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Flash Fiction in EFL Classroom

WORKBOOK

*Навчально-методичний посібник
для студентів факультету іноземних мов*

Івано-Франківськ
2023

Білянська І. П., Куравська Н. Ю.

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Навчально-методичний посібник призначено для самостійної роботи студентів – майбутніх учителів англійської мови (спеціальність 014 Середня освіта, спеціалізація 014.02 «Середня освіта. Мова та література (англійська)»). Завдання посібника спрямовані на формування комунікативної і перекладацької компетентності студентів першого курсу, оскільки розроблені на основі коротких художніх творів миттєвої прози. Прослуховування аудіокниг цих творів сприятиме розвитку аудитивних умінь студентів, розвитку їхнього мовленнєвого слуху, запам'ятовуванню правильної вимови слів. Переклад невеликих художніх творів дозволить студентам спробувати себе в ролі перекладачів, проникнути в глибокий смисл твору, інтерпретувати імпліцитну інформацію, створивши свій власний переклад твору.

Content

Introduction

Session 1

Session 2

INTRODUCTION

The BBC Young Writers' Award is a writing prize, run by the BBC along with First Story and Cambridge University, for 14-18 year olds who live in the UK. It was launched in 2015 to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the BBC National Short Story Award. This Award looks for the best new writing from teenagers and considers all entries on the basis of quality and originality of prose and narrative voice. This Award aims to inspire and encourage the next generation of short story writers. Entrants need to write a maximum 1000 word short story on any topic and enter online. The judges look for high-quality writing, stories that demonstrate originality, imagination and creativity, and writers who can capture the reader and hold their attention. A panel of three judges selects a shortlist of the top five stories. The five writers shortlisted have their stories broadcast on a special BBC Radio 1 Life hacks podcast, and published in an anthology. The winner also receives a personalised mentoring session with an author to help with their writing skills.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

1. Do some research to answer the pre-reading questions. Think through the information as it is related to the short story.
2. Read the short story and listen to the audio simultaneously.
3. Read the short story again underlying unknown words and consulting your dictionary.
4. Listen to the story again.
5. Re-read the story if you need to answer the comprehension questions on the story.
6. Complete graphic organizers.
7. Retell the story.
8. Read the story aloud focusing on your pronunciation and intonation.
9. Write a cinquain poem.
10. Translate the story into Ukrainian.
11. Summarize the story.
12. Write a short story review

SESSION 1

Young Writers Award 2018

(5 shortlisted stories)

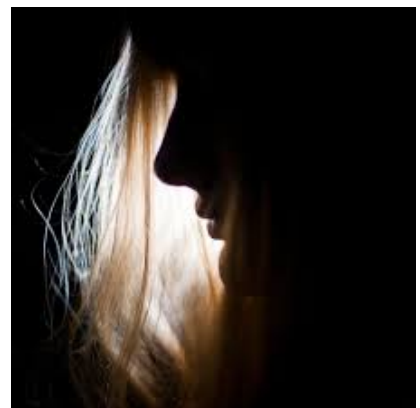
1. The winner of the 2018 Young Writers' Award was 17-year-old Davina Bacon for her 'compassionate' and 'intelligent' story **"Under a Deep Blue Sky"**.
2. **"Footprints in the Far Field"** is an evocative and compelling story by Reyah Martin, 18, from Glasgow.
3. **"Unspoken"** is a powerful short story by Lottie Mills, 16, from Hertfordshire.
4. **"Firsts"** is a beautifully structured story by Jane Mitchell, 16, from Dorset.
5. **"Oh Sister, Invisible"** is a story of grief and courage by Tabitha Rubens, 16, from London.

"Unspoken"

