Directions: To set yourself up for success next fall, you will need to do the following.

Read:

• “Once Upon a Time” by Nadine Gordimer

This short story will be a great introduction into the types of assessments you will see in quarter one. Complete the packet below.

“Once Upon a Time” by Nadine Gordimer

Someone has written to ask me to contribute to an anthology of stories for children. I reply that I don't write children's stories; and he writes back that at a recent congress/book fair/seminar a certain novelist said every writer ought to write at least one story for children. I think of sending a postcard saying I don't accept that I "ought" to write anything.

And then last night I woke up — or rather was awakened without knowing what had roused me.

A voice in the echo-chamber of the subconscious?

A sound.

A creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor. I listened. I felt the apertures of my ears distend with concentration. Again: the creaking. I was waiting for it; waiting to hear if it indicated that feet were moving from room to room, coming up the passage — to my door. I have no burglar bars, no gun under the pillow, but I have the same fears as people who do take these precautions, and my windowpanes are thin as rime, could shatter like a wineglass. A woman was murdered (how do they put it) in broad daylight in a house two blocks away, last year, and the fierce dogs who guarded an old widower and his collection of antique clocks were strangled before he was knifed by a casual laborer he had dismissed without pay.

I was staring at the door, making it out in my mind rather than seeing it, in the dark. I lay quite still — a victim already — the arrhythmia of my heart was fleeing, knocking this way and that against its body-cage. How finely tuned the senses are, just out of rest, sleep! I could never listen intently as that in the distractions of the day, I was reading every faintest sound, identifying and classifying its possible threat.

But I learned that I was to be neither threatened nor spared. There was no human weight pressing on the boards, the creaking was a buckling, an epicenter of stress. I was in it. The house that surrounds me while I sleep is built on undermined ground; far beneath my bed, the floor, the house's foundations, the stopes and passages of gold mines have hollowed the rock, and when some face trembles, detaches and falls, three thousand feet below, the whole house shifts slightly, bringing uneasy strain to the balance and counterbalance of brick, cement, wood and glass that hold it as a structure around me. The misbeats of my heart tailed off like the last muffled flourishes on one of the wooden xylophones made by the Chopi and Tsonga

Read the title of the story. What can you infer about the title?

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What three details from the text show that the narrator feared the creaking noise?

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What is the effect of using a non-fictional opening to the story?

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Arrhythmia adj.

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What is the tone of the bracketed paragraph? Highlight words or phrases that help you identify the tone.

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migrant miners who might have been down there, under me in the earth at that moment. The stope where the fall was could have been disused, dripping water from its ruptured veins; or men might now be interred there in the most profound of tombs.

I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my body — release me to sleep again. So I began to tell myself a story, a bedtime story.

In a house, in a suburb, in a city, there were a man and his wife who loved each other very much and were living happily ever after. They had a little boy, and they loved him very much. They had a cat and a dog that the little boy loved very much. They had a car and a caravan trailer for holidays, and a swimming-pool which was fenced so that the little boy and his playmates would not fall in and drown. They had a housemaid who was absolutely trustworthy and an itinerant gardener who was highly recommended by the neighbors. For when they began to live happily ever after they were warned, by that wise old witch, the husband's mother, not to take on anyone off the street. They were inscribed in a medical benefit society, their pet dog was licensed, they were insured against fire, flood damage and theft, and subscribed to the local Neighborhood Watch, which supplied them with a plaque for their gates lettered YOU HAVE BEEN WarnED over the silhouette of a would-be intruder. He was masked; it could not be said if he was black or white, and therefore proved the property owner was no racist.

It was not possible to insure the house, the swimming pool or the car against riot damage. There were riots, but these were outside the city, where people of another color were quartered. These people were not allowed into the suburb except as reliable housemaids and gardeners, so there was nothing to fear, the husband told the wife. Yet she was afraid that some day such people might come up the street and tear off the plaque YOU HAVE BEEN WarnED and open the gates and stream in... Nonsense, my dear, said the husband, there are police and soldiers and tear-gas and guns to keep them away. But to please her — for he loved her very much and buses were being burned, cars stoned, and schoolchildren shot by the police in those quarto's out of sight and hearing of the suburb — he had electronically controlled gates fitted. Anyone who pulled off the sign YOU HAVE BEEN WarnED and tried to open the gates would have to announce his intentions by pressing a button and speaking into a receiver relayed to the house. The little boy was fascinated by the device and used it as a walkie-talkie in cops and robbers play with his small friends.

The riots were suppressed, but there were many burglaries in the suburb and somebody's trusted housemaid was tied up and shut in a cupboard by thieves while she was in charge of her employers' house. The trusted housemaid of the man and wife and little boy was so upset by this misfortune befalling a friend left, as she herself often was, with responsibility for the possessions of the man and his wife and the little boy that she implored her employers to have burglar bars attached to the doors and windows of the house, and an alarm system installed, but they refused. Than, of course, the thieves came with a crowbar and picked the lock. When the husband and wife woke up they were in bed with their little boy. That was the end of the story.
installed. The wife said, She is right, let us take heed of her advice. So from every window and door in the house where they were living happily ever after they now saw the trees and sky through bars, and when the little boy's pet cat tried to climb in by the fanlight to keep him company in his little bed at night, as it customarily had done, it set off the alarm keening through the house.

