

Chapter 1 : The Story of an Hour - Wikipedia

"The Story of An Hour" Kate Chopin () 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. She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. 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. 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. 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 her breath: 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. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being! Body and soul free! Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. I beg, open the door - you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? I am not making myself ill. 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. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. 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 accident, and did not even know there had been one. But Richards was too late. When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease - of joy that kills. If you liked this story, please share it with others:

Chapter 2 : Irony in The Story of an Hour | Essay Example

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It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. 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. 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 her breath: 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 her 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 face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being! Body and soul free! Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. I beg; open the door—'you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? I am not making myself ill. 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. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. 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 accident, and did not even know there had been one. But Richards was too late. When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—'of joy that kills. Louis Life on January 5, , with two changes that are included in this version of the story.

Chapter 3 : The Story of an Hour Summary - blog.quintoapp.com

The Story of An Hour by Kate Chopin. This story was first published in as The Dream of an Hour before being republished under this title in We encourage students and teachers to use our The Story of An Hour Study Guide and Feminist Literature Study Guide.

Although first titled "The Dream of an Hour", the first reprinting in changed the title to what we know today. Symbols The first section of our analysis deals with symbols: The first sentence of "The Story of an Hour" informs us that Mrs. Mallard has heart troubles. Her physical heart problems symbolize her emotional heart problems as it relates to marriage. The Heart part 2 - The heart of any society is the family and a marriage between a man and a woman is the essential foundation of the family. Mallard - Keeping in mind the above examples of an ailing heart, Mrs. Patches of Blue Sky - There were also "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. Mallard longed for her life to end, thinking there would be nothing but restrictions. Now that end seems full of hope. Mallard races upstairs into her room: Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul. Irony The following examples demonstrate irony in the story. Richards needs to be slapped around a bit, going around telling people that Mr. He needs to find out for sure. Mallard lives and Mrs. Josephine is worried that Mrs. Mallard has locked herself in her room and is making herself ill. Mallard dies from the shock of seeing her husband. The doctors say she died from "the joy that kills. Mallard is no where near full of joy.

Chapter 4 : "The Story of an Hour": Analysis of the Symbols & Irony in Kate Chopin's Short Story

"The Story of an Hour," is a short story written by Kate Chopin on April 19, It was originally published in Vogue on December 6, , as " The Dream of an Hour ". It was later reprinted in St. Louis Life on January 5, , as "The Story of an Hour".

