A Literary Analysis
Introduction:

Determining Mood with Imagery

BY KIMBERLY D. GARCIA
# Table of Contents

Introduction: ........................................................................................................................................................ 4

Suggested Use: ................................................................................................................................................ 4

Understanding Imagery and Mood ..................................................................................................................... 5

How to Complete the Imagery Analysis Table..................................................................................................... 6

Identifying Imagery .......................................................................................................................................... 6

Sound Devices ................................................................................................................................................. 6

Figurative Language ......................................................................................................................................... 6

Sensory Experience .......................................................................................................................................... 7

Mood ............................................................................................................................................................... 7

Directions ............................................................................................................................................................. 7

Example Completed Imagery Analysis Table: Frankenstein ................................................................................ 8

The Bet ................................................................................................................................................................. 9

Imagery Analysis Table 1: The Bet....................................................................................................................... 17

Imagery Analysis Table 2: The Bet ....................................................................................................................... 19

Completed Imagery Analysis Table 1: The Bet .................................................................................................. 20

Completed Imagery Analysis Table 2: The Bet .................................................................................................. 22

Figurative and Descriptive Language ................................................................................................................. 23

Terms and Definitions ....................................................................................................................................... 23

   SOUND DEVICES Definitions and Examples .............................................................................................. 24

   FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE Definitions and Examples ................................................................................ 27

   Mood Words .................................................................................................................................................. 31

Blank Imagery Analysis Table ............................................................................................................................ 32

Short Stories to Analyze .................................................................................................................................... 33

   The Story of an Hour ..................................................................................................................................... 34

   A White Heron ............................................................................................................................................... 39
Introduction:

This short story study was written to teach Imagery and Mood to high school students. Mood is often the subject of many literary analysis essays and it is important that high school students understand mood in literature and poetry.

Suggested Use:

1. When teaching this information to my high school students, I typically begin by having them complete the Figurative and Descriptive Language Terms and Definitions first. By knowing these, your students will not be intimidated by the use of the terms in the tables.

2. After your students are familiar with the terminology, introduce the Imagery Analysis Table: Frankenstein to them. This completed table teaches students to critically analyze imagery associated with the story’s setting to help them grasp and understand the mood of the story or passage.

3. When your students are ready, have them read the short story “The Bet,” located on page 9.

4. When they are done, have your students complete one of the Imagery Analysis Tables on “The Bet.” There are two passages selected and therefore two tables to complete for this short story: one for each of the main characters. (Pages 17 and 19)

5. If you need assistance on completing the tables, refer to pages 20-22 where you will find completed tables analyzing the imagery in “The Bet.” (It is okay if your students have different answers than the completed tables provide. Much of literary analysis is up to interpretation. Just be sure your students support their opinions with evidence.

6. To further develop your students’ skills in understanding imagery and mood, use the blank table provided on page 31 to help him work through analyzing other passages of literature.
Understanding Imagery and Mood

Literary Analysis is the evaluation or critique of literature. When analyzing literature, students typically look for the meaning of a literary work, the emotions or feelings the work evokes, and the techniques the author used. Normally, the analysis is presented in the form of a persuasive essay. And often the essay includes a critique of the author’s use of imagery or mental word pictures to create a certain mood.

Mood is the atmosphere or emotion of a passage or story. Often authors create a mood by use of imagery associated with the setting of a story.

Imagery is created by the use of descriptive or figurative language that appeal to the senses. And sound devices, such as assonance, repetition, and onomatopoeia, are often used to create an audible effect to draw attention to an image created with the sound devices highlighting the imagery.

Descriptive language includes words that describe sights, sounds, smells, feelings (touch), tastes, emotions, or movement (pacing). These words create a sensory experience for the reader, allowing the reader to experience what is happening in the story.

Figurative language, such as hyperbole, apostrophe, and personification, is often used in writing to convey meaning apart from the literal meaning of the words used.
How to Complete the Imagery Analysis Table
(Student Directions)

Identifying Imagery
• To complete the Imagery Analysis Table, select a passage containing imagery. Look specifically at descriptions of the setting. Often authors use setting to create a specific mood. To identify imagery, look for examples of mental word pictures. Or in other words, look for words that paint a picture that you can visualize in your mind.
• Write the passage in the space provided at the top of the table. Be sure to include the book title, author, and page number from which the passage was taken. (When writing literary analysis essays, this information is necessary.)
• Where indicated on the table, write the specific image taken from the passage.

Sound Devices
• Under the section labeled sound devices, look for instances of alliteration, assonance, consonance, onomatopoeia, repetition, euphony, and/or cacophony. The definitions for these words, along with examples, are on page 24. This is not an exhaustive list of sound devices, so if you know of others, feel free to use them.
• After identifying any sound devices you identify, read the word picture aloud and listen for the relationship between the sounds of the words and the meaning of the words. Authors use sound devices to draw attention to images. Sometimes the sound device reinforces the image and sometimes the sound device may contradict the image.
• Try to summarize in one or two words the effect the sound device has on the image.

Figurative Language
• Under the section labeled figurative language, look for the author’s use of figurative language. A selection, with definitions and examples, of figurative language begins on page 26. This is an incomplete list, so if you know of others feel free to use them.
• Again, look for the effect that the figurative language has on the imagery. Try to summarize the effect in one or two words.
Sensory Experience

- Under the section labeled sensory experience, write any descriptive language used to create the imagery. Descriptive language includes words that describe sights, sounds, smells, feelings (touch), tastes, emotions, or movement (the pacing of an event). Descriptive language makes the story come alive to the reader and helps the reader to feel as if he is experiencing the story.
- After identify the descriptive language, look for the impression these details create. Try to summarize this impression in one or two words.

