



CALLIGRAPH
Steps in Short Story Composition



FALL 2010

© 2010 by Calligraph (under Open Latch Publications).

No text in this publication may be copied and distributed without written permission from Open Latch Publications.

openlatch

Open Latch Publications
www.openlatch.com

ISBN (13): 978-1-935845-04-1

Printed in the United States.

OVERVIEW

WHAT IS CALLIGRAPH?

Calligraph is a pdf text designed to lead students along in their own composition of a short story. The pdf contains ten short stories by recognized masters. The students read the stories, document their similarities in form and content, and then write a short story imitating the qualities displayed by the ten classics. Students are asked to complete assignments and develop schematics which are to be submitted to the editors of the *Calligraph* pdf for evaluation and analysis. The final composition of each student can also be submitted to the editors for evaluations in terms of assignment requirements and artistic merit. The best stories will be published in *Pinwheel*, Open Latch Publication's annual serial dedicated to showcasing student creativity.

DESIGN & EXAM COPIES

The pdf is designed to be used primarily as an on-screen 8 x 11" document. However, if a printed copy is desired, the pdf is designed to be printed front and back on 8 x 11" copier paper.

SUBMISSION OF WORK TO THE EDITORS

Teachers can elect to have their students submit assignments and drafts to the editors during the course of the semester. The editors will accept only the work that makes a serious attempt to meet the requirements. Assignments will be evaluated on a scale from 1 through 20, based on how insightful the answers are. Each draft will be simultaneously evaluated twice, each time on a scale of 1 through 10. The first evaluation is on how well the piece fits the basic requirements of composition: fluency, cohesion, style, and grammar. The second evaluation is on the artistic merit of the story. Teachers who want to know the scores of their students' evaluations should email the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com to request the information (only names, submission dates, and scores will be provided). The best stories will be published electronically in an open-access, end-of-year issue of *Pinwheel*, a serial showcasing creative work from students. *Pinwheel* is posted on the Open Latch Publications website (www.openlatch.com).

The *Calligraph* editors can accommodate teachers who wish their students to submit work according to a **custom schedule**. Please email the editors a copy of your schedule so that we can hold your students accountable to the deadlines. Teachers who choose to use a custom schedule should make sure to make their students aware of the chosen deadlines and to stress that no late work will be accepted for any reason. If the editors receive no notice of a custom schedule for submissions, the following **default schedule** will be followed.

Fall Schedule (DEFAULT VERSION)

- 30 Sep:** Assignment 1. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.
- 20 Oct:** Assignment 2. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.
- 1 Nov:** Assignment 3. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.
- 15 Nov:** Assignment 4. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

1 Dec: Assignment 5. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

Spring Schedule (DEFAULT VERSION)

20 Feb: Assignment 1. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

15 Mar: Assignment 2. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

1 Apr: Assignment 3. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

15 Apr: Assignment 4. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

1 May: Assignment 5. Submit Assignment 1 as an email (not an attachment) to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. See p. 8 for full details.

COST

The cost of the *Calligraph* pdf is \$15. This cost covers all student/editor interaction.

ORDERING & REFUND POLICY

All orders are to be placed at the Open Latch Publications website. To find the ordering page, go to www.openlatch.com, click the “Textbooks” menu tab, and use the PayPal to-buy buttons on that page, situated underneath the individual curriculum aids.

Electronic deliver of the pdf to the customer’s email box may take up to three business days.

Please keep the PayPal receipt. Anyone who loses the pdf products due to computer viruses or crashes but who has a valid and current PayPal receipt can request a replacement product, which OLP will be happy to deliver. A receipt or transaction number will be requested.

PLEASE NOTE: Due to the electronic nature of the product, OLP can never be sure that a pdf will be permanently deleted from a hard drive or an email box once it has been delivered. Therefore, only a partial and contingent refund is available. OLP will refund half of a purchase cost made by a college student only if the student mails a copy of his or her original and official class schedule along with a copy of the official modified schedule within two weeks of the purchase. The class for which the pdfs were purchased must be circled or highlighted on the original class schedule. Please mail the documents to Open Latch Publications, P.O. Box 67353, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44222. The postage date will be used to determine whether the request for refund is within the first two weeks of purchase. In addition to the mailing of these documents, the student must submit an email to openlatchpublications@gmail.com asking for the refund and giving OLP permission to contact the registrar to ascertain whether, in fact, the student has dropped the class. An email address to the registrar’s office must be included in this email. A sample request for a refund is as follows:

“My name is Jonathan Smith. My school is Villanova University. I have dropped English 205 and am requesting a refund. I have mailed my schedules and am giving OLP permission to view my official class schedules. The registrar’s email is xxxxxxxx@xxxxx.edu”

IMPORTANT NOTES TO STUDENTS

Please read!

