

Love and Death Within Gothic Short Stories and Poetry

10th Grade
For Fast-learning Students



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A five week unit that focuses on death and
love within short Gothic Literature

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Rationale:

This unit is intended for students in the 10th grade and for those that are considered fast learners. The reason for that being is because there are multiple artists and forms of literature in a fairly short time. The literature that is suggested also requires a fair amount of analysis and can provoke some deep conversations. The primary focus of the unit is love and death within Gothic Literature. Gothic elements can be seen within a wide variety of time periods and from a wide variety of authors. There are the staples of Gothic Literature, and there are some that specialize in a narrow field, such as African American Southern Gothic. Nevertheless, this unit tries to show the timelessness and the vastness that Gothicism provides. At times, these topics can skim some sensitive areas for students so having a well behaved and respectful class is crucial to benefiting the most from the unit. Many of the lessons focus on the students' ability to analyze a piece of literature, practice speaking skills as well as improve on their writing skills. It is imperative that the teacher acts like a facilitator during the students' discussion time. You will hold the ultimate trump, but try to allow the students to come up with their own decisions and realizations about the texts. When the topic goes astray that is where you refocus on the task at hand.

Gothic Literature is a unique focus on the grotesque and the disturbing images that man encounters. Even though it technically sprung up after Victorian and before the Romantic era, it has been around long before hand, (into the Greco-Roman era) and it is prevalent in today's works. Students will have the uncanny ability to recognize a typical piece of Gothic Literature and the elements that come with Gothic style. Even though the students will learn what is Gothic, the primary focus will be on how love and death is viewed within Gothicism. Why these seemingly opposite elements mesh so well with this genre. Students will have the responsibility of vocalizing their discoveries of the connection between the two themes as well as writing them down. The ultimate understanding of this unit comes about in the student's portfolio.

Though there are many accounts of assessments through the students speaking, their journals, and quizzes; the portfolio is what distinguishes the unit and the students' knowledge of the subject. The portfolio is the student's personal creation and will give them a great sense of ownership and accomplishment. It is composed of a Short story that is written by the student (three pages in length at minimum), a short movie trailer, three poems, work of art, and they present it in front of the class. The purpose of writing a short story is mostly to improve on the students' creative writing skills. They have vocabulary that they have been studying, and they have class discussions that analyze what makes a

good short story, and their short story will be a reflection of what they have learned. Often times, students embrace writing creatively, and with the guide of the short story plot diagram and the multiple texts, the students should have little to no problem in creating their personal Gothic short story. Technology plays a role into the unit. Not only does it detract from the typical English assignment for those that do not enjoy the subject, but also it teaches tone and manner, and how to appropriately summarize content. The animation is based on their short story, and they are held responsible for trying to inform and entertain their fellow classmates. The poetry is another avenue for creative writing and probably good for those who don't like writing as much.

Through a journey that connects students to students, students to themselves, and students to the text; the class should see how love and death play into the timelessness of Gothic. Where the classics will be analyzed and reviewed, the modern era of Gothicism will make its stand as well. Students will evaluate all such areas and they will vastly improve on their ability to write creatively through class discussion and peer evaluation (as well as teacher evaluation). All accumulating into short stories and poetry emphasizing death and love within Gothic Literature.

Unit's Goals and Objectives

Goals:

- Students should gain an appreciation for the timelessness that is within Gothic Literature.
- Realize the importance that tone and manner have on drawing in an audience.
- Recognize arts uncanny ability to be matched with Literature
- Write a creative and effective short story
- Write three creative and effective poems
- Understand the subtle elements and challenges that go into writing.
- Gain an appreciation towards a variety of writing techniques: journal, short story (creative writing) & poetry.
- Understand how vocabulary when used in a sophisticated manner, helps to add to any piece of writing
- Understand that the writing process is indeed a process, and not one that should always take place last minute
- Students will see the importance in revision and editing—not seeing it as a daunting task
- Respect and understand their fellow classmates through their writing, and through their portfolio
- See the progress that is made over time with their writing
- Recognize differences between a story and a Disney movie
- Carefully analyze the distinctions and the similarities

Objectives:

Students Will Be Able To:

- Identify Gothic characteristics
- Distinguish the themes of love and death
- Analyze the role that love and death have within Gothic Literature
- Write an appropriate Gothic short story
- Distinguish the elements in a story plot for a short story
- Write three appropriate poems with Gothic elements
- Summarize the main events of a short story
- Utilize technology to assist in summarizing
- Self edit
- Peer edit
- Evaluate major characters from different works
- Discuss readings with use of the Socratic circle
- Present in front of fellow classmates
- Compare and contrast story from movie
- Identify and define new vocabulary
- Identify the elements in the writing process

Common Core

Reading: Literature

Key Ideas and Details

RL.9-10.1. Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

RL.9-10.2. Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide an objective summary of the text.

RL.9-10.3. Analyze how complex characters (e.g., those with multiple or conflicting motivations) develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme.

Craft and Structure

RL.9-10.4. Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in the text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the cumulative impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone (e.g., how the language evokes a sense of time and place; how it sets a formal or informal tone).

RL.9-10.5. Analyze how an author's choices concerning how to structure a text, order events within it (e.g., parallel plots), and manipulate time (e.g., pacing, flashbacks) create such effects as mystery, tension, or surprise.

RL.9-10.6. Analyze a particular point of view or cultural experience reflected in a work of literature from outside the United States, drawing on a wide reading of world literature.

Integration of Knowledge and Ideas

RL.9-10.9. Analyze how an author draws on and transforms source material in a specific work

Range of Reading and Level of Text Complexity

RL.9-10.10. By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

By the end of grade 10, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, at the high end of the grades 9–10 text complexity band independently and proficiently.

Writing

Text Types and Purposes

W.9-10.1. Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

W.9-10.3. Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.

Production and Distribution of Writing

W.9-10.4. Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience. (Grade-specific expectations for writing types are defined in standards 1–3 above.)

W.9-10.5. Develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach, focusing on addressing what is most significant for a specific purpose and audience.

W.9-10.6. Use technology, including the Internet, to produce, publish, and update individual or shared writing products, taking advantage of technology's capacity to link to other information and to display information flexibly and dynamically.

Range of Writing

W.9-10.10. Write routinely over extended time frames (time for research, reflection, and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Speaking and Listening

Comprehension and Collaboration

SL.9-10.1. Initiate and participate effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grades 9–10 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively.

SL.9-10.2. Integrate multiple sources of information presented in diverse media or formats (e.g., visually, quantitatively, orally) evaluating the credibility and accuracy of each source.

Presentation of Knowledge and Ideas

SL.9-10.5. Make strategic use of digital media (e.g., textual, graphical, audio, visual, and interactive elements) in presentations to enhance understanding of findings, reasoning, and evidence and to add interest.

SL.9-10.6. Adapt speech to a variety of contexts and tasks, demonstrating command of formal English when indicated or appropriate.

Language

Conventions of Standard English

L.9-10.1. Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.

L.9-10.2. Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling when writing.

Knowledge of Language

L.9-10.3. Apply knowledge of language to understand how language functions in different contexts, to make effective choices for meaning or style, and to comprehend more fully when reading or listening.

Vocabulary Acquisition and Use

L.9-10.4. Determine or clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on *grades 9–10 reading and content*, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.

L.9-10.5. Demonstrate understanding of figurative language, word relationships, and nuances in word meanings.

L.9-10.6. Acquire and use accurately general academic and domain-specific words and phrases, sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.

Grade Breakdown

15% Participation (attendance, notes, in-class assignments, etc.)

