

บทที่ 4

การย่อความ anecdote และ short story (Précis Writing – Anecdote and Short Story)

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สาระสำคัญ

1. anecdote คือ เรื่องราวของบุคคลใดบุคคลหนึ่ง หรือเป็นเรื่องที่เกี่ยวข้องกับเหตุการณ์ใดเหตุการณ์หนึ่ง เหตุการณ์เหล่านี้จะเป็นประสบการณ์ของผู้เขียนเองหรือที่ได้พบมามากจะเป็นเรื่องตลก ขบขัน และมีจุดมุ่งหมายที่แอบแฝงอยู่ในการเขียนนั้น

2. short story หรือเรื่องสั้น คือ เรื่องที่มีผู้แต่งขึ้นมา มีตัวละคร และเหตุการณ์ต่าง ๆ ในเรื่องนั้น ๆ มีความยาวที่จำกัด และเป็นการบ่งชี้ถึงปัญหาใดปัญหาหนึ่งที่ทำให้เรื่องดำเนินไปสู่จุดจบได้

จุดประสงค์การเรียนรู้

เมื่อศึกษาบทที่ 4 แล้ว นักศึกษาสามารถ

1. อ่านและรู้ความแตกต่างของงานเขียนทั้งสองประเภท
2. ย่อความ anecdote และ short story เป็น

ในชีวิตประจำวัน เราจะพบกับเรื่องราวต่าง ๆ เหตุการณ์ต่าง ๆ เรื่องราวต่าง ๆ และเหตุการณ์ต่าง ๆ เหล่านี้ อาจจะตื่นเต้นหรือประทับใจ จนทำให้คนที่ข้างเขียนบันทึกเหตุการณ์เหล่านั้นออกมาเป็นเรื่องราว ทำให้ผู้อ่านอ่านแล้วเพลิดเพลิน และได้เกร็ดความรู้ด้วย ดังนั้น ถ้าเราสามารถอ่านและย่อความเรื่องเหล่านี้เป็น จะเป็นหนทางที่นำไปสู่การอ่าน และการย่อความชนิดอื่น

1. ความหมายของ anecdote เป็นเรื่องราวของบุคคลใดบุคคลหนึ่ง หรือเหตุการณ์ต่าง ๆ มักจะเป็นเรื่องสนุกสนาน และมุ่งเป็นคติธรรมสอน
2. ความหมายของ short story เป็นเรื่องราวของบุคคลใดบุคคลหนึ่ง หรือเหตุการณ์ต่าง ๆ อาจจะเป็นเรื่องสนุกสนาน น่ากลัว หรือเศร้าก็ได้
3. การเขียนย่อความ anecdote และ short story

3.1 เขียนเป็นแบบรายงาน คือ เขียนเป็นบุรุษสรรพนามที่ 3 เหมือนกับไม่เห็นผู้เล่า และให้คำกริยาละเอื่อยทิ้งไปทั้งหมด

3.2 ถอดภาษาพูดเป็นภาษาเขียน ถ้าหากเรื่องที่เราอ่านมีคำพูดแทรกอยู่ ถ้าต้องการจะย่อคำพูดเหล่านี้ จะต้องถ่ายทอกเป็นคำพูดของเราเอง

3.3 ทำโน้ตย่อ คั่งคำถาม การทำโน้ตย่อจะทำให้สะดวกในการตั้งคำถามให้กับตนเองด้วยการใช้ question words : who, what, where, when, how เช่น

Whose story is it?

What did the main character do in the story?

Where did the story take place?

When did the story take place?

How did the story begin and how did it end?

คำถามเหล่านี้จะช่วยทำให้เราอ่านเรื่องเข้าใจ และสามารถจับบันทึกสิ่งที่สำคัญ ๆ จากเรื่องไว้ได้

3.4 เขียนย่อความจากโน้ตย่อ

3.4.1 ย่อความทั้งเรื่อง จากการเขียนโน้ตย่อที่ได้จากการตอบคำถาม ดังตัวอย่างที่ให้ไว้ใน 3.3 เราจะเอาสิ่งที่ตอบคำถามมาเรียบเรียงเขียนย่อความ คำตอบที่ได้จากการตั้งคำถาม who, what, where, when, how ถือว่าเกือบจะคลุมเนื้อเรื่องทั้งหมด เมื่อนำมาเขียนย่อความก็เท่ากับเป็นการย่อเนื้อเรื่องทั้งหมด

