

The Project Gutenberg Etext of Quotations From Guy de Maupassant
#8 in our series of Widger's Quotations by David Widger

Copyright laws are changing all over the world, be sure to check
the laws for your country before redistributing these files!!!

Please take a look at the important information in this header.
We encourage you to keep this file on your own disk, keeping an
electronic path open for the next readers.

Please do not remove this.

This should be the first thing seen when anyone opens the book.
Do not change or edit it without written permission. The words
are carefully chosen to provide users with the information they
need about what they can legally do with the texts.

****Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts****

****Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971****

These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and
further information is included below. We need your donations.
The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a 501(c)(3)
organization with EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-6221541

As of 12/12/00 contributions are only being solicited from people in:
Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa,
Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Montana,
Nevada, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota,
Texas, Vermont, and Wyoming.

As the requirements for other states are met,
additions to this list will be made and fund raising
will begin in the additional states. Please feel
free to ask to check the status of your state.

International donations are accepted,
but we don't know ANYTHING about how
to make them tax-deductible, or
even if they CAN be made deductible,
and don't have the staff to handle it
even if there are ways.

These donations should be made to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
PMB 113
1739 University Ave.
Oxford, MS 38655-4109

Title: Widger's Quotations from The Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant

Author: David Widger

Release Date: January, 2003 [Etext #3603]

[Yes, we are about one year ahead of schedule]

[The actual date this file first posted = 06/10/01]

Edition: 10

Language: English

The Project Gutenberg Etext of Quotations From Guy de Maupassant

*****This file should be named dwqgm10.txt or dwqgm10.zip*****

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a new NUMBER, dwqgm11.txt

VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, dwqgm10a.txt

This etext was produced by David Widger <widger@cecomet.net>

Project Gutenberg Etexts are usually created from multiple editions, all of which are in the Public Domain in the United States, unless a copyright notice is included. Therefore, we usually do NOT keep any of these books in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our books one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing.

Please be encouraged to send us error messages even years after the official publication date.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement.

The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our sites at:

<http://gutenberg.net>

<http://promo.net/pg>

Those of you who want to download any Etext before announcement can surf to them as follows, and just download by date; this is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext02>

or

<ftp://ftp.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext02>

Or /etext01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 92, 91 or 90

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour this year as we release fifty new Etext files per month, or 500 more Etexts in 2000 for a total of 3000+. If they reach just 1-2% of the world's population then the total should reach over 300 billion Etexts given away by year's end.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 3,333 Etexts unless we manage to get some real funding.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been created to secure a future for Project Gutenberg into the next millennium.

We need your donations more than ever!

Presently, contributions are only being solicited from people in:
Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa,
Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Montana,
Nevada, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota,
Texas, Vermont, and Wyoming.

As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states.

These donations should be made to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
PMB 113
1739 University Ave.
Oxford, MS 38655-4109

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation,
EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-6221541,

has been approved as a 501(c)(3) organization by the US Internal Revenue Service (IRS). Donations are tax-deductible to the extent permitted by law. As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states.

All donations should be made to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Mail to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
PMB 113
1739 University Avenue
Oxford, MS 38655-4109 [USA]

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/donation.html>

If you can't reach Project Gutenberg,
you can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>

hart@pobox.com forwards to hart@prairienet.org and archive.org
if your mail bounces from archive.org, I will still see it, if
it bounces from prairienet.org, better resend later on. . . .

Prof. Hart will answer or forward your message.

We would prefer to send you information by email.

Example command-line FTP session:

```
ftp ftp.ibiblio.org
login: anonymous
password: your@login
cd pub/docs/books/gutenberg
cd etext90 through etext99 or etext00 through etext02, etc.
dir [to see files]
get or mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files]
GET GUTINDEX.?? [to get a year's listing of books, e.g., GUTINDEX.99]
GET GUTINDEX.ALL [to get a listing of ALL books]
```

****The Legal Small Print****

(Three Pages)

*****START**THE SMALL PRINT!**FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS**START*****

Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you may distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

***BEFORE!* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT**

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

Please do not use the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] Michael Hart and the Foundation (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including

legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold Michael Hart, the Foundation, and its trustees and agents, and any volunteers associated with the production and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm texts harmless, from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as *EITHER*:

[*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and

does *not* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (*) and underline (_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Foundation of 20% of the gross profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation" the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return. Please contact us beforehand to let us know your plans and to work out the details.

