

Name:

Bell:



English 9

The Art of Disguise

Essential Question(s):

While it is true that most people experience some degree of nervousness when speaking in front of an audience, it is also true that every human is secretly an actor who changes roles constantly. Consciously or not, people speak and behave differently depending on the situation in which they find themselves—whether they are introducing themselves to a peer online, hanging out with an old friend, or applying for a job.

How aware are we of our performances in life? What could we learn about ourselves if we paid closer attention to the roles we play and how we play them? Are we being somehow dishonest by adapting to our many roles? Do we have any choice but to play certain necessary parts?

This unit offers a wide variety of literature for your students to examine these questions while also exploring texts in the unit's genre focus, drama. The classic drama *A Doll's House* by Henrik Ibsen, an excerpt from Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*, and the contemporary play *West Side Story* by Arthur Laurents all serve as examples of the genre focus. Selections such as Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem "We Wear the Mask" and Margaret Chase Smith's speech "Remarks to the Senate in Support of a Declaration of Conscience" allow students to read across genres.

BLAST Article

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts ..."

Maybe you've heard these words from playwright William Shakespeare's comedy *As You Like It*. What do you think they suggest about human nature? Shakespeare compared society in his time to a metaphorical play—one in which every individual acted according to society's **expectations**. But are people still "merely players" in the world today?

In life, it's common to **portray** ourselves and act differently around different groups of people. This practice is sometimes called **code switching**. National Public Radio describes code switching as "the practice of shifting the languages you use or the way you express yourself in your conversations." Maybe you are respectful to your parents and teachers, impatient with your siblings, and goofy

with your friends. Online, this phenomenon is often even more obvious: your accounts on Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, or Twitter are all public versions of yourself that you groom to share with a specific audience. “Young people are quite accomplished at juggling identities,” a 2017 study published in scientific journal *Computers in Human Identity* claimed. Young people can easily change their public identity—whether through photos, videos, or carefully-crafted captions.

As a teenager, you probably know the dangers of sharing too much on social media. Once you post something, there is no way to know how many times others may have saved or shared that content without your consent. But what about the danger of not sharing enough? Most often, online images and statuses have been heavily edited and **filtered**—they reveal only a tiny, perfect sliver of your real identity. Writer R. Kay Green asks, “Are we really presenting who we are, or are we presenting a hyper-idealistic version of ourselves?”

When people present an idealistic version of themselves online, they risk feeling like they have to live up to it. This can make us lose our authentic selves, according to psychologist Richard Sherry. “Being competitive and wanting to put our best face forward—seeking support or **empathy** from our peers—is entirely understandable,” Sherry said. “However, the dark side of this social conformity is when we deeply lose ourselves or negate what authentically and compassionately feels to be ‘us’; to the degree that we no longer recognise the experience, our voice, the memory or even the view of ourselves.”

Some people, like writer Clara Dollar, say that it can be hard to balance social media and reality. “That version of me got her start online as my social media persona, but over time (and I suppose for the sake of consistency), she bled off the screen and overtook my real-life personality, too,” Dollar wrote. “And once you master what is essentially an onstage performance of yourself, it can be hard to break character.”

What do you think? Do your online identity and your real-life identity match? Do you find yourself acting differently to blend in with different groups of people? How do we perform for different audiences?

1. How do people change their identity around different groups of people?

2. Do you think social media is a good way for people to express themselves? Why or why not?

3. Does your online identity and real-life identity match? Explain.

A Story of Vengeance” Vocabulary

by Alice Dunbar-Nelson

Directions: Look at the picture, then read the word and part of speech. Copy and paste the correct definition from the box below into the corresponding box on the chart; write TWO sentences using TWO DIFFERENT forms of the word.