50% Portfolio
15% Short Story
10% Short Story movie trailer
10% Poems (three)
5% Art cover
10% presentation

10% Quizzes (Pop, vocabulary)

15% Journal entries

5% Peer Edit Sheet

5% *Beauty and the Beast* compare and contrast sheet

A 93-100
A- 90-92
B+ 87-89
B 83-86
B- 80-82
C+ 77-79
C 73-76
C- 70-72
D+ 67-69
D 63-66
F Below 63

Unit Outline

Anticipatory Set:

Have students enter a slightly darkened classroom with the Overture from "Phantom of the Opera" playing in the background.

Week 1

Monday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Pass out vocabulary that will be present in the week's readings. Announce vocab quiz for Friday	Collect vocabulary sheet, acknowledge it will be in the readings, and there will be a quiz on it for Friday
45 min	<p>Present the question to the class, "What is Gothic?" Go briefly over some common authors asso. With Gothic text and let students know that this unit is going to be based on the short stories and poems of such authors: Edgar Allan Poe, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Stephanie Meyers, Emily Dickenson, etc.</p> <p>Also go over the specific focus of the unit with is the contrast of love and death within Gothic text; why is this effective? What does it imply about human nature? What is the macabre? Mention the Gothic's time relevance of being a merge between Romantic and Victorian.</p>	<p>Offer suggestions as to what is Gothic, perhaps spooky castles, death. They will propose why love and death seems to be a strong reoccurrence within Gothic texts. Students will take notes on information that is presented by the teacher and learn that many of their notes will be useful for the end-of-the-unit portfolio.</p>

5 min	Address the end-of-unit portfolio which will consist of one short story, minimal 3 poems, a mock movie trailer for their S.S, and one art piece depicting their S.S or one of their poems. Pass out rubric.	Acknowledge due date for portfolios, collect rubric.
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Materials: Vocab list, portfolio rubric.

Homework: Study vocabulary

Tuesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
10 min	Display journal entry/warm up: #1 "In your opinion, why is love and death such a powerful theme in Gothic texts, in any texts?"	Write journal entry
15 min	Before they read, ask them to keep the journal prompt in mind. While the class individually reads two of Emily Dickinson's poems: " <i>Because I could not stop for Death</i> " & " <i>That I did always Love</i> ", make sure students are on task	Class individually reads two of Emily Dickinson's poems: "Because I could not stop for Death" & "That I did always Love"
25 min	Facilitate classroom discussion on what Dickinson was saying about love, what she was saying about death. Are there Gothic elements within	Participate in classroom discussion of analyzing the two poems by Dickinson.

	the text? Does her background as a recluse have an effect on how it is read?	
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Materials: Emily Dickinson's poems: "Because I could not stop for Death" & "That I did always Love"

Homework: Continue studying vocabulary terms

Wednesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
20 min	Go over Edgar Allan Poe's biography. Hit key points such as: -Birth and death, his questionable death. -The women in his life that died from TB -What TB/consumption is -Major works of literature -American author -Contribution to Gothic	Take notes on Edgar Allan Poe
20 min	Give student in-class time to read <i>The Tell-Tale Heart</i>	Silently begin reading "The Tell-Tale Heart"
10 min	Facilitate classroom discussion on what the basics of the S.S/ what perspective is the story written in? Was the flashback effective? Does this make it reliable? Deformities and Gothic attributes.	Class discussion on the TTH
5 min	Pass out rubric for Short Story that will be a part of the final portfolio.	Collect Rubric for S.S

Materials: Edgar Allan Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart*

Homework: Continue studying vocabulary terms, if they didn't have enough time to finish the reading, they may do so for h.w

Thursday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
10 min	Display journal entry/warm up: #2 "In your opinion, using one of your vocabulary words from the list, was the narrator mad? Use contextual clues to support your argument."	Write journal entry
10 min	Facilitate brief class discussion on the journal prompt. Which vocabulary did some use, and if what context? What examples from the text did some students use? What was the overall consensus?	Participate in discussion by providing the vocabulary term, the in-text examples, etc.
30 min	Ask students to bring out S.S rubric. Go over what the difference is between a short story and a novel. Inquire students to decide which is more difficult to write. Give examples of plot diagrams, what makes a S.S intriguing, how did Poe effectively use his character to create his S.S.	Take notes on What makes a S.S. Draw out diagram for reference to when writing own S.S.

Materials: Edgar Allan Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart*, Plot Diagram

Homework: Continue studying vocabulary terms. Think of ideas for S.S.

Friday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
15 min	Announce and pass out Vocab quiz	Take vocab quiz.
15 min	Pass out copies of Edgar A. Poe's, "Annabel Lee"	Read poem
15 min	Facilitate class discussion of "Annabel Lee", what about this poem further emphasizes love and death? Do we think this poem was written about someone the author loved?	Participate in class discussion over poem
5 min	Go over weekend homework: recommend students being their S.S by writing down any characters and description of characters, the intended purpose/climax of the story. Tell students to read Charlotte P. Gilman's, <i>The Yellow Wallpaper</i>	Write down h.w or acknowledge what is to be done for weekend h/w

Materials: Vocab quiz, copies of "Annabel Lee", either copies of *The Yellow Wallpaper* or the Internet source:

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/1952/1952-h/1952-h.htm>

Homework: Continue studying vocabulary terms. Think of ideas for S.S.
Read *The Yellow Wallpaper* think of good Socratic topics

Week 2

Monday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
15 min	Announce and pass out quiz on <i>The Yellow Wallpaper</i> (TYW). While students are taking the quiz, quietly pass back vocab quiz back	Take TYW quiz.
35 min	Observe and monitor Socratic circle discussion on TYW, have key topic points in hand to make sure hit by the class: <ul style="list-style-type: none">-Gothic elements- Speaker's reality-Imprisonment: physical or psychological-How this ties with love and death-Literary elements-Story plot/climax	Engage in a Socratic seminar for TYW. Gothic elements <ul style="list-style-type: none">- Speaker's reality -Imprisonment: physical or psychological <ul style="list-style-type: none">-How this ties with love and death -Literary elements <ul style="list-style-type: none">-Story plot/climax

Materials: Quiz on TYW, Socratic Circle guide

Homework: Continue working on S.S.

Tuesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
15 min	Display journal entry/warm up: #3 "Compare and contrast TTH to TYW main characters. Are they mad? Use contextual clues to support your argument"	Write journal entry.

5 min	Transition by showing trailer of <i>The Corpse Bride</i>	Watch trailer
25 min	Discuss what makes an effective trailer; setting the tone, imagery, paraphrasing the plot, giving the audience something to look forward to	Take notes on what makes an effective trailer

Materials: Some visual aid to show students the process of signing up for a free animoto account, the trailer for *The Corpse Bride*

Homework: Continue working on S.S. Sign up for a free animoto account, practice making videos.

Wednesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
20 min	Go over with students how to use an animation program, (such as animoto.com). You may display on screen for the students, and go over the free sign up and the basics of how to get started on animation, but emphasize for them to be creative. Tell the students that they will be creating an animation for their short story. They will need to sell the class with a movie trailer and will need to create the trailer in the image of their S.S. They will present their trailers to the class when they	Take notes on how to create an animation at animoto.com. Also, take notes on what makes an effective movie trailer.

	turn in the portfolio. Remind students they can refer to the portfolio rubric to see what is graded.	
25 min	Give students the rest of class to work on their S.S's or to work on their trailer.	Work on S.S or trailer (if they haven't registered yet, this is a good time).

Materials: An existing animoto account that the teacher has.

Homework: Continue working on S.S. and trailer

Thursday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
15 min	Display journal entry/warm up: #4 "Given the choice, would you want to be a vampire? Think of all the implications."	Write journal entry.
15 min	Provoke class discussion on why the vampire is one of the best symbols that can represent love and death within Gothic Literature.	Discuss how immortality confronts death. What does this say about human nature? What does this say about love? Is it a timeless element? Is it a romantic notion that one can live forever, or a despicable one?
20 min	Compare original Dracula to a modern day perception of vampires. What once started out as a beast has evolved into a highly sexualized predator. What do the students know about this evolution? Are they aware of some one the	Participate in the discussion of the evolution of the vampire. Site different examples of vampires: Dracula, Lestat, Edward. All of these vampires are vastly different from one another at face value, do they have a

	<p>superstitions that come from vampirism? Aka garlic, coffins, crucifixes. Encourage students to really look into what they knew about vampires when they were younger, and what modern literature has taught them. Why the differences? Is there still a common similarity between all the vampires throughout time?</p>	<p>common denominator?</p>
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Materials: None.