This section may require copy editing for separating mix of summary and analysis. September Learn how and when to remove this template message "The Story of an Hour" expresses every emotion that Louise Mallard feels after she finds out about the death of her husband. The first sentence of the story states, "Knowing that Mrs. Mallard begins weeping uncontrollably into the arms of her sister, Josephine. She sits down in an armchair and is overwhelmed by a feeling of relief. She knows that when the time of his funeral arrives, she will feel sad again. But as she looks ahead at her future years without her husband, she feels liberated. Mallard keeps whispering to herself, "Free! Body and soul free! Mallard to open the door or she will make herself ill. Mallard gets out of her chair and opens the door for Josephine and they both walk downstairs together. Upon arriving to the bottom of the staircase, the front door opens and Mrs. Josephine and Richards try to hide the sight from Louise, but it is too late. When she sees that her husband is still alive, she lets out a startled cry and dies from a heart attack. Mallard was so immensely shocked at the sight of her husband that her weak heart gave out right then and there. Louise did briefly experience joyâ€”the joy of imagining herself in control of her own life. And it was the removal of that intense joy that led to her death. Jamil explains in the article, "Emotions in the Story of an Hour", ". But, for one climactic hour of her life, Louise does truly taste joy. For one hour of emotion, Louise does glimpse meaning and fulfillment. For one hour, Louise had a sense of freedom and was so ecstatic to begin her new life, but that was stripped away from her far too soon and her heart was unable to bear the shock that she felt about seeing her husband alive. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Mallard was unable to shake the thought of being free from her husband. The word "free" began to haunt her mind, free from oppression. Normal women would have gone into grief and weep in sorrow; however, Mrs. Throughout "The Story of an Hour", her constant baffle on freedom had led readers to confusion whether her heart condition has anything to do with her reaction. Jamil exclaims to her audience that," Mrs. Then, in result, Mrs. Nicole Diederich questions the "focus on the challenge the ending poses to the reader" Diederich about how the audience sees her death. Heidi Podlasti-Labrenz also supports that Mrs. Her actions were to "illustrate the dangers of making assumptions" Mayer and in result, her weakened heart had taken her life. Her sister thought of her behavior as nothing but a sickness. It was not her mind going crazy, but Louise "reaching existentialism" is her finally realizing her time and place as this new awakened being. Chopin shows her readers that the love of only one partner in a marriage is not indicative of a mutual relationship. The open window through which Mrs. Mallard gazes for a majority of the story is a sign of the freedom and opportunities that await her through her newfound independence. Everything that she experiences through her senses suggests joy and springâ€”new life. Mallard can look into the distance and see nothing but a clear bright future ahead of her. This attitude finds its expression in "The Story of an Hour" when Mrs. Mallard questions the meaning of love and ultimately rejects it as meaningless. Berkove notes that there has been "virtual critical agreement" that the story is about female liberation from a repressive marriage. However, he contests this reading and argues that there is a "deeper level of irony in the story". The story, according to Berkove, depicts Mrs. Mallard as an "immature egotist" and a "victim of her own extreme self-assertion". Jamil claims that up until that point, Mrs. The repression of emotion may represent Mrs. Therefore, her newfound freedom is brought on by an influx of emotion representing the death of her repressive husband that adds meaning and value to her life. Mallard actually feels joy because she is feeling. Since this "joy that kills" ultimately leads to Mrs. In the same article, Jamil shows the repression that Mrs. Mallard faces as a wife. This shows how her life would change and that she is now a new person and removed from the repressed life she faced before. No evidence is given in the story about how she is repressed, but her reaction to his death and her newfound confidence and freedom are enough. This repression of herself, that she dealt with, has now been removed, enabling her to be free. In a article, Jeremy Foote argues that "The Story of an Hour" can be

read as a commentary and warning about technology—specifically the railroad and the telegraph. The railroad, he claims, may be the cause of the distance between the Mallards and many other couples of the time. It allowed for work and home to be very distant from each other, and eliminated opportunities for spouses to spend time together. Foote argues that the reason that Louise Mallard wanted more autonomy was because she and her husband did not spend time together. The alone time that Louise had in the house made her less close to her husband, and made her want her independence. Instead of having enough time to think about and process the death of her husband, it is thrust upon Mrs. Mallard, in its entirety, followed within minutes by the shock of seeing him alive. As the title suggests, this is a story about the importance of time. It may not have been the events that happened so much as the speed at which they happened which is so devastating to Mrs. Characters[edit] Louise Mallard is a young married woman, who feels constrained in her home and her marriage. Mallard wished no ill on her husband and is even sad when she first hears the news. However, upon reflection, she decides this is a good thing. She is free to live her own life again and decides she is happy her husband has died. This offers us a glimpse into the dark side of her personality. Is this a mere expression of freedom, or is she excited to be free of this man who she believes has held her back? The story is vague on that particular topic. Mahmoud Sabbaugh states "It is more or less up to the reader to decide if Louise Mallard is a feminist champion, or a monster who wished death upon her husband. Mallard is indirectly shown to feel trapped within her marriage. Mallard spends a lot of time thinking about how her life is going to be now that her "husband is gone" and this further raises the question of how happy is she really. This take on the story could allow readers to look deeper behind her actions after her husband's death. Marriage and self-assertion play a huge role in this short story. In the beginning the reader learns that Mrs. Mallard seems to be grief stricken by the loss of her husband. She left to her room alone to grieve " Mallard was exhausted by her marriage, not by the fact that she has learned that her husband has died. Mallard is grieving alone in her room, she gazes out the window and notices " The delicious breath of rain was in the air. As she sits in her chair and ponders over the feeling she is having, the feeling finally comes to her " These words now leave the reader with the belief that Mrs. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome. Mallard was truly unhappy in her marriage, the reader can only begin to conclude when reading those sentences that Mrs. Mallard was unhappy and would finally be free from a marriage that only confined her. Another point to look at and that can closely relate with the unhappy marriage discussed above, is how Mrs. It is mentioned in the article Emotions in the Story of an Hour " As her body responds to her emotions, she feels a rhythmic connection to the physical world. Mallard is connecting to her body. Chopin writes "Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body. Mallard relaxing knowing that her individuality and freedom from her marriage are finally in her grasp. As mentioned previously, Mrs. Mallard repeats the word free over and over. This plays a significant part in both her finding freedom in her marriage but also freedom for herself. Towards the end of the story, Chopin writes "Free! Mallard insists that she is not making herself ill. Mallard is finally finding her independence and breathing in her new found freedom. Previously it was mentioned that there is nothing in this story that defines that Mrs.

