

1 Introduction

This document contains the annotations produced from following one annotation guideline. As each guideline has been applied three times, the same text is shown three times, possibly with diverging annotations.

How to read the annotations The begin and end of each annotated span is marked with an opening and closing bracket, highlighted in yellow. In addition, each span has a unique number (per document and annotator) that is marked as a super script after the bracket. A footnote with the same number shows the category first and all assigned features or attributes following, separated with a plus sign. For convenience, these markings are shown both on the page with the begin and end of the annotation.

2 Own

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov The Lottery Ticket ————— ^[28] Ivan Dmitritch, a middle-class man who lived with his family on an income of twelve hundred a year and was very well satisfied with his lot, sat down on the sofa after supper and began reading the newspaper. "I forgot to look at the newspaper today," his wife said to him as she cleared the table. "Look and see whether the list of drawings is there." "Yes, it is," said Ivan Dmitritch; "but hasn't your ticket lapsed?" "No; I took the interest on Tuesday." "What is the number?" "Series 9,499, number 26." "All right . . . we will look . . . 9,499 and 26." Ivan Dmitritch had no faith in lottery luck, and would not, as a rule, have consented to look at the lists of winning numbers, but now, as he had nothing else to do and as the newspaper was before his eyes, he passed his finger downwards along the column of numbers. And immediately, as though in mockery of his scepticism, no further than the second line from the top, his eye was caught by the figure 9,499! Unable to believe his eyes, he hurriedly dropped the paper on his knees without looking to see the number of the ticket, and, just as though some one had given him a douche of cold water, he felt an agreeable chill in the pit of the stomach; tingling and terrible and sweet! "Masha, 9,499 is there!" he said in a hollow voice. His wife looked at his astonished and panicstricken face, and realized that he was not joking. "9,499?" she asked, turning pale and dropping the folded tablecloth on the table. "Yes, yes . . . it really is there!" "And the number of the ticket?" "Oh yes! There's the number of the ticket too. But stay . . . wait! No, I say! Anyway, the number of our series is there! Anyway, you understand...." ^{]28} ^{[22} Looking at his wife, Ivan Dmitritch gave a broad, senseless smile, like a baby when a bright object is shown it. His wife smiled too; it was as pleasant to her as to him that he only mentioned the series, and did not try to find out the number of the winning ticket. To torment and tantalize oneself with hopes of possible fortune is so sweet, so thrilling! "It is our series," said Ivan Dmitritch, after a

²⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

²⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

²²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

long silence. "So there is a probability that we have won. It's only a probability, but there it is!" "Well, now look!" "Wait a little. We have plenty of time to be disappointed. It's on the second line from the top, so the prize is seventy-five thousand. That's not money, but power, capital! And in a minute I shall look at the list, and there—26! Eh? I say, what if we really have won?" The husband and wife began laughing and staring at one another in silence. The possibility of winning bewildered them; they could not have said, could not have dreamed, what they both needed that seventy-five thousand for, what they would buy, where they would go. They thought only of the figures 9,499 and 75,000 and pictured them in their imagination, while somehow they could not think of the happiness itself which was so possible. Ivan Dmitritch, holding the paper in his hand, walked several times from corner to corner, and only when he had recovered from the first impression began dreaming a little. ^[27] "And if we have won," ^[27] he said—^[26] "why, it will be a new life, it will be a transformation! The ticket is yours, but if it were mine I should, first of all, of course, spend twenty-five thousand on real property in the shape of an estate; ten thousand on immediate expenses, new furnishing . . . travelling . . . paying debts, and so on. . . . The other forty thousand I would put in the bank and get interest on it." ^[26] ^[25] "Yes, an estate, that would be nice," ^[25] said his wife, sitting down and dropping her hands in her lap. ^[24] "Somewhere in the Tula or Oryol provinces. . . . In the first place we shouldn't need a summer villa, and besides, it would always bring in an income." ^[24] And pictures came crowding on his imagination, each more gracious and poetical than the last. And in all these pictures ^[23] he saw himself well-fed, serene, healthy, felt warm, even hot! Here, after eating a summer soup, cold as ice, he lay on his back on the burning sand close to a stream or in the garden under a lime-tree. . . . It is hot. . . . His little boy and girl are crawling about near him, digging in the ^[23] ^[22] ^[13] ^[21] sand or catching ladybirds in the grass. He dozes sweetly, thinking of nothing, and feeling all over that he need not go to the office today, tomorrow, or the day after. Or, tired of lying still, he goes to the hayfield, or to the forest for mushrooms, or watches the peasants catching fish with a net. When the sun sets he takes a towel and soap and saunters to the bathing shed, where he undresses at his leisure, slowly rubs his bare chest with his hands, and goes into the water. And in the water, near the opaque soapy circles, little fish flit to and fro

