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“Are we not doing phrasing anymore?”

Embedding Data Science in the Humanities



a: 2, across: 1, again: 1, ahead: 1, along: 1, and: 1, as: 1,
below: 1, between: 1, blue: 1, chateau: 1, could: 1, cove: 1,
cry: 1, dashed: 1, dead: 1, drew: 1, ever: 1, far: 1, feet: 1,
forced: 1, gap: 2, gloomy: 1, gray: 1, ground: 1, had: 1,
hardly: 1, he: 6, heard: 1, hesitated: 1, him: 1, himself: 1,
hissed: 1, hounds: 2, into: 1, it: 2, leaped: 1, nearer: 1, nerve:
3, of: 2, on: 1, out: 1, pack: 1, panted: 1, rainsford: 3,
reached: 1, rumbled: 1, sea: 3, see: 1, shore: 1, showed: 1,
stone: 1, that: 1, the: 12, then: 1, to: 1, took: 1, toward: 1,
trees: 1, tumbled: 1, twenty: 1, up: 1, was: 1, when: 1

Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the ground when the pack took up the cry again. "Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the chateau. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the chateau. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea. . . .

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy from a silver flask, lit a cigarette, and hummed a bit from *Madame Butterfly*.

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great paneled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of Pol Roger and half a bottle of Chambertin. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course, the American hadn't played the game—so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur. In his library he read, to soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten he went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight, so, before turning on his light, he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. He could see the great hounds, and he called, "Better luck another time," to them. Then he switched on the light.

A man, who had been hiding in the curtains of the bed, was standing there.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said. "Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford." . . .

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

Phrasing = Sequencing = Narrative

- Some straightforward **definitions** of narrative
- Recent **cognitive** studies of narrative
- Current turn to **one-text corpus stylistic** explorations of narrative
- How to use one text to explore data science (because **humanities**)

Not everything everyone else is calling a story, or narrative, is one ...



Modes of Discourse

- narration
- description
- report
- information
- argument

Synthesis: Four Dimensions of Narrative

- situated
- sequenced
- particular
- experience(d)

situated: narratives must be interpreted in light of a specific discourse context or occasion for telling.

sequenced: a narrative cues interpreters
to draw inferences about a **structured**
time-course of particularized events

particular: narrative events introduce some sort of disruption or disequilibrium into a storyworld involving human or human-like agents

qualia: narratives convey the experience
of living [through a *storyworld-in-flux*]
highlighting the pressure of events on
real or imagined consciousnesses

Case Study in Cognition

In Charenton, north of Lake Charenton, there was an old Indian named Jim. And they asked old Jim where might be a certain marked oak tree north of the lake. And old Jim said he knew. So they went. They started digging. And as soon as they had dug a ways, there was a great big bull that came through the woods with flames coming out of his nose. So it passed. And it just touched the shovel of the man who was digging, and all of them got away. So as soon as the man looked, all the others were gone. So he left, too. And the man told the Indian, "Well," he said, "I'll have to go back to town for a spirit controller." So he said, "I'll be back." So some time later, he came back but it was during the time of the vigilantes, you know, the Ku Klux Klan. And his wife thought they were the ones who wanted to talk to him. So his wife didn't want him to go with them. So the spirit controller said to the Indian, "Will you give us your share?" And the Indian said, "Yes, go ahead, you all can have it." So they went. So some time later, the Indian said to my late father -- He was going through the woods not far from there. So he decided he would go north of the lake to see, you know. The hole was there, and the chest, and the markings of dollars were on the wood that they have broken off of the chest. So they had found it. The spirit controller had done it. It must be that he controlled the bull, the fire-breathing bull. But they said the flame was coming out of its nose and they could hear it coming through the woods. They heard the wood cracking, you know, when he jumped. The louder it cracked, the closer he came, until he was right next to them.

One day ... my family was kind of weird. Because they would always try to dig for money. So one day ... I was young, about twelve I guess. So my mother ... couldn't leave me home, had to take me out there. So we went out there, to a place called the country, some property we had out there, about an acre of land. So they said form a circle. And this is ... my eyes seen this myself. We formed this circle, man. My brother, my brother was preaching. He was digging in the middle. We were all around him and he was digging in the middle. Man, he took that shovel. I guess from the way it looked it must have been a shovel deep, about like this. Something went yanga yanga yanga yang. And then went boom. And when you looked again, they had a fucking coffin, man. Solid gold. Open it up, nothing but coins in there. And then a bull appeared, just appeared out of nowhere. The bull had fire coming out his nose and his eye was red red red. And you hadn't supposed to talk, because it would break the chain of everything. That's just how it was. That bull started charging. I was trying to get out of there. I'm young. I don't know what's going on. My mother telling me just don't move. There ain't nothing, ain't nothing. You just seeing things. And that sucker come up from me to like where I'm sitting to you and disappeared. Now you know that scared the shit out of me. I was damn near shitting in my clothes. My uncle come up in the car. And when he drove in the yard that shit exploded. And when I looked again it didn't look like anyone had dug in the ground at all. Everything disappeared.

bulls

spirit controller / preacher

shovel

chest / coffin

somebody else got it / nobody got it

3rd person / 1st person

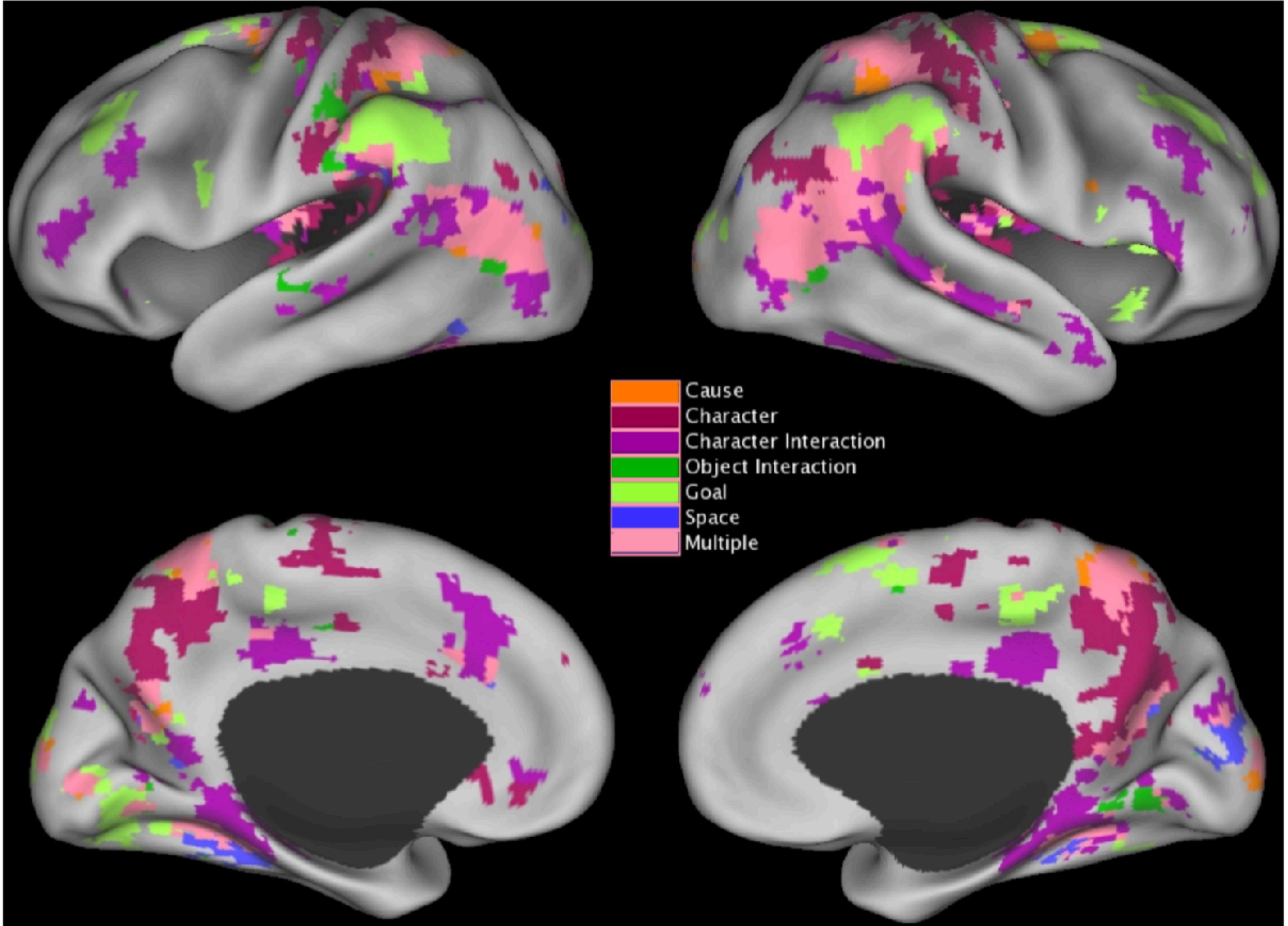
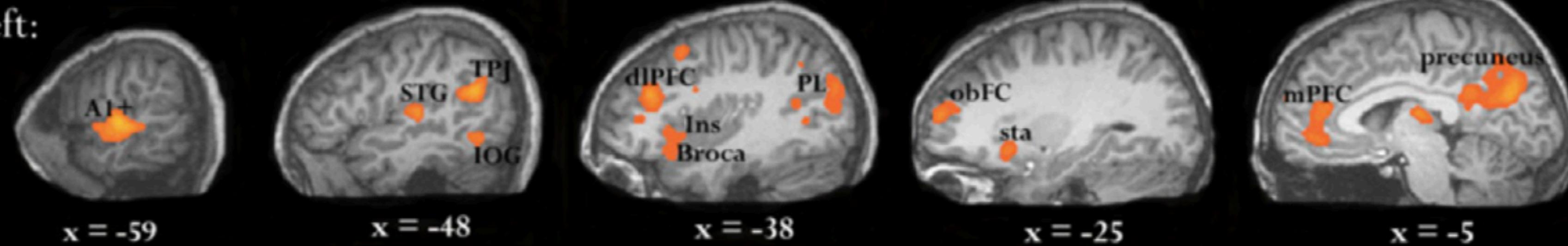


FIGURE 3 | Distribution of brain areas with significant transient changes at event boundaries, projected on inflated renderings of the cortical hemispheres using CARET (Van Essen et al., 2001) and the PALS cortical surface atlas (Van Essen, 2005). Coloring shows the z statistic value at each voxel.