by Lottie Mills, 16, from Hertfordshire

Summary

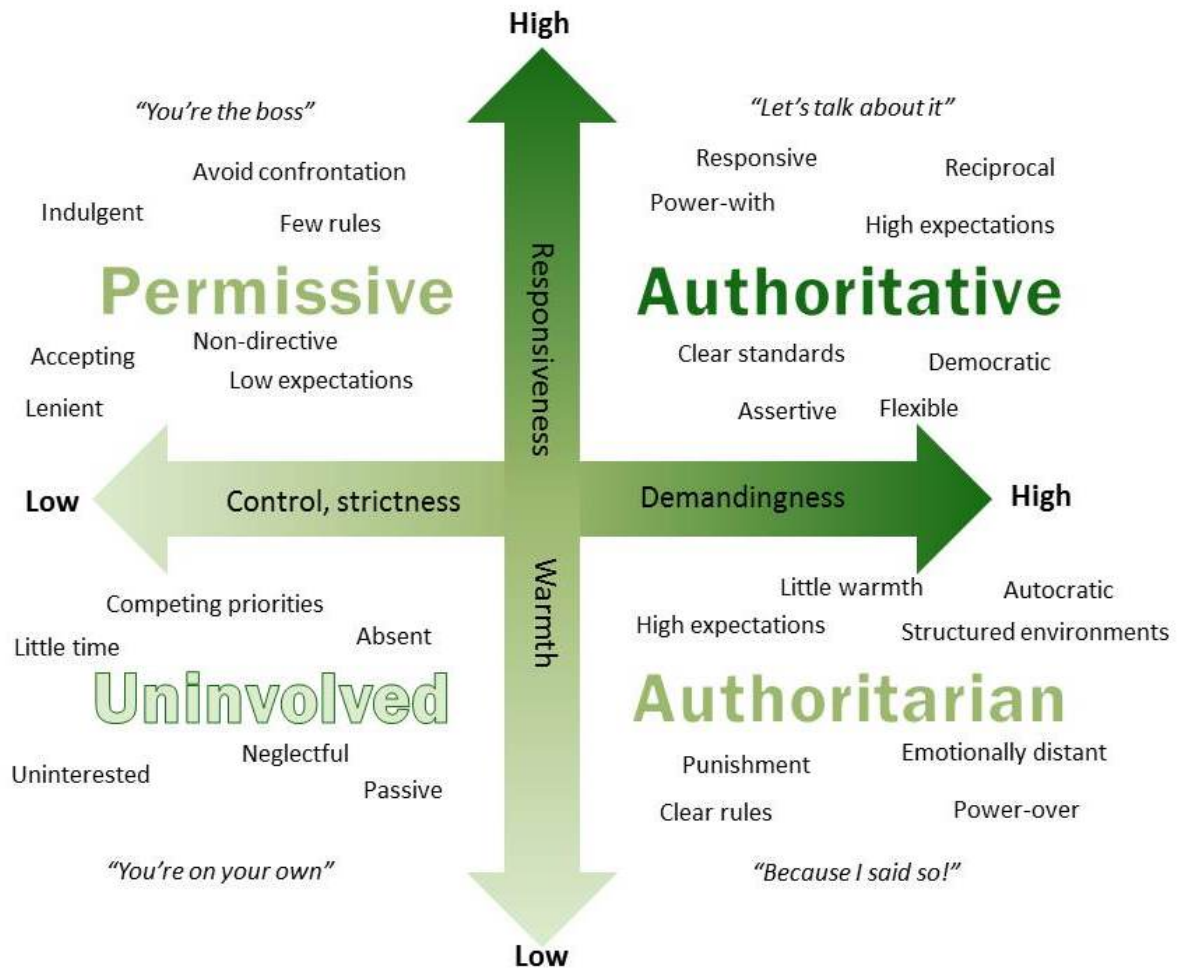
"Unspoken" explores the fragility of teenage mental health through the eyes of a girl watching her sister crying out for help while her family are in denial. A moving and powerful story that shows the isolation of those suffering and the vulnerability and helplessness of those watching from the outside.



PRE-READING QUESTIONS

1. What is emotional neglect? What are the signs of it?
2. What kind of parents fail to notice their child's feelings?
3. What is anxiety? What are the signs of it?
4. What is an emotional upheaval? What causes it?
5. Give examples of psychological control.
6. Do children with strict parents have a good childhood? Explain your view.
7. Can controlling parents cause their children psychological damage? Explain your view.

8. What kind of children/teenagers are more likely to develop depression?
9. Should children/teenagers fear their parents?
10. How can harsh parents' words affect their children?
11. How can the constant judgment of other people affect a person?
12. Why is it difficult to live with/without parents?



“Helicopter parents”... Who are they?

What are the effects of *helicopter parenting* on children?



FIRST READING/LISTENING

Switch on the recording of the audiobook.

Read and listen to the story at the same time.

Read/listen for a global understanding of the story.

Practise guessing unknown words.

Young Writers Award 2018 –

“Unspoken”

by Lottie Mills, 16, from Hertfordshire

When my sister ran away that night, we thought it was an anomaly. Just a silly teenage strop, a drunken impulse, the product of a thoughtless boyfriend and too much vodka. We sat up, blanketed and shaking in the living room; doused by the cold light of police sirens, and we stared at nothing, and we waited. When they found her in the small hours of the morning, tear-drenched and frozen half to death, we simply let her slip past, up the stairs to her bedroom, to feign sleep until her alarm went off and pretend the whole thing had never happened.

We didn't talk about it.

When she stopped going to school, we thought it was laziness. She was bright, my mother said, tentatively, just struggling to apply herself. My father was

harsher, said she was throwing her life away, that she would amount to nothing if she refused to conform. I kept quiet, simply darting my eyes between them, like a spectator at Wimbledon. Upstairs, my sister slept, or else lay down, knotted in duvets with her bedroom door bolted shut, for hours on end. She did leave the house eventually, the spectre of exclusion from Sixth Form looming over her head, and returned home later that day with puffy red eyes and slumped shoulders.

We didn't talk about it.

