

Computational Linguistics II

Assignment 2

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1.

(a)

Name:

Movie Theatre in a Shopping Mall

Props:

Screen

Seats

Gallery

Projector

3D glasses

Money

Ticket

Roles:

Viewer

Security Guard at Mall entrance

Theatre Employee at Ticketing Kiosk

Security at Theatre Entrance

People at the shopping mall

Audience Members at the theatre

Entry Conditions:

Viewer wishes to watch the movie

Viewer has sufficient money

Viewer is not carrying any objectionable goods

Results:

Viewer has less money

The theatre owner/management has more money

Viewer has experienced the particular movie

Scene 1: Entering

Viewer enters the Shopping Mall

Viewer is scanned at the security gate

Viewer is allowed in

Viewer looks for the theatre's ticketing booth

Viewer stands in the queue in front of the ticketing booth

Scene 2: Booking

Viewer enquires about the available seats for the particular movie at the particular time and date

Theatre Employee at the ticket counter informs viewer about his/her options and the ticket prices

Viewer makes a choice

Viewer pays for the ticket

Viewer receives the ticket

Scene 3: Finding place

Viewer goes through theatre security

Viewer finds the screen where the movie will be shown

Viewer enters the particular gallery

Viewer finds his/her seat

Viewer sits down

Scene 4: Watching

Viewer watches movie

Scene 5: Exit

Viewer leaves the theatre through the exit door when the movie ends

Viewer finds the nearest shopping mall exit

Viewer leaves the shopping mall

(b)

Name:

Clothing Store

Props:

Racks

Hangers

Clothes

Billing Desk

Other apparels

Money

Bill

Carry bags

Roles:

Shopper

Store Assistants

Cashier

Billing counter assistant

Entry Conditions:

Shopper wishes to buy clothes

Shopper has sufficient money

Results:

Shopper has less money

The clothing store owner/management has more money

Shopper has new clothes

Scene 1: Entering

Shopper enters the Clothing store

Shopper goes around the store looking for options

Scene 2: Choosing

Shopper looks for a store assistant

Store assistant lets shopper know about available discounts

Shopper selects the set of clothes he/she wishes to buy

Shopper carries all the selected clothes in a basket to the billing counter

Scene 3: Billing

Shopper stands in the billing queue

Shopper greets the cashier

Cashier scans in all the products and informs the shopper about the total amount payable

Shopper pays the bill

Billing counter assistant puts the goods purchased into a carry bag

Shopper receives the bag and the final bill

Scene 4: Exit

Shopper looks for the nearest exit

Shopper walks towards the nearest exit

Shopper leaves the store

2.

The Story:

GENRE: Folktales

CULTURE: Norwegian

THEME: Stubbornness, heroines

WORD COUNT: 2173 words

Once there was a lad named Leif. Now, Leif was a likeable fellow, and handsome to boot. But he never wanted to listen to anyone, and he always had to do things his own way.

"My son, it's good to make up your own mind," his father told him. "But it's also good to know when others know more than you."

Now, Leif didn't want to hear that either, so he said, "Father, I'm going out into the world, where I can do things just as I like."

His father begged Leif not to go, but the more he pleaded, the more Leif was set on it.

Finally his father said, "Your stubbornness is bound to land you in trouble. But at least take this piece of advice: Whatever you do, don't go to work for the troll."

So where do you think Leif went? Right to the house of the troll!

Leif knocked on the door, and the troll himself answered it. He was huge, and a good deal uglier than anyone you'd care to meet.

"Pardon me, sir," said Leif. "I'm looking for work."

"Are you, now?" said the troll, feeling the boy's arm. "I could use a fellow like you."

The troll led him into the stable and said, "I'm taking my goats to pasture. Since it's your first day, I won't ask much of you. Just shovel out all this dung."

"Well, that's kind of you, sir," said Leif. "You're surely easy to please!"

