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On the road langston hughes short story pdf

On the Road is one of the most impressive short stories I have read recently. The language used is humorous, imaginary and sometimes ironic, which is quite different from some of the serious stories that concern racial prejudice, such as Everything That Rises Must Converge. What the author wants to express is so naturally and appropriate. Sargeant never even noticed the snow How comes one hasn't noticed the snow? What it tries to tell is, Sargeant is too tired and depressed to notice anything except his hunger and cold. I can understand it because I have similar experience. I had once been trapped in a mountain without anything to eat and it is extremely cold at the night. I sat still, waiting for being rescued. I hadn't notice it was raining and I was wet because I feel dizzy because of hunger and concern only survival. When one is extremely tired and hungry, one will not notice the weather or anything else. So you can imagine how terrible Sargeant feels. But when he tries to get help from minister, he was rejected. He can not even be shared a bit of food. Then he tries to find a place to have a rest. He finds a church and tries to push the door to get into it. But the white people in the street prevent him to enter into the church, shouting 'A big black unemployed Negro holding onto our church' (see how words be used to describe discrimination: black, unemployed, our). Strange thing happens: the church falls down and Christ is freed from the cross, walking along Sargeant. They start an interesting conversation that I like very much. Sargeant thought he was alone, but listening to the crunch, crunch, crunch on the snow of his own footsteps, he heard other footsteps, too, doubling his own. He looked around, and there was Christ walking along beside him, the same Christ that had been on the cross on the church-still stone with a rough stone surface, walking along beside him just like he was broken off the cross when the church fell down. "Well, I'll be dogged," said Sargeant. "This here's the first time I ever seed you off the cross." "Yes," said Christ, crunching his feet in the snow. "You had to pull the church down to get me off the cross." "You glad?" said Sargeant. "I sure am," said Christ. They both laughed. "I'm a hell of a fellow, ain't I?" said Sargeant. "Done pulled the church down!" "You did a good job," said Christ. "They have kept me nailed on a cross for nearly two thousand years." "Whee-ee-eh!" said Sargeant. "I know you are glad to get off." "I sure am," said Christ. They walked on in the snow. Sargeant looked at the man of stone. "And you have been up there two thousand years?" "I sure have," Christ said. "Well, if I had a little cash," said Sargeant, "I'd show you around a bit." "I been around," said Christ. "Yeah, but that was a long time ago." "All the same," said Christ. "I've been around." They walked on in the snow until they came to the railroad yards. Sargeant was tired, sweating and tired. "Where you goin'?" Sargeant said, stopping by the tracks. He looked at Christ. Sargeant said, "I'm just a bum on the road. How about you? Where you goin'?" "God knows " Christ said, "but I'm leavin' here." They saw the red and green lights of the railroad yard half veiled by the snow that fell out of the night. Away down the track they saw a fire in a hobo jungle. "I can go there and sleep," Sargeant said. "You can?" "Sure," said Sargeant. "That place ain't got no doors." Outside the town, along the tracks, there were barren trees and bushes below the embankment, snow-gray in the dark. And down among the trees and bushes there were makeshift houses made out of boxes and tin and old pieces of wood and canvas. You couldn't see them in the dark, but you knew they were there if you'd ever been on the road, if you had ever lived with the homeless and hungry in a depression. "I'm side-tracking," Sargeant said. "I'm tired." "I'm gonna make it on to Kansas City," said Christ. "O.K.," Sargeant said. "So long" View Article Pages Every issue Esquire has ever published, since 1933 Every timeless feature, profile, interview, novella - even the ads! 85+ Years of outstanding fiction from world-renowned authors More than 150,000 Images — beautiful High-Resolution photography, zoom into every page Unlimited Search and Browse Bookmark all your favorites into custom Collections Enjoy on Desktop, Tablet, and Mobile July 2, 2019 by Essay WriterLangston Hughes' "On the Road" takes place during the depression and chronicles a homeless black man's search for a place to stay the night. This man, Sargeant, first attempts to stay at a parsonage, but is turned down by the Reverend. He then sees the church next to the parsonage and decides he will sleep inside of it. The door is locked and no one answers his knocks, so he pushes against the door and he is able to break the door open. As the door breaks open two cops arrive and try to pull him away from the door, but Sargeant grabs onto a stone pillar at the front of the church and refuses to let go. Gradually, the front of the church falls down, and then the whole thing falls onto the cops and onto Sargeant, who is