

Free Indirect Style

The fair was held on a bright spring day. It attracted nearly everyone from the surrounding area. A large crowd was lumbering in the town square. The weather was uncomfortably hot, which revealed the ungraceful interactions in the crowd.

Madame Bovary was in a cheerful mood. She was quickly walking holding Rodolphe's arm. She was wearing a charming silk corset underneath an elegant blue turtleneck. She held a sunshade in her other hand, which was bouncing with regularity as they walked. Charles was idling with Monsieur Homais in front of the pharmacy. Groups of children were running in the streets.

“Ah what a delightful afternoon”, declared Homais.

A scruffy poodle mutt approached the crowd. It ran towards Madame Bovary. In a fit of excitement it mounted her leg.

Madame Bovary let out a quick chirp. She began frantically twisting her leg to remove the mutt from her leg. Despite her best efforts, the dog was adamant in his goal. Why was this dog so intimately interested in Madame Bovary? What did she do to attract his attention? Was it the delicate jupe she was wearing? Oh that stupid mutt! Why did it have to make her so humiliated? Why couldn't she just leave her alone?

Charles was quickly running towards her screaming, “Emma! Emma!”

Rodolphe tried gently striking the dog in the back. It had no effect.

Monsieur Homais declared, “Such an affinity between a dog and a human! What desire!”