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## Mr know all pdf

Max Kelada (Nigel Patrick) annoyed his friends passengers by dominating all onboard social events, with his insistence that he is an expert on all matters vesves. Cast: Nigel Patrick, Anne Crawford, Naunton Wayne, Wilfrid Hyde-White, Clive Morton, Bill Travers, Dennis Harkin, Michael Medwin. 1. Watch this video and write a summary. 2. Get ready to give an idea of this film. 3. Read the review above. Mr Know-All In Mr Know-All review by W. Somerset Maugham we have the theme of contempt, control, honor, change, ego, appearance and honesty. Taken from his collection of Collected Short Stories, the story is told as the first person by an unnamed man, and from the beginning of the story Maugham becomes open to the reader who may discover the contact of humiliation. The narrator has a strong a hatred for Kelada and first seems to have formulated her opinion based only on the fact that she has to share a dock with Kelada. He's a very special man for the narrator, who is different from Kelada. It may be symbolically important that the narrator also plays patience, because it is possible that Maugham suggests that the narrator love his own place. It is more clear to the reader that the narrator wants to choose the place where he sits in the dining room for himself. It may also be important for Kelada to choose where the narrator sits. Kelada seems to like to control a situation. Some critics say it only helps that Kelada is the lead organizer of many activities on board, but it shows that Kelada loves control. Kelada seems thick-skinned as if it doesn't bother him that people on board call him Mr. Know-All. On the contrary, Kelada takes that as a compliment. In many ways, the other passengers on board kelada are different. Nothing seems to have affected him. Things change when Mr. Ramsay says he doesn't know anything about Kelada's pearl business. Mr. Ramsay's accusation is like a red flag against a bull, and Ramsay is facing Kelada with a challenge for Kelada to read easily accept. It's as if Kelada's honor is being played out according to the theme of appearance. Kelada doesn't want to be seen as an idiot who suggests appearances are important to Kelada. It may also be the case that Kelada is afraid of losing control of a situation for the first time in the story. Before he was challenged, Kelada controlled not only himself, but others. Ramsay's challenge directly challenges Kelada's dignity. The way Kelada lets Ramsay win the bet says a lot about Kelada. As Kelada looks at the pearls, she accepts the fear in Ms. Ramsay's eyes and does something dignified, allowing Ramsay to win the bet. This says a lot for the word as there may have been many readers before As for Kelada, it's a similar point of view to the narrator. If there's anything Kelada has put Miss Ramsay in front of, as she has done with other passengers on board before. Kelada may like to control a situation, but he also knows when to withdraw it. It's something Kelada does about betting. Instead of embarrassing Miss Ramsay Kelada, the embarrassed wants herself. Even if that means it can be seen differently by other passengers on board. Kelada, unlike Mr. Ramsay, won't let his ego rule. There is a sense that Kelada, unlike Mr Ramsay, can swallow pride so that an individual (Mrs Ramsay) is not offended. What's interesting about the end of the story is not that the narrator changed his opinion of Kelada. The one the narrator now considers an honorable man. But what's interesting is whether it was Mr. or Mrs. Ramsay who decided to return the \$100. It is likely that Mr and Mrs Ramsay had an honest conversation when they returned to their docks and that Mrs Ramsay told Mr Ramsay the full cost of the pearl necklace. Something Mr. Ramsay was unaware of because he was so far from home. If it's a case where Mrs. Ramsay tells Mr. Ramsay more truth than Maugham, it seems to shed light on Ramsay's relationship. It seems that there may be frictions within ramsay's marriage where the focus for the whole story had previously been at the end of the story. However, since any conversation Mrs Ramsay had with her husband was private, it's hard to say for sure what she might have said. The reader will never know if Kelada had any idea exactly what happened when she told the narrator that if I had a little wife, I shouldn't have let her spend a year in New York while staying in Kobe. This line could be important as it shows that Kelada really knows what happened between Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay after losing the bet on the head. Despite being an honorable man, Kelada never directly explains his words to the narrator, who may not need the line described in reality. Mr. Know-All W. Somerset Maugham I was prepared not to like Max Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just ended and passenger traffic in the ocean was heavy. It was very difficult to get