²⁷embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁷embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁴embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁴embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²³embedded narrative+ID_number=3

²³embedded narrative+ID_number=3

²²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

¹³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

²¹embedded narrative+ID_number=3

and green water-weeds nod their heads. After bathing there is tea with cream and milk rolls. . . . In the evening a walk or vint with the neighbors.]²¹]²⁰ "Yes, it would be nice to buy an estate,"]²⁰ said his wife, also dreaming, and from her face it was evident that she was enchanted by her thoughts. Ivan Dmitritch pictured to himself]¹⁹ autumn with its rains, its cold evenings, and its St. Martin's summer. At that season he would have to take longer walks about the garden and beside the river, so as to get thoroughly chilled, and then drink a big glass of vodka and eat a salted mushroom or a soused cucumber, and then—drink another. . . . The children would come running from the kitchen-garden, bringing a carrot and a radish smelling of fresh earth. . . . And then, he would lie stretched full length on the sofa, and in leisurely fashion turn over the pages of some illustrated magazine, or, covering his face with it and unbuttoning his waistcoat, give himself up to slumber.]¹⁹]¹⁸ The St. Martin's summer is followed by cloudy, gloomy weather. It rains day and night, the bare trees weep, the wind is damp and cold. The dogs, the horses, the fowls—all are wet, depressed, downcast. There is nowhere to walk; one can't go out for days together; one has to pace up and down the room, looking despondently at the grey window. It is dreary!]¹⁸ Ivan Dmitritch stopped and looked at his wife.]¹⁷ "I should go abroad, you know, Masha,"]¹⁷ he said. And he began thinking]¹⁶ how nice it would be in late autumn to go abroad somewhere to the South of France ... to Italy ... to India!]¹⁶]¹⁵ "I should certainly go abroad too,"]¹⁵ his wife said. "But look at the number of the ticket!" "Wait, wait! ..." He walked about the room and went on thinking. It occurred to him:]¹⁴ what if his wife really did go abroad? It is pleasant to travel alone, or in the society of light, careless women who live in the present, and not such as think and talk all the journey about nothing but their children, sigh, and tremble with]¹⁴]¹³]³]¹² dismay over

²¹embedded narrative+ID_number=3

²⁰embedded narrative+ID_number=2

²⁰embedded narrative+ID_number=2

¹⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=3

¹⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=3

¹⁸embedded narrative+ID_number=3

¹⁸embedded narrative+ID_number=3

¹⁷embedded narrative+ID_number=2

¹⁷embedded narrative+ID_number=2

¹⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=3

¹⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=3

¹⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=2

¹⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=2

¹⁴embedded narrative+ID_number=4

¹⁴embedded narrative+ID_number=4

¹³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

¹²embedded narrative+ID_number=4

every farthing.]¹² Ivan Dmitritch imagined]¹¹ his wife in the train with a multitude of parcels, baskets, and bags; she would be sighing over something, complaining that the train made her head ache, that she had spent so much money.... At the stations he would continually be having to run for boiling water, bread and butter. ...She wouldn't have dinner because of its being too dear.... "She would begrudge me every farthing,"]¹¹ he thought, with a glance at his wife.]¹⁰ "The lottery ticket is hers, not mine! Besides, what is the use of her going abroad? What does she want there? She would shut herself up in the hotel, and not let me out of her sight.... I know!"]¹⁰ And for the first time in his life his mind dwelt on the fact that]⁹ his wife had grown elderly and plain, and that she was saturated through and through with the smell of cooking, while he was still young, fresh, and healthy, and might well have got married again.]⁹]⁸ "Of course, all that is silly nonsense,"]⁸ he thought;]⁷ "but...why should she go abroad? What would she make of it? And yet she would go, of course.... I can fancy.... In reality it is all one to her, whether it is Naples or Klin. She would only be in my way. I should be dependent upon her. I can fancy how, like a regular woman, she will lock the money up as soon as she gets it.... She will look after her relations and grudge me every farthing."]⁷ Ivan Dmitritch thought of her relations.]⁶ All those wretched brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles would come crawling about as soon as they heard of the winning ticket, would begin whining like beggars, and fawning upon them with oily, hypocritical smiles. Wretched, detestable people! If they were given anything, they would ask for more; while if they were refused, they would swear at them, slander them, and wish them every kind of misfortune.]⁶ Ivan Dmitritch remembered his own relations, and their faces, at which he had looked impartially in the past, struck him now as repulsive and hateful.]⁵ "They are such reptiles!"]⁵ he thought. And his wife's face, too, struck him as repulsive and hateful. Anger surged up in his heart against her, and he thought malignantly:]⁴ "She knows nothing about money, and so she is stingy. If she won it

