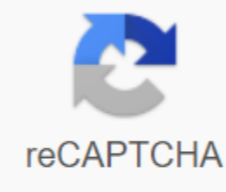




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John Steinbeck's *Mice and Men* is a touching tale of friendship between two men down against the backdrop of the United States during depression in the 1930s. Subtle in its characterization, the book addresses the true hopes and dreams of working class America. Steinbeck's short novel raises the lives of the poor and pushed it to a higher, symbolic level. Powerful end menopausal and shocking to the extreme. But, we also come to understand the tragedy of life. Regardless of the suffering of those who live, life goes on. The mice and men open to two workers who are crossing the country on foot to find work. George is a cynical, determined man. George looks after his partner Lennie and treats him like a brother. Be a powerful man with incredible strength, but you have a mental disability that makes him slowly learn and almost child-like. George and Lennie had to flee the last city because Lennie had access to a woman's dress and was charged with rape. They start working on a farm and have the same dream: they want a piece of land and a farm for themselves. These people, like George and Lennie, feel like they're outstretaded and unable to control their own lives. The farm is becoming a microcosm of the American lower class at the time. The novel's menopausal moment revolves around Lennie's love of soft things. He insults Curley's wife's hair, but she gets scared. In the resulting struggle, Lennie kills him and runs away. The peasants form a lynching to punish Lennie, but George finds him first. George understands that Lennie can't live in the world, and he wants to spare the pain and terror of being lynched, so he shoots him in the back of the head. The literary power of this book is firmly based on the relationship between the two central characters, their friendship and their shared dream. These two men are very different, but they get together, stay together, and support each other in a world full of cripples and lonely people. Their brotherhood and community are the result of great humanity. They truly believe in their dream. They just want a little piece of land they can call their own. They want to grow their own crops and breed rabbits. This dream solidifies their relationship and so convincingly strikes a tyc bill for the reader. George and Lennie's dream is the American dream. Their desires are very special for the 1930s, but they are also universal. Mice and humans are a tale of friendship that prevails over the odds. But, the novel also says extremely much about the society in which it is set. Without being dogmatic or formulaic, the novel examines many of the prejudices at the time: racism, sexism, and prejudice toward people with disabilities. The power of John Steinbeck's writing is to address these issues in a purely human sense. He sees society's prejudices as tragedies, and characters trying to escape prejudice. In a way, *Mice and Men* is an extremely desperate novel. The novel presents the dreams of a small group of people and then confronts these dreams with a reality that is unattainable that they cannot achieve. Even though the dream never come true, John Steinbeck doesn't leave us an optimistic message. George and Lennie don't achieve their dream, but their friendship stands out as a shining example of how people can live and love even at the word of alienation and disconnection. 冰评论 Of Mice and Men 5 2015-01-21 11:25:14 这篇这篇评透 California, in 1902, JOHN STEINBECK grew up in a fertile agricultural valley about twenty-five miles from the Pacific coast and both the valley and coastal coasts would serve as the settings for some of the best fiction he attended Stanford University in 1919, where he enrolled in literature and language writing until 1925, when he left without a degree. For the next five years, he worked as a worker and journalist in New York City and then as a caretaker of lake Ta-hoe's estate, working each time on his first novel, *Cup of Gold* (1929). After marrying and moving to Pacific Grove, he published two California fictions, *The Pastures of Heaven* (1932) and *To a God Unknown* (1933), and worked on short stories collected in *The Long Valley* (1938). The popular success and financial security is only in *Tortilla Flat* (1935), stories monterey paisanos. Steinbeck regularly changed courses throughout his career as an incessant experimenter. The three powerful novels of the late 1930s focused on california's working class: *The Questionable Battle* (1936), *Mice and Men* (1937) and the book, which many of its best, *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), regarded as. In the early 1940s, Steinbeck became a filmmaker at *The Forgotten Village* (1941) and studied serious marine biology at the Sea of Cortez. He dedicated his services to war, writing *Bombs Away* and the controversial theatrics novel *The Moon Is Down* in 1942 (1942), *Cannery Row* (1945), *The Wayward Bus* (1947), *The Pearl* (1947), *The Russian Journal* (1948), another experimental drama, *Burning Bright* (1950) and *The Log from the Sea of Cortez* (1951) preceded publication of monumental *East Eden* (1952), an ambitious saga of the Salinas Valley and its own family's history. He spent the last decades of his life in New York and Sag Harbor with his third wife, with whom he traveled extensively. Later books include *Sweet Thursday* (1954), *Pippin IV*, and the posthumously published *Journal of a Novel: The East of Eden Letters* (1969), *Viva Zapata!