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A story’s omniscient narrator knows everything that happens, and why. This type of narrator is not a character in the story but an outside observer who can tell you what each character is thinking and feeling.

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The Interlopers

The wooded slope was precipitous—a vertical cliff—and hard to climb.

They never acquiesced in the judgment of the court; instead, they bitterly opposed it.

The man kept a sharp lookout for marauders who might be prowling through the woods.

His exasperation at being captured was so great that he cursed aloud.

Although not religious, his words were pious.

retorted (ri-tôr′tid) v.: replied in a sharp or witty way.

Feeling insulted, he retorted angrily.

condolences (kan-dō′lans-iz) n.: expressions of sympathy.

When he heard about his enemy's death, he sent condolences to the widow.

languor (lan′gər) n.: weakness; weariness.

After hours of hard work, he felt a great languor, and this exhaustion lasted all day.

reconciliation (rek′ən-sil′ənSHən) n.: friendly end to a quarrel.

The fight could end in one of two ways—reconciliation or death.

succor (suk′ər) n.: help given to someone in distress; relief.

Unable to free themselves, they waited for rescuers to give them succor.

prehensile (prə-hens′ə-l) adj.: able to grip or hold something.

The monkey's prehensile tail allowed it to cling to the tree branches.

A hideous (a-hid′əs) adj.: very ugly; frightening.

The hag wore a hideous mask and sported a hideous worm in her hair.

precipitous (prē-sip′ə-təs) adj.: very steep.

The wooded slope was precipitous—a vertical cliff—and hard to climb.

acquiesced (ak′wē-est′) v. (used with in): accepted; agreed; consented.

They never acquiesced in the judgment of the court; instead, they bitterly opposed it.

marauders (mə-rôd′ərς) n.: people who roam around in search of loot, or goods to steal.

The man kept a sharp lookout for marauders who might be prowling through the woods.

exasperation (e-zas′prənSHən) n.: great annoyance.

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Context Clues: Solving Word Mysteries

Successful readers are like detectives looking for clues. When good readers see an unfamiliar word, they look at the context—the words and sentences around the word—for clues to its meaning. Look at these examples to learn more.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Context Clue</th>
<th>Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Definition or restatement</td>
<td>Tito's languor, his complete weariness, came when the danger was over.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Example</td>
<td>Tito's languor was like the feeling you get after defeat in a basketball game.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonym</td>
<td>His cousin was full of pep, but Tito had a feeling of languor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cause and effect</td>
<td>Because of his languor, Tito slept all day.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Carpathians,\(^1\) a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman’s calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirt was not remarkable for the game it harbored or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner’s territorial possessions. A famous lawsuit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighboring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never acquiesced in the judgment of the courts, and a long series of poaching affrays\(^2\) and similar scan-

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\(^1\) Carpathians (kär-pa\-thē-anz): mountain range that starts in Slovakia and extends through Poland, Ukraine, and Romania.

\(^2\) poaching affrays (ə-fräz’): noisy quarrels or brawls about poaching, which means “fishing or hunting illegally on private property.”
dals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbor feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to, it was Georg Znaeym, the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game snatcher and raider of the disputed border forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been compromised if the personal ill will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another’s blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scorched winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a lookout for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck,3 which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm wind, were running like driven things tonight, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from whence it came.

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling4 of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight or sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness—that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come

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3. roebuck (ró’buk’) n.: male (or males) of the roe deer, small deer that live in Europe and Asia.
4. skirling (skurl’în) v. used as n.: shrill, piercing sound.
to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilization cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbor in cold blood and without a word spoken, except for an offense against his hearth and honor. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action, a deed of Nature’s own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside, a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till someone came to release him. The descending twigs had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeym, alive and struggling, but obviously as helplessly pinned down as himself. All round them lay a thick-strewn wreckage of splintered branches and broken twigs.

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich’s lips. Georg, who was nearly blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

“So you’re not killed, as you ought to be, but you’re caught, anyway,” he cried, “caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There’s real justice for you!”

