

Remote Learning Reading Packet for 7th and 8th Grade

From Ms. Dimberg Room 220

Hello,

Please follow the directions for each area of study. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to email me at: Imdimberg@cps.edu

Stay healthy!

Ms. Dimberg

Reading-

April 13th- April 24th

Common Lit-

1. Please read for 30 minutes a day. Some stories will take longer than others and I do not expect the activities to be completed in one day.
2. They are as follows: Story of Prometheus and Pandora's Box, After 20 Years, The Golden Touch and The Monkeys Paw.
3. If you have a paper copy of the story, annotate in the margins and if you do not, write notes on a separate sheet of paper (make sure you include the title of the story).
4. Next, write a summary of each story. Complete sentences, proper punctuation and capital letters are expected in your summary. Textual evidence should be included and major information or events should be noted throughout your written summary.
5. Finally, answer the quiz questions about each story. Keep each of the story notes and quizzes together.

Writing- Journal Entries-

I would like you to write daily. I have the daily topics listed and would like you to write at least a page on each. Please write the date and topic at the top of each page and include an introduction, body and conclusion. I expect you to include proper punctuation, capitalization and complete sentences for each entry.

Topics- Please put an X on the line after you finish each journal entry.

_____ *April 13-Write how you and your family are coping in the house together. What are some positive things about being in the house together? What are some not so positive things?

_____ *April 14th-If you were the teacher for a social studies lesson, what topic would you choose and what activity would you have your students complete so they learn?

_____ *April 15th-What are the benefits of being home schooled? What are the benefits of attending school? Provide 3 reasons for each type of learning.

_____ *April 16th-Free choice. You can write about any topic you choose.

_____ *April 17th-Do you feel that our federal government (President) was prepared for this pandemic? Watch the news and provide several details for your answer.

New Week

_____ *April 20th- Create an advertisement for your favorite cereal. Think of the commercials on tv. How do they convince viewers to buy their product? Use convincing words to encourage your viewers to buy it.

_____ *April 21st- Choose your favorite movie and write a review of it. Think about why you liked it so much and include that in your review.

_____ *April 22nd- Create a super hero. Describe their powers and how they use those powers.

_____ *April 23rd- Free choice. You can write about any topic you choose.

_____ * April 24th- What type of music do you like to listen to? Why do you like that type of music? Name your favorite band and what characteristics they have that appeal to you.

7th Grade- Literature Project for the novel “Fever 1793 “

8th Grade -Literature Project for the novel “Esperanza Rising”

Directions: Choose 2 projects from below to complete. Write an X next to the projects you completed.

Project 1

____ For your assigned novel, draw a picture and a caption from the five parts of Plot Mountain. Suggestion: Think about each part and write a sentence about the part of the book that fits into the categories below. Then draw a picture that also applies.

1. Exposition
2. Rising action
3. Climax
4. Falling action
5. Conclusion

Project 2

____ Design a book jacket cover that includes the setting and the major characters on the front cover. Create a new title that includes the theme (examples: acceptance, cooperation, determination) of the novel. On the back of the jacket, write a summary that includes explicit and implicit events from the story.

Project 3

____ Choose a conflict in the story and identify the type of conflict from the list below.

Draw pictures or glue pictures from a magazine that represent the conflict.