* (1975), acts of King Arthur and his noble knights (1976) and *Working Days: The Diaries of the Vines of Wrath* (1989). He died in 1968 and won the Nobel Prize in 1962. BY JOHN STEINBECK FICTION Cup of Gold The Pastures of Heaven To a God Unknown *Tortilla Flat* In Dubious Battle *Saint Katy the Virgin Of Mice and Men The Red Pony The Long Valley The Grapes of Wrath The Moon is Down Cannery Row The Wayward Bus The Pearl Burning Bright East of Eden Sweet Thursday The Winter of Our Discontent The Short Reign of Pippin IV NONFICTION Sea of Cortez : The Leisurely Journal of Travel and Research (in collaboration with Edward F. Ricketts) *Bombs Away: The Story of a Bomber Team A Russian Journal* (with pictures by Robert Capa) *The Log of the Sea of Cortez* once had a war traveling with Charley in search of America America and the Americans *Journal of a Novel: The East of Eden leaves playing mice and men in the hold down collections of portable Steinbeck's short novels by John SteinBeck : The life of the letters of other works the forgotten village (documentary) Viva Zapata! (scenario) CRITICAL LIBRARY EDITION Of The Grape of Anger (edited by Peter Lisca) Penguin BOOKS Published by Penguin Group Penguin Group (USA) Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA Penguin Group (Canada), 90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3, Canada (a division of Pearson Penguin Canada Inc.) Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England Penguin Ireland, 25 St Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, Ireland (a division of Penguin Books Ltd.) Penguin Group (Australia), 250 Camberwell Road, Camberwell, Victoria 3124, Australia (a division of Pearson Australia Group Pty Ltd.) Penguin Books India Pvt Ltd, 11 Community Centre, Panchsheel Park, New Delhi - 110 017, India Penguin Group (NZ), 67 Apollo Drive, Rosedale, North Shore 0632, New Zealand (a division of Pearson New Zealand Ltd.) Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd , 24 Sturdee Avenue , Rosebank, Johannesburg 2196, South Africa Penguin Books Ltd, registered offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England First published in the United States of America by Covici, Friede, Inc., 1937 Published by The Viking Press Inc. 1938 First Published in a volume of cannery penquin row books 1978 This edition was published in 1993 Copyright John Steinbeck, 1937 Copyright renewed by John Steinbeck, 1965 All rights reserved eISBN : 978-1-4406-3390-4 The scanning, uploading and distribution of the book over the internet or in any other way without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please they are not involved in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. We appreciate your support for the author's rights. mice and men a few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River falls near the hillside bank and runs deep and green. The water was also warm as it slipped flickering through the yellow sand in the sunlight before reaching the narrow pool. On one side of the river, the golden mountain slopes arch to the strong and rocky Gabilan Mountains, but on the side of the valley the water is lined with trees - the willows are fresh and green every year, in their lower leaf crest they carry the debris of the winter flood; and the sycamores are spotted in white with reclining limbs and branches that arch over the pelvis. On the sandy shore under the trees the leaves lie deep and so sharp that a lizard makes a great skittering when running between them. Rabbits come out of the brush to sit in the sand in the evening, and the wet flats are covered with the night trails of the raccoon, and the spread of pillow dogs on ranches and the split-wedge wedge trails of deer that come to drink in the dark. There is a road between willows and sycamores, a road beaten hard by boys coming down to ranches to swim in the deep pool and beaten hard by vagaboons who come tiredly down the highway in the evening jungle-up near the water. In front of the low horizontal limb is a huge inset with an ash pile made by many fires; the limb is worn by smooth men who sit on it. In the evening a hot day began with a small wind moving between the leaves. The shadow climbed towards the hills at the top. On the sandbank, the rabbits sat as quietly as the little grey, carved stones. And then the direction of the state highway came to a sound in the footsteps of crisp sycamore leaves. The rabbits rushed for cover without noise. A pile-up heron ran into the air and ran down the river. For a moment the place was lifeless, then two men stepped out of the path and came into the slot in the green pool. They walked down the path in a single file and even stayed behind the other in the open. They were both dressed in denim shorts and denim jackets with brass bu ttons. They both wore black, shapeless hats and both wore tight blanket reeds over their shoulders. The first man was small and fast, dark