3.4.2 ย่อความเฉพาะตอนใดตอนหนึ่ง การย่อความชนิดนี้อาจจะเป็นการย่อความที่ใช้กับเรื่องที่มีหลาย ๆ ตอนดังใน short stories เราอาจจะหยิบยกตอนใดตอนหนึ่งมาเขียนย่อความได้

3.4.3 สรุปแต่ main idea ซึ่งจะทำได้กับการอ่าน anecdotes หรือ short stories ได้

กิจกรรม อ่านเรื่องต่อไปนี้ แล้วลองตั้งคำถาม who, what, where, when, how กับตนเอง จดโน้ตไว้ และนำมาเขียนย่อความด้วยคำพูดของตนเองและสรุป main idea ของเรื่องนี้

It was a sleepy rainy afternoon. I called on a student to read aloud a paragraph from a comprehension passage. He was a poor reader and read the paragraph most painfully slow. When he had finished, I asked him what the paragraph was about. His serious reply woke up even the sleepest student. His reply was, "I am sorry, sir, but I wasn't listening." (about 60 words)

จากเรื่องจะเห็นว่าผู้เขียนใช้สรรพนาม I ในการเล่าเรื่อง และถึงแม้จะไม่ต้องบอกว่าเขามีอาชีพอะไร ผู้อ่านจะเดาได้ว่าเขาเป็นครู และนี่เป็นตอนหนึ่งจากประสบการณ์ของเขา ลองตั้งคำถามถามตนเองด้วย who, what, where, when และ how แล้วตอบคำถามเหล่านี้ จดโน้ตไว้ ใ้ค้ดังนี้

1. The story is about a teacher.
2. He was teaching a reading class.
3. The story happened in the class.
4. The story happened on a sleepy afternoon.
5. The story was ended by an answer of one of his students.

Possible precis writing

A teacher found that all his students fell asleep in his reading class because one of his students, after being told to read a paragraph, was asked what he was reading about. He answered that he did not listen to the teacher's question.

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1172

The teacher who wrote this story found that all his students fell asleep while he was teaching. Even a student who was told to read a paragraph answered him that he did not listen to what the teacher was asking him.

What is the main idea of this story?

Possible answers

A teacher should motivate his students to pay attention to what he is teaching.

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A teacher should know how to make his students pay attention to what he is teaching.

กิจกรรม อ่านเรื่องต่อไปนี้และย่อให้ได้เนื้อความ

Six-year-old Tim came downstairs crying loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Papa was hanging a picture and he just hit his thumb with a hammer," replied Tim, still crying.

"That's not very serious," comforted his mother. "A big man like you shouldn't cry at such a small matter like that. Why didn't you just laugh at Papa?"

"I did," Tim began to cry louder. (about 65 words)

From Summary Writing : Principles and Practice by Simon Wong p. 33

Possible precis writing

A six-year-old child cried because he saw his father hit his thumb with a hammer while hanging a picture. His mother told him to laugh at his father instead of crying. He answered his mother that he had done so and started crying louder.

หรือ

A six-year-old child cried when he saw his father hit his thumb with a hammer while hanging a picture. He cried louder when his mother told him to laugh at his father's clumsiness.

กิจกรรม อ่านเรื่องต่อไปนี้ แล้วเขียนย่อความให้ได้เนื้อความ

A country woman goes to the city for the first time. She sees many cars, lights, and tall buildings. She walks into a big office building and looks all around. She sees an old, old man with gray hair. He is standing next to two doors. He pushes the button next to the doors and the doors open. He walks inside and the two doors close. Over the doors are some numbers. The numbers change-- 1,2,3,4,5. Then they change again--5,4,3,2,1. The doors open again and a handsome young man with black hair walks out! The country woman says, "My goodness. That's wonderful! Tomorrow I'm going to bring my husband!" (about 110 words)

From Picture Stories for Beginning Compositon by Sandra Heyer. p.30

Possible precis writing

A country woman in making her first trip to the city. At an office building she sees a lift where an old man is standing. The old man walks into the lift which carries him upstairs. Later on, the lift comes down and the door opens. The country woman sees a young handsome man walk out. She is amazed and she thinks to herself that she will bring her husband here the following day.

หรือ

A country woman travels to a city for the first time. In an office building, she sees an old man walk into the lift which carries him upstairs. Later on, the lift comes down and a young handsome man walks out. She is amazed. She thinks that she will bring her husband here the next day.