¹²embedded narrative+ID_number=4

¹¹embedded narrative+ID_number=4

¹¹embedded narrative+ID_number=4

¹⁰embedded narrative+ID_number=4

¹⁰embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁸embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁸embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁷embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁷embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=4

⁴embedded narrative+ID_number=4

she would give me a hundred roubles, and put the rest away under lock and key.”]⁴
 And he looked at his wife, not with a smile now, but with hatred. She glanced at him too, and also with hatred and anger. She had her own daydreams, her own plans, her own reflections; she understood perfectly]³]⁰ well what her husband’s dreams were. She knew who would be the first to try to grab her winnings.]² ”It’s very nice making daydreams at other people’s expense!” is what her eyes expressed. ”No, don’t you dare!”]² Her husband understood her look; hatred began stirring again in his breast, and in order to annoy his wife he glanced quickly, to spite her at the fourth page on the newspaper and read out triumphantly: ”Series 9,499, number 46! Not 26!” Hatred and hope both disappeared at once, and it began immediately to seem to Ivan Dmitritch and his wife that their rooms were dark and small and low-pitched, that the supper they had been eating was not doing them good, but Lying heavy on their stomachs, that the evenings were long and wearisome. . . . ”What the devil’s the meaning of it?” said Ivan Dmitritch, beginning to be ill-humored]¹. ’Wherever one steps there are bits of paper under one’s feet, crumbs, husks. The rooms are never swept! One is simply forced to go out. Damnation take my soul entirely! I shall go and hang myself on the first aspen-tree.”]¹]⁰ —————- <http://www.classicshorts.com/stories/lottery.html>

3 Foreign

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov The Lottery Ticket —————-]⁰]³⁷]³⁸ Ivan Dmitritch, a middle-class man who lived with his family on an income of twelve hundred a year and was very well satisfied with his lot, sat down on the sofa after supper and began reading the newspaper. ”I forgot to look at the newspaper today,” his wife said to him as she cleared the table. ”Look and see whether the list of drawings is there.” ”Yes, it is,” said Ivan Dmitritch; ”but hasn’t your ticket lapsed?” ”No; I took the interest on Tuesday.” ”What is the number?” ”Series 9,499, number 26.” ”All right . . . we will look . . . 9,499 and 26.” Ivan Dmitritch had no faith in lottery luck, and would not, as a rule, have consented to look at the lists of winning numbers, but now, as he had nothing else to do and as the newspaper was before his eyes, he passed his finger downwards along the column of numbers. And immediately, as though in mockery of his scepticism, no further than the second line from the top, his eye was caught by the figure 9,499!

⁴embedded narrative+ID_number=4
³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
²embedded narrative+ID_number=2
²embedded narrative+ID_number=2
¹embedded narrative+ID_number=5
¹embedded narrative+ID_number=5
⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
³⁷type of narrative+type=original
³⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

Unable to believe his eyes, he hurriedly dropped the paper on his knees without looking to see the number of the ticket, and, just as though some one had given him a douche of cold water, he felt an agreeable chill in the pit of the stomach; tingling and terrible and sweet! "Masha, 9,499 is there!" he said in a hollow voice. His wife looked at his astonished and panicstricken face, and realized that he was not joking. "9,499?" she asked, turning pale and dropping the folded tablecloth on the table. "Yes, yes . . . it really is there!" "And the number of the ticket?" "Oh yes! There's the number of the ticket too. But stay . . . wait! No, I say! Anyway, the number of our series is there! Anyway, you understand..." Looking at his wife, Ivan Dmitritch gave a broad, senseless smile, like a baby when a bright object is shown it. His wife smiled too; it was as pleasant to her as to him that he only mentioned the series, and did not try to find out the number of the winning ticket. To torment and tantalize oneself with hopes of possible fortune is so sweet, so thrilling! "It is our series," said Ivan Dmitritch, after a long silence. "So there is a probability that we have won. It's only a probability, but there it is!" "Well, now look!" "Wait a little. We have plenty of time to be disappointed. It's on the second line from the top, so the prize is seventy-five thousand. That's not money, but power, capital! And in a minute I shall look at the list, and there—26! Eh? I say, what if we really have won?" The husband and wife began laughing and staring at one another in silence. The possibility of winning bewildered them; they could not have said, could not have dreamed, what they both needed that seventy-five thousand for, what they would buy, where they would go. They thought only of the figures 9,499 and 75,000 and pictured them in their imagination, while somehow they could not think of the happiness itself which was so possible. Ivan Dmitritch, holding the paper in his hand, walked several times from corner to corner, and only when he had recovered from the first impression began dreaming a little. "And if we have won," he said—"why, it will be a new life, it will be a transformation! The ticket is yours, but if it were mine I should, first of all, of course]³⁸]³⁷ , [³⁵]³⁶ spend twenty-five thousand on real property in the shape of an estate; ten thousand on immediate expenses, new furnishing . . . travelling . . . paying debts, and so on. . . . The other forty thousand I would put in the bank and get interest on it.]³⁶]³⁵ " [³³]³⁴ "Yes, an estate, that would be nice," said his wife, sitting down and dropping her hands in her lap]³⁴]³³ . " [³¹]³² Somewhere in the Tula or Oryol provinces. . . . In the first place we shouldn't need a summer villa,

³⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

³⁷type of narrative+type=original

³⁵type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

³⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=2

³⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=2

³⁵type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

³³type of narrative+type=original

³⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

³⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

³³type of narrative+type=original

³¹type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

³²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=3

and besides, it would always bring in an income.³²]³¹ ” [29 [30 And pictures came crowding on his imagination, each more gracious and poetical than the last. And in all these pictures he saw]³⁰]²⁹ [27 [28 himself well-fed, serene, healthy, felt warm, even hot! Here, after eating a summer soup, cold as ice, he lay on his back on the burning sand close to a stream or in the garden under a lime-tree. . . . It is hot. . . . His little boy and girl are crawling about near him, digging in the sand or catching ladybirds in the grass. He dozes sweetly, thinking of nothing, and feeling all over that he need not go to the office today, tomorrow, or the day after. Or, tired of lying still, he goes to the hayfield, or to the forest for mushrooms, or watches the peasants catching fish with a net. When the sun sets he takes a towel and soap and saunters to the bathing shed, where he undresses at his leisure, slowly rubs his bare chest with his hands, and goes into the water. And in the water, near the opaque soapy circles, little fish flit to and fro and green water-weeds nod their heads. After bathing there is tea with cream and milk rolls. . . . In the evening a walk or vint with the neighbors]²⁸]²⁷ . ”

[25 [26 Yes, it would be nice to buy an estate,” said his wife, also dreaming, and from her face it was evident that she was enchanted by her thoughts. Ivan Dmitritch pictured to himself]²⁶]²⁵ [23 [24 autumn with its rains, its cold evenings, and its St. Martin’s summer. At that season he would have to take longer walks about the garden and beside the river, so as to get thoroughly chilled, and then drink a big glass of vodka and eat a salted mushroom or a soused cucumber, and then—drink another. . . . The children would come running from the kitchen-garden, bringing a carrot and a radish smelling of fresh earth. . . . And then, he would lie stretched full length on the sofa, and in leisurely fashion turn over the pages of some illustrated magazine, or, covering his face with it and unbuttoning his waistcoat, give himself up to slumber. The St. Martin’s summer is followed by cloudy, gloomy weather. It rains day and night, the bare trees weep, the wind is damp and cold. The dogs, the horses, the fowls—all are wet, depressed, downcast. There is nowhere to walk; one can’t go out for days together; one has to pace

³²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=3

³¹type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

²⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

³⁰type of narrative+type=original

³⁰type of narrative+type=original

²⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

²⁷type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

²⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=4

²⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=4

²⁷type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

²⁵narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

²⁶type of narrative+type=original

²⁶type of narrative+type=original

²⁵narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

²³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=5

²⁴type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

up and down the room, looking despondently at the grey window. It is dreary]²⁴]²³ !
 [21]²² Ivan Dmitritch stopped and looked at his wife. "I should go abroad, you know,
 Masha," he said. And he began thinking how nice it would be in]²²]²¹ [19]²⁰ late
 autumn to go abroad somewhere to the South of France ... to Italy ... to India]²⁰]¹⁹ !
 " [17]¹⁸ I should certainly go abroad too," his wife said. "But look at the number of the
 ticket!" "Wait, wait! ..." He walked about the room and went on thinking. It occurred
 to him: what if]¹⁸]¹⁷ [15]¹⁶ his wife really did go abroad? It is pleasant to travel
 alone, or in the society of light, careless women who live in the present, and not such as
 think and talk all the journey about nothing but their children, sigh, and tremble with
 dismay over every farthing]¹⁶]¹⁵ . [13]¹⁴ Ivan Dmitritch imagined]¹⁴]¹³ [11]¹² his
 wife in the train with a multitude of parcels, baskets, and bags; she would be sighing
 over something, complaining that the train made her head ache, that she had spent so
 much money.... At the stations he would continually be having to run for boiling water,
 bread and butter. ...She wouldn't have dinner because of its being too dear]¹²]¹¹
 " [9]¹⁰ She would begrudge me every farthing," he thought, with a glance at his wife.
 "The lottery ticket is hers, not mine! Besides, what is the use of her going abroad?
 What does she want there? She would shut herself up in the hotel, and not let me

