

The Mask of the Red Death



A terrible disease called the Red Death has struck the country. It is incredibly fatal, horribly **gruesome**, and it has already killed off half the kingdom. But the ruler of these parts, Prince Prospero, does not seem to care about his poor, dying **subjects**. Instead, he decides to let the kingdom take care of itself while he and a thousand of his favourite knights and ladies shut themselves up in a fabulous castle to have one never-ending party. Wine, women, music, dancing, fools— Prospero's castle has it all. After the last **guest** enters, no one else can get in—the Prince has welded the doors shut. That means no one can get out, either...

About five or six months into his stay, Prospero decides to have a spectacular **masquerade** ball (a ball where the guests wear masks and costumes). The

setup is **weird and wild**, just like the Prince who designs it. The ball takes place in a suite of seven rooms, each one dressed up in a different color: blue, purple, green, orange, white, violet, and black. The black room, which looks like death, is awfully **creepy**—it is got dark black walls, blood red windows, and big black clock which chimes so eerily every hour that everybody at the party stops dancing and laughs nervously. Most of the **frolicking** masqueraders are too weirded out to go into the black room.

Anyway, the party's **in full swing** and everybody is having a wild time when the clock strikes midnight. Everyone stops dancing and falls momentarily silent, as usual. Then some of the dancers notice a guest no one had seen before, wearing a scandalous costume. Whoever the new guest is, he's decided to dress as **a corpse**, a corpse who died of... the Red Death. He's so frighteningly lifelike (deathlike?) he **freaks everybody out**, and he slowly starts "stalking" through the frightened crowd. When Prince Prospero sees the ghostly guest, he's furious that someone would have the nerve to wear such a costume and orders him to be **seized** and unmasked. But no one has the guts to do it, including Prospero himself.



The Red Death masquerader passes within a few feet of the Prince and starts to walk through the rooms, **heading** toward the black room. Prospero loses it and runs after him in a **rage**, drawing his dagger as he approaches. But just as Prospero reaches the edge of the black room, the corpselike guest suddenly whirls around to face him, and Prospero falls to the ground, dead. The shocked crowd throws itself at the guest, only to discover in horror that there is nothing underneath the mask and costume. The Red Death itself has come to the party. One by one the guests die, spilling their blood all over Prospero's **lavish** rooms. The candles go out, leaving only "darkness, **decay**, and the Red Death."

1/ VOCABULARY

WRITE THE WORDS IN YELLOW AND LOOK UP THEIR MEANING IN THE DICTIONARY.

1	Gruesome	Causing horror and disgust.
2	Subjects	One who owes allegiance to a king or queen or other.
3	Guest	A person invited to a social event.
4	Masquerade	A party of people wearing masks and costumes
5	Weird and wild	Strange and untamed.
6	Creepy	Causing a creeping feeling of the skin, as from horror or fear
7	Frolicking	To play in a frisky, light-spirited way
8	In full swing	Very active, is at the pinnacle of whatever its action is.
9	A corpse	A dead body, usually of a human being.
10	Freaks out	To be in a heightened emotional state, such as that of fear, anger, or excitement.
11	Seized	To capture/take into custody.
12	Heading	The compass direction toward which a traveler or vehicle is or should be moving.
13	Rage	Violent anger.
14	Lavish	Luxurious.
15	Decay	Deteriorate, decompose.

2/ THE STORY

- **PROSPERO MAKES A HUGE MISTAKE. WHICH ONE?**
Not caring about the people of his kingdom and leaving them to die.
- **WHY IS A CLOCK SO IMPORTANT IN THIS STORY?**
Because the clock indicates the arrival of the red death when it strikes midnight.
- **WHICH MORAL CAN BE LEARNED FROM THE STORY?**
That we should always take care of those who rely on us or our actions will come back to haunt us.