accommodation and you had to put up with what the agents chose to offer you. I couldn't hope for a cabin and I was grateful to be given one which had only two docks. But when I was told my friend's name, my heart sank. It suggested indoor portholes and night weather hard excluded. This was bad enough to share a cabin with no one for fourteen days (I was going to Yokohama San Francisco), but I must have looked less horrified if it was my own passenger name Or Brown. When I got on board, I found Mr. Kelada's luggage downstairs. I didn't look like; There were a lot of labels on the suitcases and the wardrobe torso was very large. He had opened his toilet things and I observed that he was the protector of the excellent Monsieur Coty. Because I saw her scent, hair wash and shiny tummy at the laundry stand. Mr. Kelada's brushes, ebony with a gold monogram, would be better for an office. I never liked Mr. Kelada. I went into the smoking room. I called a package of cards and started to be patient. I hardly ever started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right to think my name was so good. I'm Mr. Kelada, he added, with a smile that showed a line of flashing teeth, and sat down. yes, I think we're sharing a cabin. A little luck, that's what I'm saying. You never know who you're going to be with. I'm so glad to hear you're English. I'm one of those Brits who was together when I was abroad, if you know what I mean. I winked. Are you English? I asked, perhaps unkindly. It's more like. You don't think I look American, do you? To prove it, Mr. Kelada pulled a passport out of his pocket and waved it under my nose with air. King George has many strange subjects. Mr Kelada was of short and sturdy build, clean shaven and dark-skinned, fleshy, hooked nose and had very large bright and liquid eyes. Her long black hair was sleek and curly. He spoke fluently, with nothing in English and his gestures exuberant. I was quite confident that a closer examination of the British passport would betray the fact that Mr Kelada was born under a bluer sky than seen in Britain. What's it going to be? Asked. I looked at him with suspicion. The ban was in effect, and it all seems the ship has dried up. I'm not thirsty, I don't know if I like ginger ale or lemon zucchini more. But Mr. Kelada looked at me with an oriental smile. Whiskey, soda or dry martini, you just have to say the word. He laid a bottle of each of his hip pockets and put it on the table in front of me. I chose the martini and he called the butler and ordered a glass of ice and a few glasses. I said a really good cocktail. There's a lot more where that came from, and if you have any friends on board, tell them you have a friend with all the drinks in the world. Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked about New York and San Francisco. He talked about games, pictures and politics. He was a patriot. The Union Jack is an impressive piece of screensas, but when developed by a gentleman from Alexandria or Beirut, I feel but lose some dignity. Mr. Kelada was familiar. I don't want to go on the air, but I can't help myself. It seems completely strange to put your name in front of your name when you're addressing me. Mr. Kelada, no doubt he didn't use such a formality to comfort me. I don't like Mr. Kelada. I put the cards away when I was sitting down, but now, thinking it took us long enough to talk about this first incident, I kept playing. Three of the four, said Mr Kelada. There is nothing more infuriating when playing patience to put the card you turned before you have a chance for yourself. He yelled, He's coming out, he's coming out. 10 of them. I ended up with the anger and hate in my heart. Then he confiscated the herd. Do you like card numbers? No, I said I hate card numbers. I'm going to show you this. He showed me three. Then I went to the dining room and told him I'd take my place at the table. Oh, okay, he said, I already got a seat for you. I thought we could sit at the same table because we're in the same room. I don't like Mr. Kelada. I just shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but he couldn't walk around the deck without joining me. It was impossible to underselinate him. He never realized he wasn't wanted. He was sure you were happy to see him, to see you. You may have kicked him down in his own house and slammed the door in his face. He was a good mixer and knew everyone on board in three days. He was running everything. He directed sweeps, directed auctions, collected money for awards in sports, did quoit and golf matches, organized the concert and held a fancy dress ball. It was everywhere, and it was always. He was definitely the most hated man on board. We called him Mr. Know-All, even his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was when it was most unbearable in food times. Have him put us at his mercy for most of an hour. He was hearty, cheerful, grumpy and controversial. He knew everything better than