²⁴type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
²³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=5
²¹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
²²type of narrative+type=original
²²type of narrative+type=original
²¹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=6
²⁰type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
²⁰type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
¹⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=6
¹⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁸type of narrative+type=original
¹⁸type of narrative+type=original
¹⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁵type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
¹⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=7
¹⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=7
¹⁵type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
¹³type of narrative+type=original
¹⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹³type of narrative+type=original
¹¹type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
¹²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=8
¹²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=8
¹¹type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision
⁹type of narrative+type=original
¹⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

out of her sight.... I know!" And for the first time in his life his mind dwelt on the fact that his wife had grown elderly and plain, and that she was saturated through and through with the smell of cooking, while he was still young, fresh, and healthy, and might well have got married again. "Of course, all that is silly nonsense," he thought; "but...why should she go abroad? What would she make of it? And yet she would go, of course.... I can fancy.... In reality it is all one to her, whether it is Naples or Klin. She would only be in my way. I should be dependent upon her. I can fancy how, like a regular woman, she will lock the money up as soon as she gets it.... She will look after her relations and grudge me every farthing." Ivan Dmitritch thought of her relations]¹⁰]⁹ . [⁷ [⁸ All those wretched brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles would come crawling about as soon as they heard of the winning ticket, would begin whining like beggars, and fawning upon them with oily, hypocritical smiles. Wretched, detestable people! If they were given anything, they would ask for more; while if they were refused, they would swear at them, slander them, and wish them every kind of misfortune]⁸]⁷ . [⁵ [⁶ Ivan Dmitritch remembered his own relations, and their faces, at which he had looked impartially in the past, struck him now as repulsive and hateful. "They are such reptiles!" he thought. And his wife's face, too, struck him as repulsive and hateful. Anger surged up in his heart against her, and he thought malignantly: "She knows nothing about money, and so she is stingy]⁶]⁵ . [³ [⁴ If she won it she would give me a hundred roubles, and put the rest away under lock and key]⁴]³ ." [¹ [² And he looked at his wife, not with a smile now, but with hatred. She glanced at him too, and also with hatred and anger. She had her own daydreams, her own plans, her own reflections; she understood perfectly well what her husband's dreams were. She knew who would be the first to try to grab her winnings. "It's very nice making daydreams at other people's expense!" is what her eyes expressed. "No, don't you dare!" Her husband understood her look; hatred began stirring again in his breast, and in order to annoy his wife he glanced quickly, to spite her at the fourth page on the newspaper and read out triumphantly: "Series 9,499, number 46! Not 26!" Hatred and hope both disappeared at once, and it began immediately to seem to Ivan Dmitritch and his wife that their rooms

¹⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

⁹type of narrative+type=original

⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=9

⁸type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

⁸type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=9

⁵type of narrative+type=original

⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

⁵type of narrative+type=original

³type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=10

⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=10

³type of narrative+type=interruptive dream or vision

¹type of narrative+type=original

²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

were dark and small and low-pitched, that the supper they had been eating was not doing them good, but Lying heavy on their stomachs, that the evenings were long and wearisome. . . . "What the devil's the meaning of it?" said Ivan Dmitritch, beginning to be ill-humored. "Wherever one steps there are bits of paper under one's feet, crumbs, husks. The rooms are never swept! One is simply forced to go out. Damnation take my soul entirely! I shall go and hang myself on the first aspen-tree!"² ¹ " ⁰ —————
<http://www.classicshorts.com/stories/lottery.html>

4 Student

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov The Lottery Ticket —————⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ Ivan Dmitritch, a middle-class man who lived with his family on an income of twelve hundred a year and was very well satisfied with his lot, sat down on the sofa after supper and began reading the newspaper.⁸⁷ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁵ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ "I forgot to look at the newspaper today,⁸⁴ ⁷⁶ " ⁸³ ⁸² ⁷⁷ ⁸¹ his wife said to him as she cleared the table. ⁸¹ ⁸⁰ "Look and see whether the list of drawings is there." "Yes, it is," ⁸⁰ ⁷⁹ said Ivan Dmitritch;⁷⁹