"But just one thing," said the troll. "Don't go looking through the rooms of the house, or you won't live to tell about it."

When the troll had gone, Leif said to himself, "Not look through the house? Why, that's just what I want to do!"

So Leif went through all the rooms till he came to the kitchen. And there stirring a big iron pot was the loveliest maiden he had ever seen.

"Good Lord!" cried the girl. "What are you doing here?"

"I've just got a job with the troll," said Leif.

"Then heaven help you get out of it!" said the girl. "Weren't you warned about working here?"

"I was," said Leif, "but I'm glad I came anyway, else I never would have met you!"

Well, the girl liked *that* answer, so they sat down to chat. They talked and talked and talked some more, and before the day was done, he held her hand in his.

Then the girl asked, "What did the troll tell you to do today?"

"Something easy," said Leif. "I've only to clear the dung from the stable."

"Easy to say!" said the girl. "But if you use the pitchfork the ordinary way, ten forkfuls will fly in for every one you throw out! Now, here's what you must do. Turn the pitchfork around and shovel with the handle. Then the dung will fly out by itself."

Leif went out to the stable and took up the pitchfork. But he said to himself, "That can't be true, what she told me," and he shoveled the ordinary way. Within moments, he was up to his neck in dung.

"I guess her way wouldn't hurt to try," he said. So he turned the pitchfork around and shoveled with the handle. In no time at all, the dung was all out, and the stable looked like he had scrubbed it.

As Leif started back to the house, the troll came up with the goats.

"Is the stable clean?" asked the troll.

"Tight and tidy!" said Leif, and he showed it to him.

"You never figured this out for yourself!" the troll said. "Have you been talking to my Master Maid?"

"Master Maid?" said Leif. "Now, what sort of thing might that be, sir?"

"You'll find out soon enough," said the troll.

* * *

The next morning, the troll was again to go off with his goats. He told Leif, "Today I'll give you another easy job. Just go up the hill to the pasture and fetch my stallion."

"Thank you, sir," said Leif. "That won't be any trouble."

"But mind you stay out of the rooms of the house," said the troll, "or I'll make an end of you."

When the troll had gone off, Leif went right to the kitchen and sat down again with the girl whom the troll had called Master Maid.

"Didn't the troll threaten you against coming here?" she asked.

"He did," said Leif, "but he'll have to do worse to keep me away from you!"

So they talked and talked and talked some more, and before the day was done, he had his arm around her.

Then Master Maid asked, "What work did the troll give you today?"

"Nothing hard," said Leif. "I just have to fetch his stallion from the hillside."

"Yes, but how will you manage?" asked Master Maid. "It will charge at you, shooting flame from its mouth and nostrils! But here's how to do it. Take that bridle hanging by the door and hold it before you as you get near. Then the stallion will be tame as a pussycat."

So Leif threw the bridle over his shoulder and went up the hill to the pasture. But he said to himself, "That horse looks gentle enough," and he started right over to it. As soon as the stallion saw him, it charged at him, shooting flame just as Master Maid had said.

Barely in time, Leif got the bridle off his shoulder and held it before him. The stallion stopped, as tame as you please, and Leif bridled it and rode it back to the stable.

On his way out, he met the troll coming home with the goats.

"Did you bring home the stallion?" asked the troll.

"Safe and sound!" said Leif, and he showed him.

"You never figured this out for yourself!" the troll said. "Have you been talking to my Master Maid?"

"Master Maid?" said Leif. "Didn't you mention that yesterday? I'd certainly like to know what it is!"

"All in good time," said the troll.

* * *

The next morning, before the troll left with the goats, he said, "I want you to go to the mountain today and collect my tunnel tax from the fairies."

"All right, sir," said Leif. "I'm sure I can figure it out."

"But just keep out of the rooms of the house," said the troll, "or you won't make it through another day."

As soon as the troll had left, off went Leif to the kitchen and once more sat down with Master Maid.

