

“The Yellow Wallpaper”

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way. Why, there's John at the door! It is no use young man, you can't open it! How does he call and pound! Now he's threatening to get an axe. “John dear!” said I in the gentlest voice, “the key is down by the front steps!” That silenced him for a few moments. Then he said—very quietly indeed, “Open the door, my darling!” “I can't,” said I. “The key is down by the front door!” For some reason, resisting the fact that the key was easily accessible, John did run outside, but did not grab the key! Instead, running to the greenhouse nearest and returning with an axe! What a silly man!

So it was that he began to break down that poor, beautiful door with that dreadful axe. Meanwhile, I continued to creep. Of course, eventually John got in. “What is the matter?” he cried. “For goodness sake, what are you doing!” I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder. “I've got out at last,” said I, “in spite of you and Jenny. And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!” Now the man staggered in place, dropping the axe, and clutching the ragged, broken door for support, and so I crept over to him.

“John,” says I picking up the axe. “Why could you not have just listened to me imprimis about the wallpaper?” I then swung the back of the axe at his closest knee, and without so much as a “YALP!” he fell to the floor, crouched as I was. Our eyes met for a moment. His eyes widened, *looking* at me from what I can tell is truly the the first time. So I say, “My dear John. All I wanted was for you to understand.” The only rational thing to do at this point was to swing the axe at him. That silly man held up his hand in front of his face and screamed out as I hit him again and again with the tool. “I love you, dear husband. Maybe now you will understand how it feels to be so trapped.”

The blood spattered over the floor, and over my clothing. An hour passed, and soon enough I heard Jenny come in through the front door with the baby. I hear her taking my dear little boy out of the pram and nestling him in his cradle. Dear Jenny slinks up the stairs, and upon looking at the still gentleman on the floor in his pool of blood, screams. I am crouched down next to him with my hand on the carpet, and I look up to her and say, "Look at this red carpet, Jenny. Is it not a terrible carpet?"

The original ending of "The Yellow Wallpaper" shows us how this woman, with post partum depression, finally reaches her breaking point. My ending expresses this also, but I decided to draw out the breakdown, where instead of just frightening her husband, she calmly, but brutally attacks him. I decided that if the woman murdered her husband, it would somehow avenge her sanity. Although it was insanity that drove her to *commit* the murder, she finally is able to make her husband listen to her, where he would not before the incident because of his own self-superiority over his wife.

I also thought that it would be fun to transfer the obsession of the wallpaper to another household inanimate object, the carpet. My point in doing so is to show that it would not have mattered where she ended up staying in the house, she would have gone insane either way. I also think that transferring her insanity over to the blood soaked carpet just makes the ending that much more horrific.

“A Jury of Her Peers”

For a moment Mrs. Peters did not move. And then she did it. With a rush forward, she threw back the quilt pieces, got the box, tried to put it in her handbag. It was too big. Desperately she opened it, started to take the bird out. But there she broke—she could not touch the bird. She stood there helpless and foolish.

There was the sound of a knob turning in the inner door. Martha Hale went to snatch the box from the Sheriff's wife, but she lost her grip and the bird slipped out. The box fell to the ground while Mrs. Hale fumbled to catch the bird before it hit the floor, but it was too late. Right as the men stumbled into the house, the little bird with the broken neck lightly rolled across the floor.

The county attorney is looking specifically for the motive of why Minnie Foster/Wright killed her husband. “No, Peters,” said the county attorney incisively; “it's all perfectly clear, except the reason for doing it. But you know juries when it comes to women. If there was some definite thing—something to show. Something to make a story about. A thing that would connect up with this clumsy way of doing it” (Glaspell 199).

The men are vigorously searching for clues while the women just happen across the motive for the murder. All the while, the men are downsizing the women, (not uncommon for that day) viewing them as trivial/fickle. But in fact, the women are really quite intelligent, they know what is going on and they even try to hide the evidence.

The original story ends with Mrs. Hale quickly hiding the box with the dead bird in a big pocket of her coat. The women (Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Peters) are sympathizing with Mrs. Wright; all her married life she has not had children, and from what Mrs. Hale knows of Mr. Wright, Mrs. Wright has not had much joy in her life. Mrs. Wright has this little canary that is cheerful and sings, and her husband thwarts the only happiness that she has in the world. The dead bird would give the men evidence to present before the court/jury the motive for Mrs. Wright's murder, so Mrs. Hale, and Mrs. Peters try to hide it.

If the story were to end the way that I changed it, (the men seeing the evidence lying on the kitchen floor), the women would have failed in their attempt at protecting Mrs. Wright, and the evidence will be brought before the jury. The motive of Mrs. Wright's murder will be presented, and the little protection from the “jury of her peers” has been in vain.

Works Cited

Chopin, Kate. "The Yellow Wallpaper." Ed(s). Charters, Ann. Charters, Samuel. Boston: Bedford/St. Martin's, 2010. Print.

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