**Dialogue Form:**

Lennie looked timidly over to him. “George?”

“Yeah, what ya want?”

“Where we goin’, George?”

The little man jerked down the brim of his hat and scowled over at Lennie.

“So you forgot awready, did you?” I gotta tell you again, do I? Jesus Christ, you’re a crazy bastard!”

**Translated Narrative Form:**

Lennie looked over timidly at George. With a strange, confused apprehension he asked where they were headed. Angry and irritated over hearing the same question at least ten times, George snapped, and yelled at Lennie.

**Analysis:**

By the way George scolds Lennie, we can see that George easily loses his patience with

Lennie. By the way Lennie speaks, we can sense he is hesitant, almost child-like. There is also evidence of a dialect, although we are not completely clear what dialect it is.

1. **Dialogue Form:**

“Ain’t a thing in my pocket,” Lennie said cleverly.

“I know there ain’t. You got it in your hand. What you got in your hand—hidin’ it?”

“I ain’t got nothin’, George. Honest.”

“Come on, give it here.”

Lennie held his closed hand away from George’s direction. “It’s only a mouse, George.”

“A mouse? A live mouse?”

“Uh-uh. Jus’ a dead mouse, George. I didn’ kill it. Honest! I found it. I found it dead.”

2. **Dialogue Form:**

“O.K. Now when we go in to see the boss, what you gonna do?”

“I… I,” Lennie thought. His face grew tight with thought. “I … ain’t gonna say nothin’. Jus’ gonna stan’ there.”

“Good boy. That’s swell. You say that over two, three times so you won’t forget it.”

Lennie droned to himself softly. “I ain’t gonna say nothin’… I ain’t gonna say nothin’…

I ain’t gonna say nothin’.”

3. **Dialogue Form:**

“George,” very softly. No answer. “George!”

“Whatta you want?”

“I was only foolin’, George. I don’t want no ketchup. I wouldn’t eat no ketchup if it was right here beside me.”

“If it was here, you could have some.”

“But I wouldn’t eat none, George, I’d leave it all for you. You could cover your beans with it and I wouldn’t touch none of it.”

4. **Dialogue Form:**

Lennie spoke craftily, “Tell me—like you done before.”

“Tell you what?”

“About the rabbits.”

George snapped, “You ain’t gonna put nothing over on me.”

Lennie pleaded, “Come on, George. Tell me. Please, George. Like you done before.”

“You get a kick outta that, don’t you? Awright, I’ll tell you, and then we’ll eat our supper….”