WHAT IF YOU *WANT* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form.

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time, public domain materials, or royalty free copyright licenses.

Money should be paid to the:

"Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact Michael Hart at: hart@pobox.com

END THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS*Ver.04.08.01*END

[Portions of this header are copyright (C) 2001 by Michael S. Hart and may be reprinted only when these Etexts are free of all fees.]

[Project Gutenberg is a TradeMark and may not be used in any sales of Project Gutenberg Etexts or other materials be they hardware or software or any other related product without express permission.]

This etext was produced by David Widger <widger@cecomet.net>

WIDGER'S QUOTATIONS

FROM THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by David Widger

EDITOR'S NOTE

Readers acquainted with the Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant may wish to see if their favorite passages are listed in this selection. The etext editor will be glad to add your suggestions. One of the advantages of internet over paper publication is the ease of quick revision.

All the titles may be found using the Project Gutenberg search engine at:

<http://promo.net/pg/>

After downloading a specific file, the location and complete context of the quotations may be found by inserting a small part of the quotation into the 'Find' or 'Search' functions of the user's word processing program.

The quotations are in two formats:

1. Small passages from the text.
2. Lists of alphabetized one-liners.

The editor may be contacted at <widger@cecomet.net> for comments, questions or suggested additions to these extracts.

D.W.

VOLUMES:

Complete Short Stories, by Maupassant [GM#15][gm00v10.txt]3090
Short Stories V13, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#14][gm13v10.txt]3089

Short Stories V12, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#13][gm12v10.txt]3088
Short Stories V11, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#12][gm11v10.txt]3087
Short Stories V10, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#11][gm10v10.txt]3086
Short Stories V9, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#10][gm09v10.txt]3085
Short Stories V8, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#9][gm08v10.txt]3084
Short Stories V7, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#8][gm07v10.txt]3083
Short Stories V6, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#7][gm06v10.txt]3082
Short Stories V5, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#6][gm05v10.txt]3081
Short Stories V4, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#5][gm04v10.txt]3080
Short Stories V3, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#4][gm03v10.txt]3079
Short Stories V2, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#3][gm02v10.txt]3078
Short Stories V1, by Guy de Maupassant [GM#2][gm01v10.txt]3077

Contents of the 13 Volumes (180 Stories)

Volume I.

Guy De Maupassant--a Study by Pol. Neveux

Boule De Suif
Two Friends
The Lancer's Wife
The Prisoners
Two Little Soldiers
Father Milon
A Coup D'etat
Lieutenant Lare's Marriage
The Horrible
Madame Parisse
Mademoiselle Fifi
A Duel

Volume II.

The Colonel's Ideas
Mother Sauvage
Epiphany
The Mustache
Madame Baptiste
The Question of Latin
A Meeting
The Blind Man
Indiscretion
A Family Affair
Beside Schopenhauer's Corpse

Volume III.

Miss Harriet
Little Louise Roque
The Donkey
Moiron
The Dispenser of Holy Water
The Parricide
Bertha
The Patron
The Door
A Sale
The Impolite Sex
A Wedding Gift
The Relic

Volume IV.

The Moribund
The Gamekeeper
The Story of a Farm Girl
The Wreck
Theodule Sabot's Confession
The Wrong House
The Diamond Necklace
The Marquis De Fumerol
The Trip of the Horla
Farewell
The Wolf
The Inn

Volume V.

Monsieur Parent
Queen Hortense
Timbuctoo
Tombstones
Mademoiselle Pearl
The Thief
Clair De Lune
Waiter, a "Bock"
After
Forgiveness
In the Spring
A Queer Night in Paris

Volume VI.

That Costly Ride
Useless Beauty
The Father
My Uncle Sosthenes
The Baroness
Mother and Son
The Hand
A Tress of Hair
On the River
The Cripple
A Stroll
Alexandre
The Log
Julie Romaine
The Rondoli Sisters

Volume VII.

