

Amarsanaa Lkhagvasuren

Professor Mary Nolan-Coffman

English 2

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Symbols and symbolism ^{are} is a significant element in the reinforcement of a story's meaning, especially ^{it's} the core themes and meaning. The use of symbols is the dimension of formalist strategies used by authors in helping their audience especially readers understand the images used by the author, but conveyed in words. Several symbols and symbolism as a style ^{Awk} are extensively used in "The Cranes" and "The Story of an hour" ^{Peter Meinke's Chopin's "These"} which makes use of literary symbols, ^{SP} convectional symbols and in some cases, allegory. In the same dimension, symbols are used in 'The Crane' ^{Awk.} "by the author to render romance and sadness.

The use of cranes in the story is the first and main symbol, ^{giving} with such a huge central meaning to the story: that of life and longevity. Cranes ^{are Peter Meinke} is used by the author ^{to} to symbolize the relationship and life of the couple ^{is by} they live for a long time and mate for life. The author here intends to express the fact that the couples ^{are} are perfect matches for one another, and that their love is a perfect example of perfect soul mates. The cranes here imply that the partners are to spend a lot of their time, life and everything pertaining to their relationship together as husband and wife. Just like during church weddings, the couples are always taken to task to confirm that they will live together for the rest of their lives. ^{Fragment}

^{these} Christians call such kind of promises wedding vows, and are usually accompanied by wedding rings to symbolize the union. In "The Cranes", Meinke ^{on page 197} shows how the partners are expected to live together for a long time, and that they are expected to mate for life.

"... They mate for life and live for a long time" ^{This line is quoted from page 197 of the}

(197).

Review in text
citation

irrelevant

Don't
use the
same 3
words in
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same
sentence

Review
thesis

awk
~~story~~ "(Meinke, 197). On a different twist, the extinction of cranes is used symbolically to display the problems being witnessed by the couple. The very rare beauty and attraction of the end of loving relationships is symbolically displayed in the story by whooping cranes. ✓

This symbol paints a picture or scenario of two lovers moving towards the end of their lives together. The readers ~~and audience~~ *we* are introduced to the classical symbol and central literacy of the whooping cranes in the first sentence of the masterpiece. From the start, the author describes the birds ~~nicely or~~ positively as "tall and stately." The actions of the birds in the story reflect or mirror the mood in which the couple are in. "Staring motionless toward the Gulf" (Meinke, 196), on the first page. The uniqueness of the cranes in the story shows how the relationship of the couples ~~are~~ *is* unique. *fragment* *it wasn't that long!!!*

Despite the vicissitudes and challenges of life, the couple is able to maintain love and humor. In page eight of the story, the author writes, "can't smoke, can't drink martinis, no coffee, no candy" (Meinke, 197). These sentiments point towards the vicissitudes of life. *awk*

~~Children vary in character, and are very different from their own parents. The newly formed generations exhibit different traits from those of their parents. Since the children have taken this completely different twist, the woman in the story starts to worry about them and their future.~~ *Redundant, leave out!*

In "The story of An Hour," symbols are used to display the depression and shock that Mrs. Mallard goes through after the news concerning the death of her husband. ~~The story is written by Kate Chopin and~~ *Chopin* has several cases of irony and symbols with key meanings embedded. Firstly, heart trouble anchors the central themes and ideas in the short story. The heart trouble afflicting Louise in the story is a symbolic malady representing her unhappiness with the lack of freedom and her ambivalence towards the marriage she is in. The readers and audience of this story first learn about the heart trouble ~~be~~ *at the beginning of the story* befalling Louise. As a matter of fact, Brently's death *has* ✓

We know that already - see p. 1 of your paper

announcement is made ^{more} so threatening by Louise's heart trouble.

