

# THE LOTTERY

BY SHIRLEY JACKSON



**Shirley Jackson** (1919-65) was born in California, but spent most of her adult life on the East Coast. She wrote essays, short stories and novels. Her 'dark' novels, which typically include at least one violent death and have an atmosphere of mystery and horror, often deal with the supernatural. She is best known for her short stories. "The Lottery", which is considered one of the most haunting and shocking American short stories, appeared in *The New Yorker* in June 1948, and, like many of her short stories, was dramatized for radio and television. When the short story was published, it created quite a stir, and readers cancelled their subscriptions to *The New Yorker* and sent hate mail throughout the summer. In 1960 Shirley Jackson gave a lecture entitled "Biography of a Story", in which she talked about the reception of "The Lottery".

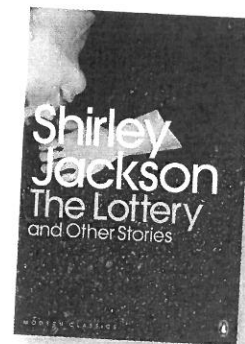
## Pre-reading

- 1 The short story you are going to read is called "The Lottery". What do you think the story will be about? (Think about plot, characters, setting, atmosphere, etc.)
- 2 How do people normally feel when they take part in a lottery? Choose from the adjectives below and add your own:  
expectant indifferent cheerful anxious curious nervous bored hopeful
- 3 Read the first paragraph of the story and comment on the setting and the atmosphere. Is it tense relaxed happy pleasant oppressive hostile warm menacing sinister positive cheerful exciting?  
Substantiate your view by referring to specific words in the text.
- 4 Vocabulary. Translate the following words into English: blomstre gemytlig landsbyboere trække lod

## The Lottery

profusely overdådigt

The morning of June 27<sup>th</sup> was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post-office and the bank around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26<sup>th</sup>, but in this



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village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

**assemble** forsamles

5 The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into

**boisterous** larmende

**reprimand** irettesættelse

boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets

**raid** angreb

10 full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix – the villagers pronounced this name “Dellacroy” – eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking amongst

15 themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

**survey** (vb) holde øje med

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away

20 from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and

25 the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

**reluctantly** modviligt

**conduct** lede

The lottery was conducted – as were the square dances, the teen-age

30 club, the Halloween program – by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the

35 villagers, and he waved and called, “Little late today, folks.” The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, “Some of you fellows want to

40 give me a hand?” there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

**civic** fælles, medborgerlig

**jovial** gemytlig, munter

**scold** rappenskralde

**stool** taburet

**stir up** rode rundt i

**paraphernalia** tilbehør

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before

Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up – of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

**precede** gå forud for

**shabby** medtaget,  
slidt

**discard** kassere

**substitute** erstatte

**chip** stykke

**underfoot** (her) i  
kælderen

**fussing** postyr, ståhej

**head** (her) overhoved

**household** husstand;  
familiemedlemmer  
der bor under  
samme tag

**proper** (her) officiel,  
behørig

**swearing-in** aflæg-  
gelse af ed

**recital** deklamation,  
fremsigelse

**perfunctory** meka-  
nisk

**chant** messen

**rattle off** lire af

**duly** på passende  
måde

**lapse** gå ud af brug

**carelessly**

skodesløst, afslappet

**proper** respektabel,  
korrekt

**interminably** ende-  
løst

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apron [eiprən]  
forklæde

crane strække

Missus = Mrs.

stir bevæge sig

soberly nøgternt

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to  
5 Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids were gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time,  
10 though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her  
15 through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning.  
20 "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

25 "Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have  
30 a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

35 "Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing  
40 for m'mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said. "Guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

hush stilhed  
clear one's throat  
romme sig

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names – heads of families first – and the men come up and take a paper out of  
5 the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

disengage gøre sig fri

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A  
10 man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he  
15 stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Andrews. ... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

20 "Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark. ... Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the  
25 box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

gravely alvorligt

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there  
30 were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt. ... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her  
35 laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

snort fnyse

40 Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for *them*. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work anymore, live *that* way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating

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chickweed  
ukrudtsplanten  
fuglegræs  
acorn [eikɔ:n] agern  
petulantly gnavent  
stoutly hårdnakket,  
stædigt

stewed chickweed and acorns. There's *always* been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

5 "Nothing but trouble in *that*," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke. ... Percy."

