

LITERARY ANALYSIS: THEME AND SETTING

In a short story, a **theme** is a message about life or human nature that the writer wants to communicate to readers. Often, the **setting** of a story, or where and when it takes place, helps convey this message. To understand how setting might contribute to theme, ask yourself the following questions:

- What aspects of the setting are emphasized?
- How does the setting affect the characters?
- How does the setting relate to the story's main conflict?

"The Interlopers" takes place in a forest whose ownership has been disputed by two families for generations. As you read, think about what Saki is saying about human nature and how the story's setting helps make this message clear.

READING STRATEGY: MONITOR

Good readers automatically check, or **monitor**, their comprehension of what they read. One way they accomplish this is by **clarifying** difficult passages. Strategies such as rereading, reading aloud, and summarizing can make tough parts easier to understand.

As you read "The Interlopers," make sure to stop and clarify those points in the story that are confusing to you. Use a chart like the one shown to help you.



VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

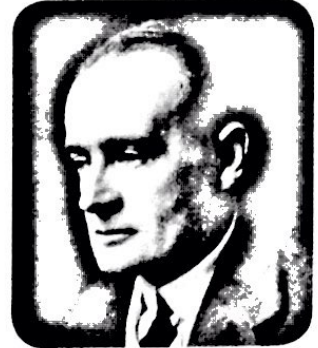
Saki uses the following words to tell his tale of resentments and greed. Categorize each word as "Know Well," "Think I Know," or "Don't Know." Then write a brief definition of each word you are familiar with.

| WORD LIST | acquiesce | languor | pinioned |
|-----------|------------|--------------|-------------|
| | condolence | marauder | precipitous |
| | draft | pestilential | succor |
| | interloper | | |

| Know Well | Think I Know | Don't Know |
|-----------|--------------|------------|
| | | |

Full of Surprises

"Saki" (să'kē) was the pen name of Hector Hugh Munro, a British fiction writer of the early 20th century. He was considered one of the finest wits and storytellers of his generation. Written in the years leading up to World War I, his works convey the mixed sentiments



Saki
1870–1916

of the time. Many of his short stories are **satires**, darkly humorous pieces that reveal flaws in social customs and institutions. Like the fiction of American icon O. Henry, Saki's narratives often feature surprise endings.

A World Traveler At the age of 32, Saki began a long career as a newspaper correspondent. While on assignment, he lived in various places, including the Balkans, Russia, and France. In 1908, after his father died, Saki settled in London. There, at the age of 38, he began to write fiction, incorporating many of the exotic places he had visited into his works. For example, "The Interlopers" is set in the Carpathians, a mountain range in eastern Europe that Saki knew through his many journeys.

A Tragic End Unfortunately, Saki's career as a fiction writer was short-lived. Following the outbreak of World War I, he enlisted in the British army. "I have always looked forward to the romance of a European war," he once remarked. In November 1916, he was killed by a German sniper during an attack at Beaumont-Hamel, France. He was 46 years old.



MORE ABOUT THE AUTHOR
For more on Saki, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.

THE

Interlopers

SAKI

In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Carpathians,¹ a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision, and, later, of his rifle. But the game² for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz³ patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy. **A**

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of **precipitous** woodland that lay on its outskirts was not remarkable for the game it harbored or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner's territorial possessions. A famous lawsuit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighboring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never **acquiesced** in the judgment of the Courts, and a long series of poaching affrays⁴ and similar scandals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbor feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a

