

DOWNLOAD PDF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE STORY BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Chapter 1 : The Necklace Summary

Literature Network » *Guy de Maupassant* » *The Diamond Necklace* *The Diamond Necklace* *The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks.*

Guy de Maupassant *The Necklace* She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as if by an error of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved or wedded by a man of wealth and distinction; and so she let herself be married to a minor official at the Ministry of Education. She dressed plainly because she had never been able to afford anything better, but she was as unhappy as if she had once been wealthy. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance and a quick wit determine their place in society, and make the daughters of commoners the equals of the very finest ladies. She suffered endlessly, feeling she was entitled to all the delicacies and luxuries of life. She suffered because of the poorness of her house as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs and the ugly curtains. All these things that another woman of her class would not even have noticed, tormented her and made her resentful. The sight of the little Brenton girl who did her housework filled her with terrible regrets and hopeless fantasies. She dreamed of vast living rooms furnished in rare old silks, elegant furniture loaded with priceless ornaments, and inviting smaller rooms, perfumed, made for afternoon chats with close friends - famous, sought after men, who all women envy and desire. When she sat down to dinner at a round table covered with a three-day-old cloth opposite her husband who, lifting the lid off the soup, shouted excitedly, "Ah! What could be better," she dreamed of fine dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries which peopled the walls with figures from another time and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious dishes served on wonderful plates, of whispered gallantries listened to with an inscrutable smile as one ate the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail. She felt she was made for them alone. She wanted so much to charm, to be envied, to be desired and sought after. She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wanted to visit because she suffered so much when she came home. For whole days afterwards she would weep with sorrow, regret, despair and misery. Georges Rampouneau request the pleasure of M. You never go out, and it will be such a lovely occasion! I had awful trouble getting it. The whole ministry will be there. It seems very nice to me Two large tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. Give your invitation to a friend whose wife has better clothes than I do. How much would a suitable dress cost, one which you could use again on other occasions, something very simple? At last she answered hesitantly: But try and get a really beautiful dress. Her dress was ready, however. One evening her husband said to her: I will look cheap. I would almost rather not go to the party. For ten francs you could get two or three magnificent roses. You know her well enough for that. I had not thought of that. Madame Forestier went to her mirrored wardrobe, took out a large box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Madame Loisel: She tried on the jewelry in the mirror, hesitated, could not bear to part with them, to give them back. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her neck, over her high-necked dress, and stood lost in ecstasy as she looked at herself. Then she asked anxiously, hesitating: Madame Loisel was a success. She was prettier than all the other women, elegant, gracious, smiling, and full of joy. All the men stared at her, asked her name, tried to be introduced. All the cabinet officials wanted to waltz with her. The minister noticed her. Her husband had been dozing since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a good time. He threw over her shoulders the clothes he had brought for her to go outside in, the modest clothes of an ordinary life, whose poverty contrasted sharply with the elegance of the ball dress. Loisel held her back. When they were finally in the street, they could not find a cab, and began to look for one, shouting at the cabmen they saw passing in the distance. They walked down toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those old night cabs that one sees in Paris only after dark, as if they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day. They were dropped off at their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly walked up the steps to their apartment. It was all over, for her. In

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front of the mirror, she took off the clothes around her shoulders, taking a final look at herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace round her neck! She turned towards him, panic-stricken. But they could not find it. I touched it in the hall at the Ministry. It must be in the cab. Did you take his number? At last Loisel put his clothes on again. She remained in her ball dress all evening, without the strength to go to bed, sitting on a chair, with no fire, her mind blank. He had found nothing. He went to the police, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere the tiniest glimmer of hope led him. She waited all day, in the same state of blank despair from before this frightful disaster. Loisel returned in the evening, a hollow, pale figure; he had found nothing. It will give us time to look some more. And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared: He consulted his books. In a shop at the Palais Royal, they found a string of diamonds which seemed to be exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand. So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that he would take it back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other necklace was found before the end of February. Loisel had eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest. And he did borrow, asking for a thousand francs from one man, five hundred from another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous agreements, dealt with usurers, with every type of money-lender. When Madame Loisel took the necklace back, Madame Forestier said coldly: If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief? But she played her part heroically. The dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their maid; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof. She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious labors of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, staining her rosy nails on greasy pots and the bottoms of pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line; she carried the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to catch her breath. Each month they had to pay some notes, renew others, get more time. Her husband worked every evening, doing accounts for a tradesman, and often, late into the night, he sat copying a manuscript at five sous a page. And this life lasted ten years. Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become strong, hard and rough like all women of impoverished households. With hair half combed, with skirts awry, and reddened hands, she talked loudly as she washed the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so admired. What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows, who knows? How strange life is, how fickle! How little is needed for one to be ruined or saved! It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

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Chapter 2 : SparkNotes: The Necklace: Plot Overview

Other short stories by Guy de Maupassant also available along with many others by classic and contemporary authors. a superb diamond necklace, and her heart began.

