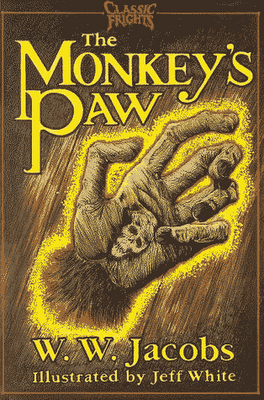
**The Monkey’s Paw**

By W.W. Jacobs

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**Recognizing**

**Literary Devices**

**Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Date\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**LITERARY DEVICES**

**Alliteration** –

Ex. **P**eter **P**iper **p**icked a **p**eck of **p**ickled **p**eppers; **B**ighead **B**urton

**Allusion** –

Ex. Baseball signed by **Babe Ruth**

**Foreshadowing** –

Ex. Girl asks about danger…Professor **claims nothing bad will happen**…shows **danger-o-meter**

**Hyperbole** –

Ex. **$74 million** instead of $1 million

**Metaphor** –

Ex. **You’re my kryptonite**!

**Onomatopoeia** –

Ex. **Bam**

**Personification** –

Ex. **Frogs singing and playing instruments**

**Simile** –

Ex. Shake it **like** a Polaroid picture.

**Ask yourself:**

Why did the author use this literary device?

How does it enhance the message they are trying to present?

**Previewing Vocabulary: “The Monkey’s Paw”**

Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Date\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**amiably =**

**“**Hark at the wind,” said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was **amiably** desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

**perils =**

Father and son were at chess; the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary **perils** that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

**surveying =**

“I’m listening,” said the latter, grimly **surveying** the board as he stretched out his hand. “Check.”

**hospitable =**

The old man rose with **hospitable** haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival.

**fakirs =**

“I should like to see those old temples and **fakirs** and jugglers,” said the old man.

**grimace =**

Mrs. White drew back with a **grimace**, but her son, taking it, examined it closely.

**fate =**

He wanted to show that **fate** ruled people’s lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow.

**presumptuous =**

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard **presumptuous** youth.

**talisman =**

Her husband drew the **talisman** from his pocket, and then all three burst into laughter as the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

**credulity =**

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own **credulity**, held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn face, somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and struck a few impressive chords.

**simian =**

The last face was so horrible and so **simian** that he gazed at it in amazement.

**prosaic =**

There was an air of **prosaic** wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the sideboard.

**avaricious =**

“I’m afraid it’ll turn you into a mean, **avaricious**, and we shall have to disown you.”

**liability =**

**compensation =**

“They admit no **liability** at all, but in consideration of your son’s services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as **compensation**.”

**apathy =**

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to resignation – the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes miscalled **apathy**.

**fusillade =**

**reverberated =**

A perfect **fusillade** of knocks **reverberated**  through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door.

**doggedly =**

“I won’t,” said his friend **doggedly.** “I threw it on the fire.”

**enthralled =**

In the business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an **enthralled** fashion to a second installment of the solder’s adventures in India.

**The Monkey's Paw**

**STEP #1** *= Read the Passage*

**STEP #4** *= Reread the text, highlight, and annotate*

**by** [**W. W. Jacobs**](http://americanliterature.com/author/w-w-jacobs/bio-books-stories)

"Be careful what you wish for, you may receive it." --Anonymous

**Part I**

Without (*outside*), the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of Laburnum villa, the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess; the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical chances, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils (*dangers*) that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly (*calmly*) by the fire.

"Hark (*listen*) at the wind," said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal (*deadly*) mistake after it was too late, was amiably (*in a friendly way*) desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

"I'm listening," said the latter grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. "Check."

"I should hardly think that he's come tonight," said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

"Mate," replied the son.

"That's the worst of living so far out," balled Mr. White with sudden and unlooked-for violence. "Of all the beastly, slushy, out of the way places to live in, this is the worst. Path's a bog (*swamp*), and the road's a torrent (*swift-flowing stream*). I don't know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses in the road are let (*rented*), they think it doesn't matter."

"Never mind, dear," said his wife soothingly, "perhaps you'll win the next one."

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin grey beard.

"There he is," said Herbert White as the gate banged too loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste and opening the door, was heard condoling (*expressing sympathy*) with the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, "Tut, tut!" and coughed gently as her husband entered the room followed by a tall, burly man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage (*a ruddy complexion*).

