

IntelliDoc — Condensed Summary PDF

Condensed Summary — 56 key sentences from 188 total

● Summary

Voc The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse William Saroyan This story is about two poor Armenian boys whe Ne toa tribe 8 hallmarks LES One day back there in, the good old days £wnes lwas nine and the world was full of every imaginablé kind of magnificence, and life was still a delightful and mysterious dream, Thy cd cousin Mourad who was considered crazy by everybody who knew him except me me, came. ton my house at four in the morning and woke me up tapping on the window AS: Ty room. are trust and honesty.

I couldn't believe what I saw. wy It wasn't morning yet, but it was summer and with daybreak not many minutes around 'the corner of the world it was light enough for me to know I wasn't dréaming.

N My cousin Mourad was sitting on a beautiful white horse.

Reprint 2025-26 Chap 1.indd 1 11/29/2024 2:23:09 PM --- Page 2 --- Chap 1.indd 2 VU J Snapshots LJ I knew my cousin Mourad enjoyed being alive more than anybody else who had ever fallen into the world by mistake, but this was more than even I could believe.

NO Consequently, even. though I I could see the, horse, so magnificent; even though I could smell it, so lovely; € even though.

T could hear it breathing, so exciting; I couldn't believe "the horse had' danything to do with my cousin Mourad or with me or with any of the other 7 members of our family, asleep or awake, because I knew, my cousin, Mourad couldn't have bought the horse, and if he couldn't Rave: bought ft-He. must have stolen it, and I refused to believe he had stolen it.

I stared first at amy, cousin and then at the horse.

There was a pious stillness and humour. in each of them which on the one hand delighted me and on the other frightened me, Mourad, I said,where did you steal this horse? \ Leap out of the window, he said, if you want to ride.

Well, it seemed to me stealing a horse for a ride was not the same thing as stealing something else, such as money.

If you were crazy about horses the way my cousin Mourad and 1 an Armenian tribe Reprint 2025-26 11/29/2024 2:23:09 PM --- Page 3 --- CI | The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse I were, it wasn't stealing.

It wouldn't become stealing until we offered to sell the horse, which of course, I knew we would never do.

I jumped down to the yard from the window and leaped up onto the horse behind my cousin Mourad.

My cousin Mourad who was considered one of the craziest members of our family began to sing.

Every family has a crazy streak in it somewhere, and my cousin Mourad was considered the natural descendant of that crazy streak in our tribe.

Once it was his own son Arak running eight blocks to the barber's shop where his father was having his moustache trimmed to tell him their house was on fire.

My cousin Mourad was considered the natural descendant of this man, although Mourad's father was Zorab, who was practical and nothing else.

At last my cousin Mourad said, Get down.

I asked. ? one of the long interior valleys of California Reprint 2025-26 Chap 1.indd 3 11/29/2024 2:23:09 PM --- Page 4 --- Snapshots LE yy Se | CM NS That is up to the horse, my cousin said «Get down.

The horse will let me ride Said. » OX We shall see, he said.

Well, I said, any way you have with a horse, I have also.

All right, I said, but remember you've got to let me try to ride alone.

I got down and my cousin Mourad kicked his heels into the horse and shouted, Vazire, run.

My cousin Mourad raced the horse across & field of dry grass to an irrigation ditch, crossed the ditch on the horse and five minutes later returned, dripping wet.

My cousin Mourad got off the horse.

Reprint 2025-26 Chap 1.indd 4 11/29/2024 2:23:10 PM --- Page 5 --- CI — | The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse Kick into his muscles, my cousin Mourad said.

Instead of running across the field to the irrigation ditch the horse ran down the road to the vineyard of Dikran Halabian where it began to leap over vines.

I continued down the road and my cousin, Mourad went across the field toward the irrigation ditch. (4 It took him half an hour to find the horse. and bring him pkey All right, he said, jump on.

PN Well, he said, we'll either take him back or hide him until tomorrow morning. rK V4 XY He didn't sound worried and I knew he'd hide him and not take him back.

I said. ez I know a place, he said.

Who said anything About stealing a horse? he said.

He walked the horse quietly to the barn of a deserted vineyard which at one time had been the pride of a farmer named Fetvajian.

It wasn't easy, he said, to get the horse to behave so nicely.

I have an understanding with a horse, he said.

Well, I said, I wish I knew how to reach an understanding like that with a horse. > ra You're still a small boy, he said.

My mother brought the lonely visitor coffee, and: 'tobacco and_ he rolled a cigarette and sipped and smoked, and then' nat 'ast, sighing sadly, he said, My white horse which was stolen last month is i8 Still gone S| 'cannot understand it.

What is this crying over a horse? ~~ That may be all right for. you) a city dweller, to say, John Byro said, but what of my surrey?

That horse cost me sixty dollars, the farmer said.

Reprint 2025-26 11/29/2024 2:23:10 PM --- Page 7 --- CI | The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse He has a gentle heart, she said.

The farmer went away and I ran over to my cousin Mourad's house.

I want you to promise not to take it back until I learn to ride It will take you a year to learn to ride, my cousin Mourad said.

S We could keep the horse a year, I said.

The bird tried hard, almost fell twice, but vi at last flew away, high and straight J IF Early every morning for | two weeks my cousin Mourad and I took the horse out of the barn of the deserted vineyard #1 | where we were hiding it and rode it, and every morning sthe horse, when' it was my turn to ride alone, leaped over grape vines and s small trees and threw me and ran away.

One morning on the way to Fetvajian's deserted vineyard we ran into the farmer John Byro who was on 1 his way to town.

Let me do the talking, m amy cousin Mourad said.

Good morning, J john 'Byro, my cousin Mourad said to the farmer.

My Heartmy cousin Mourad said in Armenian.

A lovely name, John Byro said, for a lovely horse.

Reprint 2025-26 Chap 1.indd 7 11/29/2024 2:23:10 PM --- Page 8 --- Chap 1.indd 8 Snapshots Tooth for tooth, he said.

Yet the horse is the twin of my horse.

Good day, John Byro, my cousin Mourad said.

Early the following morning we took the horse to John Byro's vineyard and put it in the barn.

My cousin Mourad put his arms around the horse, pressed his nose into the horse's nose, patted it, and then we went away.

SA >» That afternoon John Byro came to our house in his surrey and showed my mother the horse that had been stolen : and returned.

I do not know what to think, he said" The horse Js S stronger than ever.

Did O€ bc boys return ithe horse because they were conscience-stricken or becatise they were > afraid? 3. "One day back there in 1 the good old days when I was nine and the world was full 'of "every imaginable kind of magnificence, and life was still a. delightful and mysterious dream..." The story begins in a mood 'of, nostalgia.

Try Tus Our "The horse stood on its hind legs, snorted, and burst into a fury of speed that was the loveliest thing I had ever seen." These lines could be an artist's delight.

● Key Points

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