

First Person Reading: The Monkey's Paw

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Basic Information

Subject	Language Arts (English), Reading
Grade Level/Course	Grade 9
Title	First Person Reading & Humument Construction: Exploring Mood in "The Monkey's Paw"

Standards	<p>PA- Pennsylvania Common Core Standards (Draft) (2013)</p> <p>Subject: English Language Arts Grade 6–12</p> <p>Grade: Grades 9–10</p> <p>Content Area: 1.3 Reading Literature Students read and respond to works of literature—with an emphasis on comprehension, vocabulary acquisition, and making connections among ideas and between texts with a focus on textual evidence.</p> <p>Domain: Craft and Structure Vocabulary</p> <p>Standard: CC.1.3.9–10.F Analyze how words and phrases shape meaning and tone in texts.</p> <p>Content Area: 1.4 Writing Students write for different purposes and audiences. Students write clear and focused text to convey a welldefined perspective and appropriate content.</p> <p>Domain: Narrative</p> <p>Standard: CC.1.4.9–10.M Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events.</p> <p>Domain: Narrative Content</p> <p>Standard: CC.1.4.9–10.O Use narrative techniques such as dialogue, description, reflection, multiple plotlines, and pacing to develop experiences, events, and/or characters; use precise words and phrases, telling details, and sensory language to convey a vivid picture of the experiences, events, settings, and/or characters.</p> <p>PA- Pennsylvania DOE Standards Aligned System - Clear Standards (2010)</p> <p>Subject Area: Reading, Writing, Speaking, and Listening</p> <p>Standard Area: 1.3: Reading, Analyzing, and Interpreting Literature - Fiction and Non-Fiction</p> <p>Grade Level: 9</p> <p>Standard: 1.3.9.C: Analyze the use and effectiveness of literary elements used by one or more authors, including characterization, setting, plot, theme, point of view, tone, mood, and style.</p> <p>USA- Nat. Council of Teachers of English: Standards for the English Language Arts</p> <p>Standard 12.: Students use spoken, written, and visual language to accomplish their own purposes (e.g., for learning, enjoyment, persuasion, and the exchange of information).</p>
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Objective(s)	<p>Students will be able to identify mood and setting in "The Monkey's Paw" by completing a graphic organizer. (Assignment #1 & #2)</p> <p>Students will be able to apply descriptive sensory language to convey mood by rewriting an excerpt of "The Monkey's Paw" in a first personal narrative. (Assignment #3 & #5)</p> <p>Students will be able to illustrate the mood and setting of "The Monkey's Paw" by creating an original humument. (Assignment #4)</p>
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Duration	This lesson could be presented between 1-3 class periods, depending on class structure.
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Option 1 Extended Lesson: 2-3 class periods

DAY 1:

10 minutes--Anticipatory Set: Vocab Instruction/Powerpoint

10 minutes Assignment #1: Read the story

10 minutes Assignment #2: Work on Exploring Mood & Setting Graphic Organizer

20 minutes Assignment #3: Draft of Eye Witness Testimony

Day 1 Homework Extension: Complete Draft of Eye Witness Testimony

DAY 2:

5 minutes--Review

15 minutes: Peer review workshop of Assignment #3 Eye Witness Testimony writing

30 minutes: Humument construction

Day 2 Homework/Extension: Assignment #5 Publish final draft of Eye Witness Testimony

DAY 3:

Present published Humument & Eye Witness Testimony assignments to class in an art gallery format.

Option 2: 50 minute lesson

Students complete for homework before lesson: Assignment 1: Reading the short story

5 minutes--Anticipatory Set: Vocab Instruction/Powerpoint

10 minutes Assignment 2: Exploring Mood & Setting Graphic Organizer

15 minutes Assignment 3: Draft of Eye Witness Testimony

20 minutes Assignment 4: Create a humument

Homework/Extension: Assignment 5: Publish final draft of Eye Witness Testimony

Vocabulary

Tier 1: atmosphere, mood, solemn

Tier 2: ambiance, oppressive

Tier 3: talisman, humument

Materials

Attachments:

1. **Assignment #2 & #3 Exploring Mood & Setting in "The Monkey's Paw" Handout**A graphic organizer for assignments #2 textual close reading & #3 draft of Eye-Witness Testimony
2. **Assignment Direction Guide: "The Monkey's Paw"**A description of the directions for each assignment within the lesson.
3. **Introduction/Vocab Powerpoint: "The Monkey's Paw"**An introduction to mood, setting, and vocabulary of "The Monkey's Paw"
4. **Reading Passage: "The Monkey's Paw" by W.W. Jacobs**A Gothic Horror short story.