Homework: Continue working on S.S and trailer

Friday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
10 min	<p>Reemphasize what the class went over for the distinction between old vampires and new. Inquire if this new image has anything to do with societies evolution (the Victorian vamp. Is different than today's).</p>	<p>Participate in discussion.</p>
25 min	<p>Pass out excerpt from Stephanie Meyers's <i>Twilight</i>.</p>	<p>Read from <i>Twilight</i>.</p>
10 min	<p>Tie excerpt back into the theme of love and death within Gothic Lit. How is this Gothic? How is love and death played out? Do the characters feel in control? Is control the</p>	<p>Organize thoughts and participate in class discussion over the elements of love and death within Literature. Offer insight as to how the characters 'cope', if vampirism is</p>

	mediator between these two elements?	romanticized or being criticized.
5 min	Remind students to write a minimum of two pages for their S.S because Monday is a peer review day. Also, tell the students to write down what they think their strengths and weaknesses are.	Note that because Monday is a peer review day, it would be optimal to write at least two pages over the weekend and also strengths and weaknesses in the paper.

Materials: Excerpt from Stephanie Meyers's *Twilight*, Chapter 13 (p.260-267 [Edward in the sunlight...think he would fare then?"]), (p.274-276 ["And the lion fell in love with the lamb...and then stopped"]).

Homework: Continue working on S.S (minimum of two pages & the author's opinions of the strengths and weaknesses) and trailer.

Week 3

Monday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Pass out peer editing symbol and review sheet. Also pass out vocabulary for the week. Designate effective groups, preferably no more than three.	Collect editing sheets and vocab. Get into groups. *Even if they did not do the two-page requirement, they may still peer edit.
45 min	Make sure students are working effectively in their designated groups. Assist any that have any questions.	Peer edit within their own group. Turn in the copy of their rough draft as well as their suggestion sheet and edits.

Materials: Peer editing symbol and peer editing review sheet (there only needs to be a class copy of the symbol sheet, but students will turn in their peer editing sheet along with the copy of the S.S rough draft). Also, pass out the week's vocabulary list,

Homework: Continue working on S.S., trailer, and study vocab.

Tuesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Pass out Edgar A. Poe's <i>The Raven</i> . This will be highlighted on by the students for their personal keepsake. Tell students to get a few different colors for highlighting or whatever their preference may be.	Collect poem and bring out different color highlighters, pens, etc.
10 min	Go over that students should pay attention to how repetition was used, and also that they should highlight alliteration, assonance, and internal rhyme, Play the audio of James Earl Jones reading aloud <i>The Raven</i> . Make	Listen to audio and highlight when alliteration, assonance, and internal rhyme appears.
35 min	Provoke class discussion on what <i>The Raven</i> was about. What do ravens symbolize? What were some of the literary elements that were used in the text? Can these elements be applied to the students' S.S.'s? How about their poetry for their portfolio?	Participate and give examples of the literary elements that were used in the text. Offer how these ideas may be applicable to personal S.S or poetry for the Unit portfolio.

Materials: Copies of Edgar A. Poe's, *The Raven*. Possibly extra highlighters/markers/crayons.

Homework: Continue working on S.S., trailer, and study vocab. Start

contemplating what poetry to include in the portfolio.

Wednesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Pass back the students' rough drafts with the peer editing suggestions as well as the teacher's remarks.	Collect rough drafts and peer editing sheet.
45 min	Go over grammar, spelling, prevalent issues that were common amongst the essays. Look out for the usuals: lack of sophisticated language, use of literary elements, verb tenses..etc	Take notes on what to fix from essays. Also take any notes on any grammar lesson that may come up.

Materials: None.

Homework: Editing/revising S.S., finishing up trailer, consider poetry that will be in the portfolio and study vocab.

Thursday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
20 min	Go over the term "Graveyard poets" -They were pre-Romantic poets -focused on coffins, graveyards, worms, (macabre) -precursors for Gothic Lit. -How these poets relate to love and death within Gothic Literature.	Listen, take notes and participate in any prompted discussion.
6 min	Discuss Robert Blair's, and his epic poem, <i>The Grave</i> briefly.	Listen, take notes and participate in any prompted discussion.

6 min	Discuss the history of Edward Young and briefly mention <i>Night Thoughts</i> .	Listen, take notes and participate in any prompted discussion.
10 min	Discuss Thomas Gray and his poem <i>Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard</i> . What an ode is. What a elegy is. Remind students about the next day's vocab quiz.	Listen, take notes and participate in any prompted discussion. Take note on vocab quiz.

Materials: None.

Homework: Editing/revising S.S., finishing up trailer, consider poetry that will be in the portfolio and study vocab or quiz tomorrow.

Friday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
15 min	Announce and pass out vocab quiz	Take vocab quiz.
10 min	Journal entry #5 "Imagine that you are in a graveyard. Explain your surrounding, use vivid imagery to help your reader feel like they are with you".	Write in journals
30 min	Pass out class copies of <i>The Grave</i> by Robert Blair. Give students time to read through, begin a class discussion on focusing on the imagery that was used. What were elements that reflected the macabre?	Read over <i>The Grave</i> .

Materials: Vocab quiz, class copies of *The Grave* by Robert Blair.

Homework: Editing/revising S.S., finishing up trailer, consider/begin writing poetry that will be in the portfolio

Week 4

Monday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
10 min	Prompt discussion on <i>The Grave</i> . Ask students to predict how they think it will tie into the first 2 pages of <i>Night Thoughts</i> by Edward Young.	Continue discussion on <i>The Grave</i> . Make predictions on similarities between that story and <i>Night Thoughts</i> .
10 min	Pass out the class copy of <i>Night Thoughts</i> .	Read.
15 min	Facilitate class discussion on comparing the two authors' writing styles, stories, and the characters. What devices can be used for the portfolio? How do these images of death contrast the images of love within the poems?	Participate in class discussion over the two graveyard poets and poems that have been discussed.
15 min	Put up journal entry #6 "What effect does the art provide in Young's story? How will your art piece for your portfolio reflect what you have written"?	Write in journals

Materials: Class copies of Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*.

Homework: Editing/revising S.S., finish trailer, begin writing poetry, and think of the artwork that will be in the portfolio.

Tuesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
30 min	Pass out class copies of <i>Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard</i> .	Silently read <i>Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard</i> .
20 min	Facilitate class to do discussion on EWiaCC—similar to a Socratic circle. Remind students to bring in their portfolio entries for class tomorrow.	Participate in Socratic circle.

Materials: Class copies of EWiaCC, Socratic Seminar guide (students should have a copy of this from Week 2 Monday).

Homework: Editing/revising S.S., finishing up trailer, consider poetry that will be in the portfolio and study vocab or quiz tomorrow.

Wednesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
15 min	Put up Journal entry #7 “In your opinion, which work of Literature, that we have gone over in class, most identifies with elements of the macabre? Offer connections and examples from the text.”	Write in journal
40 min	Watch and guide students while they create/edit their poetry for their portfolio. Let them work alone, because tomorrow will be designated for peer editing.	Use this time to work on portfolio. Most of the S.S should be completed at this time, they will probably be working on their poetry.

Materials: None.

Homework: Edit/revise S.S., edit/revise poems, finish up artwork

Thursday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Instruct students to get into peer editing groups (preferably no more than four).	Get into peer editing groups
45 min	Make sure students are working effectively in their designated groups. Assist any that have any questions.	Work with their groups in solidifying their portfolio.