A Speaker-Listener Neural Coupling

left:



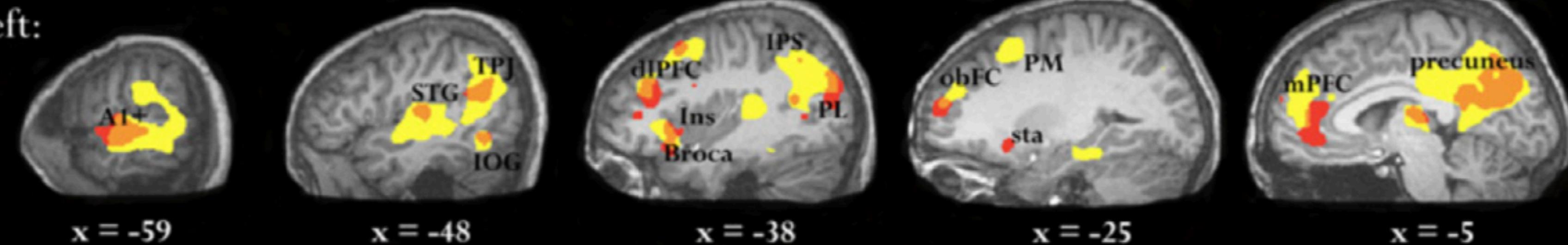
r=0.4

r=0.2

0.05 FDR
corrected

B Overlap of Speaker-Listener and Listener-Listener Neural Coupling

left:



lis-lis

overlap

sp-lis

0.05 FDR
corrected

“One text does it all.”



The Most Dangerous Game

First published in *Collier's* on 19 January 1924.

First adapted to film in 1932. Then again in 1945, 1956, 1961, 1972 (twice), 1987, 1994, 1997, 2004.

Television: too many times to count.
(Every series does it, if its run is long enough. E.g., "El Contador" in S3 of *Archer*.)



summary

The Most Dangerous Game

Richard Connell

"OFF THERE to the right—somewhere—in a lagoon island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery."

"The old chart call it 'Sailorless Island,'" Whitney replied. "A mysterious name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious kind of place. I don't know who gave it that."

"I can see it," remarked Rainbird, gazing to peer through the dark tropical night that surrounded him as far as his eyes could see. "It's a good spot," said Whitney with a laugh, and they soon picked up a small meeting in the bushes at their headland, just as you can't see four miles or so through a noxious Caribbean fog."

"Not far off," admitted Rainbird. "It's like most black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should make it in a few days. I hope the sugar boats come from Pardys. We shall have some good hunting on the amateur."

"We'll be back," said Rainbird.

"Come to us," invited Whitney. "No, not for us."

"Don't you like us?" asked Rainbird. "You're a big game hunter, not a philosopher. Who can tell where a jaguar tracks?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney.

"But I've no understanding."

"Eric, we, I understand such things. It's the fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainbird. "This hot weather is mating you soft, Whitney. It's made up of two classes—the hunters and the hunted. Luckily you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I think not; it is dark. That's all."

"Why?" asked Rainbird.

"The place has a reputation—a bad one."

"Can't tell?" suggested Rainbird.

"Hardly from animals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's been told to me, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a little too tense, though?"

"They were a bit strange, new yearmen to us, Captain Nitrous."

"Yes, even a tough-minded old swab, who'd go apes the devil himself and die for a light. These fine blue eyes held a look I never saw them before. All

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

I couldn't get out of him. This place has its evil name among seafaring men, sir. Then he said to me, very gruff, 'Don't you feel anything?'—as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now you mustn't laugh when I tell you this—I did feel something like a coldish chill."

Rainbird remembered the event. They had come from the right, and suddenly he knew that division, commencing with down-dropping mists, was beginning his nightmare. It was beginning to settle down on the shore.

"There was no light. The darkness was flat as a plain game window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a mental chill, a sort of sudden death."

"Pure imagination," said Rainbird.

"Yes, I suppose it is the whole ship's atmosphere which fills me."

"May be. But sometimes I think alone, now as often as not, that I recognize something in the darkness. I feel as if there were many lights, but as if I stepped along to see it. The great atmosphere that all the lights were in, one atmosphere, and my heart beat with pain, my pulse racing, my spirit torn in half."

"He's right," Rainbird said. "I feel that the world is round that night. He did not try to wish death to mean round the coast. He had it again, then it was out there by accident more. Like this."

"Pshaw!" snorted Rainbird, swimming on.

"Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears—the most welcome he had ever had—the muttering and growling of the sea breaking or a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw crimson anger less colors he could have been dressed against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself ashore, and, sprawling upon the rocks, he lay there, his head resting upon the deck, his hands clasped behind his head, his feet flat on the sand, his body rigid, his eyes closed. Again Rainbird heard the heavy knock of the engine, the roar of the wind through the darkness, and the sound of the propeller.

"Then he said, 'Eric, you're wrong. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous animal in the world.'"

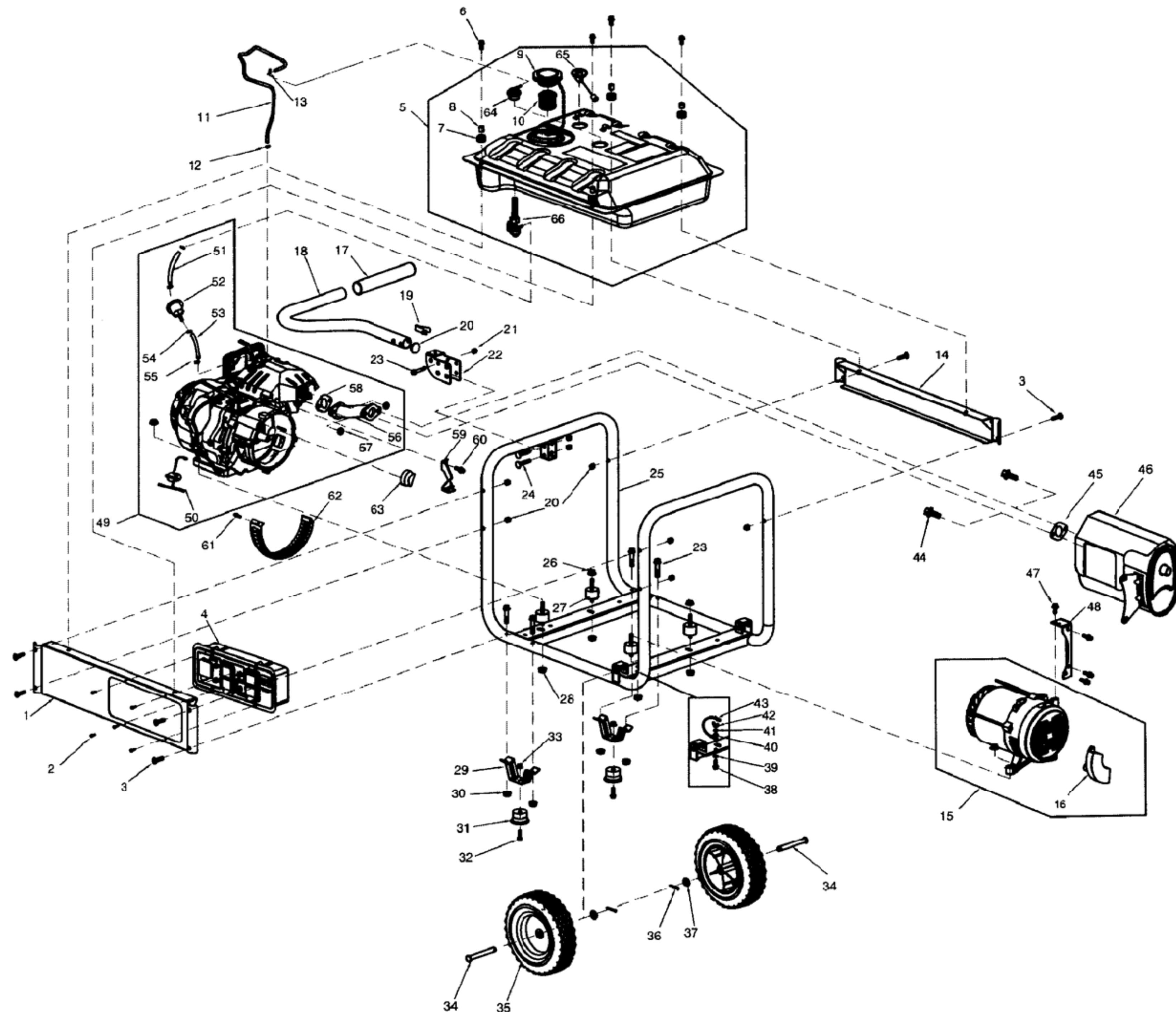
"Eric, you're wrong. The Cape buffalo is the largest. I overrate."