The False Gems
Fascination
Yvette Samoris
A Vendetta
My Twenty-five Days
"The Terror"
Legend of Mont St. Michel
A New Year's Gift
Friend Patience
Abandoned
The Maison Tellier
Denis
My Wife
The Unknown
The Apparition

Volume VIII.

Clochette
The Kiss
The Legion of Honor
The Test
Found on a Drowned Man
The Orphan
The Beggar
The Rabbit
His Avenger
My Uncle Jules
The Model
A Vagabond

The Fishing Hole
The Spasm
In the Wood
Martine
All over
The Parrot
A Piece of String

Volume IX.

Toine
Madame Husson's Rosier
The Adopted Son
A Coward
Old Mongilet
Moonlight
The First Snowfall
Sundays of a Bourgeois
A Recollection
Our Letters
The Love of Long Ago
Friend Joseph
The Effeminate
Old Amable

Volume X.

The Christening
The Farmer's Wife
The Devil
The Snipe
The Will
Walter Schnaff's Adventure
At Sea
Minuet
The Son
That Pig of a Morin
Saint Anthony
Lasting Love
Pierrot
A Normandy Joke
Father Matthew

Volume XI.

The Umbrella
Belhomme's Beast

Discovery
The Accursed Bread
The Dowry
The Diary of a Mad Man
The Mask
The Penguins Rock
A Family
Suicides
An Artifice
Dreams
Simon's Papa

Volume XII.

The Child
A Country Excursion
Rose
Rosalie Prudent
Regret
A Sister's Confession
Coco
A Dead Woman's Secret
A Humble Drama
Mademoiselle Cocotte
The Corsican Bandit
The Grave

Volume XIII.

Old Judas
The Little Cask
Boitelle
A Widow
The Englishmen of Etretat
Magnetism
A Fathers Confession
A Mother of Monsters
An Uncomfortable Bed
A Portrait
The Drunkard
The Wardrobe
The Mountain Pool
A Cremation
Misti
Madame Hermet
The Magic Couch

SHORT STORIES V1

[GM#2][gm01v10.txt]3077

Anguish of suspense made men even desire the arrival of enemies
Dependent, like other emotions, on surroundings
Devouring faith which is the making of martyrs and visionaries
Freemasonry made up of those who possess
Great ones of this world who make war
I am learning my trade
Insolent like all in authority
Legitimized love always despises its easygoing brother
Like all women, being very fond of indigestible things
Presence of a woman, that sovereign inspiration
Spirit of order and arithmetic in the business house
Subtleties of expression to describe the most improper things
Thin veneer of modesty of every woman
Thrill of furious and bestial anger which urges on a mob to massacre

SHORT STORIES V2

[GM#3][gm02v10.txt]3078

Chronic passion for cleaning
Greatest shatterer of dreams who had ever dwelt on earth
Hardly understand at all those bellicose ardors
Key of a door
Kiss of the man without a mustache
Let us be indignant, or let us be enthusiastic
Muscles of their faces have never learned the motions of laughter
Resisted that feeling of comfort and relief
Unconscious brutality which is so common in the country
What is sadder than a dead house

SHORT STORIES V3

[GM#4][gm03v10.txt]3079

Did wrong in doing her duty
Don't talk about things you know nothing about
Impenetrable night, thicker than walls and empty
Love is always love, come whence it may
My God! my God!" without believing, nevertheless, in God
Pines, close at hand, seemed to be weeping

Preserved in a pickle of innocence
She was an ornament, not a home

SHORT STORIES V4
[GM#5][gm04v10.txt]3080

The warm autumn sun was beating down on the farmyard. Under the grass, which had been cropped close by the cows, the earth soaked by recent rains, was soft and sank in under the feet with a soggy noise, and the apple trees, loaded with apples, were dropping their pale green fruit in the dark green grass.

The servant, Rose, remained alone in the large kitchen, where the fire was dying out on the hearth beneath the large boiler of hot water. From time to time she dipped out some water and slowly washed her dishes, stopping occasionally to look at the two streaks of light which the sun threw across the long table through the window, and which showed the defects in the glass.