Mood

- Mood is the atmosphere or emotion of a passage or story. To analyze the mood created by the author in the passage you selected, look at your three summaries. What do the summaries tell you about the mood of the passage?
- When writing the mood created by the image, use a quote from the selection to support your opinion.
- Words that you can use to explain mood are on page 30.

Directions

1. Study the Imagery Analysis Table: Frankenstein on page 8.
2. When you feel that you understand the process, read the short story “The Bet,” which is located on page 9.
3. Try to complete the two Imagery Analysis tables associated with the two main characters in “The Bet.” (Pages 17-19)
4. If you don’t already know the definitions to the terms in the table, use the Figurative and Descriptive Language Terms and Definitions beginning on page 23.
Example Completed Imagery Analysis Table: Frankenstein

Find the imagery in the passage and fill out the applicable section of the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Imagery</th>
<th>first little white flower that peeped out</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Imagery</strong></td>
<td><strong>In the midst of poverty and want, Felix carried with pleasure to his sister the first little white flower that peeped out from beneath the snowy ground.</strong> (199) <em>Frankenstein</em> by Mary Shelley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Which Sound Devices (if any) were used?</strong></td>
<td>Alliteration, Assonance, Consonance, Onomatopoeia, Repetition, Euphony, Cacophony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Consonance (repetition of the “t” sound), Cacophony</strong></td>
<td>The repetition of the “t” sound, short and clipped. The harsh “t” is in opposition to the image of the flower.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What effect on imagery does the sound device have?</strong></td>
<td>(flower is tiny and fragile, clipped)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What type of Figurative Language (if any) was used?</strong></td>
<td>Parallelism, Antithesis, Simile, Metaphor, Allusion, Hyperbole, Apostrophe, Personification, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Pun, Oxymoron, Verbal Irony, Dramatic irony, Situational irony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>personification</strong></td>
<td>The personification of the flower makes it seem innocent and young, childlike, with all the hope that is represented by an innocent child.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What effect does the figurative language have on the imagery?</strong></td>
<td>(hope)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What type of sensory experience was produced?</strong></td>
<td>Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, emotions, or movement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Visual</strong></td>
<td>Because the flower is “little,” and “white” like the snow, it is difficult to see. The reader is given the impression that, out of love, Felix was looking for a flower to give his sister.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What impression does the sensory experience create?</strong></td>
<td>One word summary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>love</strong></td>
<td>The mood created is one of fragile hope and love “in the midst of poverty and want” (199). (<em>The page number of the text is used for proper MLA quotation.</em>)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
IT WAS a dark autumn night. The old banker was walking up and down his study and remembering how, fifteen years before, he had given a party one autumn evening. There had been many clever men there, and there had been interesting conversations. Among other things they had talked of capital punishment. The majority of the guests, among whom were many journalists and intellectual men, disapproved of the death penalty. They considered that form of punishment out of date, immoral, and unsuitable for Christian States. In the opinion of some of them the death penalty ought to be replaced everywhere by imprisonment for life.

"I don't agree with you," said their host the banker. "I have not tried either the death penalty or imprisonment for life, but if one may judge _a priori_, the death penalty is more moral and more humane than imprisonment for life. Capital punishment kills a man at once, but lifelong imprisonment kills him slowly. Which executioner is the more humane, he who kills you in a few minutes or he who drags the life out of you in the course of many years?"

"Both are equally immoral," observed one of the guests, "for they both have the same object — to take away life. The State is not God. It has not the right to take away what it cannot restore when it wants to."

Among the guests was a young lawyer, a young man of five-and-twenty. When he was asked his opinion, he said:

"The death sentence and the life sentence are equally immoral, but if I had to choose between the death penalty and imprisonment for life, I would certainly choose the second. To live anyhow is better than not at all."

A lively discussion arose. The banker, who was younger and more nervous in those days, was suddenly carried away by excitement; he struck the table with his fist and shouted at the young man:
"It's not true! I'll bet you two millions you wouldn't stay in solitary confinement for five years."

"If you mean that in earnest," said the young man, "I'll take the bet, but I would stay not five but fifteen years."

"Fifteen? Done!" cried the banker. "Gentlemen, I stake two millions!"

"Agreed! You stake your millions and I stake my freedom!" said the young man.

And this wild, senseless bet was carried out! The banker, spoilt and frivolous, with millions beyond his reckoning, was delighted at the bet. At supper he made fun of the young man, and said:

"Think better of it, young man, while there is still time. To me two millions are a trifle, but you are losing three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you won't stay longer. Don't forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary confinement is a great deal harder to bear than compulsory. The thought that you have the right to step out in liberty at any moment will poison your whole existence in prison. I am sorry for you."

And now the banker, walking to and fro, remembered all this, and asked himself: "What was the object of that bet? What is the good of that man's losing fifteen years of his life and my throwing away two millions? Can it prove that the death penalty is better or worse than imprisonment for life? No, no. It was all nonsensical and meaningless. On my part it was the caprice of a pampered man, and on his part simple greed for money..."