Instructional Strategies and Procedures

Anticipatory:

- As students enter the classroom, Eerie music will be playing from a speaker (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H_ix8dHZhUE). Once all students are seated, the teacher will ask the students how they felt when they came into the classroom and generate discussion about how the music made them feel (HOOK into "Mood" discussion). To transition to the introduction of the lesson, the teacher will explain the day's objectives and the lesson agenda.

Procedures:

- The teacher will present the **Introduction/Vocab PowerPoint**.
 - On the first slide, the teacher will explain background information about the text of "The Monkey's Paw".
 - On the second slide, the teacher will explain that the image displays a scene from "The Monkey's Paw". The teacher will ask students a series of questions about the image, to generate discussion about mood and vocabulary. Through the image, the teacher will point out key vocab (mood, ambiance, atmosphere, oppressive, solemn, talisman). Types of questions include: *How does this picture make them feel? How do they think the characters feel in this picture? What is the setting in this picture? How could you describe the setting in this picture? How could you describe sound/natural setting/man made setting in this picture? How could you describe the mood of this picture? How could you describe the atmosphere in this picture? How could you describe the ambiance in this picture?*
 - On the third slide, the teacher will define associated vocabulary and literary elements.
 - On the fourth slide, the teacher will present example "Mood Words". The teacher will ensure to emphasize that these are only some examples of "Mood Words" and that there are many more words and phrases that can be used to describe mood.
- The teacher will hand out and briefly explain the **Assignment Direction Guide** and the associated activities. Then she will hand out the **Reading Passage**.
- Independently, students will read "The Monkey's Paw" while underlining words or phrases that describe mood, setting and sound. (Assignment #1).
- After students have read the short story, the teacher will break students into "Page Number Groups". Each group will have one page of the story to work with for the subsequent assignments. There will be 5 groups total (the 6th page will not have a group since it is only one paragraph, or this page could be used for struggling readers).
- In their "Page Number Groups" students will use their underlined and noted reading passages to complete the **Exploring Mood & Setting graphic organizer** (Assignment #2). Students will write and organize descriptive words and phrases into categories of sounds/natural setting/man-made setting.
- After categorizing descriptive text, students will independently write their draft of an **Eye Witness Testimony**. Students will use their cited words from the above categorization assignment in order to write themselves into the events of their assigned page. Students will create a first person narrative account of their imagined experience within "The Monkey's Paw." (Assignment #3)

- After completing their Eye Witness Testimony draft, students will independently create a **Humument**. Using their assigned page of "The Monkey's Paw", students will circle descriptive words and phrases that best describe the excerpts mood and setting. Students will use a variety of artistic materials to draw over the remaining text and surface of the page so that the only words that "poke" through the drawing are the circled words. Student's drawings will be inspired by their circled words/phrases and should depict a creative image of the page's atmosphere, mood, and ambiance. Examples of humuments will be thoroughly modeled and presented. The image should also be connected to the student's Eye Witness Testimony. The final copy of the Eye Witness testimony will serve as a caption for the humument. (Assignment #4)
- [Optional] Students will workshop their drafts of their Eye Witness Testimony stories through a peer revision workshop.
- Students will publish their final copy of the their Eye Witness Testimony for homework. Their final draft should be 5-7 sentences, typed single spaced, and cut out and affixed as a caption to their humument.

Closure:

- Students will present their humument and caption to the class in an Art Gallery format. Students will be encouraged to present their specific artistic choices in regards to conveying mood, ambiance, and atmosphere. The teacher will use oral questioning to check for comprehension.