*****DO NOT** copy and paste definitions or sentences from Google.

Definition bank: (copy & paste)

- Changing often, particularly one's loyalty and affection
- A huge quantity of something
- Abandoned
- Someone who makes counterfeit money or objects
- Widely different; diverse
- To formally and voluntarily give up or refuse






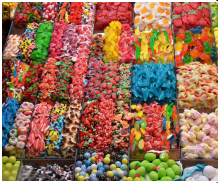
Image	Word & Part of Speech	Paste Definition	Use the word in a sentence. You may change the form of the word
	Deluge (<i>noun</i> OR <i>verb</i>) -ed (past tense) -ing (present/future) -s (plural)		
	Fickle (<i>adjective</i>) fickleness (<i>noun</i>) Fickly (<i>adverb</i>)		
	Forger (<i>noun</i>) forge (verb OR <i>noun</i>) -ed (past tense) -ing		

Image	Word & Part of Speech	Paste Definition	Use the word in a sentence. You may change the form of the word
	<p>(present/future)</p> <p>-s (plural)</p> <p>forgeability</p> <p>(noun)</p> <p>forgeable</p> <p>(adjective)</p>		
	<p>Forsaken</p> <p>(<i>adjective</i>)</p> <p>forsook</p> <p>forsake</p> <p>forsaking</p> <p>forsaker</p>		
	<p>Renounce</p> <p>(<i>verb</i>)</p> <p>-ed (past tense)</p> <p>-ing</p> <p>(present/future)</p> <p>-s (plural)</p> <p>renouncement</p> <p>(noun)</p> <p>renouncer</p> <p>(noun)</p>		
	<p>*Varied/vary</p> <p>(<i>adjective</i>)</p> <p>-ed (past tense)</p> <p>-ing</p> <p>(present/future)</p> <p>-s (plural)</p> <p>varingly</p> <p>(adverb)</p>		

A Story of Vengeance

by Alice Dunbar-Nelson

Fiction, 1895



Introduction

Alice Dunbar-Nelson (1875–1935) was an American writer, political activist, and feminist.

She was among the first generation of African Americans to be born free in the South after the Civil War, and she spent much of her adult life fighting for the political rights of women and people of color. "A Story of Vengeance" was part of Dunbar-Nelson's first published book, *Violets and Other Tales*, a collection of stories and poems. Here, the unnamed narrator relates the tumultuous ups and downs of her relationship with a man named Bernard, dealing with the story's themes of love, success, and revenge.

1 Yes, Eleanor, I have grown grayer. I am younger than you, you know, but then, what have you to age you? A kind husband, lovely children, while I—I am nothing but a lonely woman. Time goes slowly, slowly for me now.

2 Why did I never marry? Move that screen a little to one side, please; my eyes can scarcely bear a strong light. Bernard? Oh, that's a long story. I'll tell you if you wish; it might pass an hour.

3 Do you ever think to go over the old school-days? We thought such foolish things then, didn't we? There wasn't one of us but imagined we would have only to knock ever so faintly on the portals of fame and they would fly wide for our entrance into the magic realms. On Commencement night we whispered merrily among ourselves on the stage to see our favorite planet, Venus, of course, smiling at us through a high, open window, "bidding adieu to her astronomy class," we said.

4 Then you went away to plunge into the most brilliant whirl of society, and I stayed in the beautiful old city to work.

5 Bernard was very much *en evidence*¹ those days. He liked you a great deal, because in school-girl parlance you were my "chum." You say,—thanks, no tea, it reminds me that I'm an old maid; you say you know what happiness means—maybe, but I don't think any living soul could experience the joy I felt in those days; it was absolutely painful at times.

¹ In plain sight, always around

6 Byron² and his counterparts are ever dear to the womanly heart, whether young or old. Such a man was he, gloomy, misanthropical, tired of the world, with a few dozen broken love-affairs among his varied experiences. Of course, I worshiped him secretly, what romantic, silly girl of my age, would not, being thrown in such constant contact with him.

7 One day he folded me tightly in his arms, and said:

8 "Little girl, I have nothing to give you in exchange for that priceless love of yours but a heart that has already been at another's feet, and a wrecked life, but may I ask for it?"

9 "It is already yours," I answered. I'll draw the veil over the scene which followed; you know, you've "been there."

