

## Mood Excerpts Associated With Setting

Excerpts from “The Monkey’s Paw” by W. W. Jacobs (1997):

Without, the night was cold and wet; but in the small parlor of Laburnam Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly.

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“That’s the worst of living so far out,” bawled Mrs. White, with sudden and unlooked-for violence; “of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst. Pathway’s a bog, and the road’s a torrent. I don’t know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses in the road are let, they think it doesn’t matter.”

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In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to a house steeped in shadow and silence.

Excerpt from “All Summer in a Day” by Ray Bradbury (n.d.):

It rained.

It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the schoolroom of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.

Excerpt from “The Treasure of Lemon Brown” by Walter Dean Myers (1997):

It was beginning to cool. Gusts of wind made bits of paper dance between the parked cars. There was a flash of nearby lightning, and soon large drops of rain splashed onto his jeans. . . . Down the block there was an old tenement building that had been abandoned for some months. . . .

The inside of the building was dark except for the dim light that filtered through the dirty windows from the street lamps. There was a room a few feet from the door, and from where he stood at the entrance, Greg could see a squarish path of light on the floor. He entered the room, frowning at the musty smell. It was a large room that might have been someone’s parlor at one time. Squinting, Greg could see an old table on its side against one wall, what looked like a pile of rags or a torn mattress in the corner, and a couch, with one side broken, in front of the window. (pp. T94, T95)

Source:

Bradbury, R. (n.d.). All summer in a day. Accessed at [www.btboces.org/Downloads/6\\_All%20Summer%20in%20a%20Day%20by%20Ray%20Bradbury.pdf](http://www.btboces.org/Downloads/6_All%20Summer%20in%20a%20Day%20by%20Ray%20Bradbury.pdf) on May 8, 2017.

Jacobs, W. W. (1997). *The monkey’s paw*. In *Elements of literature: Second course (Annotated teacher’s edition; pp. T185–T195)*. Austin, TX: Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

Myers, W. D. (1997). *The treasure of lemon brown*. In *Elements of literature: Second course (Annotated teacher’s edition; pp. T93–T101)*. Austin, TX: Holt, Rinehart and Winston.