The fowls were lying on the steaming dunghill; some of them were scratching with one claw in search of worms, while the cock stood up proudly in their midst. When he crowed, the cocks in all the neighboring farmyards replied to him, as if they were uttering challenges from farm to farm.

Neither could there be any scruples about an unequal match between them, for in the country every one is very nearly equal; the farmer works with his laborers, who frequently become masters in their turn, and the female servants constantly become the mistresses of the establishments without its making any change in their life or habits.

Is it not rather the touch of Love, of Love the Mysterious, who seeks constantly to unite two beings, who tries his strength the instant he has put a man and a woman face to face?

SHORT STORIES V5
[GM#6][gm05v10.txt]3081

Calling all religious things "weeper's wares"
Everyone has his share
How much excited cowardice there often is in boldness
Love has no law
People do not think as they speak, and do not speak as they act
Rage of a timid man
She saw that he would yield on every point

SHORT STORIES V6

[GM#7][gm06v10.txt]3082

As he had never enjoyed anything, he desired nothing
Do you know how I picture God?
Don't know what to say, for I am always terribly stupid at first
Hotel bed: Who has occupied it the night before?
Irresistible force of mutual affection
Isn't for the fun of it, anyhow!
Love must unsettle the mind
Machine for bringing children into the world
Moments of friendly silence
One cannot both be and have been
Only by going a long distance from home
Sadness of existences that have had their day
Well-planned disorder
When did you lie, the last time or now?

SHORT STORIES V7

[GM#8][gm07v10.txt]3083

A sceptical genius has said: "God made man in his image and man has returned the compliment." This saying is an eternal truth, and it would be very curious to write the history of the local divinity of every continent as well as the history of the patron saints in each one of our provinces. The negro has his ferocious man-eating idols; the polygamous Mahometan fills his paradise with women; the Greeks, like a practical people, deified all the passions.

Pierre Letoile was silent. His companions were laughing. One of them said: "Marriage is indeed a lottery; you must never choose your numbers. The haphazard ones are the best."--Another added by way of conclusion: "Yes, but do not forget that the god of drunkards chose for Pierre."

No noise in the little park, no breath of air in the leaves; no voice passes through this silence. One ought to write at the entrance to this district: 'No one laughs here; they take care of their health.'

"Listen, Jacques. He has forbidden me to see you again, and I will not play this comedy of coming secretly to your house. You must either lose me or take me."--"My dear Irene, in that case, obtain your divorce, and I will marry you."--"Yes, you will marry me in--two years at the soonest. Yours is a patient love."

SHORT STORIES V8

[GM#9][gm08v10.txt]3084

"Do you know the people who live in the little red cottage at the end of the Rue du Berceau?"--Madame Bondel was out of sorts. She answered: "Yes and no; I am acquainted with them, but I do not care to know them."

It seems that he had led a bad life, that is to say, he had squandered a little money, which action, in a poor family, is one of the greatest crimes. With rich people a man who amuses himself only sows his wild oats. He is what is generally called a sport. But among needy families a boy who forces his parents to break into the capital becomes a good-for-nothing, a rascal, a scamp. And this distinction is just, although the action be the same, for consequences alone determine the seriousness of the act.

"Why; you are just the same as the others, you fool!" That was indeed bravado, one of those pieces of impudence of which a woman makes use when she dares everything, risks everything, to wound and humiliate the man who has aroused her ire. This poor man must also be one of those deceived husbands, like so many others. He had said sadly: "There are times when she seems to have more confidence and faith in our friends than in me." That is how a husband formulated his observations on the particular attentions of his wife for another man. That was all. He had seen nothing more. He was like the rest--all the rest!

He awaited he knew not what, possessed with that vague hope which persists in the human heart in spite of everything. He awaited in the corner of the farmyard in the biting December wind, some mysterious aid from Heaven or from men, without the least idea whence it was to arrive. A number of black hens ran hither and thither, seeking their food in the earth which supports all living things. Ever now and then they snapped up in their beaks a grain of corn or a tiny insect; then they continued their slow, sure search for nutriment.

