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Beauty and the beast short story pdf full text pdf

A collection of short stories released posthumously, bringing together six stories from 1940-41 and two from 1977, shortly before the author's death, speaking of choices, the meaning of life, loneliness and the female condition. In examining troubled love relations between men and women, the texts from the first set do not hide the romantic atmosphere and a certain naivety. At the same time, they raise discussions that traverse Clarice's fiction, where we have the acute perception of family dramas and the sense of irony. The work invites a retrospective reading. Side by side, the mature writer, in a moment of deep crisis due to the disease that was consuming her, and the young author, discovering the world and fiction. Curiously, the adult view on remote experiences is simulated in the texts of her youth, such as "Interrupted Story." The narrator recalls a youthful passion: a "dark-haired and sad" boy, dark clothes, analytical; she, young and insightful, intelligent, romantic, with colorful clothes, diminished by his haughtiness, but already intuiting the barren thought under that pride. Remembrance, a form of understanding—or the attempt to do so—registers the force of accommodating to dominant values: "I am married and have a son." The story is taken up again with variations in "Obsession," also the recollections of a character with a similar background: "I was born of simple creatures, steeped in that wisdom one acquires through experience and figures out with common sense." She is prepared to "to get married, have children and, finally, be happy." In the other group of texts, which assumes the perspective of one who is married or who has lived much, there is a dimension lacerated by the paths and mistakes made throughout life, in the name of stability and well-being. Yes, because if the book as a whole stages the author's inquiry into happiness, the tales written at the end of her life give the topic an acidity and revolt that did not exist in the earlier stories, annihilating at once the petit bourgeois affective parameters. It becomes pathetic in the reflections of the socialite ("How did I never realize I'm a beggar too?"), or in the figure of Margaret, from "One Day Less" (who echoes characters in texts with an autobiographical tendency from The Via Crucis of the Body and also The Passion According to G.H.), a woman who lives for tomorrow, and faces the dead dialogue with the dead time that inhabits her. Once upon a time there lived a wealthy merchant and his three daughters. One day, the father was to go to a far-off place and he asked his daughters what they wanted on his return. The first and the second daughter asked for lovely dresses. But the third daughter, whose name was Beauty, said, "Father, I only need a rose plucked by your hand." The merchant, on his way back, had to cross through the deep forest. It was dark and the merchant tried to find a place to sleep. He suddenly found a huge castle and went inside to find nobody. There was a huge table with delicious food and he ate it all. Then the merchant went into the bedroom and slept on a soft and fluffy bed. The next day, too, the merchant did not find anyone in the castle. He saw a beautiful rose bush growing in the lawn and remembered Beauty's gift. He picked a red rose from the bush. Suddenly, a ferocious looking Beast sprang out of the bush. He was wearing fine silk clothes and roared, "I gave you food and a bed to sleep in! And now, you are stealing my roses!" The merchant was frightened and told the Beast about Beauty's gift. The Beast decided to let him go only if he promised to send Beauty to this castle. The merchant agreed and ran back home. He cried and told his daughters about the Beast. But Beauty loved her father a lot and agreed to go stay with the Beast. The Beast treated Beauty with a lot of kindness. He was never rude to her. He let her stay in the biggest room and let her roam in the beautiful garden. Beauty would sit near the fireplace and sew while the Beast kept her company. At first, Beauty was afraid of the Beast but slowly, she began to like him. One day, the Beast asked Beauty to marry him, but she refused. She was still afraid of his fearful-looking face. The Beast still treated her kindly and with a lot of love. Beauty missed her father a lot. The Beast gave her a magic mirror and said, "Look at the mirror and you can see your family. Now you won't feel lonely anymore. One day, Beauty looked in the mirror and saw that father was very ill and dying. She went to the Beast and pleaded and cried, "Please let me go home! I only want to see my father before he dies!" But the Beast roared, "No! You promised you would never leave this castle!" Saying this, he stormed out of the room. But after some time, he came to Beauty and said, "You may go to stay with your father for seven days. But you must promise to return after that." Beauty was very happy and agreed. Then she left and went to stay with her father. Her father, on seeing Beauty, felt very happy and soon recovered. Beauty stayed with her family for seven days and more. She forgot the Beast and his castle. But one night, she had a terrible nightmare in which she saw the Beast was very ill and about to die. He was crying, "Beauty, please come back!" Beauty woke up and went back to the castle because she did not mean to hurt the Beast. She cried and said, "Please don't die, Beast! I will live with you forever!" The Beast miraculously changed into a handsome prince. He said, "I was under a curse all these years and could only be relieved when someone fell in love with me. I am now cured of the curse because you truly love me." And then, Beauty and the Beast were married and together they lived happily ever after. A comprehensive list of short stories gives students a wide range of time-tested options. Below, we provide summaries of 10 classic stories. The Yellow