When she stopped eating, we thought it was vanity. She was just another body-conscious young woman, we said, just another victim of sexist advertising and a shallow circle of friends. My father thought she should delete all of 'the social media' – convinced that Instagram and Facebook must be to blame – ignoring the never-ending exams, the perpetual loneliness, the constant judgment from family, teachers, and half-friends. They got into a raging fight about the whole thing, and nobody won. She started to eat again after the exams, but you could still count every single one of her ribs.

We didn't talk about it.

When she got an offer from university, we thought it was an opportunity. She didn't. She longed for freedom from structure, the ability to forge her own path. But her A-Levels wouldn't allow for the life she wanted, so, after much emotional upheaval, she went. We dropped her off at halls, abandoning her like a foundling baby, as she stood on the corner, openly sobbing and clutching frantically at the last box of home. That night was the first time I cried for my sister, the first tinge of a fear which is now all-too familiar. We all felt that fear, I think. The fear of a word which none of us dared to speak, a word which forever went unspoken.

We didn't talk about it.

When she refused to get a job, we thought it was stubbornness. She was distracted by the party life, my parents claimed, but too immature to support it. Feebly, I attempted to imply that something might be hindering her, be making her afraid. But such things didn't happen, said my parents, not to families like

us, not to bright young women like her. So the dreaded word went unspoken still, and they told her that she simply had to get a job and that was the end of it.

That night, she ran away again, arriving at our grandparent's house on a wave of shuddering nausea and gushing tears. We drove down in a panic, that strange weekend, and I snuck into the bathroom to see her. She was pouring herself into the toilet bowl – vomit, tears, blood, makeup, saliva and dreadful, tragic words. She spoke of a sadness older than time and deeper than hell, and all at once I saw the weight of a thousand worlds teetering on her too-thin shoulders, and I was frightened. The damage was in the open now, blatant for all to see – in the gouged marks which marred her smooth plains of skin, the vomit which matted in her hair, the yawning darkness of her empty eyes. In that moment, I almost dared to say the terrible word out loud. But then she scrubbed away the stains of that awful night, went to bed, and in the morning, she was composed – or some paper-thin variant of it. We all knew, now, that something had gone horrifically adrift in the chemistry of her mind, but still nobody dared to spell it out. We stayed with my grandparents for a few more days, playacting at functionality, stubbornly ignoring the quicksand around us even as we began to drown in it. My sister didn't say anything at all, just sat there, frozen, watching us.

We didn't talk about it.

When we sent her back to university, we thought it was a good idea. I say 'we', but it's not true, not really, because I heard the desperation that warped her voice as she pleaded with our parents not to make her go, and that terrifying word scrawled itself across my brain once again. But they pushed her, brandishing harsh words about failure and weakness, and so she went. There were no tears when we dropped her off this time, only silence. There were no texts, no phone calls.

Then, the hospital called.

The night which followed is a blur to me. I remember the stench of disinfectant, and the dreadful hum of machines, and then the agonizing silence after the doctors turned them off. I remember the taste of my own tears, and the echoing sobs of my parents, and the useless words I whispered into ears which were connected to nothing, the ears of a corpse. More than anything, though, I

remember that word, emblazoned on every piece of paperwork, everywhere I looked, listed under cause of death. Seven letters which I had never, ever heard said out loud, letters which were now branded into my soul forever.

Now, we sit at the dinner table. We stare at nothing. We ignore the empty chair. We still don't talk about it.

LEXIS

Learn the following words and phrases from the short story. Pay attention to the context in which they are used.

1. an anomaly
2. be in a (real) strop
3. spectre
4. vanity
5. half-friends
6. emotional upheaval
7. a tinge of a fear
8. stubbornness
9. nausea
10. a toilet bowl
11. saliva
12. stain
13. functionality
14. quicksand
15. desperation
16. failure
17. weakness
18. a blur
19. stench
20. hum
21. a corpse
22. to sit up
23. to loom over
24. to blame
25. to long for
26. to spell smth out
27. to playact at
28. to drown in
29. to plead with

30. to drop smb off
31. to cry for
32. to plead with
33. to allow for smth
34. to sneak into
35. to pour oneself into
36. to scrub away
37. to brand into
38. in the small hours
39. throw one's life away
40. to amount to nothing
41. on end
42. to get into a fight
43. to forge one's own path
44. (be in) the open
45. to feign
46. to apply oneself
47. to conform
48. to abandon smb
49. to cob
50. to clutch
51. to distract
52. to support smth
53. to imply
54. to hinder
55. to teeter
56. to mar
57. to mat
58. to dare
59. to warp
60. to scrawl
61. to brandish
62. to whisper
63. to emblazon
64. harsh
65. puffy
66. body-conscious
67. shallow
68. perpetual
69. raging
70. foundling
71. immature
72. dreaded
73. unspoken

74. shuddering
75. gushing
76. dreadful
77. blatant
78. gouged
79. yawning
80. composed
81. terrifying
82. agonizing
83. echoing
84. useless
85. horrifically
86. frantically
87. feebly
88. adrift

SECOND LISTENING

Listen to the audiobook again. Don't look at the text. Enjoy listening to the story.