"Sergeant-Major Morris,” he said, introducing him.

The Sergeant-Major took hands and taking the proffered (*offered*) seat by the fire, watched contentedly as his host pulled out whiskey and tumblers and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass, his eyes grew brighter, and he began to talk, the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of wild scenes and doughty (*brave)* deeds, of wars, plagues, and strange peoples.

"Twenty-one years of it," said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son. "When he went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him."

"He don't look to have taken much harm," said Mrs. White politely.

"I'd like to go to India myself," said the old man, “just to look around a bit, you know."

"Better where you are," said the Sergeant-Major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass and sighing softly, shook it again.

"I should like to see those old temples and fakirs (*magicians*) and jugglers," said the old man. "What was that that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw or something, Morris?"

"Nothing." said the soldier hastily. "Leastways, nothing worth hearing."

"Monkey's paw?" said Mrs. White curiously.

"Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps," said the Sergeant-Major off-handedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him again.

"To look at," said the Sergeant-Major, fumbling in his pocket, "it's just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy."

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace (*expression of disgust*), but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

"And what is there special about it?" inquired Mr. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.

"It had a spell put on it by an old Fakir," said the Sergeant-Major, "a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it."

His manners were so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter had jarred somewhat.

"Well, why don't you have three, sir?" said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him the way that middle age is wont (*likely*) to regard presumptuous (*overconfident*) youth. "I have," he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

"And did you really have the three wishes granted?" asked Mrs. White.

"I did," said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

"And has anybody else wished?" persisted the old lady.

"The first man had his three wishes. Yes," was the reply. "I don't know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That's how I got the paw."

His tones were so grave (*serious*) that a hush fell upon the group.

"If you've had your three wishes, it's no good to you now then, Morris," said the old man at last. "What do you keep it for?"

The soldier shook his head. "Fancy I suppose," he said slowly." I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It has caused me enough mischief already. Besides, people won't buy. They think it's a fairy tale, some of them; and those who do think anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterward."

"If you could have another three wishes," said the old man, eyeing him keenly," would you have them?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I don't know."

He took the paw, and dangling it between his forefinger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

"Better let it burn," said the soldier solemnly.

"If you don't want it, Morris," said the other, "give it to me."

"I won't," said his friend doggedly. "I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire like a sensible man."

The other shook his head and examined his possession closely. "How do you do it?" he inquired.

"Hold it up in your right hand, and wish aloud," said the Sergeant-Major, "but I warn you of the consequences."

"Sounds like the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. "Don't you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me."

Her husband drew the talisman (*magic object*) from his pocket, and all three burst into laughter as the Sergeant-Major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

"If you must wish," he said gruffly, "wish for something sensible."

Mr. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the business of supper, the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an enthralled (*captivated*) fashion to a second installment of the soldier's adventures in India.

"If the tale about the monkey's paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us," said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time to catch the last train, "we shan't *(shouldn’t*) make much out of it."

"Did you give anything for it, Father?" inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

"A trifle (*a small amount*)," said he, coloring slightly. "He didn't want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away."

"Likely," said Herbert, with pretended horror. "Why, we're going to be rich, and famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can't be henpecked (*nagged*)."

He darted around the table, pursued by the maligned (*spoken badly of*) Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar (*a cloth over the arm of a chair*).

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously (*uncertainly*). "I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact," he said slowly. “It seems to me I've got all I want."

"If you only cleared (*paid off*) the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you!" said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. "Well, wish for two hundred pounds (*English money*), then; that'll just do it."

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity (*gullibility*), held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn face, somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down and struck a few impressive chords.

"I wish for two hundred pounds," said the old man distinctly.

A fine crash from the piano greeted his words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him.

"It moved," he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor. "As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake."

"Well, I don't see the money," said his son, as he picked it up and placed it on the table, "and I bet I never shall."

"It must have been your fancy, Father," said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. "Never mind, though; there's no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same."

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled on all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the rest of the night.

"I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," said Herbert, as he bade them good night, " and something horrible squatting on top of your wardrobe (*piece of furniture*) watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains."

He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last was so horrible and so simian (*monkey-like*) that he gazed at it in amazement. It became so vivid that, with a little uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand grasped the monkey's paw, and with a little shiver, he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to bed.