Assessment

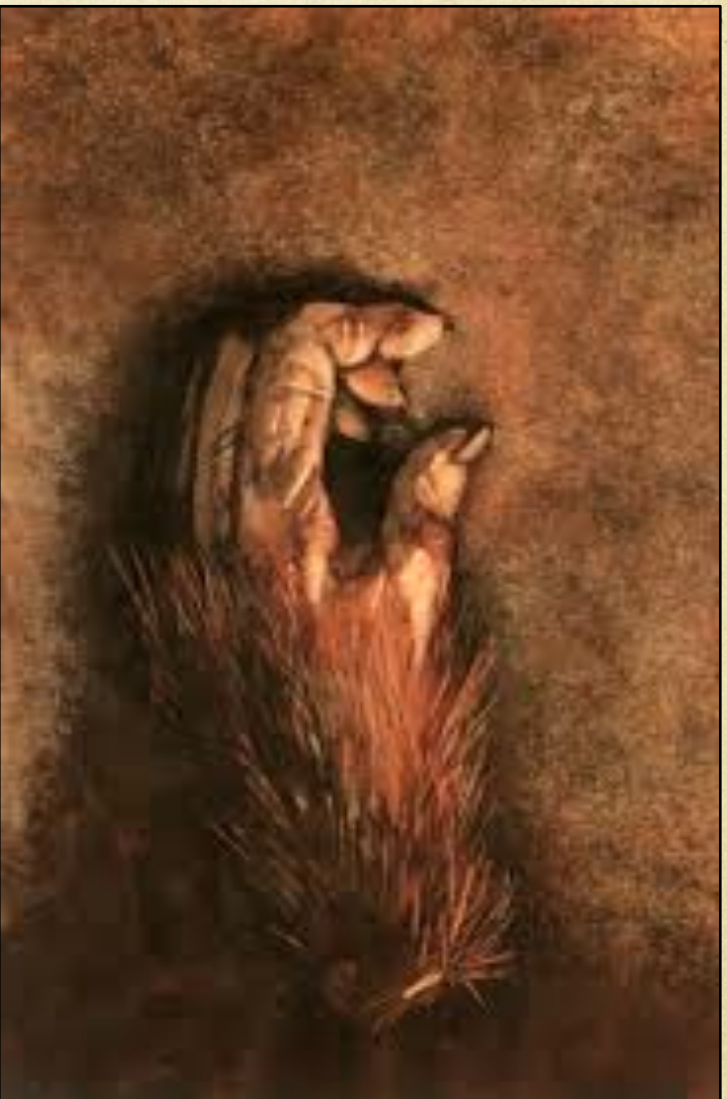
Formative Assessment: The teacher will check for understanding by monitoring and circulating during student independent work and group work. The teacher will use oral questioning to check for understanding during student presentations.

Summative Assessment: Students will be assessed on their understanding of mood/setting/ambiance/atmosphere and their ability to compose a creative first person narrative through their quality of completion of their Exploring Mood & Setting Handout, Humument, and Eye Witness Testimony Caption according to a holistic rubric.

Assignments

All assignments are accessible under "Materials".

Self-Reflection



The Monkey's Paw

W. W. Jacobs



○ **Setting**: the time, place, environment, physical details, and circumstances in which a situation or text occurs.

○ **Mood**: a feeling, emotional state, or state of mind a text arouses in the reader. The overall feeling of a piece of writing. Mood can change throughout a story. Mood can be created by specific descriptions and images

○ **Atmosphere**: similar to mood but more indirect. The emotional feeling inspired by a text. Atmosphere is created by mood.

○ **Ambiance**: the specific mood or atmosphere of one particular setting. For example, you would describe the ambiance of one room the character walks into, not the ambiance of the entire book.



Examples of "Mood Words"

Positive "Mood Words"

Cheerful	Calm
Dreamy	Harmonious
Hopeful	Idyllic
Joyous	Jubilant
Light-hearted	Mellow
Loving	Optimistic
Peaceful	Playful
Relaxed	Sentimental
Silly	Warm
Welcoming	Relieved

Negative "Mood Words"

Anxious	Barren
Cold	Depressed
Dreary	Gloomy
Haunting	Hopeless
Hostile	Lonely
Melancholic	Nervous
Nightmarish	Painful
Serious	Somber
Solemn	Suspenseful
Tense	Terrifying

The Monkey's Paw Assignment Direction Guide

Background: We will be reading the Gothic short story "**The Monkey's Paw**" by **W.W. Jacobs**. Written in 1902, "The Monkey's Paw" explores the ideas of fate and coincidence within a suspenseful horror story. Throughout our interaction with the short story, we will be exploring how W.W. Jacobs constructs the **mood** and **setting** through his specific use of words and phrases. In order to facilitate your reading and analysis of "The Monkey's Paw", complete all below assignments, paying strict attention to their specific directions. Models and examples for each of these assignments will be discussed in class.