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

5. pinioned (pin’yand) v. used as adj.: pinned, as if chained or tied up.
“I’m caught in my own forest land,” retorted Ulrich. “When my men come to release us, you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbor’s land, shame on you.”

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly: “Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest tonight, close behind me, and they will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these branches, it won’t need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form’s sake I shall send my condolences to your family.”

“It is a useful hint,” said Ulrich fiercely. “My men had orders to follow in ten minutes’ time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out—I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands, I don’t think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family.”

“Good,” snarled Georg, “good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz.”

“The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest thief, game snatcher.”

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavors to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat pocket to draw out his wine flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation, it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get

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**VOCABULARY**

*retorted* (ri-tôr’td) *v.*: replied in a sharp or witty way.

*condolences* (kan-dô’lans-iz) *n.*: expressions of sympathy. Condolence comes from two Latin words: *com*—, a prefix meaning “with,” and *dolere*, meaning “to grieve.”

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**CLARIFY**

Re-read lines 82–94. What do the enemies threaten to do to each other once they are rescued?

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**WORD STUDY**

In line 113, circle the word that restates the meaning of *endeavors*.
any of the liquid down his throat. But what a heaven-sent draft it seemed! It was an open winter, and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless, the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

“Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?” asked Ulrich suddenly. “There is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can. Let us drink, even if tonight one of us dies.”

“No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked round my eyes,” said Georg; “and in any case I don’t drink wine with an enemy.”

Ulrich was silent for a few minutes and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and languor that Ulrich himself was feeling, the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down.

“Neighbor,” he said presently, “do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I’ve changed my mind. If my men are the first to come, you shall be the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarreled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can’t even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here tonight, thinking, I’ve come to think we’ve been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbor, if you will help me to bury the old quarrel, I—I will ask you to be my friend.”

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought perhaps he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

6. draft n.: drink.
7. open winter: mild winter.
“How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud tonight. And if we choose to make peace among our people, there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside. . . . You would come and keep the Sylvester night\(^8\) beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle. . . . I would never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wild-fowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wine flask. . . . Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend.”

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succor to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honorable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

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8. **Sylvester night**: feast day honoring Saint Sylvester (Pope Sylvester I, d. 335), observed on December 31.
Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke the silence.

“Let’s shout for help,” he said; “in this lull our voices may carry a little way.”

“They won’t carry far through the trees and undergrowth,” said Georg, “but we can try. Together, then.”

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

“Together again,” said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering halloo.

“I heard something that time, I think,” said Ulrich.

“I heard nothing but the pestilential wind,” said Georg hoarsely.

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

“I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside.”

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.

“They hear us! They’ve stopped. Now they see us. They’re running down the hill toward us,” cried Ulrich.

“How many of them are there?” asked Georg.

“I can’t see distinctly,” said Ulrich; “nine or ten.”

“Then they are yours,” said Georg; “I had only seven out with me.”

“They are making all the speed they can, brave lads,” said Ulrich gladly.

“Are they your men?” asked Georg. “Are they your men?” he repeated impatiently, as Ulrich did not answer.

“No,” said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

“Who are they?” asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

“Wolves.”

9. pestilential (pes’ta-len’shal) adj.: Strictly speaking, pestilential means “deadly; causing disease; harmful.” Here, Georg uses the word to mean “cursed.”
**The Interlopers**

**Narrator Questionnaire**  This story is told by an omniscient narrator, who knows all the story’s secrets. Fill out this chart to examine the way point of view affects the plot and characters of “The Interlopers.”

1. Does the narrator reveal the thoughts and feelings of the two men? Explain.

2. How would the story be different if it were told from the point of view of one of the men?

3. How might the story be different if it were told from the point of view of the wolves?
The Interlopers

Complete the sample test item below. Then, read the explanation at right.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sample Test Question</th>
<th>Explanation of the Correct Answer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Who is the story's narrator?</td>
<td>The correct answer is D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Georg Znaeym</td>
<td>A and C are not correct, because the story is told from the omniscient point of view, not the point of view of just one character. B is not correct; Saki is the author.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B Saki</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C Ulrich von Gradwitz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D an unnamed, all-knowing storyteller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DIRECTIONS: Circle the letter of each correct response.