**Part II**

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table, he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic (*ordinary*) wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the side-board (*piece of furniture*) with a carelessness which betokened (*showed*) no great belief in its virtues (*powers*).

"I suppose all old soldiers are the same," said Mrs. White. "The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, Father?"

"Might drop on his head from the sky," said the frivolous (*trivial*) Herbert.

"Morris said the things happened so naturally," said his father, "that you might, if you so wished, attribute (*credit*) it to coincidence."

"Well, don't break into the money before I come back," said Herbert as he rose from the table. "I'm afraid it'll turn you into a mean, avaricious (*greedy*) man, and we shall have to disown you."

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road; and returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband's credulity (*gullibility*). All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman's knock, nor prevent her from referring somewhat shortly to retired Sergeant-Majors of bibulous(*alcoholic*) habits when she found that the post brought a tailor's bill.

"Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home," she said as they sat at dinner.

"I dare say," said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer, "but for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I'll swear to."

"You thought it did," said the old lady soothingly.

"I say it did," replied the other. "There was no thought about it; I had just - What's the matter?"

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connection with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed, and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times, he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hand upon it, and then with sudden resolution (*determination*) flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel (*clothing*) beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed at her furtively (*sneakily*), and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband's coat, a garment (*piece of clothing*) which he usually reserved (*saved*) for the garden. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit for him to broach *(announce*) his business, but he was at first strangely silent.

"I - was asked to call," he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. "I come from 'Maw and Meggins.' "

The old lady started. "Is anything the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?

Her husband interposed *(inserted*). "There, there, Mother," he said hastily (*quickly*). "Sit down, and don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, Sir," and eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry - " began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother wildly.

The visitor bowed in assent (*agreement*)."Badly hurt," he said quietly, "but he is not in any pain."

"Oh thank God!" said the old woman, clasping her hands. "Thank God for that! Thank - "

She broke off as the sinister (*evil*) meaning of the assurance dawned on her, and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the others averted (*turned away*) face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted *(stupid*) husband, laid her trembling hand on his. There was a long silence.

"He was caught in the machinery," said the visitor at length in a low voice.

"Caught in the machinery," repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, “yes."

He sat staring out the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own, pressed it, as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

"He was the only one left to us," he said, turning gently to the visitor. "It is hard."

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. "The firm wishes me to convey (*communicate*) their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss," he said, without looking round. "I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders."

There was no reply; the old woman’s face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible (*silent*); on the husband's face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried into his first action.

"I was to say that Maw and Meggins disclaim (*disown*) all responsibility," continued the other. "They admit no liability (*blame*) at all, but in consideration of your son's services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation (*payment*)."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the answer.

Unconscious of his wife's shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.

**Part III**

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to the house steeped in shadows and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen - something else, which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectations gave way to resignation (*acceptance*) - the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes mis-called apathy (*uncaring*). Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness (*tiredness*).

It was a about a week after that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued (*hushed*) weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

"Come back," he said tenderly. "You will be cold."

"It is colder for my son," said the old woman, and wept afresh.

The sounds of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

"THE PAW!" she cried wildly. "THE MONKEY'S PAW!"

He started up in alarm. "Where? Where is it? What’s the matter?"

She came stumbling across the room toward him. "I want it," she said quietly. "You've not destroyed it?"

"It's in the parlor, on the bracket," he replied, marveling. "Why?"

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

"I only just thought of it," she said hysterically. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?"

"Think of what?" he questioned.

"The other two wishes," she replied rapidly. "We've only had one."

"Was not that enough?" he demanded fiercely.

"No," she cried triumphantly. "We'll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again."

The man sat in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. "Good God, you are mad!" he cried aghast.

"Get it," she panted, "get it quickly, and wish - Oh my boy, my boy!"

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. "Get back to bed he said unsteadily. You don't know what you are saying."

"We had the first wish granted," said the old woman, feverishly, "why not the second?"

"A coincidence," stammered the old man.

"Go get it and wish," cried his wife, quivering with excitement.

The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. "He has been dead ten days, and besides he - I would not tell you else, but - I could only recognize him by his clothing. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now?"

"Bring him back," cried the old woman, and dragged him towards the door. "Do you think I fear the child I have nursed?"

