

Name: _____

Class: _____

The Story of an Hour

By Kate Chopin

1894

Kate Chopin (1850-1904) was a renowned feminist author of the late 19th century. During this period, which was also known as the Victorian Era (1837-1901), women had very little control over their own lives, and many female thinkers like Chopin fought hard for social change.

As you read, take notes on how different characters react to the tragic news.

- [1] 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 hastened¹ to forestall² any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.



*["Vintage Studio Portrait of Unknown Relations"](#)
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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.

1. **Hasten** (*verb*) to hurry
2. to act in advance of someone to prevent them from doing something

[5] 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 repression³ 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 elusive⁴ 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.

[10] Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously.⁵ 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 her 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 exalted⁶ 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 save⁷ 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

3. **Repress** (*verb*) to restrain or subdue (someone or something)

4. **Elusive** (*adjective*) difficult to find, catch, or achieve

5. **Tumultuous** (*adjective*) excited, confused, or disorderly

6. an old-fashioned usage of this word meaning “in a state of extreme happiness”

7. but, except

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.

[15] Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door — you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

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.⁸ 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.

[20] When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease — of the joy that kills.

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8. begging or pleas

Text-Dependent Questions

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

1. PART A: Which of the following best describes a major theme of the text?
 - A. Men and women should be equal, but they are too different to get along properly.
 - B. Death can be unexpected and can cause anyone to feel sorrow, even for someone they did not love.
 - C. True happiness comes from within rather than from circumstances outside of one's control.
 - D. Newfound independence can bring the promise of freedom and happiness into a person's life.

2. PART B: Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "But now there was a dull stare in her eyes... It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought." (Paragraph 8)
 - B. "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" (Paragraph 12)
 - C. "And yet she had loved him — sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter!" (Paragraph 13)
 - D. "There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory." (Paragraph 18)

3. How does the news of her husband's death affect Mrs. Mallard?
 - A. She is at first overcome with grief, but soon she realizes that his death will allow her to lead an independent life.
 - B. She pretends to mourn her husband, but she is privately happy to rid herself of the man whom she never loved.
 - C. She is physically upset by the news, and this distress triggers her heart condition and kills her.
 - D. She is at first happy to hear that he is dead, but she comes to realize that she will still miss him.

4. What do paragraphs 15-16 reveal about Josephine's and Louise's different points of view in the passage?
- A. Josephine misunderstands Louise and believes she is sick with grief, but in reality, Louise feels freed by her husband's death.
 - B. Josephine believes that Louise is too frail to be left alone, but Louise knows that she is healthier than everyone believes her to be.
 - C. Josephine worries that Louise's imagination is worsening her heart condition, but Louise is too distracted by her fantasies to notice her erratic heart rate.
 - D. Josephine cannot understand why Louise wants to be alone while grieving, but Louise actually wants to be alone to celebrate the death of her husband.
5. How does Mrs. Mallard's death in the conclusion contribute to the story's overall meaning? Cite evidence in your answer.