FIRST, thank you for purchasing this pdf. We are able to keep the price fairly low because we avoid binding and printing costs by issuing pdf texts, and when we deliver your text electronically, we bypass the bookstore venue, which may mark up the cost of texts by as much as 20 to 40%. BECAUSE WE ARE WILLING TO PUBLISH A COMPUTER FILE AND TO DELIVER IT VIA EMAIL, WE RUN THE RISK OF LOSING PROFITS DUE TO FILE SHARING. WE ASK THAT YOU DO NOT COPY THIS DOCUMENT TO ANYONE OTHER THAN YOURSELF. To do so may be a simple “click and send” process on your part, but for us, it represents a significant loss of legitimate income. Many of our editors are part-time college instructors. A large part of the profit from our sales goes directly to them, and in many cases, they use it to supplement retirement and/or medical insurance plans. Thank you for your help in this matter.

SECOND, *Firefly* has assignments you can submit to the editors. Your teacher may request you to do one or more of these assignments. You do not have to notify the *Firefly* editors of your intention of doing an assignment. Simply work out the assignment, and when you are done, send it to the editors at fireflyeditors@gmail.com for grading. Upon sending work to the editors, you will receive a set email reply letting you know that your email was received by the editors.

You may submit your work anytime, but you will not receive an evaluation or a score until the due date of the assignment has passed. Because everything submitted to the editors is graded individually and by an editor (nothing is graded automatically by computer), it may take up to ten days for you to receive feedback on your work.

These assignments are fully explained in the above “Overview” section, and they are to be done according to one of two possible schedules—the default schedule set by the editors (see the current dates by clicking the “Schedule” tab at the “Textbooks” page at www.openlatch.com) or a custom schedule designed by your teacher. Please pay careful attention to the schedule. All assignments must be submitted by 11:59 pm of the due date or earlier. No late work will be graded.

NOTE: Only students who have purchased the pdf can submit assignments.

THIRD, you may want to set up a new Gmail email box to make the process of submitting work easier. Gmail has many formatting features which will help you when you have to underline, highlight, or italicize items. Also, a separate email box may help organize your work and keep track of upcoming assignments or revision work you are asked to do. Go to www.gmail.com and click on the “Open a New Account” button. The process of setting up a new email box is surprisingly easy. Just don’t lose your new user name and password! (We recommend you send this information to yourself in an email addressed to your usual email box.)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Assignments	8
<i>A Problem</i> by Anton Chekhov	9
<i>Three and One are One</i> by Ambrose Bierce	17
<i>War</i> by Sherwood Anderson	21
<i>The Wrong House</i> by Guy de Maupassant	26
<i>The Beautiful Suit</i> by H. G. Wells	36
<i>Beside the Bee Hives</i> by Arthur Quiller-Couch	41
<i>The Stamping of Lady Bastable</i> by H. H. Munro	45
<i>Counterparts</i> by James Joyce	49
<i>Too Dear!</i> by Leo Tolstoy	62
<i>Bad Medicine</i> by Andy Adams	67

ASSIGNMENTS

Assignment 1

Pick four stories from the ten listed, read them, and then list out at least 6 similarities (more if you wish) they all share. Focus on similarities of form, structure, characterization, or plot, not just on superficial similarities. For example, you may find that a small shed exists toward the back of the main house in each of the four stories you choose. In two of the stories, this shed is painted red, and in the other two, orange. If you list as a similarity that “all the stories you choose have bright colored sheds in the back yard” and leave it at that, then technically you will have pointed out a similarity, but it will be seen to be a superficial one unless you explain the significance of this commonality. If, instead, you write that “all the stories you choose have bright colored sheds in the back yard” and that “these sheds are physical enclosures in the background that can provide alternate locations of activity and that these locations are always smaller and subordinate to the dominate physical structures (the main houses),” then you provide a more abstract, plastic explanation that can serve you better when you write your own story. **Sent the list of at least 6 similarities along with the page numbers where they appear in the stories in this pdf to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. Please provide your answers in the email, not as an email attachment. If your teacher is not using a custom schedule, then the due date is sometime on/before 30 Sept. for Fall semesters and 20 Feb. for Spring semesters.**

Assignment 2

Pick four new stories and do basically the same thing as you did for the four stories you used for Assignment 1. The main difference is that this time you must find similarities that all 8 share. Your list should contain at least 4 similarities, but more if you wish. **Sent the list of at least 4 similarities along with the page numbers where they appear in the stories in this pdf to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. Please provide your answers in the email, not as an email attachment. If your teacher is not using a custom schedule, then the due date is sometime on/before 20 Oct. for Fall semesters and 15 Mar. for Spring semesters.**

