



Task 8 - **deadline 28th February 2011**

Well-known excerpts

excerpt 1

“You have never seen the like of me before!” exclaimed the Spirit.

“Never,” XY made answer to it.

“Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?” pursued the Phantom.

“I don’t think I have,” said XY. “I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?”

“More than eighteen hundred,” said the Ghost.

“A tremendous family to provide for!” muttered XY.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

“Spirit,” said XY submissively, “conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you ought to teach me, let me profit by it.”

“Touch my robe!”

XY did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

**excerpt 2**

XY went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: “Hi-Yi! *You’re* up a stump, ain’t you!”

No answer. XY surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. XY’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

“Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?”

XY wheeled suddenly and said:

“Why, it’s you, Ben! I warn’t noticing.”

“Say—I’m going in a-swimming, I am. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d druther *work*—wouldn’t you? Course you would!”

XY contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

“What do you call work?”

“Why, ain’t *that* work?”

XY resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

“Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain’t.

excerpt 3

It was all very well to say ‘Drink me,’ but the wise little XY was not going to do THAT in a hurry. ‘No, I’ll look first,’ she said, ‘and see whether it’s marked “poison” or not!’; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they WOULD not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger VERY deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked ‘poison,’ it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

excerpt 4

I lay down on the grass and slept better than I could remember in all my life. I suppose I slept more than nine hours because it was already daylight when I woke up. I tried to get up but I could not move. I was lying on my back, but discovered that my arms and legs were tied to the ground. I was tied down by my long hair too. I could feel cables across my body, from my chest to my legs. I could only look up, and as the hours passed, the sunlight grew brighter and it hurt my eyes. I could hear some noise around me, but in my position I could not see where it came from. All I could see was the sky above. Soon I felt something move along my left leg, climb on my chest and crawl up to my chin. I lifted and twisted my head as much as I could, and I saw a human no more than six inches high. At the same time I felt forty or more similar creatures (I guessed that’s what they were) follow the first one. I was so surprised that I let out a loud scream and gave the small creatures a fright. They jumped off in a hurry but they soon came back, and one climbed up to my face. He put his hands around his mouth and shouted to me: ‘hekinah degul’. The others repeated these words but I had no idea what they were saying.

**excerpt 5**

The baking part was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for first, I had no yeast. As to that part, there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it. But for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this: I made some earthen-vessels very broad but not deep, that is to say, about two feet diameter, and not above nine inches deep. These I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own baking and burning also; but I should not call them square.

excerpt 6

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big grey nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf. "It is time to hunt again." He was going to spring downhill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble children that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

excerpt 7

He was very fond of animals and kept many kinds of pets. Besides the gold-fish in the pond at the bottom of his garden, he had rabbits in the pantry, white mice in his piano, a squirrel in the linen closet and a hedgehog in the cellar. He had a cow with a calf too, and an old lame horse--twenty-five years of age--and chickens, and pigeons, and two lambs, and many other animals. But his favorite pets were Dab-Dab the duck, Jip the dog, Gub-Gub the baby pig, Polynesia the parrot, and the owl Too-Too.

**excerpt 8**

It was a hard day's run, up the Canon, through Sheep Camp, past the Scales and the timber line, across glaciers and snowdrifts hundreds of feet deep, and over the great Chilcoot Divide, which stands between the salt water and the fresh and guards forbiddingly the sad and lonely North. They made good time down the chain of lakes which fills the craters of extinct volcanoes, and late that night pulled into the huge camp at the head of Lake Bennett, where thousands of goldseekers were building boats against the break-up of the ice in the spring. XY made his hole in the snow and slept the sleep of the exhausted just, but all too early was routed out in the cold darkness and harnessed with his mates to the sled.

That day they made forty miles, the trail being packed; but the next day, and for many days to follow, they broke their own trail, worked harder, and made poorer time. As a rule, Perrault travelled ahead of the team, packing the snow with webbed shoes to make it easier for them. Francois, guiding the sled at the gee- pole, sometimes exchanged places with him, but not often. Perrault was in a hurry, and he prided himself on his knowledge of ice, which knowledge was indispensable, for the fall ice was very thin, and where there was swift water, there was no ice at all.

excerpt 9

An XY was once gathering corn from the field to store away for winter use. She passed from stalk to stalk, tearing off the ears and dropping them into her folded robe. When all was gathered she started to go, when she heard a faint voice, like a child's, weeping and calling:

"Oh, do not leave me! Do not go away without me."

The woman was astonished. "What child can that be?" she asked herself. "What babe can be lost in the cornfield?"

She set down her robe in which she had tied up her corn, and went back to search; but she found nothing.

As she started away she heard the voice again:

"Oh, do not leave me. Do not go away without me."



Author box

Lewis Carroll	Charles Dickens	Daniel Defoe
Kipling Rudyard	Marie L. McLaughlin	Hugh Lofting
Jack London	Jonathan Swift	Mark Twain

Book box

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer	Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
The Jungle Book	The Story of Dr. Doolittle
The Call of the Wild	Myths and Legends of the Sioux
A Christmas Carol	A Ghost Story of Christmas
Robinson Crusoe	Gulliver's Travel

Main character box

Buck	Maugli	Robinson (Crusoe)	Scrooge
Dr. Doolittle		Gulliver	Arikara woman
Tom (Sawyer)			Alice