

Chapter 1 : The Monkey's Paw By W.W. Jacobs - ProProfs Quiz

"The Monkey's Paw" is a tragedy, the story of Mr. White's fall from a basically happy life to one full of fear, doubt, guilt, and loneliness when his son dies and his wife breaks down. We might see "The Monkey's Paw" as the story of a foolish man who makes foolish wishes and pays the price.

This widely read story is a favorite in classrooms around the world. The story was first published in and then featured in *The Lady of the Barge*, published in *Enjoy our collection of Halloween Stories*. Father and son were at chess; the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical chances, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it. White with sudden and unlooked-for violence; "Of all the beastly, slushy, out of the way places to live in, this is the worst. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The old man rose with hospitable haste and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, "Tut, tut! The Sergeant-Major took hands and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly as his host got out whiskey and tumblers 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 wild scenes and doughty deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples. White, nodding at his wife and son. Now look at him. He put down the empty glass and sighing softly, shook it again. His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him again. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it. The soldier regarded him the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. It has caused me enough mischief already. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off. Pitch it on the fire like a sensible man. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. White, regarding her husband closely. And he pressed me again to throw it away. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. A fine crash from the piano greeted his words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him. He shook his head. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled on all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the rest of the night. The last was so horrible and so simian 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. Part II In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the side-board with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues. How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father? 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 connexion 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. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent. The visitor bowed in assent. Thank - " She broke off as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned on her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the others averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling hand on his. There was a long silence. White, in a dazed

fashion,"yes. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much? Part III In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to the house steeped in shadows and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen - something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear. But the days passed, and expectations gave way to resignation - the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes mis-called apathy. 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 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. The sounds of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again. The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now? 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 up on him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her. He raised his hand. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind. He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him. Neither spoke, but sat silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle. At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock came so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door. The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. 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. It passed me on the stairs. A loud knock resounded through the house. What are you holding me for? I must open the door. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. 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 the courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

Chapter 2 : Foreshadowing in "The Monkey's Paw" By: W.W. Jacobs by Gia Schweitzer on Prezi

The Monkey's Paw by W. W. Jacobs. The Monkey's Paw is a classic "three wishes" story that doubles as a horror story and a cautionary tale; reminding us that unintended consequences often accompany the best intentions.

This story had three main parts. These parts were the first wish, the second wish, and the third wish. The first wish was the only tragic wish that was granted. White, his son Herbert, and an old man were sitting around playing chess. There was a knock at the door and Mr. White answered it to let the man in. His name was Sergeant-Major Morris. He sat down in the seat nearest the fire, and after several glasses of whiskey he began to talk. He talked about some of his war experiences, and then of India. The story continues and then Mr. White and the sergeant-major trade. White wishes for pounds. A man comes and visits the Whites telling them that their son Herbert had been killed, and then he gibes them pounds. The consequence of Mr. Whites first wish is the main reason he uses a second and third wish. White did not want to use a second wish but his wife insisted that they wish their son back to life. White wishes his son back to life, but nothing happens so they go to sleep. They are sleeping when they hear a knocking sound at their front door. White goes downstairs to answer the door even though Mr. White told her not to answer the door. White approached the door while Mr. At the very moment Mr. White unlocked the door Mr. Just as he made his wish the knocking stopped, and his wife opened the door. What was the last wish? The author never really says, but one can assume that he wished he had never made his second wish. The end of the story is open and leaves you to come up with an end of your own. In conclusion, the story line was well written and cleverly thought out. With the three wishes as the main parts of the story; the author was able to lead you one way and then suddenly change direction.

Chapter 3 : What was Mr. White's response to having three wishes in "The Monkey's Paw"? | eNotes

After Mr. and Mrs. White go to bed, Herbert sits by the fire and sees a vividly realistic monkey face in the flames. He puts out the fire, takes the monkey's paw, and goes to bed. Part II begins on the next morning, a sunny winter day.