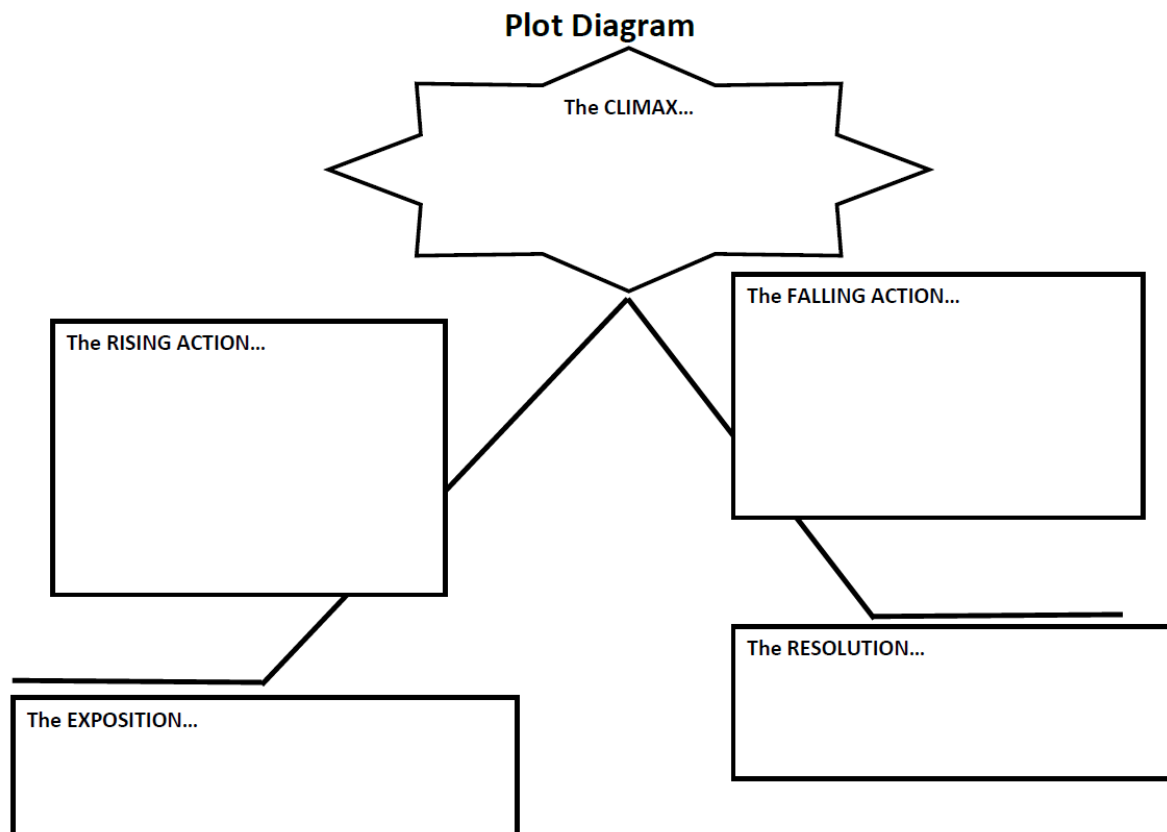
RE-READING

Re-read the short story to answer the questions.

BASIC STORY ELEMENTS / GRAPHIC ORGANIZERS

Complete graphic organizers and answer the following questions.

1. How does the title of the story relate to its events?
2. Who are the important characters in the story?
3. What is the plot of the story?
4. What themes does this short story explore? How relevant are they today?
5. What is the problem in the story? How is it solved? What is another way that the problem could have been solved?
6. What is the setting of the story? Where and when does the story take place?
7. Who or what is involved in the conflict?
8. What is the climax or turning point of the story?
9. What is the narrator's tone?
10. What is the mood of the story?
11. What is the message of the story?



RETELLING

Practise retelling the short story.

1. What happened the night the girl ran away from home? Describe her parents' reaction. Why did the girl run away from home in your opinion?
2. Describe parents' reaction when their daughter stopped going to school. Why did her sister keep quiet? Why do you think the girl stopped going to school?
3. Who or what did parents blame when their daughter stopped eating? What were the real reasons in your opinion?
4. Why didn't the girl want to go to university? Why did she go? What was her sister's fear? What was her parents' reaction?
5. What were the reasons, in the parents' opinion, that their daughter didn't want to get a job? What were her sister's guesses regarding the girl's behavior?
6. Describe the physical and psychological state of the girl when she came to her grandparents' house? What did she tell her sister? What did her sister understand? What was her parents' reaction?
7. What was the girl's reaction when her parents told her to go back to university? Did her sister support them? What did she feel?
8. Why did the hospital call? What happened to the girl?
9. What word do you think the seven letters mean?