Assignment #1: [Independently] Read the short story. While reading "The Monkey's Paw," underline words or phrases that describe mood, setting, and sound. You may reference the Mood-Words PowerPoint. In the margins, note specific images or feelings you experienced while reading.

After reading, you will each be given one page of "The Monkey's Paw" to perform the following activities with.

Assignment #2: [Within your page number groups] After reading, use your underlined and annotated copy of "The Monkey's Paw" to pick out the author's words and phrases that convey **mood** through descriptions of **sound/natural setting/man-made setting**. Note these words and phrases within their categories' box.

Assignment #3: [Independently] Draft an Eye Witness Testimony account of the events of your assigned page of "The Monkey's Paw." Use your descriptive words from assignment #2 to *write yourself into the story*. Create a **first person narrative account** of your experience in the world of "The Monkey's Paw." Essentially, you should re-write the events of ONLY your page of "The Monkey's Paw" from your point of view as if you were a character. Be sure to use language that accurately fits into the actual story's setting and events. Use descriptive sensory language to convey **atmosphere, mood, and ambiance** to your reader. Your draft should be handwritten 5-7 sentences.

Assignment #4: [Independently] Create a humument out of your assigned page of "The Monkey's Paw." A humument is a "human document," a creative practice in which a book is altered combining text with overlapping drawn images to create an original work of art. In order to create your humument, circle the descriptive words and phrases on your assigned page that best describes the mood and setting of "The Monkey's Paw." Using a variety of artistic materials, draw over the remaining text and surface of the page so that the only words that "poke" through your drawing are the ones that you have circled. Your drawing should be inspired by your circled descriptive words, and should create an image that conveys the page's **atmosphere, mood, and ambiance**. Your Eye Witness Testimony paper will serve as a "caption" for this piece of art.

Assignment #5: Publish a final draft of your Eye Witness Testimony paper. Your paper should be typed up, single spaced, and 5-7 sentences. Your final draft should be printed and cut out to form a half page caption. It should be stapled or glued to the bottom of your humument. The humument & caption will be presented and published in our classroom gallery.



The Monkey's Paw*William W. Jacobs*

Outside, the night was cold and wet but a fire burned brightly in the small living room of Laburnum Villa, where Mr White and his son Herbert were playing chess. Mrs White, a white-haired old lady, sat knitting by the fire, occasionally commenting on the game.

5 'Listen to the wind,' said Mr white. He had made a serious mistake and wanted to distract his son's attention so that he wouldn't see it.

'I'm listening,' said his son, concentrating on the chessboard.

10 'I shouldn't think he'll come tonight,' said the father, his hand over the board.

'Checkmate,' replied the son.

'That's the trouble with living here,' Mr White shouted with unexpected violence. 'Of all the wet, isolated places this is the worst. The path is a bog and the road's a river, but I suppose people

15 don't care because only two houses in the road are occupied.'

'Don't worry, dear,' said his wife. 'Perhaps you'll win the next one.'

Mr White looked up suddenly and saw mother and son look at each other quickly. He hid a guilty smile in his thin grey beard.

20 'There he is,' said Herbert, hearing the gate shut loudly and heavy footsteps coming to the door.

The old man stood up hurriedly and went to open the door. He came back with a tall, well-built man who had small, bright eyes and a red face.

25 'Sergeant Major Morris,' said Mr White, introducing him.

The officer shook hands, sat by the fire, and watched contentedly as Mr White got out some whisky and glasses. After three drinks the soldier's eyes became brighter and he began to talk. The family listened with great interest to this visitor from distant lands while he

30 spoke of his courageous adventures and his experiences of wars, plagues and strange nations.

'Twenty-one years ago, when he went away, he was just a boy in the warehouse,' said Mr White to his wife and son. 'Now look at him.'

35 'It doesn't seem to have hurt him,' Mrs White agreed politely.

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

40 'You're better here where you are,' said the Sergeant Major, shaking his head. He put down his empty glass, sighed, and shook his head again.

'I'd like to see those old temples, and fakirs and jugglers,' continued Mr White. 'What was that about a monkey's paw or something you started telling me about the other day, Morris?'

45 'Nothing,' said the other quickly. 'Nothing worth hearing anyway.'