Materials: None.

Homework: Make any adjustments to portfolio assignments.

Friday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
10 min	Go over background of Jeanne-Marie LePrince de Beaumont, author of <i>Beauty and the Beast</i> . She was one of the best known women writers of the 18 th century. She experienced turmoil with her married life. Became influenced and well acquainted with Voltaire. She dedicated time educating young women. Her writing focuses on a voice by women for women...etc	Listen and take any notes they wish.
25 min	Pass out class copies of <i>The Beauty and the Beast</i> (B&B).	Have students take turns reading B&B

20 min	Facilitate classroom discussion on how and if this story shows the elements of love and death within Gothic Lit. What was the role of women during this time period? Does Beauty share and similar characteristics from "the unreliable" narrator from TYW?	Participate in classroom discussion.
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Materials: Class copies of B&B

Homework: Make any adjustments to portfolio assignments.

Week 5

Monday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Let students know that they will be watching B&B. They will turn in a compare and contrast paper (500 words) between the Disney version and the original. They must include love and death within the Gothic story/movie. Pass out Rubric for paper. Recommend strongly that the students take notes during the movie so that they will not forget anything by the time it is turned in on Fri	Acknowledge the fact that they have a compare and contrast paper due on Fri. Prepare to take notes on the movie.

50 min	Put in movie.	Watch movie and take any necessary notes.
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Materials: B&B compare and contrast rubric, B&B movie.

Homework: Make any adjustments to portfolio assignments.

Tuesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Remind students to take notes for compare and contrast paper.	Take out notes, get out materials for more notes.
30 min	Put in movie.	Watch movie and take any necessary notes.
15 min	Allow time to let students start an outline for their compare and contrast paper. Remind them the portfolio in its entirety is due tomorrow.	Start outline for B&B compare and contrast paper.

Materials: B&B movie.

Homework: Finish Portfolio.

Wednesday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
5 min	Collect Portfolios	Turn in portfolios and rubric sheet that they received in the beginning of the unit.
8 min	Go over instructions for presenting the portfolios. (choose what order you want the students to present), the order that the presentation	Take note on how to present.

	<p>should be</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1- Trailer for S.S 2- Read aloud favorite paragraph from S.S 3- Show artwork (either for the S.S or the poem) 4- Read aloud one poem (if artwork based on poem, then this should be the one that is read aloud). (Average presentation should be no more than 5 mins) 	
40 min	Have rubric ready for each student. Start Portfolio grades by checking off the "S.S Trailer" and "Presentation" categories.	Present portfolio

Materials: Extra Portfolio Rubrics for students that did not save theirs. A way for the students to display their animoto for the whole class to see, the order list in which the students will present.

Homework: Revise B&B Compare and Contrast paper

Thursday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
55 min	Have rubric ready for each student. Start Portfolio grades by checking off the "S.S Trailer" and "Presentation" categories.	Present portfolio

Materials: Extra Portfolio Rubrics for students that did not save theirs. A way for the students to display their animoto for the whole class to see, the

order list in which the students will present.

Homework: Finish B&B Compare and Contrast paper

Friday

Time	Teacher will...	Students will...
50 min	Have rubric ready for each student. Start Portfolio grades by checking off the "S.S Trailer" and "Presentation" categories.	Present portfolio
5 min	Collect B&B compare and contrast paper.	Turn in B&B compare and contrast paper

Materials: Extra Portfolio Rubrics for students that did not save theirs. A way for the students to display their animoto for the whole class to see, the order list in which the students will present.

Homework: None

Appendix

Week 1

Monday

Vocabulary List: (words taken from week 1 texts)

Calvary- A hill near Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified. When used as a noun, calvary is any experience that causes intense suffering.

Cornice-A molding at the corner between the ceiling and the top of a wall.

Foresight-The ability to see ahead, or planning for the future.

Dissimulation-The act of deceiving.

Vex-Disturb the piece of mind of, cause annoyance in.

Sagacity-The mental ability to understand and discriminate between relations.

Hark-Listen.

Supposition-A message expressing an opinion based on incomplete evidence.

Acute-Of critical importance and consequence.

Wane-A gradual decline (in size, strength, power, or number).

Bade-Offer for something or utter.

Audacity-The willingness to take bold risks.

Gesticulation-A deliberate and vigorous gesture or motion.

Derision-Contemptuous ridicule or mockery.

Dissemble-to disguise or conceal

Portfolio Rubric

100 pts

50% of grade for the unit

- 15% Short story
- 10% Short story trailer
- 10% Poems (three total)
- 5% Art cover
- 10% Presentation in class

Short Story (typed)

15 pts

15% of grade for the portfolio

- Main character(s) well developed; not flat ___/ 3pts
- Grammar/spelling is correct ___/ 3pts
- Displays gothic elements ___/ 3pts

- At least three *typed* pages long ___/ 3pts
 - Overall, good flow ___/ 3pts
- ___/ 15pts**

- 10 pts
- Short Story Movie Trailer**
10% of grade for the portfolio
- Appropriate tone for S.S ___/ 4pts
 - Consistent with S.S ___/ 3pts
 - Uses expert effects ___/ 3pts
- ___/ 10pts**

- 10 pts
- Poems (three total & typed)**
10% of grade for the portfolio
- All poems maintain a Gothic theme ___/ 4pts
 - Grammar/spelling is correct ___/ 3pts
 - Mature vocabulary is used ___/ 3pts
- ___/ 10pts**

- 5 pts
- Art cover**
5% of grade for the portfolio
- Represents the work it is based on ___/ 5pts
- ___/ 5pts**

- 10 pts
- Presentation**
10% of grade for the portfolio
- Student has a clear voice that can be heard ___/ 5pts
 - Student's visual aids can be seen by all ___/ 5pts
- ___/ 10pts**

Grand Total: _____/ 100pts

Tuesday
TEXT 1
THAT I did always love,
I bring thee proof:
That till I loved

I did not love enough.

That I shall love always,
I offer thee
That love is life,
And life hath immortality.

This, dost thou doubt,
sweet?
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary.

TEXT 2

BECAUSE I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children
played
At wrestling in a ring;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;

The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Wednesday

TRUE! nervous, very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why WILL you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses, not destroyed, not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How then am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily, how calmly, I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain, but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture -- a pale blue eye with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me my blood ran cold, and so by degrees, very gradually, I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded -- with what caution -- with what foresight, with what dissimulation, I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night about midnight I turned the latch of his door and opened it oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly, very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this? And then when my head was well in the room I undid the lantern cautiously -- oh, so cautiously -- cautiously (for the hinges creaked), I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights, every night just at midnight, but I found the eye always closed, and so it was impossible to do the work, for it was not the old man who vexed me but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see

he would have been a very profound old man, indeed , to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers, of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was opening the door little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea, and perhaps he heard me, for he moved on the bed suddenly as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back -- but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening , and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out, "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening; just as I have done night after night hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently, I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief -- oh, no! It was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself, "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney, it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or, "It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions ; but he had found all in vain. ALL IN VAIN, because Death in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel, although he neither saw nor heard, to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time very patiently without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little -- a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it -- you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily -- until at length a single dim ray like the thread of the spider shot out from the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open, wide, wide open, and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness -- all a dull blue with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones, but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person, for I had directed the ray as if by instinct precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses? now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder, every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! -- do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me -- the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once -- once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence.

I took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly so cunningly, that no human eye -- not even his -- could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out -- no stain of any kind -- no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that.

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock -- still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, -- for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night;

suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, -- for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search -- search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My MANNER had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat, and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct : I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness -- until, at length, I found that the noise was NOT within my ears.

