"The Storm" by Kate Chopin

 The leaves were so still that even Bibi thought it was going to rain. Bobinôt*,* who was accustomed to converse on terms of perfect equality with his little son, called the child's attention to certain somber clouds that were rolling with sinister intention from the west, accompanied by a sullen, threatening roar. They were at the local store and decided to remain there till the storm had passed. They sat within the door on two empty kegs. Bibi was four years old and looked very wise.

5 "Mama'll be afraid," he suggested with blinking eyes.

 "She'll shut the house. Maybe she got Sylvie helpin' her this evenin'," Bobinôt responded reassuringly.

 "No; she ain't got Sylvie. Sylvie was helpin' her yistiday," piped Bibi.

 Bobinôt arose and going across to the counter purchased a can of shrimps, of which Calixta was very fond. Then he returned to his perch on the keg and sat stolidly holding the can of shrimps while the storm burst. It shook the wooden 10 store and seemed to be ripping great furrows in the distant field. Bibi laid his little hand on his father's knee and was not afraid.

 **II**

 Calixta, at home, felt no uneasiness for their safety. She sat at a side window sewing furiously on a sewing machine. She was greatly occupied and did not notice the approaching storm. But she felt very warm and often stopped to mop her face on which the perspiration gathered in beads. She unfastened her white jacket at the throat. It began to grow dark, and 15 suddenly realizing the situation she got up hurriedly and went about closing windows and doors.

 Out on the small front gallery she had hung Bobinôt's Sunday clothes to dry and she hastened out to gather them before the rain fell. As she stepped outside, Alcée Laballire rode in at the gate. She had not seen him very often since her marriage, and never alone. She stood there with Bobinôt's coat in her hands, and the big rain drops began to fall.

 "May I come and wait on your gallery till the storm is over, Calixta?" he asked.

20 "Come along in, M'sieur Alcée."

 His voice and her own startled her as if from a trance, and she seized Bobinôt's vest. Alcée, mounting to the porch, grabbed the trousers and snatched Bibi's braided jacket that was about to be carried away by a sudden gust of wind. He expressed an intention to remain outside, but it was soon apparent that he might as well have been out in the open: the water beat in upon the boards in driving sheets, and he went inside, closing the door after him. It was even necessary to put something 25 beneath the door to keep the water out.

 "My! what a rain! It's good two years since it rained like that," exclaimed Calixta as she rolled up a piece of bagging and Alcée helped her to thrust it beneath the crack.

 She was a little fuller of figure than five years before when she married; but she had lost nothing of her vivacity. Her blue eyes still retained their melting quality; and her yellow hair, disheveled by the wind and rain, kinked more stubbornly than 30 ever about her ears and temples.

 The rain beat upon the low, shingled roof with a force and clatter that threatened to break an entrance and deluge them there. They were in the dining room the sitting room the general utility room. Adjoining was her bed room, with Bibi's couch alongside her own. The door stood open, and the room with its white, monumental bed, its closed shutters, looked dim and mysterious.

35 Alcée flung himself into a rocker and Calixta nervously began to gather up from the floor the lengths of a cotton sheet which she had been sewing.

 "lf this keeps up, God knows if the levees goin' to stand it!" she exclaimed.

 "What have you got to do with the levees?"

 "I got enough to do! And there's Bobinôt with Bibi out in that storm--if he only didn't left the store!"

40 "Let us hope, Calixta, that Bobinôt's got sense enough to come in out of a cyclone."

 She went and stood at the window with a greatly disturbed look on her face. She wiped the frame that was clouded with moisture. It was stiflingly hot. Alcée got up and joined her at the window, looking over her shoulder. The rain was coming down in sheets obscuring the view of far-off cabins and enveloping the distant wood in a gray mist. The playing of the lightning was incessant. A bolt struck a tall chinaberry tree at the edge of the field. It filled all visible space with a blinding 45 glare and the crash seemed to invade the very boards they stood upon.

 Calixta put her hands to her eyes, and with a cry, staggered backward. Alcée's arm encircled her, and for an instant he drew her close and spasmodically to him.

 "Goodness!" she cried, releasing herself from his encircling arm and retreating from the window, "the house'll go next! If I only knew where Bibi was!" She would not compose herself; she would not be seated. Alcée clasped her shoulders and 50 looked into her face. The contact of her warm, palpitating body when he had unthinkingly drawn her into his arms, had aroused all the old-time infatuation and desire for her flesh.

