

Grammar in Context: Abstract and Concrete Nouns

In the opening paragraphs of "The Necklace," Maupassant describes women like Madame Loisel:

Their natural **poise**, their instinctive good **taste**, and their mental **cleverness** . . . make [them] the **equals** of ladies in high society.

The words in blue type are **abstract nouns**, which refer to ideas or qualities. In the example, Maupassant uses abstract nouns to establish the refined qualities of Madame Loisel. Later he uses concrete nouns, shown below in red type, to give evidence of her "instinctive good taste."

All at once [Mme. Loisel] found, in a black satin **box**, a superb diamond **necklace**.

As you may recall, **concrete nouns** refer to objects that can be seen, heard, smelled, touched, or tasted.

WRITING EXERCISE Read each sentence. Then complete the sentence starter in parentheses, using abstract nouns if the original sentence contains concrete nouns, or concrete nouns if the original selection contains abstract nouns.

Example: Abstract noun Although poor, Mme. Loisel has great ambitions for herself. (Mme. Loisel wants . . .)

Rewritten Mme. Loisel wants to be invited to the best parties, meet distinguished men, and give elaborate dinners.

1. Mme. Loisel fantasizes about Oriental tapestries, bronze floor lamps, and handsome butlers. (Mme. Loisel is a . . .)
2. Monsieur Loisel works hard to obtain an important invitation for his wife and buys her an expensive dress. (Monsieur Loisel shows great . . .)
3. At the party, Mme. Loisel is a sensation. (Everyone admires her beautiful clothes . . .)

Grammar Handbook Nouns, p. 1180



Guy de Maupassant

1850–1893

Other Works

"A Piece of String"
"The Umbrella"

A Tortured Life Guy de Maupassant was born in northwestern France to an upper-middle-class family. When the family fortune ran out, he was forced into tiring work as a government clerk, which he pursued from 1872 to 1882, until he achieved success as a writer. Although his writing eventually brought him modest wealth, Maupassant led a tortured life. From 1877 until his death, he suffered from an incurable disease, experiencing occasional hallucinations. As the infection spread to his brain, Maupassant became insane and died in a Paris asylum at age 42.

Writing from Experience Maupassant may be the best-known French writer outside France. His

hundreds of stories excel in portraying everyday life, and his subjects reflect his background. He wrote about peasants in the countryside near his home, government clerks, upper-class society—and madness. One critic has noted that Maupassant's strength is not his subject matter but his style, which is clear and to the point: he had the "remarkable ability to suggest character with one deft stroke of the pen—a single phrase, a couple of well-chosen verbs." A biographer of Maupassant claims that the "brevity and brisk pace" of his writing gave the short story genre "both a worthy literary form and a new popularity."

Author Activity

As a young man, Maupassant found a second father and mentor in a family friend—the writer Gustave Flaubert. Find out what kinds of stories Flaubert wrote. Then, with classmates, discuss whether you think Flaubert was a father to Maupassant artistically as well as personally.



PREPARING to Read

The Most Dangerous Game

Short Story by RICHARD CONNELL

“The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the hunted.”

Connect to Your Life

Survival! A sudden storm traps hikers in the mountains. A hurricane leaves thousands homeless. The daily news is filled with stories of life-threatening events like these. With a partner, think about one or two similar situations you have experienced or heard about. Using a chart like the one shown, mark what you think are the three most important qualities that would help a person survive each ordeal. Discuss your choices with a partner.

What Does It Take to Survive?

Character traits	trapped in the mountains	hurricane
intelligence		
determination		
experience		
luck		
physical condition		
speed		

Build Background

Big Game Hunting “The Most Dangerous Game” presents two characters who have experienced the dangers and thrills of hunting “big game”—elephants, Cape buffaloes, lions, leopards, and rhinoceroses. Big game hunting was a popular sport of the wealthy class early in the 20th century, the **setting** of this story. Such people had the desire, the money, and the time to travel the world, seeking challenging animals to hunt. The danger and excitement of the chase were a major part of the appeal.

