

The short happy life of francis macomber

[Experience](#), [Happiness](#)



Francis Macomber notes on analysis The narrative voice The story is told through an omniscient narrator in third person, who is passively observing. Nothing is hidden to the reader, revealing this unpleasant atmosphere. Ex. from p. 9: Macomber stepped out of the curved opening at the side of the front seat, onto the step and down onto the ground. The lion still stood looking majestically and coolly toward this object that his eyes only showed in silhouette, bulking like some super-rhino. There was no man smell carried toward him and he watched the object, moving his great head a little from side to side.

Then watching the object, not afraid, but hesitating before going down the bank to drink with such a thing opposite him, he saw a man figure detach itself from it and he turned his heavy head and swung away toward the cover of the trees as he heard a cracking crash and felt the slam of a .30-06 220-grain solid bullet that bit his flank and ripped in sudden hot scalding nausea through his stomach. He trotted, heavy, big-footed, swinging wounded full-bellied, through the trees toward the tall grass and cover, and the crash came again to go past him ripping the air apart.

Then it crashed again and he felt the blow as it hit his lower ribs and ripped on through, blood sudden hot and frothy in his mouth, and he galloped toward the high grass where he could crouch and not be seen and make them bring the crashing thing close enough so he could make a rush and get the man that held it. This example from the text shows how much you should the omniscient teller extends – this is the lion's point of view; the part where it gets shot. By going into the minds of the animals he creates a parallel between the people and animals. Characters Robert Wilson Quote, p. 20: By

my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next [..]" " You grow up when you kill an animal, not when you fucking turn fucking 21". Wilson is sort of this product of Africa. Neglects this more sensitive side to himself because it reveals too much about him. He wants to be this machine, this MAN, which the idea of being a Sensitivo does not fit with. Wilson's thoughts on Americans: From p. 20: It's that some of them stay little boys so long, Wilson thought. Sometimes all their lives. Their figures stay boyish when they're fifty.

The great American boy-men. Damned strange people. But he liked this Macomber now. Wilson's thoughts on women: Can't live with them - can't live without them. Sees them as a complete strange specie. * He blames Francis for Margot sleeping with him. From p. 4: " Oh, anything," said Wilson. " Simply anything. " They are, he thought, the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened. Or is it that they pick men they can handle? They can't know that much at the age they marry, he thought.

He was grateful that he had gone through his education on American women before now because this was a very attractive one. Margaret Macomber (Margot) Francis' wife (not married out of love. Stays together because he's rich and she's pretty (and witty and gaaaaay) She is dishonest Controls Francis, has the upper hand in the relationship, " You don't have to wait long when you have an advantage. Is the prettiest woman (in Africa). The reason she doesn't leave him at home in America is that there she isn't the prettiest

one. She and Francis need each other, but through the story the balance shifts and it has consequences.