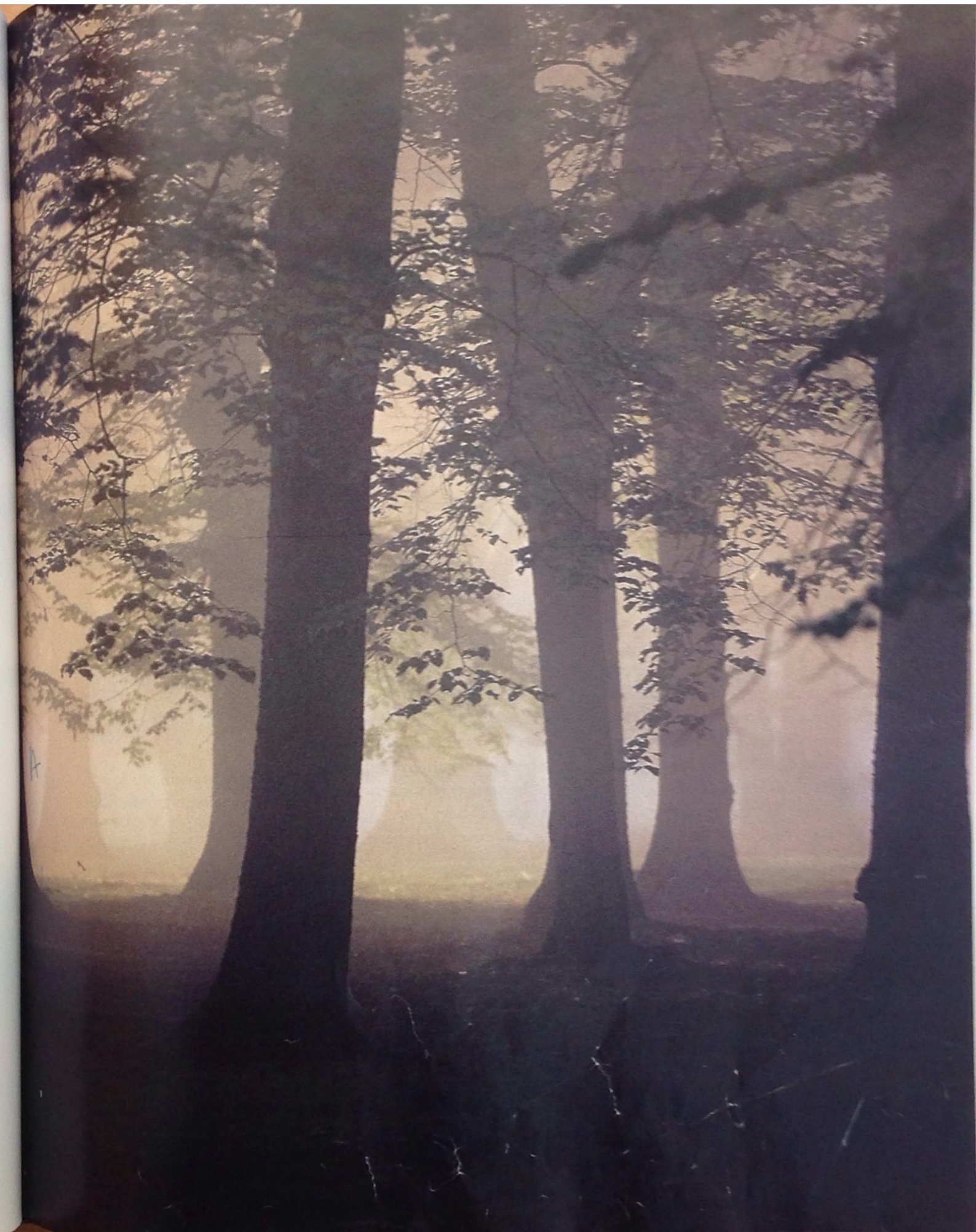
interloper (in'ter-lō'pər)
n. one that intrudes in a place, situation, or activity

A **THEME AND SETTING**
What aspects of the story's natural setting are emphasized in this introductory paragraph?

precipitous (prĭ-sĭp'ĭ-təs)
adj. extremely steep

acquiesce (ăk'wē-ēs') *v.* to agree or give in to

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1. **eastern spurs of the Carpathians** (kār-pā'thē-ənz): the edges of a mountain range in central Europe.
 2. **game**: animals hunted for food or sport.
 3. **Ulrich von Gradwitz** (ool'rikh fon grād'vĭts).
 4. **poaching affrays** (ə-frāz'): noisy quarrels about hunting on someone else's property.