Then he remembered what followed that evening. It was decided that the young man should spend the years of his captivity under the strictest supervision in one of the lodges in the banker's garden. It was agreed that for fifteen years he should not be free to cross the threshold of the lodge, to see human beings, to hear the human voice, or to receive letters and newspapers. He was allowed to have a musical instrument and books, and was allowed to write letters, to drink wine, and to smoke. By the terms of the agreement, the only relations he could have with the outer world
were by a little window made purposely for that object. He might have anything he wanted — books, music, wine, and so on — in any quantity he desired by writing an order, but could only receive them through the window. The agreement provided for every detail and every trifle that would make his imprisonment strictly solitary, and bound the young man to stay there _exactly_ fifteen years, beginning from twelve o'clock of November 14, 1870, and ending at twelve o'clock of November 14, 1885. The slightest attempt on his part to break the conditions, if only two minutes before the end, released the banker from the obligation to pay him two millions.

For the first year of his confinement, as far as one could judge from his brief notes, the prisoner suffered severely from loneliness and depression. The sounds of the piano could be heard continually day and night from his lodge. He refused wine and tobacco. Wine, he wrote, excites the desires, and desires are the worst foes of the prisoner; and besides, nothing could be more dreary than drinking good wine and seeing no one. And tobacco spoilt the air of his room. In the first year the books he sent for were principally of a light character; novels with a complicated love plot, sensational and fantastic stories, and so on.

In the second year the piano was silent in the lodge, and the prisoner asked only for the classics. In the fifth year music was audible again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him through the window said that all that year he spent doing nothing but eating and drinking and lying on his bed, frequently yawning and angrily talking to himself. He did not read books. Sometimes at night he would sit down to write; he would spend hours writing, and in the morning tear up all that he had written. More than once he could be heard crying.

In the second half of the sixth year the prisoner began zealously studying languages, philosophy, and history. He threw himself eagerly into these studies — so much so that the banker had enough to do to get him the books he ordered. In the course of four years some six hundred volumes were procured at his request. It was during this period that the banker received the following letter from his prisoner:

---

—11—
"My dear Jailer, I write you these lines in six languages. Show them to people who know the languages. Let them read them. If they find not one mistake I implore you to fire a shot in the garden. That shot will show me that my efforts have not been thrown away. The geniuses of all ages and of all lands speak different languages, but the same flame burns in them all. Oh, if you only knew what unearthly happiness my soul feels now from being able to understand them!" The prisoner's desire was fulfilled. The banker ordered two shots to be fired in the garden.

Then after the tenth year, the prisoner sat immovably at the table and read nothing but the Gospel. It seemed strange to the banker that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred learned volumes should waste nearly a year over one thin book easy of comprehension. Theology and histories of religion followed the Gospels.

In the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an immense quantity of books quite indiscriminately. At one time he was busy with the natural sciences, then he would ask for Byron or Shakespeare. There were notes in which he demanded at the same time books on chemistry, and a manual of medicine, and a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. His reading suggested a man swimming in the sea among the wreckage of his ship, and trying to save his life by greedily clutching first at one spar and then at another.

II

The old banker remembered all this, and thought:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock he will regain his freedom. By our agreement I ought to pay him two millions. If I do pay him, it is all over with me: I shall be utterly ruined."

Fifteen years before, his millions had been beyond his reckoning; now he was afraid to ask himself which were greater, his debts or his assets. Desperate gambling on the Stock Exchange, wild speculation and the excitability which he could not get
over even in advancing years, had by degrees led to the decline of his fortune and the
proud, fearless, self-confident millionaire had become a banker of middling rank,
trembling at every rise and fall in his investments. "Cursed bet!" muttered the old
man, clutching his head in despair "Why didn't the man die? He is only forty now.
He will take my last penny from me, he will marry, will enjoy life, will gamble on the
Exchange; while I shall look at him with envy like a beggar, and hear from him every
day the same sentence: 'I am indebted to you for the happiness of my life, let me help
you!' No, it is too much! The one means of being saved from bankruptcy and disgrace
is the death of that man!"

It struck three o'clock, the banker listened; everyone was asleep in the house and
nothing could be heard outside but the rustling of the chilled trees. Trying to make
no noise, he took from a fireproof safe the key of the door which had not been opened
for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house.

It was dark and cold in the garden. Rain was falling. A damp cutting wind was
racing about the garden, howling and giving the trees no rest. The banker strained
his eyes, but could see neither the earth nor the white statues, nor the lodge, nor the
trees. Going to the spot where the lodge stood, he twice called the watchman. No
answer followed. Evidently the watchman had sought shelter from the weather, and
was now asleep somewhere either in the kitchen or in the greenhouse.

"If I had the pluck to carry out my intention," thought the old man, "Suspicion
would fall first upon the watchman."

He felt in the darkness for the steps and the door, and went into the entry of the
lodge. Then he groped his way into a little passage and lighted a match. There was
not a soul there. There was a bedstead with no bedding on it, and in the corner there
was a dark cast-iron stove. The seals on the door leading to the prisoner's rooms
were intact.

When the match went out the old man, trembling with emotion, peeped through
the little window. A candle was burning dimly in the prisoner's room. He was sitting
at the table. Nothing could be seen but his back, the hair on his head, and his hands. Open books were lying on the table, on the two easy-chairs, and on the carpet near the table.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner did not once stir. Fifteen years' imprisonment had taught him to sit still. The banker tapped at the window with his finger, and the prisoner made no movement whatever in response. Then the banker cautiously broke the seals off the door and put the key in the keyhole. The rusty lock gave a grating sound and the door creaked. The banker expected to hear at once footsteps and a cry of astonishment, but three minutes passed and it was as quiet as ever in the room. He made up his mind to go in.