²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹type of narrative+type=original
⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁸⁵type of narrative+type=original
⁸⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁸⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁸⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁸⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁸⁵type of narrative+type=original
⁸²narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁸³embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁸⁴type of narrative+type=embedded
⁸⁴type of narrative+type=embedded
⁷⁶type of narrative+type=original
⁸³embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁸²narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁷⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁸¹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁸¹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁸⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁸⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁷⁹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁷⁹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person

[78] "but hasn't your ticket lapsed?" "No; [78]77]76 [74 [75 [73 I took the interest on Tuesday.]75]74 [70 "]73 [71 [72 "What is the number?" "Series 9,499, number 26." "All right . . . we will look . . . 9,499 and 26." Ivan Dmitritch had no faith in lottery luck, and would not, as a rule, have consented to look at the lists of winning numbers, but now, as he had nothing else to do and as the newspaper was before his eyes, he passed his finger downwards along the column of numbers. And immediately, as though in mockery of his scepticism, no further than the second line from the top, his eye was caught by the figure 9,499! Unable to believe his eyes, he hurriedly dropped the paper on his knees without looking to see the number of the ticket, and, just as though some one had given him a douche of cold water, he felt an agreeable chill in the pit of the stomach; tingling and terrible and sweet! "Masha, 9,499 is there!" he said in a hollow voice. His wife looked at his astonished and panicstricken face, and realized that he was not joking. "9,499?" she asked, turning pale and dropping the folded tablecloth on the table. "Yes, yes . . . it really is there!" "And the number of the ticket?" "Oh yes! There's the number of the ticket too. But stay . . . wait! No, I say! Anyway, the number of our series is there! Anyway, you understand..."]72]71]70

[58 [68 [69 Looking at his wife, Ivan Dmitritch gave a broad, senseless smile, like a baby when a bright object is shown it. His wife smiled too; it was as pleasant to her as to him that he only mentioned the series, and did not try to find out the number of the winning ticket. To torment and tantalize oneself with hopes of possible fortune is so sweet, so thrilling! "It is our series," said Ivan Dmitritch, after a long silence. "So there is a probability that we have won. It's only a probability, but there it is!" "Well, now look!" "Wait a little. We have plenty of time to be disappointed. It's on the second line from the top, so the prize is seventy-five thousand. That's not money, but power, capital! And in a minute I shall look at the list, and there—26! Eh? I say, what if we really have won?" The husband and wife began laughing and staring at one another in silence.

⁷⁸narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁷⁸narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁷⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁷⁶type of narrative+type=original
⁷⁴type of narrative+type=embedded
⁷⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁷³narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁷⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁷⁴type of narrative+type=embedded
⁷⁰type of narrative+type=original
⁷³narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁷¹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁷²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁷²narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁷¹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁷⁰type of narrative+type=original
⁵⁸narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁶⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁶⁹type of narrative+type=original

The possibility of winning bewildered them; they could not have said, could not have dreamed, what they both needed that seventy-five thousand for, what they would buy, where they would go. They thought only of the figures 9,499 and 75,000 and pictured them in their imagination, while somehow they could not think of the happiness itself which was so possible. Ivan Dmitritch, holding the paper in his hand, walked several times from corner to corner, and only when he had recovered from the first impression began dreaming a little.]⁶⁹]⁶⁸ [⁶⁵]⁶⁷ ”And if we have won]⁶⁷]⁶⁶ ,]⁶⁶]⁶⁵ [⁶³]⁶⁴ ” he said—”]⁶⁴]⁶³ [⁶¹]⁶² why, it will be a new life, it will be a transformation!]⁶²]⁶¹]⁵⁹]⁶⁰ The ticket is yours,]⁶⁰]⁵⁹]⁵⁸ [⁵⁵]⁵⁷ [⁵⁶ but if it were mine I should, first of all, of course, spend twenty-five thousand on real property in the shape of an estate; ten thousand on immediate expenses, new furnishing . . . travelling . . . paying debts, and so on. . . . The other forty thousand I would put in the bank and get interest on it.”]⁵⁷]⁵² ”Yes, an estate, that would be nice,”]⁵⁶]⁵⁵ [⁵³]⁵⁴ said his wife, sitting down and

