

❧ “The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin ❧



Student Charts: Extension A

A1. Class Extension Activity

In class, list Mrs. Mallard's characteristics, or traits, in the space below:

Physical Traits <i>(how she looks)</i>	Personality Traits <i>(how she acts)</i>

A2. Home Extension Activity

Watch or read one of the following movies or stories, and list the main characters' traits in the space below:

Movies:

- *Mirror, Mirror*
- *Tangled*
- *Mulan*
- *Brave*

Stories:

- "Don't Kiss the Frog! Princess Stories with Attitude," chosen by Fiona Waters
- "Woman Hollering Creek," by Sandra Cisneros
- "Serafina's Stories," by Rudolfo Anaya

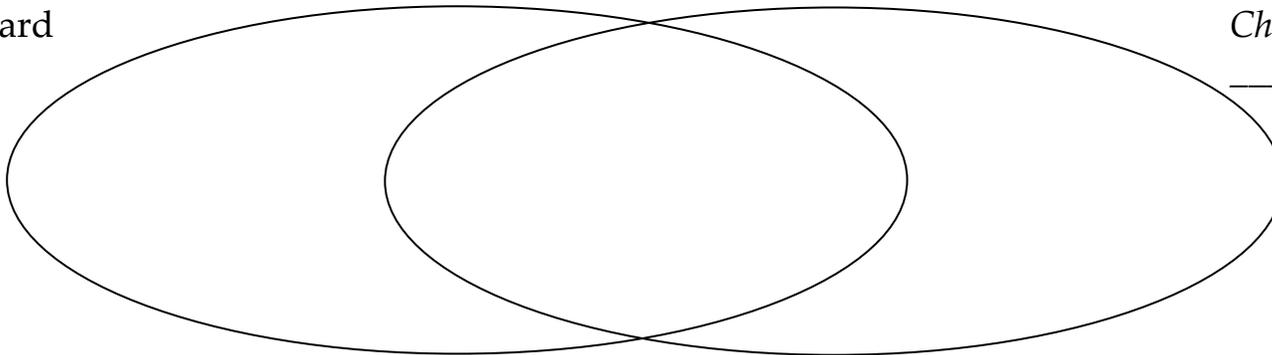
Physical Traits (*how she looks*)

Personality Traits (*how she acts*)

As you watch or read, think about how the main character is similar to or different from Mrs. Mallard. Use the Venn Diagram below to record the ways in which they are the same or different.

Mrs. Mallard

Character Name: _____



A3. Extra Credit

In the space below, use your Venn diagram to write a paragraph that summarizes your findings.

The movie I watched or the story I read was _____.

The main character was _____.

She is the same as Mrs. Mallard in many ways. For example, *(list the similarities from the center of the Venn diagram)*

_____.

In other ways, she is different. For example, *(list the differences from the edges of the Venn diagram)*,

_____.

Overall, I think she is _____ Mrs. Mallard.

(different from, the same as)

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Student Charts: Extension B

B. Learning New Words from Context

Listen as your teacher explains what context clues are. Find and circle the context clues for the underlined words sentences 1-3. Then define the underlined word in the last two sentences. Use a dictionary if you like.

1. The doctor reveals the bad news to the patient. She tells the patient he is very sick.
reveal – tell or let someone know something
2. The police gather intelligence about the car accident. They ask many people for information.
intelligence – information or news
3. I check over my homework carefully to assure myself that there are no mistakes. I want to be certain that I have done it right.
assure – be certain about something
4. The students are not sure of the significance of the chart. They ask their teacher about the meaning of the chart.
significance – the _____ of something
5. She dances with abandonment. She lets her emotions take over her body.
abandonment – letting your _____ take over completely
6. After the hard tennis match, Greg had great physical tiredness. His body was very tired.
physical – has to do with your _____.

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Student Charts: Extension C

C. Summary and Tableau

In your group, read **only** the section of text that has been assigned to you. Summarize it together, then fill out the “Somebody, Wanted, But, So, Then” chart. Next, create a scene that demonstrates your summary. Take a picture of your scene.

GROUP 1	<p> Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.</p> <p>It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.</p> <p>She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.</p>
GROUP 2	<p> There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.</p> <p>She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.</p>

	<p>There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.</p> <p>She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.</p>
<p>GROUP 3</p>	<p> She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.</p> <p>There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.</p> <p>Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under hte breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.</p>
<p>GROUP 4</p>	<p> She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.</p> <p>There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.</p>

	<p>And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being! "Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.</p>
<p>GROUP 5</p>	<p> Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door." "Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.</p> <p>Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.</p> <p>She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.</p> <p>Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.</p> <p>When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of the joy that kills.</p>

Summary for Your Section Fill out the "Somebody, Wanted, But, So, Then" chart for your group's section.	
Protagonist "Somebody"	Who is the main character? The main character is _____.
Motivation "Wanted"	What does the main character want? The main character wants _____.
Conflict "But..."	What is the problem? But the problem is _____.
Rising Action "So"	What does the main character do? So _____.
Conclusion "Then"	What happens in the end? Then in the end _____.

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Student Charts: Extension D

D. Ironic by Alanis Morissette		
Follow along as your teacher explains each phrase. Then fill in whether you think it is ironic, and why.		
Lyrics	Is this Ironic?	Why?
An old man turned ninety-eight He won the lottery and died the next day		
It's a black fly in your Chardonnay		
It's a death row pardon two minutes too late		
It's like rain on your wedding day		
It's a free ride when you've already paid		
It's the good advice that you just didn't take		

Mr. Play It Safe was afraid to fly He packed his suitcase and kissed his kids goodbye He waited his whole life to take that flight And as the plane crashed down he thought "Well isn't this nice..."		
A traffic jam when you're already late		
A no-smoking sign on your cigarette break		
It's like ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife		
It's meeting the man of my dreams And then meeting his beautiful wife		