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A haunted house by virginia woolf questions

Asked by chamel92 on 08 Nov 07:50 Login to reply answered by MHood2 on November 11 00:45 The treasures of a lifetime are in a person's ability to make beautiful memories with their loved ones. Cummings Guides HomeStudy Guide Prepared by Michael J. Cummings...© Type of Work 2012.....A Haunted House is a short tale in the fantasy genre about a ghost couple and a living couple occupying the same villa. Publication..... Hogarth Press published the story in London in 1921 as part of a collection of Woolf stories titled Monday or Tuesday. In the same year, Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., published the collection in New York. Configuration..... The action takes place in a coastal region of south-east England in a house in an unidentified location where there is a farm. The time is from the late 19th or early 20th centuries. Characters Couple Alive: Current occupants of a house. Ghost Couple: Former occupants of the house. Point of View The living man and the woman tell the story first, recounting the ghost couple's conversation and activity. Tom..... The tone is playful and light. The reader realizes that the ghosts—who are conducting a search—pose no threat to the living couple. Synopsis..... A man and woman occupying a house hear male and female ghosts wandering around the villa as they talk about finding a treasure. The living man and the woman have no knowledge of a treasure, such as gold or money, hidden in their property. When they were alive, the ghosts occupied the house more than a century before the current residents. The woman died first, and the man left home and traveled. He... went north, went east, saw the stars turned in the southern sky; searched the house, found it fallen under the Downs, says the narration. The Downs are a variety of chalk mountains along the south-east coast of England. After the man died, he joined the ghost woman in the house they occupied, the same house where the living man and the woman now dwell. As the ghosts search for their treasure, they roam the house, opening and closing doors and drawing curtains back. Although they try not to disturb the couple alive, this one can hear them from time to time. And what treasure are ghosts looking for? The narration reveals that it is the rediscovery of the places in and around the house where the ghosts spent small moments expressing their love for each other. The female ghost says: Here, asleep, in the reading of the garden; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we leave our treasure. After a meeting with the ghost couple in their bedroom, the living couple realizes what the ghosts are looking for. Theme: Love In the second sentence of the story, the phrase holding hands suggests that ghosts are in love. The author then takes reader to believe that the story is about finding a treasure, perhaps gold or money. In fact, the story is about the treasure—the treasure of love. As the ghosts roam the house, they are rediscovering places full of memories of their love for each other. The Haunted House of Virginia Woolf (notes 9 - 12) Short Story Literature Unit Copyright © 2020 Multiply Media, LLC. All rights reserved. Material on this site may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, cached or otherwise used, except with the prior written permission of Multiply. - Quietly, they said, or we're going to wake them up. - But it wasn't that you woke us up. - Wandering around the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us up, the ghostly couple seeks their joy. We can infer from these lines that those who were talking were ghosts and those who were narrating were people who could be awake (alive) and were involved in the story. - From room to room they were... - It's up there, she muttered. And in the garden, he whispered. A: Leaning, your light lifts the covers over my eyes. C:... one can say, and so read on a page of two. D: Look, he breathes. It's asleep. Love on your lips. i: He left, left her, went north, went east, saw the stars turn in the southern sky; searched the house, found it fell under the Downs. Iii:... the ghostly couple seeks their joy. iii: Here we sleep, she says. He adds: Kisses without number. (A) Sillie is a figure of speech that likes two different things using like words or as. (B) Metaphor is a figure of language in which a word or phrase literally denoting one object or idea replaces another to suggest a similarity or analogy between them. C The embodiment is the attribution of human characteristics to something non-human, or the representation of an abstract quality in human form. (D) Repetition is a literary device in which a word or phrase is repeated two or more times. (E) Alliteration is the repetition of initial consonant sounds of two or more closely connected words. (F) Parallelism is a literary device in which similar phrases and phrases in the construction or grammatical structure are used repeatedly. 9. How would you describe the ghostly couple's relationship? Support your response with evidence from history. 10. Would you consider The Haunted House a ghost story? Why or not? 11. How does the writer portray the house as a living being? What's the point of animating the house? The house is described as a living object with heartbeats and pulses (e.g., 'Safe, safe, safe', the pulse of the house beats wildly., 'Safe, safe, safe', the heart of the house beats with pride.) throughout the story. The personification seems to suggest that the house is able to feel, which echoes the end that that buried treasure is the light in the heart. The house is the and sanctuary of the couple's love and where their hearts are. 7 Secrets to ESL Apprentices - FREE DOWNLOAD A short story by Virginia Woolf Wordchecker (vocabulary in context) Any time you woke up there was a door closing. From room to room they went, holding hands, getting up here, opening there, making sure of a ghostly couple. Here we leave, she said. And added: Oh, but here too! It is up there, she murmured. And in the garden, he whispered. Quietly, they said, or we'll wake them up. But it wasn't that you woke us up. Oh, no, no, no, no, no, they are drawing the curtain, one might say, and so read on a page or two. Now they found, it would be right, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one can get up and see for himself, the whole house empty, the doors open, only the wooden pigeons bubbling with content and the buzz of the milling machine sounding from the farm. Why did I come here? What did I want to find? My hands were empty. Maybe he's upstairs, then? The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as always, only the book had slipped into the grass. But they had found it in the living room. Not that anyone could see them. The panes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved into the living room, the apple just turned their yellow side. However, the next moment, if the door was opened, spread over the floor, hanging on the walls, pendant of the ceiling - what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thare crossed the carpet; of the deepest pits of silence the wooden pigeon drew its sound bubble. Safe, safe, secure the pulse of the house beats gently. The buried treasure; the room . . . the pulse stopped short. Was that the buried treasure? A moment later, the light was gone. In the garden, then? But the trees turned darkness to a wandering beam of sun. So thin, so rare, coldly sunk under the surface the beam I was always looking for burned behind the glass. Death was glass; death was among us, reaching the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealed all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left her, left her, went north, went east, saw the stars turned in the southern sky; searched the house, found it fell under the Downs. Safe, safe, safe, the pulse of the house beat happily. The Treasure is yours. The wind roars down the avenue. Trees lean and bend here and here. Moon rays splash and pour wildly in the rain. But the lamp beam falls straight out of the window. The candle burns hard and stop. Wandering around the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us up, the ghostly couple seeks their joy. Here we sleep, she says. And he adds: Kisses without number. Waking up in the morning - Silver among the trees- Up there-- garden-- When came - In the winter snow - The doors will close away in the distance, beating gently like the pulse of a heart. Closer they come, take the door. The wind falls, the rain slides silver through the glass. Our eyes darken, we hear no step beside us; we don't see any lady spreading her ghostly robe. His hands protect the flashlight. Look, he breathes. Sound asleep. Love on your lips. Leaning, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. They've been pausing for a long time. The wind heads straight; the flame tilts slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both the floor and the wall, and, meeting, spot the folded faces; the pondering faces; the faces that seek the sleeping and seek their hidden joy. Safe, safe, safe, the heart of the house beats proudly. Long years, he sighs. Once again you found me. Here she murmurs, asleep; in the reading of the garden; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we leave our treasure- Leaning, your light lifts the lids over my eyes. Safe! Safe! safe, the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking up, I cryOh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart. draw (verb): open margin (noun): the edge of a line of text milling machine (noun): an agricultural machine used to separate grains from pulse shells (noun): a constant beat that means that life stops (verb): stop the mantle (noun): a large piece that covers the body ponder (verb): think of something murmur (verb): say softly incline (verb) : to fold or get lower