

The Yellow wallpaper – Part 2

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.

The Yellow Wall Paper, Charlotte Perkin Gilman, 1892

subdued : *sous contrôle, maîtrisée*

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

creeping : *ramper*

queer: *bizarre*

see through him : *deviner ses intentions*