10 Then began some of the happiest hours that ever the jolly old sun beamed upon, or the love-sick moon clothed in her rays of silver. Deceived me? No, no. He admitted that the old love for Blanche was still in his heart, but that he had lost all faith and respect for her, and could nevermore be other than a friend. Well, I was fool enough to be content with such crumbs.

11 We had five months of happiness. I tamed down beautifully in that time,—even consented to adopt the peerless Blanche as a model. I gave up all my most ambitious plans and cherished schemes, because he disliked women whose names were constantly in the mouth of the public. In fact, I became quiet, sedate, dignified, renounced too some of my best and dearest friends. I lived, breathed, thought, acted only for him; for me there was but one soul in the universe—Bernard's. Still, for all the suffering I've experienced, I'd be willing to go through it all again just to go over those five months. Every day together, at nights on the lake-shore listening to the soft lap of the waters as the silver sheen of the moon spread over the dainty curled waves; sometimes in a hammock swinging among the trees talking of love and reading poetry. Talk about Heaven! I just think there can't be a better time among the angels.

12 But there is an end to all things. A violent illness, and his father relenting, sent for the wayward son. I will always believe he loved me, but he was eager to get home to his mother, and anxious to view Blanche in the light of their new relationship. We had a whole series of parting scenes,—tears and vows and kisses exchanged. We clung to each other after the regulation fashion, and swore never to forget, and to write every day. Then there was a final wrench. I went back to my old life—he, away home.

13 For a while I was content, there were daily letters from him to read; his constant admonitions to practice; his many little tokens to adore—until there came a change,—letters less frequent, more mention of Blanche and her love for him, less of his love for me, until the truth was forced upon me. Then I grew cold and proud, and

² Referring to Lord Byron, a well-known British poet

with an iron will crushed and stamped all love for him out of my tortured heart and cried for vengeance.

14 Yes, quite melo-dramatic, wasn't it? It is a dramatic tale, though.

15 So I threw off my habits of seclusion and mingled again with men and women, and took up all my long-forgotten plans. It's no use telling you how I succeeded. It was really wonderful, wasn't it? It seems as though that **fickle** goddess, Fortune, showered every blessing, save one, on my path. Success followed success, triumph succeeded triumph. I was lionized³, feted⁴, petted⁵, caressed by the social and literary world. You often used to wonder how I stood it in all those years. God knows; with the heart-sick weariness and the fierce loathing that possessed me, I don't know myself.

16 But, mind you, Eleanor, I schemed well. I had everything seemingly that humanity craved for, but I suffered, and by all the gods, I swore that he should suffer too. Blanche turned against him and married his brother. An unfortunate chain of circumstances drove him from his father's home branded as a **forg**er. Strange, wasn't it? But money is a strong weapon, and its long arm reaches over leagues and leagues of land and water.

17 One day he found me in a distant city, and begged for my love again, and for mercy and pity. Blanche was only a mistake, he said, and he loved me alone, and so on. I remembered all his thrilling tones and tender glances, but they might have moved granite now sooner than me. He knelt at my feet and pleaded like a criminal suing for life. I laughed at him and sneered at his misery, and told him what he had done for my happiness, and what I in turn had done for his.

18 Eleanor, to my dying day, I shall never forget his face as he rose from his knees, and with one awful, indescribable look of hate, anguish and scorn, walked from the room. As he neared the door, all the old love rose in me like a flood, drowning the sorrows of past years, and overwhelming me in a **deluge** of pity. Strive as I did, I could not repress it; a woman's love is too mighty to be put down with little reasonings. I called to him in terror, "Bernard, Bernard!" He did not turn; gave no sign of having heard.

19 "Bernard, come back; I didn't mean it!"

20 He passed slowly away with bent head, out of the house and out of my life. I've never seen him since, never heard of him. Somewhere, perhaps on God's earth he wanders outcast, **forsaken**, loveless. I have my vengeance, but it is like Dead Sea fruit⁶, all bitter ashes to the taste. I am a miserable, heart-weary wreck,—a woman with fame, without love.

