

English 9 Part 2

The Masque of Red Death by Edgar Allen Poe

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal --the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven --an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue --and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange -- the fifth with white --the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet --a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire that protected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud

and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the decora of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be sure that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the moveable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great fete; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm --much of what has been since seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these --the dreams --writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away --they have endured but an instant --and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches their ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise --then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety

existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood --and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its role, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him --"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him --that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly --for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple --through the purple to the green --through the green to the orange --through this again to the white --and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry --and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave-cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

1. **Part A** In paragraph 1 of "The Masque of the Red Death," what is the meaning of the word *pestilence*?

- Country
 - Disease
 - Vermin
 - Mutiny
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1. **Part B** What word or words helped you determine the meaning of the word *pestilence* as used in paragraph 1 of the passage?

- "had long devastated the country"
 - "were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men"
 - "Blood was its Avatar and its seal"
 - "And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease"
-

2. **Part A** Based on the details in the 2nd paragraph, what can you infer about Prince Prospero?

- He thinks he can escape the plague.
 - He is not worried about the Red Death.
 - He is self-important; he only cares about his own well-being.
 - He is cheery and good-humored.
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2. **Part B** Identify two quotations that provide support for the answer to question 2A.

- "But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious."
 - "This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric, yet august taste."
 - "With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion."
 - "The external world would take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think."
 - "The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure."
 - "All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."
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3. **Part A** In "The Masque of the Red Death," what is the meaning of the word *hue* as used in paragraph 4?

- Manner
 - Window
 - Location
 - Shade
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3. **Part B** What word or words helped you determine the meaning of the word *hue* as used in paragraph 4 of the passage?

- "That at the eastern extremity"
 - "in its ornaments and tapestries"
 - "--and vividly blue were its windows"
 - "a tall and narrow Gothic window"
-

4. **Part A** What do the details about the rooms suggest about the prince's tastes and values?

- He enjoys vivid colors and artistic decor, and because he is rich, he likes to display his impeccable taste.
 - The prince is snooty and arrogant. The absurd details in each of the rooms create an atmosphere of superiority.
 - He has a love of the bizarre, and is willing to spare no expense to create an atmosphere of beauty and comfort.*
 - The prince enjoys simplicity and minimalism, which is evident in the meager decorations seen in each room.
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4. **Part B** Identify one quotation that provides support for the answer to question 4 Part A.

- Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum amid the profusion of golden ornaments."
 - "The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects."
 - "There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of what with might have excited disgust."
 - "...the vast assembly, as if on impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls."
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5. **Part A** Identify a theme in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death."

- Money can't buy happiness.
 - We cannot escape conflict no matter how hard we try.
 - Be careful who you trust.
 - We tend to overreact in frightening situations.
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5. **Part B** Identify one quotation that provides support for the answer to question 5 Part A.

- "And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night."
 - "...the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual significance."
 - "...become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before."
 - "Seize him and unmask him – that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"
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6. **Part A** In "The Masque of the Red Death," what is the meaning of the word *half-subdued* as used in paragraph 7 of the passage?

- Loud
 - Quick
 - Quiet
 - Calm
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6. **Part B** Which word or phrase helped you determine the meaning of the word *half-subdued* as used in paragraph 7 of the passage?

- "But the echoes of the chime die away"
 - "laughter floats after them as they depart"
 - "And now again the music swells"
 - "writhe to and fro more merrily than ever"
-

7. **Part A** How does the author's word choice affect the tone of the text?

- Words are chosen to represent sickness
 - Words are chosen to represent anger and hostility
 - Words are chosen to represent heaviness and darkness
 - Words are chosen to represent friendship
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7. **Part B** Which evidence from the text will best support your answer to question 7 Part A?

- "The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue."
 - " But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious"
 - " He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great fete"
 - " They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly, for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.
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8. **Part A** How does Edgar Allen Poe's description of the seven rooms in the castle contribute to the meaning of the text?

- So the reader has a mental picture of the castle. The Prince enjoyed colors and wanted to have rooms in his home to suit his moods.
 - The rooms are an allegory of human life. Each room corresponds to a different "stage" of human life, which its color suggests. The blue room represents new birth and the black room represents death.
 - Imagery of the dreams the Prince was having each evening.
 - A metaphor for the stages of death and dying: denial, anger, bargaining, depressions, acceptance, grief, death.
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8. **Part B** Which two quotations provide support for the answer to question 8 Part A?