At the table a man unlike ordinary people was sitting motionless. He was a skeleton with the skin drawn tight over his bones, with long curls like a woman's and a shaggy beard. His face was yellow with an earthy tint in it, his cheeks were hollow, his back long and narrow, and the hand on which his shaggy head was propped was so thin and delicate that it was dreadful to look at it. His hair was already streaked with silver, and seeing his emaciated, aged-looking face, no one would have believed that he was only forty. He was asleep. . . . In front of his bowed head there lay on the table a sheet of paper on which there was something written in fine handwriting.

"Poor creature!" thought the banker, "he is asleep and most likely dreaming of the millions. And I have only to take this half-dead man, throw him on the bed, stifle him a little with the pillow, and the most conscientious expert would find no sign of a violent death. But let us first read what he has written here. . . ."

The banker took the page from the table and read as follows:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock I regain my freedom and the right to associate with other men, but before I leave this room and see the sunshine, I think it necessary to say a few words to you. With a clear conscience I tell you, as before
God, who beholds me, that I despise freedom and life and health, and all that in your books is called the good things of the world.

"For fifteen years I have been intently studying earthly life. It is true I have not seen the earth nor men, but in your books I have drunk fragrant wine, I have sung songs, I have hunted stags and wild boars in the forests, have loved women. . . . Beauties as ethereal as clouds, created by the magic of your poets and geniuses, have visited me at night, and have whispered in my ears wonderful tales that have set my brain in a whirl. In your books I have climbed to the peaks of Elburz and Mont Blanc, and from there I have seen the sun rise and have watched it at evening flood the sky, the ocean, and the mountain-tops with gold and crimson. I have watched from there the lightning flashing over my head and cleaving the storm-clouds. I have seen green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, towns. I have heard the singing of the sirens, and the strains of the shepherds' pipes; I have touched the wings of comely devils who flew down to converse with me of God. . . . In your books I have flung myself into the bottomless pit, performed miracles, slain, burned towns, preached new religions, conquered whole kingdoms...

"Your books have given me wisdom. All that the unresting thought of man has created in the ages is compressed into a small compass in my brain. I know that I am wiser than all of you.

"And I despise your books, I despise wisdom and the blessings of this world. It is all worthless, fleeting, illusory, and deceptive, like a mirage. You may be proud, wise, and fine, but death will wipe you off the face of the earth as though you were no more than mice burrowing under the floor, and your posterity, your history, your immortal geniuses will burn or freeze together with the earthly globe.

"You have lost your reason and taken the wrong path. You have taken lies for truth, and hideousness for beauty. You would marvel if, owing to strange events of some sorts, frogs and lizards suddenly grew on apple and orange trees instead of
fruit, or if roses began to smell like a sweating horse; so I marvel at you who exchange heaven for earth. I don't want to understand you.

"To prove to you in action how I despise all that you live by, I renounce the two millions of which I once dreamed as of paradise and which now I despise. To deprive myself of the right to the money I shall go out from here five hours before the time fixed, and so break the compact. . . ."

When the banker had read this he laid the page on the table, kissed the strange man on the head, and went out of the lodge, weeping. At no other time, even when he had lost heavily on the Stock Exchange, had he felt so great a contempt for himself. When he got home he lay on his bed, but his tears and emotion kept him for hours from sleeping.

Next morning the watchmen ran in with pale faces, and told him they had seen the man who lived in the lodge climb out of the window into the garden, go to the gate, and disappear. The banker went at once with the servants to the lodge and made sure of the flight of his prisoner. To avoid arousing unnecessary talk, he took from the table the writing in which the millions were renounced, and when he got home locked it up in the fireproof safe.
Imagery Analysis Table 1: The Bet

Find the imagery in the passage and fill out the applicable section of the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Imagery</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>It is true I have not seen the earth nor men, but in your books I have drunk fragrant wine, I have sung songs, I have hunted stags and wild boars in the forests, have loved women… Beauties as ethereal as clouds, created by the magic of your poets and geniuses, have visited me at night, and have whispered in my ears wonderful tales that have set my brain in a whirl. In your books I have climbed to the peaks of Elburz and Mont Blanc, and from there I have seen the sun rise and have watched it at evening flood the sky, the ocean, and the mountain-tops with gold and crimson. I have watched from there the lightning flashing over my head and cleaving the storm-clouds. I have seen green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, towns. I have heard the singing of the sirens, and the strains of the shepherds' pipes; I have touched the wings of comely devils who flew down to converse with me of God… In your books I have flung myself into the bottomless pit, performed miracles, slain, burned towns, preached new religions, conquered whole kingdoms. . . .(15)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“The Bet” by Anton Chekhov

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Which Sound Devices (if any) were used?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration, Assonance, Consonance, Onomatopoeia, Repetition, Euphony, Cacophony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What effect on imagery does the sound device have?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emphasis of effect</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What type of Figurative Language (if any) was used?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Parallelism, Antithesis, Simile, Metaphor, Allusion, Hyperbole, Apostrophe, Personification, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Pun, Oxymoron, Verbal Irony, Dramatic irony, Situational irony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What effect does the figure of speech have on the imagery?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>implication of effect</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| What type of sensory experience was produced? |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, emotions, or movement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>What impression does the sensory experience create?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>summary of impression</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What mood does the image create?</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Imagery Analysis Table 2: The Bet**

Find the imagery in the passage and fill out the applicable section of the table.

