

<b>Maddening Madness</b>	
<i>diversity and inclusion</i> There is no great genius without some touch of Madness - Aristotle	
	Is madness just a matter of fiction or reality made genius?
At the end of the Unit, I will	write a story with some given obligation
What vocabulary will I need ?	love madness giving my opinion
What grammatical structure will I need ?	past used to + V / used to + V-ing expressing my opinion
What documents will be used ?	<p><b>1- Madness, a health issue</b>                      1a- Who's there? (Illustration)                      1b et 1c- The Tell-Tale heart, <i>Edgard Allan Poe</i>, 1843, part 1 and part 2                      1d, 1e et 1f- The Yellow Wallpaper, a short story by <i>Charlotte Perkin Gilman</i>, 1892 part 1, part 2 and part 3</p> <p><b>2- Madness, a societal issue</b>                      2a- The kiss, <i>Edward Klint</i>, 1908                      2b-Madness Gif, untitled                      2b- Black Swan, trailer of the movie by <i>Darren Aronofsky</i>, 2011</p> <p><b>3- Madness, A God Complex</b>                      3a- "Hero", <i>Mike Gower</i>, 1990                      3b- The Hero, <i>Siegfried Sassoon</i>, 1917                      3c et 3d – The coup de Grâce, adapted from <i>Ambroise Bierce</i>, 1892</p> <p><b>4- Madness Illustrated</b>                      Shutter Island, movie by <i>Martin Scorsese</i>, 2010</p>
What will I learn about ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- know more about the treatment of mad people</li> <li>- The consequences of men on their environment how one can be driven to madness</li> <li>- the different layers of madness</li> <li>- have read two short stories and seen a movie</li> </ul>
Final Task	You will illustrate the concept of madness through a picture, a song or a quote and bring it in class.

**Instructions for your Final Task:**

1- you will need to bring a picture, a song or a quote on D-day in two sets.

Anne-Charlotte Legrand – Académie de Versailles

2- you will share your illustration of madness with another person in class

3- You are not entitled to any notes on D-Day

4- You will be given more instruction on D-Day

pour la TF: les élèves devront s'approprier le document d'un autre et comparer les doc entre eux.

## 1- Madness, a health issue

### 1a- Who's there? (Illustration)

1a- Who's there? (Illustration)

travail de repérage autour du doc 1A

rédaction d'une histoire avec éléments imposés au hasard

character: man - woman - child- bird - ghost

feeling: despair - hatred- loneliness- hunger -tiredness

place : asylum - bedroom - cellar - forest - castle

sound : silence- tapping dropping- wailing- whooshing

action : murder -departure - mystery- encountering- surprise me

+ mots de vocab imposé

écriture en classe, anonymée: l'histoire doit être courte mais précise

- partage des élèves en groupes de 4/ 5 au hasard, distribution des histoires au hasard. Chaque groupe prépare une lecture à voix haute => voix, sons, narrateur.

1b- The tell-tale heart, Edgar Allan Poe

lecture partie 1 puis partie 2, explication en classe, partage autour de mots clés avant rédaction d'une trace écrite.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k7d7qVgNj8g>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EzuumPo-oFw>

Insister sur :

-Who are the two main characters (age, link, physical description)

- Places where the story takes place

- Time line

- Reason why the narrator wants to tell us this story

What is revealed about the narrator, from the opening lines of the story?

How does Poe use zoomorphism to convey the narrator's feeling about the old man's eye?

How does Poe engage the sense of hearing and what is the effect on the reader?

The two main symbols in the story are the heart and the eye: what do they represent?

## 2- Madness, a societal issue

2a- The kiss, Edward Klint

travail sur la description – interprétation

2b-Madness Gif, untitled : travail sur le gif à pls voix:

soit elles se parlent, soit elles s'ignorent.