10. How can you explain the reaction and behavior of the girl's parents? What didn't they talk about?

CRITICAL UNDERSTANDING

1. What kind of person is the girl? What character traits does she have?
2. What was going on with her? How can you explain her behavior?
3. Was the girl a highly sensitive person? Explain your view.
4. Was the girl feeling suicidal? Explain your view.
5. Did the girl feel like she didn't belong with her family? Explain your view.
6. Was the teenager emotionally neglected by her family? Explain your view.
7. Are the girls' parents not emotionally responsive, very strict, controlling, and intrusive? Explain your view.
8. Did parents understand a little what their daughter has been through? Did they change in some way? Did they learn a lesson? If so, what was it?
9. What did they have to talk about with their daughters?
10. Who do you think is to blame for the bad consequence of the girl's deed?
11. If the story continued, what might happen next?

PERSONAL REACTION

1. How do you relate to this short story? What emotions and thoughts did it provoke in you?
2. What life lessons did you learn from listening to this story?
3. Do any of the characters remind you of the people you know?
4. Did you like the story? Why (not)?
5. Think of ONE question which you would like to ask your groupmates.

READING ALOUD+LISTENING

Practise reading aloud. Try to mimic the pronunciation and intonation of the narrator of the story. Listen to the story as many times as you need to improve your pronunciation.

CINQUAIN

Write a cinquain poem summarizing the short story "Unspoken". A cinquain is an unrhymed poem consisting of five lines arranged in a special way. Example:

Anxiety

Overwhelming, intensive

Develops, hinders, destroys

The consequence of emotional neglect

Suicide

Instructions:

Line A: One vague or general one-word subject or topic

Line B: Two vivid adjectives that describe the topic

Line C: Three action verbs that fit the topic

Line D: A phrase that captures the feeling about the topic or author's opinion

Line E: A word that explains Line A

Line A. _____

Line B. _____, _____

Line C. _____, _____, _____

Line D. _____

Line E. _____

TRANSLATION

Imagine you are a literary translator. You've decided to take part in a translation contest. Translate the short story "Unspoken". The translation that wins first place will be published in a future print edition of The Literary Magazine. The second and third place translations will be published on the website.

SUMMARIZING

In a paragraph of between 70 and 100 words, outline the events of the story briefly. Although your summary should be concise, it also should be clear and easy to read. You should create a text which reads like an organized whole. Use phrases that reinforce links between the key points that you need to include.

WRITING A SHORT STORY REVIEW

Write a review of the short story that you read and listened to, focusing on its audio production and content, stating how relevant its theme is today, and saying whether you would recommend it to other students.

SESSION 2

Task 1. Read the information below and answer the following questions:

1. *What is flash fiction?*
2. *What sub-genres of flash fiction are mentioned?*
3. *What are the common features of these sub-genres? How do they differ?*

Flash fiction: short stories with a long lifespan



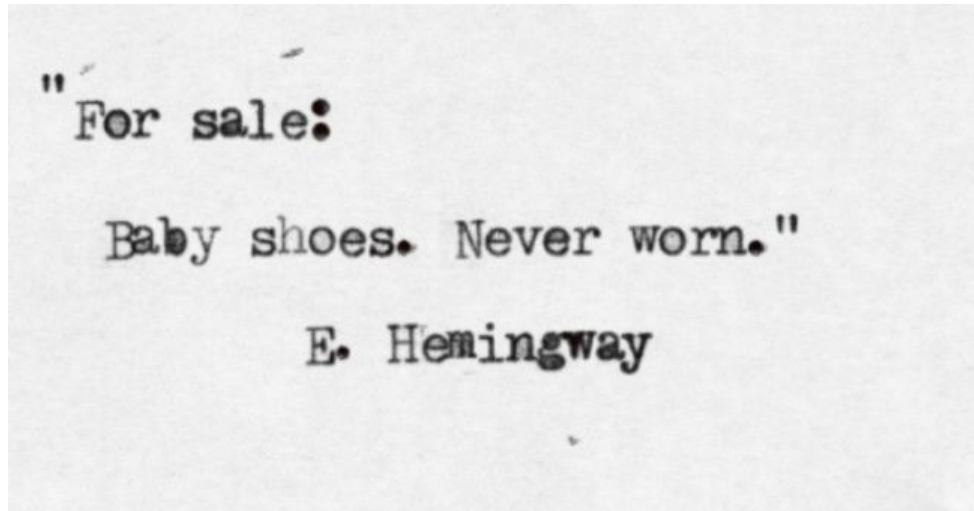
Here's a tongue-twister of a question: just how short should a short story be? When it comes to word count, the literary short story has always resisted absolute rules. Outside the specifications of individual publishers, there's no real definitive guide to how long a 'short' story should be.

Instead, it could be more useful to think of a short story as a standalone work that can, as Edgar Allen Poe said, be "read at one sitting" – or as a tale that has been whittled down to its essentials in a way that makes it "almost impossible... to summarize". Or, perhaps, to consider the defining element of a short story as not so much its length, but its effect. It could be argued that the best short stories resonate in the mind for long after the last word has been read, triggering a "complexity of afterthought" in the reader.