Plot[edit] Mme. Loisel has always imagined herself an aristocrat, despite being born into a lower-middle-class family which she describes as an "accident of fate". She marries a low-paid clerk who tries his best to make her happy but has little to give. Through lots of begging at work, her husband is able to get an invitation for the both of them to the Ministry of Education party. Mathilde refuses to go, for she has nothing to wear, and wishes not to be embarrassed. Her husband is upset to see her displeasure and, using all the money that he was saving to buy a hunting rifle, gives Mathilde francs to use. Mathilde buys a dress but is still unhappy because she lacks jewels to wear with it. The couple do not have much money left, so her husband suggests that she should buy flowers to wear with it. After Mathilde disagrees, he suggests borrowing something from her friend, Madame Jeanne Forestier. After attending the party, Mathilde discovers that she has lost the necklace. She tries to find a quick way to replace it. She goes to the Palais-Royal shop and finds a similar necklace for 40, francs but they could get it in 36, francs. For the next ten years, the couple sell everything they own, securing loans at high interest rates to pay for the necklace. As the women are talking, Mathilde recounts the story of losing and replacing the necklace, and that it was because of Madame Forestier that she has lived so terribly the past ten years. Themes[edit] One of the themes within "The Necklace" is the dichotomy of reality vs. Madame Loisel is beautiful on the outside, but inside she is discontented with her less-than-wealthy lifestyle. This reinforces the idea that wealth means happiness. She believes that material wealth will bring her joy, and her pride prevents her from admitting to Madame Forestier that she is not rich, and that she has lost the necklace she borrowed. Because of her pride and obsession with wealth, Mathilde loses years of her life and spends all of her savings on replacing the necklace, only to find out that the original necklace was a fake to begin with; a falsely wealthy appearance, just like Madame Loisel herself. Adaptations and other influence[edit] The following are direct adaptations of "The Necklace":

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Chapter 3 : Short Stories: The Necklace by Guy de Maupassant

The Necklace By Guy de Maupassant then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and She had no longer the necklace around her neck! Her husband, already.

Get more out of the story with our The Necklace Study Guide. The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction. She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind are their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies. Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after. She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home. But one evening her husband reached home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand. Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering: You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there. It looks very well to me. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks: Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions--something very simple? Finally she replied hesitating: I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening: Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses. I never thought of it. Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel: She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror. Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt: The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and wild with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball. He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs. Loisel held her back, saying: You will catch cold outside. I will call a

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cab. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance. They went toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark. It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for her. She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck! She turned distractedly toward him. He stood up, bewildered. It must be in the cab. Did you take his number? At last Loisel put on his clothes. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without any fire, without a thought. He had found nothing. He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies--everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope. She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity. Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing. That will give us time to turn round. At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared: He consulted his books. They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six. So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February. Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest. He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner: If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief? Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof. She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou. Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

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Chapter 4 : The Necklace Questions and Answers - calendrierdelascience.com

"The Necklace" or "The Diamond Necklace" (French: La Parure) is a short story by Guy De Maupassant, first published on 17th February in the French newspaper Le Gaulois.

She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction. She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind are their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies. Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after. She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home. But one evening her husband reached home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand. Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering: You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there. It looks very well to me. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks: Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions--something very simple? Finally she replied hesitating: I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening: Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses. I never thought of it. Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel: She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror. Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt: The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and wild with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball. He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs. Loisel held her back, saying: You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance. They went toward the Seine in despair, shivering with

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cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark. It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for her. She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck! She turned distractedly toward him. He stood up, bewildered. It must be in the cab. Did you take his number? At last Loisel put on his clothes. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without any fire, without a thought. He had found nothing. He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies--everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope. She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity. Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing. That will give us time to turn round. At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared: He consulted his books. They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six. So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February. Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest. He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner: If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief? Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof. She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou. Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time. This life lasted ten years. At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

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Chapter 5 : The Necklace by Guy de Maupassant

"The Necklace" is a short story by 19th-century French author Guy de Maupassant, who is regarded as one of the early masters of the short story. It's often studied in English and world literature classes.

