

1: SparkNotes: The Monkey's Paw: Plot Overview

W. W. Jacobs Although The Monkey's Paw was included in the collection of Twenty Great American Stories, the fact is and stubbornly remains that W.W. Jacobs was born an English rather than American writer.

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

2: The Monkey's Paw by W.W. Jacobs

A short summary of W. W. Jacobs's The Monkey's Paw. This free synopsis covers all the crucial plot points of The Monkey's Paw. After his son wins, Mr. White.

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

distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to the house steeped in shadows and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen - something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear. But the days passed, and expectations gave way to resignation - the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes mis-called apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness. It was about a week after that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened. The sounds of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again. The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now? The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized up on him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her. He raised his hand. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind. He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him. Neither spoke, but sat silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle. At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock came so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door. The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house. It passed me on the stairs. A loud knock resounded through the house. What are you holding me for? I must open the door. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. If only he could find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back, and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him the courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

3: Robert Jacobs Obituary - Bay City, MI | Bay City Times

W. W. Jacobs Many Cargoes was followed by the novel The Skipper's Wooing in , and another collection of short stories, Sea Urchins () set the seal on his popularity. Among his other titles are Captains All, Sailors' Knots, and Night Watches.

Two easy-chairs by fireplace, table up C. How much longer are they going to be? He takes the other easy-chair. ETHEL opens door, and stands holding it. Your father has got a cold. She pushes him out, and he pushes in again. The door is enacting the part of a ventilating fan. What are you looking like that for? We shall be back soon. And what about an antimacassar for your poor old shoulders? Snatches one from a chair, throws it over him, gives him a pat on the head and then runs to join MR. Yes, you try chucking Gussie down, and see what happens. And always did it as though he was doing me a favour. Groans he made a favour of it; said he must do us credit. And suppose he comes while Alfred is here? Still, you can try. I believe I did it then. It felt like it. Wot a pity they let Gussie out! And if they do give a man a ticket it ought to be pinned on to " on to his coat-tails. Both turn and look at each other as a shuffling is heard outside door R. He is dressed in a frock coat too large for him, with large flower in buttonhole, fancy trousers, high stiff collar, a flaring necktie embellished with a scarf pin, shoes and white spats. Why, how much more do you want? I can die anywhere. The doorstep is good enough for me. Gets up and looks round with half-closed eyes Where is it? You say what you like. Some of the library books they used to give us was about it. One time I almost made up my mind to go there. You wait till you hear me put it over to them. A disgrace to your family. You never done any good, and you never will do. If you will give way to sinful pride you must pay for it. Will you go away if I give you a quid? PRICE fills his pipe from a paper on the mantelpiece, and winks at himself in the glass as he adjusts his tie a nice watch and a little money in my pocket, and I shall be the rich uncle from Australia to a t MR. At present my watch is being mended. The sea voyage upset it. He gazes in a fascinated fashion at Mr. He stands with his back to the fire, thrusts his hands in his pockets, spreads his legs apart, and blows smoke towards the ceiling. How this takes me hack! I thought it was your mother again, as I knew her years ago. Before the married and before I went to Australia. His as is engaged to Ethel. Pleased to know you. There is an impressive silence. He gazes benevolently of Mr. Fancy coming over without saying a word to anybody, and taking us all by surprise, like this! I should think not! Now, sit down, Uncle, and tell us about Australia. Ethel and Potter seat themselves, one each side of him. Shakes his head MR. Turns ad glares defiantly at Mr. George, you promised to look at that kitchen stove for me. Hustles him out door L. Very touchy in Australia they are. I suppose you soon got another, Uncle? Why, what do they do? A man in my persition" MR. Well, well, everybody has their choice. The thing to do is to save a bit to begin with, and then use the money to make more. And what are you going to do with it? Quite right, quite right. Well, if it was my money I should use it to make more with. Potter But I suppose your little bit is tied up? Some of it is on deposit in at Building society and the other is in the Savings Bank. I could get it all out in a few days. Potter and Ethel eye him anxiously. If you change your mind at any time, you can have the money back by asking for it, with interest. Ethel puts her hands on Mr. It always makes me feel so foolish. I can never thank you enough, sir. Looks at door L. Enter Mr and Mrs. Spriggs from door L. Made a good job of it, George? If you must know, Alfred is drawing it out for Uncle to invest it for him. In his own business. She presses her lips together and frowns at him. He swallows and clears his throat. I should go careful, Alfred, if I was you. Little and sure is my motter. Every little bit I could manage to put by I took care of. And look at him now. All turn instinctively and look at Mr. He adopts a modest attitude. Have it your own way. ETHEL produces bottle of beer and glasses. Holding up his glass the health of the young couple. My niece, Ethel, and Mr. A credit to the Old County. He empties his glass. Pointing to glass George! All stare at him. I feel it might go the wrong way. Why, is ought to know the way by this time. Anything the matter, Father? Only the sight of your Uncle Gussie. Gave me quite a shock. I just want to sit and look at him.

4: The Monkey's Paw Questions and Answers - www.enganchecubano.com

We have produced a Style Guide to help editors follow a standard format when editing a listing. If you are unsure how best to edit this programme please take a moment to read it.