SHORT STORIES V9

[GM#10][gm09v10.txt]3085

Full of that common sense which borders on stupidity
Let them respect my convictions, and I will respect theirs
Love that is sacred--not marriage!
Mediocrities and the fools always form the immense majority
Night-robe of streams and meadows
Only being allowed to read religious works or cook-books
Poetry did not seem to be the strong point

Purgatory and paradise according to the yearly income
She went through life in a mood of perpetual discontent
So stupid and they pretend they know everything
Spend his time quietly regretting the past
The tomb is the boundary of conjugal sinning
When we love, we have need of confession
World has made laws to combat our instincts

SHORT STORIES V10

[GM#11][gm10v10.txt]3086

"I heard 'birr! birr!' and a magnificent covey rose at ten paces from me. I aimed. Pif! paf! and I saw a shower, a veritable shower of birds. There were seven of them!"--And they all went into raptures, amazed, but reciprocally credulous.

She was still smiling as she looked at him; she even began to laugh; and he lost his head trying to find something suitable to say, no matter what. But he could think of nothing, nothing, and then, seized with a coward's courage, he said to himself: 'So much the worse, I will risk everything,' and suddenly, without the slightest warning, he went toward her, his arms extended, his lips protruding, and, seizing her in his arms, he kissed her.

My elder sons never loved me, never petted me, scarcely treated me as a mother, but during my whole life I did my duty towards them, and I owe them nothing more after my death. The ties of blood cannot exist without daily and constant affection. An ungrateful son is less than, a stranger; he is a culprit, for he has no right to be indifferent towards his mother.

SHORT STORIES V11

[GM#12][gm11v10.txt]3087

I held my tongue, and thought over those words. Oh, ethics! Oh, logic! Oh, wisdom! At his age! So they deprived him of his only remaining pleasure out of regard for his health! His health! What would he do with it, inert and trembling wreck that he was? They were taking care of his life, so they said. His life? How many days? Ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred? Why? For his own sake? Or to preserve for some time longer the spectacle of his impotent greediness in the family.

But all at once one envelope made me start. My name was traced on it in a large, bold handwriting; and suddenly tears came to my eyes. That letter was from my dearest friend, the companion of my youth, the

confidant of my hopes; and he appeared before me so clearly, with his pleasant smile and his hand outstretched, that a cold shiver ran down my back. Yes, yes, the dead come back, for I saw him! Our memory is a more perfect world than the universe: it gives back life to those who no longer exist.

But she shook with rage, and got up one of those conjugal scenes which make a peaceable man dread the domestic hearth more than a battlefield where bullets are raining.

SHORT STORIES V12

[GM#13][gm12v10.txt]3088

Monsieur Saval, who was called in Mantes "Father Saval," had just risen from bed. He was weeping. It was a dull autumn day; the leaves were falling. They fell slowly in the rain, like a heavier and slower rain.

M. Saval was not in good spirits. He walked from the fireplace to the window, and from the window to the fireplace. Life has its sombre days. It would no longer have any but sombre days for him, for he had reached the age of sixty-two. He is alone, an old bachelor, with nobody about him. How sad it is to die alone, all alone, without any one who is devoted to you!

He pondered over his life, so barren, so empty. He recalled former days, the days of his childhood, the home, the house of his parents; his college days, his follies; the time he studied law in Paris, his father's illness, his death. He then returned to live with his mother. They lived together very quietly, and desired nothing more. At last the mother died. How sad life is! He lived alone since then, and now, in his turn, he, too, will soon be dead. He will disappear, and that will be the end. There will be no more of Paul Saval upon the earth. What a frightful thing! Other people will love, will laugh. Yes, people will go on amusing themselves, and he will no longer exist! Is it not strange that people can laugh, amuse themselves, be joyful under that eternal certainty of death? If this death were only probable, one could then have hope; but no, it is inevitable, as inevitable as that night follows the day.

SHORT STORIES V13

[GM#14][gm13v10.txt]3089

How I understood them, these who weak, harassed by misfortune, having lost those they loved, awakened from the dream of a tardy compensation, from the illusion of another existence where God will finally be just, after having been ferocious, and their minds disabused of the mirages of

happiness, have given up the fight and desire to put an end to this ceaseless tragedy, or this shameful comedy.

