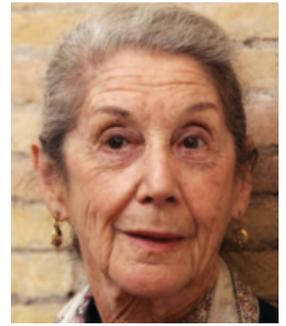


**Nadine Gordimer** (b. 1923 ) was born in South Africa. Her family was privileged and white in a country that practiced apartheid—an official policy of segregation of nonwhite South Africans enforced by the government. Nadine Gordimer became politically opposed to the policy. Her early works, such as *The Soft Voice of the Serpent* and *The Lying Days*, explore themes of exile and the effects of apartheid on internal life in South Africa. Before apartheid ended in 1994, some of Gordimer’s writings were banned by the South African government; however, these texts were appreciated in other parts of the world. She has been awarded many literary prizes, including the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1991.



# Once Upon a Time

Short Story by Nadine Gordimer

**AS YOU READ** Pay attention to the relationship of the characters to the community in which they live. What steps do the parents take to ensure their family’s safety?

Someone has written to ask me to contribute to an anthology of stories for children. I reply that I don’t write children’s stories; and he writes back that at a recent congress/book fair/seminar a certain novelist said every writer ought to write at least one story for children. I think of sending a postcard saying I don’t accept that I “ought” to write anything.

And then last night I woke up—or rather was wakened without knowing what had roused me.

A voice in the echo chamber of the subconscious?

10 A sound.

A creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor. I listened. I felt the apertures of my ears **distend** with concentration. Again: the creaking. I was waiting for it; waiting to hear if it indicated that feet were moving from room to room, coming up the passage—to my door. I have no burglar bars, no gun under the pillow, but I have the same fears as people who do take these precautions, and my windowpanes

**distend**  
(dĭ-stĕnd´) v.  
to bulge or expand.

are thin as rime,<sup>1</sup> could shatter like a wineglass. A woman was murdered (how do they put it) in broad daylight in a house two  
20 blocks away, last year, and the fierce dogs who guarded an old widower and his collection of antique clocks were strangled before he was knifed by a casual laborer he had dismissed without pay.

I was staring at the door, making it out in my mind rather than seeing it, in the dark. I lay quite still—a victim already—but the arrhythmia<sup>2</sup> of my heart was fleeing, knocking this way and that against its body-cage. How finely tuned the senses are, just out of rest, sleep! I could never listen intently as that in the distractions of the day; I was reading every faintest sound, identifying and classifying its possible threat.

30 But I learned that I was to be neither threatened nor spared. There was no human weight pressing on the boards, the creaking was a buckling, an epicenter<sup>3</sup> of stress. I was in it. The house that surrounds me while I sleep is built on undermined ground; far beneath my bed, the floor, the house's foundations, the stopes<sup>4</sup> and passages of gold mines have hollowed the rock, and when some face trembles, detaches, and falls, three thousand feet below, the whole house shifts slightly, bringing uneasy strain to the balance and counterbalance of brick, cement, wood, and glass that hold it as a structure around me. The misbeats of my heart tailed off like the  
40 last muffled flourishes on one of the wooden xylophones made by the Chopi and Tsonga<sup>5</sup> migrant miners who might have been down there, under me in the earth at that moment. The stope where the fall was could have been disused, dripping water from its ruptured veins; or men might now be interred there in the most profound of tombs.

I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my body—release me to sleep again. So I began to tell myself a story; a bedtime story.

50 In a house, in a suburb, in a city, there were a man and his wife who loved each other very much and were living happily ever after. They had a little boy, and they loved him very much. They had a cat and a dog that the little boy loved very much. They had a car and a caravan trailer for holidays, and a swimming pool which was fenced so that the little boy and his playmates would not fall in and drown. They had a housemaid who was absolutely trustworthy

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<sup>1</sup> **rime:** a coating of frost.

<sup>2</sup> **arrhythmia:** an irregular heartbeat.

<sup>3</sup> **epicenter:** the focal point.

<sup>4</sup> **stopes:** step-like holes or trenches made by miners.

<sup>5</sup> **Chopi and Tsonga:** (chō'pē and tsôn'ga) ethnic groups that live in Mozambique.

and an itinerant<sup>6</sup> gardener who was highly recommended by the neighbors. For when they began to live happily ever after they were warned, by that wise old witch, the husband's mother, not to take on anyone off the street. They were inscribed in a medical benefit  
60 society, their pet dog was licensed, they were insured against fire, flood damage, and theft, and subscribed to the local Neighborhood Watch, which supplied them with a plaque for their gates lettered YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED over the silhouette of a would-be intruder. He was masked; it could not be said if he was black or white, and therefore proved the property owner was no racist.