 "Calixta," he said, "don't be frightened. Nothing can happen. The house is too low to be struck, with so many tall trees standing about. There! aren't you going to be quiet? say, aren't you?" He pushed her hair back from her face that was warm and steaming. Her lips were as red and moist as pomegranate seed. Her white neck and a glimpse of her full, firm bosom 55 disturbed him powerfully. As she glanced up at him the fear in her liquid blue eyes had given place to a drowsy gleam that unconsciously betrayed a sensuous desire. He looked down into her eyes and there was nothing for him to do but to gather her lips in a kiss. Her lips seemed in a manner free to be tasted, as well as her round, white throat.

 They did not heed the crashing torrents, and the roar of the elements made her laugh as she lay in his arms. She was a revelation in that dim, mysterious chamber; as white as the couch she lay upon. Her firm, elastic flesh that was knowing for 60 the first time its birthright, was like a creamy lily that the sun invites to contribute its breath and perfume to the undying life of the world.

 The generous abundance of her passion, without guile or trickery, was like a white flame which penetrated and found response in depths of his own sensuous nature that had never yet been reached.

 Her mouth was a fountain of delight. And when he possessed her, they seemed to swoon together at the very borderland 65 of life's mystery.

 He stayed cushioned upon her, breathless, dazed, enervated, with his heart beating like a hammer upon her. With one hand she clasped his head, her lips lightly touching his forehead. The other hand stroked with a soothing rhythm his muscular shoulders.

 The growl of the thunder was distant and passing away. The rain beat softly upon the shingles, inviting them to drowsiness 70 and sleep. But they dared not yield.

 **III**

 The rain was over; and the sun was turning the glistening green world into a palace of gems. Calixta, on the gallery, watched Alcée ride away. He turned and smiled at her with a beaming face; and she lifted her pretty chin in the air and laughed aloud.

 Bobinôt and Bibi, trudging home, stopped without at the cistern to make themselves presentable.

75 Calixta was preparing supper. She had set the table and was dripping coffee at the hearth. She sprang up as they came in.

 "Oh, Bobinôt! You back! My! But I was uneasy. Where you been during the rain? And Bibi? he ain't wet? he ain't hurt?" She had clasped Bibi and was kissing him effusively. Bobinôt's explanations and apologies which he had been composing all along the way, died on his lips as Calixta felt him to see if he were dry, and seemed to express nothing but satisfaction at their safe return.

80 "I brought you some shrimps, Calixta," offered Bobinôt, hauling the can from his ample side pocket and laying it on the table.

 "Shrimps! Oh, Bobinôt! you too good fo' anything!" and she gave him a smacking kiss on the cheek that resounded.

 Bobinôt and Bibi began to relax and enjoy themselves, and when the three seated themselves at table they laughed much and so loud that anyone might have heard them as far away as the next town over.

 **IV**

85 Alcée Laballire wrote to his wife, Clarisse, that night. It was a loving letter, full of tender solicitude. He told her not to hurry back, but if she and the babies liked it at Biloxi, to stay a month longer. He was getting on nicely; and though he missed them, he was willing to bear the separation a while longer.

 **V**

 As for Clarisse, she was charmed upon receiving her husband's letter. She and the babies were doing well. The society was agreeable; many of her old friends and acquaintances were at the bay. And the first free breath since her marriage seemed 90 to restore the pleasant liberty of her maiden days. Devoted as she was to her husband, their intimate conjugal life was something which she was more than willing to forego for a while.

 So the storm passed and everyone was happy.

1. How does the storm help set in motion the—ahem--*action* of the story? List the events caused by the storm. What does the storm symbolize?
2. How would you characterize Chopin’s description of the storm in the opening paragraph? What effect does this have on the story?
3. What do you notice about the dialogue between the father and son in lines 5-7 (and later the dialogue between Calixta and Alcee)? How would you describe Chopin’s use of dialogue throughout the story?
4. What does the description of Calixta 28-30 tell us about her? How do they help explain her--ahem--*actions* in the story?
5. Notice Chopin’s description of the storm in lines 41-45. What effect does this description have on what Alcee and Calixta are about, um do?
6. Lots of figurative language used in lines 52-57. This type of description often relies on connotative word choices. Pick a few out that really set the, um, mood.
7. What do you make of the end of the story? Is the last line of the story to be taken literally, or is it meant to be ironic? Are there any details that help you answer this question?
8. Some of the description of the *action* in the story got cut because it gets a little too PG-13. Let's just say, it's slightly more explicit. While not offensive in any kind of way, it certainly would've provoked an audience in the 19th century. Is there, however, anything shocking or controversial about Chopin's depiction of Alcée and Calixta's affair here? Is it still shocking? Explain.
9. What elements of local color are used in the story?