Suicide! Why, it is the strength of those whose strength is exhausted, the hope of those who no longer believe, the sublime courage of the conquered! Yes, there is at least one door to this life we can always open and pass through to the other side. Nature had an impulse of pity; she did not shut us up in prison. Mercy for the despairing!

If genius is, as is commonly believed, a sort of aberration of great minds, then Algernon Charles Swinburne is undoubtedly a genius.

Great minds that are healthy are never considered geniuses, while this sublime qualification is lavished on brains that are often inferior but are slightly touched by madness.

COMPLETE SHORT STORIES, BY MAUPASSANT

[GM#15][gm00v10.txt]3090

Anguish of suspense made men even desire the arrival of enemies
As he had never enjoyed anything, he desired nothing
Calling all religious things "weeper's wares"
Chronic passion for cleaning
Dependent, like other emotions, on surroundings
Devouring faith which is the making of martyrs and visionaries
Did wrong in doing her duty
Do you know how I picture God?
Don't talk about things you know nothing about
Don't know what to say, for I am always terribly stupid at first
Everyone has his share
Freemasonry made up of those who possess
Full of that common sense which borders on stupidity
Great ones of this world who make war
Greatest shatterer of dreams who had ever dwelt on earth
Hardly understand at all those bellicose ardors
Hotel bed: Who has occupied it the night before?
How much excited cowardice there often is in boldness
I am learning my trade
Impenetrable night, thicker than walls and empty
Insolent like all in authority
Irresistible force of mutual affection
Isn't for the fun of it, anyhow!
Key of a door
Kiss of the man without a mustache
Legitimized love always despises its easygoing brother
Let us be indignant, or let us be enthusiastic
Let them respect my convictions, and I will respect theirs
Like all women, being very fond of indigestible things

Love is always love, come whence it may
Love must unsettle the mind
Love has no law
Love that is sacred--not marriage!
Machine for bringing children into the world
Mediocrities and the fools always form the immense majority
Moments of friendly silence
Muscles of their faces have never learned the motions of laughter
"My God! my God!" without believing, nevertheless, in God
Night-robe of streams and meadows
One cannot both be and have been
Only by going a long distance from home
Only being allowed to read religious works or cook-books
People do not think as they speak, and do not speak as they act
Pines, close at hand, seemed to be weeping
Poetry did not seem to be the strong point
Presence of a woman, that sovereign inspiration
Preserved in a pickle of innocence
Purgatory and paradise according to the yearly income
Rage of a timid man
Resisted that feeling of comfort and relief
Sadness of existences that have had their day
She was an ornament, not a home
She went through life in a mood of perpetual discontent
She saw that he would yield on every point
So stupid and they pretend they know everything
Spend his time quietly regretting the past
Spirit of order and arithmetic in the business house
Subtleties of expression to describe the most improper things
The tomb is the boundary of conjugal sinning
Thin veneer of modesty of every woman
Thrill of furious and bestial anger which urges on a mob to massacre
Unconscious brutality which is so common in the country
Well-planned disorder
What is sadder than a dead house
When we love, we have need of confession
When did you lie, the last time or now?
World has made laws to combat our instincts

End of this Project Gutenberg Etext of Widger's Quotations
from the Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant, by David Widger

hat sovereign inspiration

Preserved in a pickle of innocence

Purgatory and paradise according to the yearly income

Rage of a timid man

Resisted that feeling of comfort and relief

Sadness of existences that have had their day

She was an ornament, not a home

She went through life in a mood of perpetual discontent

She saw that he would yield on every point

So stupid and they pretend they know everything

Spend his time quietly regretting the past

Spirit of order and arithmetic in the business house

Subtleties of expression to describe the most improper things

The tomb is the boundary of conjugal sinning

Thin veneer of modesty of every woman

Thrill of furious and bestial anger which urges on a mob to massacre

Unconscious brutality which is so common in the country

Well-planned disorder

What is sadder than a dead house

When we love, we have need of confession

When did you lie, the last time or now?

World has made laws to combat our instincts

End of this Project Gutenberg Etext of Widger's Quotations

from the Short Stories of Guy