Table of Contents Plot Overview Part I opens on a dark and stormy night as the three members of the White family relax inside their cozy house. Herbert White and his father are playing a game of chess while Mrs. White knits near the fire. After his son wins, Mr. White complains about the terrible weather and nearly deserted road they live near. A family friend, Sergeant-Major Morris, arrives for a visit. Over whisky, he tells stories of his exploits abroad. White expresses interest in going to India, but the sergeant-major says he would be better off staying at home. According to the sergeant-major, three men can wish on the paw three times each. The sergeant-major himself has already had his three wishes, as has another man, who used his third wish to ask for death. Moreover, no one will buy the paw without first seeing proof of its effect. The sergeant-major throws the paw into the fire, and Mr. White quickly rescues it. The sergeant-major warns him three times to leave the paw alone, but he eventually explains how to make a wish on the paw. White says the story reminds her of the Arabian Nights and jokingly suggests that her husband wish her a pair of extra hands to help her with all her work. White to use common sense if he insists on wishing. After supper and more tales of India, the sergeant-major leaves. In mock anger, Mrs. White playfully chases her son. Herbert says that two hundred pounds would enable them to pay off the money owed for the house. White wishes aloud for two hundred pounds as Herbert accompanies him with melodramatic chords played on the piano. White suddenly cries out and says that the paw moved like a snake in his hand. White go to bed, Herbert sits by the fire and sees a vividly realistic monkey face in the flames. Part II begins on the next morning, a sunny winter day. White answers that people often mistake coincidence for granted wishes. Herbert then leaves for work. Later that day, Mrs. White notices a stranger outside dressed in nice clothes. The stranger hesitantly approaches their gate three times before opening it and coming up to the door. White ushers him in. White asks whether Herbert is all right, and the representative says he is hurt, but in no pain. For a moment, Mrs. White says that Herbert was the only child they had left. He then explains that the company will not take any responsibility for the death but will give the Whites two hundred pounds. White shrieks, and Mr. Several days pass, and the couple feels exhausted and hopeless. A week after the burial, Mr. White wakes up and hears his wife crying by the window. He gently urges her to come back to bed, but she refuses. He dozes off again until Mrs. In hysterics, she tells him to go downstairs and wish Herbert back to life. White retrieves the paw from its place downstairs. White orders him to make the wish two more times until he finally complies. He makes the wish, and as they wait, the candle goes out. They hear the clock, the creak of a stair, and the sound of a mouse. His match goes out, and before he can strike another, he hears a knock at the door. Another knock sounds, and Mr. White begs her not to open the door, but she breaks free and runs downstairs. As she struggles to reach the bolt, the knocking becomes more insistent. White searches frantically for the paw, which had dropped to the floor. White pulls back the bolt, Mr. White finds the paw and makes a final wish. The knocking stops, and Mrs. White dashes downstairs and sees that beyond the door, the street is empty.

Chapter 4 : W. W. Jacobs's™ The Monkey's Paw: Summary & Analysis SchoolWorkHelper

Opening Scenes "The Monkey's Paw" is set in the White family home in England. It begins on a dark and stormy night, a perfect setting for a scary story. The Whites - Mr. and Mrs. White and their adult son Herbert - are inside enjoying a cozy evening around the fire.

This audio program is copyrighted by Redwood Audiobooks. Permission is granted to download for personal use only; not for distribution or commercial use. Part I Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlour of Laburnum villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess; the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical chances, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it. White with sudden and unlooked-for violence; "Of all the beastly, slushy, out of the way places to live in, this is the worst. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. White said, "Tut, tut! The Sargeant-Major took hands and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly as his host got out whiskey and tumblers 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 wild scenes and doughty deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples. White, nodding at his wife and son. Now look at him. He put down the empty glass and sighing softly, shook it again. His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him again. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it. The soldier regarded him the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. It has caused me enough mischief already. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off. Pitch it on the fire like a sensible man. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. White, regarding her husband closely. And he pressed me again to throw it away. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. A fine crash from the piano greeted his words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him. He shook his head. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, an the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled on all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the rest of the night. The last was so horrible and so simian 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. Part II In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the side-board with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues. How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father? 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 connexion 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. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent. The visitor bowed in assent. Thank - " She broke off as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned on her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the others averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling hand on his. There was a long silence. White, in a dazed fashion,"yes. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

Part III In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to the house steeped in shadows and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen - something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear. But the days passed, and expectations gave way to resignation - the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes mis-called apathy. 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 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. The sounds of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again. The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now? 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 up on him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her. He raised his hand. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind. He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him. Neither spoke, but sat silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle. At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock came so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door. The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. 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. It passed me on the stairs. A loud knock resounded through the house. What are you holding me for? I must open the door. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. 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 the courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

Chapter 5 : SparkNotes: The Monkey's Paw: Plot Overview

The Monkey's Paw by W. W. Jacobs Mr. White finds the paw and makes the wish; all of a sudden, there is a quiet, persistent knocking at the door. Falling Action.