"I'm afraid you're right," said Rainbird.

"Eric, you're right. I'm afraid you're right."

"Eric, you're right. I

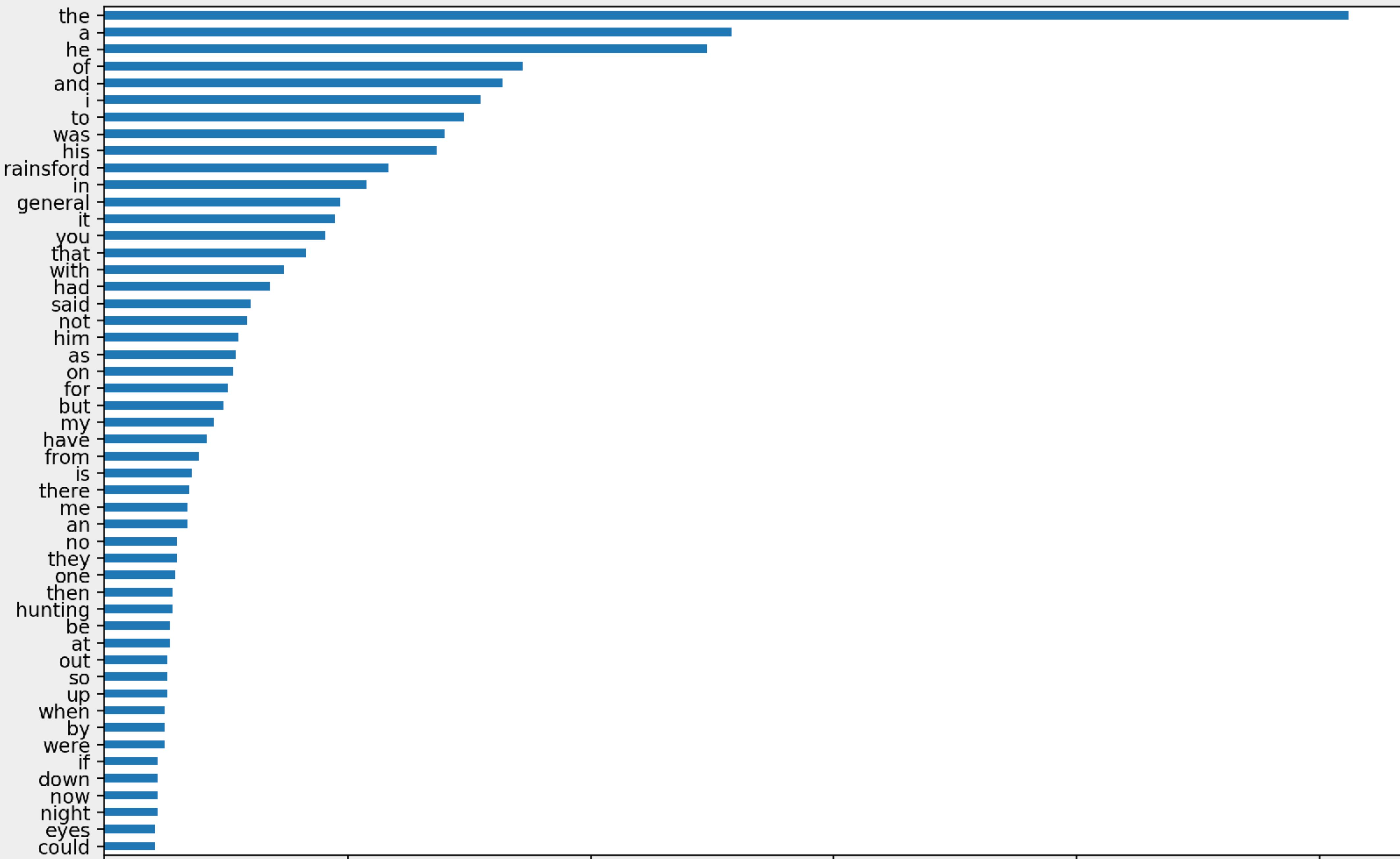
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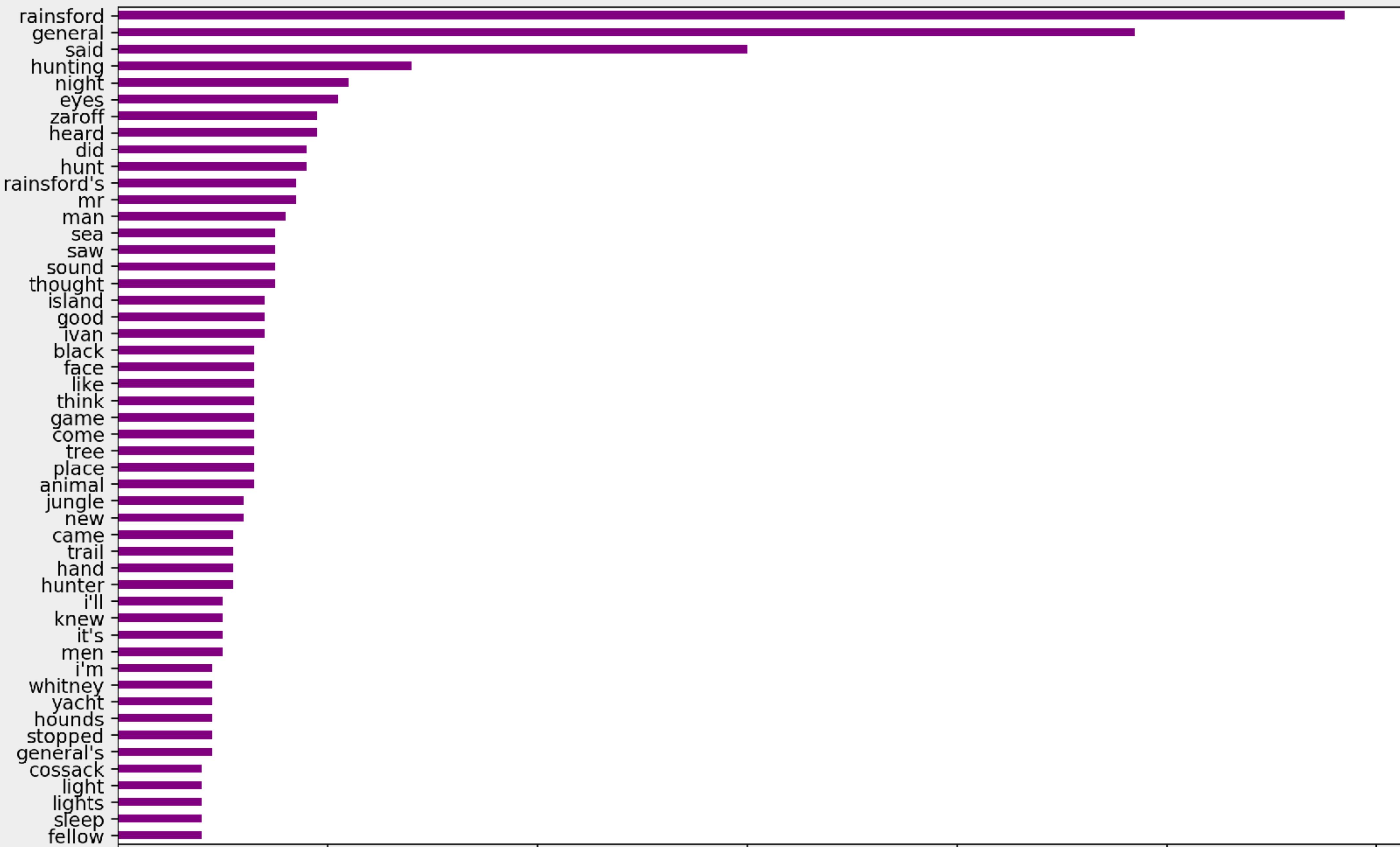
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Granularity / Populations / Subcorpora

