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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | 1. | Why is the stranger standing in the hardware store doorway?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblea.jpg |  | He's there to rob the store. | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbleb.jpg |  | He's hiding from the police. | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblec.jpg |  | He's keeping an appointment made twenty years ago. | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | 2. | Where and when does the story take place?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblea.jpg |  | out West late at night | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbleb.jpg |  | in an unnamed city on a stormy afternoon | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblec.jpg |  | on a New York street around 10 p.m. | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | 3. | Why did the man with the long overcoat arrest Bob?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblea.jpg |  | Bob was wanted by the Chicago police. | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbleb.jpg |  | Jimmy sent him to arrest his friend. | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblec.jpg |  | both a and b are correct | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | 4. | Why were the two men going to meet after twenty years?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblea.jpg |  | to see how each of them had fared in life | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbleb.jpg |  | to repay a debt | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblec.jpg |  | to meet each others' families | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | 5. | Who is the stranger there to see?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblea.jpg |  | his brother | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbleb.jpg |  | his old friend Jimmy | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblec.jpg |  | his mother | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbled.jpg |  | none of the above | | | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | 6. | Who was the patrolman on the beat?   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblea.jpg |  | Jimmy Wells | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubbleb.jpg |  | an unnamed patrolman | | http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/bubblec.jpg |  | "Silky" Bob | | |

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | | 7. | Why do you think Jimmy was unable to make the arrest himself? Please explain. http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif | |

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | | 8. | What clues (foreshadowing) did the author use to prepare the reader for the ending? http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif | |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | 9. | The stranger describes Jimmy Wells as "the truest, staunchest old chap in the world." In light of that, do you think he should have been surprised at the outcome of the meeting? Please explain. http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif | |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | 10. | What does the name "Silky" Bob imply about the stranger? http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif  http://www.edhelperclipart.com/clipart/wordline.gif | |

**After Twenty Years  
  
by O. Henry**

     After Twenty Years   
     BY: O. Henry   
     The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The   
     impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were   
     few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of   
     wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the   
     streets.   
        
     Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and   
     artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown   
     the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and   
     slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The   
     vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see   
     the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the   
     majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since   
     been closed.   
        
     When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed   
     his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned,   
     with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to   
     him the man spoke up quickly.   
        
     "It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting   
     for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a   
     little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to   
     make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be   
     a restaurant where this store stands--'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."   
        
     "Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."   
        
     The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light   
     showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white   
     scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly   
     set.   
        
     "Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe'   
     Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the   
     world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two   
     brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next   
     morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't   
     have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place   
     on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again   
     exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our   
     conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We   
     figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny   
     worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."   
        
     "It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long   
     time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from   
     your friend since you left?"   
        
     "Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after   
     a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a   
     pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty   
     lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he   
     always was the truest, staunchest old chap in the world. He'll never   
     forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and   
     it's worth it if my old partner turns up."   
        
     The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with   
     small diamonds.   
        
     "Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock   
     when we parted here at the restaurant door."   
        
     "Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.   
        
     "You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of   
     plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with   
     some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a   
     groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."   
        
     The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.   
        
     "I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going   
     to call time on him sharp?"   
        
     "I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at   
     least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So   
     long, officer."   
        
     "Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat,   
     trying doors as he went.   
        
     There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen   
     from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers   
     astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat   
     collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the   
     hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an   
     appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his   
     youth, smoked his cigar and waited.   
        
     About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long   
     overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the   
     opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.   
        
     "Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.   
        
     "Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.   
        
     "Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the   
     other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain   
     I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well!   
     --twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant is gone, Bob; I wish it had   
     lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West   
     treated you, old man?"   
        
     "Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed   
     lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three   
     inches."   
        
     "Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."   
        
     "Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"   
        
     "Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come   
     on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long   
     talk about old times."   
        
     The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the   
     West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the   
     history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat,   
     listened with interest.   
        
     At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights.   
     When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to   
     gaze upon the other's face.   
        
     The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.   
        
     "You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time,   
     but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."   
        
     "It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the tall man.   
     "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago   
     thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to   
     have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible.   
     Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand   
     you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman   
     Wells."   
        
     The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him.   
     His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little   
     by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.   
        
     ~"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the   
     match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in   
     Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got   
     a plain clothes man to do the job. JIMMY."