**Loneliness**

Of mice and men of John Steinbeck

Lennie and crooks

Crooks, the Negro stable buck, had his bunk in the harness room; a little shed that leaned off the wall of the barn. On one side of the little room there was a square four-paned window, and on the other, a narrow plank door leading into the barn. Crooks' bunk was a long box filled with straw, on which his blankets were flung. On the wall by the window there were pegs on which hung broken harness in process of being mended; strips of new leather; and under the window itself a little bench for leather-working tools, curved knives and needles and balls of linen thread, and a small hand riveter. On pegs were also pieces of harness, a split collar with the horsehair stuffing sticking out, a broken hame, and a trace chain with its leather covering split. Crooks had his apple box over his bunk, and in it a range of medicine bottles, both for himself and for the horses. There were cans of saddle soap and a drippy can of tar with its paint brush sticking over the edge. And scattered about the floor were a number of personal possessions; for, being alone, Crooks could leave his things about, and being a stable buck and a cripple, he was more permanent than the other men, and he had accumulated more possessions than he could carry on his back Crooks possessed several pairs of shoes, a pair of rubber boots, a big alarm clock and a single-barrelled shotgun. And he had books, too; a tattered dictionary and a mauled copy of the California civil code for 1905. There were battered magazines and a few dirty books on a special shelf over his bunk. A pair of large gold-rimmed spectacles hung from a nail on the wall above his bed. This room was swept and fairly neat, for Crooks was a proud, aloof man. He kept his distance and demanded that other people keep theirs. His body was bent over to the left by his crooked spine, and his eyes lay deep in his head, and because of their depth seemed to glitter with intensity. His lean face was lined with deep black wrinkles, and he had thin, pain-tightened lips which were lighter than his face. It was Saturday night. Through the open door that led into the barn came the sound of moving horses, of feet stirring, of teeth champing on hay, of the rattle of halter chains. In the stable buck's room, a small electric globe threw a meagre yellow light. Crooks sat on his bunk. His shirt was out of his jeans in back. In one hand he held a bottle of liniment, and with the other he rubbed his spine. Now and then he poured a few drops of the liniment into his pink-palmed hand and reached up under his shirt to rub again. He flexed his muscles against his back and shivered.

The old Man and the sea

Hemingway

The battle with the merlin

*The Fisherman has sailed out in the bloom to catch a big fish. This is an extract of the battle between the fisherman and the merlin.*

"I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and settled himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish through the line he held across his shoulders moving steadily toward whatever he had chosen.

When once, through my treachery, it had been necessary to him to make a choice, the old man thought.

His choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world. Now we are joined together and have been since noon. **And no one to help either one of us.** Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman, he thought. But that was the thing that I was born for. […] Then he cut the other line closest to him and in the dark made the loose ends of the reserve coils fast. He worked skillfully with the one hand and put his foot on the coils to hold them as he drew his knots tight. Now he had six reserve coils of line. There were two from each bait he had severed and the two from the bait the fish had taken and they were all connected. After it is light, he thought, I will work back to the forty-fathom bait and cut it away too and link up the reserve coils. […] Aloud he said, "I wish I had the boy." But you haven't got the boy, he thought. You have only yourself […] It was difficult in the dark and once the fish made a surge that pulled him down on his face and made a cut below his eye. The blood ran down his cheek a little way. But it coagulated and dried before it reached his chin[…] He adjusted the sack and carefully worked the line so that it came across a new part of his shoulders and, holding it anchored with his shoulders, he carefully felt the pull of the fish and then felt with his hand the progress of the skiff through the water. I wonder what he made that lurch for, he thought. The wire must have slipped on the great hill of his back. Certainly his back cannot feel as badly as mine does. But he cannot pull this skiff forever, no matter how great he is. Now everything is cleared away that might make trouble and I have a big reserve of line; all that a man can ask. "Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead." He'll stay with me too, I suppose, the old man thought and he waited for it to be light.[…] "He's headed north," the old man said. The current will have set us far to the eastward, he thought. […] "God let him jump," the old man said. "I have enough line to handle him." Maybe if I can increase the tension just a little it will hurt him and he will jump, he thought. Now that it is daylight let him jump so that he'll fill the sacks along his backbone with air and then he cannot go deep to die.[…] "Fish," he said, "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends." Let us hope so, he thought. A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired. The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable. "How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?" The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast. "It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. […]” he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway […] "Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish."[…]“Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

"You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I." He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone. You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore.[…] "I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," he said aloud.[…]"He has slowed much," he said.

The old man would have liked to keep his hand in the salt water longer but he was afraid of another sudden lurch by the fish and he stood up and braced himself and held his hand up against the sun. It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand. He knew he would need his hands before this was over and he did not like to be cut before it started.

"Now," he said, when his hand had dried, "I must eat the small tuna. I can reach him with the gaff and eat him here in comfort." He knelt down and found the tuna under the stern with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of the coiled lines. Holding the line with his left shoulder again, and bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the back bone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out on the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of the bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard. "I don't think I can eat an entire one," he said and drew his knife across one of the strips. He could feel the steady hard pull of the line and his left hand was cramped. It drew up tight on the heavy cord and he looked at it in disgust. "What kind of a hand is that," he said. "Cramp then if you want. Make yourself into a claw. It will do you no good." Come on, he thought and looked down into the dark water at the slant of the line. Eat it now and it will strengthen the hand. It is not the hand's fault and you have been many hours with the fish. But you can stay with him forever. Eat the bonito now. He picked up a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly. It was not unpleasant. Chew it well, he thought, and get all the juices. It would not be bad to eat with a little lime or with lemon or with salt. "How do you feel, hand?" he asked the cramped hand that was almost as stiff as rigor mortis. "I'll eat some more for you." He ate the other part of the piece that he had cut in two. He chewed it carefully and then spat out the skin. "How does it go, hand? Or is it too early to know?". […]"It is a strong full-blooded fish," he thought. "I was lucky to get him instead of dolphin. Dolphin is too sweet. This is hardly sweet at all and all the strength is still in it." There is no sense in being anything but practical though, he thought. I wish I had some salt. And I do not know whether the sun will rot or dry what is left, so I had better eat it all although I am not hungry. The fish is calm and steady. I will eat it all and then I will be ready. "Be patient, hand," he said. "I do this for you." I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother. But I must kill him and keep strong to do it. Slowly and conscientiously he ate all of the wedge-shaped strips of fish. He straightened up, wiping his hand on his trousers. "Now," he said. "You can let the cord go, hand, and I will handle him with the right arm alone until you stop that nonsense." He put his left foot on the heavy line that the left hand had held and lay back against the pull against his back. […]