- To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these--the dreams--writhe in and about taking hue from the rooms."
- "He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great fête; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders."
- "he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple--through the purple to the green--through the green to the orange--through this again to the white--and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him."
- "It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all."
- "It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words."
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9. **Part A** What is foreshadowed when Prospero's "brow reddened with rage" at the sight of the uninvited guest?

- How destructive Prospero's anger is
- The red light from the window
- His death from the Red Death
- The poor-manners of party crashers
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9. **Part B** What other evidence of foreshadowing can be found to support your answer in question 9 Part A?

- "His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not."
- "His shroud was dabbled with blood. His broad forehead and all the features of his face were sprinkled with the scarlet horror."
- "There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made."
- "The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think."
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"One thousand dollars," repeated Lawyer Tolman, solemnly and severely, "and here is the money." Young Gillian gave a decidedly amused laugh as he fingered the thin package of new fifty-dollar notes.

"It's such a confoundedly awkward amount," he explained, genially, to the lawyer. "If it had been ten thousand a fellow might wind up with a lot of fireworks and do himself credit. Even fifty dollars would have been less trouble."

"You heard the reading of your uncle's will," continued Lawyer Tolman, professionally dry in his tones. "I do not know if you paid much attention to its details. I must remind you of one. You are required to render to us an account of the manner of expenditure of this \$1,000 as soon as you have disposed of it. The will stipulates that. I trust that you will so far comply with the late Mr. Gillian's wishes."

"You may depend upon it," said the young man politely, "in spite of the extra expense it will entail. I may have to engage a secretary. I was never good at accounts."

Gillian went to his club. There he hunted out one whom he called Old Bryson.

Old Bryson was calm and forty and sequestered. He was in a corner reading a book, and when he saw Gillian approaching he sighed, laid down his book and took off his glasses.

"Old Bryson, wake up," said Gillian. "I've a funny story to tell you."

"I wish you would tell it to someone in the billiard room," said Old Bryson. "You know how I hate your stories."

"This is a better one than usual," said Gillian, rolling a cigarette; "and I'm glad to tell it to you. It's too sad and funny to go with the rattling of billiard bars. I've just come from my late uncle's firm of legal corsairs. He leaves me an even thousand dollars. Now, what can a man possibly do with a thousand dollars?"

"I thought," said Old Bryson, showing as much interest as a bee shows in a vinegar cruet, "that the late Septimus Gillian was worth something like half a million."

"He was," assented Gillian, joyously, "and that's where the joke comes in. He's left his whole cargo of doubloons to a microbe. That is, part of it goes to the man who invents a new bacillus and the rest to establish a hospital for doing away with it again.

There are one or two trifling bequests on the side. - the butler and the housekeeper get a seal ring and \$10 each. His nephew gets \$1,000."

"You've always had plenty of money to spend," observed Old Bryson.

"Tons," said Gillian. "Uncle was the fairygod-mother as far as an allowance was concerned."

"Any other heirs?" asked Old Bryson.

"None." Gillian frowned at his cigarette and kicked the upholstered leather of a divan uneasily. There is a Miss Hayden, a ward of my uncle, who lived in his house. She's a quiet thing - musical - the daughter of somebody who was unlucky enough to be his friend. I forgot to say that she was in on the seal ring and \$10 joke, too. I wish I had been. Then I could have had two bottles of brut, tipped the waiter with the ring and had the whole business off my hands. Don't be superior and insulting, Old Bryson - tell me what a fellow can do with a thousand dollars." Old Bryson rubbed his glasses and smiled. And when Old Bryson smiled, Gillian knew that he intended to be more offensive than ever.

"A thousand dollars," he said, "means much or little. One man may buy a happy home with it and laugh at Rockefeller. Another could send his wife South with it and save her life. A thousand dollars would buy pure milk for one hundred babies during June, July, and August and save fifty of their lives. You could count upon a half hour's diversion with it at faro in one of the fortified art galleries. It would furnish an education to an ambitious boy. I am

told that a genuine Corot was secured for that amount in an auction room yesterday. You could move to a New Hampshire town and live respectably two years on it. You could rent Madison Square Garden for one evening with it, and lecture your audience, if you should have one, on the precariousness of the profession of heir presumptive."

"People might like you, Old Bryson," said Gillian, always unruffled, "if you wouldn't moralize. I asked you to tell me what I could do with a thousand dollars."