The alarm was often answered — it seemed — by other burglar alarms, in other houses, that had been triggered by pet cats or nibbling mice. The alarms called to one another across the gardens in shrills and bleats and wails that everyone soon became accustomed to, so that the din roused the inhabitants of the suburb no more than the croak of frogs and musical grating of cicadas' legs. Under cover of the electronic harpies' discourse intruders sawed the iron bars and broke into homes, taking away hi-fi equipment, television sets, cassette players, cameras and radios, jewelry and clothing, and sometimes were hungry enough to devour everything in the refrigerator or paused audaciously to drink the whiskey in the cabinets or patio bars. Insurance companies paid no compensation for single malt, a loss made keener by the property owner's knowledge that the thieves wouldn't even have been able to appreciate what it was they were drinking.

Then the time came when many of the people who were not trusted housemaids and gardeners hung about the suburb because they were unemployed. Some importuned for a job: weeding or painting a roof; anything, baas, madam. But the man and his wife remembered the warning about taking on anyone off the street. Some drank liquor and fouled the street with discarded bottles. Some begged, waiting for the man or his wife to drive the car out of the electronically operated gates. They sat about with their feet in the gutters, under the jacaranda trees that made a green tunnel of the street — for it was a beautiful suburb, spoilt only by their presence — and sometimes they fell asleep lying right before the gates in the midday sun. The wife could never see anyone go hungry. She sent the trusted housemaid out with bread and tea, but the trusted housemaid said these were loafers and tsotsis, who would come and tie her and shut her in a cupboard. The husband said, She's right. Take heed of her advice. You only encourage them with your bread and tea. They are looking for their chance ... And he brought the little boy's tricycle from the garden into the house every night, because if the house was surely secure, once locked and with the alarm set, someone might still be able to climb over the wall or the electronically closed gates into the garden.

You are right, said the wife, then the wall should be higher. And the wise old witch, the husband's mother, paid for the extra bricks as her Christmas present to her son and his wife — the little boy got a Space Man outfit and a book of fairy tales.

But every week there were more reports of intrusion: in broad daylight and the dead of night, in the early hours of the morning, and even in the lovely summer twilight — a certain family was at dinner while the bedrooms were being ransacked upstairs. The man and his wife, talking of the latest armed robbery in the suburb, were distracted
by the sight of the little boy's pet cat effortlessly arriving over the
seven-foot wall, descending first with a rapid bracing of extended
forepaws down on the sheer vertical surface, and then a graceful
launch, landing with swishing tail within the property. The
whitewashed wall was marked with the cat's comings and goings; and
on the street side of the wall there were larger red-earth smudges that
could have been made by the kind of broken running shoes, seen on
the feet of unemployed loiterers, that had no innocent destination.

When the man and wife and little boy took the pet dog for its
walk round the neighborhood streets they no longer paused to admire
this show of roses or that perfect lawn; these were hidden behind an
array of different varieties of security fences, walls and devices. The
man, wife, little boy and dog passed a remarkable choice: there was
the low-cost option of pieces of broken glass embedded in cement
along the top of walls, there were iron grilles ending in lance-points,
there were attempts at reconciling the aesthetics of prison architecture
with the Spanish Villa style (spikes painted pink) and with the plaster
urns of neoclassical facades (twelve-inch pikes finned like zigzags of
lightning and painted pure white). Some walls had a small board
affixed, giving the name and telephone number of the firm
responsible for the installation of the devices. While the little boy and
the pet dog raced ahead, the husband and wife found themselves
comparing the possible effectiveness of each style against its
appearance; and after several weeks when they paused before this
barricade or that without needing to speak, both came out with the
conclusion that only one was worth considering. It was the ugliest but
the most honest in its suggestion of the pure concentration-camp style,
no frills, all evident efficacy. Placed the length of walls, it consisted
of a continuous coil of stiff and shining metal serrated into jagged
blades, so that there would be no way of climbing over it and no way
through its tunnel without getting entangled in its fangs. There would
be no way out, only a struggle getting bloodier and bloodier, a deeper
and sharper hooking and tearing of flesh. The wife shuddered to look
at it. You're right, said the husband, anyone would think twice... And
they took heed of the advice on a small board fixed to the wall:
Consult DRAGON 'S TEETH The People For Total Security.

Next day a gang of workmen came and stretched the razor-
bladed coils all round the walls of the house where the husband and
wife and little boy and pet dog and cat were living happily ever after.
The sunlight flashed and slashed, off the serrations, the cornice of
razor thorns encircled the home, shining. The husband said, Never
mind. It will weather. The wife said, You're wrong. They guarantee
it's rust-proof. And she waited until the little boy had run off to play
before she said, I hope the cat will take heed... The husband said,
Don't worry, my dear, cats always look before they leap. And it was
true that from that day on the cat slept in the little boy's bed and kept
to the garden, never risking a try at breaching security.

One evening, the mother read the little boy to sleep with a
fairy story from the book the wise old witch had given him at
Christmas. Next day he pretended to be the Prince who braves the

What could members of the community
have done instead of using so many
security measures?

What is the relationship between the
characters in the story and the
community in which they live?

How do their plans to protect
themselves backfire on the couple who
wanted to live happily ever after?

Highlight or underline a phrase from the
text to support your answer.
terrible thicket of thorns to enter the palace and kiss the Sleeping Beauty back to life: he dragged a ladder to the wall, the shining coiled tunnel was just wide enough for his little body to creep in, and with the first fixing of its razor-teeth in his knees and hands and head he screamed and struggled deeper into its tangle. The trusted housemaid and the itinerant gardener, whose "day" it was, came running, the first to see and to scream with him, and the itinerant gardener tore his hands trying to get at the little boy. Then the man and his wife burst wildly into the garden and for some reason (the cat, probably) the alarm setup wailing against the screams while the bleeding mass of the little boy was hacked out of the security coil with saws, wire-cutters, choppers, and they carried it — the man, the wife, the hysterical trusted housemaid and the weeping gardener — into the house.