Man vs. Man

Man vs. Nature

Man vs. Self

Man vs. Society

Book Project

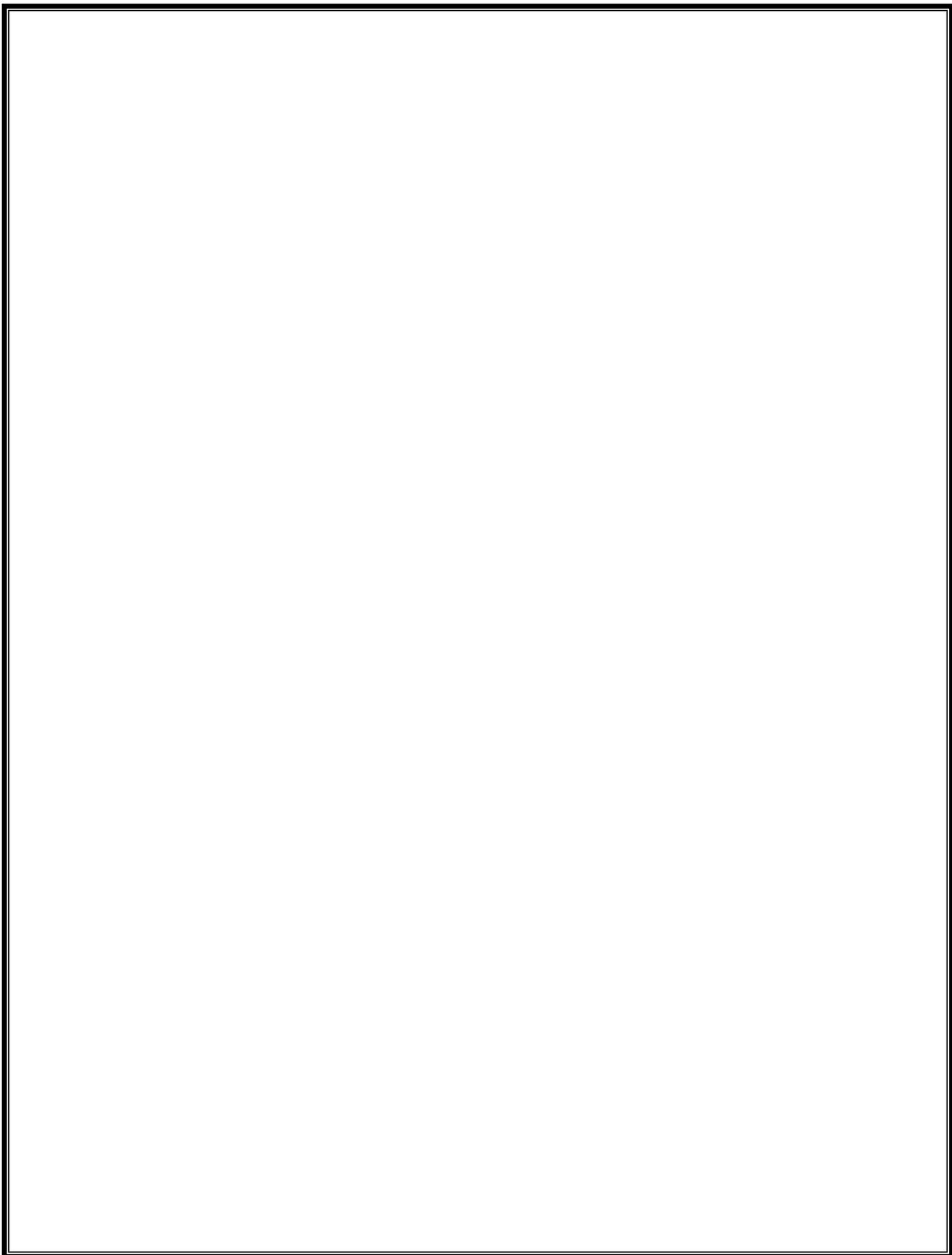
Directions: Choose one or two of the stories you have read for CommonLit (Story of Prometheus and Pandora’s Box, After 20 Years, The Golden Touch and The Monkeys Paw) and complete 4 activities from the list below. Put an X next to the activities you choose to complete.

Ideas & Suggestions for Book/Short Story Projects

- _____ Map of where it takes place, labeling important events
- _____ Crossword puzzle, using characters, setting and plot
- _____ Write a diary entry as if you were a character
- _____ Biography of one of the characters
- _____ Choose an excerpt from the story and persuade others to read the book
- _____ Explanation of why it would or would not make a good movie
- _____ Multiple choice questions and answers about the book
- _____ Create a movie poster for the story with an objective summary.
- _____ Write a final chapter to the story. Would you end this story in a different way?

Book Project Rubric

4	3	1	1
-The title, author, genre and level of the book, is clearly labeled. -The project is neat and organized in the portfolio. -The content of the project demonstrates the student read and understood the entire book. -The student expressed creative and original ideas about the book.	-The title, author, and genre of the book, is clearly labeled. -The project is neat and organized in the portfolio. -The content of the project demonstrates the student read and understood the book. - The student expressed their ideas about the book.	-The title and author of the book is labeled. - The project may or may not be neat or organized. -The content of the project demonstrates the student read or understood only parts of the book. -The student expressed some ideas about the book.	-The title and author of the book may be missing or incomplete. -The project is not neat or organized. - The content of the project demonstrates the student did not read or understand the book. - The student did not express their ideas about the book.



Name: _____ Class: _____

The Story of Prometheus and Pandora's Box

By James Baldwin 1895

James Baldwin (1841-1925) was an educator and prolific children's book author who re-wrote many classic legends and myths for young readers. In almost every culture, there are myths and folktales that explain how the world got to be the way it is today and that ask important questions about the human condition. Greek mythology in particular has been read widely in the West and retold in sophisticated high poetry. In this version, however, James Baldwin adopts a more accessible tone, turning revered Greek Mythology into old Greek stories. As you read, take notes on how Baldwin reveals the themes of these myths.

I. How Fire Was Given to Men

- [1] In those old, old times, there lived two brothers who were not like other men, nor yet like those Mighty Ones who lived upon the mountain top.¹They were the sons of one of those Titans²who had fought against Jupiter³ and been sent in chains to the strong prison-house⁴ of the Lower World.⁵

The name of the elder of these brothers was Prometheus, or Forethought; for he was always thinking of the future and making things ready for what might happen to-morrow, or next week, or next year, or it may be in a hundred years to come. The younger was called Epimetheus, or Afterthought; for he was always so busy thinking of yesterday, or last year, or a hundred years ago, that he had no care at all for what might come to pass after a while.