People who have weak hearts ^{fun} in the long time, are not able to deal with death ~~news~~ in a strong and independent way. When she reflects on the newly [?] found independence after the news of her dead husband, her ² beat faster, or races pumping blood so speedily through her veins. At the end of the story, Louie ⁵ des, and her heart disease diagnosis seems appropriately fitting because the shock of seeing her husband alive again ⁸ was enough to send her six feet under ^{PT} (Chopin, 16). However, when the doctors report that she has died out of overwhelming joy, readers sense irony since she had died from the loss of joy. ✓

From a deeper analysis, she seems to have passed on from a broken heart, occasioned by ^{the} loss of her-much appreciated and loved independence following news of her husband's death (Chopin, 16). The other major symbol used in the story is an open window. In connection with the themes and central meaning of the story, especially ^{the} on independence, the open window is ^{what} through ^{and it is} which she constantly gazes represents opportunity and freedom awaiting her in the aftermath of her husband's death. From the window, Mrs. Mallard sees the treetops, the fluffy clouds and the blue sky. ^{she whispers} On page 16, she whispering, "Free! Body and soul free!" (Chopin, 16). ✓

Further, she can hear birds and people singing, aside from smelling ^{the} coming rainstorm. Through her senses, everything she experiences suggests spring and joy- indicating new life. Once she is overindulged in the excitement of the impending freedom and independence, she feels that the open window is giving her ^{it's} the life itself (Chopin, 16). The open window gives a bright, clear ^{view} views into the distance and her own bright future, which seems clear of demands and instruction from another person-her husband. Therefore, it is not a coincidence when she ^{of the} turns from the view ^{that} and open view, she loses her independence and freedom as well.

You need to have a concluding paragraph revisiting your thesis statement.

It's fine

Work Cited

Don't bold

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Review how to do a ~~works~~ Cited.

Your thesis needs more development.
Proofreading would have helped you
avoid most of these errors.

Bring this to the WTTTC.

Revise v. carefully.

or less effective told from a third-person point of view? Explain your answer.

8. CONNECTION TO ANOTHER SELECTION. Compare and contrast Ellison's view of the South with William Faulkner's in "A Rose for Emily" (p. 55).

PETER MEINKE (B. 1932)

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Peter Meinke was educated at Hamilton College (B.A., 1955), the University of Michigan (M.A., 1961), and the University of Minnesota (Ph.D., 1965). He has taught literature and creative writing at a number of schools, including Hamline University, Eckerd College, and Old Dominion University. Though Meinke is primarily a poet, he has also published two collections of short stories: *Piano Tuner* (1986), which won the Flannery O'Connor Award, and *Unheard Music* (2007). In a 1990 interview in *Clockwatch Review*, Meinke discussed the similarities he sees between short stories and poetry: "I think that certainly poetry and short stories are more alike than short stories and novels, because that's the main decision—leaving out the boffo endings, leaving out conversations that are extraneous. There's a big empty spot around poems and short stories, certainly. That's the thing they have very strongly in common." "The Cranes" is a fine example of the kind of literary economy that Meinke believes poetry and short stories often share.

The Cranes

1987

"Oh!" she said, "what are those, the huge white ones?" Along the marshy shore two tall and stately birds, staring motionless toward the Gulf, towered above the bobbing egrets and scurrying plovers.

"Well, I can't believe it," he said. "I've been coming here for years and never saw one."

"But what are they? Don't make me guess or anything; it makes me feel dumb." They leaned forward in the car, and the shower curtain spread over the front seat crackled and hissed.

"They've got to be whooping cranes, nothing else so big." One of the birds turned gracefully, as if to acknowledge the old Dodge parked alone in the tall grasses. "See the black legs and black wingtips? Big! Why don't I have my binoculars?" He looked at his wife and smiled.

"Well," he continued after a while, "I've seen enough birds. But whooping cranes, they're rare. Not many left."

"They're lovely. They make the little birds look like clowns."

"I could use a few clowns," he said. "A few laughs never hurt anybody."

"Are you all right?" She put a hand on his thin arm. "I feel I'm responsible. Maybe this is the wrong thing."

"God, no!" His voice changed. "No way. I can't smoke, can't drink martinis, no coffee, no candy. I not only can't leap buildings in a single bound, I can hardly get up the goddamn stairs."