กิจกรรม อ่านเรื่องต่อไปนี้ และขอให้ใจความ

Some people are standing around a grave in a cemetery. A minister is talking about the man they are going to bury. The minister says, "Let's say some good things about this man."

Nobody says anything.

The minister says again, "Let's say some good things about this man."

Nobody says anything.

"PLEASE!" says the minister. "Let's say some good things about this man!"

Nobody says anything.

Finally a woman says, "Well, his brother was worse."

From Picture Stories for Beginning Composition by Sandra Heyer p.36

Possible précis writing

At a man's burial service, a minister asks people who are attending the ceremony many times to say something good about the man who is going to be buried. But nobody says anything. Finally a woman says that the dead man's brother is worse.

ทวิ

At a man's burial service, a woman, one of the ceremony attendants, said that the dead man's brother was worse.

กิจกรรม งาน short story เรื่อง Mr. Parker by Laurie Colwin

Mr. Parker

Mrs Parker died suddenly in October. She and Mr. Parker lived in a Victorian house next to ours, and Mr. Parker was my piano teacher. He commuted to Wall Street, where he was a securities analyst, but he had studied at Juilliard and gave lessons on the side—for the pleasure of it, not for money. His only students were me and the church organist, who was learning technique on a double-keyboard harpsichord Mr. Parker had built one spring.

Mrs Parker was known for her pastry; she and my mother were friends, after a fashion. Every two months or so they spent a day together in the kitchen baking butter cookies and cream puffs, or rolling out strudel leaves. She was thin and wispy, and turned out her pastry with abstract expertness. As a girl, she had bright-red hair, which was now the colour of old leaves. there was something smoky and autumnal about her : she wore rust-coloured sweaters and

heather-coloured skirts, and kept dried weeds in ornamental jars and pressed flowers in frames. If you borrowed a book from her, there were petal marks on the back pages. She was tall, but she stooped as if she had spent a lifetime looking for something she had dropped.

The word 'tragic' was mentioned in connection with her death. She and Mr. Parker were in the middle of their middle age, and neither of them had ever been seriously ill. It was heart failure, and unexpected. My parents went to see Mr. Parker as soon as they got the news, since they took their responsibilities as neighbours seriously, and two days later they took me to pay a formal condolence call. It was Indian summer, and the house felt closed in. They had used the fireplace during a recent cold spell, and the living-room smelled faintly of ash. The only people from the community were some neighbours, the minister and his wife, and the rabbi and his wife and son. The Parkers were Episcopalian, but Mr. Parker played the organ in the synagogue on Saturday mornings and on High Holy Days. There was a large urn of tea, and the last of Mrs. Parker's strudel. On the sofa were Mrs. Parker's sisters, and a man who looked like Mr. Parker ten years younger leaned against the piano, which was closed. The conversation was hushed and stilted. On the way out, the rabbi's son tried to trip me, and I kicked him in return. We were adolescent enemies of a loving sort, and since we didn't know what else to do, we expressed our love in slaps and pinches and other mild attempts at grievous bodily harm.

I loved the Parkers' house. It was the last Victorian house on the block, and was shaped like a wedding cake. The living-room was round, and all the walls curved. The third floor was a tower, on top of which sat a weathervane. Every five years the house was painted chocolate brown, which faded gradually to the colour of weak tea. The front-hall window was a stained-glass picture of a fat Victorian baby holding a bunch of roses. The baby's face was puffy and neuter, and its eyes were that of an old man caught in a state of surprise. Its white dress was milky when the light shone through.

On Wednesday afternoons, Mr. Parker came home on an early train, and I had my lesson. Mr. Parker's teaching method never varied. He never scolded or corrected. The first fifteen minutes were devoted to a warm-up in which I could play anything I liked. Then Mr. Parker played the lesson of the week. His playing was terrifically precise, but his eyes became dreamy and unfocused. Then I played the same lesson, and after that we worked on the difficult passages, but basically he wanted me to hear my mistakes. When we began a new piece, we played it part by part, taking turns, over and over.

After that, we sat in the solarium and discussed the next week's lesson. Mr. Parker usually played a record and talked in detail about the composer, his life and times, and the form. With the exception of Mozart and Schubert, he like Baroque music almost exclusively. The lesson of the week was always Bach, which Mr. Parker felt taught elegance and precision. Mrs. Parker used to leave us a tray of cookies and lemonade, cold in the summer and hot in the winter, with cinnamon sticks. When the cookies were gone, the lesson was over and I left, passing the Victorian child in the hallway.