⁶⁹type of narrative+type=original
⁶⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁶⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁶⁷type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁶⁷type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁶⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁶⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁶⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁶³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁶⁴type of narrative+type=original
⁶⁴type of narrative+type=original
⁶³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁶¹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁶²type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁶²type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁶¹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁵⁹type of narrative+type=original
⁶⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁶⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁵⁹type of narrative+type=original
⁵⁸narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁵⁵type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁵⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁵⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁵⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁵²narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁵⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁵⁵type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁵³type of narrative+type=original
⁵⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

dropping her hands in her lap.]⁵⁴]⁵³]⁵² [⁴⁹ [⁵⁰ [⁵¹ ”Somewhere in the Tula or Oryol provinces. . . . In the first place we shouldn’t need a summer villa, and besides, it would always bring in an income.”]⁵¹]⁵⁰]⁴⁹ [⁴⁵ [⁴⁷ [⁴⁸ And pictures came crowding on his imagination, each more gracious and poetical than the last. And in all these pictures he saw himself well-fed, serene, healthy, felt warm, even hot!]⁴⁸]⁴⁷ [⁴⁴ [⁴⁶ Here, after eating a summer soup, cold as ice, he lay on his back on the burning sand close to a stream or in the garden under a lime-tree. . . . It is hot. . . . His little boy and girl are crawling about near him, digging]⁴⁶]⁴⁵ [⁴¹ [⁴² in the]⁴⁴ [⁴³ sand or catching ladybirds in the grass. He dozes sweetly, thinking of nothing, and feeling all over that he need not go to the office today, tomorrow, or the day after. Or, tired of lying still, he goes to the hayfield, or to the forest for mushrooms, or watches the peasants catching fish with a net. When the sun sets he takes a towel and soap and saunters to the bathing shed, where he undresses at his leisure, slowly rubs his bare chest with his hands, and goes into the water. And in the water, near the opaque soapy circles, little fish flit to and fro and green water-weeds nod their heads. After bathing there is tea with cream and milk rolls. . . . In the evening a walk or vint with the neighbors.]⁴³]⁴²]⁴¹ [³⁸ [³⁹ [⁴⁰ ”Yes, it would be nice to buy an estate,” said his wife, also dreaming, and from her face it was evident that she was enchanted by her thoughts. Ivan Dmitritch pictured to himself autumn with its rains, its cold evenings, and its St. Martin’s sum-

⁵⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁵³type of narrative+type=original
⁵²narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁴⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁵⁰type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁵¹narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁵¹narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
⁵⁰type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁴⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁴⁵narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁴⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁴⁸type of narrative+type=original
⁴⁸type of narrative+type=original
⁴⁷narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁴⁴type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁴⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁴⁶embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁴⁵narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁴¹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
⁴²narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁴⁴type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁴³type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁴³type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
⁴²narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁴¹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
³⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
³⁹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
⁴⁰type of narrative+type=original

mer.]⁴⁰]³⁹]³⁸ [³⁵ [³⁶ [³⁷ At that season he would have to take longer walks about the garden and beside the river, so as to get thoroughly chilled, and then drink a big glass of vodka and eat a salted mushroom or a soused cucumber, and then—drink another. . . . The children would come running from the kitchen-garden, bringing a carrot and a radish smelling of fresh earth. . . . And then, he would lie stretched full length on the sofa, and in leisurely fashion turn over the pages of some illustrated magazine, or, covering his face with it and unbuttoning his waistcoat, give himself up to slumber. The St. Martin’s summer is followed by cloudy, gloomy weather. It rains day and night, the bare trees weep, the wind is damp and cold. The dogs, the horses, the fowls—all are wet, depressed, downcast. There is nowhere to walk; one can’t go out for days together; one has to pace up and down the room, looking despondently at the grey window. It is dreary!]³⁷]³⁶]³⁵ [³² [³³ [³⁴ Ivan Dmitritch stopped and looked at his wife. ”I should go abroad, you know, Masha,” he said. And he began thinking how nice it would be in late autumn to go abroad somewhere to the South of France ... to Italy ... to India! ”I should certainly go abroad too,” his wife said. ”But look at the number of the ticket!” ”Wait, wait! ...” He walked about the room and went on thinking. It occurred to him: what if his wife really did go abroad? It is pleasant to travel alone, or in the society of light, careless women who live in the]³⁴]³³ [²⁷ [³⁰ present, and not such as think and talk all the journey about nothing but their children, sigh, and tremble with]³² [³¹ dismay over every farthing. Ivan Dmitritch imagined his wife in the train with a multitude of parcels, baskets, and bags;]³¹]³⁰ [²⁸ [²⁹ she would be sighing over something, complaining that the train made her head ache, that she had spent so much money.... At the stations he would continually be having to run for boiling water, bread and butter. ...She wouldn’t have dinner because of its being too dear.... ”She

