or less to do with every human consignment to this planet of earth. In every case, one way or another he is sure to slip in his little card, as much to remind us—I too have a hand here” (15).

“Now something such as one was Claggart, in whom was the mania of an evil nature, not engendered by vicious training or corrupting books or licentious living but born with him and innate, in short ‘a depravity according to nature’” (36).

“Suddenly, catching the surgeon’s arm convulsively, he [Captain Vere] exclaimed, pointing down to the body—‘It is the divine judgment on Ananias! Look!’” (59).

“But Captain Vere was now again motionless, standing absorbed in thought. But again starting, he vehemently exclaimed—‘Struck dead by an angel of God! Yet the angel must hang!’” (59-60).

“The spar from which the foretopman was suspended was for some few years kept trace of by the bluejackets. Their knowledge followed it from ship to dockyard and again from dockyard to ship, still pursuing it even when at last reduced to a mere dockyard boom. To them a chip of it was as a piece of the Cross. . . . They recalled the fresh young image of the Handsome Sailor, that face never deformed by a sneer or subtler vile freak of the heart within. Their impression of him was doubtless deepened by the fact that he was gone, and in a measure mysteriously gone” (87-88).

“But me they’ll lash in hammock, drop me deep.
Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I’ll dream fast asleep.
I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you there?
Just ease this darbies at the wrist, and roll me over fair,
I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.” (89)

Melville, Herman. Billy Budd and Other Tales. Signet Classic. New York: Penguin, 1961.

The Red Badge of Courage

“The red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer” (108)

“The spectral soldier was at his side like a stalking reproach. The man’s eyes were still fixed in a stare into the unknown. His gray, appalling face had attracted attention in the crowd, and men slowing to his dreary pace, were walking with him” (100).

“There could be seen a certain stiffness in the movements of his body, as if he were taking infinite care not to arouse the passion of his wounds” (101).

“As the latter slowly turned his waxlike features toward him, the youth screamed:

‘Gawd! Jim Conklin!’” (101).

“The tall soldier held out his gory hand” (101).

“There was a curious red and black combination of new blood and old blood upon it” (101).

“Suddenly, as the two friends marched on, the tall soldier seemed to be overcome by a terror. His face turned to a semblance of gray paste. He clutched the youth’s arm and looked all about him, as if dreading to be overheard. Then he began to speak in a shaking whisper.

“‘I tell yeh what I’m ‘fraid of, Henry—I’ll tell yeh what I’m ‘fraid of. I’m ‘fraid I’ll fall down—an’ then yeh know—them damned artillery wagons—they as not ‘ll run over me. That’s what I’m ‘fraid of. . .’

“The youth cried out to him hysterically: ‘I’ll take care of yeh, Jim! I’ll take care of yeh! I swear t’ Gawd I will!’

“‘Sure—will yeh, Henry?’ the tall soldier beseeched.

“‘Yes—yes—I tell yeh—I’ll take care of yeh, Jim!’ protested the youth” (103).

“The youth turned once to look at the lashing riders and jouncing guns of the battery. He was startled from this view by a shrill outcry from the tattered man.

“‘Gawd! He’s runnin’!’” (105).

“The youth, aghast and filled with wonder at the tall soldier, began quaveringly to question him. ‘Where yeh goin’ Jim? What you thinking about? Where you going? Tell me, won’t you, Jim?’” (105-06).

“The youth and the tattered soldier followed, sneaking as if whipped, feeling unable to face the stricken man if he should again confront them” (106).

“His spare figure was erect; his bloody hands were quietly at his side. He was waiting with patience for something that he had come to meet. He was at the rendezvous. They paused and stood, expectant.

“There was a silence” (106-07).

“His tall figure stretched itself to its full height. There was a slight rending sound. Then it began to swing forward, slow and straight, in the manner of a falling tree” (108).

“The body seemed to bounce a little way from the earth. ‘God!’ said the tattered soldier.

“As the flap of the blue jacket fell away from the body, he could see that the side looked as if it had been chewed by wolves” (108).

Crane, Stephen. The Red Badge of Courage: An Episode of the American Civil War & “The Veteran”. 2000 Modern Library Paperback Edition. New York: Random House, 2000.

Stallman, R. W. “Notes Toward an Analysis of The Red Badge of Courage.” The Red Badge of Courage. A Norton Critical Edition. Eds. Sculley Bradley, Richmond Croom Beatty, and E. Hudson Long. New York: Norton, 1962. 248-54.

The Old Man and the Sea

“Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated” (10).

“His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises” (13).

“‘I may not be as strong as I think,’ the old man said. ‘But I know many tricks and I have resolution’” (23).

“He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came . . .” (64).

I never had anything wrong with my heel except the time the sting ray stung it when I stepped on him when swimming and paralyzed the lower leg and made the unbearable pain” (104).

“‘Ay,’ he said aloud. There is no translation for this word and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood” (107).

“Then he shouldered the mast and started to climb” (121).

“[H]e slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up” (122).

“‘But man is not made for defeat,’ he said. ‘A man can be destroyed but not defeated’” (103).

Hemingway, Ernest. The Old Man and the Sea. New York, Scribner’s, 1952.

Additional Works

Henry V by William Shakespeare

The Silver Chair by C. S. Lewis

Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Out of the Silent Planet by C. S. Lewis