face, with restless eyes and sharp, strong features. All parts were determined: small, strong hands, slender arms, thin and bony nose. Behind him walked the opposite, a huge man, shapeless face, large, pale eyes, wide, oblique shoulders; and he walked hard, pulling his feet a little as a bear dragged his paws. His arms didn't swing to his side, they hung loose. The first man stopped short in the clearing, The follower almost gassed him. He took off his hat and wiped the sweat band with his index finger and snapped the moisture off. His mighty companion dropped his blanket, threw himself down, and drank from the surface of the green pool; drank a long sip, sniffing into the water like a horse. The little man nervously stepped next to him. Lennie, i'm sorry, Lennie, for God's sake, don't drink so much. Lennie kept sniffing into the pool. The little man leaned over and shook him on the shoulder. Lennie, that's it. You're going to get sick like you did last night. Lennie dipped his whole head in a hat and everything, and then he sat on the bank, and his hat dripping down his blue jacket and ran down his back. That's good, he said. You drink it, George. Let's get a big drink. He smiled happily. George threw out his bandage and threw it gently at the bank. I'm not sure it's good water, he said. He seems pretty trashy. Lennie dabbled in his large paw, and moved his fingers, that the water had formed in small splashes; rings widened over the pool to the other side and came back. Lennie watched them leave. Look, George. Look what I've done. George knelt down by the pool and drank fast dumplings from his hand. The taste is fine, he admitted. It doesn't really seem to be running, though. You should never drink water when it doesn't work, Lennie, he said hopelessly. You'd drink from the sewer if you were thirsty. He poured a spoonful of water into his face and rubbed it with his hands, under his jaw and at the back of his neck. Then he changed his hat, pushed himself back out of the river, pulled up his knees and hugged them. Lennie, who was watching, was imitating George exactly. He pushed himself back, pulled up his knees, hugged them, looked at George to see if he was right. He pulled his hat down a little more over his eyes than George's hat did. George stared grumpily at the water. His eyes were red, from the rays of the sun. Angry, he said, We could ride to the farm if that son of a bus driver knew what he was talking about. Jes is a bit of a stretch down the highway, he says. Jes' is a bit of an exaggeration. Damn it, almost four miles, that's it! I didn't want to stop at the farm gate, that's it. He's too lazy to stand up. I'm surprised it's not very good to stop at Soledad. He fires us and says Jes is a little on the road. I bet it was over four miles. It's a bloody hot day. Lennie looked at him timidly. George? yes, what do you want? Where are we going, George? The little man pulled off his hat and smuged at Lennie. So you've forgotten it's awready, haven't you? I have to tell you again, don't I? Jesus Christ, you're a crazy son of a bitch! I forgot, Lennie said softly. I tried not to forget. I swear to God, George. I'll tell you again. I don't have anything to do. Maybe jus'as spen'tas all my time tellin you things and then you forget 'ed 'ed 'ed and I tell you I tried and tried. Lennie said, but that wasn't good. I remember the rabbits, George. To hell with rabbits. That's all you remember, those rabbits. Reason! Now listen, and this time you have to remember not to get in trouble. Do you remember sitting in the Howard Street sewer looking at that sign? Lennie's face is a joy moy. Why, of course, George. I remember that. . . . But... Then what did we do? I remember some girls came and you said, You're saying. . . . To hell with what I'm saying. Remember how we went into Murray and Ready's and they gave us work cards and bus tickets? Sure. George. Now I remember him. His hands quickly reached into his side jacket pockets. He gently said, George. . . I don't have mine. I must have lost it. He looked desperately down at the ground. I never have, you crazy son of a bitch. Here's both. You think I'm going to let you take your own work card with you? Lennie grinned with relief. I. . . I thought I put it in my side pocket. His hand went into his pocket again. George looked at him sharply. What did you get out of your pocket? I don't have anything in my pocket. Lennie said smartly. I know you don't. It's in your hands. What do you have in your hand. . . Did you hide it? I don't have anything, George. Honestly. Come on, you'll give it to me here. Lennie kept his hands away from George's direction. It's a mouse, George. A mouse? A live mouse? Uh-uh, I'm sorry. Jus is a dead mouse, George. I killed him. Honest! I found it. I found him dead. You give it to me here! George said. Oh, let it be, George. Give it to me. Lennie's closed hand slowly obeyed. George took the mouse and threw it across the pool to the other side, between the brush. What do you want with a dead mouse? I could stroke it with my thumb as we walked, said Lennie. Well, you don't pet mice while you're coming with me. Do you remember where we're going? Lennie was frightened, and then, embarrassed, pressed his face to his