

Name _____



Date _____

After Twenty Years
by O. Henry
Key 1 - Answer ID # 0196441

Review

1. Why is the stranger standing in the hardware store doorway? <input type="radio"/> A He's keeping an appointment made twenty years ago. <input type="radio"/> B He's hiding from the police. <input type="radio"/> C He's there to rob the store.	2. Where and when does the story take place? <input type="radio"/> A on a New York street around 10 p.m. <input type="radio"/> B in an unnamed city on a stormy afternoon <input type="radio"/> C out West late at night
3. Why did the man with the long overcoat arrest Bob? <input type="radio"/> A Bob was wanted by the Chicago police. <input type="radio"/> B Jimmy sent him to arrest his friend. <input type="radio"/> C both a and b are correct	4. How did the stranger know Jimmy Wells? <input type="radio"/> A He didn't know Jimmy; he was there to meet him for the first time. <input type="radio"/> B They were raised together like brothers. <input type="radio"/> C They became friends twenty years ago.
5. Who is the stranger there to see? <input type="radio"/> A his brother <input type="radio"/> B his old friend Jimmy <input type="radio"/> C his mother <input type="radio"/> D none of the above	6. Why were the two men going to meet after twenty years? <input type="radio"/> A to meet each others' families <input type="radio"/> B to repay a debt <input type="radio"/> C to see how each of them had fared in life

7. Why do you think Jimmy was unable to make the arrest himself? Please explain.

8. What does the name "Silky" Bob imply about the stranger?

Name _____



Date _____

After Twenty Years
by O. Henry
Key 1 - Answer ID # 0196441

9. Explain the irony of the title "After Twenty Years."

10. The stranger tells the policeman that he and Jimmy Wells were best friends, almost like brothers. What does it imply that they hadn't corresponded in years?

Name _____



Date _____
After Twenty Years
(Key 1 - Answer ID # 0196441)

Find each of the following words.

WANTED
AVENUE

HUSTLING
CHUMS

GUARDIAN
HABITUAL

ARTFUL
PATROLMAN

H H A B I T U A L A T H O M L I
A A S L C U M S R T L B N H N G
B C H T N M B U H L N I P U H S
H U M A A A I E U A N T A S U C
U V W E N T A D S N G U T T T N
A A N D S W E L T T U A R L P C
I E A O T A R N L H A L O I A B
N L G R D N A G I C R N L N A T
A R U F N T R D N H D N M N R V
U W A U G E A R G U I L A G T M
V L R H L D R T H M N A N O F R
G I D L R E A H N S P I S R U U
V A I T N U S U A V E N E U L C
S T A P A T R O O L M A N G L S
L A N N T A V E N U E N L A D W
N L E E T A G U A R W O U S G A

Name _____



Date _____

After Twenty Years
(Key 1 - Answer ID # 0196441)

Select the definition that most nearly defines the given word.

1. arrest <input type="radio"/> A to take into custody by the police <input type="radio"/> B marked by skill	2. trembling <input type="radio"/> A highly detailed <input type="radio"/> B a shaking motion
3. reassuringly <input type="radio"/> A a policeman patrolling a specific path through neighborhoods <input type="radio"/> B in a manner intended to restore someone's confidence	4. staunchest <input type="radio"/> A someone who works with persistent perseverance <input type="radio"/> B strongest, most determined, most firm and dependable
5. plodder <input type="radio"/> A someone who works with persistent perseverance <input type="radio"/> B a policeman who does not wear a uniform so that he won't be recognized as a policeman	6. hustling <input type="radio"/> A an agreement to meet at a particular place and time <input type="radio"/> B bustling, done energetically perhaps by underhanded means
7. plainclothes <input type="radio"/> A a policeman who patrols a regular beat or neighborhood <input type="radio"/> B a policeman who does not wear a uniform so that he won't be recognized as a policeman	8. patrolman <input type="radio"/> A commanding attention, making a strong impression <input type="radio"/> B a policeman who patrols a regular beat or neighborhood
9. pacific <input type="radio"/> A someone who watches over protectively <input type="radio"/> B peaceful	10. habitual <input type="radio"/> A nearly <input type="radio"/> B occurring regularly; done by habit
11. recognize <input type="radio"/> A to realize who someone is <input type="radio"/> B a mark left after skin has healed; a mark of an injury	12. pale <input type="radio"/> A street <input type="radio"/> B having a light skin color, as with people who don't work outside
13. thoroughfare <input type="radio"/> A a person's overall circumstances or condition in life <input type="radio"/> B street	14. stalwart <input type="radio"/> A sharp, quick, or intense <input type="radio"/> B a brave, strong person; one who takes an uncompromising position
15. intricate <input type="radio"/> A highly detailed <input type="radio"/> B a brave, strong person; one who takes an uncompromising position	16. impressively <input type="radio"/> A commanding attention, making a strong impression <input type="radio"/> B exchanging messages such as letters

Name _____



Date _____

After Twenty Years
by O. Henry
Key 1 - Answer ID # 0196441

Pick one extended activity and complete it.

1. Draw a wanted poster of "Silky" Bob. Use details from the story to draw his face and clothes. List the reason he is "wanted."
2. Make a list of all the foreshadowing clues the author used throughout the story. What did each clue suggest or imply?
3. Retell the story from "Silky" Bob's point of view.
4. Write a poem or song about the story. It can tell the story from either Jimmy's or "Silky" Bob's point of view.

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."