

English 324

Worksheet #5

Your responses are due on Thursday, June 28.
Late assignments will not be accepted.

Please ensure that you write clear and intelligible responses.

In "The Ugly Duckling" by Hans Christian Andersen,

- A. Identify 5 VPs containing modals
- B. Identify 5 VPs containing perfect auxiliaries
- C. Identify 5 VPs containing progressive auxiliaries
- D. Identify 5 VPs containing passive auxiliaries

Use the five tests described in Chapter 6 to decide whether each of the verbs that you have found is a lexical or an auxiliary verb.

In cases where the tests do not provide the same results, perform all five tests and report the results of the tests. For example, if two tests suggest that a verb is an auxiliary while the other three suggest that it is lexical, then you should report all five tests, and draw your own conclusions. If all five tests provide the same result, however, all you have to do is report that fact. You don't have to report the details of each test.

The Ugly Duckling

By
Hans Christian Andersen (1844)

1 It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the
2 haystacks piled up in the meadows looked beautiful. The stork walking about on his long
3 red legs chattered in the Egyptian language, which he had learnt from his mother. The
4 corn-fields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the midst of which were
5 deep pools. It was, indeed, delightful to walk about in the country. In a sunny spot stood a
6 pleasant old farm-house close by a deep river, and from the house down to the water side
7 grew great burdock leaves, so high, that under the tallest of them a little child could stand
8 upright. The spot was as wild as the centre of a thick wood. In this snug retreat sat a duck
9 on her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her
10 task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells, and she seldom had
11 any visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the river than to climb
12 the slippery banks, and sit under a burdock leaf, to have a gossip with her. At length one
13 shell cracked, and then another, and from each egg came a living creature that lifted its
14 head and cried, "Peep, peep." "Quack, quack," said the mother, and then they all quacked
15 as well as they could, and looked about them on every side at the large green leaves.
16 Their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, because green is good for the
17 eyes. "How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more
18 room they now had than while they were inside the egg-shell. "Do you imagine this is the
19 whole world?" asked the mother; "Wait till you have seen the garden; it stretches far
20 beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never ventured to such a distance. Are you all
21 out?" she continued, rising; "No, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how
22 long this is to last, I am quite tired of it;" and she seated herself again on the nest.

23 "Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

24 "One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the
25 others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw? They are the image of their
26 father, who is so unkind, he never comes to see."

27 "Let me see the egg that will not break," said the duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's
28 egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble with the
29 young ones, they were afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. I
30 could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take
31 my advice, leave it where it is and teach the other children to swim."

32 "I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "as I have sat so long already,
33 a few days will be nothing."

34 “Please yourself,” said the old duck, and she went away.

35 At last the large egg broke, and a young one crept forth crying, “Peep, peep.” It was very
36 large and ugly. The duck stared at it and exclaimed, “It is very large and not at all like the
37 others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find it out, however when we go to
38 the water. It must go in, if I have to push it myself.”

39 On the next day the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green
40 burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped
41 in with a splash. “Quack, quack,” cried she, and one after another the little ducklings
42 jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and
43 swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and
44 the ugly duckling was also in the water swimming with them.

45 “Oh,” said the mother, “that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright
46 he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all if you look at
47 him properly. Quack, quack! Come with me now, I will take you into grand society, and
48 introduce you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me or you may be trodden
49 upon; and, above all, beware of the cat.”

50 When they reached the farmyard, there was a great disturbance, two families were
51 fighting for an eel’s head, which, after all, was carried off by the cat. “See, children, that
52 is the way of the world,” said the mother duck, whetting her beak, for she would have
53 liked the eel’s head herself. “Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can
54 behave. You must bow your heads prettily to that old duck yonder; she is the highest born
55 of them all, and has Spanish blood, therefore, she is well off. Don’t you see she has a red
56 flag tied to her leg, which is something very grand, and a great honor for a duck; it shows
57 that every one is anxious not to lose her, as she can be recognized both by man and beast.
58 Come, now, don’t turn your toes, a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, just
59 like his father and mother, in this way; now bend your neck, and say ‘quack.’”