She was smiling. "Do you remember the time you drank nine martinis and asked that young priest to step outside and see whose side God was on?"

"What a jerk I was! How have you put up with me all this time?"

"Oh no! I was proud of you. You were so funny, and that priest was a snot."

"Now you tell me." The cranes were moving slowly over a small hill-ock, wings opening and closing like bellows. "It's all right. It's enough," he said again. "How old am I anyway, 130?"

"Really," she said, "it's me. Ever since the accident it's been one thing after another. I'm just a lot of trouble to everybody."

"Let's talk about something else," he said. "Do you want to listen to the radio? How about turning on that preacher station so we can throw up?"

"No," she said, "I just want to watch the birds. And listen to you."

"You must be pretty tired of that."

She turned her head from the window and looked into his eyes. "I never got tired of listening to you. Never."

"Well, that's good," he said. "It's just that when my mouth opens, your eyes tend to close."

"They do not!" she said, and began to laugh, but the laugh turned into a cough and he had to pat her on the back until she stopped. They leaned back in silence and looked toward the Gulf stretching out beyond the horizon. In the distance, the water looked like metal, still and hard.

"I wish they'd court," he said. "I wish we could see them court, the cranes. They put on a show. He bows like Nijinsky and jumps straight up in the air."

"What does she do?"

"She lies down and he lands on top of her."

"No," she said, "I'm serious."

"Well, I forget. I've never seen it. But I do remember that they mate for life and live a long time. They're probably older than we are. Their feathers are falling out and their kids never write."

She was quiet again. He turned in his seat, picked up an object wrapped in a plaid towel, and placed it between them in the front. "Here's looking at *you*, kid," he said.

"Do they really mate for life? I'm glad — they're so beautiful."

"Yep. Audubon said that's why they're almost extinct: a failure of imagination."

"I don't believe that," she said. "I think there'll always be whooping cranes."

"Why not?" he said.

"I wish the children were more settled. I keep thinking it's my fault."

"You think everything's your fault. Nicaragua. Ozone depletion. Nothing is your fault. They'll be fine, and anyway, they're not children anymore. Kids are different today, that's all. You were terrific." He paused. "You were terrific in ways I couldn't tell the kids about."

"I should hope not." She laughed and began coughing again, but held his hand when he reached over. When the cough subsided they sat quietly, looking down at their hands as if they were objects in a museum. "I used to have pretty hands," she said.

"I remember."

"Do you? Really?"

"I remember everything," he said.

"You always forgot everything."

"Well, now I remember."

"Did you bring something for your ears?"

"No, I can hardly hear anything, anyway." But he turned his head at a sudden squabble among the smaller birds. The cranes were stepping delicately away from the commotion.

"I'm tired," she said.

"Yes." He leaned over and kissed her, barely touching her lips. "Tell me," he said, "did I really drink nine martinis?"

But she had already closed her eyes and only smiled. Outside, the wind ruffled the bleached-out grasses, and the birds in the white glare seemed almost transparent. The hull of the car gleamed beetle-like—dull and somehow sinister in its metallic isolation.

Suddenly, the two cranes plunged upward, their great wings beating the air and their long slender necks pointed like arrows toward the sun.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR CRITICAL THINKING AND WRITING

1. **FIRST RESPONSE.** What happens at the end of "The Cranes"? What do you think this story is about?
2. Point to incidences of suspenseful foreshadowing and discuss how they affect your understanding of the plot. Were you aware of the foreshadowing elements on a first reading or only after subsequent readings?
3. How might the cranes be read as both conventional and literary symbols in this story?
4. **CONNECTION TO ANOTHER SELECTION.** Consider how symbols convey the central meanings of "The Cranes" and of either Kate Chopin's "The Story of an Hour" (p. 13) or Gail Godwin's "A Sorrowful Woman" (p. 38).

KATE CHOPIN (1851-1904)

The Story of an Hour

1894



Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy arm-chair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was

striving to beat it back with her will — as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him — sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being! 15

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door — you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. 20 There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.