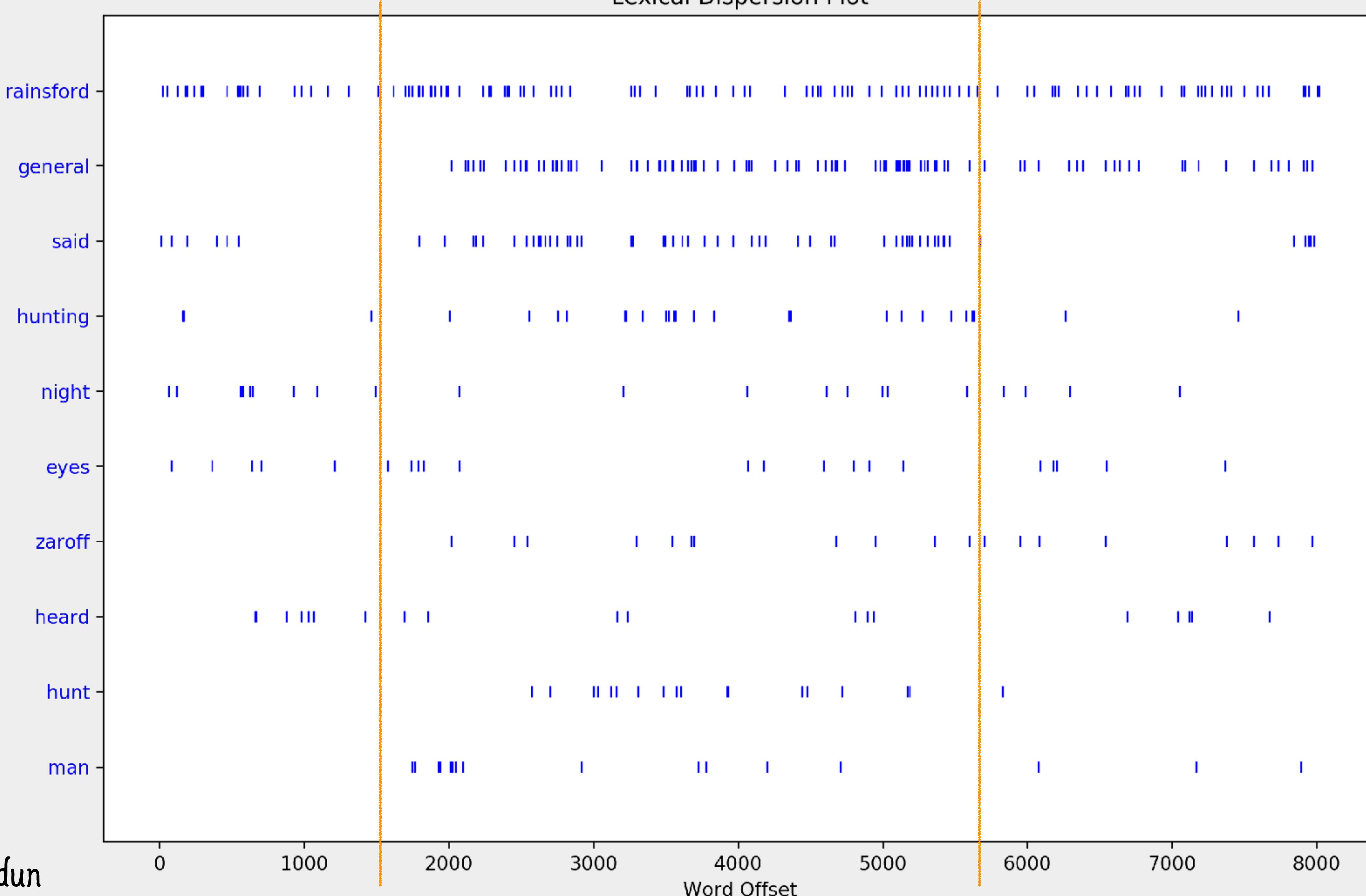
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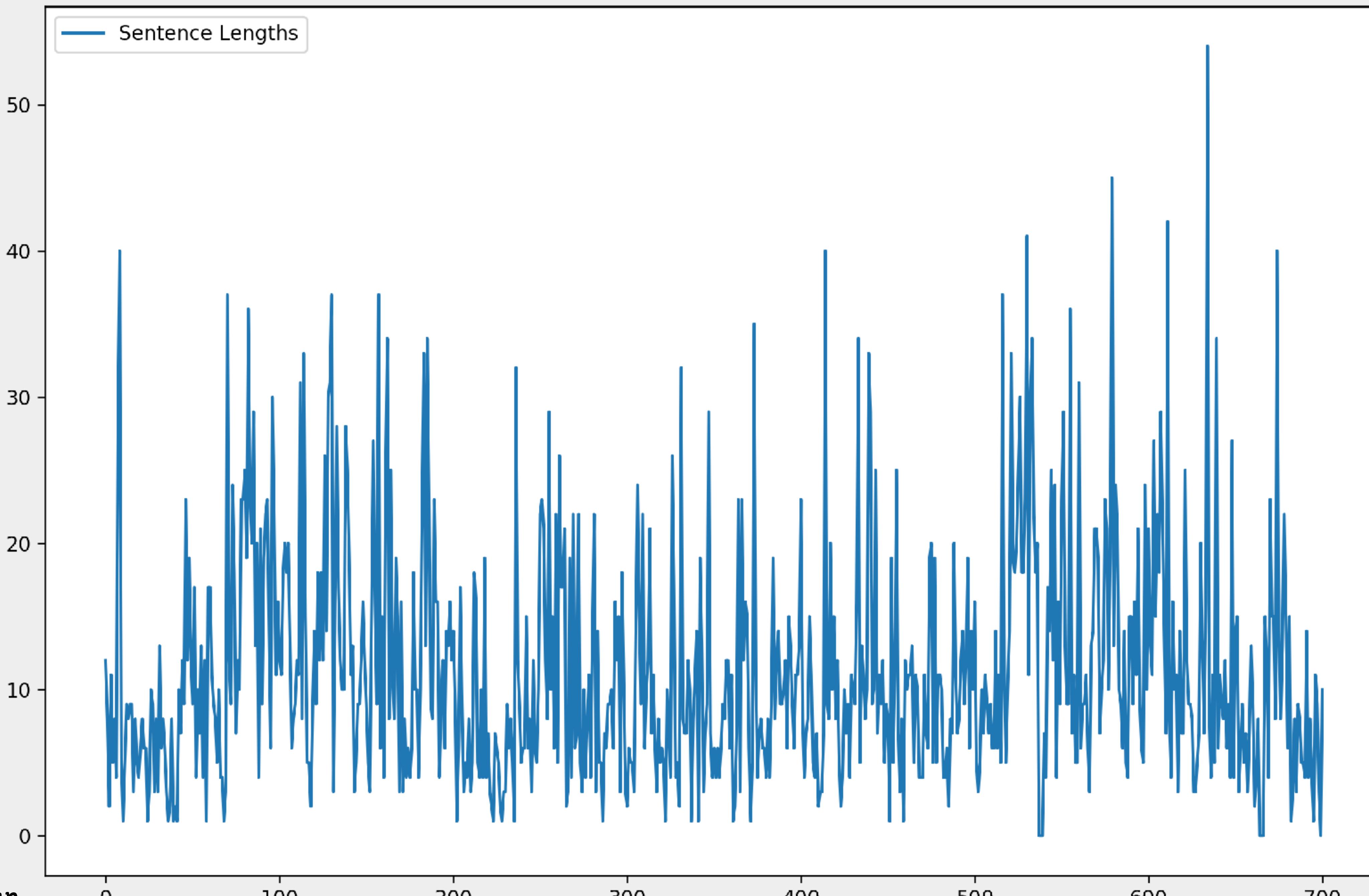
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a	258	could	21	its	11	coming	7	bed	6	strength	4	want	4	any	3
he	248	can	21	even	11	never	7	dear	6	lips	4	faint	4	mark	3
i	177	this	20	trail	11	give	7	took	6	danger	4	shoulders	4	trying	3
of	172	himself	20	here	11	smiled	7	dark	6	old	4	seemed	4	tall	3
and	164	zaroff	20	ve	11	looked	7	toward	6	mind	4	jaguar	4	once	3
to	148	are	20	came	11	too	7	air	5	cut	4	hundred	4	remarked	3
was	140	see	19	hunter	11	quarry	7	door	5	glass	4	long	4	yards	3
his	137	what	19	hand	11	almost	7	tell	5	still	4	let	4	quite	3
rainsford	134	heard	19	go	10	held	7	two	5	voice	4	raised	4	someone	3
in	108	man	19	would	10	follow	7	brought	5	shook	4	climbed	4	god	3
general	106	made	18	more	10	went	7	second	5	pointing	4	may	4	entirely	3
it	105	hunt	18	get	10	than	7	suggest	5	mean	4	silver	3	table	3
you	105	about	18	am	10	smile	7	upon	5	flight	4	please	3	turn	3
that	87	did	18	most	10	big	7	revolver	5	lost	4	stakes	3	fox	3
with	74	ll	18	another	10	find	7	dead	5	nothing	4	things	3	sign	3
had	68	we	17	only	10	bit	7	nearer	5	day	4	taking	3	mouth	3
said	60	do	17	knew	10	window	7	last	5	dangerous	4	feeling	3	seen	3
not	59	through	17	men	10	something	7	name	5	bottle	4	stone	3	such	3
s	56	mr	17	along	10	way	7	swamp	5	tigers	4	sanger	3	dressed	3
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as	54	some	16	hounds	9	began	7	reason	5	chateau	4	dozen	3	tight	3
on	53	all	16	very	9	shall	7	stood	5	opened	4	rocks	3	straight	3
for	51	sea	15	well	9	pit	7	hope	5	death	4	hours	3	sat	3
but	49	must	15	or	9	every	7	ever	5	perhaps	4	morning	3	blackness	3
my	45	saw	15	has	9	fear	7	sharp	5	cape	4	hardly	3	call	3
have	42	ivan	15	whitney	9	after	7	enough	5	buffalo	4	pressed	3	try	3
from	39	thought	15	many	9	oh	7	darkness	5	small	4	behind	3	hall	3
there	37	them	15	stopped	9	clothes	6	feel	5	leaped	4	use	3	large	3
is	36	into	15	m	9	whole	6	pointed	5	head	4	ship	3	luckily	3
me	34	sound	15	great	8	should	6	yes	5	sometimes	4	fresh	3	dogs	3
an	34	good	14	light	8	put	6	time	5	going	4	perfect	3	much	3
they	32	again	14	nerve	8	pistol	6	room	5	steps	4	woods	3	shoulder	3
no	30	island	14	giant	8	ground	6	course	5	young	4	explained	3	swam	3
one	29	come	13	wish	8	rest	6	open	5	tried	4	four	3	underbrush	3
hunting	28	tree	13	life	8	cigarette	6	grew	5	bush	4	thank	3	make	3
then	28	place	13	sleep	8	know	6	over	5	answer	4	Showed	3	smoke	3
at	27	face	13	three	8	high	6	rather	5	asked	4	shot	3	other	3
be	27	think	13	strong	8	right	6	foot	5	mine	4	cat	3	startled	3
so	26	off	13	cossack	8	pack	6	weeds	5	evil	4	visit	3	courtyard	3
out	26	black	13	feet	8	away	6	called	5	read	4	short	3	suggested	3
were	25	your	13	how	8	reached	6	world	5	idea	4	trees	3	hands	3
when	25	animal	13	first	8	always	6	say	5	turned	4	show	3	best	3
up	25	been	13	fellow	8	gave	6	just	5	direction	4	uniform	3	quicksand	3
by	25	like	12	lights	8	who	6	shore	4	real	4	shots	3	play	3
night	24	new	12	before	8	which	6	struck	4	sailors	4	wounded	3	laugh	3
now	22	why	12	don	7	far	6	near	4	huge	4	knocker	3	baying	3
t	22	game	12	against	7	thick	6	re	4	kind	4	really	3	win	3
down	22	where	12	knife	7	their	6	evening	4	suppose	4	heart	3	finished	3
if	22	jungle	12	thing	7	cry	6	water	4	hunted	4	match	3	slender	3