60 The ducklings did as they were bid, but the other duck stared, and said, “Look, here
61 comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! And what a queer
62 looking object one of them is; we don’t want him here,” and then one flew out and bit
63 him in the neck.

64 “Let him alone,” said the mother; “he is not doing any harm.”

65 “Yes, but he is so big and ugly,” said the spiteful duck “and therefore he must be turned
66 out.”

67 “The others are very pretty children,” said the old duck, with the rag on her leg, “all but
68 that one; I wish his mother could improve him a little.”

69 “That is impossible, your grace,” replied the mother; “he is not pretty; but he has a very
70 good disposition, and swims as well or even better than the others. I think he will grow

71 up pretty, and perhaps be smaller; he has remained too long in the egg, and therefore his
72 figure is not properly formed;" and then she stroked his neck and smoothed the feathers,
73 saying, "It is a drake, and therefore not of so much consequence. I think he will grow up
74 strong, and able to take care of himself."

75 "The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck. "Now make yourself at
76 home, and if you can find an eel's head, you can bring it to me."

77 And so they made themselves comfortable; but the poor duckling, who had crept out of
78 his shell last of all, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only
79 by the ducks, but by all the poultry. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey cock,
80 who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor,
81 puffed himself out like a vessel in full sail, and flew at the duckling, and became quite
82 red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and
83 was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. So it
84 went on from day to day till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about
85 by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you
86 ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you," and his mother said she wished he had never
87 been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry
88 kicked him with her feet. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as
89 he flew over the palings.

90 "They are afraid of me because I am ugly," he said. So he closed his eyes, and flew still
91 farther, until he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the
92 whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

93 In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade.
94 "What sort of a duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

95 He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their question.
96 "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks, "but that will not matter if you do not
97 want to marry one of our family."

98 Poor thing! He had no thoughts of marriage; all he wanted was permission to lie among
99 the rushes, and drink some of the water on the moor. After he had been on the moor two
100 days, there came two wild geese, or rather goslings, for they had not been out of the egg
101 long, and were very saucy. "Listen, friend," said one of them to the duckling, "you are so
102 ugly, that we like you very well. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Not
103 far from here is another moor, in which there are some pretty wild geese, all unmarried. It
104 is a chance for you to get a wife; you may be lucky, ugly as you are."

105 "Pop, pop," sounded in the air, and the two wild geese fell dead among the rushes, and
106 the water was tinged with blood. "Pop, pop," echoed far and wide in the distance, and
107 whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the rushes. The sound continued from every
108 direction, for the sportsmen surrounded the moor, and some were even seated on
109 branches of trees, overlooking the rushes. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds

110 over the dark trees, and as it floated away across the water, a number of sporting dogs
111 bounded in among the rushes, which bent beneath them wherever they went. How they
112 terrified the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, and at the
113 same moment a large terrible dog passed quite near him. His jaws were open, his tongue
114 hung from his mouth, and his eyes glared fearfully. He thrust his nose close to the
115 duckling, showing his sharp teeth, and then, "splash, splash," he went into the water
116 without touching him, "Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly;
117 even a dog will not bite me." And so he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the
118 rushes, and gun after gun was fired over him. It was late in the day before all became
119 quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly for
120 several hours, and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor
121 as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly
122 struggle against it. Towards evening, he reached a poor little cottage that seemed ready to
123 fall, and only remained standing because it could not decide on which side to fall first.
124 The storm continued so violent, that the duckling could go no farther; he sat down by the
125 cottage, and then he noticed that the door was not quite closed in consequence of one of
126 the hinges having given way. There was therefore a narrow opening near the bottom large
127 enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night.
128 A woman, a tom cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The tom cat, whom the mistress
129 called, "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could
130 even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very
131 short legs, so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress
132 loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning, the strange visitor was
133 discovered, and the tom cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