IT WAS a dark autumn night. The old banker was walking up and down his study and remembering how, fifteen years before, he had given a party one autumn evening. (9)  

“The Bet” by Anton Chekhov

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Imagery</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Which Sound Devices (if any) were used?</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration, Assonance, Consonance, Onomatopoeia, Repetition, Euphony, Cacophony</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What effect on imagery does the sound device have?</td>
<td>emphasis of effect</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What type of Figurative Language (if any) was used?</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Parallelism, Antithesis, Simile, Metaphor, Allusion, Hyperbole, Apostrophe, Personification, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Pun, Oxymoron, Verbal Irony, Dramatic irony, Situational irony</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What effect does the figure of speech have on the imagery?</td>
<td>implication of effect</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What type of sensory experience was produced?</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, emotions, or movement</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What impression does the sensory experience create?</td>
<td>summary of impression</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What mood does the image create?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Completed Imagery Analysis Table 1: The Bet

Find the imagery in the passage and fill out the applicable section of the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Imagery</th>
<th>all of the paragraph</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Which Sound Devices (if any) were used?</td>
<td>repetition of the phrase “I have”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The repetition of the word “I have” throughout the entire paragraph emphasizes all the man possesses.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emphasis of effect</td>
<td>great possessions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What type of Figurative Language (if any) was used?</td>
<td>Parallelism, personification, allusion</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is true I have not seen the earth nor men, but in your books I have drunk fragrant wine, I have sung songs, I have hunted stags and wild boars in the forests, have loved women . . . Beauties as ethereal as clouds, created by the magic of your poets and geniuses, have visited me at night, and have whispered in my ears wonderful tales that have set my brain in a whirl. In your books I have climbed to the peaks of Elburz and Mont Blanc, and from there I have seen the sun rise and have watched it at evening flood the sky, the ocean, and the mountain-tops with gold and crimson. I have watched from there the lightning flashing over my head and cleaving the storm-clouds. I have seen green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, towns. I have heard the singing of the sirens, and the strains of the shepherds’ pipes; I have touched the wings of comely devils who flew down to converse with me of God . . . In your books I have flung myself into the bottomless pit, performed miracles, slain, burned towns, preached new religions, conquered whole kingdoms . . .

“The Bet” by Anton Chekhov
The parallelism of the phrase “I have” emphasizes all that he possesses. The personification shows that the world has come alive to him. The literary allusions that dominate this paragraph shows us that the prisoner has not been reading passively this many years, but has instead been actively through his books. Also, from the allusions we learn that the man he has become through the books is not always good. He has “flung” himself “into the bottomless pit” (15). He has “burned towns” (15). He has “preached new religions” (15). He has seen not just places, but worlds through his books, and he has been both good and bad in those lives.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What effect does the figure of speech have on the imagery?</th>
<th>The implication of effect: he sees what they do not.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What type of sensory experience was produced?</td>
<td>sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, emotions and movement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What impression does the sensory experience create?</td>
<td>The man has lived through all of the books he has read.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>summary of impression</td>
<td>lived several lifetimes in that solitary room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What mood does the image create?</td>
<td>The mood surrounding the man is one of rejuvenation, wisdom, and great awe at a world filled with great “beauties,” “singing of the sirens,” and mystical conversations with “comely devils” (15). Along with the awe of the world he sees comes a disgust for the real world where “the wrong path” is valued and “lies” are exchanged for “truth” (16).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Completed Imagery Analysis Table 2: The Bet

Find the imagery in the passage and fill out the applicable section of the table.

| Imagery | dark autumn night 
one autumn evening |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Which Sound Devices (if any) were used?</strong></td>
<td><strong>repetition</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration, Assonance, Consonance, Onomatopoeia, Repetition, Euphony, Cacophony</td>
<td>The repetition of the word autumn emphasizes the continuity between the current night and the night fifteen years previous.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emphasis of effect</td>
<td><strong>stuck in time</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What type of Figurative Language (if any) was used?</strong></td>
<td><strong>Parallelism</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parallelism, Antithesis, Simile, Metaphor, Allusion, Hyperbole, Apostrophe, Personification, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Pun, Oxymoron, Verbal Irony, Dramatic irony, Situational irony</td>
<td>The parallelism of the phrase makes the nights seem parallel as well. Works in conjunction with the repetition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>implication of effect</td>
<td><strong>two nights one situation</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What type of sensory experience was produced?</strong></td>
<td><strong>sight and movement</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, emotions, or movement</td>
<td>The man is stuck in the dark and is not moving forward.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What impression does the sensory experience create?</td>
<td><strong>The man hasn’t changed.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>summary of impression</td>
<td>A dark foreboding mood surrounds the man and his situation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What mood does the image create?</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Figurative and Descriptive Language

Terms and Definitions
SOUND DEVICES
Definitions and Examples

On the blank lines provided, imitate the example and create your own sound devices.

1. **Alliteration**
   - the repetition of the same initial letter
   - The lingering light of the setting sun.

2. **Assonance**
   - the repetition of internal vowels sounds in words that are close together
   - Last night I stayed awake way too late.

3. **Consonance**
   - the repetition of consonant sounds, especially at the end of words.
   - first little white flower
4. **Onomatopoeia**  
the use of a word or a phrase to imitate the sound of the thing signified

The buzz of the bee.

5. **Repetition**  
to use a word, phrase, or clause more than once in a passage.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way - in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

6. **Euphony**  
sounds that are pleasing to the ear, usually vowel sounds.

The swish of the waves upon the waters lulled the babies to sleep.
7. Cacophony  
sounds that are harsh, hard, and irritating

The tree crashed on to the barn, breaking out the window panes.
FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE
Definitions and Examples

On the blank lines provided, imitate the example and create your own figurative language.