Possibilité d'être à trois ou 4 avec un personnage qui n'apparait pas dans le tableau:

père, mère, docteur, amie

donner les rôles en fonction des groupes

2c- Movie Trailer, Black Swan movie by Darren Aronofsky, 2011

en pair work: un élève regarde pendant que son binôme se concentre sur ce qu'il entend.

Echange entre eux: celui qui était dos tourné doit donner son ressenti, expliquer ce qu'il pense avoir compris.

Puis celui qui a vu le trailer raconte ce dont il était question.

L'ensemble de la classe regarde, mise en commun : what drives the ballerina into madness?

TE au tableau

## 3- Madness, A God Complex

3a- "Hero", *Mike Gower*, 1990: travail d'analyse du poème, le héros valorisé qui est en réalité un tricheur

a triché grâce à l'aide d'un médecin considéré comme un animal

finit crippled dans un hôpital, oublié de tous

3b- The Hero, *Siegfried Sassoon*, 1917: travail sur le poème besoin de rendre la mort honorable, besoin de justifié l'injustifiable

3c et 3d – The coup de Grâce, adapted from Ambrose Bierce, 1892: folie de la guerre, folie des choix, folie de l'image que l'on renvoie, besoin de contrôle

## 4- Madness Illustrated

Shutter Island, movie by Martin Scorsese, 2010

étude du film: folie des hommes => personnages, lieu, histoire

folie de la guerre => PTSD

folie de la réussite => docteur qui veut sauver à tout prix, réussite de l'expérience vs liberté de choix du personnage principale

## THE TELL-TALE HEART-part 1

True! - nervous - very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses - not destroyed - not **dulled** them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many

things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Listen and observe how healthily - how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded - with what caution I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the **latch** of his door and opened it - oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed so that no light **shone** out, and then I thrust in my head. I moved it slowly so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! - would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously. And this I did for seven long nights but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went **boldly** into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out - 'Who's there?' I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; - just as I have done, night after night, listening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight **groan**, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. I knew the sound well. I knew what the old man felt, and **pitied** him, although I **chuckled at heart**. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had **stalked** with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but **over acuteness** of the senses? - now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

I held the lantern motionless. Meantime the **hellish tattoo** of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! - do you **mark me well**? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. The beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me - the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and **leaped** into the room. He shrieked once - once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead.

*Abridged from Edgar Allan Poe, January 1843*

**dulled** : *ennuyeux*

**latch** : *loquet*

**boldly** : *avec audace*

**groan** : *grogement* – **pitied** : *prendre pitié* – **chuckled at heart** : *se réjouir en secret* –

**stalked** : *traqué*

**over acuteness**: *grande acuité*

**hellish tattoo** : *bruit d'enfer* – **mark me well** : *ici comprenez -vous bien* – **leaped** : *sauter*

## THE TELL-TALE HEART-part 2

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night **waned**; and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I **dismembered** the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

Then took up three **planks** from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly that no human eye - not even his - could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out - no **stain** of any kind - no blood-spot whatever. I had been too **wary** for that. A tub had caught all - ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock - still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, - for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A **shriek** had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of **foul play** had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the **premises**.

I smiled, - for what had I to fear? I **bade** the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search - search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly **at ease**. They say, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But before long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My **head ached**, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: - it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness - until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; - but I talked more fluently, and with a **heightened** voice. Yet the sound increased - and what could I do? I was a low, **dull**, quick sound - much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath - and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly - more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men - but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed - I raved - I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder - louder - louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly,

and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? **Almighty God!** - no, no! They heard! - they suspected! - they knew! - they were making a mockery of my horror! - this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now - again! - hark! louder! louder! louder! Louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, '**dissemble** no more! I admit the deed! - tear up the planks! here, here! - it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

*Abridged from Edgar Allan Poe, January 1843*

**waned:** *décroître* – **dismembered:** *démembrer* – **planks:** *planches* – **stain:** *tâche* – **wary:** *méfiant*