Get Full Essay Get access to this section to get all help you need with your essay and educational issues. White is a simple man living with his wife, Mrs. White, and his grown son, Herbert. Even with the warning, Mr. White makes his first wish. When the next day comes around and the two hundred pounds Mr. White are not surprised. White tells them that people often mistake coincidence for granted wishes. They then go about their day as usual, with Herbert leaving for work and Mr. Hours later, a stranger comes knocking at their door to tell the Whites that their son had died in an accident at his work, and gave them pounds as compensation. A week after burying Herbert, Mrs. White is extremely reluctant, but his wife is insistent and he soon gives in and makes the wish. Soon after, they hear knocking on the door. White instantly regrets making that wish and " before Mrs. The knocking stops, and Mr. White looks outside to see that nobody is there. The second wish is another good example of the theme because Mrs. I think everyone can take a bit of wisdom with them after reading this story. More essays like this: Have not found what you were looking for? We can write a custom essay According to Your Specific Requirements.

Chapter 6 : "The Monkey's Paw" by W.W. Jacobs | Essay Example

In W.W. Jacobs short story "The Monkey's Paw" Mr. White is quite intrigued by the talisman and the idea it can grant www.nxgvision.com fact, he introduces the topic into the discussion when Sergeant Major.

This web edition published by eBooks Adelaide. Last updated Wednesday, December 17, at HOWEVER, copyright law varies in other countries, and the work may still be under copyright in the country from which you are accessing this website. It is your responsibility to check the applicable copyright laws in your country before downloading this work. Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlour 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 perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it. 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. The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also consoled with himself, so that Mrs. The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host got out whiskey and tumblers 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 wild scenes and doughty deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples. White, nodding at his wife and son. Now look at him. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again. His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it. The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. It has caused enough mischief already. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off. Pitch it on the fire again like a sensible man. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. White, regarding her husband closely. And he pressed me again to throw it away. White armed with an antimacassar. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. 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. He shook his head. 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. The last face was so horrible and so simian that he gazed at it in amazement. In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic 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 betokened no great belief in its virtues. How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father? 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. 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. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit, for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent. The visitor bowed in assent. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long silence. 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. 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 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. 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. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again. The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now? 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. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her. He raised his hand. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind. He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until, with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. 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 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, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle. At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door. The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. 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. It passed me on the stairs. A loud knock resounded through the house. What are you holding me for? I must open the door. 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. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. 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. This web edition published by:

Chapter 7 : The Monkey's Paw Questions and Answers - www.nxgvision.com

Mr. White believes in the paw, Mrs. White is doubtful, and Herbert doubts it and is amused. How do Mr. White and Mrs. White feel about the monkey's paw later on? Mr. White fears the power of the monkey's paw and Mrs. White believes in it.

White and their adult son, Herbert. An old fakir placed a spell on the paw, so that it would grant three wishes. The wishes are granted but always with hellish consequences as punishment for tampering with fate. Before leaving, Morris warns Mr. White that if he does use the paw, then it will be on his own head. The next day his son Herbert leaves for work at a local factory. Later that day, word comes to the White home that Herbert has been killed in a terrible machinery accident. Although the employer denies responsibility for the incident, the firm has decided to make a goodwill payment to the family of the deceased. White, almost mad with grief, asks her husband to use the paw to wish Herbert back to life. Reluctantly, he does so. Shortly afterward there is a knock at the door. White fumbles at the locks in an attempt to open the door, Mr. The knocking suddenly stops. White opens the door to find no one is there. Notable versions in other media[edit] This article appears to contain trivial, minor, or unrelated references to popular culture. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. February Nina Quartero in a publicity still from the film version The story has been adapted into other media many times, including: White and Lena Ashwell as Mrs. The film was considered lost [6] until pictures from it were posted online in It was rebroadcast individually as a Halloween special on 31 October The story is frequently parodied on television shows and in comic books.

Chapter 8 : The Monkey's Paw / W. W. Jacobs

In W.W. Jacobs, "The Monkey's Paw", the story is about the White family who received a monkey's paw that allows three wishes to be made. They find out that this monkey's paw is one big troublemaker that causes havoc and unrest.

Chapter 9 : The Monkey's Paw

The monkey's paw fascinates him in part because of its connection to those lands. Although it is Mr. White who makes all three wishes, he makes the first two only at the suggestions of his wife and son.