³ Given public attention; treated like a celebrity

⁴ Celebrated

⁵ Treated with affection

⁶ Referring to something that appears to be beautiful and full of promise, but is in reality nothing more than an illusion and disappointment

21 "Vengeance is an arrow that often falleth and smiteth the hand of him that sent it."

A Doll's House

by Henrik Ibsen

Drama, 1879

Introduction

Of the 25 plays written by

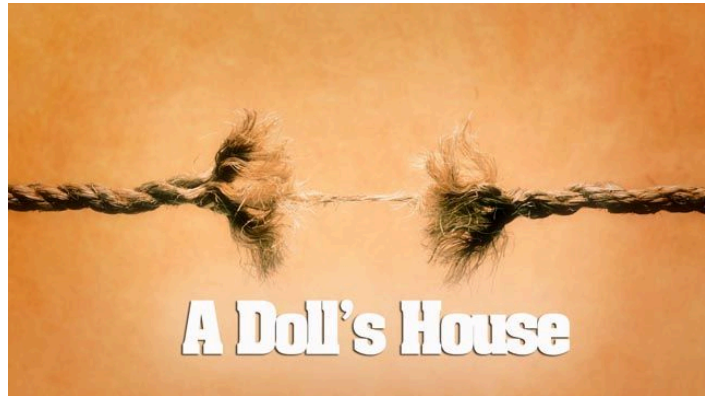
Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen

(1828–1906), none is more famous

or widely performed than *A Doll's*

House, which earned controversy in its time for questioning traditional marriage norms.

Set in a Norwegian town in the late 19th century, *A Doll's House* follows a series of events that leads Nora Helmer to reexamine her marriage. In this scene, she explains to her husband why she is leaving.



From Act III

1 NORA: We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation?

2 HELMER: What do you mean by serious?

3 NORA: In all these eight years—longer than that—from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.

4 HELMER: Was it likely that I would be continually and forever telling you about worries that you could not help me to bear?

5 NORA: I am not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything. ...When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I **concealed** the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

6 HELMER: What sort of an expression is that to use about our marriage?

7 NORA [*undisturbed*]: I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own **taste**, and so I got the same tastes as yours, else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which—I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman—just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you. ...

8 HELMER: How unreasonable and how ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?

9 NORA: No, I have never been happy. ...Only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I was papa's doll-child; and here the children have been my dolls. I thought it great fun when you played with me, just as they thought it great fun when I played with them. That is what our marriage has been, Torvald. ...

10 HELMER: There is some truth in what you say—exaggerated and **strained** as your view of it is. But for the future it shall be different. Playtime shall be over, and lesson-time shall begin.

11 NORA: Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

12 HELMER: Both yours and the children's, my darling Nora.

13 NORA: Alas, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being a proper wife for you.

14 HELMER: And you can say that!

15 NORA: And I—how am I fitted to bring up the children?

16 HELMER: Nora!

17 NORA: Didn't you say so yourself a little while ago—that you dare not trust me to bring them up?

18 HELMER: In a moment of anger! Why do you pay any heed to that?

19 NORA: Indeed, you were perfectly right. I am not fit for the task. There is another task I must **undertake** first. I must try and educate myself—you are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. And that is why I am going to leave you now.

20 HELMER [*springing up*]: What do you say?

21 NORA: I must stand quite alone, if I am to understand myself and everything about me. It is for that reason that I cannot remain with you any longer.

22 HELMER: Nora, Nora!

23 NORA: I am going away from here now, at once. I am sure Christine will take me in for the night—

24 HELMER: You are out of your mind! I won't allow it! I forbid you! ...Before all else, you are a wife and a mother.

25 NORA: I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try and become one. I know quite well, Torvald, that most people would think you right, and that views of that kind are to be found in books; but I can no longer **content** myself with what most people say, or with what is found in books. I must think over things for myself and get to understand them.