134 "What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking round the room, but her sight
135 was not very good; therefore, when she saw the duckling she thought it must be a fat
136 duck, that had strayed from home. "Oh what a prize!" she exclaimed, "I hope it is not a
137 drake, for then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and see." So the duckling was
138 allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs. Now the tom cat was
139 the master of the house, and the hen was mistress, and they always said, "We and the
140 world," for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half too. The
141 duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen
142 would not listen to such doubts. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then have the
143 goodness to hold your tongue." "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?"
144 said the tom cat. "No." "Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible
145 people are speaking." So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low spirited, till the
146 sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, and then he began
147 to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water, that he could not help telling the hen.

148 "What an absurd idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have
149 foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

150 "But it is so delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing
151 to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom."

152 “Delightful, indeed!” said the hen, “why you must be crazy! Ask the cat, he is the
153 cleverest animal I know, ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to
154 dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion; ask our mistress, the old woman—
155 there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim,
156 or to let the water close over her head?”

157 “You don’t understand me,” said the duckling.

158 “We don’t understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider
159 yourself more clever than the cat, or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don’t
160 imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been received
161 here. Are you not in a warm room, and in society from which you may learn something?
162 But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak
163 only for your own good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my
164 friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs, and learn to purr as quickly as possible.”

165 “I believe I must go out into the world again,” said the duckling.

166 “Yes, do,” said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which
167 it could swim and dive, but was avoided by all other animals, because of its ugly
168 appearance. Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold. Then,
169 as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air.
170 The clouds, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on
171 the ferns crying, “Croak, croak.” It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was
172 very sad for the poor little duckling. One evening, just as the sun set amid radiant clouds,
173 there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen
174 any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their
175 soft plumage shown with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry, as they spread
176 their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across
177 the sea. As they mounted higher and higher in the air, the ugly little duckling felt quite a
178 strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel,
179 stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself.
180 Could he ever forget those beautiful, happy birds; and when at last they were out of his
181 sight, he dived under the water, and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He
182 knew not the names of these birds, nor where they had flown, but he felt towards them as
183 he had never felt for any other bird in the world. He was not envious of these beautiful
184 creatures, but wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would
185 have lived even with the ducks had they only given him encouragement. The winter grew
186 colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing,
187 but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it
188 froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to
189 paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became
190 exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

191 Early in the morning, a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke
192 the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The

193 warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him,
194 the duckling thought they would do him some harm; so he started up in terror, fluttered
195 into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her
196 hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the
197 meal-tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed, and struck at
198 him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other, in
199 their efforts to catch him; but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature
200 could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the
201 newly fallen snow.

202 It would be very sad, were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little
203 duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed, he found himself lying
204 one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the
205 lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring. Then the young bird felt that
206 his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air.
207 They bore him onwards, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew
208 how it had happened. The apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent
209 their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn.
210 Everything looked beautiful, in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by
211 came three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the
212 smooth water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely
213 unhappy than ever.

214 “I will fly to those royal birds,” he exclaimed, “and they will kill me, because I am so
215 ugly, and dare to approach them; but it does not matter: better be killed by them than
216 pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the maiden who feeds the
217 poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter.”

218 Then he flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they
219 espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

220 “Kill me,” said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and
221 awaited death.

222 But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, gray
223 bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan. To be born in a
224 duck’s nest, in a farmyard, is of no consequence to a bird, if it is hatched from a swan’s
225 egg. He now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to
226 enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him; for the great swans
227 swam round the new-comer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

228 Into the garden presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the
229 water.

230 “See,” cried the youngest, “there is a new one;” and the rest were delighted, and ran to
231 their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, “There
232 is another swan come; a new one has arrived.”

233 Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, “The new one is the most
234 beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty.” And the old swans bowed their heads before
235 him.

236 Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to
237 do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for
238 his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even
239 the elder-tree bent down its bows into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and
240 bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the
241 depths of his heart, “I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly
242 duckling.”