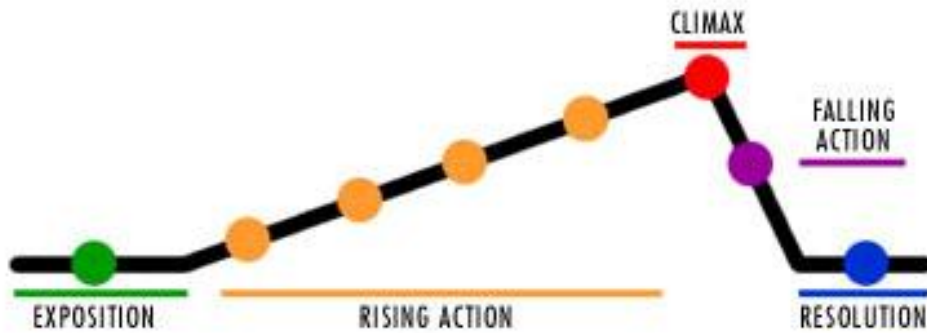
No doubt I now grew VERY pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased -- and what could I do? It was A LOW, DULL, QUICK SOUND -- MUCH SUCH A SOUND AS A WATCH MAKES WHEN ENVELOPED IN COTTON. I gasped for breath, and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why WOULD they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men, but the noise steadily increased. O God! what COULD I do? I foamed -- I raved -- I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder -- louder -- louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly , and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! -- no, no? They heard! -- they suspected! -- they KNEW! -- they were making a mockery of my horror! -- this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! -- and now -- again -- hark! louder! louder! louder! LOUDER! --

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! -- tear up the planks! -- here, here! -- it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

Thursday

The Short Story

This **PLOT DIAGRAM** shows how the main events in a short story are organized into a plot.



Friday

Name: _____

Date/Period: _____

Vocabulary Quiz

For 1-6, match the correct word to the definition.

1) _____ The willingness to take bold risks

2) _____ A hill near Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified.

3) _____ A molding at the corner between the ceiling and the top of a wall.

4) _____ A message expressing an opinion based on incomplete evidence.

- | |
|------------------|
| A. Acute |
| B. Audacity |
| C. Bade |
| D. Calvary |
| E. Cornice |
| F. Dissemble |
| G. Gesticulation |
| H. Sagacity |
| I. Supposition |
| J. Vex |

5) _____ Offer for something or utter.

6) _____ The mental ability to understand and discriminate between relations.

For 7-10 use the REMAINING words that were not selected, and write a sentence using ONE word per question number.

Example: (Word: Cat) While at my grandma's I like to pet the *cat* because she is soft and fluffy.

7) (Word: _____) _____

8) (Word: _____) _____

9) (Word: _____) _____

10) (Word: _____) _____

The Yellow Wallpaper

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity - but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it. Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage. John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and PERHAPS - (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind) - PERHAPS that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression - a slight hysterical tendency - what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites - whichever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to "work" until I am well again.

Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it DOES exhaust me a good deal - having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus - but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a DELICIOUS garden! I never saw such a garden - large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now. There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and coheirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years. That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid, but I don't care - there is something strange about the house - I can feel it.

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a DRAUGHT, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition. But John says if I feel so, I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself - before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he, "and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off - the paper - in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you

follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide - plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions. The color is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight. It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away, - he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no REASON to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able, - to dress and entertain, and other things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I CANNOT be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall-paper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall-paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then do let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down to the cellar, if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things. It is an airy and comfortable room as any one need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deepshaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well, John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it KNEW what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside down.

I get positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big, old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

The wall-paper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother - they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit - only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect and enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely shaded winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wall-paper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded and where the sun is just so - I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now. But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wall-paper.

Perhaps BECAUSE of the wall-paper.

It dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed - it is nailed down, I believe - and follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I WILL follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes - a kind of "debased Romanesque" with delirium tremens - go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror,

like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the crosslights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all, - the interminable grotesques seem to form around a common centre and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap I guess.

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I MUST say what I feel and think in some way - it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much. John says I musn't lose my strength, and has me take cod liver oil and lots of tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day, and tell him how I wish he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let any silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wall-paper.

If we had not used it, that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds. I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here after all, I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see. Of course I never mention it to them any more - I am too wise, - but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder - I begin to think - I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wall-paper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper DID move, and when I came back John was awake.

"What is it, little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that - you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why darling!" said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before.

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger, I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better, I feel really much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening when you are here, but it is worse in the morning when you are away!"

"Bless her little heart!" said he with a big hug, "she shall be as sick as she pleases! But now let's improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning!"

"And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really dear you are better!"

"Better in body perhaps - " I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?"

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn't, and lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions - why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window - I always watch for that first long, straight ray - it changes so quickly that I

never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonlight - the moon shines in all night when there is a moon - I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candle light, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be. I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind, that dim sub-pattern, but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit I am convinced, for you see I don't sleep. And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake - O no! The fact is I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis, - that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times LOOKING AT THE PAPER! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper - she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry - asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I

really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wall-paper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was BECAUSE of the wall-paper - he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wall-paper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw - not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper - the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not, the smell is here. It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it - there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad - at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful, I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house - to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the COLOR of the paper! A yellow smell.

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs round the room. It goes behind

every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even SMOOCH, as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round - round and round and round - it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern DOES move - and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern - it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why - privately - I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at a time.

And though I always see her, she MAY be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.
If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.
I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.
There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.
And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.
She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.
John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet! He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.
As if I couldn't see through him!
Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.
It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.
Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John is to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.
Jennie wanted to sleep with me - the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.
That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.
I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of that paper.
A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.
And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me, I declared I would finish it to-day!
We go away to-morrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.
Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.
She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.
How she betrayed herself that time!
But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me - not ALIVE!
She tried to get me out of the room - it was too patent! But I

said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner - I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs to-night, and take the boat home to-morrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will NOT move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner - but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to LOOK out of the windows even - there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wall-paper as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope - you don't get ME out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to. For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow. But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why there's John at the door!
It is no use, young man, you can't open it!
How he does call and pound!
Now he's crying for an axe.
It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!
"John dear!" said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!"
That silenced him for a few moments.
Then he said - very quietly indeed, "Open the door, my darling!"
"I can't", said I. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!"
And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.
"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing!"
I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.
"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane. And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"
Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

SOCRATIC CIRCLE GUIDE

For the Student:

A Response to the Idea of a Socratic Circle

Your Name _____ Date _____

For Monday you need to read and interact with the previous explanation of the Socratic Circle by marking your questions and reactions in the margin next to the text. Some people think of this as having a dialogue or conversation with the actual words on the page. It is extremely effective to use different colors to mark different ideas in order to

organize your thoughts. Things you should consider doing include:

- circling and then looking up any vocabulary words that you do not know
- underlining key phrases
- keeping track of the story or idea as it unfolds
- noting word patterns, repetitions, or anything that strikes as confusing or important
- writing down questions

Week 2

Monday

Name: _____

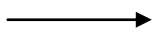
Date/Period: _____

The Yellow Wallpaper

Circle the correct answer.

1) What is John's profession?

A. Stay at home father



B. Physician

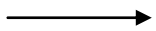
C. Lawyer

D. Mechanic

2) What is the name of the nanny?

A. Joanie

B. Jane



C. Mary

D. Megan

3) What kind of a room does the narrator believe her room once was?



- A. A nursery
- B. An office
- C. A bathroom
- D. A kitchen

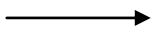
4) What is one major similarity between the narrator's room and the wallpaper's pattern?



- A. They both have bars
- B. They both have flowers on them
- C. They are both chaotic
- D. They both do not let the sunshine in

5) What is caught in the wallpaper's pattern?

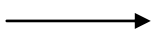
- A. An infant
- B. Flowers
- C. Spiders



D. Strangled heads

6) What does the woman do at night within the wallpaper?