1. Which passage reveals that the narrator is omniscient?
   A “Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out.”
   B “The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game.”
   C “The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.”
   D “‘No,’ said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.”

2. The narrator tells us the two men—
   F are hunting wolves
   G don’t go hunting at night
   H want to kill each other
   J go to hunting parties together

3. The two men decide to become friends because—
   A their men have ordered them to
   B they hate the neighbors
   C they have become tired of being enemies
   D they hope to save themselves by working together

4. The narrator creates suspense by waiting until the end to—
   F reveal what is approaching the men
   G tell which man dies first
   H explain what the men were fighting about
   J warn readers against hunting at night
The Interlopers

Context Clues

DIRECTIONS: Read the passage, using context clues to identify the meaning of the boldface word. Then, circle the letter of the definition of that word.

1. The hunter examined his quarry after it had been shot.
   A rifle  C enemy
   B land  D hunted animal

2. No one could stop the bitter feud between the two neighbors.
   F ongoing argument
   G broken fence
   H agreement
   J flooded lands

3. They heard the loud sound when the tree thundered down on them.
   A fell from the sky
   B was split by lightning
   C fell with a roaring noise
   D yelled

4. He felt no pain in his right arm, which was now numb.
   F bandaged
   H painful
   G without
   J foolish feeling

Vocabulary in Context

DIRECTIONS: Complete the paragraph below by writing the correct word from the box in each blank. Not all words from the box will be used.

The two enemies stared at each other. The gray-haired one laughed. “What are you laughing at?” the brown-haired one asked in (1) _________________. “I am laughing at two helpless men caught in a trap,” the other (2) ________________ in anger. “Shall we become friends? No, (3) ________________ is not in my plans. I will never make up with you. And don’t give me any (4) ________________ words about what religion has taught us. We will always be enemies. Our widows can send each other (5) ________________ if they wish.”
Before You Read

The Interlopers by Saki

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In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Carpathians, a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirt was not remarkable for the game it harbored or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most solemnly guarded of all the outer territories of the house of Gradwitz. Above all the other claims and pretensions of its tenants and intruders, Ulrich's was the right and title to it as the owner of the house, and he was watchful of all advances of trespass. A man who has such a cause was not likely to live to a ripe old age in the enjoyment of the fruits of his forest land. The forest was Gradwitz's by the right of possession, and in the presence of all other claims.

The winter wind brought the news of the Balderungen's exactions, and the report of the marauders was not long in reaching the ears of the neighbor. Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a lookout for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being about from the disputed border lands, during a storm wind, or running like driven things tonight, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from whence it came.

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight or sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, manto man, with none to witness—that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come...
"I'm caught in my own forest land," retorted Ulrich. "When my men come to release us, you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbor's land, shame on you."

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly: "Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest tonight, close behind me, and they will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these branches, it won't need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form's sake I shall send my condolences to your family."

"It is a useful hint," said Ulrich fiercely. "My men had orders to follow in ten minutes' time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out—I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands, I don't think I can decently send any message of condolences to your family."

"Good," snarled Georg, "good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz."

"The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest thief, game snatcher." Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavors to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat pocket to draw out his wine flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation, it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilization cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbor in cold blood and without a word spoken, except for an offense against his heart and honor. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action, a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside, a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position until someone came to release him. The descending trees had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wrinkle away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeym, alive and struggling, but Georg was as helplessly pinned down as Ulrich was.

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was nearly blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried, "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!"

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.
How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another ... among our people, there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside....

_You would come and keep the Sylvester night_ beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle....I would never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wild-fowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have ... too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wine flask....

_Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend._

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succor to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honorable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.
The Interlopers

Narrator Questionnaire

This story is told by an omniscient narrator, who knows all the story’s secrets. Fill out this chart to examine the way point of view affects the plot and characters of “The Interlopers.”

1. Does the narrator reveal the thoughts and feelings of the two men? Explain.

2. How would the story be different if it were told from the point of view of one of the men?

3. How might the story be different if it were told from the point of view of the wolves?

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Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke the silence.

“Let’s shout for help,” he said; “in this hollow our voices may carry a little way.”

“They won’t carry far through the trees and undergrowth,” said Georg, “but we can try. Together, then.”

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

“Together again,” said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering hallow.

“I heard something that time, I think,” said Ulrich.

“I heard nothing but the pestilential wind,” said Georg hoarsely.

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

“I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside.”

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could master.

“They hear us! They’ve stopped. Now they see us. They’re running down the hill toward us,” cried Ulrich.

“How many of them are there?” asked Georg.

“I can’t see distinctly,” said Ulrich; “nine or ten.”

“They are yours,” said Georg; “I had only seven out with me.”

“What are they?” asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

“Wolves.”

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Skills Review

The Interlopers

Complete the sample test item below. Then, read the explanation at right.

Sample Test Question: Who is the story’s narrator?

A. Georg Znaeym
B. Saki
C. Ulrich von Gradwitz
D. an unnamed, all-knowing storyteller

Explanation of the Correct Answer: The correct answer is D. A and C are not correct, because the story is told from the omniscient point of view, not the point of view of just one character. B is not correct; Saki is the author.

Context Clues

DIRECTIONS: Complete the paragraph below by writing the correct word from the box in each blank. Not all words from the box will be used.

precipitous
acquiesced
marauders
exasperation
pious
condolences
succor

The two enemies stared at each other. The gray-haired one laughed. “What are you laughing at?” the brown-haired one asked in (1) . “I am laughing at two helpless men caught in a trap,” the other (2) retorted in anger. “Shall we become friends? No, (3) reconciliation is not in my plans. I will never make up with you. And don’t give me any (4) pious words about what religion has taught us. We will always be enemies. Our widows can send each other (5) condolences if they wish.”

Vocabulary in Context

DIRECTIONS: Complete the paragraph below by writing the correct word from the box in each blank. Not all words from the box will be used.

The two men decide to become friends because
A. their men have ordered them to
B. they hate the neighbors
C. they have become tired of being enemies
D. they hope to save themselves by working together

4. He felt no pain in his right arm, which was now
F. bandaged
H. painful
G. without
J. foolish feeling

Collection 3: Narrator and Voice

Part I

DIRECTIONS: Circle the letter of each correct response.

1. Which passage reveals that the narrator is omniscient?
A. “Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out.”
B. “The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game.”
C. “The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.”
D. “‘No,’ said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic, chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.”

2. The narrator tells us the two men—
F. are hunting wolves
G. don’t go hunting at night
H. want to kill each other
J. go to hunting parties together

3. The two men decide to become friends because—
A. their men have ordered them to
B. they hate the neighbors
C. they have become tired of being enemies
D. they hope to save themselves by working together

4. He felt no pain in his right arm, which was now
F. bandaged
H. painful
G. without
J. foolish feeling

Collection 3: Narrator and Voice
Narrator Chart

The point of view of the narrator determines what you learn as you read a story. A third-person-omniscient narrator knows and tells all. The third-person-limited or first-person narrator tells only what one character knows. If the narrator is biased or unreliable, you may not be able to believe what you read. In the chart below, fill in the point of view of the narrator who tells the story you have just read. Then tell what you have learned from the narrator. (You may not learn anything about an omniscient narrator.) Finally, decide if what you learned is reliable.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Point of View:</th>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What I Learned About</th>
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<tr>
<td>The Narrator:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other Characters:</td>
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<td>Events:</td>
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</table>

Is the information reliable? _____________________________________________
_______________________________________________________________________