In the days after the funeral, my mother took several casseroles over to Mr. Parker and invited him to dinner a number of times. For several weeks he revolved between us, the minister, and the rabbi. Since neither of my parents cared much about music, except to hear my playing praised, the conversation at dinner was limited to the stock market and the blessings of country life.

In a few weeks, I got a note from Mr. Parker enclosed in a thank-you note to my parents. It said that piano lessons would begin the following Wednesday.

I went to the Parkers' after school. Everything was the same. I warmed up for fifteen minutes, Mr. Parker played the lesson, and I

repeated it. In the solarium were the usual cookies and lemonade.

'Are they good, these cookies?' Mr. Parker asked.

I said they were

'I made them yesterday,' he said. 'I've got to be my own baker now.'

Mr. Parker's hair had once been blond, but was greying into the colour of straw. Both he and Mrs. Parker seemed to have faded out of some bright time they once had lived in. He was very thin, as if the friction of living had burned every unnecessary particle off him, but he was calm and cheery in the way you expect plump people to be. On teaching days, he always wore a blue cardigan, buttoned, and a striped tie. Both smelled faintly of tobacco. At the end of the lesson, he gave me a robin's egg he had found. The light was flickering through the bunch of roses in the window as I left.

When I got home, I found my mother in the kitchen, waiting and angry.

'Where were you?' she said.

'At my piano lesson.'

'What piano lesson?'

'You know what piano lesson. At Mr. Parker's.'

'You didn't tell me you were going to a piano lesson,' she said.

'I always have a lesson on Wednesday.'

'I don't want you having lessons there now that Mrs. Parker's gone,' She slung a roast into a pan.

I stomped off to my room and wrapped the robin's egg in a sweat sock. My throat felt shrivelled and hot.

At dinner, my mother said to my father, 'I don't want Jane taking piano lessons from Mr. Parker now that Mrs. Parker's gone.'

'Why don't you want me to have lessons?' I said, close to shouting. 'There's no reason.'

'She can study with Mrs. Murchison.' Mrs. Murchison had been my first teacher. She was a fat, myopic woman who smelled of bacon grease and whose repertoire was confined to 'Little Classics for Children'. Her students were mostly under ten, and she kept an asthmatic chow who was often sick on the rug.

'I won't go to Mrs. Murchison!' I shouted. 'I've outgrown her.'

'Let's be sensible about this,' said my father. 'Calm down, Janie.'

I stuck my fork into a potato to keep from crying and muttered melodramatically that I would hang myself before I'd go back to Mrs. Murchison.

The lessons continued. At night I practised quietly, and from time to time my mother would look up and say, 'That's nice, dear.'

Mr. Parker had given me a Three-Part Invention, and I worked on it as if it were granite. It was the most complicated piece of music I had ever played, and I learned it with a sense of loss; since I didn't know when the axe would fall, I thought it might be the last piece of music I would ever learn from Mr. Parker.

The lessons went on and nothing was said, but when I came home after them my mother and I faced each other with division and coldness. Mr. Parker bought a kitten called Mildred to keep him company in the house. When we had our cookies and lemonade, Mildred got a saucer of milk.

At night, I was grilled by my mother as we washed the dishes. I found her sudden interest in the events of my day unnerving. She was systematic, beginning with my morning classes, ending in the afternoon. In the light of her intense focus, everything seemed wrong. Then she said, with arch sweetness, 'And how is Mr. Parker, dear?'

'Fine.'

'And how are the lessons going?'

'Fine.'

'And how is the house now that Mrs. Parker's gone?

'It's the same. Mr. Parker bought a kitten.' As I said it, I knew it was betrayal.

'What kind of kitten?'

'A sort of pink one.'

'What's its name?'

'It doesn't have one,' I said.

One night she said, 'Does Mr. Parker drink?'

'He drinks lemonade.'

'I only asked because it must be so hard for him,' she said in an offended voice. 'He must be very sad.'

'He doesn't seem all that sad to me.' It was the wrong thing to say.

'I see,' she said, folding the dish-towel with elaborate care. 'You know how I feel about this, Jane. I don't want you alone in the house with him.'

'He's my piano teacher,' I was suddenly in tears, so I ran out of the kitchen and up to my room.