**shriek :** *cri aigu* – **foul play :** *acte criminel* – **premises :** *lieux*

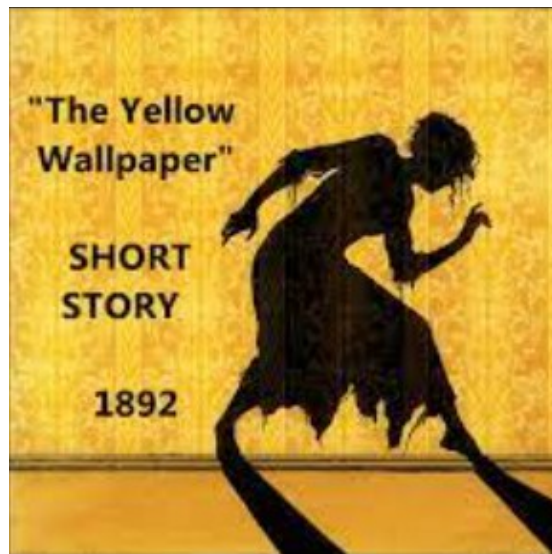
**bade :** *inviter*

**at ease :** *à l'aise* – **head ached:** *mal de tête*

**dull :** *ennuyeyx*

**almighty God :** *Dieu tout puissant*

**dissemble :** *masquer, prétendre*



It is very **seldom** that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer. A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a **haunted** house, and reach the height of romantic felicity—but that would be asking too much of fate! Still I will proudly declare that there is something **queer** about it. Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long unrented?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage. John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he **scoffs** openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures. John is a physician, and PERHAPS—PERHAPS that is one reason I do not get well faster. You see he does not believe I am sick! And what can one do? If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression—a slight hysterical tendency—what is one to do?

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus—but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad. So I will let it alone and talk about the house. There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the **heirs** and coheirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years. There is something strange about the house—I can feel it. We took the nursery at the top of the house. It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine **galore**. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls. The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is **stripped** off—the paper—in great **patches** all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it KNEW what a vicious influence it had! There is a recurrent **spot** where the pattern **lolls** like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside down. I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of **blank** walls and **plain** furniture than most children could find in a toy store.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will. Behind that outside pattern the **dim** shapes get clearer every day. It is always the same shape, only very numerous. And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder—I begin to think—I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so. But I tried it last night. It was moonlight. John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wall-paper till I felt creepy. The faint **figure** behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out. I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper DID move, and when I came back John was awake. "What is it, little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that—you'll get cold." I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away. "Why darling!" said he, "our **lease** will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before.

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes. When the sun shoots in through the east window—I always watch for that first long, straight ray—it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it. That is why I watch it always. By moonlight I wouldn't know it was the same paper. At night in any kind of light, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be. I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind that dim pattern but now I am quite sure it is a woman. By daylight she is **subdued**, quiet.

I fancy it is the **pattern** that keeps her so **still**. It is so **puzzling**. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I, think that woman gets out in the daytime! And I'll tell you why—privately—I've seen her! I can see her out of every one of my windows! It is the same woman, I know, for she is always **creeping**, and most women do not creep by daylight. I see her on that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbors, creeping all around the garden. I

see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so **queer** now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself. I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once. But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time. And though I always see her she *may* be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give. She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't **see through him!**

Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.

It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John is to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.

As soon as it was moonlight, and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her. I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of that paper. A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me I declared I would finish it to-day!

We go away to-morrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before. Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing. She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me—not alive!

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here! This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work. I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path. I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes. I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will not move!

I tried to lift and push it and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner—but it hurt my teeth. Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misunderstood.

