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## Barney will stanton theme

Journal #2 Type 5: Questions Barney Barney written by Will Stanton, was written in a diary form using 1st Person Point of View. In the story, the journal was written by a scientist who started his post with him firing his colleagues after being accused of trying to marry Barney, a normal pet rat, that the scientist will conduct an experiment with it. The purpose of the scientist was to create a glutamic acid treatment that will make another species next to humans become more intelligent by having an ability to do what man could do the same as thinking skills. This first part of the story was easy to understand. But after the second half of the story began, I find it difficult to understand all aspects of the story and the author's purpose of writing the story in this way. Especially when the second last post by the scientist has begun. The entry was written on September 10th, where the scientist begins his second attempt to climb down an old well after the key to unlocking the dungeon where he was to perform Barney after the attempt was conducted was thrown into the well by Barney. Maybe I should make myself a sandwich that I can be down there longer than seems likely at the moment After this passage in the September 10 entry has been written, the description that the scientist wrote seems to have stopped right there. This referred to the fact that he already went down that old good. But what seems to be surprise was the September 11 entry was written in an unusual style: Poor Barney is dead, and soon I shall be the same. He was a wonderful rattle and life without him is knot worth living. If anyone rushes this don't disturb anything on the island, but leeve it like it's like a shryn to Barney, especchilly the old well. Don't look for my body, which I'll throw myself into see. You mite bring a few young rats and leeve them as a living memorial to Barney. Females-no males. I sprayed my wrist is why this is written so bad. It's my last will. Do what I say, don't come back or disturb anything when you've got those young rats with you like I said. Women only. As you can see from writing style; some of the words (underlined) were misspelled. This gives me one of the big questions: why was the word misspelled? Is it misspelled in purpose /not in purpose? The part where the post said: I sprained my wrist. Is it really possible for people to misspel words because of a sprained wrist? Also in the last part of the post it said to bring only female rats; Why only female rats? This makes it really clear that this entry was not written by the researchers. What's going on with him? Did Barney kill him and write the last post? Even though Barney wrote this post, why did he misspel the words? Of course he was a But he is a rat with human intelligence in his body. I've already finished reading this short story, but some of my mine remain unanswered. I'll try to reread shortstory and hopefully I'll find the answer for my own questions. A sci-fi short story written in the style of a journal by a scientist. He conducts experiments to increase the intelligence of a rat called Barney.Place: a desert island. Plot: A bizarre experiment. Object: to increase the intelligence of a very special rat. August 30th We're alone on the island now, Barney and I. It was quite a jerk to have to sack Tayloe after all these years, but I had no alternative. The small vandalism I could have forgiven, but when he tried to poison Barney of simple evil, he stood in the way of scientific progress. That I can't tolerate. I can only believe that the experiment was done while under the influence of alcohol, it was so clumsy. The poison container was ov4erturned and a trail of powder led to Barney's dish. Tayloe's defense was the flimsiest. He denied it. So who else? September 2nd I take a calmer view of the Tayloe affair. Monastic life here must have become too much for him. That, and the abandonment of his precious guinea pig. He insisted to the end that they were better suited than Barney for my experiments. They were more his speed, I'm afraid. He was a serious and willing worker, but something of a lump, poor guy. Finally, I have the full freedom to continue my work without mute reproach of Tayloe. I can only attribute his violent antagonism toward Barney to jealousy. And now that he's gone, how much happier Barney seems to be! I've given him the complete run of the place and what sport it is to observe how his newly awakened intellectual curiosity carries him about. After only two weeks of glutamic acid treatments, he has become interested in my library, pulling the books from the shelves, and going over them page by page. I am sure he knows that there is some knowledge that can be obtained from them if he only had the key. September 8th For the last two days I've had to keep Barney limited and how he hates it. I'm afraid when my experiments are complete, I'm going to have to do away with Barney. Ridiculous as it may sound there is still the possibility that he might be able to communicate his intelligence to others of his kind. No matter how small the chance may be, the risk is too great to ignore. Fortunately, in the basement, there is a vault built with the idea of keeping pests out, and it will serve well to keep Barney in. September 9th Apparently I've spoken too soon. This morning I let him out to sew you around before I started another series of tests. After a quick examination of the room he returned to his cage, jumped up on the door handle, removed the key with his teeth, and before I could stop him, he was out the window. When I reached the farm I spied on him on the clear well and I arrived on the spot only in time to hear splash splash the water below. I own I'm a little embarrassed. That's the only key. The door is locked. Some valuable papers are in separate rooms inside the vault. Fortunately, even if the well is over forty meters deep, there is only a few feet of water at the bottom, so retrieving the key does not constitute an insurmountable obstacle. But I have to admit, Barney won the first round. September 10th I've had a pretty harrowing experience, and once again in a minor clash with Barney I've come out second best. In this case, I will admit that he played the hero's role and may even have saved my life. To facilitate my descent into the well I knotted a length of three quarter-inch rope at one-foot intervals to make a rude ladder. I reached the bottom easily enough, but after only a few minutes of fumbling for the key, my flashlight gave out and I returned to the surface. A few feet from the top I heard agitated squeaks from Barney, and upon reaching the ground level I noticed that the rope was almost completely cut off. Apparently had chafed against the edge of masonry and the little guy perceiving my situation had done its utmost to warn me. I have now replaced this part of the rope and arranged some old firing during it to prevent a repeat of the accident. I have refilled the batteries in my flashlight and am now prepared for the final descent. These moments I have taken out to give myself a breathing spell and to bring my diary up to date. Maybe I should make myself a sandwich that I can be down there longer than seems likely at the moment. September 11th Poor Barney is dead a soon I shall be the same. He was a wonderful rattle and life without him is knot worth living. If anyone reeds this please don't disturb anything on the island but leeve it as it is like a shryn to Barney, especchilly the old well. Don't look for my body, which I'll throw myself into see. You mite bring a few young rats and leeve them as a living memorial to Barney. Females - no males. I sprayed my wrist is why this is written so bad. It's my last will. Do what I say and don't come back or disturb anything when you've got those young rats with you like I said. Women only. Goodbye by Will Stanton Stanton

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