⁴⁰type of narrative+type=original
³⁹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
³⁸narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
³⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1
³⁶type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
³⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
³⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
³⁶type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
³⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1
³²type of narrative+type=original
³³narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
³⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
³⁴narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
³³narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
²⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
³⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
³²type of narrative+type=original
³¹type of narrative+type=original
³¹type of narrative+type=original
³⁰narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
²⁸type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
²⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=1

would begrudge me every farthing,”]²⁹]²⁸]²⁷ [²⁴ [²⁵ [²⁶ he thought, with a glance at his wife. ”The lottery ticket is hers, not mine! Besides, what is the use of her going abroad? What does she want there?]²⁶]²⁵]²⁴ [²² [²³ She would shut herself up in the hotel, and not let me out of her sight....]²³]²² [¹⁹ [²⁰ [²¹ I know!” And for the first time in his life his mind dwelt on the fact that his wife had grown elderly and plain, and that she was saturated through and through with the smell of cooking, while he was still young, fresh, and healthy, and might well have got married again. ”Of course, all that is silly nonsense,” he thought;]²¹]²⁰]¹⁹ [¹⁶ [¹⁷ [¹⁸ ”but...why should she go abroad? What would she make of it? And yet she would go, of course.... I can fancy.... In reality it is all one to her, whether it is Naples or Klin. She would only be in my way. I should be dependent upon her. I can fancy how, like a regular woman, she will lock the money up as soon as she gets it.... She will look after her relations and grudge me every farthing.”]¹⁸]¹⁷]¹⁶ [¹³ [¹⁴ [¹⁵ Ivan Dmitritch thought of her relations.]¹⁵]¹⁴]¹³ [¹⁰ [¹¹ [¹² All those wretched brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles would come

²⁹embedded narrative+ID_number=1
²⁸type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
²⁷narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
²⁴type of narrative+type=original
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²⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
²⁶narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
²⁵narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
²⁴type of narrative+type=original
²²embedded narrative+ID_number=1
²³type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
²³type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
²²embedded narrative+ID_number=1
¹⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
²⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
²¹type of narrative+type=original
²¹type of narrative+type=original
²⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
¹⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁶narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
¹⁷type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
¹⁸embedded narrative+ID_number=1
¹⁸embedded narrative+ID_number=1
¹⁷type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision
¹⁶narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed
¹³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁴type of narrative+type=original
¹⁵narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
¹⁵narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
¹⁴type of narrative+type=original
¹³narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
¹⁰embedded narrative+ID_number=1
¹¹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person
¹²type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision

crawling about as soon as they heard of the winning ticket, would begin whining like beggars, and fawning upon them with oily, hypocritical smiles. Wretched, detestable people! If they were given anything, they would ask for more; while if they were refused, they would swear at them, slander them, and wish them every kind of misfortune.

¹² ¹¹ ¹⁰ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ Ivan Dmitritch remembered his own relations, and their faces, at which he had looked impartially in the past, struck him now as repulsive and hateful. "They are such reptiles!" he thought. And his wife's face, too, struck him as repulsive and hateful. Anger surged up in his heart against her, and he thought malignantly: "She knows nothing about money, and so she is stingy." ⁹ ⁸ ⁷ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ If she won it she would give me a hundred roubles, and put the rest away under lock and key." ⁶ ⁵ ⁴ ⁰ ¹ ³ And he looked at his wife, not with a smile now, but with hatred. She glanced at him too, and also with hatred and anger. She had her own daydreams, her own plans, her own reflections; she understood perfectly ³ ² well what her husband's dreams were. She knew who would be the first to try to grab her winnings. "It's very nice making daydreams at other people's expense!" is what her eyes expressed. "No, don't you dare!" Her husband understood her look; hatred began stirring again in his breast, and in order to annoy his wife he glanced quickly, to spite her at the fourth page on the newspaper and read out triumphantly: "Series 9,499, number 46! Not 26!" Hatred and hope both disappeared at once, and it began immediately to seem to Ivan Dmitritch and his wife that their rooms were dark and small and low-pitched, that the supper they had been eating was not doing them good, but Lying heavy on their stomachs, that the evenings were long and wearisome. . . . "What the devil's the meaning of it?" said Ivan Dmitritch, beginning to be ill-humored. 'Wherever one steps there are bits of paper under one's feet, crumbs, husks. The rooms are never swept! One is simply forced to go out. Damnation take my soul entirely! I shall go and hang myself on the first

¹²type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision

¹¹narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person

¹⁰embedded narrative+ID_number=1

⁷type of narrative+type=original

⁸narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person

⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

⁹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

⁸narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person

⁷type of narrative+type=original

⁴type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision

⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1

⁶narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed

⁶narrator+name+point_of_view=1st person unnamed

⁵embedded narrative+ID_number=1

⁴type of narrative+type=embedded dream or vision

⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person

¹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1

³type of narrative+type=original

³type of narrative+type=original

²type of narrative+type=original

aspen-tree!"]²]¹]⁰ —————- <http://www.classicshorts.com/stories/lottery.html>

²type of narrative+type=original
¹narrative+narrative_name+ID_number=1
⁰narrator+name+point_of_view=3rd person