anyone. He wouldn't let go of a trivial subject until he brought you into his own way of thinking. You never thought he'd be wrong. He was the man who knew. We sat at the doctor's table. Mr. Kelada would certainly have his own way, the doctor lazy and I sat there except for a man named Ramsay, who was indifferent to the frigid. He was as dogmatic as Mr. Kelada and resented Levanten's. Their discussions were sleazy and endless. Ramsay was with the U.S. Consular Service and was stationed in Kobe. He was a big heavy man from the Mid-West. Under tight skin, and his ready-made clothes swelled out. He was returning to continue his mission, flying to New York to pick up his wife, who had been home for a year. Mrs. Ramsay was a lovely little thing with a nice attitude and a sense of humor. Consular Service is poorly paid, and he was always dressed very simply. But he knew how to wear his clothes. That silent distinction had an effect. I shouldn't have given him a special attention, but that he had a quality that might be common enough in women, but that he wasn't obvious in his attitude nowadays. It glowed like a flower on a coat. One evening at dinner, the conversation was dragged into the subject of pearls. The papers mentioned cultured pearls made by cunning Japanese, and the doctor said that they should inevitably devalue real pearls. They were already very good; It's going to be perfect soon. Mr. Kelada, like his habit, rushed to rush the new subject. He told us everything there was to know about pearls. I don't believe Ramsay knew anything about them, but he couldn't resist the opportunity to have a get-out at Levanten and within five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I've seen Mr. Kelada violent and voluble before, but I've never been more talkative and hot. Something Ramsay eventually said stung him, because he punched the table and shouted. I need to know what I'm talking about, I'm going to Japan to take care of the size I've seen so far. You want to bet? I'll bet you \$100 it's an imitation. Over. Elmer said you can't bet on anything definite. Ms. Ramsay said. He had a little smile on his lips and his voice was gently coy. I can't? If I get a chance to make money so easily, I'll take all kinds of idiots not to accept it. But how can it be proved? he continued. It's just my word against Mr. Kelada's. I'll check the chain, and if it's an imitation, I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars, Mr. Kelada said. Take it off, dear. Have the gentleman take care of him all he wants. Mrs. Ramsay hesitated a little. He put his hands in the buckle. I can't get it back,' mr. Kelada said, only to take my word for it. I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to happen, but I couldn't think of anything to say. Ramsay jumped. I'll get it back. He gave the chain to Mr. Kelada. Levanten took a magnifying glass out of his pocket and took a closer look. A triumph smile spread across his smooth and swarthy face. He gave the chain back. He was about to talk. Suddenly he noticed Miss Ramsay's face. He was so white, it looked like he was about to pass out. She was looking at him with wide, frightened eyes. They organized a desperate appeal. It was so obvious that I wondered why her husband didn't see it. Mr. Kelada stood with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see him trying on him. He said he was wrong. It's a very good imitation, but of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw it wasn't real. I think \$18 is worth that damn thing. He took out his wallet and got a \$100 bill from him. He gave it to Ramsay without saying a word. Maybe this will teach you not to be so cocksure another time. my young friend, said Ramsay. I noticed Mr. Kelada's hands trembling. The story spread across the ship like stories and he had to endure it that evening with a good straw. Mr. Know-All's capture was a good joke. But Mrs. Ramsay retreated to her room with a headache. The next morning I got up and started shaving. Mr. Kelada was lying in his bed smoking. Suddenly there was a little scraping and I saw a letter being pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was no one there. I got the letter and saw it was addressed to Max Kelada. The name is written in block letters. I gave it to him. Who's this from? Opened. Oh! He didn't take a letter out of the envelope, he took out a \$100 bill. He looked at me and. That rash. He cut the envelope into little pieces and gave it to me. Do you mind kicking them out of the porthole? I did it his way, and then I smiled at him. No one likes it made to look like the perfect fucking idiot,' she said. Shouldn't I have let her spend a year in New York while I was staying in Kobe, if I had a beautiful little wife, she said. I didn't like Mr. Kelada at the time. He reached into his wallet and carefully put the \$100 bill in it. In the World, Home Curriculum Moti's Home Home

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