The Cask of Amontillado Vocabulary

By Edgar Allan Poe

Directions: Look at the picture, then read the word and part of speech. Copy and paste the correct definition from the box below into the corresponding box on the chart. Then, use that word in a sentence so that its meaning is easily understood by the reader. **DO NOT** copy and paste definitions or sentences from Google.

Definition bank: (copy & paste)

- a state of rest or sleep
- to approach in order to speak to someone, usually in a bold or aggressive manner
- huge or very great in size
- punishment

Image	Word & Part of Speech	Paste Definition	Use word in a sentence
	Accost (<i>verb</i>)		
	Colossal (<i>adjective</i>)		
	Repose (<i>noun</i>)		
	Retribution (<i>noun</i>)		

“The Cask of Amontillado”

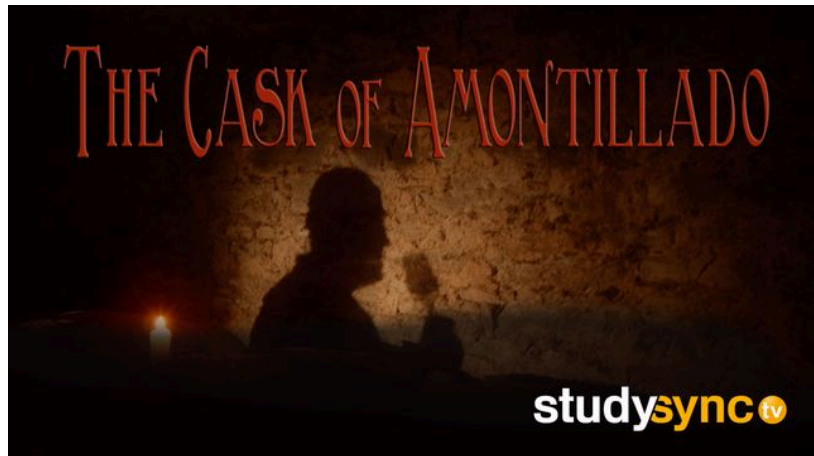
by Edgar Allan Poe

Fiction, 1846

Introduction

“The Cask of Amontillado” was the final short story written by Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), whose

distinctive style and characteristic themes of murder and revenge play out one last time in the depths of a damp Italian catacomb. Claiming he needs his opinion on a rare vintage, Montresor lures an acquaintance, Fortunato, into the depths of an underground wine cellar. Once inside, it’s more than a taste of sherry that awaits the unsuspecting visitor.



1 The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne⁷ as I best could; but when he ventured⁸ upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance⁹ to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved, precluded¹⁰ the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity¹¹. A wrong is unredressed¹² when **retribution** overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

2 It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont¹³ [habit], to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation¹⁴ [death].

3 He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship¹⁵ in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso¹⁶ spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise imposture¹⁷ upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and

⁷ borne: beared it, took it

⁸ ventured: dared

⁹ gave utterance: said a word

¹⁰ precluded: prevented

¹¹ impunity: not get punished in return

¹² unredressed: not made right

¹³ wont: habit

¹⁴ immolation: death

¹⁵ connoisseurship: expertise

¹⁶ virtuoso: highly skilled

¹⁷ imposture: Fraud, deception

gemmary¹⁸, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.



4 It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season¹⁹, that I encountered my friend. He **accosted** me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley²⁰. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical²¹ cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

5 I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe²² of what passes for Amontillado²³, and I have my doubts."

6 "How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

7 "I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

8 "Amontillado!"

9 "I have my doubts."

10 "Amontillado!"

11 "And I must satisfy them."

12 "Amontillado!"

13 "As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

14 "Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

15 "And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

16 "Come, let us go."

17 "Whither?"

18 "To your vaults."

¹⁸ *gemmary*: knowledge of gems

¹⁹ *carnival season*: Mardi Gras, just before Lent, parties with masks, costumes, food and drinks

²⁰ *motley*: clothing with a mix of colors, like a jester

²¹ *conical*: cone shaped

²² *pipe*: another word for cask or container

²³ *Amontillado*: Spanish wine

19 “My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement.