It was not possible to insure the house, the swimming pool, or the car against riot damage. There were riots, but these were outside the city, where people of another color were quartered. These people were not allowed into the suburb except as reliable  
70 housemaids and gardeners, so there was nothing to fear, the husband told the wife. Yet she was afraid that some day such people might come up the street and tear off the plaque YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and open the gates and stream in. . . . Nonsense, my dear, said the husband, there are police and soldiers and tear gas and guns to keep them away. But to please her—for he loved her very much and buses were being burned, cars stoned, and schoolchildren shot by the police in those quarters out of sight and hearing of the suburb—he had electronically controlled gates fitted. Anyone who pulled off the sign YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and  
80 tried to open the gates would have to announce his **intentions** by pressing a button and speaking into a receiver relayed to the house. The little boy was fascinated by the device and used it as a walkie-talkie in cops and robbers play with his small friends.

The riots were suppressed, but there were many burglaries in the suburb and somebody's trusted housemaid was tied up and shut in a cupboard by thieves while she was in charge of her employers' house. The trusted housemaid of the man and wife and little boy was so upset by this misfortune befalling a friend left, as she herself often was, with responsibility for the possessions of the man and  
90 his wife and the little boy that she implored her employers to have burglar bars attached to the doors and windows of the house, and an alarm system installed. The wife said, She is right, let us take heed of her advice. So from every window and door in the house where they were living happily ever after they now saw the trees and sky through bars, and when the little boy's pet cat tried to climb in by the fanlight<sup>7</sup> to keep him company in his little bed

**intention**  
(in-těn'shən) *n.*  
purpose or plan.

<sup>6</sup> **itinerant**: frequently traveling to different places.

<sup>7</sup> **fanlight**: an arched window, usually over a door.

at night, as it customarily had done, it set off the alarm keening<sup>8</sup> through the house.

100 The alarm was often answered—it seemed—by other burglar alarms, in other houses, that had been triggered by pet cats or nibbling mice. The alarms called to one another across the gardens in shrills and bleats and wails that everyone soon became accustomed to, so that the din roused the inhabitants of the suburb no more than the croak of frogs and musical grating of cicadas<sup>9</sup> legs. Under cover of the electronic harpies<sup>10</sup> discourse intruders sawed the iron bars and broke into homes, taking away hi-fi equipment, television sets, cassette players, cameras and radios, jewelry and clothing, and sometimes were hungry enough to devour everything in the refrigerator or paused **audaciously**  
110 to drink the whiskey in the cabinets or patio bars. Insurance companies paid no compensation for single malt, a loss made keener by the property owner's knowledge that the thieves wouldn't even have been able to appreciate what it was they were drinking.

**audacious**  
(ô-dā'shəs) *n.*  
bold, rebellious.

Then the time came when many of the people who were not trusted housemaids and gardeners hung about the suburb because they were unemployed. Some importuned for a job: weeding or painting a roof; anything, *baas*,<sup>11</sup> madam. But the man and his wife remembered the warning about taking on anyone off the street. Some drank liquor and fouled the street with discarded bottles.  
120 Some begged, waiting for the man or his wife to drive the car out of the electronically operated gates. They sat about with their feet in the gutters, under the jacaranda trees that made a green tunnel of the street—for it was a beautiful suburb, spoiled only by their presence—and sometimes they fell asleep lying right before the gates in the midday sun. The wife could never see anyone go hungry. She sent the trusted housemaid out with bread and tea, but the trusted housemaid said these were loafers and *tsotsis*,<sup>12</sup> who would come and tie her up and shut her in a cupboard. The husband said, She's right. Take heed of her advice. You only encourage them  
130 with your bread and tea. They are looking for their chance. . . . And he brought the little boy's tricycle from the garden into the house every night, because if the house was surely secure, once locked and with the alarm set, someone might still be able to climb over the wall or the electronically closed gates into the garden.

You are right, said the wife, then the wall should be higher. And the wise old witch, the husband's mother, paid for the extra bricks

<sup>8</sup> **keening**: wailing or crying.

<sup>9</sup> **cicadas**: large, loud insects.

<sup>10</sup> **harpies**: mythological creatures who were part woman and part bird.

<sup>11</sup> **baas**: (bäs) a white person in a position of authority in relation to nonwhites.

<sup>12</sup> **tsotsis**: (tsō'tsēs) dishonest, untrustworthy people.

as her Christmas present to her son and his wife—the little boy got a Space Man outfit and a book of fairy tales.

140 But every week there were more reports of **intrusion**: in broad daylight and the dead of night, in the early hours of the morning, and even in the lovely summer twilight—a certain family was at dinner while the bedrooms were being ransacked upstairs. The man and his wife, talking of the latest armed robbery in the suburb, were distracted by the sight of the little boy's pet cat effortlessly arriving over the seven-foot wall, descending first with a rapid bracing of extended forepaws down on the sheer vertical surface, and then a graceful launch, landing with swishing tail within the property. The whitewashed wall was marked with the cat's comings and goings; and on the street side of the wall there were larger red-earth smudges that  
150 could have been made by the kind of broken running shoes, seen on the feet of unemployed loiterers, that had no innocent destination.