Assignment 3

The word *prospectus* literally means “looking forward.” Look forward now and plan the characters and plot of your own story. Make a list of at least 5 characters. Give them names, and describe their physical appearance and their personalities. Then write a paragraph that gives the main plot line of your future story. Take it from beginning, to middle, to end. The key to this assignment is to incorporate the similarities you have listed in Assignment 2 into your own story, customized so that the concrete particulars of each similarity are original to you although the abstract nature of the similarity is not. The paragraph should be at least 200 words. **Sent your prospectus and character list to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. Please provide your work in the email (cut/paste it from your computer file if necessary), not as an email attachment. If your teacher is not using a custom schedule, then the due date is sometime on/before 1 Nov. for Fall semesters and 1 Apr. for Spring semesters.**

Assignment 4

Write at least half of a first draft and send it in to the editors for evaluation and advice. As you write, you may come up with new ideas or twists. This is OK, as long as the changes are not so radical that your prospectus is now completely useless. In other words, try to keep to the prospectus for the most part but do not be afraid to add new elements or to subtract or tweak the old ones. How long should this draft be? The average length of the stories here, when they are reduced to a 12 pt. Times New Roman font (in this pdf they are in 14 pt. Times New Roman), is 4.5 pages, including the doubled spacing between paragraphs and dialog lines. So if you write your story in 12 pt. Times New Roman font, write at least 2 and a quarter pages, and then copy the work into an email. This is an acceptable length for half a draft.

Just to be sure that you get the length right, at the end of the email, tell us how much you have written (1/2, 3/4ths, 90%, etc.). We will then be able to get an idea of how long the completed story will probably be and will let you know if the draft you've emailed is too short. For example, if you write three paragraphs of 5 lines each in 12 pt. font and then tell us that this is 1/2 of your complete story, then we will email you to let you know that the draft is too short for us to accept it now, as a story only 6 paragraphs for a total of 30 lines is much too short. If your length is acceptable, however, you will not hear from us via email until we send you our comments. In this case, no news is good news.

In fact, possible should make a sustained effort to complete the whole first draft, as this will give the editors a complete picture of your story and will consequently allow you to receive more comprehensive feedback. **Sent your draft to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. Please provide your draft in the email (cut/paste it from your computer file if necessary), not as an email attachment. If your teacher is not using a custom schedule, then the due date is sometime on/before 15 Nov. for Fall semesters and 15 Apr. for Spring semesters.**

Assignment 5

Write the final draft and send it in to the editors for evaluation and advice. Your final draft should show evidence that you have revised and perfected your ideas, when it is compared to the draft you submitted in Assignment 4. Usually, work that show little or no change from Assignment 4 but simply is longer in order to complete the story is not graded as highly as it could be. The best stories will be published in *Pinwheel*, OLP's annual serial for showcasing students' creative work. **Sent your final draft to the editors at calligrapheditors@gmail.com. Please provide your draft in the email (cut/paste it from your computer file if necessary), not as an email attachment. If your teacher is not using a custom schedule, then the due date is sometime on/before 1 Dec. for Fall semesters and 1 May for Spring semesters.**

A Problem

by Anton Chekhov

THE strictest measures were taken that the Uskovs' family secret might not leak out and become generally known. Half of the servants were sent off to the theatre or the circus; the other half were sitting in the kitchen and not allowed to leave it. Orders were given that no one was to be admitted. The wife of the Colonel, her sister, and the governess, though they had been initiated into the secret, kept up a pretence of knowing nothing; they sat in the dining-room and did not show themselves in the drawing-room or the hall.

Sasha Uskov, the young man of twenty-five who was the cause of all the commotion, had arrived some time before, and by the advice of kind-hearted Ivan Markovitch, his uncle, who was taking his part, he sat meekly in the hall by the door leading to the study, and prepared himself to make an open, candid explanation.

The other side of the door, in the study, a family council was being held. The subject under discussion was an exceedingly disagreeable and delicate one. Sasha Uskov had cashed at one of the banks a false promissory note, and it had become due for payment three days before, and now his two paternal uncles and Ivan Markovitch, the brother of his dead mother, were deciding the question whether they should pay the money and save the family honour, or wash their hands of it and leave the case to go for trial.

To outsiders who have no personal interest in the matter such questions seem simple; for those who are so unfortunate as to have to decide them

in earnest they are extremely difficult. The uncles had been talking for a long time, but the problem seemed no nearer decision.