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

'Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic,' said the soldier casually.

50 But the three listeners were looking at him eagerly. Mr White filled his glass for him.

'It's just an ordinary little paw to look at,' said Sergeant Major Morris, taking it from his pocket.

Mrs White moved back with a disgusted look, but her son examined it curiously.

55 'And what's so special about it?' Mr White asked. He took it from his son, examined it, and put it on the table.

60 'An old fakir put a spell on it. He was a very holy man and he wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that to interfere with fate only caused deep sadness. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it.'

His manner was so impressive that the others realized their careless laughter was not appropriate.

'Well, why don't you have three wishes?' said Mr White.

The soldier looked at him as if he were a foolish boy. 'I have,' he said quietly, and his red face whitened.

'And did your three wishes really come true?' asked Mrs White.

'Yes.'

'And has nobody else wished?' the old lady went on.

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

He spoke so seriously that everybody became quiet.

'If you've had your three wishes, the paw is no good to you now,' said Mr White at last. 'Why do you keep it?'

75 The soldier shook his head and said slowly, 'Oh, just for interest, I suppose. I had some idea of selling it but I don't think I will. It has caused enough trouble already. Anyway, people won't buy it. Some think it's all a fairy story, I and those who believe it want to try it before paying me.'

80 'If you could have another three wishes,' said old Mr white, looking interestedly at him, 'would you have them?'

'I don't know, I don't know.'

Then he took the paw and suddenly threw it on the fire. With an astonished cry Mr White bent down and pulled it out quickly.

85 'Better let it burn,' said the soldier.

'If you don't want it, give it to me, Morris.'

'No. I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't then say that it is my fault. Be sensible – throw it on the fire again!'

But, examining his new possession closely, Mr White shook his head. 'How do you do it?' he asked Morris.

'Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud,' was the reply. But I warn you of the consequences.'

95 'It sounds like the *Arabian Nights*,' Mrs White said as she began to prepare the dinner. 'Why don't you wish for four pairs of hands for me?'

Laughing, her husband took the talisman from his pocket to make the wish but with a look of alarm the Sergeant Major caught his arm.

100 'If you must wish,' he said aggressively, 'wish for something reasonable.'

So Mr White put it back in his pocket and they all sat down to dinner. The talisman was partly forgotten for the rest of the evening as the soldier continued telling them about his exciting adventures in India. When he had gone, Mr White said that the story of the monkey's paw was probably untrue, like all the other stories Morris had told them.

'Did you give him anything for it?' Mrs White asked him.

'Oh, just a bit of money. He didn't want it but I made him take it. And he tried to persuade me again to throw the thing away.'

110 'Of course we will!' said Herbert ironically. 'God, we're going to be rich and famous and happy! Wish that you were an emperor, father, to begin with. Then mother won't order you around.'

Mrs White pretended to be angry at this and chased him round the table, while Mr White looked at the paw doubtfully.

115 '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 could finish paying for the house you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you?' Herbert said. 'Wish for two hundred pounds, then. That'll just do it.'

120 His father, in an embarrassed way, held up the talisman as Herbert, with a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and played a few solemn notes.

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

As Herbert played a loud, dramatic chord the old man suddenly cried out in a trembling voice. His wife and son ran towards him.

'It moved,' he cried, glancing with disgust at the object on the floor. 'As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.'

'Well, I don't see the money,' said Herbert, picking it up. 'And I am sure I never will.'

130 'It must have been your imagination,' said Mrs White, looking anxiously at her husband.

He shook his head. 'It doesn't matter – nobody's hurt. But it gave me a shock.'

They sat down by the fire. While the men smoked their pipes the wind outside blew harder than ever and the old man became nervous at the sound of a door banging noisily upstairs as it closed. An unusual and depressing silence fell on the family. Then the old couple stood up to go upstairs to bed.

140 'You'll probably find the money in a big bag in the middle of your bed,' Herbert joked as he said goodnight to them.

He sat alone in the darkness, looking absently into the fire and seeing faces in it. One face was so horrible and monkey-like he stared at it in amazement. When he realized he was still holding the monkey's paw he quickly put it down and with a little shiver wiped his hand on his coat. Then he went up to bed.

The next morning at breakfast Herbert laughed at his fears of the night before. The winter sun shone in the room, which looked very ordinary now, and the dirty, dried-up little paw was still lying where he had thrown it carelessly.