WORDS TO KNOW Vocabulary Preview

affable	droll	solicitously
amenity	elude	stamina
condone	imperative	tangible
deplorable	quarry	uncanny
disarming	scruple	zealous



LaserLinks: Background for Reading
Cultural Connection

Focus Your Reading

LITERARY ANALYSIS CONFLICT Every story **plot** centers on a key **conflict**, or struggle. This struggle may exist between people, or between people and nature or society. Sometimes, though, the struggle may go on inside a character, as it does in this passage from the story you are about to read:

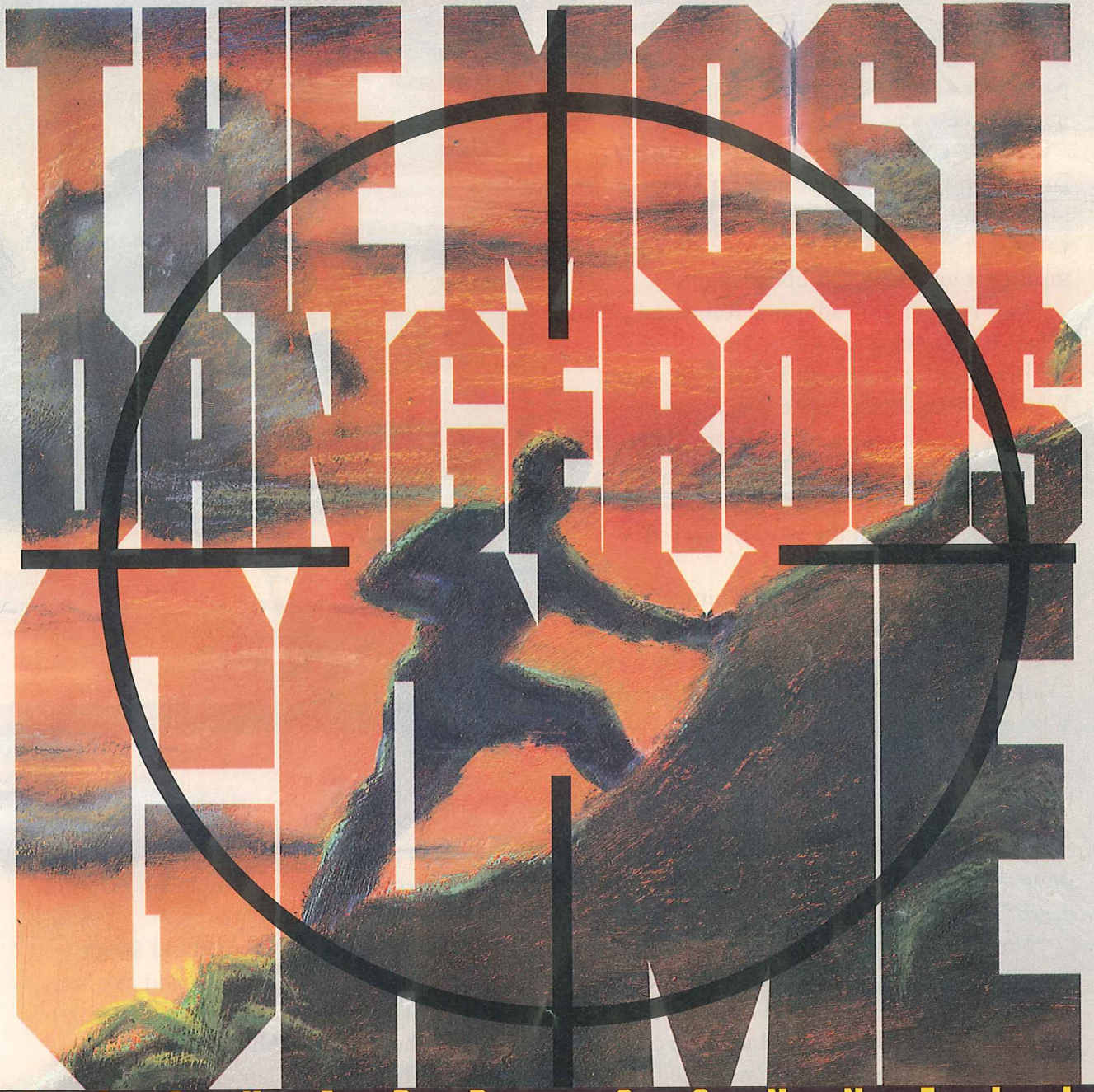
I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life.

As you read this story, look for other examples of conflicts and try to **predict** how they will affect the plot of the story.

ACTIVE READING PREDICTING A **prediction** is an attempt to answer the question “What will happen next?” To make predictions, notice the following as you read:

- interesting details about **character, plot, and setting**
- unusual statements by the main **characters**
- **foreshadowing**—hints about future plot twists

READER'S NOTEBOOK As you read this story, jot down at least three predictions, as well as a few reasons for each guess. Remember, though, that a good suspense story is like a game of cat-and-mouse. The writer will often try to mislead you.