20 Luchesi—” “I have no engagement;—come.”

21 “My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults²⁴ are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre²⁵.”

22 “Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado.”

23 Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire²⁶ closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo²⁷.

24 There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

25 I took from their sconces two flambeaux²⁸, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs²⁹ of the Montresors.

26 The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

27 “The pipe,” said he.

28 “It is farther on,” said I; “but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls.”

29 He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

30 “Nitre?” he asked, at length.

31 “Nitre,” I replied. “How long have you had that cough?”

32 “Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!”

33 My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

34 “It is nothing,” he said, at last.

²⁴ *vaults*: underground passages

²⁵ *nitre*: white mineral found in gunpowder

²⁶ *roquelaire*: a dark cloak

²⁷ *palazzo*: home

²⁸ *flambeaux*: torch or lantern

²⁹ *catacombs*: burial tunnels or family crypt

35 “Come,” I said, with decision, “we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—”

36 “Enough,” he said; “the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.”

37 “True—true,” I replied; “and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc³⁰ will defend us from the damp.”

38 Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

39 “Drink,” I said, presenting him the wine.

40 He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

41 “I drink,” he said, “to the buried that **repose** around us.”

42 “And I to your long life.”

43 He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

44 “These vaults,” he said, “are extensive.”

45 “The Montresors,” I replied, “were a great and numerous family.”

46 “I forget your arms³¹.”

47 “A huge human foot d’or³², in a field azure³³; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel.”

48 “And the motto?”

49 “Nemo me impune lacessit³⁴.”

50 “Good!” he said.

51 The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons³⁵ intermingling,

³⁰ *Medoc*: French wine

³¹ *arms*: family coat of arms, well established and noble

³² *foot d’or*: gold

³³ *azure*: blue

³⁴ *Nemo me impune lacessi*: Meaning no one attacks or injures me without being punished for it

³⁵ *puncheons*: large barrels of wine

into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

52 “The nitre!” I said: “see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river’s bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—”

53 “It is nothing,” he said; “let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc.”

54 I broke and reached him a flagon³⁶ of De Grave. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation³⁷ I did not understand.

55 I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

56 “You do not comprehend?” he said.

57 “Not I,” I replied.

58 “Then you are not of the brotherhood.”

59 “How?”

60 “You are not of the masons³⁸.”

61 “Yes, yes,” I said, “yes, yes.”

62 “You? Impossible! A mason?”

63 “A mason,” I replied.

64 “A sign,” he said.

65 “It is this,” I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

66 “You jest,” he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. “But let us proceed to the Amontillado.”

67 “Be it so,” I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

68 At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From

³⁶ *flagon*: A large container, usually pottery, with a handle and spout

³⁷ *gesticulation*: movements with your hands or arms to express something

³⁸ *masons*: The Freemasons, a secret “brotherhood” or fraternity

the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use in itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the **colossal** supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

69 It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

70 "Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

71 He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

72 "Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

73 "The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

74 "True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

75 As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

76 I had scarcely laid the first tier of my masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

77 A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier³⁹, I began to grope with it about the recess: but the thought of an instant

³⁹ rapier: Thin-bladed sword

reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer⁴⁰ grew still.

78 It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

79 “Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!”

80 “The Amontillado!” I said.

81 “He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

82 “Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

83 “For the love of God, Montresor!”

84 “Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!” But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

85 “Fortunato!”

86 No answer. I called again—

87 “Fortunato!”

88 No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat! ⁴¹

[Bilingual versions](#)

⁴⁰ *clamoror*: noise maker

⁴¹ Latin for “rest in peace”

Excerpt of Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

When they meet...

Act I Scene v Lines 40-140 (I.v.40-140)

[Original Movie](#)

[Romeo + Juliet](#)

- Where are the elements of 'disguise' evident in this scene?
- How are Juliet's mom and dad's actions with Tybalt an aspect of 'disguise'? (appearances with the guests at the party...)