150 'I suppose all old soldiers are the same,' Mrs White commented. 'Why did we listen to such nonsense? How could wishes be granted these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt us?'

'Well, it could drop on father's head from the sky,' Herbert joked.

155 'Morris said the wishes happen naturally,' said his father, 'so you think they're just coincidences.'

'Don't spend any of the money before I come back,' Herbert said, going to the door.

160 His mother watched him walk down the road to work. Of course she didn't believe that the talisman could grant wishes, yet later that day she ran quickly to the door when the postman knocked and she was disappointed that it was only a bill.

'I expect Herbert will joke about it even more when he comes home,' she said at dinner.

165 'I expect he will,' said Mr White. 'But the thing moved in my hand – I swear it.'

'You thought it moved.'

'It moved, I tell you. I didn't think – what's the matter?'

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside in the street, who seemed to be trying to decide whether to open the gate and enter. She noticed that the stranger was well-dressed and wore a new silk hat. Three times he paused at the gate and walked away. The fourth time he stopped and put his hand on the gate, then suddenly opened it and walked up the path. Mrs White opened the front door and brought the stranger into the room. He seemed worried and uneasy, and looked at her from the corner of his eye.

'I – was asked to call,' he began hesitantly. 'I am from Maw and Meggins.'

180 The old lady looked surprised. 'Is anything wrong?' she asked breathlessly. 'Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it?'

'Now don't worry,' said her husband. 'I'm sure he hasn't brought bad news. Have you, sir?' he concluded, looking hopefully at the visitor.

185 'I'm sorry –'

'Is he hurt?' demanded the mother wildly.

The visitor looked down. 'Badly hurt,' he said quietly. 'But he's not in any pain.'

'Oh, thank God, thank God for that!'

190 But the sinister meaning of the visitor's assurance suddenly became clear to the old lady and she looked at him. His face was turned away, confirming her worst fears. She caught her breath and put her trembling hand on her husband's. There was a long silence.

195 'He became trapped in the machinery,' said the visitor in a low voice.

'Trapped in the machinery?' repeated Mr White in a daze. He sat staring through the window, and taking his wife's hand, he pressed it as he used to when they were young lovers nearly forty years before. 'He was our only son,' he said to the visitor. 'It is hard.'

200 The other coughed and walked slowly to the window. 'The firm wish me to express their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss,' he murmured, without looking at the old people.

There was no reply. Mrs White's face was pale, her eyes staring. The expression on Mr White's face was dark and serious.

205 'I have to tell you that Maw and Meggins do not hold themselves responsible for what has happened,' the visitor continued. 'But in consideration of your son's services they wish to give you a certain amount of money as compensation.'

210 Dropping his wife's hand, Mr White stood up and stared at the man with a look of horror.

'How much?' he said.

'Two hundred pounds.'

The old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a blind man, and fell to the floor, unconscious.

215 Having buried their son in a huge new cemetery two miles away, the old couple came back to a house full of shadow and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they hardly realized it; they

expected something else to happen, something that would lift the intolerable weight from their old hearts.

220 But the days passed and their expectation changed to resignation. They hardly talked – they had nothing to talk about now – and their days were long and empty.

It was about a week later that the old man woke up suddenly in the night and heard the sound of quiet crying coming from the window. He sat up and listened.

225 'Come back to bed,' he said tenderly. 'You'll get cold.'

'It is colder for my son,' said his wife, who continued weeping.

The sound of it gradually faded as the old man fell asleep again, until a sudden wild cry from his wife woke him up with a start.

230 'The paw!' she cried wildly. 'The monkey's paw!'

'Where? Where is it? What's the matter?' the old man said, alarmed.

She came towards him. 'I want it. You haven't destroyed it?'

'It's in the living room,' he replied, amazed. 'Why?'

235 Mrs white laughed and cried at the same time, and kissed his cheek.

'I've 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?'

240 'The other two wishes. We've only had one.'

'Wasn't that enough?' he demanded fiercely.

'No, we'll have one more. Go down and get it quickly and wish our boy alive again.'

245 The old man sat up in bed and threw the bedclothes from his trembling body.

'Good God, you are mad!' he cried.

'Get it,' his wife said, breathlessly. 'Get it quickly and wish Oh, my boy, my boy!'