A. She knits



B. She shakes the bars

C. She cries

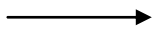
D. She laughs menacingly

7) What does John prevent the narrator from doing most of all?

A. Talking

B. Reading

C. Singing



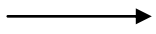
D. Writing

8) When does the woman in the wallpaper stop moving?

A. At night

B. In the afternoon

C. When the narrator sleeps

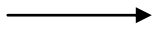


D. In the sunlight

9) What does John do at the end of the story?

A. He moves out

B. He kills himself



C. He faints

D. He shoots the cat

10) Analyze one of the characters, using contextual evidence. Your analysis should be at least five sentences.

Character: _____

Week 3
Monday

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decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

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Vocabulary List: (words taken from week 1 texts)

Hermitage- The abode of a hermit.

Taper- Aconvex shape that narrows to a pint, the chord that draws fuel upwards.

Pious-Having or expressing reverence for a deity.

Prostrate- Stretched out and lying at full length on the ground, commonly face down.

Molder-To break down.

Wonted-Customary, habitual, use to.

Dirges-A funeral hymn or lament.

Epitaph-An inscription on a tombstone.

Harpsichord- A keyboard instrument.

Amiable-Generally agreeable

Malicious-Purposefully harmful or spiteful.

Dominion-Control or the exercise of control, sovereignty.

Eulogy-A speech or written tribute, especially for someone that has died.

Friday

Name: _____

Date/Period: _____

Vocabulary Quiz

For 1-6, match the correct word to the definition.

- 1) _____ The abode of a hermit.
- 2) _____ To be generally agreeable.
- 3) _____ Having or expressing reverence for a deity.
- 4) _____ To be customary, habitual, or use to.
- 5) _____ A keyboard instrument.
- 6) _____ An inscription on a tombstone.

- | |
|----------------|
| A. Amiable |
| B. Dirges |
| C. Dominion |
| D. Epitaph |
| E. Eulogy |
| F. Harpsichord |
| G. Hermitage |
| H. Malicious |
| I. Pious |
| J. Wonted |

For 7-10 use the REMAINING words that were not selected, and write a sentence using ONE word per question number.

Example: (Word: Cat) While at my grandma's I like to pet the *cat* because she is soft and fluffy.

7) (Word: _____) _____

8) (Word: _____) _____

9) (Word: _____) _____

10) (Word: _____) _____

The Grave

While some affect the sun, and some the shade.
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life;--the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.--Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of Hell and Death.--The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd

Shakes off her wonted firmness.--Ah ! how dark
The long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.--The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan, cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds,
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;--the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up:--hark! how it howls!--Methinks,
'Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's fowl bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds f 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sun,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.--Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks--ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here;
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;

And the great bell has toll'd, unring, unring'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
The school boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dare not look behind him,
'Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek,
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; while busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave!--how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,

Anxious to please.--Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors thro' the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress--Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Week 4

Monday

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Tuesday

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Friday

Beauty and the Beast

Jeanne-Marie LePrince de Beaumont

There was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three sons, and three daughters; being a man of sense, he spared no cost for their education, but gave them all kinds of masters. His daughters were extremely handsome, especially the youngest. When she was little everybody admired her, and called her "The little Beauty;" so that, as she grew up, she still went by the name of Beauty, which made her sisters very jealous.

The youngest, as she was handsomer, was also better than her sisters. The two eldest had a great deal of pride, because they were rich. They gave themselves ridiculous airs, and would not visit other merchants' daughters, nor keep company with any but persons of quality. They went out every day to parties of pleasure, balls, plays, concerts, and so forth, and they laughed at their youngest sister, because she spent the greatest part of her time in reading good books.

As it was known that they were great fortunes, several eminent merchants made their addresses to them; but the two eldest said, they would never marry, unless they could meet with a duke, or an earl at least. Beauty very civilly thanked them that courted her, and told them she was too young yet to marry, but chose to stay with her father a few years longer.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, excepting a small country house at a great distance from town, and told his children with tears in his eyes, they must go there

and work for their living. The two eldest answered, that they would not leave the town, for they had several lovers, who they were sure would be glad to have them, though they had no fortune; but the good ladies were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in their poverty. As they were not beloved on account of their pride, everybody said; they do not deserve to be pitied, we are very glad to see their pride humbled, let them go and give themselves quality airs in milking the cows and minding their dairy. But, added they, we are extremely concerned for Beauty, she was such a charming, sweet-tempered creature, spoke so kindly to poor people, and was of such an affable, obliging behavior. Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny; but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his misfortunes, but was determined to go along with him into the country to comfort and attend him. Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune; "but," said she to herself, "were I to cry ever so much, that would not make things better, I must try to make myself happy without a fortune."

When they came to their country house, the merchant and his three sons applied themselves to husbandry and tillage; and Beauty rose at four in the morning, and made haste to have the house clean, and dinner ready for the family. In the beginning she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to work as a servant, but in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work, she read, played on the harpsichord, or else sung whilst she spun.

On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time; they got up at ten, and did nothing but saunter about the whole day, lamenting the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance. "Do but see our youngest sister," said they, one to the other, "what a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such an unhappy dismal situation."

The good merchant was of quite a different opinion; he knew very well that Beauty outshone her sisters, in her person as well as her mind, and admired her humility and industry, but above all her humility and patience; for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every moment.

The family had lived about a year in this retirement, when the merchant received a letter with an account that a vessel, on board of which he had effects, was safely arrived. This news had liked to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who immediately flattered themselves with the hopes of returning to town, for they were quite weary of a country life; and when they saw their father ready to set out, they begged of him to buy them new gowns, headdresses, ribbons, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing for she thought to herself, that all the money her father was going to receive, would scarce be sufficient to purchase everything her sisters wanted.

"What will you have, Beauty?" said her father.

"Since you have the goodness to think of me," answered she, "be so kind to bring me a rose, for as none grows hereabouts, they are a kind of rarity." Not that Beauty cared for a

rose, but she asked for something, lest she should seem by her example to condemn her sisters' conduct, who would have said she did it only to look particular.

The good man went on his journey, but when he came there, they went to law with him about the merchandise, and after a great deal of trouble and pains to no purpose, he came back as poor as before.

He was within thirty miles of his own house, thinking on the pleasure he should have in seeing his children again, when going through a large forest he lost himself. It rained and snowed terribly; besides, the wind was so high, that it threw him twice off his horse, and night coming on, he began to apprehend being either starved to death with cold and hunger, or else devoured by the wolves, whom he heard howling all round him, when, on a sudden, looking through a long walk of trees, he saw a light at some distance, and going on a little farther perceived it came from a palace illuminated from top to bottom. The merchant returned God thanks for this happy discovery, and hastened to the place, but was greatly surprised at not meeting with any one in the outer courts. His horse followed him, and seeing a large stable open, went in, and finding both hay and oats, the poor beast, who was almost famished, fell to eating very heartily; the merchant tied him up to the manger, and walking towards the house, where he saw no one, but entering into a large hall, he found a good fire, and a table plentifully set out with but one cover laid. As he was wet quite through with the rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house, or his servants will excuse the liberty I take; I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited a considerable time, until it struck eleven, and still nobody came. At last he was so hungry that he could stay no longer, but took a chicken, and ate it in two mouthfuls, trembling all the while. After this he drank a few glasses of wine, and growing more courageous he went out of the hall, and crossed through several grand apartments with magnificent furniture, until he came into a chamber, which had an exceeding good bed in it, and as he was very much fatigued, and it was past midnight, he concluded it was best to shut the door, and go to bed.