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlor, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere (*before*) he could escape from the room seized up on him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

"WISH!" she cried in a strong voice.

"It is foolish and wicked," he faltered.

"WISH!" repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. "I wish my son alive again."

The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it fearfully. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired (*went out*). The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically (*uncaring*) beside him.

Neither spoke, but sat silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock came so quiet and stealthy (*sneaky*) as to be scarcely audible (*hearable*), sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. He stood motionless, his breath suspended (*held)* until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

"WHAT’S THAT?" cried the old woman, starting up.

"A rat," said the old man in shaking tones - "a rat. It passed me on the stairs."

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

"It's Herbert!"

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's my boy; it's Herbert!" she cried, struggling mechanically. "I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door."

"For God's sake, don't let it in," cried the old man, trembling.

"You're afraid of your own son," she cried struggling. "Let me go. I'm coming, Herbert; I'm coming."

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman’s voice, strained and panting.

"The bolt," she cried loudly. "Come down. I can't reach it."

But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade (*rapid series*) of knocks reverberated (*echoed*) through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment, he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased (*stopped*) suddenly; although, the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back, and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him the courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

The Elements of Fiction

**Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Date\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

Complete the chart below using the information you gain from your matching game and from the story “The Monkey’s Paw.”

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Element of Fiction** | **Definition** | **From**  **“The Monkey’s Paw”** |
| **Exposition** |  |  |
| **Setting** |  |  |
| **Mood** |  |  |
| **Characters** |  |  |
| **Antagonist/**  **Protagonist** |  |  |
| **Traits** |  |  |
| **Motives** |  |  |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Element of Fiction** | **Definition** | **From**  **“The Monkey’s Paw”** |
| **Point of View** |  |  |
| **Plot** |  |  |
| **Conflict** |  |  |
| **Rising Action** |  |  |
| **Climax** |  |  |
| **Falling Action** |  |  |
| **Resolution** |  |  |
| **Theme** |  |  |
| **Short Story / Novel** |  |  |

**SELECTED RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

**1.** This question has two parts. First answer Part One, and then answer Part Two.

Part One

**Read the last two paragraphs of Section 1. How does Herbert’s attitude toward the paw shift after his experience with the fire?**

1. Excitement and possibility
2. Fear and disgust
3. Hope and prayers
4. Scoffing and disbelief

Part Two

**Which sentence(s) from the passage supports your answer for Part One?** *(Choose one)*

1. "If the tale about the monkey's paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us," said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time to catch the last train, "we shan't make much out of it."
2. "Likely," said Herbert, with pretended horror. "Why, we're going to be rich, and famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can't be henpecked (*nagged*)."
3. "I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," said Herbert, as he bade them good night, " and something horrible squatting on top of your wardrobe (*piece of furniture*) watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains."
4. He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last was so horrible and so simian (*monkey-like*) that he gazed at it in amazement. It got so vivid that, with a little uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand grasped the monkey's paw, and with a little shiver, he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to bed.

Explain Your Choices

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**2.** This question has two parts. First answer Part One, and then answer Part Two.

Part One

**What is the “horrible fear” that Mr. White experiences on page 8?**

1. He fears that his wife has gone mad.
2. He fears that his son will return from the grave mutilated and decomposed.
3. He fears that a rat is running through the house.
4. He fears that the monkey’s paw is evil.

Part Two

**Which sentence from the passage does not support your answer for Part One?** *(Choose one)*

1. “But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in.”
2. "A rat," said the old man in shaking tones - "a rat. It passed me on the stairs.”
3. "For God's sake don't let it in," cried the old man, trembling.
4. “…a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized up on him…”

Explain Your Choices

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**STEP #2** *= Read and analyze the prompt*

"The Monkey's Paw"

Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Date\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| TEXT DEPENDENT ANALYSIS QUESTION |

**As you read “the Monkey’s Paw,” many clues foreshadow the grim effects of making a wish on the paw.**

*Write an essay analyzing how W.W. Jacobs uses foreshadowing to insinuate to the reader the negative consequences of wishing upon this artifact.*

* + - *Remember to use evidence (at least three examples) from the text to support to provide of this foreshadowing.*
    - *You must explain how each example you give foreshadows disaster to come.*

**ANALYZE THE PROMPT: (What is it asking?)**

**Writer’s Checklist**

**PLAN before you write**

* Make sure you read the question carefully.
* Make sure you have reread the entire passage carefully.
* Think about how the questions relates to the passage.
* Organize your ideas on scratch paper. Use a thought map, outline, or other graphic organizer to plan your essay.