"Aren't you the least bit afraid of the troll?" she asked.

"I am," said Leif, "but not near as much as I'm in love with you!"

So they talked and talked and talked some more, and before the day was done, she gave him a nice big kiss.

Then Master Maid asked, "What are you to do for the troll today?"

"Something simple," said Leif. "I'm to go to the mountain and collect the tunnel tax from the fairies."

"Simple if you know how!" said Master Maid. "You're lucky I'm here to tell you! Take that club that's leaning against the wall and strike it against the mountain. The rock will open up, and a fairy will ask you how much you want. Be sure to say, 'Just as much as I can carry.'"

So Leif took the club to the mountain and struck it against the side. The rock split wide open, and out came one of the fairies. Through the crack, Leif could see piles and piles of silver, gold, and gems.

"I've come for the troll's tunnel tax," said Leif.

"How much do you want?" asked the fairy.

Now, Leif figured it wouldn't hurt to ask for extra and then keep some for himself. So he said, "As much as you can give me."

As soon as he said it, silver, gold, and gems came streaming out of the mountain and piled up around him. In a few moments he was nearly buried, but the treasure kept coming.

"I've changed my mind!" Leif shouted. "Just as much as I can carry!"

The pile of treasure flew back into the mountain, and the fairy handed him a sack.

As Leif arrived back, he met the troll. "Did you collect my tax?" the troll asked.

"Done and delivered!" said Leif. He opened the sack, and silver, gold, and gems overflowed onto the ground.

"You never figured this out for yourself!" the troll said. "You've been talking with my Master Maid!"

"Master Maid?" said Leif. "This is the third time you've spoken of it, sir. I wish I could see it for myself!"

"It won't be long now," said the troll.

* * *

The next morning, the troll brought Leif to Master Maid. "Cut him up and throw him in the stew," he told her. "And wake me when he's done." Then he lay down on a bench and started snoring.

Master Maid took a butcher knife down from the wall.

"You wouldn't!" said Leif.

"Don't be silly!" said the girl.

She pricked the tip of her little finger and squeezed three drops of blood onto a three-legged stool. Then she put some old rags and shoe soles in the stewpot, along with the kitchen garbage, and a couple of dead rats, and some dung for good measure.

Then she gathered a wooden comb, a lump of salt, and a flask of water.

"Quick!" she said. "We must flee while we can!"

"Are you sure we need to rush?" said Leif.

But Master Maid pushed him out the door and over to the stable. They saddled two mares and rode away at full gallop.

Meanwhile, the troll was stirring from his sleep. "Is he ready?" the troll called, not opening his eyes.

"Tough as leather!" the first drop of blood answered in Master Maid's voice. So the troll went back to sleep.

A little later, the troll woke again and called, "Is he cooked?"

"Still chewy," said the second drop of blood. The troll went to sleep again.

At last, the troll woke and called, "Isn't he done yet?"

"Tender and juicy!" said the third drop of blood.

Still half asleep, the troll stumbled over to the pot. He scooped up some stew in a wooden ladle, and took a big mouthful. It was barely in his mouth when he sprayed it across the room.

“That little witch!” he shouted. Then his eyes grew wide. “She must have run off with the boy!”

The troll raced to the stable and saddled his stallion. Then he rode after them like a whirlwind, with the stallion breathing fire as it went.

In a little while, Leif looked behind and saw the troll chasing them. “We’re done for!” he cried.

But Master Maid threw the wooden fork over her shoulder and shouted,

“Fork of wood, bless my soul.

Turn to trees and stop the troll.”

The fork changed to a thick forest that blocked the troll’s way.

“I know how to deal with this,” said the troll, and he called out,

“Forest Chewer, curse her soul.

Chew the forest, help the troll.”

The Forest Chewer appeared out of nowhere and devoured the trees, making a path for the troll’s horse.