Flash fiction is, as you imagine, a genre of fictional literature which has extreme brevity. The term flash fiction is typically used for stories of under 1000 words, while microfiction usually describes compact creations of fewer than 300. A drabble is precisely 100 words, and a dribble is half that length. Shrinking further down into nano fiction (up to 55 words), twitterature aims to tweet us tales in just 23 words or 140 characters. The common feature of these sub-genres is compression: inside each ever-decreasing doll is an ever-tinier example of what we consider a story to be. The smallest sub-genre of all is the Six-Word Story. The first small but perfectly-formed story is usually attributed (many think mistakenly) to Ernest Hemingway. It is thought that the author was inspired by the newspaper adverts of the early twentieth century. The interesting

fact about flash fiction is that it often contains the classic story elements: 1) a protagonist; 2) a conflict, obstacles, or complications; 3) a resolution.

Task 2. Read the first six-word story written by E. Hemingway. Answer the following questions:



1. *What form does this story take?*
2. *Who are the protagonists?*
3. *What is the conflict of the story?*
4. *What is the resolution of the conflict?*

Young Writers Award 2018 –

Footprints in the Far Field

By Reyah Martin, 18, from Glasgow.

Summary

The pain of losing a baby is explored from the perspective of the child left behind in this evocative and moving portrayal of a mother's all-consuming grief. An evocative and profoundly moving story.



PRE-READING QUESTIONS

1. What is maternal instinct?
2. What is a miscarriage?
3. What are feelings after a miscarriage?
4. What is a stillbirth?
5. What can cause or contribute to a stillbirth?
6. What is Sudden Infant Death Syndrome?
7. How to heal after miscarriage, stillbirth, and infant loss?
8. How can parental bereavement affect surviving children?
9. Is it true that mothers love their sons more than their daughters, and fathers love their daughters more than their sons?
10. Do you agree that women have a preference for a daughter?
11. Do you agree that men have a preference for a son?
12. Do you want a baby girl or a baby son in the future? Why?

FIRST READING/LISTENING

Switch on the recording of the audiobook.

Read and listen to the story at the same time.

Read/listen for a global understanding of the story.

Practise guessing unknown words.

Footprints in the Far Field
by Reyah Martin, 18, from Glasgow

My mother has no sameness. She pulls at days the way you pull at purl stitches, until the rows are tattered and undone, and nothing can be made. People come to see her – old friends and mothers and the doctor – and they are sorry. Sorry for her loss. Sorry for her heart. Sorry for all her broken pieces,



shattered like mirrorglass. She thanks them and looks into the rain, the clatter on the windowpane battered about in the gale. They make her tea. She doesn't drink it. They console her and squeeze her hand, kiss me on the head or put an arm around my shoulder. They smile and say it wasn't meant to be. One day you will have your little girl but they know it's not true. They do the things she can't bear to: take away the cradle, give away the cardigans. Find someone who'll take a dead baby's shoes. They have to hold her back, kneading the pillows with their steady mothers' hands.

They make her bed and help her in, dress and undress her like a doll. Tie her hair back, quick and careless. Their voices are soft. Hushing-shushing lullabies saved for darkness. They take time over the bed sheets, hanging up her dresses, closing the door to keep out the draught. They wait with her all day, a vigil at sunset, faces tight and pitying in the firelight. Through the window they can see to the other side of the village. When they look they long to be with their own children. They long to be back in bright lamplight, buttering bread and sitting with babies in their laps. They stiffen with the desire to go. She sighs and stares at the cross, Jesus nailed wooden above the bed.

The evenings are lonely.

She doesn't want me there, seeing her without her painted lips. They talk - some women get like that, irrational. It's no surprise really, given what she's been through. Still, it's not fair on Michael. He shouldn't be seeing her like that. It's not his fault she...his fault she lost it - I hear them on the way out, their soft voices floating. When they get home they light their fires, make their own tea and sit with their children, holding them to their frantic hearts. Sometimes they pass me sweets in paper bags. Mint Humbugs. Pear drops. Sherbet lemons. I

smile, take them one at a time. I offer them to my mother. She says nothing. We watch the shrunken chimneys, smoke sputtering to the sky. My mother says those mothers are blessed. Their prayers have been answered and they are blessed. They have sons, and beside the sons they hold little daughters. Do you see them...little daughters dressed and pretty in front of the stove?

I'm not looking. Her eyes try to find mine. The silence, jagged, sharpens with unsaid things.

You don't want...that tea, do you? She catches me off-guard, holding out the cup to me. It spills a little on the pillow; she shakes her head, lowers her eyes blaming the blankets. A sweet is slipping to the back of my throat, if I stay this way I'll choke. I have to lean forward. She presses me. Have you eaten...eaten anything?

I take the tea, set it down beside her. I lie to her. I tell her I went to a woman's house; I know her son from school, I met his little sister. His mother made me salty fried bread. I tell her there were four chairs at the big wooden table, and in the middle a pot of jam with the knife stuck in, so that it was slippery with strawberry seeds. I tell her we went to the loch with a picnic blanket in the afternoon, towels white capes around our shoulders. We trod brambles into the ground. The corners of her mouth twitch. Her pale lips open, close in a breath. I think she is smiling but she's turned away again. I take another sweet, stick my tongue through the lemon edge to where the middle melts away. The sugar evaporates in fizz. This new silence becomes unbearable.