**FOCUS while you write**

* Analyze the information from the passage as you write your essay.
* Make sure you use evidence from the passage to support your response.
* Use precise language, a variety of sentence types, and transitions in your essay.
* Organize your paper with an introduction, body, and conclusion.

**PROOFREAD after you write**

* I wrote my final essay in the answer booklet.
* I stayed focused on answering the questions.
* I used evidence from the passage to support my response.
* I corrected errors in capitalization, spelling, sentence formation, punctuation, and word choice.

**Gathering Evidence**

**STEP #3** *= Write a claim then . . .*

**STEP #4** *= Reread the text and annotate – jot down evidence to use*

**from “The Monkey’s Paw”**

Claim:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Evidence:**  *What lines in the story support the claim I am making?* | **Significance:**  *Why does this piece of evidence support my claim? What can be inferred? Consider sentence stems* | **Location:**  *Where did I find this piece of evidence? Page, paragraph, line* |
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| **Evidence** | **Significance** | **Location** |
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**STEP #5** *= Outline and develop a plan*

**LITERARY ESSAY (*Text Dependent Analysis*) OUTLINE**

This outline will help you to organize your thoughts and evidence as you prepare your literary essay. Fill in the form below using as much detail as possible – the more work you put into the outline, the more organized your essay!

**THE STORY TITLE:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**AUTHOR:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**THE PROMPT:**

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**CHOOSE YOUR ANSWER TO THE PROMPT:**

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**CHOOSE 3 REASONS FROM THE TEXT TO SUPPORT YOUR SIDE:**

1.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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**WRITE POSITION / THESIS STATEMENT:**

**OUTLINE PARAGRAPH #1 (Introduction):**

Attention Getter

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Summary of Text

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Position / Thesis Statement

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**Explain your position with three reasons with at least two pieces of evidence from the text for each.**

**WRITE REASON #1 / PARAGRAPH #2**

Topic Sentence (*Explain what this paragraph is about and how it will prove your thesis statement to be true*)

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The author states… In the text, it states…

According to (*author’s name*)… In (*story title*)…

A. Evidence (*Quote from the text, pg. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)*

#1\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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Explanation:

This illustrates… This is convincing because… This shows… This is significant because…

The author states… In the text, it states…

According to (*author’s name*)… In (*story title*)…

B. Evidence (Quote from the text, pg. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)

#2\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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This illustrates… This is convincing because… This shows… This is significant because…

Explanation:

Clincher (*Be sure to explain why these examples prove your thesis point*)

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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**WRITE REASON #2 / PARAGRAPH #3**

Topic Sentence (*Explain what this paragraph is about and how it will prove your thesis statement to be true*)

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The author states… In the text, it states…

According to (*author’s name*)… In (*story title*)…

A. Evidence (*Quote from the text, pg. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)*

#1\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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Explanation:

This illustrates… This is convincing because… This shows… This is significant because…

The author states… In the text, it states…

According to (*author’s name*)… In (*story title*)…

B. Evidence (Quote from the text, pg. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)

#2\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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This illustrates… This is convincing because… This shows… This is significant because…

Explanation:

Clincher (*Be sure to explain why these examples prove your thesis point*)

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**WRITE REASON #3 / PARAGRAPH #4**

Topic Sentence (*Explain what this paragraph is about and how it will prove your thesis statement to be true*)

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The author states… In the text, it states…

According to (*author’s name*)… In (*story title*)…

A. Evidence (*Quote from the text, pg. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)*

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Explanation:

This illustrates… This is convincing because… This shows… This is significant because…

The author states… In the text, it states…

According to (*author’s name*)… In (*story title*)…

B. Evidence (Quote from the text, pg. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)

#2\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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This illustrates… This is convincing because… This shows… This is significant because…

Explanation:

Clincher (*Be sure to explain why these examples prove your thesis point*)

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**PARAGRAPH #5 (Conclusion):**

Restate Thesis / Position Statement (Make it 4 sentences – emphasizing the importance of how each of your points proves your thesis point to be true)

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Close with Final Thoughts

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