Leif looked back and again saw the troll. “We’re lost!” he cried. But Master Maid tossed the lump of salt behind her.

“Lump of salt, bless my soul.

Grow to mountain, stop the troll.”

The salt turned to a craggy mountain, and the troll again had to stop. “I know how to handle this, too!” he said.

“Mountain Cruncher, curse her soul.

Crunch the mountain, help the troll.”

The Mountain Cruncher appeared and bored a tunnel, straight through the mountain.

Meanwhile, Leif and Master Maid came to a sea, where they found a sailboat tied up.

They left the horses, boarded the boat, and sailed for the far shore.

They were halfway across when the troll rode up to the water. “I can take care of this, as well!” he said.

“Water Sucker, curse her soul.

Suck the water, help the troll.”

The Water Sucker appeared and started drinking up the sea. Soon the boat was scraping bottom.

“It’s the end of us!” cried Leif. But Master Maid took out her flask.

“Drop of water, bless my soul.

Fill the sea and stop the troll.”

She poured overboard a single drop, and the drop of water filled the sea.

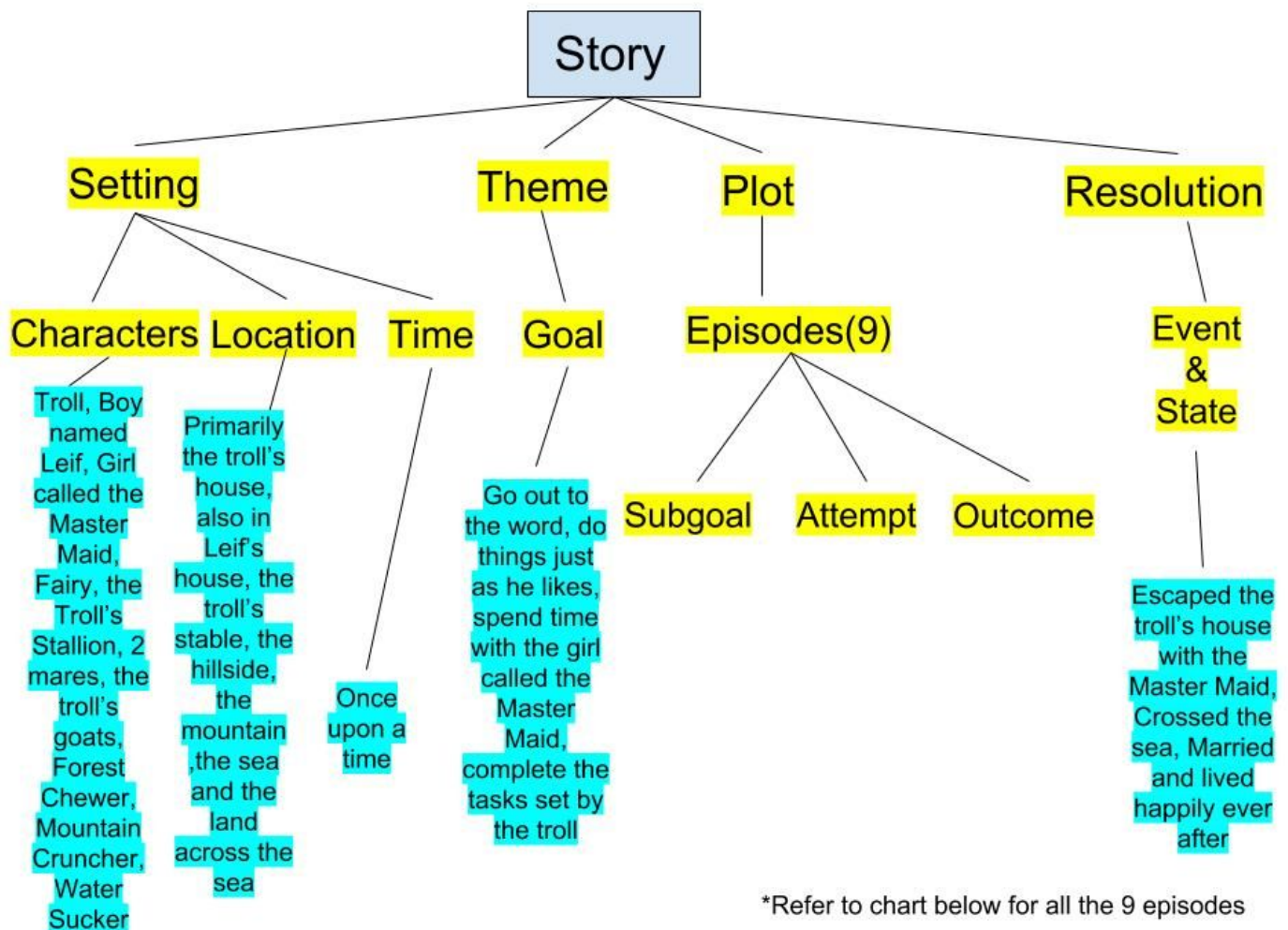
“Drink it up! Drink it up!” raged the troll. But not another drop could the Water Sucker drink, and Leif and Master Maid landed safe on the other shore.