I don't like to look out of the windows even—there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wallpaper as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope—you don't get me out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

Why, there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

"John dear!" said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it, of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's 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 Jane! And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

*The Yellow Wall Paper*, Charlotte Perkin Gilman, 1892

**Seldom:** *rare* – **haunted:** *hanté* – **queer:** *bizarre*

**scoffs:** *se moquer*

**heirs:** *héritiers*

**galore:** *en abondance* – **stripped off:** *arrachés au mur* – **patches:** *morceau*

**spot:** *endroit* – **loll:** *pendre* **blank:** *vide* – **plain:** *uni, simple*

**dim:** *vague, sombre*

**figure:** *silhouettte*

**lease:** *bail, location*

**subdued:** *sous contrôle, maîtrisée*

**pattern:** *motif* – **still:** *immobile* – **puzzling:** *surprenant*

**creeping:** *ramper*

**queer:** *bizarre*

**see through him:** *deviner ses intentions*

**tear:** *ici, déchirer* – **gnawed:** *mordre*

**shriek:** *cri aigue*

## The Coup de Grace – part 1

The fighting had been hard and continuous. The very taste of battle was in the air. All was now over; it remained only to help the **wounded** and bury the dead. As far as one could see through the forests lay **wrecks** of men and horses. Among them moved the **stretcher-bearers**, gathering and carrying away the few who showed signs of life. Most of the wounded had died of neglect. It is an army regulation that the wounded must wait; the best way to care for them is to win the battle. It must be confessed that victory is a distinct advantage to a man requiring attention, but many do not live to avail themselves of it.

The dead were collected in groups of a dozen or a score and laid side by side in rows while the trenches were dug to receive them. At some little distance from the spot where one of the burial parties

had established its "bivouac of the dead," a man in the uniform of a Federal officer stood leaning against a tree. Doubtless this officer was lost. After resting himself a moment he would presumably follow one of the retiring burial squads. When all were gone he walked straight away into the forest toward the red west. The dead on his right and on his left were unregarded as he passed. An occasional low **moan** from some **wretch** was ignored. What, indeed, could the officer have done, being no **surgeon** and having no water? At the head of a shallow ravine, he stopped above one which lay at a slight remove from the others, near a clump of small trees. He looked at it narrowly. It seemed to **stir**. He **stooped** and **laid** his hand upon its face. It screamed. The officer was Captain Downing Madwell, of a Massachusetts regiment of infantry, a daring and intelligent soldier, an honorable man.

In the regiment were two brothers named Halcrow--Caffal and Creede Halcrow. Caffal Halcrow was a sergeant in Captain Madwell's company, and these two men, the sergeant and the captain, were devoted friends. They had, indeed, grown up together from childhood. A habit of the heart is not easily broken off. Caffal Halcrow had nothing military in his taste nor disposition, but the thought of separation from his friend was disagreeable; he enlisted in the company in which Madwell was second-lieutenant. Each had taken two steps upward in **rank**, but between the highest noncommissioned and the lowest commissioned officer the **gulf** is **deep** and wide and the old relation was maintained with difficulty and a difference.

Creede Halcrow, the brother of Caffal, was the major of the regiment--a cynical man, between whom and Captain Madwell there was a natural antipathy which circumstances had nourished and strengthened to an active animosity. If not for Caffal these two patriots would doubtless have loved to **deprive** their country of each other's services.

At the opening of the battle that morning the regiment was performing outpost duty a mile away from the main army. It was attacked and nearly surrounded in the forest, but stubbornly held its ground. During a moment of peace in the fighting, Major Halcrow came to Captain Madwell. The two exchanged formal salutes, and the major said: "Captain, the colonel directs that you push your company to the head of this ravine and hold your place there until recalled. I need hardly apprise you of the dangerous character of the movement, but if you wish, you can, I suppose, turn over the command to your first-lieutenant."

To this deadly insult Captain Madwell coolly replied:

"Sir, I invite you to accompany the movement. A mounted officer would be a **conspicuous** mark, and I have long held the opinion that it would be better if you were dead."

A half-hour later Captain Madwell's company was driven from its position at the head of the ravine, with a loss of one-third its number. Among the fallen was Sergeant Halcrow. The regiment was soon afterward forced back to the main line, and at the close of the battle was miles away. The captain was now standing at the side of his subordinate and friend.