Mr White lit the candle with a match. 'Get back to bed. You don't know what you're saying.'

But the old woman said feverishly, 'Our first wish was granted. Why not the second?'

'A coincidence,' the old man stammered.

'Go and get it and wish.' Mrs White was trembling with excitement.

The old man looked at her and his voice shook. 'He has been dead ten days, and also – I could only recognize him by his clothes. He was too horrible for you to see then. What do you think he looks like now?'

But his wife pulled him towards the door. 'Bring him back. Do you think I'm frightened of my own son?'

He went downstairs in the darkness, and felt his way to the living room, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was there. Suddenly he was possessed by a horrible fear that his unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son back before he could escape from the room. In a cold sweat he groped his way round the table and along the wall until he was in the small passage. The dirty, twisted, dried-up, thing was in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed different as he entered the bedroom.

It was white and expectant, and her expression seemed unnatural. He was afraid of her.

'Wish!' she cried in a strong voice.

'It is foolish and wicked,' he stammered, hesitating.

'Wish!' repeated his wife.

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

The paw fell to the floor. He looked at it in fear. Then he fell trembling into a chair. With burning eyes his wife walked to the window and raised the blind.

Mr White sat until he was chilled to the bone, glancing occasionally at his wife who was peering through the window. The

candle-flame, which had burned low, threw pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until it slowly went out. The old man, feeling an inexpressible relief that the wish had not worked, crept back to bed. A few minutes later his wife also came to bed, silent and depressed.

Neither spoke, but lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked; a squeaky mouse ran noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive. After building up his courage for some time, Mr White lit a match and, taking the matchbox with him, went downstairs for a candle.

At the bottom of the stairs the match went out. He paused to strike another one, and at the same moment there was a knock at the door, a knock so quiet it was almost inaudible.

The matches fell from his hand. He stood like a statue, his breath suspended. The knock came again. He turned and fled back to the bedroom, closing the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

'What's that!' shouted the old woman, sitting up suddenly.

'A rat.' Mr White's voice shook. 'A rat. It passed me on the stairs.'

His wife sat listening. A loud knock echoed through the house.

'It's Herbert!' she screamed. 'It's Herbert!'

She ran to the bedroom door, but her husband was faster than her. He caught her by the arm and held her tightly.

'What are you going to do?' he whispered.

Mrs White struggled to free herself. 'It's my boy, it's Herbert! 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. Let me go. I'm coming, Herbert, I'm coming!'

There was another knock, and another. With a sudden violent movement the old woman broke free and ran from the room. Mr White followed her to the top of the stairs and appealed to her to stop as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back; the stiff bolt at the bottom of the door was slowly pulled open. Then Mrs White's voice came, strained and breathless:

'The bolt at the top! I can't reach it. Come down!'

But Mr White was on his hands and knees, groping wildly on the floor, trying to find the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in! Now a continuous knocking echoed through the house. He heard the sound of a chair scraping across the passage floor as his wife pulled it against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it was slowly opened, and at the same moment he found the monkey's paw and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking stopped suddenly, though it still echoed in the house. He heard the chair scraping back from the door; he heard the door open. A cold wind rushed up the stairs and a long, loud wail of disappointment and misery broke from his wife. It gave him the courage to run to her side, then to the gate outside. The street lamp opposite the house shone flickeringly on a quiet and deserted road.

Name: _____

"The Monkey's Paw" Assignments #2, #3
Date: _____

Exploring MOOD & SETTING in "The Monkey's Paw"

Directions: See Assignment Guide Handout
Assignment #2 Citing Mood & Setting

Assigned Page Number: _____

SOUND words/phrases describing **MOOD**:
-EXAMPLE: "the clock ticked slowly"

NATURAL SETTING words/phrases describing **MOOD**:

MAN-MADE SETTING words/phrases describing **MOOD**:

Assignment #3 Eye Witness Testimony DRAFT

EXAMPLE: I shuddered with fear as I snuck though the ancient house.