Drink it she says at last, her right hand raised shaking near the cup. I hesitate. The first shadows spring up after sunset, the flames brighten across the water. It might be a little cold now, but it'll do you good. Drink it. Then we can go to sleep. I need you with me tonight.

I believe her. I do.

The next day the women knock loud on the door. My mother, her eyes half-closed, moans in her sleep. She lies warm over me. I think about kissing her, but they let themselves in and it feels out-of-place. It makes them happy though, to see such peacefulness in her face. They're loathe to wake her. Instead they send me to get dressed, find brambles with a boy across the water.

I protest but she's my mother.

They are solemn. Of course she is. Solemn and quiet, their lips pressed together. Go on, enjoy yourself.

The ripe fruit lies in the far field. We pick at midday with the sun in our eyes, me and a boy and his little sister. They bring a picnic blanket, strawberry jam

and white towels. We are laughing and gone past sunset. I don't think of her until the lonely evening. Then the lamps are burning out and the women – they should be at home – weep on our doorstep. They reach out to me. They take her body to the black coach. I cry and stain them with juices, colours of bruises and blood. They hold me saying, in the end

She's with God now.

The headstone reads the same, and beneath it:

A loving mother.

I visit her in the far field. Sometimes I bring brambles and flowers from the women. I ask her, but I know she'd never have wanted them. She waits for little girls' shoes

LEXIS

Learn the following words and phrases from the short story. Pay attention to the context in which they are used.

1. to pull at
2. purl stitches
3. tattered
4. clatter
5. windowpane
6. to batter about
7. gale
8. to console
9. can't bear
10. a cradle
11. steady
12. a lullaby
13. to keep out
14. draught
15. a vigil
16. pitying
17. firelight
18. to long to do smth
19. in one's laps
20. to stiffen
21. to nail

22. irrational
23. to be through
24. it's not fair on smb.
25. frantic
26. at a time
27. shrunken
28. a chimney
29. to sputter
30. a stove
31. jagged
32. to catch smb off-guard
33. to spill
34. to slip
35. to choke
36. to lean forward
37. slippery
38. a loch
39. to cape around
40. to trod
41. brambles
42. to twitch
43. to evaporate
44. in fizz
45. unbearable
46. to spring up
47. do smb good
48. to moan
49. to feel out-of-place
50. to loathe
51. solemn
52. ripe
53. to stain
54. a headstone
55. beneath

SECOND LISTENING

Listen to the audiobook again. Don't look at the text. Enjoy listening to the story.