“My friends!” said the uncle who was a colonel, and there was a note of exhaustion and bitterness in his voice. “Who says that family honour is a mere convention? I don’t say that at all. I am only warning you against a false view; I am pointing out the possibility of an unpardonable mistake. How can you fail to see it? I am not speaking Chinese; I am speaking Russian!”

“My dear fellow, we do understand,” Ivan Markovitch protested mildly.

“How can you understand if you say that I don’t believe in family honour? I repeat once more: fa-mil-y ho-nour fal-sely un-der-stood is a prejudice! Falsely understood! That’s what I say: whatever may be the motives for screening a scoundrel, whoever he may be, and helping him to escape punishment, it is contrary to law and unworthy of a gentleman. It’s not saving the family honour; it’s civic cowardice! Take the army, for instance. . . . The honour of the army is more precious to us than any other honour, yet we don’t screen our guilty members, but condemn them. And does the honour of the army suffer in consequence? Quite the opposite!”

The other paternal uncle, an official in the Treasury, a taciturn, dull-witted, and rheumatic man, sat silent, or spoke only of the fact that the Uskovs’ name would get into the newspapers if the case went for trial. His opinion was that the case ought to be hushed up from the first and not become public property; but, apart from publicity in the newspapers, he advanced no other argument in support of this opinion.

The maternal uncle, kind-hearted Ivan Markovitch, spoke smoothly, softly, and with a tremor in his voice. He began with saying that youth has its rights and its peculiar temptations. Which of us has not been young, and who has not been led astray? To say nothing of ordinary mortals, even great men have not escaped errors and mistakes in their

youth. Take, for instance, the biography of great writers. Did not every one of them gamble, drink, and draw down upon himself the anger of right-thinking people in his young days? If Sasha's error bordered upon crime, they must remember that Sasha had received practically no education; he had been expelled from the high school in the fifth class; he had lost his parents in early childhood, and so had been left at the tenderest age without guidance and good, benevolent influences. He was nervous, excitable, had no firm ground under his feet, and, above all, he had been unlucky. Even if he were guilty, anyway he deserved indulgence and the sympathy of all compassionate souls. He ought, of course, to be punished, but he was punished as it was by his conscience and the agonies he was enduring now while awaiting the sentence of his relations. The comparison with the army made by the Colonel was delightful, and did credit to his lofty intelligence; his appeal to their feeling of public duty spoke for the chivalry of his soul, but they must not forget that in each individual the citizen is closely linked with the Christian.

“Shall we be false to civic duty,” Ivan Markovitch exclaimed passionately, “if instead of punishing an erring boy we hold out to him a helping hand?”

Ivan Markovitch talked further of family honour. He had not the honour to belong to the Uskov family himself, but he knew their distinguished family went back to the thirteenth century; he did not forget for a minute, either, that his precious, beloved sister had been the wife of one of the representatives of that name. In short, the family was dear to him for many reasons, and he refused to admit the idea that, for the sake of a paltry fifteen hundred roubles, a blot should be cast on the escutcheon that was beyond all price. If all the motives he had brought forward were not sufficiently convincing, he, Ivan Markovitch, in conclusion, begged his listeners to ask themselves what was meant by crime? Crime is an immoral act founded upon ill-will. But is the will of man free? Philosophy has not yet given a positive answer to that question. Different views were held by the learned. The latest school of

Lombroso, for instance, denies the freedom of the will, and considers every crime as the product of the purely anatomical peculiarities of the individual.

“Ivan Markovitch,” said the Colonel, in a voice of entreaty, “we are talking seriously about an important matter, and you bring in Lombroso, you clever fellow. Think a little, what are you saying all this for? Can you imagine that all your thunderings and rhetoric will furnish an answer to the question?”

Sasha Uskov sat at the door and listened. He felt neither terror, shame, nor depression, but only weariness and inward emptiness. It seemed to him that it made absolutely no difference to him whether they forgave him or not; he had come here to hear his sentence and to explain himself simply because kind-hearted Ivan Markovitch had begged him to do so. He was not afraid of the future. It made no difference to him where he was: here in the hall, in prison, or in Siberia.

“If Siberia, then let it be Siberia, damn it all!”

He was sick of life and found it insufferably hard. He was inextricably involved in debt; he had not a farthing in his pocket; his family had become detestable to him; he would have to part from his friends and his women sooner or later, as they had begun to be too contemptuous of his sponging on them. The future looked black.

Sasha was indifferent, and was only disturbed by one circumstance; the other side of the door they were calling him a scoundrel and a criminal. Every minute he was on the point of jumping up, bursting into the study and shouting in answer to the detestable metallic voice of the Colonel:

“You are lying!”