10 "I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

15 "Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

20 "Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's  
25 got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill." "Bill Hutchinson got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly,  
30 Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair."

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

35 "Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

40 "There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make *them* take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't *fair*," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter

draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't *fair*. You didn't give him time enough to choose. *Everybody* saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box. Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just *one* paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintly from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet over-large, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

switch svinge

daintly nydeligt,  
elegant

defiantly trodsigt  
set one's lips knibe  
læberne sammen

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"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

beam stråle

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

pebbles småsten

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"Isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

(1948)

## While-reading

### COMPREHENSION AND ANALYSIS

- 1 Read the whole story in one go. Were you surprised at the ending? Why/ why not?
- 2 Check your understanding of the story after your first reading. **WWW**
- 3 Look up the word *foreshadowing* (See Toolbox **WWW**). Reread the story and as you go along write down the ways in which the author anticipates the ending.
- 4 What are we told about the setting?
- 5 Describe the changes in the atmosphere as you read. Substantiate your views with specific references to the text. If you work in groups, one of you may choose 'to be' the atmosphere and report your mood to the group.
- 6 What do you learn about the box and the ritual surrounding the lottery? Make notes under the headings "Box" and "Ritual".
- 7 Find references in the text which demonstrate the importance of the lottery in the lives of the villagers.
- 8 What are you told about the villagers and their lives? Be as specific as you can.
- 9 Are they flat or round characters?
- 10 Why do you think the Watson boy has to draw for his father?
- 11 Who is against giving up the lottery and why?
- 12 "Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon", p. 29, l. 43-44. What does this saying suggest?
- 13 At what point is it explicitly suggested to the reader that the associations of the word 'lottery' were meant to be negative?
- 14 Does Tessie question the fairness of the lottery as such?
- 15 Why does Tessie want to include Don and Eva in the draw?
- 16 Comment on Nancy and Bill's reactions when they open their slips of paper.
- 17 Who takes part in the stoning?
- 18 How are the people described at the end of the story?

### OVERALL QUESTIONS

- 1 Characterize the dialogue. Look at sentence structure, ellipsis and vocabulary. What is the function of the dialogue?
- 2 Characterize the style of the short story. On the last page of the story (p. 32), look at sentence structure, the use of adjectives and adverbs, and figurative language/literal language. Is the style *factual - journalistic straightforward - emotional - literary - complicated - elegant ...?* Is this passage characteristic of the whole story?

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- 3 What is the effect of the style on the tone of the story?
- 4 The setting of the story is not precise. Why?
- 5 Comment on the characters' names and explain why the author has chosen to give us so little information about them.
- 6 On the basis of your analysis, where does the author's main interest lie?
  - in the development of the characters and their psychology
  - in conveying an idea, or a particular point of view
  - in shocking the reader
  - in providing a sort of criticism
  - in creating suspense and tension
  - other ...
- 7 Why does the village have the lottery?
- 8 How are we to understand the ending of the story?
- 9 The Lottery is about:
  - man's most basic instincts
  - ignorance and superstition
  - conformity and tradition
  - the subjugation of women
  - crowd psychology
  - the dark side of human nature
  - the evils of capitalism
  - the dangers of tradition
  - scapegoatism
  - the horrors of concentration camps
  - physical and/or psychological lynchings
  - other ...
- 10 Genre. The story is *a horror story* – *a parable* – *a historical story* – *a fantasy story* – *a realistic story*?  
Look up the characteristics of the genres you don't know well (See Toolbox [www](#)).

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### Post-reading [www](#)

#### LEARNING CHECK

- 1 Vocabulary competition.
- 2 Vocabulary and text revision.

#### WIDER CONTEXTS

- 1 Reception: Shirley Jackson, *Biography of a Story*, excerpt (glossary and questions).
  - 2 Critical context: a feminist reading.
  - 3 Historical context: quote by literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman, and America in the late forties and early fifties.
  - 4 Literary context: comparison with other text by a different author: Le Guin, "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas" and written assignment.
  - 5 Other media: compare two YouTube adaptations of "The Lottery".
-