

Version 1

It was afternoon. The horses ate the remaining hay . . . The sun cut in through the cracks in the barn walls and lay in lines on the hay. There was the buzz of flies in the air, the afternoon throbbing. From the outside came the clang of horseshoes on the peg and the shouts of men, yelling, jeering. In the barn it was quiet.

Original

"It was Sunday afternoon. The resting horses nibbled the remaining wisps of hay . . . The afternoon sun sliced in through the cracks in the barn walls and lay in bright lines on the hay. There was the buzz of flies in the air, the lazy afternoon humming. From the outside came the clang of horseshoes on the playing peg and the shouts of men, playing, encouraging, jeering. But in the barn it was quiet and humming and lazy and warm." (p. 84)

Steinbeck, J. (1993). *Of mice and men*. Penguin Books. (Original work published 1937)

Version 1

It was afternoon. The horses ate the remaining hay . . . The sun cut in through the cracks in the barn walls and lay in lines on the hay. There was the buzz of flies in the air, the afternoon throbbing. From the outside came the clang of horseshoes on the peg and the shouts of men, yelling, jeering. In the barn it was quiet.

Original

"It was Sunday afternoon. The resting horses nibbled the remaining wisps of hay . . . The afternoon sun sliced in through the cracks in the barn walls and lay in bright lines on the hay. There was the buzz of flies in the air, the lazy afternoon humming. From the outside came the clang of horseshoes on the playing peg and the shouts of men, playing, encouraging, jeering. But in the barn it was quiet and humming and lazy and warm." (p. 84)

Steinbeck, J. (1993). *Of mice and men*. Penguin Books. (Original work published 1937)

Version 1

Only Lennie was in the barn, and Lennie sat in the hay and looked at a little puppy that lay in front of him. Lennie looked at it for a long time, and then he put out his huge hand and touched it, touched it clear from one end to the other. And Lennie said to the puppy, "Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you hard . . . "

Suddenly his feelings changed. He said, "Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice." He picked up the pup and placed it away from him. He turned. He sat and he said, "Now I won't get to tend the rabbits. Now he won't let me."

Original

"Only Lennie was in the barn, and Lennie sat in the hay and looked at a little dead puppy that lay in front of him. Lennie looked at it for a long time, and then he put out his huge hand and stroked it, stroked it clear from one end to the other. And Lennie said softly to the puppy, 'Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you hard ...'

Suddenly his anger arose. 'God damn you,' he cried. 'Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice.' He picked up the pup and hurled it from him. He turned his back on it. He sat bent over his knees and he whispered, 'Now I won't get to tend the rabbits. Now he won't let me.' He rocked himself back and forth in his sorrow." (pp. 84–85)

Version 1

Only Lennie was in the barn, and Lennie sat in the hay and looked at a little puppy that lay in front of him. Lennie looked at it for a long time, and then he put out his huge hand and touched it, touched it clear from one end to the other. And Lennie said to the puppy, "Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you hard . . ."

Suddenly his feelings changed. He said, "Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice." He picked up the pup and placed it away from him. He turned. He sat and he said, "Now I won't get to tend the rabbits. Now he won't let me."

Original

"Only Lennie was in the barn, and Lennie sat in the hay and looked at a little dead puppy that lay in front of him. Lennie looked at it for a long time, and then he put out his huge hand and stroked it, stroked it clear from one end to the other. And Lennie said softly to the puppy, 'Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you hard . . .'

Suddenly his anger arose. 'God damn you,' he cried. 'Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice.' He picked up the pup and hurled it from him. He turned his back on it. He sat bent over his knees and he whispered, 'Now I won't get to tend the rabbits. Now he won't let me.' He rocked himself back and forth in his sorrow." (pp. 84–85)

Steinbeck, J. (1993). *Of mice and men*. Penguin Books. (Original work published 1937)