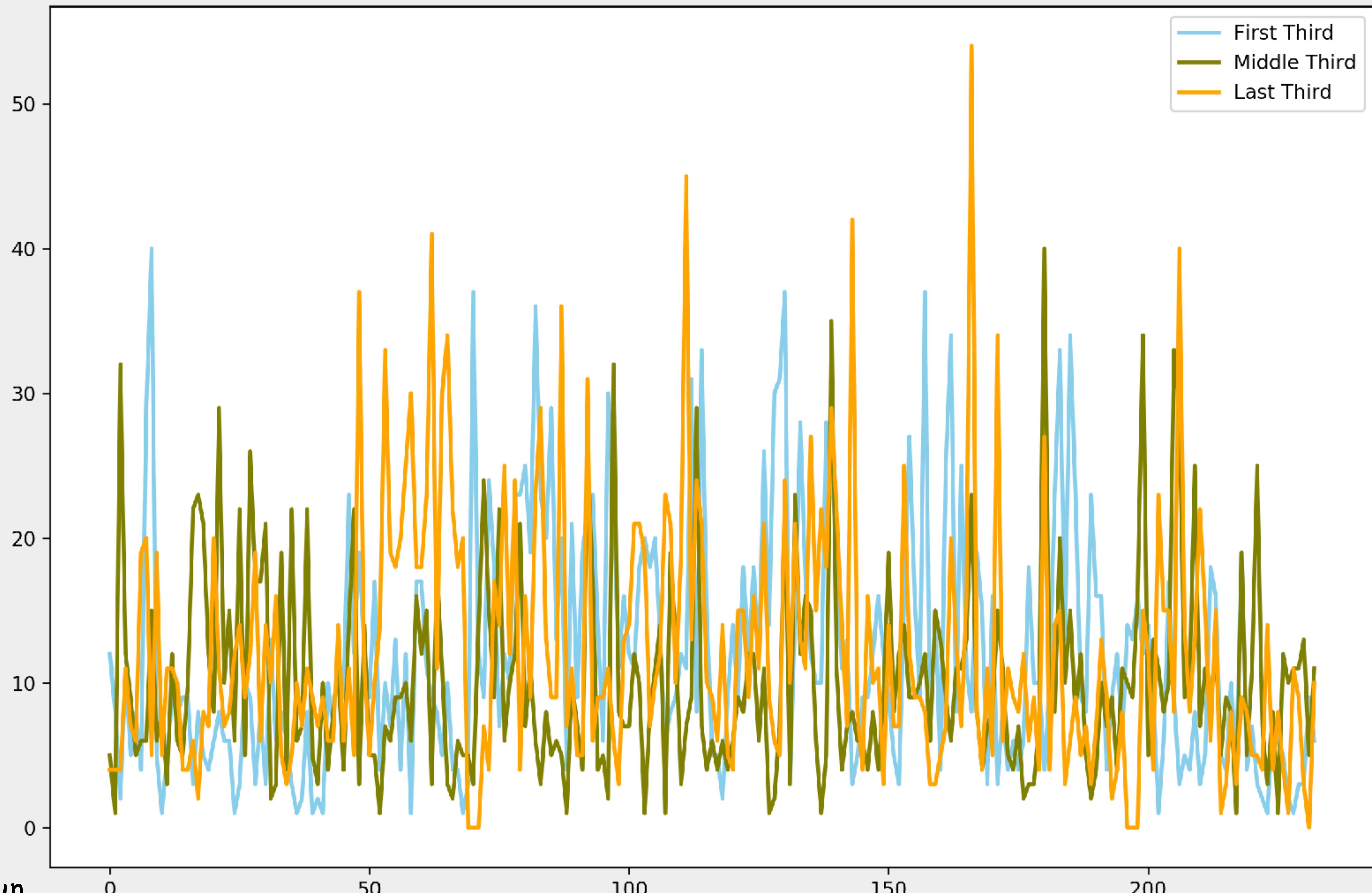
Lexical Dispersion Plot



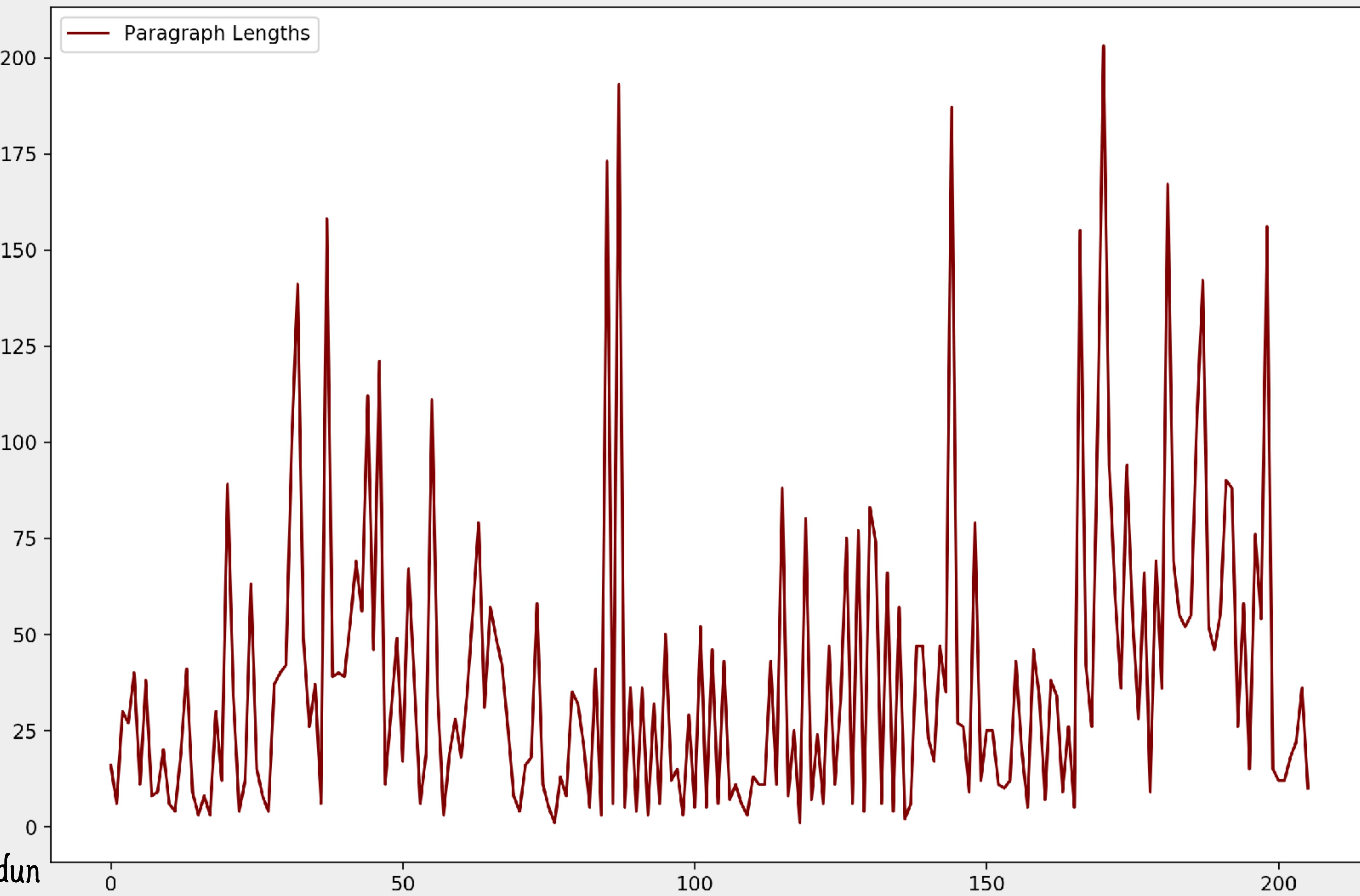
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"OFF THERE to the right—somewhere—is a large island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery—"

"What island is it?" Rainsford asked.