Sergeant Halcrow was mortally hurt. The only visible wound was a wide, ragged opening in the abdomen. In all his experience Captain Madwell had not seen a wound like this. He knelt and made a closer examination. The man who had suffered these monstrous mutilations was alive. At intervals he moved his **limbs**; he moaned at every breath. He stared blankly into the face of his friend and if touched screamed. Articulate speech was beyond his power; it was impossible to know if he were sensible to anything but pain. The expression of his face was an **appeal**; his eyes were full of prayer. For what?

There was no misreading that look; the captain had too frequently seen it in eyes of those whose lips had still the power to formulate it by an entreaty for death, for the blessed release, the rite of uttermost compassion, the coup de grâce.

Captain Madwell spoke the name of his friend. He repeated it over and over without effect until emotion choked his utterance. His tears plashed upon the livid face beneath his own and blinded himself. He saw nothing but a blurred and moving object, but the moans were more distinct than ever, interrupted at briefer intervals by sharper shrieks. He turned away, struck his hand upon his forehead, and strode from the spot. A horse, its **foreleg splintered** by a cannon-shot, lifted its head sidewise from the ground and **neighed** piteously.

Madwell stepped forward, drew his revolver and shot the poor beast between his eyes, narrowly observing its death-struggle, which, contrary to his expectation, was violent and long; but at last it lay still. The tense muscles of its lips, which had uncovered the teeth in a horrible grin, relaxed; the sharp, cleancut profile took on a look of profound peace and rest.

Night was coming and there were miles of haunted forest between Captain Madwell and camp. Yet he stood there at the side of the dead animal, apparently lost to all sense of his surroundings. His eyes were bent upon the earth at his feet; his left hand hung loosely at his side, his right still held the pistol. Presently he lifted his face, turned it toward his dying friend and walked rapidly back to his side. He knelt upon one knee, cocked the weapon, placed the **muzzle** against the man's forehead, and turning away his eyes pulled the trigger. There was no report. He had used his last **cartridge** for the horse.

The sufferer moaned and his lips moved convulsively.

Captain Madwell rose to his feet and drew his sword from the scabbard. He passed the fingers of his left hand along the edge from **hilt** to point. He held it out straight before him, as if to test his nerves. There was no visible tremor of the blade; it was steady and true. He stooped and with his left hand tore away the dying man's shirt, rose and placed the point of the sword just over the heart. This time he did not withdraw his eyes. Grasping the hilt with both hands, he thrust downward with all his strength and weight. The blade sank into the man's body--through his body into the earth; Captain Madwell came near falling forward upon his work. The dying man drew up his knees and at the same time threw his right arm across his breast and grasped the steel so tightly that the knuckles of the hand visibly whitened. By a violent but vain effort to withdraw the **blade** the wound was enlarged; a rill of blood escaped, running sinuously down into the deranged clothing. At that moment three men stepped silently forward from behind the clump of young trees which had **concealed** their approach. Two were hospital attendants and carried a **stretcher**.

The third was Major Creede Halcrow.

Adapted from Ambroise Bierce, 1892

**wounded** : *blesé* - **wrecks** : *épaves, naufragés* – *ici des montagnes de* - **stretcher-bearers** : *brancardier*

**moan**: *gémissement* - **wretch** : *malheureux* - **surgeon**: *chirurgien*

**stir** : *bouger légèrement* – **stooped** : *se pencher* - **laid** : *ici posé-*

**rank**: *rang* – **gulf** : *gouffre* – **deep** : *profond*

**deprive**: *priver* – **conspicuous** : *visible*

Anne-Charlotte Legrand – Académie de Versailles

**limb** : *membre du corps* – **appeal** : *appel*

**foreleg** : *jambe de devant* – **splintered** : *fendue* - **neighed**: *hennir*

**muzzle** : *canon* – **cartridge** : *cartouche*

**hilt** : *garde de l'épée* **blade**: *lame*

**concealed** : *cacher* – **stretcher**: *brancard*