1. Parallelism – expressing ideas that are similar in thought in similar grammatical structure
You need to take your bath, brush your teeth, and eat your breakfast before you leave the house.
____________________________________________________
____________________________________________________
____________________________________________________

2. Antithesis the placing of opposites in juxtaposition, usually in parallel form
   Sweet potatoes are good for you, but white potatoes are bad for you.
____________________________________________________
____________________________________________________
____________________________________________________

3. Simile the comparison of two unlike things; generally using like, as, or than
   He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.
____________________________________________________
____________________________________________________
____________________________________________________
4. **Metaphor**  the comparison of two unlike things, and the name, attribute, or act of one object is applied onto another.

   He slithered to his seat.

5. **Allusion**  when a reference is made to something that happened, real or imaginary.

   I could never ask my supervisor for a raise; he is an old Scrooge.

6. **Hyperbole**  (form of irony) is an exaggeration of attributes

   They were swifter than eagles. They were stronger than lions.

7. **Apostrophe**  an absent or nonliving thing is addressed as if it could respond.

   “Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”
8. *Personification* is the attribution of living characteristics to a nonliving thing.

   The sea saw it and fled.

9. *Metonymy* is a word or phrase is used for another to which it is closely related.

   *Gray hairs* should be respected. *(Old age)*

10. *Synecdoche* is a type of metaphor in which the name of a part is used to represent the whole.

    The sea was covered with *sails*. *(ships)*

11. *Pun* is wordplay where more than one meaning is suggested at once.

    We must all hang together, or we will all hang separately.
12. **Oxymoron**  
when contradictory terms appear side by side.

   bitter sweet, clearly misunderstood

13. **Verbal Irony**  
when someone says one thing but means something else

   When a father says to his son who flunks out of school: “My son, the genius.”

14. **Dramatic irony**  
when the character in a play doesn’t know the truth, but the audience does

   Romeo finds Juliet and thinks she is dead, but the reader knows she only looks dead.

15. **Situational irony**  
when the outcome of a situation is different than what is expected

   A vegetarian has leather car seats.
Mood Words

angry
bewildered
calculating
cheerful
complacent
cranky
cynical
determined
disappointed
energetic
excited
frustrated
grumpy
holy
indifferent
irritated
lonely
melancholic
nerdy
paranoid
powerful
relieved
sad
stressed
sympathetic

ashamed
blissful
calm
chilling
confused
crushed
dark
devious
discontent
enraged
foreboding
gloomy
guilty
hopeful
intense
jealous
loved
mischievous
nervous
peaceful
rejected
restless
satisfied
surprised
trapped

awake
bored
cautious
cold
content
curious
depressed
dirty
drained
envious
friendly
grateful
happy
horrific
irate
joyful
mad
morose
optimistic
pessimistic
rejuvenated
romantic
shocked
suspened
wistful
## Imagery Analysis Table

Find the imagery in the passage and fill out the applicable section of the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Imagery</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Which Sound Devices (if any) were used?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration, Assonance, Consonance, Onomatopoeia, Repetition, Euphony, Cacophony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What effect on imagery does the sound device have?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emphasis of effect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What type of Figurative Language (if any) was used?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parallelism, Antithesis, Simile, Metaphor, Allusion, Hyperbole, Apostrophe, Personification, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Pun, Oxymoron, Verbal Irony, Dramatic irony, Situational irony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What effect does the figure of speech have on the imagery?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>implication of effect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>What type of sensory experience was produced?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, emotions, or movement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What impression does the sensory experience create?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>summary of impression</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What mood does the image create?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Short Stories to Analyze
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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.
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.

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.

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.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhold, 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.

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.

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.

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.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.
The woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o’clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow, a plodding, dilatory, provoking creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from whatever light there was, and striking deep into the woods but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the huckleberry bushes, and though she wore a loud bell she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co’! Co’! with never an answering Moo, until her childish patience was quite spent. If the creature had not given good milk and plenty of it, the case would have seemed very different to her owners. Besides, Sylvia had all the time there was, and very little use to make of it. Sometimes in pleasant weather it was a consolation to look upon the cow’s pranks as an intelligent attempt to play hide and seek, and as the child had no playmates she lent herself to this amusement with a good deal of zest. Though this chase had been so long that the wary animal herself had given an unusual signal of her whereabouts, Sylvia had only laughed when she came upon Mistress Moolly at the swamp-side, and urged her affectionately homeward with a twig of birch leaves. The old cow was not inclined to wander farther, she even turned in the right direction for once as they left the
pasture, and stepped along the road at a good pace. She was quite ready to be milked now, and seldom stopped to browse. Sylvia wondered what her grandmother would say because they were so late. It was a great while since she had left home at half-past five o’clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this errand a short one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the horned torment too many summer evenings herself to blame any one else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia loitered occasionally on her own account: there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made! Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years in a crowded manufacturing town, but, as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. She thought often with wistful compassion of a wretched geranium that belonged to a town neighbor.

“Afraid of folks,” old Mrs. Tilley said to herself, with a smile, after she had made the unlikely choice of Sylvia from her daughter’s houseful of children, and was returning to the farm. “Afraid of folks,’ they said! I guess she won’t be troubled no great with ‘em up to the old place!” When they reached the door of the lonely house and stopped to unlock it, and the cat came to purr loudly, and rub against them, a deserted pussy, indeed, but fat with young robins, Sylvia whispered that this was a beautiful place to live in, and she never should wish to go home.

The companions followed the shady woodroad, the cow taking slow steps and the child very fast ones. The cow stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a swamp, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the shoal water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes
with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a stirring in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that seemed to be wide awake, and going about their world, or else saying good-night to each other in sleepy twitters.

Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there; the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl is horror-stricken to hear a clear whistle not very far away. Not a bird’s whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy’s whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive. Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped discreetly aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and persuasive tone, “Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?” and trembling Sylvia answered almost inaudibly, “A good ways.”

She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside.

“I have been hunting for some birds,” the stranger said kindly, “and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don’t be afraid,” he added gallantly. “Speak up and
tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning.”

Sylvia was more alarmed than before. Would not her grandmother consider her much to blame? But who could have foreseen such an accident as this? It did not seem to be her fault, and she hung her head as if the stem of it were broken, but managed to answer “Sylvy,” with much effort when her companion again asked her name.

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud moo by way of explanation.

“Yes, you’d better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where’d she tucked herself away this time, Sylvy?” But Sylvia kept an awed silence; she knew by instinct that her grandmother did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region.

The young man stood his gun beside the door, and dropped a lumpy game-bag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley good-evening, and repeated his wayfarer’s story, and asked if he could have a night’s lodging.

“Put me anywhere you like,” he said. “I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that’s plain.”

“Dear sakes, yes,” responded the hostess, whose long slumbering hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. “You might fare better if you went out to the main road a mile or so, but you ‘re welcome to what we ‘ve got. I ‘11 milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers,” she proffered graciously. “I raised them all myself. There’s good pasturing for geese just below here towards the
ma’sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy!” And Sylvia promptly
stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

It was a surprise to find so clean and comfortable a little dwelling in this New
England wilderness. The young man had known the horrors of its most primitive
housekeeping, and the dreary squalor of that level of society which does not rebel at the
companionship of hens. This was the best thrift of an old-fashioned farmstead, though
on such a small scale that it seemed like a hermitage. He listened eagerly to the old
woman’s quaint talk, he watched Sylvia’s pale face and shining gray eyes with ever
growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month, and
afterward the new-made friends sat down in the door-way together while the moon came up.

Soon it would be berry-time, and Sylvia was a great help at picking. The cow was a
good milker, though a plaguy thing to keep track of, the hostess gossiped frankly,
adding presently that she had buried four children, so Sylvia’s mother, and a son (who
might be dead) in California were all the children she had left. “Dan, my boy, was a
great hand to go gunning,” she explained sadly. “I never wanted for pa’tridges or gray
squer’ls while he was to home. He’s been a great wand’rer, I expect, and he’s no hand to
write letters. There, I don’t blame him, I ‘d ha’ seen the world myself if it had been so I
could.”

“Sylvy takes after him,” the grandmother continued affectionately, after a minute’s
pause. “There ain’t a foot o’ ground she don’t know her way over, and the wild creaturs
counts her one o’ themselves. Squer’ls she ‘11 tame to come an’ feed right out o’ her
hands, and all sorts o’ birds. Last winter she got the jaybirds to bangeing here, and I
believe she’d ‘a’ scanted herself of her own meals to have plenty to throw out amongst
‘em, if I had n’t kep’ watch. Anything but crows, I tell her, I’m willin’ to help support—
though Dan he had a tamed one o’ them that did seem to have reason same as folks. It
was round here a good spell after he went away. Dan an’ his father they did n’t hitch,
— but he never held up his head ag’in after Dan had dared him an’ gone off.”

The guest did not notice this hint of family sorrows in his eager interest in
something else.

“So Sylvy knows all about birds, does she ?” he exclaimed, as he looked round at the
little girl who sat, very demure but increasingly sleepy, in the moonlight. “I am making a
collection of birds myself. I have been at it ever since I was a boy.” (Mrs. Tilley smiled.) “There
are two or three very rare ones I have been hunting for these five years. I mean to get them on
my own ground if they can be found.”

“Do you cage ‘em up?” asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in response to this enthusiastic
announcement.

“Oh no, they ‘re stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens of them,” said the
ornithologist, “and I have shot or snared every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a
white heron a few miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this direction.
They have never been found in this district at all. The little white heron, it is,” and he
turned again to look at Sylvia with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of
her acquaintances.

But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow footpath.

“You would know the heron if you saw it,” the stranger continued eagerly. “A queer
tall white bird with soft feathers and long thin legs. And it would have a nest perhaps
in the top of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk’s nest.”
Sylvia’s heart gave a wild beat: she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft black mud underneath and never be heard of more. Not far beyond were the salt marshes just this side the sea itself, which Sylvia wondered and dreamed much about, but never had seen, whose great voice could sometimes be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

“I can’t think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron’s nest,” the handsome stranger was saying. “I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me,” he added desperately, “and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey.”

Mrs. Tilley gave amazed attention to all this, but Sylvia still watched the toad, not divining, as she might have done at some calmer time, that the creature wished to get to its hole under the doorstep, and was much hindered by the unusual spectators at that hour of the evening. No amount of thought, that night, could decide how many wished-for treasures the ten dollars, so lightly spoken of, would buy.

The next day the young sportsman hovered about the woods, and Sylvia kept him company, having lost her first fear of the friendly lad, who proved to be most kind and sympathetic. He told her many things about the birds and what they knew and where they lived and what they did with themselves. And he gave her a jack-knife, which she thought as great a treasure as if she were a desert-islander. All day long he did not
once make her troubled or afraid except when he brought down some unsuspecting singing creature from its bough. Sylvia would have liked him vastly better without his gun; she could not understand why he killed the very birds he seemed to like so much. But as the day waned, Sylvia still watched the young man with loving admiration. She had never seen anybody so charming and delightful; the woman’s heart, asleep in the child, was vaguely thrilled by a dream of love. Some premonition of that great power stirred and swayed these young creatures who traversed the solemn woodlands with soft-footed silent care. They stopped to listen to a bird’s song; they pressed forward again eagerly, parting the branches — speaking to each other rarely and in whispers; the young man going first and Sylvia following, fascinated, a few steps behind, with her gray eyes dark with excitement.