"The old charts call it 'Ship-Trap Island,'" Whitney replied. "A suggestive name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don't know why. Some superstition—"

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.

"You've good eyes," said Whitney, with a laugh, "and I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Nor four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come from Purdy's. We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world!" agreed Rainsford.

"For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing—fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Whitney. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the hunted. Luckily you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation—a bad one."

"Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's gotten into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielsen—"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was 'This

place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely, 'Don't you feel anything?'—as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn't laugh when I tell you this—I did feel something like a sudden chill."

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was—a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread."

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford.

"Or superstitious sailor can taunt the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing—with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the afterdeck."

"Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Right. Good night, Whitney."

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there but the muffed throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

Rainsford, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite briar. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids—"

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain coolheadedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing flickers; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then—

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

"Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears—the most welcome he had ever heard—the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling tides. Jagged crags appeared to jump up into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.

When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford foundered along by the water. Not far from where he landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing—by the evidence, a large animal—had thrashed about under the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye and he picked it up. It was an empty cartridge.

"Twenty-two," remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It's clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find—the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but waste was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line; and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building—a lofty structure with pointed towers pluming upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial chateau; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet above it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it crept up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it started him with its booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall. The door opened—so suddenly as if it were on a spring—and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen—a gigantic creature, solidly made and black bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of heard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointing as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform—a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said, "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheekbones, a sharp nose, a spare, dark face—the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Is he Russian?"

"He is a Cossack," said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth. "So am I."

"He shouldn't be chattered here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most restful spot."

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on, noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory tables where twosome men could sit down to eat. About the half were mounted heads of many animals—lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had seen. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

"You'll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford," he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest—the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating borsch, the rich, red soup with whipped cream so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said, "We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here. Please forgive any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?"

"Not the least," declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one small trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life,

Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well-cooked filet mignon. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster."

"Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute."

"I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly, "No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my presence on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is the big game on this island?"

The general nodded. "The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, general?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled. "No," he said. "Hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford."

The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society."

"But what game—" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port?"

"Thank you, general."

The general filled both glasses, and said, "God makes some men poets. Some He makes kings, some beggars. Me He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old he gave me a little gun, specially made in Moscow for me, to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his prize turkeys with it, he did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear in the Caucasus when I was ten. My whole life has been one prolonged hunt. I went into the mountains—it was expected of noblemen's sons—and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed."

The general puffed at his cigarette.

The general puffing at his cigarette.

"After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was imprudent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities, so I shall never have to open a teemor in Monte Carlo or drive a taxi in Paris. Naturally, I continued to hunt—grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't." The Cossack sighed. "They were no match at all for a hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America businessmen often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life."

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

Rainsford was thinking.

"Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"Oh," said the general, "in that case—but why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of Veuve Clicquot, unless—"

The general sipped his wine.

The general was a horseman. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest, too, that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him."

You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after dinner. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? Au revoir, Mr. Rainsford, au revoir!" General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strode from the room.

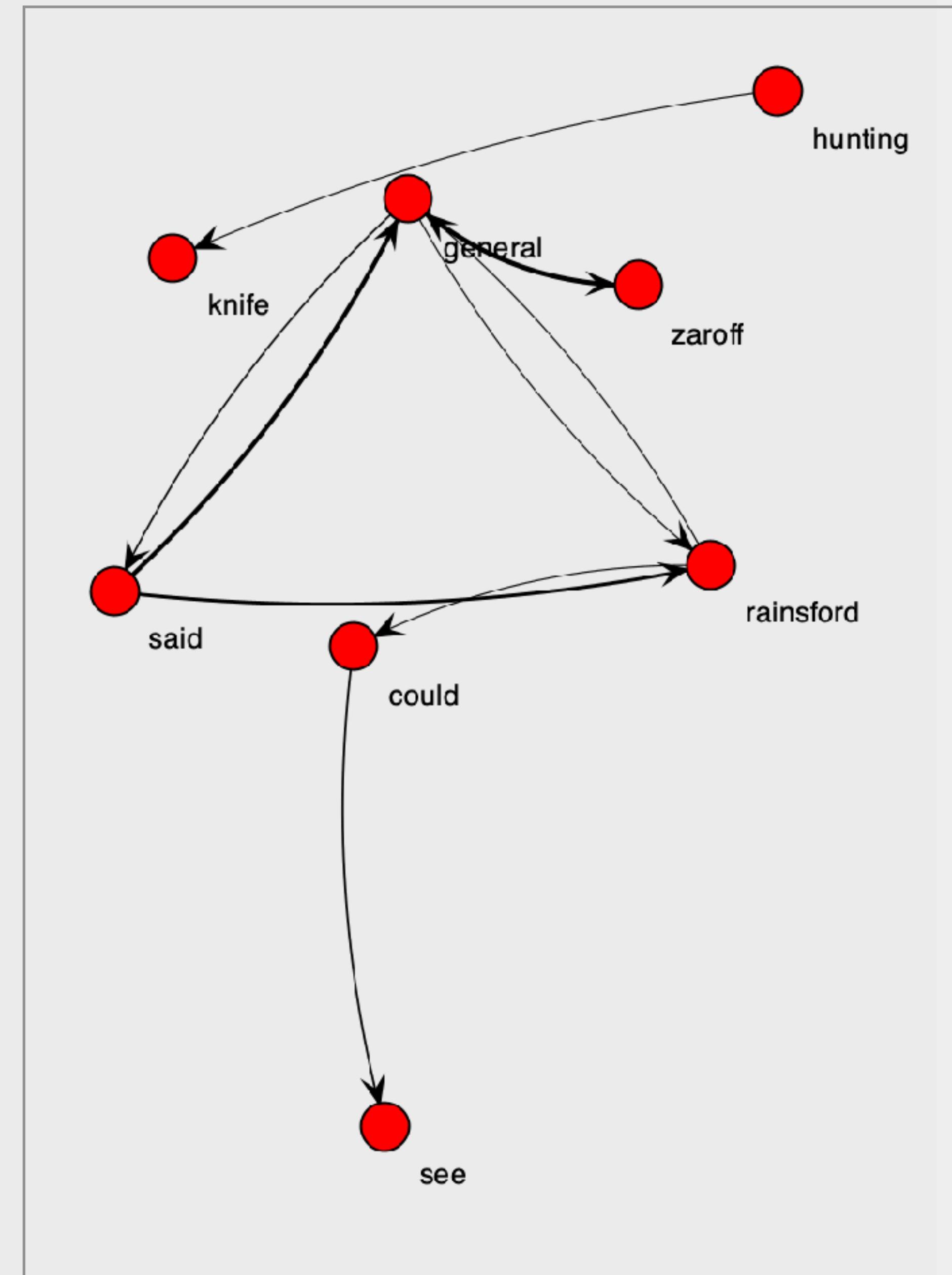
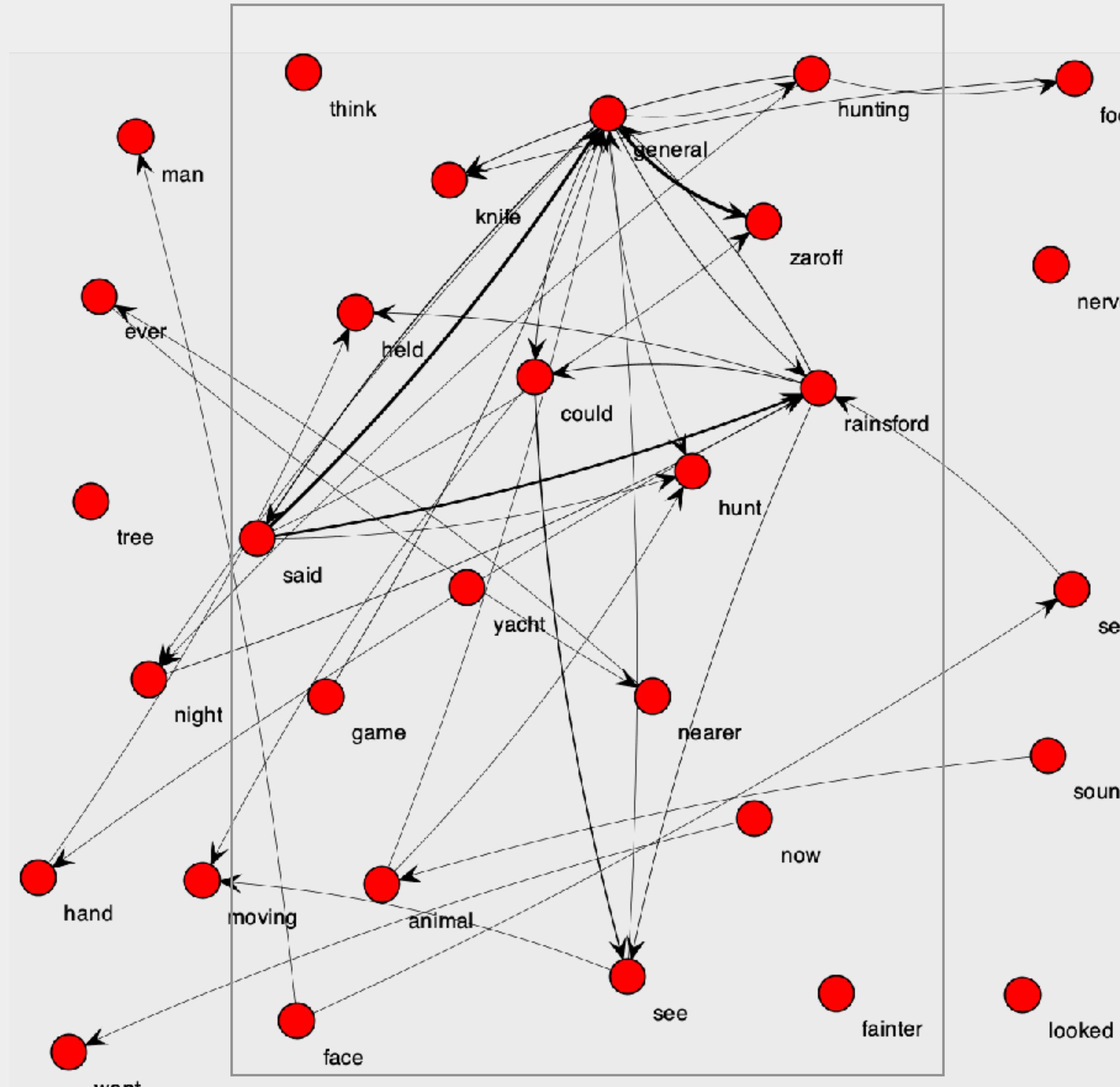
From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash about his waist.

Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," he said through tight teeth.

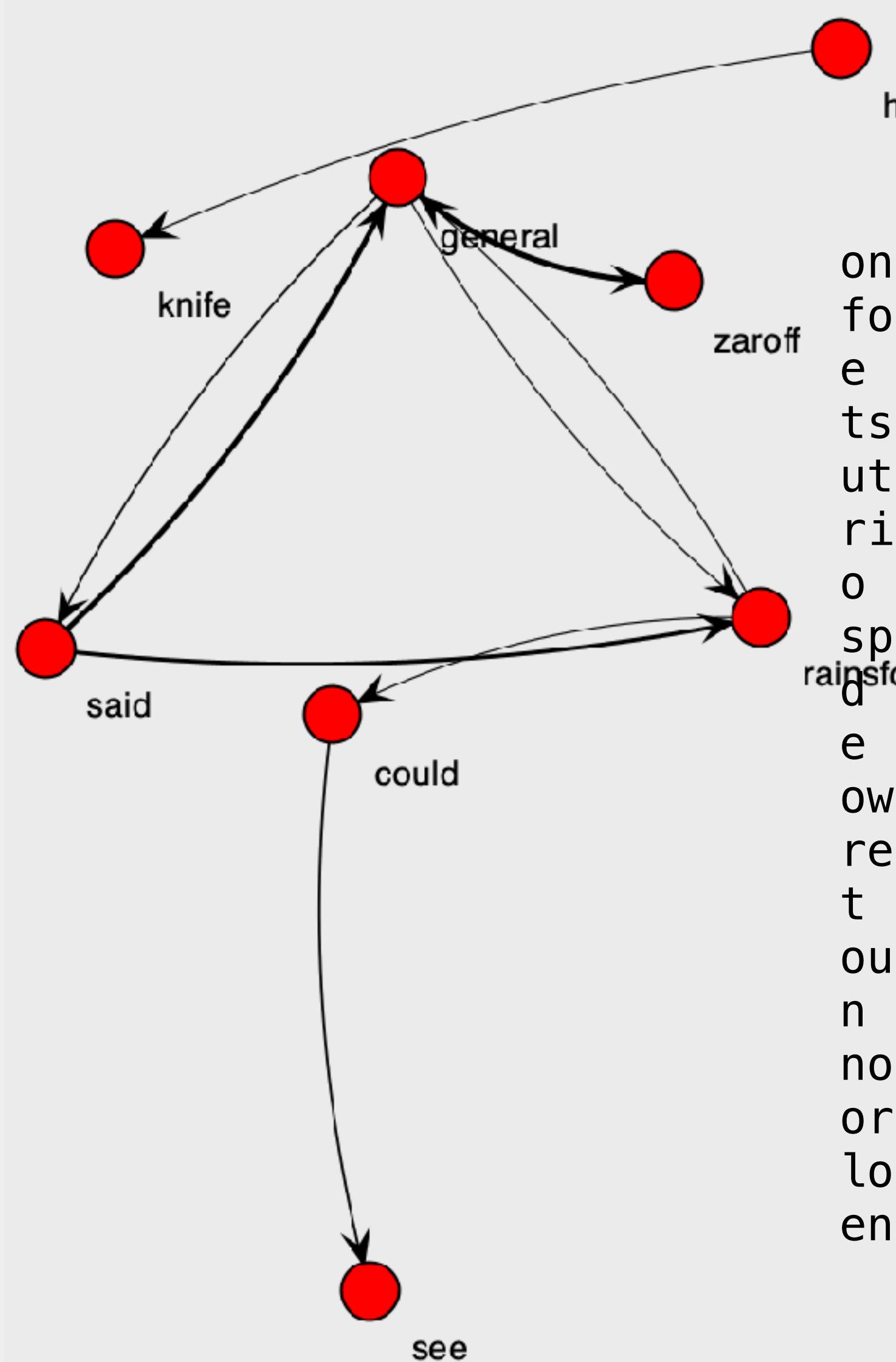
Rainsford had fought his way through the bushes and was taking stock of himself and the situation. His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff; and, to this end, he had

plunged along, spurred on by the sharp powers of something very like panic. He was in a picture with a frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

"The general smiled.



@johnlaudun



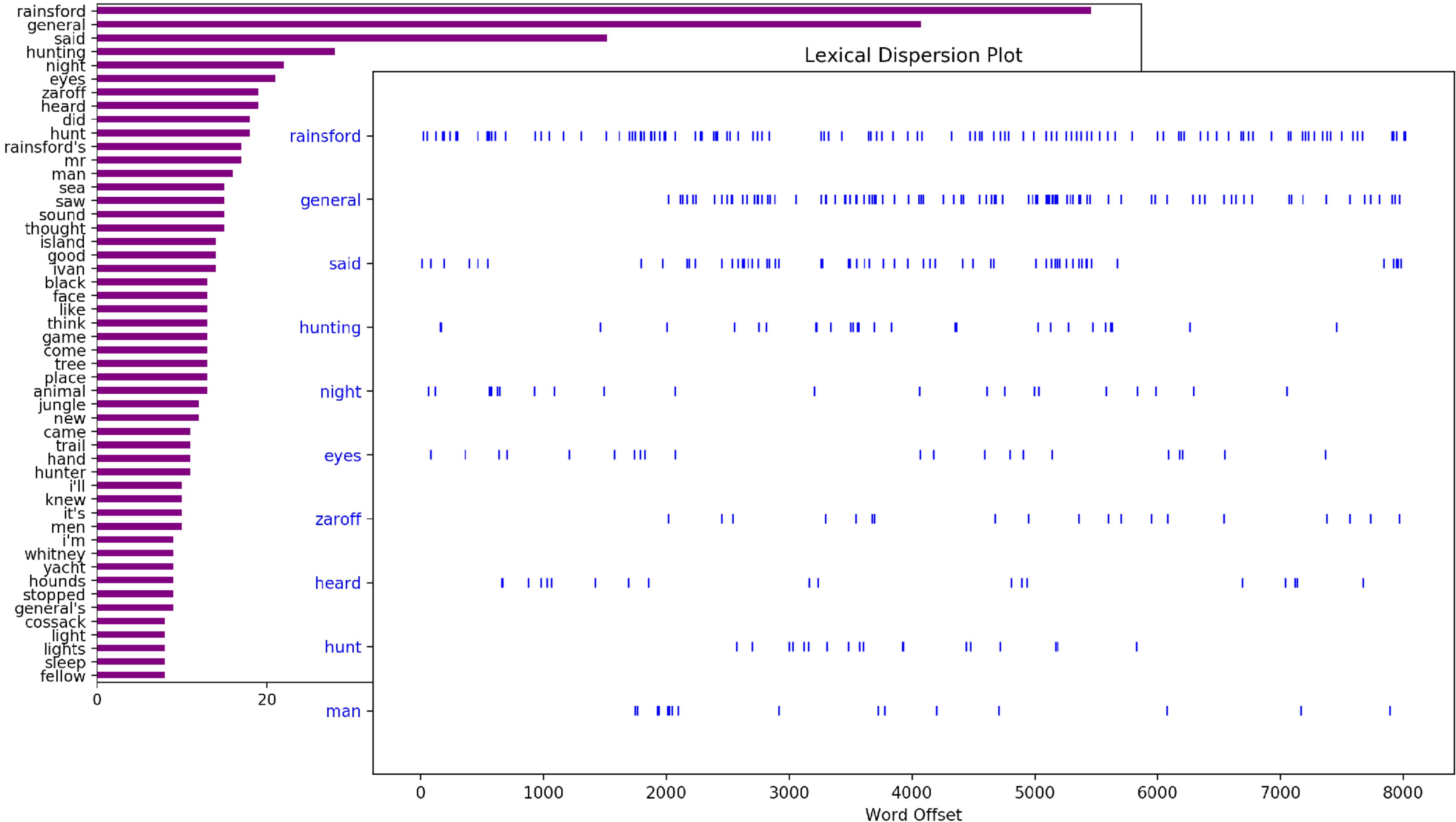
on't know why some superstition can't see it remarked **rainsford** trying to peer
 four hundred yards but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless c
 e afterdeck good night then **rainsford** see you at breakfast right good night whi
 ts had come but it was like trying to see through a blanket he leaped upon the
 ut hunting snow leopards in tibet **you see** explained the man i am general zaroff
 rised that i recognized your name **you see** i read all books on hunting published
 o i exhausted their possibilities **you see** no thrill left in tigers no real dang
 splendid physical condition **you shall see** for yourself tomorrow what do you mea
 d his tongue in check it's a game **you see** pursued the general blandly i suggest
 e courtyard below and **rainsford could see** moving about there a dozen or so huge
 ow moon and by its wan light he **could see** dimly the courtyard there weaving in
 rest chance had the **cossack failed to see his quarry rainsford's** second thought
 t rainsford crouching there **could not see** the general nor could he see the pit
 ould not see the general **nor could he see** the pit he lived a year in a minute t
 n you score i think mr **rainsford i'll see** what you can do against my whole pack
 not a quarter of a mile away **he could see** the bush moving straining his eyes he
 ore of the sea across a cove **he could see** the gloomy gray stone of the chateau
 looked down at the courtyard **he could see** the great hounds and he called better
 enerall made one of his deepest bows **i see** he said splendid one of us is to furn