Solitude

Frederic Leighton (1890)



Living On My Own

Freddy mercury

[](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lgeJWnZnzcQ)

Dee do dee do day

Dee do dee do dee do dee do day oh

Sometimes I feel I'm gonna break down and cry, so lonely

Nowhere to go, nothing to do with my time

I get lonely, so lonely, living on my own.

Sometimes I feel I'm always walking too fast, so lonely

And everything is coming down on me, down on me, I go crazy

Oh so crazy, living on my own.

Dee do de de, dee do de de

I don't have no time for no monkey business

Dee do de de, dee do de de

I get so lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, yeah

Got to be some good times ahead

Sometimes I feel nobody gives me no warning

Find my head is always up in the clouds in a dreamworld

It's not easy, living on my own, my own, my own

Dee do de de (lonely), dee do de de (lonely)

I don't have no time for no monkey business

Dee do de de, dee do de de

I get so lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, yeah

Got to be some good times ahead

C'mon baby

Dee do de de, dee do de de

I don't have no time for no monkey business

Dee do de de, dee do de de

I get so lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, yeah

Got to be some good times ahead

Yeah baby

Di di di di

Dibby dibby du-wop du-wop

yeah y-y-y-y-y-y-ow-yeah

Living on my own, living on my own

Living on my own, living on my own, wooh

da, day, day, day, day

di, di, di, di, di, di, di

Be-dop, be-dop, be-dop, be-dop

Be-dop, be-dop, be-dop, be-dop

Be-dop, be-dop, be-dop, be-dop

Woh!

Alone

Edgar Alan Poe

From childhood’s hour I have not been

As others were—I have not seen

As others saw—I could not bring

My passions from a common spring—

From the same source I have not taken

My sorrow—I could not awaken

My heart to joy at the same tone—

And all I lov’d—I lov’d alone—

Then—in my childhood—in the dawn

Of a most stormy life—was drawn

From ev’ry depth of good and ill

The mystery which binds me still—

From the torrent, or the fountain—

From the red cliff of the mountain—

From the sun that ’round me roll’d

In its autumn tint of gold—

From the lightning in the sky

As it pass’d me flying by—

From the thunder, and the storm—

And the cloud that took the form

(When the rest of Heaven was blue)

Of a demon in my view—

Prince William’s speech about  
 social networks

[…] You are creating a practical, powerful tool to help children use their smartphones and social media with confidence and with safety. I am so proud that this has sprung out of the Cyberbullying Taskforce work. […] To explain where I think we have got to, I want to begin by taking a step back to the early days of social media. Over a decade ago, when social media first became a standard part of daily life, there was so much justifiable reason for optimism. Some of this was about personal excitement. That friend we lost touch with was suddenly back in our lives. The grandparent living far away was now able to keep up with the day-to-day life of the family they cared so much about. The fun we had at parties, the victories we celebrated on the football pitch, the cake we ate at our child’s birthday – all of it was captured, posted and shared with our friends, making us feel closer to each other even when we were apart. And some of it was about the very nature of our society and culture. […] The platform that can allow you to celebrate diversity can also be used to cocoon yourself in a cultural and political echo chamber. The new ways we have to access news from across the world are also allowing misinformation and conspiracy to pollute the public sphere. The tools that we use to congratulate each other on milestones and successes can also be used to normalise speech that is filled with bile and hate. The websites we use to stay connected can for some create profound feelings of loneliness and inadequacy. And the apps we use to make new friends, can also allow bullies to follow their targets even after they have left the classroom or the playing field. It is this issue of cyberbullying that we have come here to discuss today. As we do, however, I believe it is crucial that we see the connections across all of these challenges.[…] I convened the Taskforce because I was a new parent. And I saw that my friends and peers were seriously worried about the risks of the very powerful tools we were putting in our children’s hands. For too many families, phones and social media shattered the sanctity and protection of the home. […] For too many, social media and messaging was supercharging the age-old problem of bullying, leaving some children to take their own lives when they felt it was unescapable.[…] I am very concerned though that on every challenge they face – fake news, extremism, polarisation, hate speech, trolling, mental health, privacy, and bullying – our tech leaders seem to be on the back foot.[…] They are so proud of what they have built that they cannot hear the growing concern from their users. And increasingly they seemed resigned to a posture with governments and regulators that will be defined by conflict and discord.[…]

Credits:

Of mice and men, John Steinbeck, Lennie and Crooks: <http://bit.ly/2QsHv8V>

The old man and the sea - Hemingway: <http://bit.ly/36pcM2c>

Solitude by Frederic Leighton: <http://bit.ly/2Fn5i3N>

Freddy mercury- living on my own: <https://youtu.be/lgeJWnZnzcQ>

Poem Edgar Alan Poe: <http://bit.ly/2QLwzCl>

Prince William’s speech: <http://bit.ly/2ZPLY8O>