

Literary text extract from *Small Fry* by Anton Chekhov

1 But such a flight promised nothing worth having.... After coming out of the office and
2 wandering about the town, Nevyrazimov would have gone home to his lodging, and in his
3 lodging it was even grayer and more depressing than in the office.... Even supposing he were
4 to spend that day pleasantly and with comfort, what had he beyond? Nothing but the same
5 gray walls, the same stop-gap duty and complimentary letters.

6 Nevyrazimov stood still in the middle of the office and sank into thought. The yearning for a
7 new, better life gnawed at his heart with an intolerable ache. He had a passionate longing to
8 find himself suddenly in the street, to mingle with the living crowd, to take part in the solemn
9 festivity for the sake of which all those bells were clashing and those carriages were rumbling.
10 He longed for what he had known in childhood -- the family circle, the festive faces of his
11 own people, the white cloth, light, warmth . . . ! He thought of the carriage in which the lady
12 had just driven by, the overcoat in which the head clerk was so smart, the gold chain that
13 adorned the secretary's chest. . . . He thought of a warm bed, of the Stanislav order, of new
14 boots, of a uniform without holes in the elbows. . . . He thought of all those things because he
15 had none of them.

16 "Shall I steal?" he thought. "Even if stealing is an easy matter, hiding is what's difficult. Men
17 run away to America, they say, with what they've stolen, but the devil knows where that
18 blessed America is. One must have education even to steal, it seems."

19 The bells died down. He heard only a distant noise of carriages and Paramon's cough, while
20 his depression and anger grew more and more intense and unbearable. The clock in the office
21 struck half-past twelve.

22 "Shall I write a secret report? Proshkin did, and he rose rapidly."

23 Nevyrazimov sat down at his table and pondered. The lamp in which the kerosene had quite
24 run dry was smoking violently and threatening to go out. The stray cockroach was still
25 running about the table and had found no resting-place.

26 "One can always send in a secret report, but how is one to make it up? I should want to make
27 all sorts of innuendoes and insinuations, like Proshkin, and I can't do it. If I made up anything
28 I should be the first to get into trouble for it. I'm an ass, damn my soul!"

29 And Nevyrazimov, racking his brain for a means of escape from his hopeless position, stared
30 at the rough copy he had written. The letter was written to a man whom he feared and hated

31 with his whole soul, and from whom he had for the last ten years been trying to wring a post
32 worth eighteen roubles a month, instead of the one he had at sixteen roubles.

33 "Ah, I'll teach you to run here, you devil!" He viciously slapped the palm of his hand on the
34 cockroach, who had the misfortune to catch his eye. "Nasty thing!"

35 The cockroach fell on its back and wriggled its legs in despair. Nevyrazimov took it by one
36 leg and threw it into the lamp. The lamp flared up and spluttered.

37 And Nevyrazimov felt better.

MADHAV MENON

Non-literary extract from *Parasite* (2019) by Bong-Joon Ho

Timestamp: (2:03:10-2:07:10)

Note: The original language of the movie was in Korean; there may be translation errors in the subtitles as a result.



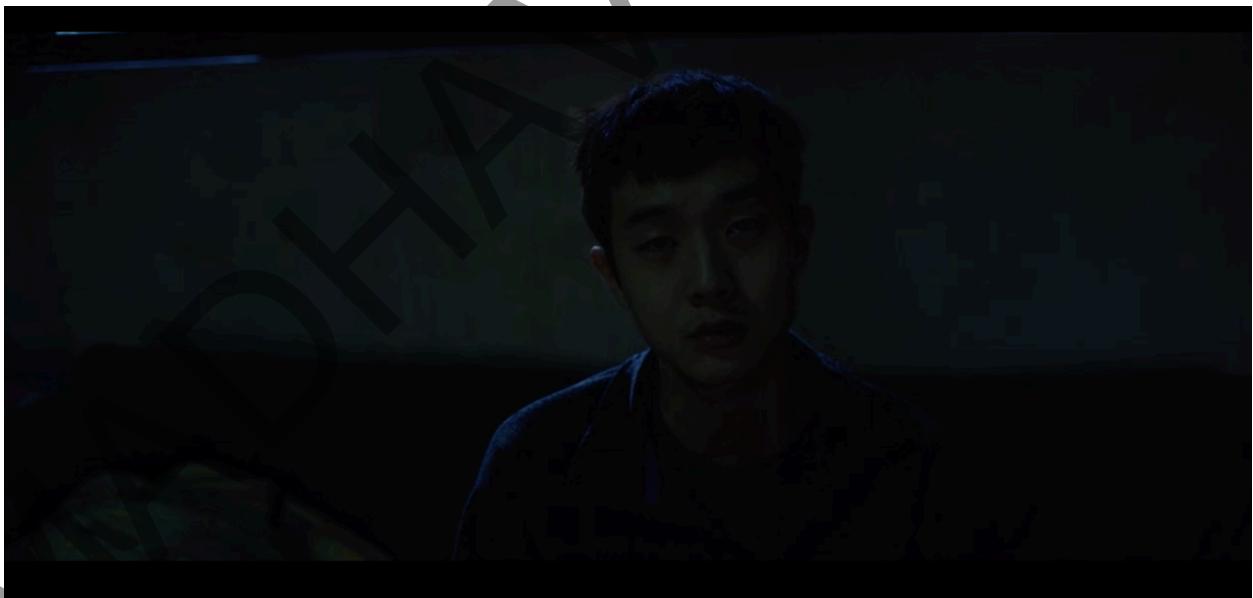
Frame one: “*Each time I go upstairs, I take my life in my own hands.*”



Frame two: “*Dad, today I made a plan. A fundamental plan.*”



Frame three: “I’m going to earn money. A lot of it.”



Frame four: “So long.”