"Torch" by J.E. Theriot is licensed under CC BY 2.0.

For some cause Jupiter had not sent these brothers to prison with the rest of the Titans.

¹. The "Mighty Ones" is a reference to the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology who lived atop Mount Olympus, led by Zeus (or, in Roman mythology, Jupiter), god of sky and thunder and king of the gods.

². In classical Greek mythology, the Titans were members of the second order of divine beings, born from the first god and goddess Gaia and Uranus. The Titans were giants of incredible strength who ruled during the legendary Golden Age.

³ 3.Jupiter (also called Jove) is the god of sky and thunder and king of the gods in Ancient Roman religion and mythology.

⁴. This is a reference to Tartarus, a deep abyss in ancient Greek mythology that is used as a dungeon of torment and suffering for the wicked. Zeus/Jupiter sent most of the Titans there after he and the other gods of Olympus defeated the Titans in a power struggle.

⁵ 5.In mythology, the Lower World – also known as the Underworld – is an otherworld where souls go after death.

Prometheus did not care to live amid the clouds on the mountain top. He was too busy for that. While the Mighty Folk were spending their time in idleness,⁶ drinking nectar and eating ambrosia,⁷ he was intent upon plans for making the world wiser and better than it had ever been before.

- [5] He went out amongst men to live with them and help them; for his heart was filled with sadness when he found that they were no longer happy as they had been during the golden days when Saturn was king.⁸ Ah, how very poor and wretched they were! He found them living in caves and in holes of the earth, shivering with the cold because there was no fire, dying of starvation, hunted by wild beasts and by one another-the most miserable of all living creatures.

“If they only had fire,” said Prometheus to himself, “they could at least warm themselves and cook their food; and after a while they could learn to make tools and build themselves houses. Without fire, they are worse off than the beasts.”

Then he went boldly to Jupiter and begged him to give fire to men, that so they might have a little comfort through the long, dreary months of winter.

“Not a spark will I give,” said Jupiter. “No, indeed! Why, if men had fire they might become strong and wise like ourselves, and after a while they would drive us out of our kingdom. Let them shiver with cold, and let them live like the beasts. It is best for them to be poor and ignorant, that so we Mighty Ones may thrive and be happy.”

Prometheus made no answer; but he had set his heart on helping mankind, and he did not give up. He turned away, and left Jupiter and his mighty company forever.

- [10] As he was walking by the shore of the sea he found a reed, or, as some say, a tall stalk of fennel,⁹ growing; and when he had broken it off he saw that its hollow center was filled with a dry, soft pith⁹ which would burn slowly and keep on fire a long time. He took the long stalk in his hands, and started with it towards the dwelling of the sun in the far east.

“Mankind shall have fire in spite of the tyrant¹⁰ who sits on the mountain top,” he said.

He reached the place of the sun in the early morning just as the glowing, golden orb was rising from the earth and beginning his daily journey through the sky. He touched the end of the long reed to the flames, and the dry pith caught on fire and burned slowly. Then he turned and hastened¹¹ back to his own land, carrying with him the precious spark hidden in the hollow center of the plant.

He called some of the shivering men from their caves and built a fire for them, and showed them how to warm themselves by it and how to build other fires from the coals. Soon there was a cheerful blaze in every rude¹³ home

⁶ 6. **Idleness (noun):** a state of inactivity; not doing anything productive

⁷ 7. Nectar and ambrosia are the food and drink of the “Mighty Folk” in Greek mythology.

⁸ . “Saturn” is the Roman name for the Greek god Cronus (also spelled Kronos), the leader and youngest of the first generation of Titans. He overthrew his father and ruled during the mythological Golden Age, until he was overthrown by his own son Zeus/Jupiter and imprisoned in Tartarus. 9. a kind of plant

⁹ 0. the white strings inside a plant or fruit like an orange

¹⁰ 1. **Tyrant (noun):** an unjust or oppressive ruler

¹¹ 2. **Hasten (verb):** to hurry

in the land, and men and women gathered round it and were warm and happy, and thankful to Prometheus for the wonderful gift which he had brought to them from the sun.

It was not long until they learned to cook their food and so to eat like men instead of like beasts. They¹²began at once to leave off their wild and savage habits; and instead of lurking in the dark places of the world, they came out into the open air and the bright sunlight, and were glad because life had been given to them.

- [15] After that, Prometheus taught them, little by little, a thousand things. He showed them how to build houses of wood and stone, and how to tame sheep and cattle and make them useful, and how to plow and sow and reap,¹³ and how to protect themselves from the storms of winter and the beasts of the woods. Then he showed them how to dig in the earth for copper and iron, and how to melt the ore,¹⁴and how to hammer it into shape and fashion from it the tools and weapons which they needed in peace and war; and when he saw how happy the world was becoming he cried out:

“A new Golden Age shall come, brighter and better by far than the old!”