man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to it was Georg Znaeym,⁵ the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game-snatcher and raider of the disputed border-forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been
20 compromised if the personal ill-will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another's blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scourged winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a lookout for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck,⁶ which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm wind, were running like driven things tonight, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from
30 whence it came. **B**

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill, and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling⁷ of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight or sound of the **marauders**. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness—that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped around the trunk of a huge beech, he came face to face with the man he sought.

40 The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment.

Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilization cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbor in cold blood and without a word spoken, except for an offense against his hearth and honor. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on
50 them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till someone came to release him. The descending twigs had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general

B MONITOR

Clarify your understanding of why Ulrich and Georg are enemies by rereading or reading aloud lines 7–30.

marauder (mə-rōd'ər) *n.*
one who raids and loots

5. **Georg Znaeym** (gā-ōrg' tsnā'ēm).

6. **roebuck**: a male roe deer.

7. **skirling**: a shrill cry or sound.



view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeum, alive and struggling, but
60 obviously as helplessly **pinioned** down as himself. All around them lay a thick-strewn wreckage of splintered branches and broken twigs. ©

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was nearly blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried; "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!"

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

pinioned (pīn'yənd) *adj.*
restrained or immobilized
pinion *v.*

- © **THEME AND SETTING**
How does the natural setting, particularly the fallen tree, affect Ulrich and Georg?

70 “I’m caught in my own forest land,” retorted Ulrich. “When my men come to release us, you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbor’s land, shame on you.” **D**

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly.

“Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest tonight, close behind me, and they will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these branches, it won’t need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form’s sake I shall send my **condolences** to your family.”

80 “It is a useful hint,” said Ulrich fiercely. “My men had orders to follow in ten minutes’ time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out—I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands, I don’t think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family.”

“Good,” snarled Georg, “good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death . . . to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz.”

“The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest thief, game-snatcher.” **E**

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each
90 knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavors to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat pocket to draw out his wine flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation, it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get any of the liquid down his throat. But what a heaven-sent **draft** it seemed! It was an open winter,⁸ and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless,
100 the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

“Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?” asked Ulrich suddenly; “there is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can. Let us drink, even if tonight one of us dies.”

“No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked around my eyes,” said Georg, “and in any case I don’t drink wine with an enemy.”

Ulrich was silent for a few minutes and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that
110 gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting

D **GRAMMAR AND STYLE**
Reread lines 70–72. Saki uses the **subordinate clause** “When my men come to release us” to tell how Ulrich thinks he will be rescued.

condolence (kən-dō'ləns)
n. an expression of sympathy

E **MONITOR**
Summarize in one or two sentences what each man threatens to do if rescued.

draft (dräft) *n.* a gulp or swallow

8. **open winter**: a mild winter.

so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and **languor** that Ulrich himself was feeling the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down. **F**

“Neighbor,” he said presently, “do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I’ve changed my mind. If my men are the first to come, you shall be the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarreled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can’t even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here tonight, thinking, I’ve come to think we’ve been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbor, if you will help
120 me to bury the old quarrel I—I will ask you to be my friend.”

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought, perhaps, he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

“How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud tonight. And if we choose to make peace among our people, there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside. . . . You would come and keep the Sylvester night⁹ beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle. . . . I would
130 never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wildfowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wine flask. . . . Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend.”

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling around the tree trunks, they lay and waited for the help that
140 would now bring release and **succor** to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honorable attention to the enemy that had become a friend. **G**

Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke silence.

“Let’s shout for help,” he said; “in this lull our voices may carry a little way.”

“They won’t carry far through the trees and undergrowth,” said Georg, “but we can try. Together, then.”