knees. I forgot again. Jesus Christ, said George resigned. Look, we're going to be working on a farm like the one we came from up north. North? On the web. Oh, yes. Remember. Weed. That farm we're going to is right there, about a quarter of a mile away. We're going to the boss's. Look, I'll give him the work tickets, but you won't say a word. You stand there and you don't say anything. If he finds out how crazy you are, we won't have a job, but if he sees you working before he hears you talking, we're ready. Do you get it? Sure, George. Of course I got it. Reason. Now, when we go to the boss, what happens? Am I going to do it? I. . . I, Lennie thought. His face was clenched with thought. I. . . I'm not saying anything. Jus is going to be there. He's a good boy. That's very good. You say that two or three times, so don't forget. Lennie droned softly inside you, I'm not saying anything. . . I'm not saying anything. . . . I'm not saying anything. Ok, said George. And you're not going to do the bad things you did in Weed. Lennie seemed confused. Like I did in Weed? Oh, you forgot that, too, didn't you? Well, I'm not going to remind you, it's because you're doing it again. The light of understanding broke Lennie's face. They're taking us out of the weed, he exploded triumphantly. They're going to miss us, hell,' said George, disgusted. We're on the run. They were looking for us, but they didn't get us. Lennie giggled happily. I haven't forgotten that, I bet you do. George leaned back on the sand and crossed his hands under his head, and Lennie imitated him, raising his head to see if he was doing it right. God, you're in a lot of trouble, said George. I'd get along so easily and kindly if it wasn't for me. I could live so easily, and maybe I'd have a daughter. Lennie lay quietly for a moment, and then hopefully he said, We're going to work on a farm, George. Awright, it's not my fault. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, but we're going to sleep here because I have a reason. The day went fast. Only the top of the Gabilan Mountains was on fire with the light of the sun that had disappeared from the valley. A water snake slid through the pool, its head holding it like a small periscope. The reeds twitched slightly with the current. Far towards the highway, a man shouted something and another man shouted back. His soy limbs shrunk under a small wind, which immediately died. George. . . Why don't we go to the farm for dinner? They're having dinner at the farm. George is on his side. There's no reason. I like it here. Tomorrow, we're going to work. I saw him hitting machines on the way down. That means we're going to bask in grain bags and dip his intestines in. I'm going to lie here tonight and look up. I like it. Lennie stood up and looked down at George. Aren't we having dinner? Sure, if you pick up some dead willows. I've got three cans of beans in my bandage. Prepare the fire. I'll give you a match if you get your act together. Then we'll warm up the beans and have dinner. Lennie said, I like ketchup beans. Well, we don't have ketchup. Go get wood. And don't mess around. It's going to be dark soon. Lennie stood at his feet and disappeared into the bush. George was lying where he was, whistling softly at himself. There were noises heard on the river, wherever Lennie was, George stopped whistling and kept quiet. Poor devil, he said softly, then continued whistling again. In a moment Lennie came crashing back into the brush. He was carrying a little willow stick in his hand. George sat up. Awright, he said bluntly. Gim'e to the mouse! But Lennie was a complicated pantomime of innocence. What mouse, George? I don't have a mouse. George reached out. Oh, come on, give it to me. You're not going to do anything. Lennie hesitated, backed away, looked wildly at the brush line, as if he were trying to run for his freedom. George coldly said, Are you going to give me that mouse, or am I going to have to pull it in? What do I give you, George? God knows what. I want that mouse. Lennie reluctantly reached into his pocket. His voice broke a little. I don't know why I can't keep it. It's not anyone's mouse. I didn't steal it. I found it by the side of the road. George's hand remained imperiously outstretched. Slowly, like a terrier who didn't want to take the ball to his master, Lennie approached, pulled back, approached again. George clicked his fingers sharply, and in the voice Lennie put the mouse in his hand. I didn't do anything wrong to him, George. Jus caresses him. George got up and threw the mouse into the dark brush, then stepped to the pool and washed his hands. You crazy fool. Don't you think I saw your feet were wet, where you pick the river to get it? He heard Lennie whining and wheeling. Blubberin like a baby! Jesus Christ! A big guy like you. Lennie's lips trembled, and tears began in her eyes. Oh, Lennie! George got his hands on Lennie's shoulder. I'm not marrying her for meanness. That mouse isn't fresh, Lennie. And besides, you broke it. I'll give you another mouse that's fresh, and I'll let you keep it for a while. The mice and men of John Steinbeck/History & Fiction have ratings of 4 out of 5/32 votes**

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