II. How Diseases and Cares Came Among Men

Things might have gone on very happily indeed, and the Golden Age might really have come again, had it not been for Jupiter. But one day, when he chanced to look down upon the earth, he saw the fires burning, and the people living in houses, and the flocks feeding on the hills, and the grain ripening in the fields, and this made him very angry. “Who has done all this?” he asked.

And some one answered, “Prometheus!”

- [20] “What! That young Titan!” he cried. “Well, I will punish him in a way that will make him wish I had shut him up in the prison-house with his kinsfolk.¹⁵ But as for those puny men, let them keep their fire. I will make them ten times more miserable than they were before they had it.”

Of course it would be easy enough to deal with Prometheus at any time, and so Jupiter was in no great haste about it. He made up his mind to distress mankind first; and he thought of a plan for doing it in a very strange, roundabout way.

In the first place, he ordered his blacksmith Vulcan, whose forge¹⁶was in the crater of a burning mountain, to take a lump of clay which he gave him, and mold it into the form of a woman. Vulcan did as he was bidden; and when he had finished the image, he carried it up to Jupiter, who was sitting among the clouds with all the Mighty Folk around him. It was nothing but a mere lifeless body, but the great blacksmith had given it a form more perfect than that of any statue that has ever been made.

“Come now!” said Jupiter, “let us all give some goodly gift to this woman;” and he began by giving her life.

¹² 3. In this context, “rude” means roughly made or done; lacking subtlety or sophistication

¹³ 4. These are skills used in farming.

¹⁴ 5. a type of rock used to create iron

¹⁵ 6. family; relatives

¹⁶ 7. a blacksmith's workshop

Then the others came in their turn, each with a gift for the marvelous creature. One gave her beauty; and another a pleasant voice; and another good manners; and another a kind heart; and another skill in many arts; and, lastly, some one gave her curiosity. Then they called her Pandora, which means the all-gifted, because she had received gifts from them all.

- [25] Pandora was so beautiful and so wondrously gifted that no one could help loving her. When the Mighty Folk had admired her for a time, they gave her to Mercury, the light-footed; and he led her down the mountain side to the place where Prometheus and his brother were living and toiling¹⁷ for the good of mankind. He met Epimetheus first, and said to him:

“Epimetheus, here is a beautiful woman, whom Jupiter has sent to you to be your wife.”

Prometheus had often warned his brother to beware of any gift that Jupiter might send, for he knew that the mighty tyrant could not be trusted; but when Epimetheus saw Pandora, how lovely and wise she was, he forgot all warnings, and took her home to live with him and be his wife.

Pandora was very happy in her new home; and even Prometheus, when he saw her, was pleased with her loveliness. She had brought with her a golden casket,¹⁸ which Jupiter had given her at parting, and which he had told her held many precious things; but wise Athena, the queen of the air, had warned her never, never to open it, nor look at the things inside.

“They must be jewels,” she said to herself; and then she thought of how they would add to her beauty if only she could wear them. “Why did Jupiter give them to me if I should never use them, nor so much as look at them?” she asked.

- [30] The more she thought about the golden casket, the more curious she was to see what was in it; and every day she took it down from its shelf and felt of the lid, and tried to peer inside of it without opening it.

“Why should I care for what Athena told me?” she said at last. “She is not beautiful, and jewels would be of no use to her. I think that I will look at them, at any rate. Athena will never know. Nobody else will ever know.”

She opened the lid a very little, just to peep inside. All at once there was a whirring, rustling sound, and before she could shut it down again, out flew ten thousand strange creatures with death-like faces and gaunt¹⁹ and dreadful forms, such as nobody in all the world had ever seen. They fluttered for a little while about the room, and then flew away to find dwelling-places wherever there were homes of men. They were diseases and cares; for up to that time mankind had not had any kind of sickness, nor felt any troubles of mind, nor worried about what the morrow might bring forth.

These creatures flew into every house, and, without any one seeing them, nestled down in the bosoms²¹ of men and women and children, and put an end to all their joy; and ever since that day they have been flitting and creeping, unseen and unheard, over all the land, bringing pain and sorrow and death into every household.

If Pandora had not shut down the lid so quickly, things would have gone much worse. But she closed it just in time to keep the last of the evil creatures from getting out. The name of this creature was Foreboding, and although he

¹⁷ 8. **Toil (verb)**: to work extremely hard and continuously

¹⁸ 9. a small box

¹⁹ . **Gaunt (adjective)**: excessively thin, especially because of suffering or hunger 21. hearts

was almost half out of the casket, Pandora pushed him back and shut the lid so tight that he could never escape. If he had gone out into the world, men would have known from childhood just what troubles were going to come to them every day of their lives, and they would never have had any joy or hope so long as they lived.