Name Ms. Miles

The Monkey's Paw Assignments #2, #3
Date _____

Exploring MOOD & SETTING in "The Monkey's Paw"

Assignment #2 Citing Mood & Setting

Assigned Page Number: 5

SOUND words/phrases describing MOOD:

- "saucy mouse ran noisily through the wall"
- "the ticking of the clock"
- "knock so quiet it was almost inaudible"
- "knock echoed through the house"
- "neither spoke but lay quietly listening"
- "she screamed"
- "his voice shook"

NATURAL SETTING words/phrases describing MOOD:

- "the darkness was oppressive"
- "unnatural"
- "At the bottom of the stairs the match went out"

MAN-MADE SETTING words/phrases describing MOOD:

- "the round plume which had burned low threw pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until it glowed out"
- "with burning eyes his wife walked to the window and roused the boy"

Assignment #3 Eye Witness Testimony DRAFT

I was trembling with fear as I watched Mrs. White's eyes grow mad with the chance of her dead son coming back. As I walked down the cramped stairs into the oppressive darkness, my hands shook, possessed by a horrible fear. A faint knock pulsed throughout the gloomy house. The knock became louder and louder, as if the sound was closing in on me. I was chilled to the bone. Mr. White, filled with horror, quickly grabbed his wife from the splintered wood door. As they struggled, I prepared to face whatever mutilated being came knocking for me.

The Monkey's Paw: Humument: Page 5

By: Hillary Miles

I was trembling with fear as I watched Mrs. White's eyes grow mad with the chance of her dead son coming back. As I walked down the cramped stairs into the oppressive darkness, my hands shook, possessed by a horrible fear. A faint knock pulsed throughout the gloomy house. The knock became louder and louder, as if the sound was closing in on me. I was chilled to the bone. Mr. White, filled with horror, quickly grabbed his wife from the splintered wood door. As they struggled, I prepared to face whatever mutilated being came knocking for me.

...the candle with a match set back to bed. You
don't know what I'm saying.'
But the old man said, 'I never wish, our first wish was granted.
You nor he see any?'
...and got it and wish. Mrs White was
...ment.

...and can looked at her and his voice shook. He had been
...read rent days, and also I could only see the
...He was too horrible for you to see them. What do you think she looks
like now?'
285 But his wife pulled him towards the floor. 'Bring on track. Do
you think I'm frightened of my own son?'
...downstairs in the darkness, and felt his way to the living
...room, and then to the mantelpiece. The relish was here.

Suddenly he was possessed by a horrible fear that in an unspoken
285 wish might bring his mutilated son back before he could escape
from the room. In a cold sweat he escaped his way round the table
and along the wall until he was in the small passage leading to
twisted, dried-up, thing was in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed different as he entered the bedroom.
270 It was white and expectant, and her expression seemed unnatural.
He was afraid of her.

'Wish!' she cried in a strong voice.
'It is foolish and wicked,' he stammered, hesitating.
'Wish!' repeated his wife.

He raised his hand, 'I wish my son alive again.'
275 The paw fell to the floor. He looked at it in fear. It can be
trembling onto a small table. With burning eyes his wife walked to the
window and held the blind.
Mr White sat until he was chilled to the bone, gazing
280 occasionally at his wife who was peering through the window. The

candle-flame, which had burned low, threw pulsating shadows on
the ceiling and walls, until it slowly went out. The old man, feeling
an inexpressible relief that the wish had not worked, crept back to
bed. A few minutes later his wife came to bed, silent and
depressed.

Neither spoke, but lay silently listening to the ticking of the
clock. A stair creaked; a squeaky mouse ran noisily through the
wall. The darkness was oppressive. After building up his courage
for some time Mr White lit a match and, taking the matchbox with
him, went down.

At the bottom of the stairs the match went out. He paused to
strike another one and at the same moment there was a knock in
the door, a knock so quiet it was almost inaudible.

The matches fell from his hand. He stood like a statue, his breath
suspended, as the knock came a second time. A third knock sounded
through the house.
What's that, shouted the old woman, sitting up suddenly.
A faint, Mr White's voice.

His wife sat up in alarm. 'A loud knock echoed through the house.
'It's Herbert,' she screamed. 'It's Herbert!'
She ran to the bedroom door, but her husband was faster than
her. He caught her by the arm and held her tightly.
'What have you going to do?' he whispered.

...struggled to free herself. 'It's my boy, it's Herbert!'
...to bites away. 'What are you looking me for? Let go
...you're afraid of your own son
...trembling.



Teacher Example - Final Copy Humument Caption

The Monkey's Paw: Humument: Page 5

By: **Hillary Miles**

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