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

5: W. W. Jacobs's™ The Monkey's Paw: Summary & Analysis – SchoolWorkHelper

"The Monkey's Paw" by W. W. Jacobs and "A&P" by John Updike have protagonists that are similar in a number of ways. Mr. White is an old British man and Sammy is an American teenager.

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

6: The Monkey's Paw - Wikipedia

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Pediatr Infect Dis J 18, Management of community-acquired pneumonia in the era of pneumococcal resistance: Arch Intern Med , Susceptibility of Streptococcus pneumoniae strains isolated in from seven Latin American countries. Int J Antimicrobial Agents16 Mediterranean clone of penicillin-susceptible, multidrug-resistant serotype 6B Streptococcus pneumoniae in Greece, Italy and Israel. Int J Antimicrobial Agents16, In vitro selection of resistance to clinafloxacin, ciprofloxacin, and trovafloxacin in Streptococcus pneumoniae. Antimicrob Agents Chemother 44, Two new mechanisms of macrolide resistance in clinical strains of Streptococcus pneumoniae from Eastern Europe and North America. Evaluation of etest for susceptibility testing of Mycobacterium tuberculosis. J Clin Microbiol 38, Antimicrob Agents Chemother 45, Prevalence and mechanisms of macrolide resistance in Streptococcus pyogenes in Santiago, Chile. Pediatr Infect Dis J 20, Diagnosis and treatment of upper respiratory tract infections in the primary care setting. Clin Ther 23, Jacobs MR, Weinberg W Evidence-based guidelines for treatment of bacterial respiratory tract infections in the era of antibiotic resistance. Manag Care Interface 14, Optimisation of antimicrobial therapy using pharmacokinetic and pharmacodynamic parameters. Clin Microbiol Infect 7, Pneumococcal conjugate vaccine serotypes of Streptococcus pneumoniae isolates and the antimicrobial susceptibility of such isolates in children with otitis media. Clin Infect Dis 33, High prevalence of carriage of antibiotic-resistant Streptococcus pneumoniae in children in Kampala Uganda. Int J Antimicrob Agents 17, Cefditoren in vitro activity and spectrum: Diagn Microbiol Infect Dis 41, Carriage of antibiotic-resistant Pneumococci among Asian children: Clin Infect Dis 32, J Antimicrobial Chemother 48, Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus sepsis associated with the transfusion of contaminated platelets: Implementation of guidelines for preventing early onset group B streptococcal infection. Semin Perinatol 25, Single- and multi-step selection study of the antipneumococcal activity of BMS compared to ciprofloxacin, levofloxacin, trovafloxacin and moxifloxacin. Clin Microbiol Infect, in press. Susceptibility to telithromycin and 6 other agents, and the prevalence-detection of macrolide resistance due to L4 ribosomal protein mutation among Streptococcus pneumoniae isolates from 10 Central and Eastern European countries. Antimicrob Agents Chemother 46, Susceptibility to telithromycin in Streptococcus pyogenes isolates from 10 Central and Eastern European countries. Effects of amino acid alterations in penicillin-binding proteins 1a, 2b, and 2x on penicillin-binding protein PBP affinity of penicillin, ampicillin, amoxicillin, cefditoren, cefuroxime, cefprozil and cefaclor in 18 clinical isolates of penicillin-susceptible, -intermediate and "resistant pneumococci.

7: W. W. Jacobs - Wikipedia

This is the question that overcomes the main characters, Mr. White and Mr. Peters, in the stories "The Monkey's Paw" by W.W. Jacobs and "The Third Wish" by Joan Aiken. In these two stories, two men were allowed to create three wishes each and had consequences that followed, therefore, they learned a valuable lesson about life.

8: W.W. Jacobs by Noah Seador on Prezi

Herbert White - The son of Mr. and Mrs. www.enganchecubano.comt is an irreverent, affectionate, and loyal young man and the only surviving child of the Whites. He works in an unidentified capacity with heavy machinery at a company called Maws and Meggins.

9: SparkNotes: The Monkey's Paw: List of Major Characters

"The Monkey's Paw" is a supernatural short story by author W. W. Jacobs first published in England in the collection The

Lady of the Barge in

The Autonomist party. Prelude to Nuremberg Sun and its system The Mind-Challenge Puzzle Book Drama stage and audience Fitazfk 8 week guide 14 ayat e sajda Daughter of Librty Constraint Propagation in Flexible Manufacturing Section 2 practicing equation balancing Politics, how to get involved The 1984 Gallup Poll Sermon preached in Kings chapel, November 22, 1835 Fiscal decentralization and economic growth Time to Learn About Seconds, Minutes Hours (Time) Conclusion. Calvinisms conundrums Castle of Llyr (Chronicles of Prydain Introduction by Jonah Salz. Microsoft Visual C 2005 Step by Step Dekok and the death of a clown Prayer on the several points of the Passion 496 George Sands childhood. Lets talk about world conquest I have chosen you Gynaecology Illustrated 5/e B Bailey 21/not Laugh Posthumanism a guide for the perplexed Underground times Lets Go 98 Eastern Europe (Annual) Winning Iranian hearts and minds Abbas William Samii General Knowledge CDL Test Study Book (English) Elephant Memories And never said a word Stop second-guessing yourself-the preschool years African American History Month 2008 Personal magnetism Fourth Simenon omnibus Mahabharata ebook Benign and malignant prostate following treatment A study of youth needs and services in Dallas, Texas