[35] And this was the way in which Jupiter sought to make mankind more miserable than they had been before Prometheus had befriended them.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. **PART A: Which of the following best identifies a central theme of this myth?**

[RL.2]

- A. Abuse of power
- B. The necessity of curiosity
- C. Violence and war
- D. Beauty and art

2. **Which TWO phrases from the text best support the answer to Part A?**

[RL.1]

- i A. "Prometheus did not care to live amid the clouds on the mountain top. He was too busy for that." (Paragraph 3)
- B.
- i B. "It is best for them to be poor and ignorant, that so we Mighty Ones may thrive and be happy." (Paragraph 8)
- C.
- i C. "Let them keep their fire. I will make them ten times more miserable than they were before they had it." (Paragraph 20)
- D.
- i D. "Then they called her Pandora, which means the all-gifted, because she had received gifts from them all." (Paragraph 24)
- D.

- i E. “Pandora was so beautiful and so wondrously gifted that no one could help loving her.” (Paragraph 25)
- E.
 - F ““She opened the lid a very little, just to peep inside.”” (Paragraph 32)

3. How does the way Prometheus describes Jupiter differ from the way the narrator [RL.6] describes Jupiter?

- A. Prometheus thinks Jupiter is disloyal while the narrator sees him as just
- B. Prometheus does not understand Jupiter while the narrator knows Jupiter is evil
- C. Prometheus reveres the king of the gods while the narrator treats Jupiter like any other character
- D. Prometheus sees Jupiter as an unjust tyrant while the narrator calls him a “Mighty One” without judgment

The Story of Prometheus and Pandora's Box by James Baldwin is in the public domain.

Name: _____

Class: _____

The Monkey's Paw

By W.W. Jacobs 1902

W.W. Jacobs (1863-1943) was an English writer of novels and short stories, most famous for his horror story, "The Monkey's Paw." In this text, Jacobs tells the story of an older couple, their adult son, and a visitor who brings them fantastic stories and a mysterious souvenir from his travels in India. As you read, take notes on each character's thoughts and feelings about the monkey's paw and how they differ from one another.

- [1] Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlour¹ of Laburnam 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 changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils² that it even provoked³ comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.



"Untitled" by Alexas_Fotos is licensed under CC0

"Hark at⁴ 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.

"I'm listening," said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. "Check." "I should hardly think that he'd come to-night," said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

- [5] "Mate,"⁵ replied the son.

"That's the worst of living so far out," bawled 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. Pathway's a bog,⁶ and the road's a torrent.⁷ I don't know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses on the road are let,⁸ they think it doesn't matter."

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

¹ 1.a living room

² 2.**Peril (noun):** danger or serious risk

³ 3.**Provoke (verb):** to stir up or bring about

⁴ 4.an expression meaning to listen to

⁵ . a reference to checkmate, which a chess player calls out when they have won the game by capturing their opponent's king

⁶ 6.an area of wet or flooded ground that someone could easily sink in to

⁷ 7.a huge or violent downpour of rain

⁸ 8.an English term meaning leased or rented

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 to loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

- [10] The old man rose with hospitable⁹ haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling¹⁰ with the new arrival. The new arrival also consoled 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 rubicund¹¹ of visage.¹²

“Sergeant-Major¹³ Morris,” he said, introducing him.

The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host got out whisky and tumblers¹⁴ and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass his eyes got 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 strange scenes and doughty¹⁵ deeds; of wars and 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 slip¹⁶ of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him.”

- [15] “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 round 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 fakirs¹⁷ and jugglers,” said the old man. “What was 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.”

- [20] “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.

⁹ 9. **Hospitable (adjective):** kind and generous to guests or strangers

¹⁰ 0. to express sympathy with someone who has experienced trouble or misfortune

¹¹ 1. red or reddish

¹² 2. face

¹³ 3. a high-ranking officer in the British Army

¹⁴ 4. a drinking glass

¹⁵ 5. courageous

¹⁶ 6. a young and slender person

¹⁷ 7. a monk of the Muslim or Hindu religion, often thought to have supernatural powers

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

“To look at,” said the sergeant-major, fumbling in his pocket, “it’s just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy.”¹⁸

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace,¹⁹ but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

[25] “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 fate²⁰ 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 manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter jarred somewhat.

“Well, why don’t you have three, sir?” said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous²¹ youth. “I have,” he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

[30] “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?” inquired 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 grave²² that a hush fell upon the group.

[35] “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,²³ I suppose,” he said slowly.

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

¹⁸ 8. the body or body part of a human or animal that has been dried and preserved after death

¹⁹ 9. **Grimace (noun)**: a facial expression that shows disapproval, disgust, or pain

²⁰ 0. **Fate (noun)**: destiny; the universal force that determines what happens in a person’s life

²¹ 1. bold or arrogant

²² 2. **Grave (adjective)**: serious or solemn

²³ 3. a silly preference or whim

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

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

[40] "Better let it burn," said the soldier solemnly.

"If you don't want it, Morris," said the old man, "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. Pitch²⁴ it on the fire again, like a sensible man."

The other shook his head and examined his new 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."

[45] "Sounds like the Arabian Nights,"²⁵ 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 talisman²⁶ 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.