Background

The Capulets and Montagues are two important families in the city of Verona. They are sworn enemies and have been fighting for many years. The Capulets are having a party because Paris, a wealthy man, asked Lord Capulet for Juliet's hand in marriage; however, she is only 14. So, Lord Capulet decides to throw a party so Paris can see all of the women available in Verona.

Romeo and Benvolio (from the Montague family and Romeo's cousin), run into the Capulet servant giving out invitations to the party who cannot read. They interpret the guest list for him and then Benvolio suggests they attend the Capulet's party in **disguise** (because they are enemies of the Capulets). He thinks it will be a chance for Romeo to meet young women. Romeo is heartbroken over Rosaline, a woman he believes he loves, but does not love him back. ...it is there that Romeo meets Juliet!



AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publicquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*
his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>ROMEO [<i>To a Servingman</i>] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight? 40</p> <p>Servant I know not, sir.</p> <p>ROMEO O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 50</p> <p>TYBALT This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 55</p>	<p>ROMEO (<i>to a SERVINGMAN</i>) Who is the girl on the arm of that lucky knight over there?</p> <p>SERVINGMAN I don't know, sir.</p> <p>ROMEO Oh, she shows the torches how to burn bright! She stands out against the darkness like a jeweled earring hanging against the cheek of an African. Her beauty is too good for this world; she's too beautiful to die and be buried. She outshines the other women like a white dove in the middle of a flock of crows. When this dance is over, I'll see where she stands, and then I'll touch her hand with my rough and ugly one. Did my heart ever love anyone before this moment? My eyes were liars, then, because I never saw true beauty before tonight.</p> <p>TYBALT I can tell by his voice that this man is a Montague. (<i>to his PAGE</i>) Get me my sword, boy.—What, does this peasant dare to come here with his face covered by a mask to sneer at and scorn our celebration? Now, by the honor of our family, I do not consider it a crime to kill him.</p>

To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night. 60

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 65
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect, 70
Show a fair presence and put off these
frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits, when such a villain is a guest: I'll not
endure him.

CAPULET

Why, what's going on here, nephew? Why
are you acting so angry?

TYBALT

Uncle, this man is a Montague—our
enemy. He's a scoundrel who's come
here out of spite to mock our party.

CAPULET

Is it young Romeo?

TYBALT

That's him, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Calm down, gentle cousin. Leave him
alone. He carries himself like a dignified
gentleman, and, to tell you the truth, he
has a reputation throughout Verona as a
virtuous and well-behaved young man. I
wouldn't insult him in my own house for
all the wealth in this town. So calm down.
Just ignore him. That's what I want, and if
you respect my wishes, you'll look nice
and stop frowning because that's not the
way you should behave at a feast.

TYBALT

It's the right way to act when a villain like
him shows up. I won't tolerate him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured: What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;

Am I the master here, or you? go to. 75

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to; You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed? 80

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princex; go:

Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts! 85

TYBALT

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different
greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

Exit

ROMEO [To JULIET]

CAPULET

You *will* tolerate him. What, little man? I say you will. What the—Am I the boss here or you? What the—You won't tolerate him! God help me! You'll start a riot among my guests! There will be chaos! It will be your fault, you'll be the rabble-rouser!

TYBALT

But, uncle, we're being disrespected.

CAPULET

Go on, go on. You're an insolent little boy. Is that how it is, really? This stupidity will come back to bite you. I know what I'll do. You have to contradict me, do you? I'll teach you a lesson. *(to the GUESTS)* Well done, my dear guests! *(to TYBALT)* You're a punk, get away. Keep your mouth shut, or else— *(to SERVINGMEN)* more light, more light! *(to TYBALT)* You should be ashamed. 'Il shut you up. *(to the guests)* Keep having fun, my dear friends!

The music plays again, and the guests dance

TYBALT

The combination of forced patience and pure rage is making my body tremble. I'll leave here now, but Romeo's prank, which seems so sweet to him now, will turn bitter to him later.