R I C H A R D C O N N E L L

“OFF THERE TO THE RIGHT—SOMEWHERE—
is a large island,” said Whitney. “It’s rather a mystery—”
“What island is it?” Rainsford asked. “The old charts
call it ‘Ship-Trap Island,’” Whitney replied. “A suggestive
name, isn’t it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I
don’t know why. Some superstition—”

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.

"You've good eyes," said Whitney, with a laugh, "and I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Nor four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come from Purdey's. We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," agreed Rainsford.

"For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing—fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the huntees. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation—a bad one."

"Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a Godforsaken place. But it's gotten into sailor



lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielsen—"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was: 'This place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely: 'Don't you feel anything?'—as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn't laugh when I tell you this—I did feel something like a sudden chill.

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near



Untitled [Nyack] (1973), Julio Larraz. Private collection, courtesy of Nohra Haime Gallery, New York.

the island then. What I felt was a—a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread.”

“Pure imagination,” said Rainsford. “One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship’s company with his fear.”

“Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing—with wavelengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I’m glad we’re getting out of this zone. Well, I think I’ll turn in now, Rainsford.”

“I’m not sleepy,” said Rainsford. “I’m going to smoke another pipe up on the afterdeck.”

“Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast.”

“Right. Good night, Whitney.”

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

Rainsford, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite brier.¹ The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. “It’s so dark,” he thought, “that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids—”

1. brier (brī’ər): a tobacco pipe.

WORDS
TO
KNOW

tangible (tăn’jə-bəl) *adj.* capable of being touched or felt; having actual form and substance

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face, and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool-headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then—

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the

darkness, a high, screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

“Pistol shot,” muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears—the most welcome he had ever heard—the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut up into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.



WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him.

He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

“Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food,” he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely

knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he had landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing, by the evidence a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down, and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye, and he picked it up. It was an empty cartridge.

"A twenty-two," he remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal, too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It's clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed² his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find—the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coastline, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along, he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building—a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial chateau;³ it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall

spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle⁴ for a knocker was real enough; yet about it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker and let it fall. The door opened then, opened as suddenly as if it were on a spring, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen—a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.⁵

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

2. flushed: forced out of a hiding place.

3. palatial chateau (pə-lā'shəl shă-tō'): palacelike mansion.

4. gargoyle (gär'goil): an ornamental figure in the shape of a bizarre, monstrous creature.

5. astrakhan (ăs'trə-kăn'): a fur made from skins of young lambs.

WORDS TO KNOW **quarry** (kwôr'ē) *n.* the object of a hunt; prey
disarming (dīs-ăr'mĭng) *adj.* removing or overcoming suspicion; inspiring confidence



Waiting for Henry Morgan (1984), Julio Larraz. Oil on canvas, 49½" × 47", private collection, courtesy of Nohra Haimé Gallery, New York.

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated⁶ voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man

was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military moustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheekbones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare, dark face, the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

6. cultivated: educated and cultured.

“Is he Russian?”

“He is a Cossack,”⁷ said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth. “So am I.

“Come,” he said, “we shouldn’t be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most restful spot.”

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

“Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford,” said the general. “I was about to have my dinner when you came. I’ll wait for you. You’ll find that my clothes will fit you, I think.”

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on, noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory table where two score men could sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many animals—lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

“You’ll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford,” he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good;

and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest—the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating *borsch*, the rich red soup with whipped cream so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said: “We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here. Please forgive

“HERE IN MY PRESERVE ON THIS ISLAND,”
HE SAID, IN THE SAME SLOW
TONE, “I HUNT MORE
DANGEROUS GAME.”

any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?”

“Not in the least,” declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite.⁸ But there was one small trait of the general’s that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate, he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

“Perhaps,” said General Zaroff, “you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt.”

7. **Cossack** (kɒs’æk): a member of a southern Russian people formerly famous as cavalrymen.

8. **cosmopolite** (kɒz-mɒp’ə-lit’): a sophisticated person who can handle any situation well.

WORDS
TO
KNOW

amenity (ə-mɛn’i-tē) *n.* something that adds to one’s comfort or convenience

affable (ăf’ə-bəl) *adj.* friendly, pleasant, and easy to talk to

Casanova (1987),
Julio Larraz.
Oil on canvas,
60" x 69½",
private collection,
courtesy of Nohra
Haime Gallery,
New York.