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

Mr. White dropped it back into 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 fashion to a second instalment of the soldier's adventures in India.

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

[50] "Did you give him anything for it, father?"²⁷ inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

"A trifle,"²⁸ said he, colouring 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."²⁹

²⁴ 4.to throw or toss

²⁵ 5.a collection of Middle Eastern folk tales, many of which featured magical people and places

²⁶ 6.an object thought to have supernatural powers

²⁷ 7.an affectionate way that wives often referred to their husbands during that time

²⁸ 8.a small amount of money or an item of little value

²⁹ 9.bullied or intimidated by one's wife or girlfriend

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligned³⁰ Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar.³¹

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously.³² “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.”

[55] “If you only cleared³³ the house, you’d be quite happy, wouldn’t you?” said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. “Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that’ll just do it.”

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity,³⁴ 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.

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

A fine crash from the piano greeted the 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 hands like a snake.”

[60] “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 upon all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for 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 up on top of the wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains.”³⁵

[65] He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last face was so horrible and so simian³⁶ 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.

II.

³⁰ 0. **Maligned (adjective):** spoken about as if evil or harmful, often untruthfully

³¹ 1. a small fabric cover for upholstered furniture to prevent it from becoming dirty

³² 2. **Dubious (adjective):** doubtful, questioning, or skeptical

³³ 3. to settle a bill or pay off a loan

³⁴ 4. willingness to believe or trust too easily, especially without evidence

³⁵ 5. benefits obtained in an evil or dishonest way

³⁶ 6. characteristic of apes or monkeys

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table Herbert laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic³⁷ wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shrivelled little paw was pitched on the sideboard with a carelessness which betokened³⁸ no great belief in its virtues.

“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 Herbert.

“Morris said the things happened so naturally,” said his father, “that you might if you so wished attribute it to coincidence.”

[70] “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, avaricious³⁹ 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. 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 bibulous⁴⁰ 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.

[75] “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 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 beneath the cushion of her chair.

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

³⁷ 7. common or ordinary

³⁸ 8. to show or give a sign of

³⁹ 9. greedy for wealth

⁴⁰ 0. fond of or addicted to drinking

"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?"

- [80] Her husband interposed. "There, there, mother," he said hastily. "Sit down, and don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir" and he eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry — " began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother.

The visitor bowed in assent.⁴¹ "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 — "

- [85] She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance⁴² dawned upon her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other's averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon 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 blankly out at the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do⁴³ 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."

- [90] The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. "The firm wished me to convey 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; 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 disclaim⁴⁴ all responsibility," continued the other. "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."⁴⁵

⁴¹ 1. **Assent (noun):** agreement

⁴² 2. **Assurance (noun):** a promise or declaration

⁴³ 3. accustomed or inclined to do

⁴⁴ 4. **Disclaim (verb):** reject or deny

⁴⁵ 5. **Compensation (noun):** something given to make up for a loss, injury, or suffering

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.

[95] 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.

III.

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to a house steeped in shadow 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 expectation gave place to resignation — the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes miscalled, apathy.⁴⁶ Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.

It was about a week after that 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 weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

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

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

The sound 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?"

[105] "It's in the parlour, on the bracket," he replied, marvelling. "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."

⁴⁶ 6. **Apathy** (*noun*): lack of interest; absence of emotion or excitement

[110] “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 up 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.”

[115] “We had the first wish granted,” said the old woman, feverishly; “why not the second.”

“A coincidence,” stammered the old man.

“Go and get it and wish,” cried the old woman, 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 toward the door. “Do you think I fear the child I have nursed?”

[120] He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlour, 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 he could escape from the room seized upon 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.

[125] 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 burnt 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.⁴⁷ The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but both lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive,⁴⁸ and after lying for some time screwing up his courage,⁴⁹ the husband 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, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

[130] The matches fell from his hand. He stood motionless, his breath suspended 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 screamed. “It’s Herbert!”

[135] 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.”

[140] 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 bottom 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 he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade⁵⁰ 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. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it

⁴⁷ 7. **Expire (verb):** to come to an end; to die out

⁴⁸ 8. **Oppressive (adjective):** causing discomfort or distress

⁴⁹ 9. an expression meaning to force yourself to be brave

⁵⁰ 0. an outpouring of repeated sounds, often referring to the sound of repeated gunfire

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 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 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 Monkey's Paw" by W.W. Jacobs (1902) is in the public domain.

Name: _____

Class: _____

The Golden Touch

By Nathaniel Hawthorne 1851

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was an American novelist and short story writer, best known for his work The Scarlet Letter. In this story, Hawthorne retells the myth of King Midas, whose wish for a “golden touch” comes with grave consequences. As you read, take notes on how Hawthorne foreshadows the danger of Midas’ gift, and how this helps reveal the story’s theme.