She followed me up, and sat on the edge of my bed while I sat at the desk, secretly crying on to the blotter.

'I only want what's best for you,' she said.

'If you want what's best for me, why don't you want me to have piano lessons?'

'I do want you to have piano lessons, but you're growing up and it doesn't look right for you to be in a house alone with a widowed man.'

'I think you're crazy.'

'I don't think you understand what I'm trying to say. You're not a little girl any more, Jane. There are privileges of childhood,

and privileges of adulthood, and you're in the middle. It's difficult, I know.'

'You don't know. You're just trying to stop me from taking piano lessons.'

She stood up. 'I'm trying to protect you,' she said. 'What if Mr. Parker touched you? What would you do then?' She made the word 'touch' sound sinister.

'You're just being mean,' I said, and by this time I was crying openly. It would have fixed things to throw my arms around her, but that meant losing, and this was war.

'We'll discuss it some other time,' she said, close to tears herself.

I worked on the Invention until my hands shook. When I came home, if the house was empty, I practised in a panic, and finally, it was almost right. On Wednesday, I went to Mr. Parker's and stood at the doorway, expecting something drastic and changed, but it was all the same. There were cookies and lemonade in the solarium. Mildred took a nap on my coat. My fifteen-minute warm-up was terrible; I made mistakes in the simplest parts, in things I knew by heart. Then Mr. Parker played the lesson of the week and I tried to memorize his phrasing exactly. Before my turn came, Mr. Parker put the metronome on the floor and we watched Mildred trying to catch the arm.

I played it, and I knew it was right—I was playing music, not struggling with a lesson.

When I finished, Mr. Parker grabbed me by the shoulders. 'That's perfect! Really perfect!' he said. 'A real breakthrough. These are the times that make teachers glad they teach.'

We had lemonade and cookies and listened to some Palestrina motets. When I left, it was overcast, and the light was murky and green.

I walked home slowly, divided by dread and joy in equal parts. I had performed like an adult, and had been congratulated by an adult, but something had been closed off. I sat under a tree and cried like a baby. He had touched me after all.

เกี่ยวกับผู้เขียน

เป็นนักเขียนสตรีชาวอเมริกันอาศัยอยู่ในนิวยอร์ก งานเขียนของเธอมีทั้งเรื่องสั้นและนวนิยาย ซึ่งได้แก่เรื่อง Shine on Bright and Dangerous Object (1976) และ Happy all time (1979)

เนื้อเรื่อง เป็นเรื่องที่ชี้ให้เห็นว่าคนหนุ่มสาวบางครั้งก็พบตนเองว่า ความคิดของผู้ใหญ่เป็นสิ่งที่รับยากหรือเข้าใจยาก สำหรับเรื่องนี้ ผู้เขียนได้ชี้ให้เห็นถึงเด็กสาวผู้หนึ่งที่อยู่ในเหตุการณ์ที่ทำให้เธอเกิดความแคลงใจในเรื่องของความคิดของครูที่สอนเปียโนเธอ

การเขียนย่อความ

1. อาจจะเป็นการเขียนย่อความเนื้อเรื่องทั้งหมด
2. อาจจะเป็นการสรุปนิสัยของตัวละครเอก

ขอแนะนำในเวลาอ่าน

1. การบรรยายเกี่ยวกับบ้านของตระกูล Parkers
2. การบรรยายเกี่ยวกับธรรมเนียมทางดนตรี Mr. Parker
3. การบรรยายเกี่ยวกับบุคลิกของ Mrs. Parker
4. การบรรยายเกี่ยวกับการเรียนเปียโนของ Jane
5. เราอะไรเกี่ยวกับ Mr. Parker งานของเขา สิ่งที่เขาชอบ บุคลิกภายนอกของเขา

6. เราทำอะไรเกี่ยวกับ Mrs. Parker บ้าง
7. Jane เป็นเด็กสาวที่ช่างสังเกต ลองหาตัวอย่างที่เกี่ยวกับความสามารถในการช่างสังเกตของเธอมาดู
8. เราคิดอย่างไรบ้างเกี่ยวกับแม่ของ Jane เธอเป็นแม่ที่ปกป้องลูกมากเกินไปหรือเปล่า เราจะทำอย่างแม่ของ Jane หรือไม่ ถ้าหากเราต้องอยู่ในเหตุการณ์อย่างนั้น