Wallpaper by Charlotte Perkins GilmanFeminist, sociologist and novelist Charlotte Perkins Gilman wrote The Yellow Wallpaper, providing a first-person perspective of disconnection and insanity, and subtle themes of irony.Lather and Nothing Else by Hernando Tellez tells the story of a barber who recognizes an armed man who enters his barbershop for a shave, only to discover that the two are at the opposite sides of a contentious political conflict that has escalated to violence. The barber must decide what to do under the circumstances. The Old Man at the Bridge by Ernest HemingwayWith a canon that delves into the human condition during the Spanish Civil War, Ernest Hemingway is a go-to in most literary circles. His short story The Old Man at the Bridge focuses on an old man sitting at the side of a country road during the war. The man has already traveled 12 kilometers to flee the area, but is too distracted and exhausted to continue.Popular Mechanics by Raymond CarverOne of the classic very short stories at only 500 words, Popular Mechanics by Raymond Carver is a stripped-down, minimalist masterpiece that lets the readers interpret the scene for themselves. Without judgment, Carver narrates the tale of a man packing his suitcase to leave home for good when an argument with his wife escalates.A Conversation From the Third Floor by Mohamed El-BisatieA classic among moralistic short stories, A Conversation From the Third Floor by Mohamed El-Bisatie documents a woman who goes to the outside of a prison in an attempt to talk to her jailed husband.The Secret Life of Walter Mitty by James ThurberThe Secret Life of Walter Mitty became one of the most famous short stories when a film starring Ben Stiller was made with the same name. Written by James Thurber, this story details the daydreams of a put-upon, passive man as he drives his wife on her weekly errands.Say Yes by Tobias WolffAs a married couple washes dishes together in Say Yes by Tobias Wolff, the topic of interracial marriage arises and the two discover they have conflicting views on the matter. The wife wants to talk it out, while the husband wants to drop it.Pilgrimage by Sandra CisnerosOne of the most touching stories of inspiration is Sandra Cisneros's Pilgrimage. The narrator recalls emotions from her youth when she felt no self-consciousness about her appearance and body.The Gift of the Magi by O. HenryA short story with a twist ending always offers the best entertainment, and The Gift of the Magi by O. Henry delights with its surprising turn of events.The Fall of the House of Usher by Edgar Allan PoeThe Fall of the House of Usher by Edgar Allan Poe is one of the greats in American Gothic literature. Poe's attention to detail and his description of the house play an important part in the telling of this tale.MORE FROM QUESTIONSANSWERED.NET There was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three sons, and three daughters; being a man of sense, he spared no cost for their education, but gave them all kinds of masters. His daughters were extremely handsome, especially the youngest. When she was little everybody admired her, and called her "The little Beauty," so that, as she grew up, she still went by the name of Beauty, which made her sisters very jealous. The youngest, as she was handsomer, was also better than her sisters. The two eldest had a great deal of pride, because they were rich. They gave themselves ridiculous airs, and would not visit other merchants' daughters, nor keep company with any but persons of quality. They went out every day to parties of pleasure, balls, plays, concerts, and so forth, and they laughed at their youngest sister, because she spent the greatest part of her time in reading good books. As it was known that they were great fortunes, several eminent merchants made their addresses to them; but the two eldest said, they would never marry, unless they could meet with a duke, or an earl at least. Beauty very civilly thanked them that courted her, and told them she was too young yet to marry, but was sure to stay with her father a few years longer. All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, excepting a small country house at a great distance from town, and told his children with tears in his eyes, they must go there and work for their living. The two eldest answered, that they would not leave the town, for they had several lovers, who they were sure would be glad to have them, though they had no fortune; but the good ladies were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in thulful poverty. As they were no beloved on account of their pride, everybody said, they do not deserve to be pitied, and were very glad to see their pride humbled, let them do what they pleased, and give themselves quality airs in milking the cows and minding their dairy. But, added they, we are extremely concerned for Beauty, she is such a charming, sweet-tempered creature, spoke so kindly to poor people, and was of such an affable, obliging behavior. Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny; but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his misfortunes, but was determined to go along with him into the country, to comfort and attend him. Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune; "but," said she to herself, "were I to cry ever so much, that would not make things better. I must try to make myself happy without a fortune." When they came to their country house, the merchant and his three sons applied themselves to husbandry and tillage; and Beauty rose at four in the morning, and made haste to have the house clean, and dinner ready for the family. In the beginning she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to work as a servant, but in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work, she read played on the harpsichord, or else sung whilst she spun. On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time; they got up at ten, and did nothing but saunter about the whole day, lamenting the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance. "Do but see our youngest sister," said they, one to the other, "what a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such an unhappy dismal situation." The good merchant was of quite a different opinion; he knew very well that Beauty outshone her sisters, in her person as well as her mind, and admired her humility and industry, but above all her humility and patience; for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every moment. The family had lived about a year in this retirement, when the merchant received a letter with an account that a vessel, on board of which he had effects, was safely arrived. This news had liked to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who immediately flattered themselves with the hopes of returning to town, for they were quite weary of a country life; and when they saw their father ready to set out, they begged of him to buy them new gowns, ribbons, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing for she thought to herself, that all the money her father was going to receive, would scarce be sufficient to purchase everything her sisters wanted, and "What will you have, concluded it was best to shut the door, and go to bed. It was ten the next morning before the merchant waked, and as he was going to rise he was astonished to see a good suit of clothes in the room of his own, which were quite spoiled; certainly, said he, this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my distress. He looked through a window, but instead of snow saw the most delightful arbors, interwoven with the beautifullest flowers that were ever beheld. He then returned to the great hall, where he had supped the night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he aloud, "for being so careful, as to provide me a breakfast; I am extremely obliged to you for all your favours." The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse, but passing through an arbor of roses he remembered Beauty's request to him, and gathered a branch on which were several; immediately he heard a great noise, and saw such a frightful Beast coming towards him, that he was ready to faint away. "You are very ungrateful," said the Beast to him, in a terrible voice; "I have saved your life by receiving you into my castle, and, in return, you steal my roses, which I value beyond any thing in the universe, but you shall die for it. I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare yourself, and say your prayers." The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both his hands, "My lord," said he, "I beseech you to forgive me, indeed I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who desired me to bring her one." "My name is not My Lord," replied the monster, "but Beast; I don't love compliments, not I. I like people to speak as they think; and so do not imagine, I am to be moved by any of your flattering speeches. But you say you have got daughters. I will forgive you, on condition that one of them come willingly, and suffer for you. Let me have no words, but go about your business, and swear that if your daughter refuse to die in your stead, you will return within three months." The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he thought, in obtaining this respite, he should have the satisfaction of seeing them once more, so he promised, upon oath, he would return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he pleased, "but," added he, "you shall not depart empty handed; go back to the room where you lay, and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home," and at the same time Beast withdrew. "No," replied the Beast, "I must die, I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children." He returned to the bedchamber, and finding a great quantity of broad pieces of gold, he filled the great chest the Beast had mentioned, locked it, and afterwards took his horse out of the stable, leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse, of his own accord, took one of the roads of the forest, and in a few hours the good man was at home. His children came round him, but instead of receiving their embraces with pleasure, he looked on them, and holding up the branch he had in his hands, he burst into tears. "Here, Beauty," said he, "take these roses, but little do you think how dear they are like to cost your unhappy father," and then related his fatal adventure. Immediately the two eldest set up lamentable outcries, and said all manner of ill-natured things to Beauty, who did not cry at all. "Do but see the pride of that little wretch," said they, "she would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; but no truly, Miss wanted to distinguish herself, so now she will be the death of our poor father, and yet she does not so much as shed a tear." "Why should I," answered Beauty, "it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer upon my account, since the monster will accept of one of his daughters. I will deliver myself up to all his fury, and I am very happy in thinking that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my tender love for him." "No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be, we will go find the monster, and either kill him, or perish in the attempt." Do not imagine any such thing, my sons," said the merchant, "Beast's power is so great, that I have no hopes of your overcoming him. I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I cannot yield to it. I am old, and have not long to live, so can only lose a few years, which I regret for your sakes alone, my dear children." "Indeed fathers," said Beauty, "you shall not go to the palace without me, you cannot hinder me from following you." It was to no purpose all they could say. Beauty still insisted on setting out for the fine palace, and her sisters were delighted at it, for her virtue and amiable qualities made them envious and jealous. The merchant was so afflicted at the thoughts of losing his daughter, that he had quite forgot the chest full of gold, but at night when he retired to rest, no sooner had he shut his chamber door, than, to his great astonishment, he found it by his bedside; he was determined, however, not to tell his children, that he was grown rich, because they would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret, who informed him, that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters; she begged her father to consent to their marriage, and give them fortunes, for she was so good, that she loved them and forgave heartily all their ill usage. These wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion to force some tears when they parted with their sister, but her brothers were really concerned. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, because she would not increase their uneasiness. The horse took the direct road to the palace, and towards evening they perceived it illuminated as at first. The horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table splendidly served up, and two covers. The merchant had no heart to eat, but Beauty, endeavoring to appear cheerful, sat down to table, and helped him. "Afterwards," thought she to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such plentiful entertainment." When they had supped they heard a great noise, and the merchant, all in tears, bid his poor child, farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly; "ye - e - as," said she, trembling. The beast responded, "You are very good, and I am greatly obliged to you; honest man, go your ways tomorrow morning, but never think of coming here again." "Farewell Beauty, farewell Beast," answered he, and immediately the monster withdrew. "Oh, daughter," said the merchant, embracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death, believe me, you had better go back, and let me stay here." "No, father," said Beauty, in a resolute tone, "you shall set out tomorrow morning, and leave me to the care and protection of providence." They went to bed, and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarce were they laid down, than they fell fast asleep, and Beauty dreamed, a fine lady came, and said to her, "I am content, Beauty, with your good will, this good action of yours in giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked, and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly, when he took leave of his dear child. As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall, and fell a crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of resolution, she recommended herself to God, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live; for she firmly believed Beast would eat her up that night. However, she thought she might as well walk about until then, and view this fine castle, which she could not help admiring; it was a delightful pleasant place, and she was extremely surprised at seeing a door, over which was written, "Beauty's Apartment." She opened it hastily, and was quite dazzled with the magnificence that reigned throughout; but what chiefly took up her attention, was a large library, a harpsichord, and several music books. "Well," said she to herself, "I see they will not let me time hang heavy upon my hands for want of amusement." Then she reflected, "Were I but to stay here a day, there would not have been all these preparations." This consideration inspired her with fresh courage; and opening the library she took a book, and read these words, in letters of gold: Welcome Beauty, banish fear, You are queen and mistress here. Speak your wishes, speak your will, Swift obedience meets them still. "Alas," said she, with a sigh, "there is nothing I desire so much as to see my poor father, and know what he is doing." She had no sooner said this, when casting her eyes on a great looking glass, to her great amazement, she saw her own home, where her father arrived with a very dejected countenance. Her sisters went to meet him, and notwithstanding their endeavors to appear sorrowful, their joy, felt for having got rid of their sister, was visible in every feature. A moment after, everything disappeared, and Beauty's apprehensions at this proof of Beast's complaisance. At noon she found dinner ready, and while at table, was entertained with an excellent concert of music, though without seeing anybody. But at night she was going to sit down to supper, she could not help being sadly terrified. "Beauty," said the monster, "will you give me leave to see you sup?" "That is as you please," answered Beauty trembling. "No," replied the Beast, "you alone are mistress here; you need only bid me gone, if my presence is troublesome, and I will immediately withdraw. But, tell me, do not you think me very ugly?" "That is true," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie, but I believe you are a very good natured." "So I am," said the monster, "but then, besides my ugliness, I have no sense; I know very well, that I am a poor, silly, stupid creature." "'Tis no sign of my folly to think so," replied Beauty, "for never did fool know this, or had so humble a conceit of his own understanding." "Eat then, Beauty," said the monster, "and endeavor to amuse yourself in your palace, for everything here is yours, and I should be very uneasy, if you were not happy." "You are very obliging," answered Beauty, "I own I am pleased with your kindness, and when I consider that, your deformity scarce appears." "Yes, yes," said the Beast, "my heart is good, but still I am only a monster." "Among mankind," says Beauty, "there are many that deserve that name more than you, and I prefer you, just as you are, to those, who, under a human form, hide a treacherous, corrupt, and ungrateful heart." "If I had sense enough," replied the Beast, "I would make a fine compliment to thank you, but I am so dull, that I can only say, I am greatly obliged to you." 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