It was ten the next morning before the merchant waked, and as he was going to rise he was astonished to see a good suit of clothes in the room of his own, which were quite spoiled; certainly, said he, this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my distress. He looked through a window, but instead of snow saw the most delightful arbors, interwoven with the beautifullest flowers that were ever beheld. He then returned to the great hall, where he had supped the night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he aloud, "for being so careful, as to provide me a breakfast; I am extremely obliged to you for all your favors."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse, but passing through an arbor of roses he remembered Beauty's request to him, and gathered a branch on which were several; immediately he heard a great noise, and saw such a frightful Beast coming towards him, that he was ready to faint away.

"You are very ungrateful," said the Beast to him, in a terrible voice; "I have saved your life by receiving you into my castle, and, in return, you steal my roses, which I value beyond any thing in the universe, but you shall die for it; I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare yourself, and say your prayers."

The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both his hands, "My lord," said he, "I beseech you to forgive me, indeed I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who desired me to bring her one."

"My name is not My Lord," replied the monster, "but Beast; I don't love compliments, not I. I like people to speak as they think; and so do not imagine, I am to be moved by any of your flattering speeches. But you say you have got daughters. I will forgive you, on condition that one of them come willingly, and suffer for you. Let me have no words, but go about your business, and swear that if your daughter refuse to die in your stead, you will return within three months."

The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he thought, in obtaining this respite, he should have the satisfaction of seeing them once more, so he promised, upon oath, he would return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he pleased, "but," added he, "you shall not depart empty handed; go back to the room where you lay, and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home," and at the same time Beast withdrew.

"Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die, I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children." He returned to the bedchamber, and finding a great quantity of broad pieces of gold, he filled the great chest the Beast had mentioned, locked it, and afterwards took his horse out of the stable, leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse, of his own accord, took one of the roads of the forest, and in a few hours the good man was at home.

His children came round him, but instead of receiving their embraces with pleasure, he looked on them, and holding up the branch he had in his hands, he burst into tears. "Here, Beauty," said he, "take these roses, but little do you think how dear they are like to cost your unhappy father," and then related his fatal adventure. Immediately the two eldest set up lamentable outcries, and said all manner of ill-natured things to Beauty, who did not cry at all.

"Do but see the pride of that little wretch," said they; "she would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; but no truly, Miss wanted to distinguish herself, so now she will be the death of our poor father, and yet she does not so much as shed a tear."

"Why should I," answered Beauty, "it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer upon my account, since the monster will accept of one of his daughters, I will deliver myself up to all his fury, and I am very happy in thinking that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my tender love for him."

"No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be, we will go find the monster, and either kill him, or perish in the attempt."

"Do not imagine any such thing, my sons," said the merchant, "Beast's power is so great, that I have no hopes of your overcoming him. I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I cannot yield to it. I am old, and have not long to live, so can only loose a few years, which I regret for your sakes alone, my dear children."

"Indeed father," said Beauty, "you shall not go to the palace without me, you cannot hinder me from following you." It was to no purpose all they could say. Beauty still insisted on setting out for the fine palace, and her sisters were delighted at it, for her virtue and amiable qualities made them envious and jealous.

The merchant was so afflicted at the thoughts of losing his daughter, that he had quite forgot the chest full of gold, but at night when he retired to rest, no sooner had he shut his chamber door, than, to his great astonishment, he found it by his bedside; he was determined, however, not to tell his children, that he was grown rich, because they would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret, who informed him, that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters; she begged her father to consent to their marriage, and give them fortunes, for she was so good, that she loved them and forgave heartily all their ill usage. These wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion to force some tears when they parted with their sister, but her brothers were really concerned. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, because she would not increase their uneasiness.

The horse took the direct road to the palace, and towards evening they perceived it illuminated as at first. The horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table splendidly served up, and two covers. The merchant had no heart to eat, but Beauty, endeavoring to appear cheerful, sat down to table, and helped him. "Afterwards," thought she to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such plentiful entertainment." When they had supped they heard a great noise, and the merchant, all in tears, bid his poor child, farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly; "ye -- e -- es," said she, trembling.

The beast responded, "You are very good, and I am greatly obliged to you; honest man, go your ways tomorrow morning, but never think of coming here again."

"Farewell Beauty, farewell Beast," answered he, and immediately the monster withdrew. "Oh, daughter," said the merchant, embracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death, believe me, you had better go back, and let me stay here."

"No, father," said Beauty, in a resolute tone, "you shall set out tomorrow morning, and

leave me to the care and protection of providence." They went to bed, and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarce were they laid down, than they fell fast asleep, and Beauty dreamed, a fine lady came, and said to her, "I am content, Beauty, with your good will, this good action of yours in giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked, and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly, when he took leave of his dear child.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall, and fell a crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of resolution, she recommended herself to God, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live; for she firmly believed Beast would eat her up that night.

However, she thought she might as well walk about until then, and view this fine castle, which she could not help admiring; it was a delightful pleasant place, and she was extremely surprised at seeing a door, over which was written, "Beauty's Apartment." She opened it hastily, and was quite dazzled with the magnificence that reigned throughout; but what chiefly took up her attention, was a large library, a harpsichord, and several music books. "Well," said she to herself, "I see they will not let my time hang heavy upon my hands for want of amusement." Then she reflected, "Were I but to stay here a day, there would not have been all these preparations." This consideration inspired her with fresh courage; and opening the library she took a book, and read these words, in letters of gold:

Welcome Beauty, banish fear,
You are queen and mistress here.
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still.

"Alas," said she, with a sigh, "there is nothing I desire so much as to see my poor father, and know what he is doing." She had no sooner said this, when casting her eyes on a great looking glass, to her great amazement, she saw her own home, where her father arrived with a very dejected countenance. Her sisters went to meet him, and notwithstanding their endeavors to appear sorrowful, their joy, felt for having got rid of their sister, was visible in every feature. A moment after, everything disappeared, and Beauty's apprehensions at this proof of Beast's complaisance.

At noon she found dinner ready, and while at table, was entertained with an excellent concert of music, though without seeing anybody. But at night, as she was going to sit down to supper, she heard the noise Beast made, and could not help being sadly terrified. "Beauty," said the monster, "will you give me leave to see you sup?"

"That is as you please," answered Beauty trembling.

"No," replied the Beast, "you alone are mistress here; you need only bid me gone, if my presence is troublesome, and I will immediately withdraw. But, tell me, do not you think me very ugly?"

"That is true," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie, but I believe you are very good natured."

"So I am," said the monster, "but then, besides my ugliness, I have no sense; I know very well, that I am a poor, silly, stupid creature."

"'Tis no sign of folly to think so," replied Beauty, "for never did fool know this, or had so humble a conceit of his own understanding."

"Eat then, Beauty," said the monster, "and endeavor to amuse yourself in your palace, for everything here is yours, and I should be very uneasy, if you were not happy."

"You are very obliging," answered Beauty, "I own I am pleased with your kindness, and when I consider that, your deformity scarce appears."

"Yes, yes," said the Beast, "my heart is good, but still I am a monster."

"Among mankind," says Beauty, "there are many that deserve that name more than you, and I prefer you, just as you are, to those, who, under a human form, hide a treacherous, corrupt, and ungrateful heart."

"If I had sense enough," replied the Beast, "I would make a fine compliment to thank you, but I am so dull, that I can only say, I am greatly obliged to you."

Beauty ate a hearty supper, and had almost conquered her dread of the monster; but she had like to have fainted away, when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?"

She was some time before she dared answer, for she was afraid of making him angry, if she refused. At last, however, she said trembling, "no Beast." Immediately the poor monster went to sigh, and hissed so frightfully, that the whole palace echoed. But Beauty soon recovered her fright, for Beast having said, in a mournful voice, "then farewell, Beauty," left the room; and only turned back, now and then, to look at her as he went out.

When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for poor Beast. "Alas," said she, "'tis thousand pities, anything so good natured should be so ugly."