Displaying 7 of 7 matches:

ply of food and an excellent hunting **knife** i give him three hours' start i am t
pply you with hunting clothes food a **knife** i suggest you wear moccasins they le
ath containing a long bladed hunting **knife** his right hand rested on a cocked re
his sack of food rainsford took his **knife** from its sheath and began to work wi
ng and to it he fastened his hunting **knife** with the blade pointing down the tra
pped too they must have reached the **knife** he shinned excitedly up a tree and l
ill on his feet but ivan was not the **knife** driven by the recoil of the springin

Displaying 12 of 12 matches:

ached a flat place at the top dense **jungle** came down to the very edge of the c
on him he flung himself down at the **jungle** edge and tumbled headlong into the
nbroken front of snarled and ragged **jungle** fringed the shore he saw no sign of
hrashed about in the underbrush the **jungle** weeds were crushed down and the mos
rkness was blacking out the sea and **jungle** when rainsford sighted the lights h
accustomed to the deck than to the **jungle** he raised his hand and ivan who ser
gan to come he heard far off in the **jungle** the faint report of a pistol genera
that complicated trail through the **jungle** after dark but perhaps the general
silence of a dead world was on the **jungle** toward morning when a dingy gray wa
al's mocking laugh ring through the **jungle** rainsford called the general if you
e shoulders surged through the tall **jungle** rainsford called the general if you
it quicker than walking through the **jungle** the general sucked in his breath an



“The decomposition of words into morphemes illustrates one of the fundamental properties of human language — discreteness. In all languages, discrete linguistic units combine in rule-governing ways to form larger units.”

(Fromkin, Rodman, Hyams 2003:76)



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Thank you.

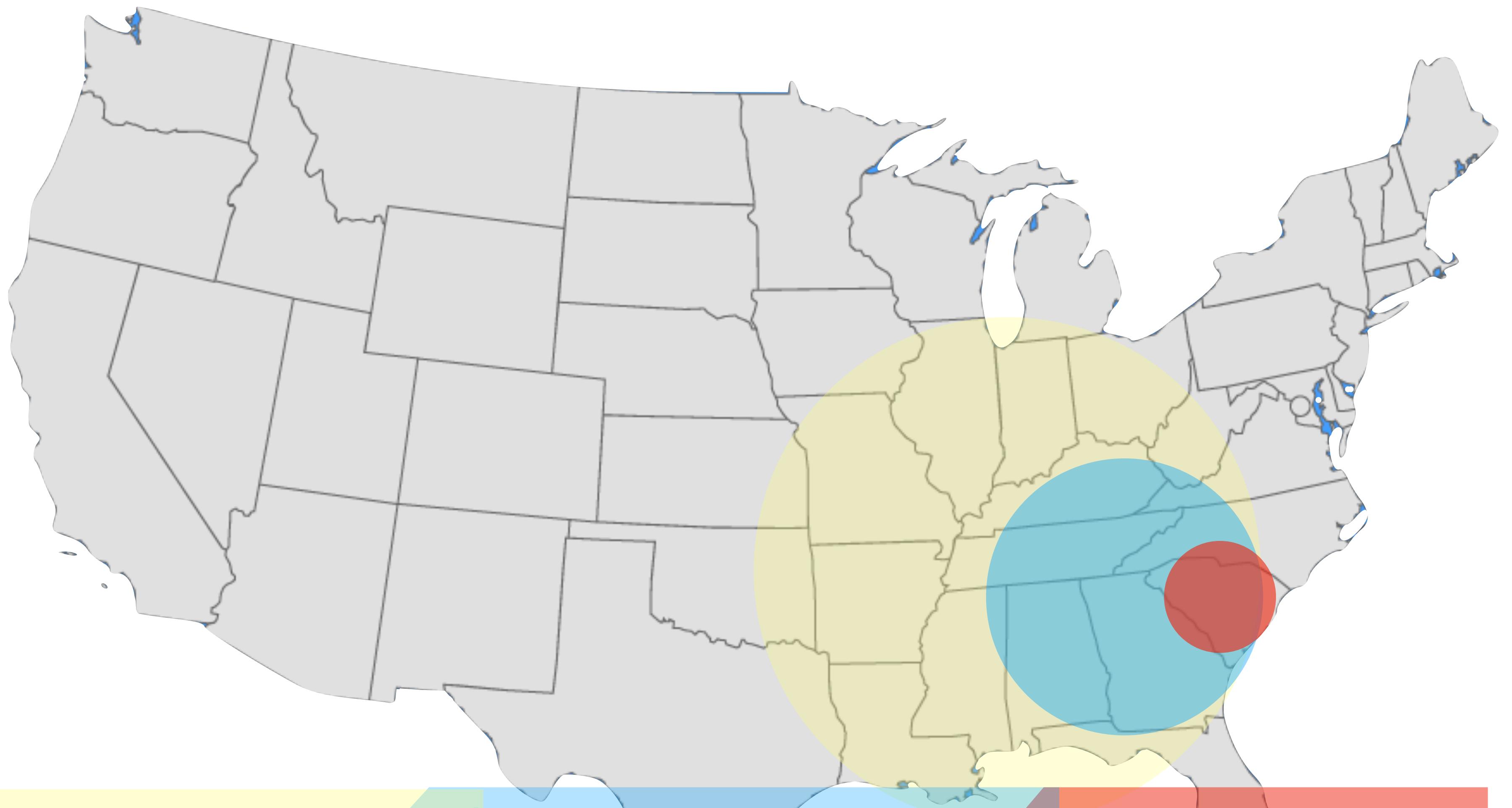
[//github.com/johnlaudun/SDSS2019](https://github.com/johnlaudun/SDSS2019)

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Extra Slides



Clowns on the internet
threaten children at school
with unknown weapons

Clowns in woods/playgrounds
threaten children/adults
with knives.

Clowns in woods
lure children
with candy/cash.

A woman told a responding deputy that her son had “seen clowns in the woods whispering and making strange noises” at around 8:30 p.m. that night. She said the boy led her to where he saw the clowns, and then she also saw them “flashing green laser lights” before they ran away into the woods, according to the report. Around that same time, the woman’s older son reported hearing “chains and banging on the front door” of their residence. The deputy investigating the case said another woman at the same apartment complex said she saw a clown outside around 2:30 a.m. that morning. The “large-figured clown with a blinking nose, standing under a post light near the garbage dumpster area” waved at her, and she waved back, according to the police report. “The suspect did not approach her or harm her.”

A Facebook post threatening a shooting on Halloween night turned into an “almost viral event” that was then transformed into claims of school shootings by clowns, the Greeley Police Department said Tuesday. The post prompted extra security at schools and several calls to police. Police said a 15-year-old forwarded a Facebook message that originally claimed shootings would be carried out near Island Grove Park on October 31.

