

# Practising "Short Story"

- 1) What is a short story? Name its typical elements. (6-7 P.)
- 2) Show that "The Antique Dealer" is a short story by giving evidence from the text. (only four features) (4 P.)
- 3) Describe Mr Price and his feelings. (9 P.)
- 4) Analyze the narrative perspective. (3 P.)
- 5) By using the line numbers, try to find the story's climax. (1 P.)

→ Keywords are always enough.

(nr. 1-5)

## The Antique Dealer

Mr Price, the antique dealer, lived alone in a small flat above his shop. Because of the many valuable articles he kept on the premises, he was always afraid that one night someone would break in and rob him. Years before, when he had first come to live there, he had shutters fitted to all ground-floor windows and strong locks put on all the doors. In addition, he locked up most of his valuable articles in a cupboard, which he had had specially made for this purpose. But, in spite of these precautions, he never felt safe, particularly when he had a lot of money in the flat after a good day's business.

One Saturday night, when he counted the money after closing the shop, he found that he had taken nearly £200 that day. This was an exceptionally large sum and the thought of keeping it in the house made him feel nervous. He knew that it would be better to take it to his son's house, where there was a small safe, but it was a foggy evening and his son lived on the other side of town. In the end, he took the money with him to his bedroom, put it in the pocket of one of his overcoats and locked the wardrobe door. He put the key under his pillow and went to bed.

Mr Price lay awake for a long time, wondering if his money was really safe, and it was well after midnight before he fell asleep. Almost immediately, or so it seemed, he was woken up by the loud ringing of the shop doorbell. He sat up in bed. Could he be dreaming? Surely, he thought, no one could want to see him at this hour of the night. The doorbell rang again, echoing through the silent house. He could not help thinking about the story he had heard about a man who had been attacked and robbed when he went to answer the door at night. Once again the doorbell rang, more persistently this time.

Mr Price got out of bed and went across to the window. The fog had cleared slightly. He opened the window and looked out. He could just make out the shadowy figure of a man standing on the pavement below. "What do you want?" Mr Price called out in a nervous voice. The figure stepped back until it was standing under the street lamp. It was a policeman. "Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the policeman, "but there is a light on in your shop. I think you have forgotten to turn it off."