She grieved because the longed-for white heron was elusive, but she did not lead the guest, she only followed, and there was no such thing as speaking first. The sound of her own unquestioned voice would have terrified her — it was hard enough to answer yes or no when there was need of that. At last evening began to fall, and they drove the cow home together, and Sylvia smiled with pleasure when they came to the place where she heard the whistle and was afraid only the night before.

Half a mile from home, at the farther edge of the woods, where the land was highest, a great pine-tree stood, the last of its generation. Whether it was left for a boundary mark, or for what reason, no one could say; the wood choppers who had felled its mates were dead and gone long ago, and a whole forest of sturdy trees, pines and oaks and maples, had grown again. But the stately head of this old pine towered above them all and made a landmark for sea and shore miles and miles away. Sylvia knew it well. She had always believed that whoever climbed to the top of it could see the ocean; and the little girl had often laid her hand oh the great rough trunk and looked up wistfully at those
dark boughs that the wind always stirred, no matter how hot and still the air might be below. Now she thought of the tree with a new excitement, for why, if one climbed it at break of day, could not one see all the world, and easily discover from whence the white heron flew, and mark the place, and find the hidden nest?

What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What fancied triumph and delight and glory for the later morning when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real and too great for the childish heart to bear.

All night the door of the little house stood open and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia’s great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would after all come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest!

There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and silly Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird’s claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white-oak tree that grew alongside, where she was almost lost among the dark
branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless housebreaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak's upper branches chafed against the pine trunk, just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine-tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast, the sharp dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons, the pitch made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree's great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine-tree, and the child knew she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great main-mast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this determined spark of human spirit wending its way from higher branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way! The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than all the hawks, and bats, and moths, and even the sweet-voiced thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary gray-eyed child. And the tree stood still and frowned away the winds that June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.
Sylvia’s face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired but wholly triumphant, high in the tree-top. Yes, there was the sea with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height when one had only seen them before far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds. Westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles into the distance: here and there were church steeples, and white villages, truly it was a vast and awesome world!

The birds sang louder and louder. At last the sun came up bewilderingly bright. Sylvia could see the white sails of ships out at sea, and the clouds that were purple and rose-colored and yellow at first began to fade away. Where was the white heron’s nest in the sea of green branches, and was this wonderful sight and pageant of the world the only reward for having climbed to such a giddy height? Now look down again, Sylvia, where the green marsh is set among the shining birches and dark hemlocks; there where you saw the white heron once you will see him again; look, look! a white spot of him like a single floating feather comes up from the dead hemlock and grows larger, and rises, and comes close at last, and goes by the landmark pine with steady sweep of wing and outstretched slender neck and crested head. And wait! wait! do not move a foot or a finger, little girl, do not send an arrow of light and consciousness from your two eager eyes, for the heron has perched on a pine bough not far beyond yours, and cries back to his mate on the nest and plumes his feathers for the new day!
The child gives a long sigh a minute later when a company of shouting cat-birds comes also to the tree, and vexed by their fluttering and lawlessness the solemn heron goes away. She knows his secret now, the wild, light, slender bird that floats and wavers, and goes back like an arrow presently to his home in the green world beneath.

Then Sylvia, well satisfied,

makes her perilous way down again, not daring to look far below the branch she stands on, ready to cry sometimes because her fingers ache and her lamed feet slip; wondering over and over again what the stranger would say to her, and what he would think when she told him how to find his way straight to the heron’s nest.

“Sylvy, Sylvy!” called the busy old grandmother again and again, but nobody answered, and the small husk bed was empty and Sylvia had disappeared.

The guest waked from a dream, and remembering his day’s pleasure hurried to dress himself that it might sooner begin. He was sure from the way the shy little girl looked once or twice yesterday that she had at least seen the white heron, and now she must really be made to tell. Here she comes now, paler than ever, and her worn old frock is torn and tattered, and smeared with pine pitch. The grandmother and the sportsman stand in the door together and question her, and the splendid moment has come to speak of the dead hemlock-tree by the green marsh.

But Sylvia does not speak after all, though the old grandmother fretfully rebukes her, and the young man’s kind, appealing eyes are looking straight in her own. He can make them rich with money; he has promised it, and they are poor now. He is so well worth making happy, and he waits to hear the story she can tell.
No, she must keep silence! What is it that suddenly forbids her and makes her
dumb? Has she been nine years growing and now, when the great world for the first
time puts out a hand to her, must she thrust it aside for a bird’s sake? The murmur of
the pine’s green branches is in her ears, she remembers how the white heron came flying
through the golden air and how they watched the sea and the morning together, and
Sylvia cannot speak: she cannot tell the heron’s secret and give its life away.

Dear loyalty, that suffered a sharp pang as the guest went away disappointed later
in the day, that could have served and followed him and loved him as a dog loves!
Many a night Sylvia heard the echo of his whistle haunting the pasture path as she
came home with the loitering cow. She forgot even her sorrow at the sharp report of his
gun and the sight of thrushes and sparrows dropping silent to the ground, their songs
hushed and their pretty feathers stained and wet with blood. Were the birds better
friends than their hunter might have been,—who can tell? Whatever treasures were lost to
her, woodlands and summer-time, remember! Bring your gifts and graces and tell your secrets
to this lonely country child!