When the man and wife and little boy took the pet dog for its walk round the neighborhood streets they no longer paused to admire this show of roses or that perfect lawn; these were hidden behind an array of different varieties of security fences, walls, and devices. The man, wife, little boy, and dog passed a remarkable choice: there was the low-cost option of pieces of broken glass embedded in cement along the top of walls, there were iron grilles ending in lance points, there were attempts at reconciling the  
160 aesthetics of prison architecture with the Spanish Villa style (spikes painted pink) and with the plastic urns of neoclassical façades (twelve-inch pikes finned like zigzags of lightning and painted pure white). Some walls had a small board affixed, giving the name and telephone number of the firm responsible for the installation of the devices. While the little boy and the pet dog raced ahead, the husband and wife found themselves comparing the possible effectiveness of each style against its appearance; and after several weeks when they paused before this barricade or that without

**intrusion**

(in-trōō' shən) *n.*  
act of trespass or  
invasion.



needing to speak, both came out with the conclusion that only one  
170 was worth considering. It was the ugliest but the most honest in its  
suggestion of the pure concentration-camp style, no frills, all evident  
efficacy. Placed the length of walls, it consisted of a continuous coil  
of stiff and shining metal **serrated** into jagged blades, so that there  
would be no way of climbing over it and no way through its tunnel  
without getting entangled in its fangs. There would be no way out,  
only a struggle getting bloodier and bloodier, a deeper and sharper  
hooking and tearing of flesh. The wife shuddered to look at it. You're  
right, said the husband, anyone would think twice. . . . And they  
took heed of the advice on a small board fixed to the wall: Consult  
180 DRAGON'S TEETH The People For Total Security.

Next day a gang of workmen came and stretched the razor-  
bladed coils all round the walls of the house where the husband  
and wife and little boy and pet dog and cat were living happily  
ever after. The sunlight flashed and slashed, off the serrations, the  
cornice of razor thorns encircled the home, shining. The husband  
said, Never mind. It will weather. The wife said, You're wrong. They  
guarantee it's rustproof. And she waited until the little boy had run  
off to play before she said, I hope the cat will take heed. . . . The  
husband said, Don't worry, my dear, cats always look before they  
190 leap. And it was true that from that day on the cat slept in the little  
boy's bed and kept to the garden, never risking a try at breaching  
security.

One evening, the mother read the little boy to sleep with a fairy  
story from the book the wise old witch had given him at Christmas.  
Next day he pretended to be the Prince who braves the terrible  
thicket of thorns to enter the palace and kiss the Sleeping Beauty  
back to life: he dragged a ladder to the wall, the shining coiled  
tunnel was just wide enough for his little body to creep in, and  
with the first fixing of its razor teeth in his knees and hands and  
200 head he screamed and struggled deeper into its tangle. The trusted  
housemaid and the itinerant gardener, whose "day" it was, came  
running, the first to see and to scream with him, and the itinerant  
gardener tore his hands trying to get at the little boy. Then the man  
and his wife burst wildly into the garden and for some reason (the  
cat, probably) the alarm set up wailing against the screams while  
the bleeding mass of the little boy was hacked out of the security  
coil with saws, wire cutters, choppers, and they carried it—the  
man, the wife, the hysterical trusted housemaid, and the weeping  
gardener—into the house.

**serrate**  
(sĕr'āt') *adj.*  
having a jagged,  
saw-toothed edge.

**COLLABORATIVE DISCUSSION** Was the boy safer because of the precautions his parents took to protect the family? Discuss your thoughts with a partner using details from the story to support your ideas.

## Analyze Author's Choices: Text Structure



LACC.910.RL.2.5

Nadine Gordimer's "Once Upon a Time" was originally published in 1989. The late 1980s were a period of internal unrest in South Africa and this story reflects the fear and isolation that people felt as the policy of apartheid continued to be enforced. To convey her ideas, Gordimer structured her story using some of the traditional elements of fairy tales. For example, the title "Once Upon a Time" and the fact that the family is "living happily ever after" are both traditional elements of fairy tales. This **structure**, or arrangement of the parts of the story, holds together the elements of the story. The choices that Gordimer made about the structure of her story help create effects such as tension and surprise, as in a fairy tale. As you analyze the structure, look for other fairy tale elements as shown in the chart and think about how this story is similar to and different from other fairy tales you have read.

### Elements of a Fairy Tale

- The main characters are opposed by an evil force.
- Animals have special abilities.
- The story is used to teach a lesson.
- Good characters have bad things happen to them.
- The setting does not seem quite real.
- Details in the story foreshadow that the problem, or conflict, will be resolved in a "happily ever after" ending.

## Support Inferences About Theme



LACC.910.RL.1.1,  
LACC.910.RL.1.2

Gordimer develops the **theme**, or the underlying message, through the details and symbols she includes in the story. An author can use all the elements of a story to develop a theme, including the characters, plot, and setting. For example, to convey a theme about the rewards of working hard, an author might relate a story about a hockey team that finally wins a championship. As the story develops, the players discover each other's strengths and weaknesses and learn that working together brings success to everyone.

An author might also develop the theme through the use of a **symbol**—a person, a place, or an object that stands for something beyond itself. In the hockey team story, the author might use the symbol of a trophy to represent the team's success.

As you analyze "Once Upon a Time," make **inferences**, or logical guesses, about the theme by considering the details and symbols Gordimer includes. Pay particular attention to the characters' actions and motivations, as well as the setting—including the historical background—to help you infer the theme.