TYBALT exits.

If I profane with my unwortheiest hand 90
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 95
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands
do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to
despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
take. Thus from my lips, by yours,

ROMEO (taking JULIET's hand)

*Your hand is like a holy place that my
hand is unworthy to visit. If you're
offended by the touch of my hand, my two
lips are standing here like blushing
pilgrims, ready to make things better with
a kiss.*

*The first fourteen lines Romeo and Juliet
speak together form a sonnet.*

JULIET

*Good pilgrim, you don't give your hand
enough credit. By holding my hand you
show polite devotion. After all, pilgrims
touch the hands of statues of saints.
Holding one palm against another is like a
kiss.*

ROMEO

Don't saints and pilgrims have lips too?

JULIET

*Yes, pilgrim—they have lips that they're
supposed to pray with.*

ROMEO

*Well then, saint, let lips do what hands
do. I'm praying for you to kiss me. Please
grant my prayer so my faith doesn't turn
to despair.*

JULIET

*Saints don't move, even when they grant
prayers.*

ROMEO

Then don't move while I act out my

<p>my sin is purged.</p> <p>JULIET Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 105</p> <p>ROMEO Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged! Give me my sin again.</p> <p>JULIET You kiss by the book.</p> <p>Nurse Madam, your mother craves a word with you.</p> <p>ROMEO What is her mother?</p> <p>Nurse Marry, bachelor, 110 Her mother is the lady of the house, And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal; I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks. 115</p> <p>ROMEO Is she a Capulet? O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.</p>	<p><i>prayer.</i></p> <p><i>He kisses her.</i></p> <p><i>Now my sin has been taken from my lips by yours.</i></p> <p>JULIET <i>Then do my lips now have the sin they took from yours?</i></p> <p>ROMEO <i>Sin from my lips? You encourage crime with your sweetness. Give me my sin back.</i></p> <p><i>They kiss again.</i></p> <p>JULIET <i>You kiss like you've studied how.</i></p> <p>NURSE <i>Madam, your mother wants to talk to you.</i></p> <p><i>JULIET moves away</i></p> <p>ROMEO <i>Who is her mother?</i></p> <p>NURSE <i>Indeed, young man, her mother is the lady of the house. She is a good, wise, and virtuous lady. I nursed her daughter, whom you were just talking to. Let me tell you, the man who marries her will become very wealthy.</i></p> <p><i>ROMEO (to himself)</i></p>
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JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio. 130

JULIET

What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name: if he be married. My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse

His name is Romeo, and a Montague; The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, 135

Is she a Capulet? Oh, this is a heavy price to pay! My life is in the hands of my enemy.

JULIET

Come over here, nurse. Who is that gentleman?

NURSE

He is the son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

Who's the one who's going out the door right now?

NURSE

Well, that one, I think, is young Petruchio.

JULIET

Who's the one following over there, the one who wouldn't dance?

NURSE

I don't know his name.

JULIET

*Go ask. (the nurse leaves)
If he's married, I think I'll die rather than marry anyone else.*

NURSE (returning)

*His name is Romeo. He's a Montague.
He's the only son of your worst enemy.*

JULIET (to herself)

<p>and known too late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me, That I must love a loathed enemy.</p> <p>Nurse What's this? what's this?</p> <p>JULIET A rhyme I learn'd even now of one I danced withal. 140</p> <p>Nurse Anon, anon! Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.</p> <p><i>Exeunt</i></p>	<p><i>The only man I love is the son of the only man I hate! I saw him too early without knowing who he was, and I found out who he was too late! Love is a monster for making me fall in love with my worst enemy.</i></p> <p>NURSE <i>What's this? What's this?</i></p> <p>JULIET <i>Just a rhyme I learned from somebody I danced with at the party.</i></p> <p><i>Somebody calls, "Juliet!" from offstage.</i></p> <p>NURSE <i>Right away, right away. Come, let's go. The strangers are all gone.</i></p> <p><i>They exit.</i></p>
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