knocked unconscious by the debris. While unconscious, Sargeant has a dream that he is talking to Christ and at the end of the dream, when Sargeant tries to get on a train, he wakes up and realizes that he is in jail. The intimacy of the second person point of view evokes from the reader a sympathy for Sargeant. This is done through the narrator's use of language, the narrator's omniscience, and the narrator's seeming firsthand knowledge of being in a situation similar to Sargeant's. The narrator uses simple, concise language throughout the story. The uncomplicated prose, along with the second person point of view, allows the reader to feel as if the narrator is a close acquaintance relating the story to him or her. At times, the narrator uses imperfect English, such as "He wasn't on no train" (495) and this blunt, imperfect language gives more credence to the casual and intimate relationship Hughes wanted to create between the narrator and the reader. The narrator also uses very sympathetic terms to describe Sargeant's current state: hungry, sleepy, tired, and cold (492-493). The reader then sees these terms and because of the intimate feelings they share with the narrator (and the fact that those intimate feelings lead to a trust in the narrator) begins to feel sympathetic towards Sargeant and his situation. If the narrator were to use less sympathetic terms in describing Sargeant, the reader would not become sympathetic towards Sargeant. This is a result of the reader basing his or her own feelings about the character on the way the narrator describes him, and that is due to the intimacy created by the language and the second person point of view. The narrator's omniscience is used to look into Sargeant's mind, and this explains Sargeant and his situation more thoroughly. For example, after the Reverend denied Sargeant entrance and told him to go to the Relief Shelter, the narrator says "Sargeant wanted to tell the holy man that he had already been to the Relief Shelter, been to hundreds of relief shelters...the beds were always gone and supper was over, the place was full, and they drew the color line anyhow" (493). This insight into Sargeant's past shows that his troubles are not something new to him, that he has been living the life of a vagabond for some time. Sargeant's dream about Christ, (recounted by the narrator as if it weren't a dream,) in which Christ is released from the cross by Sargeant after two thousand years (494), is meant to symbolize that Sargeant still has faith, and that Christ does not discriminate against those who believe in him. Sargeant's thoughts and his dream give a great deal of knowledge to the reader and generate yet more compassion from the reader for Sargeant. Although the identity of the narrator is unknown, it is implied that he (or she) has been in a situation similar to Sargeant's. When describing the hobo jungle, the narrator says "You couldn't see them in the dark, but you knew they were there if you'd ever been on the road, if you had ever lived with the homeless and hungry in a depression" (495). From this, one can conclude that the narrator has lived or at the least been through places similar to the aforementioned hobo jungle. It is also likely that the reader assumes the narrator to either be black or someone sympathetic to the hardships black people face. This is shown through the symbolism the narrator employs in telling the story. The colors black and white are prevalent throughout the story, not just in describing the people's skin, but in other ways such as Sargeant not noticing the snow, even though it was falling white against the black night (492). The snow symbolizes white oppression, and in order to survive Sargeant has to ignore his oppressors. The implication that the narrator has experienced something similar to Sargeant's situation causes the reader to trust what he (or she) says more; in much the same way someone who has lived through a war is more credible when talking about it than someone who only has read about living through a war. With the intimacy and the additional trust that the reader has with the narrator, the sympathetic feelings for Sargeant increase. Hughes' told this story from the second person perspective not only to get the reader to sympathize with Sargeant, but to sympathize with all black men. Although this story takes place during the depression years (the early 1930's), it was written in 1952, a time when the civil rights movement was gaining steam. Hughes had a deep-seated sense of racial pride, and his life was spent trying to win respect for African-American culture. He used Sargeant's plight to symbolize the similar situations faced by black people. Hughes used the narrator's point of view to produce sympathy from the reader in the hopes that the reader would then sympathize with black people in real life. "On the Road" was not only a story of one man's struggles, but a story of the struggles of an entire race. Although much of his work dealt with the issues faced by African-Americans, the sympathy Hughes was able to evoke from the reader in this story may not have been matched in any of his other works.

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