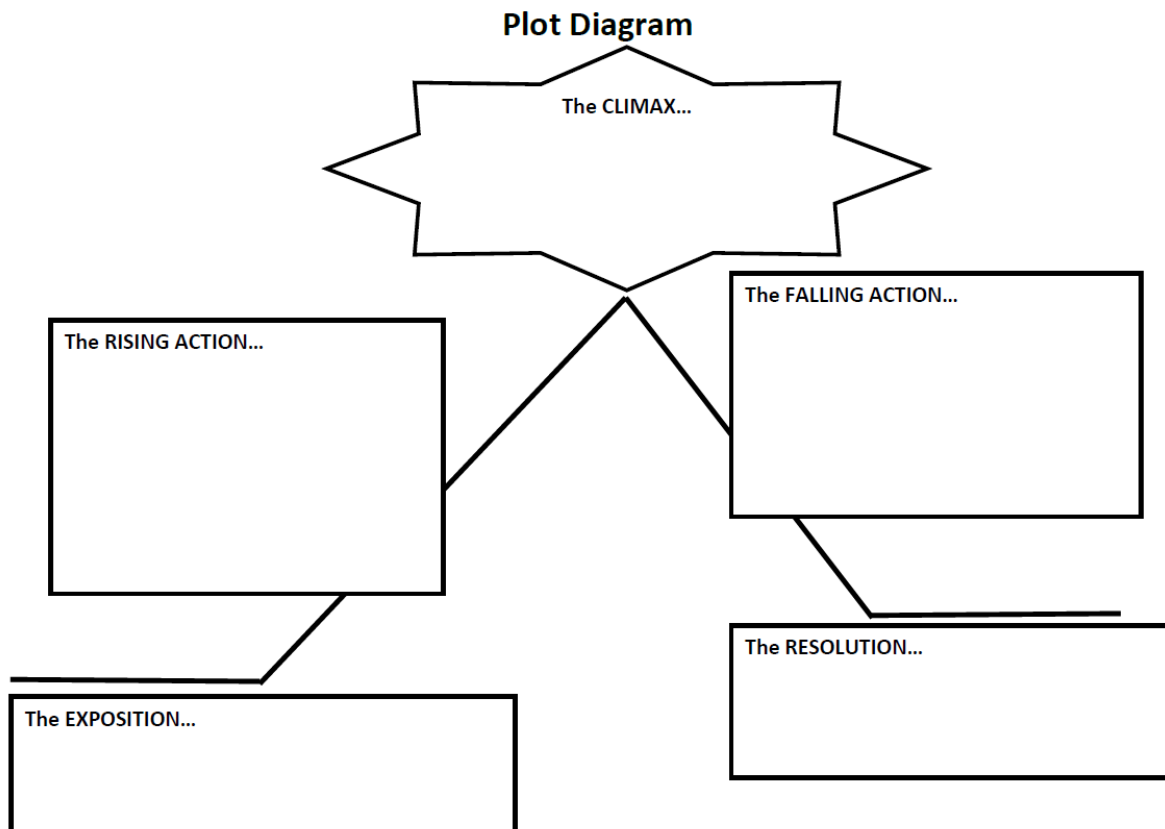
RE-READING

Re-read the short story to answer the questions.

BASIC STORY ELEMENTS / GRAPHIC ORGANIZERS

Complete graphic organizers and answer the following questions.

1. How does the title of the story relate to its events?
2. Who are the important characters in the story?
3. What is the plot of the story?
4. What themes does this short story explore? How relevant are they today?
5. What is the problem in the story? How is it solved? What is another way that the problem could have been solved?
6. What is the setting of the story? Where and when does the story take place?
7. Who or what is involved in the conflict?
8. What is the climax or turning point of the story?
9. What is the narrator's tone?
10. What is the mood of the story?
11. What is the message of the story?



RETELLING

Retell the short story.

CRITICAL UNDERSTANDING

1. What is going on with the woman? What caused her to behave like that? Describe her actions and feelings.
2. What can't the woman stand?
3. Why does she need the care of others? How do they look after her? Do they want to be there?
4. Who feels lonely? Why?
5. Who's Michael?
6. Why are other mothers blessed in the woman's opinion?
7. What lie does Michael tell her mother? Why?
8. Why did Michael's mother ask him to stay with her?
9. Why do the women send Michael away? Why does he protest?
10. Why doesn't Michael think of his mother until evening?
11. Why didn't the women go home?
12. What happened to Michael's mother? Explain your view.
13. Describe Michael's feelings. How old do you think he is?
14. How does his mother's behavior affect him? Does he feel rejected/unloved by his mother?
15. Does he feel like his mother never loved him? Explain your view.
16. Do you think the woman blames anyone for her loss?
17. If the story continued, what might happen next?
18. What intertextual correspondence did you notice?
19. How do you understand the following quotations from the story:
 - a) "My mother has no sameness. She pulls at days the way you pull at purll stitches, until the rows are tattered and undone, and nothing can be made";
 - b) "She doesn't want me there, seeing her without her painted lips";
 - c) "The silence, jagged, sharpens with unsaid things";
 - d) "I visit her in the far field. Sometimes I bring brambles and flowers from the women. I ask her, but I know she'd never have wanted them. She waits for little girls' shoes".

PERSONAL REACTION

1. How do you relate to this short story? What emotions and thoughts did it provoke in you?
2. Do you justify or blame Michael's mother?
3. Would you have liked a different ending?
4. What life lessons did you learn from listening to this story?
5. Do any of the characters remind you of the people you know?

6. Did you like the story? Why (not)?
7. Think of ONE question which you would like to discuss with your groupmates.

READING ALOUD+LISTENING

Practise reading aloud. Try to mimic the pronunciation and intonation of the narrator of the story. Listen to the story as many times as you need to improve your pronunciation.

CINQUAIN

Write a cinquain poem summarizing the short story *Footprints in the Far Field*. A cinquain is an unrhymed poem consisting of five lines arranged in a special way. Example:

Loss
 Unexpected, heartbreaking
 Shocks, debilitates, devastates
 It shatters the lives of families
Grief

Instructions:

- Line A: One vague or general one-word subject or topic
- Line B: Two vivid adjectives that describe the topic
- Line C: Three interesting action verbs that fit the topic
- Line D: A phrase that captures the feeling about the topic or author's opinion
- Line E: A very specific word that explains Line A

Line A. _____
 Line B. _____, _____
 Line C. _____, _____, _____
 Line D. _____
 Line E. _____

TRANSLATION

Imagine you are a literary translator. You've decided to take part in a translation contest. Translate the short story "Footprints in the Far Field". The translation that wins first place will be published in a future print edition of The Literary Magazine. The second and third place translations will be published on the website.

SUMMARIZING

In a paragraph of between 70 and 100 words, outline the events of the story briefly. Although your summary should be concise, it also should be clear and easy to read. You should create a text which reads like an organized whole. Use phrases that reinforce links between the key points that you need to include.

WRITING A SHORT STORY REVIEW

Write a review of the short story that you read and listened to, focusing on its audio production and content, stating how relevant its theme is today, and saying whether you would recommend it to other students.