* * *

It wasn't long then till Leif had Master Maid home, and not long again till they had a wedding. But when the minister asked Master Maid if she'd love, honor, and obey, Leif told him, "Never mind that! It's best if *I* obey *her*."
And he did—which is why they lived happily ever after.

[Source: <http://www.aaronshp.com/stories/025.html>]

Representation using Story Grammar:



Episode table:

#	Subgoal	Attempt	Outcome
1	Leave House	Told father that he is going to leave.	He left and went out into the world.
2	Get employment under the troll	Went right to the house of the troll and said that he is looking for work.	The troll assigned tasks to him.
3	Clear dung from the stable	Followed advice of the Master Maid, turned the pitchfork around and shovelled with the handle.	The dung flew away.
4	Go up the hill to the pasture and fetch the troll's stallion	Followed advice of the Master Maid, held the bridle before him while the stallion charged towards him shooting flames from its mouth and nostrils.	The stallion became tame as a pussycat. Leif rode it back to the troll's house.
5	Collect the troll's tax from the fairies	Followed advice of the master Maid, struck the club against the mountain, the fairy appeared from the opened up rock and asked how much he wanted, Leif initially replied "As much as you can give me" but changed it to "Just as much as I can carry".	The fairy handed him a sack full of silver, gems and gold. He took it back to the troll.
6	Leave the Troll's house	Master Maid pricked the tip of her little finger and squeezed three drops of blood onto a three-legged stool. Then she put some old rags and shoe soles in the stewpot, along with the kitchen garbage, and a couple of dead rats, and some dung for good measure. Then she gathered a wooden comb, a lump of salt, and a flask of water. This was done to trick the troll into believing that Leif was indeed being cooked.	Master Maid pushed Leif out the door and over to the stable. They saddled two mares and rode away at full gallop.

7	Escape the Troll	The Master Maid used magic to conjure a thick forest that blocked the troll's way from a fork. Then she conjured a mountain from a lump of salt.	The Forest Chewer and the Mountain Cruncher summoned by the Trolled got rid of the obstacles but Leif and the Master Maid got enough time to escape to the sea.
8	Cross the sea	The water sucker summoned by the troll started drinking the water from the sea. The Master Maid used magic to fill up the sea again.	The water sucker could not drink anymore. Leif and the Master Maid crossed the sea safely.
9	Marry the Master Maid and live happily ever after	Leif used to spend time with the Master Maid. They escaped the troll together and it wasn't long then till Leif had the Master Maid home. When the minister asked Master Maid if she'd love, honor, and obey, Leif told him, "Never mind that! It's best if I obey <i>her</i> ."	Leif turned out to be a man of his word and they lived happily ever after.