Chapter 5 : Readers' Review: Kate Chopin's "The Story of an Hour" - Diane Rehm

"The Story of an Hour" is Kate Chopin's short story about the thoughts of a woman after she is told that her husband has died in an accident. The story first appeared in Vogue in and is today one of Chopin's most popular works.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. 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 someone 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. 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 the breath: 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! Body and soul free! Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? I am not making myself ill. 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. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom. Someone 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. When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills. Having read the story, why do you suppose Kate Chopin chose to change that one word? Given societal norms and expectations about women and marriage in , do you see how simply changing a single word in the title may have been an answer to the controversy and criticism that the story engendered at that time? The Story of an Hour is one of the

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Chapter 6 : Short Stories: The Story of an Hour by Kate Chopin

Kate Chopin's short piece "The Story of an Hour" is about a sickly wife who briefly believes her husband is dead and imagines a whole new life of freedom for blog.quintoapp.com *blog.quintoapp.com, we're not going to spoil the ending for you here.*

More about the location is not specified. It was reprinted in *St. Louis Life* on January 5, 1894. The *St. Louis Life* version includes several changes in the text. Because she had *Vogue* as a market and a well-paying one, Kate Chopin wrote the critical, ironic, brilliant stories about women for which she is known today. She dies as a result of the strain she is under. The irony of her death is that even if her sudden epiphany is freeing, her autonomy is empty, because she has no place in society. Her death, he writes, is the only place that will offer her the absolute freedom she desires. It gave her a certain release from what she evidently felt as repression or frustration, thereby freeing forces that had lain dormant in her. Body and soul free! You can see the sentence in question three lines down on the right column: The story was reprinted the following year in *St. Louis Life*. What does the present title mean? Do you know how much *Vogue* magazine paid Kate Chopin for the story? It may be true. The story certainly appears in a great many anthologies these days. She had to have her heroine die. A story in which an unhappy wife is suddenly widowed, becomes rich, and lives happily ever after. There were limits to what editors would publish, and what audiences would accept. Xavier University of Louisiana offers this response: Tina Rathborne sometimes spelled Rathbone or Rathbourne directed; she and Nancy Dyer wrote the script. I always felt that the story, if it has a specific setting, is closer to the *St. Louis Life*. I have found it online Swedish title: We have found no answer to this question. If you have useful information, would you contact us? Edited by Per Seyersted. Louisiana State UP, , *A Vocation and a Voice*. Edited by Emily Toth. Complete Novels and Stories. Edited by Sandra Gilbert. Library of America, *A Review of General Semantics* Chen, Hui and Chang Wei. UP of Mississippi, *Degas in New Orleans*: U of California P, *The Awakening and The Descent of Man*. *Verging on the Abyss*: Louisiana State UP, *Short Stories by and about Women*. New American Library, The engine of these mercilessly observed stories is squirminess:

Chapter 7 : "The Story of an Hour" text

The Story of an Hour Kate Chopin She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at.