[1] Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father’s footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath¹ her the immensest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, “Poh, poh, child! If these flowers were as

¹ 1. **Bequeath (verb):** to give or hand down a valuable possession



"King Midas with his daughter" by Walter Crane is in the public domain.

golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!" And yet, in his earlier days, before he was so entirely possessed of this insane desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest and beautifullest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. These roses were still growing in the garden, as large, as lovely, and as fragrant, as when Midas used to pass whole hours in gazing at them, and inhaling their perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth if each of the innumerable² rose-petals were a thin plate of gold. And though he once was fond of music (in spite of an idle story about his ears, which were said to resemble those of an ass),³ the only music for poor Midas, now, was the chink of one coin against another.

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser), Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely hear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, underground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself, whenever he wanted to be particularly happy. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden

² 2. **Innumerable (adjective):** too many to count

³ . a reference to another myth of King Midas: after questioning the Greek god Apollo's victory in a musical competition against the god of wilderness Pan, Midas was cursed by Apollo with the ears of a donkey

bar, or a peckmeasure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!" But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty inclination to make fun of him.

- [5] Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tiptop of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasureroom, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are, that in the old, old times, when King Midas was alive, a great many things came to pass, which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place nowadays, which seem not only wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out. On the whole, I regard our own times as the strangest of the two; but, however that may be, I must go on with my story.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days, when the earth was comparatively a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings endowed with supernatural power, and who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women, and children, half playfully and half seriously. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent,⁴ that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

- [10] "You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls, on earth, contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

⁴ 4. **Beneficent (adjective):** generous, charitable, helpful

“I have done pretty well,—pretty well,” answered Midas, in a discontented tone. “But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!”

“What!” exclaimed the stranger. “Then you are not satisfied?”

Midas shook his head.

“And pray what would satisfy you?” asked the stranger. “Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know.”

- [15] Midas paused and meditated. He felt a presentiment⁵ that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

“Well, Midas,” observed his visitor, “I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish.”

“It is only this,” replied Midas. “I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive,⁶ after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!”

The stranger’s smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun, gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

- [20] “The Golden Touch!” exclaimed he. “You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a conception. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?”

“How could it fail?” said Midas.

“And will you never regret the possession of it?”

“What could induce me?” asked Midas. “I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy.”

“Be it as you wish, then,” replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. “To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.”

⁵ 5. a feeling that something is about to happen; a premonition

⁶ 6. **Diminutive (adjective):** very small

- [25] The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's, to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same substance as before. Indeed, he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the lustrous stranger, or else that the latter had been making game of him. And what a miserable affair would it be, if, after all his hopes, Midas must content himself with what little gold he could scrape together by ordinary means, instead of creating it by a touch!

All this while, it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very disconsolate mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bed-posts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hand,—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with, nowadays; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured⁷ to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

- [30] But it was not worthwhile to vex⁸ himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings; else, how could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity,⁹ however, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas

⁷ 7. **Enraptured (adjective):** filled with delight

⁸ 8. **Vex (verb):** to bother or distress

⁹ . **Perplexity (noun):** confusion or bewilderment 10. A balustrade is an old term for a railing.

as rather inconvenient that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

“It is no great matter, nevertheless,” said he to himself, very philosophically. “We cannot expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles, at least, if not of one’s very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me.”

Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went down stairs, and smiled, on observing that the balustrade¹⁰ of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it, in his descent. He lifted the door latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet tranquility,¹⁰ did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most indefatigably,¹¹ until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king’s breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to investigate. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to set before a king; and, whether he had it or not, King Midas could not have had a better.

- [35] Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child’s coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passageway crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfullest little people whom you would see in a summer’s day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits, by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter’s bowl (which was a China one, with pretty figures all around it), and transmuted¹² it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and disconsolately¹³ opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

“How now, my little lady!” cried Midas. “Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?”

¹⁰ 1. **Tranquility (noun):** calm or peace

¹¹ 2. **Indefatigably (adverb):** without fatigue, untiringly

¹² 3. to apply the fabled alchemical process of changing base metals into gold

¹³ 4. **Disconsolately (adverb):** without cheer, in a downcast or dejected manner

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently transmuted.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed her father. “And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?”

- [40] “Ah, dear father!” answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; “it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, oh dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?”

“Poh, my dear little girl,—pray don’t cry about it!” said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. “Sit down and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one which would wither in a day.”

“I don’t care for such roses as this!” cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously¹⁴ away. “It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!”

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful transmutation of her China bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures, and strange trees and houses, that were painted on the circumference of the bowl; and these ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee, and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself, that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffee-pots.

- [45] Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

“Ha!” exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

“What is the matter, father?” asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

“Nothing, child, nothing!” said Midas. “Eat your milk, before it gets quite cold.”

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately transmuted from an admirably fried brook-trout into a goldfish, though not one of those gold-fishes which people often keep in glass globes, as ornaments for the parlor. No; but it was really a metallic fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest gold-smith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece of work, as you

¹⁴ 5. **Contemptuously** (*adverb*): expressing hatred or disapproval

may suppose; only King Midas, just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this elaborate and valuable imitation of one.