"You?" said Bryson, with a gentle laugh. "Why, Bobby Gillian, there's only one logical thing you could do. You can go buy Miss Lotta Lauriere a diamond pendant with the money, and then take yourself off to Idaho and inflict, your presence upon a ranch. I advise a sheep ranch, as I have a particular dislike for sheep."

"Thanks," said Gillian, rising, "I thought I could depend upon you, Old Bryson. You've hit on the very scheme. I wanted to chuck the money in a lump, for I've got to turn in an account for it, and I hate itemizing."

Gillian phoned for a cab and said to the driver: "The stage entrance of the Columbine Theatre."- Miss Lotta Lauriere was assisting nature with a powder puff, almost ready for her call at a crowded Matinee, when her dresser mentioned the name of Mr. Gillian.

"Let it in," said Miss Lauriere. " Now, what is it, Bobby? I'm going on in two minutes."

"Rabbit-foot your right ear a little," suggested Gillian, critically. " That's better. It won't take two minutes for me. What do you say to a little thing in the pendant line? I can stand three ciphers with a figure one in front of 'em."

"Oh, just as you say," carolled Miss Lauriere. my right glove, Adams. Say, Bobby, did you see that necklace Della Stacey had on the other night? Twenty-two hundred dollars it cost at Tiffany's. But, of course -pull my sash a little to the left, Adams."

"Miss Lauriere for the opening chorus!" cried the call boy without.

Gillian strolled out to where his cab was waiting. "What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it?" he asked the driver.

"Open a s'loon," said the cabby, promptly and huskily. " I know a place I could take money in with both hands. It's a four-story brick on a corner. I've got it figured out. Second story - Chinks and chop suey; third floor -manicures and foreign missions; fourth floor -poolroom. If you was think of putting up the capital.

"Oh, no," said Gillian, I merely asked from curiosity. I take you by the hour. Drive 'til I tell you to stop." Eight blocks down Broadway Gillian poked up the trap with his cane and got out. A blind man sat upon a stool on the sidewalk selling pencils. Gillian went out and stood before him.

"Excuse me," he said, " but would you mind telling me what you would do if you bad a thousand dollars?"

"You got out of that cab that just drove up, didn't you? " asked the blind man.

"I did," said Gillian."guess you are all right," said the pencil dealer, "to ride in a cab by daylight. Take a look at that, if you like."

He drew a small book from his coat pocket and held it out. Gillian opened it and saw that it was a bank deposit book. It showed a balance of \$1,785 to the blind man's credit.

Gillian returned the book and got into the cab.

"I forgot something," he said. "You may drive to the law offices of Tolman & Sharp, at Broadway."

Lawyer Tolman looked at him hostilely and inquiringly through his gold-rimmed glasses.

" I beg your pardon," said Gillian, cheerfully, "but may I ask you a question? It is not an impertinent one, I hope. Was Miss Hayden left anything by my uncle's will besides the ring and the \$10?"

" Nothing," said Mr. Tolman.

"I thank you very much, sir," said Gillian, and on he went to his cab. He gave the driver the address of his late uncle's home.

Miss Hayden was writing letters in the library. She was small and slender and clothed in black. But you would have noticed her eyes. Gillian drifted in with his air of regarding the world as inconsequent.

"I've just come from old Tolman's," he explained. They've been going over the papers down there. They found a - Gillian searched his memory for a legal term - they found an amendment or a postscript or something to the will. It seemed that the old boy loosened up a little on second thoughts and willed you a thousand dollars. I was driving up this way and Tolman asked me to bring you the money. Here it is. You'd better count it to see if it's right."

Gillian laid the money beside her hand on the desk. Miss Hayden turned white. "Oh!" she said, and again "Oh!" Gillian half turned and looked out the window. "I suppose, of course," he said, in a low voice, that you know I love you."

"I am sorry," said Miss Hayden, taking up her money.

"There is no use?" asked Gillian, almost lightheartedly.

"I am sorry," she said again.

"May I write a note?" asked Gillian, with a smile, I-re seated himself at the big library table. She supplied him with paper and pen, and then went back to her secretaire.

Gillian made out his account of his expenditure of the thousand dollars these words:

Paid by the black sheep, Robert Gillian, \$1,000 on account of the eternal happiness, owed by Heaven to the best and dearest woman on earth." Gillian slipped his writing into an envelope, bowed and went his way.

His cab stopped again at the offices of Tolman & Sharp.