Beauty spent three months very contentedly in the palace. Every evening Beast paid her a visit, and talked to her, during supper, very rationally, with plain good common sense, but never with what the world calls wit; and Beauty daily discovered some valuable qualifications in the monster, and seeing him often had so accustomed her to his deformity, that, far from dreading the time of his visit, she would often look on her watch to see when it would be nine, for the Beast never missed coming at that hour. There was but one thing that gave Beauty any concern, which was, that every night, before she went to bed, the monster always asked her, if she would be his wife. One day she said to him, "Beast, you make me very uneasy, I wish I could consent to marry you, but I am too

sincere to make you believe that will ever happen; I shall always esteem you as a friend, endeavor to be satisfied with this."

"I must," said the Beast, "for, alas! I know too well my own misfortune, but then I love you with the tenderest affection. However, I ought to think myself happy, that you will stay here; promise me never to leave me."

Beauty blushed at these words; she had seen in her glass, that her father had pined himself sick for the loss of her, and she longed to see him again. "I could," answered she, "indeed, promise never to leave you entirely, but I have so great a desire to see my father, that I shall fret to death, if you refuse me that satisfaction."

"I had rather die myself," said the monster, "than give you the least uneasiness. I will send you to your father, you shall remain with him, and poor Beast will die with grief."

"No," said Beauty, weeping, "I love you too well to be the cause of your death. I give you my promise to return in a week. You have shown me that my sisters are married, and my brothers gone to the army; only let me stay a week with my father, as he is alone."

"You shall be there tomorrow morning," said the Beast, "but remember your promise. You need only lay your ring on a table before you go to bed, when you have a mind to come back. Farewell Beauty." Beast sighed, as usual, bidding her good night, and Beauty went to bed very sad at seeing him so afflicted. When she waked the next morning, she found herself at her father's, and having rung a little bell, that was by her bedside, she saw the maid come, who, the moment she saw her, gave a loud shriek, at which the good man ran up stairs, and thought he should have died with joy to see his dear daughter again. He held her fast locked in his arms above a quarter of an hour. As soon as the first transports were over, Beauty began to think of rising, and was afraid she had no clothes to put on; but the maid told her, that she had just found, in the next room, a large trunk full of gowns, covered with gold and diamonds. Beauty thanked good Beast for his kind care, and taking one of the plainest of them, she intended to make a present of the others to her sisters. She scarce had said so when the trunk disappeared. Her father told her, that Beast insisted on her keeping them herself, and immediately both gowns and trunk came back again.

Beauty dressed herself, and in the meantime they sent to her sisters who hastened thither with their husbands. They were both of them very unhappy. The eldest had married a gentleman, extremely handsome indeed, but so fond of his own person, that he was full of nothing but his own dear self, and neglected his wife. The second had married a man of wit, but he only made use of it to plague and torment everybody, and his wife most of all. Beauty's sisters sickened with envy, when they saw her dressed like a princess, and more beautiful than ever, nor could all her obliging affectionate behavior stifle their jealousy, which was ready to burst when she told them how happy she was. They went down into the garden to vent it in tears; and said one to the other, in what way is this little creature better than us, that she should be so much happier? "Sister," said the oldest, "a thought just strikes my mind; let us endeavor to detain her above a week, and perhaps the silly

monster will be so enraged at her for breaking her word, that he will devour her."

"Right, sister," answered the other, "therefore we must show her as much kindness as possible." After they had taken this resolution, they went up, and behaved so affectionately to their sister, that poor Beauty wept for joy. When the week was expired, they cried and tore their hair, and seemed so sorry to part with her, that she promised to stay a week longer.

In the meantime, Beauty could not help reflecting on herself, for the uneasiness she was likely to cause poor Beast, whom she sincerely loved, and really longed to see again. The tenth night she spent at her father's, she dreamed she was in the palace garden, and that she saw Beast extended on the grass plat, who seemed just expiring, and, in a dying voice, reproached her with her ingratitude. Beauty started out of her sleep, and bursting into tears. "Am I not very wicked," said she, "to act so unkindly to Beast, that has studied so much, to please me in everything? Is it his fault if he is so ugly, and has so little sense? He is kind and good, and that is sufficient. Why did I refuse to marry him? I should be happier with the monster than my sisters are with their husbands; it is neither wit, nor a fine person, in a husband, that makes a woman happy, but virtue, sweetness of temper, and complaisance, and Beast has all these valuable qualifications. It is true, I do not feel the tenderness of affection for him, but I find I have the highest gratitude, esteem, and friendship; I will not make him miserable, were I to be so ungrateful I should never forgive myself." Beauty having said this, rose, put her ring on the table, and then laid down again; scarce was she in bed before she fell asleep, and when she waked the next morning, she was overjoyed to find herself in the Beast's palace.

She put on one of her richest suits to please him, and waited for evening with the utmost impatience, at last the wished-for hour came, the clock struck nine, yet no Beast appeared. Beauty then feared she had been the cause of his death; she ran crying and wringing her hands all about the palace, like one in despair; after having sought for him everywhere, she recollected her dream, and flew to the canal in the garden, where she dreamed she saw him. There she found poor Beast stretched out, quite senseless, and, as she imagined, dead. She threw herself upon him without any dread, and finding his heart beat still, she fetched some water from the canal, and poured it on his head. Beast opened his eyes, and said to Beauty, "You forgot your promise, and I was so afflicted for having lost you, that I resolved to starve myself, but since I have the happiness of seeing you once more, I die satisfied."

"No, dear Beast," said Beauty, "you must not die. Live to be my husband; from this moment I give you my hand, and swear to be none but yours. Alas! I thought I had only a friendship for you, but the grief I now feel convinces me, that I cannot live without you." Beauty scarce had pronounced these words, when she saw the palace sparkle with light; and fireworks, instruments of music, everything seemed to give notice of some great event. But nothing could fix her attention; she turned to her dear Beast, for whom she trembled with fear; but how great was her surprise! Beast was disappeared, and she saw, at her feet, one of the loveliest princes that eye ever beheld; who returned her thanks for having put an end to the charm, under which he had so long resembled a Beast. Though

this prince was worthy of all her attention, she could not forbear asking where Beast was.

"You see him at your feet, said the prince. A wicked fairy had condemned me to remain under that shape until a beautiful virgin should consent to marry me. The fairy likewise enjoined me to conceal my understanding. There was only you in the world generous enough to be won by the goodness of my temper, and in offering you my crown I can't discharge the obligations I have to you."

Beauty, agreeably surprised, gave the charming prince her hand to rise; they went together into the castle, and Beauty was overjoyed to find, in the great hall, her father and his whole family, whom the beautiful lady, that appeared to her in her dream, had conveyed thither.

"Beauty," said this lady, "come and receive the reward of your judicious choice; you have preferred virtue before either wit or beauty, and deserve to find a person in whom all these qualifications are united. You are going to be a great queen. I hope the throne will not lessen your virtue, or make you forget yourself. As to you, ladies," said the fairy to Beauty's two sisters, "I know your hearts, and all the malice they contain. Become two statues, but, under this transformation, still retain your reason. You shall stand before your sister's palace gate, and be it your punishment to behold her happiness; and it will not be in your power to return to your former state, until you own your faults, but I am very much afraid that you will always remain statues. Pride, anger, gluttony, and idleness are sometimes conquered, but the conversion of a malicious and envious mind is a kind of miracle."

Immediately the fairy gave a stroke with her wand, and in a moment all that were in the hall were transported into the prince's dominions. His subjects received him with joy. He married Beauty, and lived with her many years, and their happiness -- as it was founded on virtue -- was complete.

Week 5

Monday

Beauty and the Beast Rubric

Total 15 Points

- Student has a full one typed page _____/ 5 points
- Student has clearly demonstrated knowledge and understanding of both works _____/ 5 points
- Student has effectively compared _____/ 5 points
- _____/ 15 points

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