*The Awakening* Chapter 25

In the passage below, Alcee Arobin and Edna Pontellier have just returned from horse races and they argue about spending time together. Write an essay in which you analyze how the author uses such literary devices as speech and point of view to characterize their conflict.

 Mrs. Pontellier has returned from the races with Alcee Arobin. He wishes to come to her studio to see her art work and perhaps offer her a “stray suggestion or two” as he knows “something of such things” (128). Mrs. Pontellier declines and he asks again.

Mrs. Pontellier replies:

 “No. Good night. Why don’t you go after you have said good night? I don’t like you,” she went on in a high, excited pitch, attempting to draw away her hand. She felt that her words lacked dignity and sincerity, and she knew that he felt it.

 “I’m sorry you don’t like me. I’m sorry I offended you. How have I offended you? What have I done? Can’t you forgive me?” And he bent and pressed his lips upon her hand as if he wishes never more to withdraw them.

 “Mr. Arobin,” she complained, “I’m greatly upset by the excitement of the afternoon; I’m not myself. My manner must have misled you in some way. I wish you to go, please.” She spoke in a monotonous dull tone. He took his hat from the table, and stood with eyes turned from her, looking into the dying fire. For a moment or two he kept an impressive silence.

 “Your manner has not misled me, Mrs. Pontellier,” he said finally. “My own emotions have done that. I couldn’t help it. When I’m near you, how could I help it? Don’t think anything of it, don’t bother, please. You see, I go when you command me. If you wish me to stay away, I shall do so. If you let me come back, I—oh! you will let me come back?”

 He cast an appealing glance at her, to which she made no response. Alcee Arobin’s manner was so genuine that it often deceived even himself.

 Edna did not care or think whether it were genuine or not. When she was alone she looked mechanically at the back of her hand which he had kissed so warmly. Then she leaned her head down on the mantelpiece. She felt somewhat like a woman who in a moment of passion is betrayed into an act of infidelity, and realizes the significance of the act without being wholly awakened from its glamour. The thought was passing vaguely through her mind, “What would he think?”

 She did not mean her husband; she was thinking of Robert Lebrun. Her husband seemed to her now like a person whom she had married without love as an excuse. She lit a candle and went up to her room. Alcee Arobin was absolutely nothing to her. Yet his presence, his manners, the warmth of his glances, and above all the touch of his lips upon her hand had acted like a narcotic upon her.

 She slept a languorous sleep, interwoven with vanishing dreams.