“Criminal” is a dreadful word — that is what murderers, thieves, robbers are; in fact, wicked and morally hopeless people. And Sasha was very

far from being all that. . . . It was true he owed a great deal and did not pay his debts. But debt is not a crime, and it is unusual for a man not to be in debt. The Colonel and Ivan Markovitch were both in debt. . . .

“What have I done wrong besides?” Sasha wondered.

He had discounted a forged note. But all the young men he knew did the same. Handrikov and Von Burst always forged IOU’s from their parents or friends when their allowances were not paid at the regular time, and then when they got their money from home they redeemed them before they became due. Sasha had done the same, but had not redeemed the IOU because he had not got the money which Handrikov had promised to lend him. He was not to blame; it was the fault of circumstances. It was true that the use of another person’s signature was considered reprehensible; but, still, it was not a crime but a generally accepted dodge, an ugly formality which injured no one and was quite harmless, for in forging the Colonel’s signature Sasha had had no intention of causing anybody damage or loss.

“No, it doesn’t mean that I am a criminal . . .” thought Sasha. “And it’s not in my character to bring myself to commit a crime. I am soft, emotional. . . . When I have the money I help the poor. . . .”

Sasha was musing after this fashion while they went on talking the other side of the door.

“But, my friends, this is endless,” the Colonel declared, getting excited. “Suppose we were to forgive him and pay the money. You know he would not give up leading a dissipated life, squandering money, making debts, going to our tailors and ordering suits in our names! Can you guarantee that this will be his last prank? As far as I am concerned, I have no faith whatever in his reforming!”

The official of the Treasury muttered something in reply; after him Ivan Markovitch began talking blandly and suavely again. The Colonel

moved his chair impatiently and drowned the other's words with his detestable metallic voice. At last the door opened and Ivan Markovitch came out of the study; there were patches of red on his lean shaven face.

"Come along," he said, taking Sasha by the hand. "Come and speak frankly from your heart. Without pride, my dear boy, humbly and from your heart."

Sasha went into the study. The official of the Treasury was sitting down; the Colonel was standing before the table with one hand in his pocket and one knee on a chair. It was smoky and stifling in the study. Sasha did not look at the official or the Colonel; he felt suddenly ashamed and uncomfortable. He looked uneasily at Ivan Markovitch and muttered:

"I'll pay it . . . I'll give it back. . . ."

"What did you expect when you discounted the IOU?" he heard a metallic voice.

"I . . . Handrikov promised to lend me the money before now."

Sasha could say no more. He went out of the study and sat down again on the chair near the door.

He would have been glad to go away altogether at once, but he was choking with hatred and he awfully wanted to remain, to tear the Colonel to pieces, to say something rude to him. He sat trying to think of something violent and effective to say to his hated uncle, and at that moment a woman's figure, shrouded in the twilight, appeared at the drawing-room door. It was the Colonel's wife. She beckoned Sasha to her, and, wringing her hands, said, weeping:

"Alexandre, I know you don't like me, but . . . listen to me; listen, I beg you. . . . But, my dear, how can this have happened? Why, it's awful, awful! For goodness' sake, beg them, defend yourself, entreat them."

Sasha looked at her quivering shoulders, at the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks, heard behind his back the hollow, nervous voices of worried and exhausted people, and shrugged his shoulders. He had not in the least expected that his aristocratic relations would raise such a tempest over a paltry fifteen hundred roubles! He could not understand her tears nor the quiver of their voices.

An hour later he heard that the Colonel was getting the best of it; the uncles were finally inclining to let the case go for trial.

“The matter’s settled,” said the Colonel, sighing. “Enough.”

After this decision all the uncles, even the emphatic Colonel, became noticeably depressed. A silence followed.

“Merciful Heavens!” sighed Ivan Markovitch. “My poor sister!”

And he began saying in a subdued voice that most likely his sister, Sasha’s mother, was present unseen in the study at that moment. He felt in his soul how the unhappy, saintly woman was weeping, grieving, and begging for her boy. For the sake of her peace beyond the grave, they ought to spare Sasha.

The sound of a muffled sob was heard. Ivan Markovitch was weeping and muttering something which it was impossible to catch through the door. The Colonel got up and paced from corner to corner. The long conversation began over again.

But then the clock in the drawing-room struck two. The family council was over. To avoid seeing the person who had moved him to such wrath, the Colonel went from the study, not into the hall, but into the vestibule. . . . Ivan Markovitch came out into the hall. . . . He was agitated and rubbing his hands joyfully. His tear-stained eyes looked good-humoured and his mouth was twisted into a smile.