"I have expended the thousand dollars," he said cheerily, to Tolman of the gold glasses, "and I have come to render account of it, as I agreed. There is quite a feeling of summer in the air - do you not think so, Mr. Tolman?" He tossed a white envelope on the lawyer's table. You will find there a memorandum, sir, of the modus operandi of the vanishing of the dollars."

Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to a door and called his partner, Sharp. Together they explored the caverns of an immense safe. Forth they dragged, as trophy of their search a big envelope sealed with wax. This they forcibly invaded, and wagged their venerable heads together over its contents. Then Tolman became spokesman.

"Mr. Gillian," he said, formally, "there was a codicil to your uncle's will. It was intrusted to us privately, with instructions that it be not opened until you had furnished us with a full account of your handling of the \$1,000 bequest in the will. As you have fulfilled the conditions, my partner and I have read the codicil. I do not wish to encumber your understanding with its legal phraseology, but I will acquaint you with the spirit of its contents.

In the event that your disposition of the \$1,000 demonstrates that you possess any of the qualifications that deserve reward, much benefit will accrue to you. Mr. Sharp and I are named as the judges, and I assure you that we will do our duty strictly according to justice-with liberality. We are not at all unfavorably disposed toward you, Mr. Gillian. But let us return to the letter of the codicil. If your disposal of the money in question has been prudent, wise, or unselfish, it is in our power to hand you over bonds to the value of \$50,000, which have been placed in our hands for that purpose. But if - as our client, the late Mr. Gillian, explicitly provides - you have used this money as you have money in the past, I quote the late Mr. Gillian - in reprehensible dissipation among disreputable associates - the \$50,000 is to be paid to Miriam Hayden, ward of the late Mr. Gillian, without delay. Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I will examine your account in regard to the \$1,000. You submit it in writing, I believe. I hope you will repose confidence in our decision."

Mr. Tolman reached for the envelope. Gillian was a little the quicker in taking it up. He tore the account and its cover leisurely into strips and dropped them into his pocket.

"It's all right," he said, smilingly. "There isn't a bit of need to bother you with this. I don't suppose you'd understand these itemized bets, anyway. I lost the thousand dollars on the races. Good-day to you, gentlemen."

Tolman & Sharp shook their heads mournfully at each other when Gillian left, for they heard him whistling gayly in the hallway as he waited for the elevator.

10. **Part A** According to the passage, what does the term stipulates mean?

- Records
- Specifics
- Exempts
- Removes

10. **Part B** Which phrase from the passage gives context clues to determine the meaning?

- "I do not know if you paid much attention"
- "Have you read your uncle's will"
- "Trust you will comply"
- "You are required to render us an account"

11. **Part A** Which inference can be made about why Gullian tore the account into strips at the end of the play?

- A. He had feelings for Ms. Hayden
 - B. He no longer felt the money was important
 - C. He wanted to keep the money for himself
 - D. He was angry at his grandfather
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11. **Part B** Which quote from the text best helped you determine the answer to question 11 part A?

- "In the event that your disposition of the \$1000 demonstrates that you possess any of the qualifications that deserve reward, much benefit will accrue to you."
 - "I thought I could depend upon you old Benson. You've hit on the very scheme. I wanted to chuck the money in a lump for I've got to turn in an account for it, and I hate itemizing."
 - "I suppose of course," he said in a low voice, "that you know I love you"
 - "But if- as your client, the late Mr. Gullian, explicitly provides- you have used this money in the past- I quote the late Mrs. Gullian-in reprehensible dissipation among disreputable associations- the 50 thousand is to be paid to Miriam Hayden, ward of the late Mr. Gullian, without delay."
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12. **Part A** What is the theme/central idea of this story?

- The ends justify the means
 - Self-sacrifice
 - Money buys happiness
 - Love conquers all
-

12. **Part B** Which quote best supports the theme?

- "He tore the account and its cover leisurely into strips and dropped them into his pocket..." I lost the thousand dollars on the races."
 - "Paid by the black sheep, Robert Gullian, \$1000 on account of eternal happiness, owed by Heaven to the best dearest woman on earth."
 - "I have expended the thousand dollars, he said cheerily", "to Tolman of the gold glasses and I have come to render account of it, as I agreed."
 - "If your disposal of the money in question has been prudent, wise, or unselfish, it is in our power to hand you over bonds to the value of 50 thousand which have been placed in our hands for that purpose."
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