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

“Together again,” said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answer halloo.

150 “I heard something that time, I think,” said Ulrich.

“I heard nothing but the **pestilential** wind,” said Georg hoarsely.

languor (läng’ger) *n.* a lack of feeling or energy

F **THEME AND SETTING**
In what ways are Ulrich’s actions influenced by the natural setting and its conditions? Cite specifics from lines 92–112.

succor (sük’er) *n.* help in a difficult situation

G **THEME AND SETTING**
Reread lines 113–142. How has the setting brought about changes in the **conflict** between Ulrich and Georg?

pestilential
(pës’tə-lën’shəl) *adj.*
likely to spread and cause disease

9. **Sylvester night:** New Year’s Eve, the feast day of Saint Sylvester (Pope Sylvester I).

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

"I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside."

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.

"They hear us! They've stopped. Now they see us. They're running down the hill towards us," cried Ulrich.

"How many of them are there?" asked Georg.

"I can't see distinctly," said Ulrich; "nine or ten."

160 "Then they are yours," said Georg; "I had only seven out with me."

"They are making all the speed they can, brave lads," said Ulrich gladly.

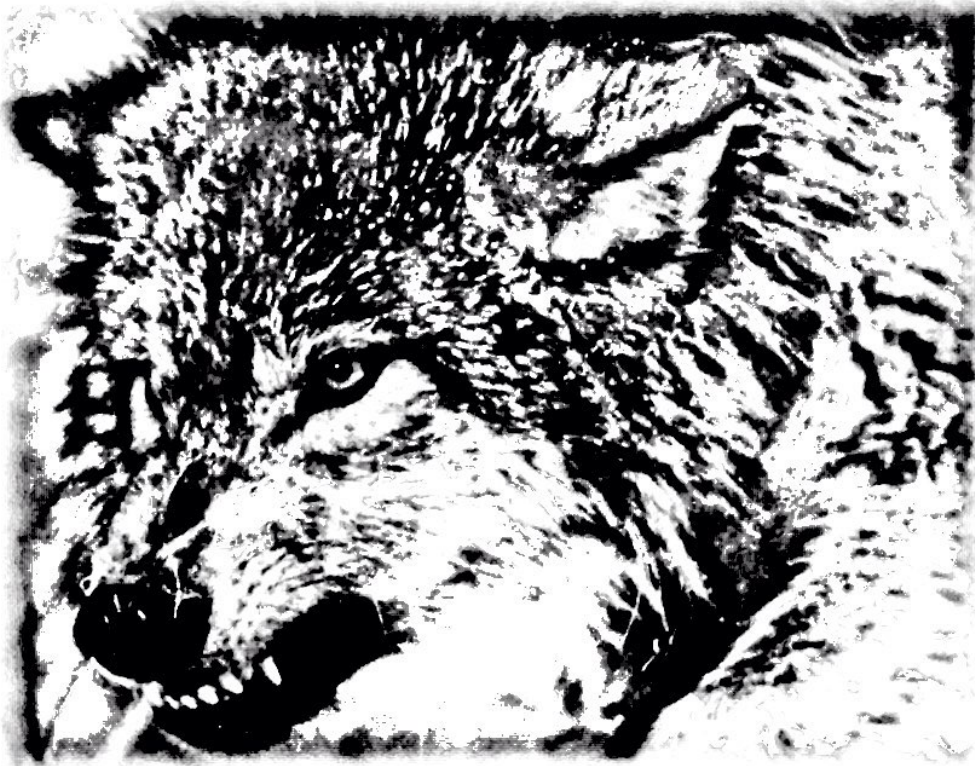
"Are they your men?" asked Georg. "Are they your men?"

"No," said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

"Who are they?" asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

"Wolves." ❧

11 THEME AND SETTING
How does nature seem to get the better of Ulrich and Georg at the story's conclusion?



ANALYZE VISUALS
Review the photographs in this lesson. What **mood** do they help create?