[50] "I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification,¹⁶ though, a moment before, it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he now did, when its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying; but King Midas was the only goose¹⁷ that had had anything to do with the matter.

"Well, this is a quandary!"¹⁵¹⁶¹⁷ thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great dispatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

[55] "Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully,¹⁸ "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

These reflections so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry¹⁹ a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals!²⁰ It would have been the

¹⁵ 6. **Mortification (noun):** embarrassment, humiliation, or shame

¹⁶ 7. The term "goose," besides referring to the animal, also means idiot.

¹⁷ 8. **Quandary (noun):** a state of confusion or doubt

¹⁸ 9. **Dolefully (adverb):** expressing grief or sadness

¹⁹ 0. **Paltry (adjective):** unimportant, trivial, or inferior

²⁰ 1. food

same as paying millions and millions of money (and as many millions more as would take forever to reckon up) for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

“It would be quite too dear,” thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat, a moment, gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter’s love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

[60] “My precious, precious Marygold!” cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold’s forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father’s encircling arms. Oh, terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable²¹ desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father’s agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter. It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt²² the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fullness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child’s face.

[65] While he was in this tumult²³ of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him, the day before, in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him this disastrous faculty²⁴ of the Golden Touch. The stranger’s

²¹ 2. **Insatiable (adjective):** impossible to satisfy

²² 3. archaic term for “between”

²³ 4. a state of agitation; a spasm of strong emotions

²⁴ 5. **Faculty (noun):** ability, power

countenance²⁵ still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow lustre all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

[70] "Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most,—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

[75] "The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving as she was an hour ago?"

"Oh my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

[80] "Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its

²⁵ 6. **Countenance** (*noun*): a person's face or facial expression

former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice²⁶ has occasioned²⁷."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and hastening to the river-side. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvelous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt, his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and transmuting itself into insensible metal, but had now softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

[85] King Midas hastened back to the palace; and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek and how she began to sneeze and sputter!—and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had

²⁶ 7. **Avarice (noun):** greed

²⁷ 8. "Occasion," as a verb, means "to cause."

been transmuted by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

[90] When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," quoth King Midas, diligently²⁸ trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

1. **Can money buy happiness? Cite evidence from this text and your own experience in your answer.**

²⁸ 9. **Diligently** (*adverb*): attentive and persistent in doing something

2.

Name: _____

Class: _____

After Twenty Years

By O. Henry 1905

William Sydney Porter (1862-1910) was an American writer better known by his pen name, O. Henry. "After Twenty Years," published in 1908, is one of his better known short stories that shows how complicated friendship can be. As you read, take notes on the imagery used in the story.

- [1] The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators¹ were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm ["Night Walk"](#) by Matthias Ripp is licensed under CC BY 2.0 just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment

made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands — 'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

- [5] "Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.



¹ **Spectator (noun):** someone who looks on or watches (a performance or other public event)

"Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition,² and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, staunchest³ old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

[10] The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder,³ though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

[15] "I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally⁴ and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

² .**Proposition (noun)**: something (such as a plan or offer) that is presented to a person or group of people to consider ³.

Perhaps a form of "staunch," meaning of strong construction or conviction.

³ 4.a person who works in a slow, uninspired manner; a person who plods

⁴ 5.**Dismal (adjective)**: showing or causing sadness; very bad or poor

[20] "Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! — twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant's gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."

[25] "Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously⁵ to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

[30] "You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one," said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells." The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job. JIMMY."

"After Twenty Years" by O. Henry (1905) is in the public domain.

⁵ 6. **Simultaneously** (*adverb*): happening at the same time

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: What does the word “stalwart” most closely mean as it is used in paragraph 2? A. Loyal and dedicated
B. Rude and arrogant C. Threatening and scary
D. Awkward and rigid

 2. PART B: Which of the following phrases from paragraph 2 best supports the answer to Part A?
A. “Trying doors as he went, twirling his club”
B. “with many intricate and artful movements”
C. “cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare” D. “a fine picture of a guardian of the peace”

 3. PART A: Which of the following best describes a central theme of the text? A. Those who fight for justice will always be rewarded.
B. Loyalty is absolute and must allow no room for disagreement.
C. The decision between loyalty and doing what is right is a hard one to make.
D. Money can help one make new friends, but not old.

 4. PART B: Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?
A. “The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few.” (Paragraph 1)
B. “But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he’s alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He’ll never forget.” (Paragraph 9)
C. “The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career.” (Paragraph 27)
D. “When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn’t do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.” (Paragraph 33)
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Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. Is this a strong friendship? How do you know?
2. How can morality (doing the right thing) complicate friendship?
3. Would you have done with Jimmy did to Bob? Why or why not?
4. In the context of this story, what is a friend? Use evidence from this text, your own experience, and other art, literature, or history in your answer.