Get Full Essay Get access to this section to get all help you need with your essay and educational issues. The first irony detected is in the way that Louise reacts to the news of the death of her husband, Brently Mallard. In her room, Louise sinks into a comfortable chair and looks out her window. Immediately the image of comfort seems to strike a odd note. Next, the newly widowed woman is looking out of the window and sees spring and all the new life it brings. The descriptions used now are as far away from death as possible. Louise grows excited and begins to fantasize about living her life for herself. This is an eerie foreshadowing for an even more unexpected ending. She lived in the true sense of the word, with the will and freedom to live for only one hour. There were no satellites that I could find while reading the text; I found every word written essential to the narrative, the progression and the conclusion of the story. From the inciting moment Mrs. Mallard's becoming of a free independent person to the catastrophe Mrs. The reversal is Mrs. The reversal of the reader's expectation is a much more effective way for Chopin to express her message. The element in the reversal also has the role of a function an act defined by its significance for the course of action in which it appears. A death would usually be thought of as a tragedy, but once we start to gain insight on Mrs. In addition, Once examining the story I found an interesting insight on Mrs. Mallard's control, and the acts a change of state brought about by an agent are Mrs. Mallard's emotional realizations and her change of outlook on life and death rather than physical actions: Mallard's life and return is another happening that Mrs. Mallard has tasted her freedom, and has undergone her rebirth, the loss of it would be incredibly unbearable, would she have chosen to die under those circumstances. The first thing we learn about Mrs. Mallard is that she has heart trouble, and other people see her as a fragile woman. Chopin waits until further into the story to reveal that Mrs. Mallard's concerns or perhaps physical reactions to her suppression of self. There are many references to Mrs. Mallard being imprisoned in her station and in her life, which is probably her marriage alone. The chair is roomy and comfortable, this implies that she spends a lot of time at this window, an uncomfortable chair would not be practical or enjoyable. Furthermore, Although Chopin refused the title of feminist, she was probably refusing the definition of feminism of her time; also the title could be seen as another label to fit people into regardless of their individual views. It is clear to me that whether Chopin would agree or not there are very strong feminist views throughout the text. Feminism has been undergoing a change from conflict between men and women to domination and submission on a whole. The fact that Mrs. Mallard herself are never judging men; they are just unhappy in the societal situation in which they find themselves. This story is a look at the situations in which people will thrive and in which they will suffer; this story is not an accusation towards men it is a critique on Man. Mallard throughout the story. Originally she is referred to as Mrs. Mallard, immediately we see that in her marriage she is defined by her husband. Mallard, it cannot be ignored that a certain part of the self is lost. At the moment of her death she becomes the wife.

Chapter 8 : SparkNotes: The Story of an Hour: Plot Overview

The Story of an Hour 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.

The main character Louise Mallard has a heart problem. She has to be careful in whatever that she does. On this day, Louise has been told by an acquaintance that her husband Brantley has been killed in an accident. Of course, she is distraught about the news of his death. After being consoled by her sister, Louise goes to her room to compose herself. As she sits in her chair, Louise feels something coming up inside of her. Slowly, she began to realize what the feeling was. Louise began to whisper the words, "free, free, free What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being! Body and soul free! There would be no one to tell her what to do. She could go and do as she pleased. Louise had loved her husband sometimes. He had always been nice to her, and she thought that he loved her. Yet, he had made her do things that she did not want to do. She resented him for imposing his will on her. Mallard was doing something really bad occasionally to Louise, or she was not fair in her judgment of him. Just the day before, she felt that her life would always be the way he wanted it to be. But now, her days would be her own. Her sister waited for her outside her door. Arm in arm, they go down the stairs together. Louise fell to the floor and instantly was dead. The doctors said that she died from the "joy that kills. It was not only the shock of her seeing her husband alive, her heart problem, and probably

Chapter 9 : The Story of an Hour, Kate Chopin, characters, setting

Chopin's "The Story of an Hour" is the story of an hour in the life of Mrs. Louise Mallard, a young woman whose wrinkles portray "repression" (The entire section is words.) Unlock This.