Mathilde Loisel lives in a flat with her husband, who works as a clerk for the Minister of Education. Their lives are not luxurious, but they are not poor, merely simple. Mathilde, however, longs to be rich. She envies her friend Jeanne who has a large house and lots of jewelry. One day her husband brings home an invitation to a ball. He thinks his wife will be excited to attend such a fancy party, but instead she is upset. She complains that she has nothing suitable to wear to such an extravagant occasion. Her kind husband agrees to give her the four hundred francs that he had been saving to buy a new rifle to get herself a gown. The week of the party, Mathilde seems anxious again. When her husband asks her why, she frets that she has no jewelry to wear with her dress. He suggests that perhaps she could borrow something from her friend Jeanne Forestier. She and her husband attend the gala and have a fabulous time. She loves amazing and dances all night. Finally, they head home in the wee hours of the morning. When they arrive home, Mathilde realizes that the necklace is missing. They wonder if it fell off in the carriage that they took home, but neither of them noticed the number. Her husband goes out to search the streets but returns empty handed. To stall for time, Mathilde writes to her friend that she broke the clasp and is having it repaired. In the meantime, they find another necklace that matches the missing one, but it costs thirty-six thousand francs. Her husband fortunately inherited eighteen thousand francs from his father, but they will need to borrow the rest of the money. They move to a smaller apartment where she has to cook and clean for herself. She also does work on the side while her husband works multiple jobs to pay back all the money they borrowed. After the ten years, the money is all paid back, but Mathilde has aged a great deal. One day she sees Jeanne Forestier on the street. She decides to tell her the truth about the necklace. Mathilde explains that it is indirectly because of Jeanne since she lost the necklace she borrowed from her and had to pay for a replacement. Shocked, Jeanne confesses that the necklace Mathilde borrowed was a fake, made of paste, worth no more than five hundred francs. Clearly, the lesson of the story is that honesty is the best policy.

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Chapter 6 : calendrierdelascience.com: The Diamond Necklace by Guy de Maupassant

"The Necklace" or "The Diamond Necklace" (French: La Parure) is an short story by French writer Guy de Maupassant. It is known for its twist ending (Ironic ending), which was a hallmark of de Maupassant's style.

Throughout the story, Mathilde Loisel is unsatisfied with her life. Readers do not have to look far to support this stand. The first paragraph defines her as a woman who "let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction. She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. Instead, she states that she cannot go given her lack of a dress. Still wishing to make his wife happy, M. Loisel gives Mathilde francs to purchase a dress. After buying the dress, Mathilde is still not happy--she lacks jewelry. Mathilde is the "belle of the ball. Unfortunately, at the end of the night, Mathilde comes to discover that she has lost the necklace. In order to replace the necklace, Mathilde and her husband must work for tens years to pay off the debt 34, francs. At the end of the story, Mathilde has aged and is unrecognizable. By chance, she comes across the friend who loaned her the necklace. Mathilde admits that she had lost the necklace, but replaced it. She also tells Madame Forestier the friend that she has spent the last ten years repaying the loans to replace the necklace. Forestier tells Mathilde that the necklace was paste, not real diamonds. Essentially, Mathilde and her husband worked for 10 years to replace a franc necklace.

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Chapter 7 : The Necklace Theme

The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way.

Guy de Maupassant is one of the best writers of short stories. He is admired by book-lovers all over the world. Once you have read a story of his, you will be hooked for life. A woman is invited to a ballroom party. In fact, her husband, a clerk, has gone through great trouble to get the invitation card as only the rich and the famous have been invited. However, the woman is not happy. On being asked as to why she felt unhappy, she replies that she has no dress to wear on the occasion. Her husband tells her that he had saved francs to buy a hunting rifle. But he sacrifices for her sake and gives her the money, asking her to buy herself the dress that she liked best. He advises her to get a rose necklace which she could buy for a few francs. However, she wants to wear something expensive around her neck with such a beautiful dress. When her husband tells her that she could borrow one from a close friend, she is delighted and does exactly that. Soon she returns with a diamond necklace. A sketch of ballroom dancing along with an extract from "The Necklace". On the day of the ballroom party, she looks ravishing and becomes the cynosure of all eyes. All the men want to dance with her. Time flies away and it is time to return home. The couple walks some distance to catch a cab. On reaching home, the wife discovers that the necklace is missing; it has been lost somewhere. The short story teaches us a moral that we should be satisfied with whatever we have and not be greedy to attain something which is out of our reach. Desires need to be controlled at times. An unwanted desire can fill your life with misery, turning you old at jet-speed.

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Chapter 8 : SparkNotes: The Necklace

The Necklace by Guy de Maupassant. The Necklace () is a famous short story and morality tale that is widely read in classrooms throughout the world. Get more out of the story with our The Necklace Study Guide.

She was married off to a lowly clerk in the Ministry of Education, who can afford to provide her only with a modest though not uncomfortable lifestyle. Mathilde feels the burden of her poverty intensely. She regrets her lot in life and spends endless hours imagining a more extravagant existence. While her husband expresses his pleasure at the small, modest supper she has prepared for him, she dreams of an elaborate feast served on fancy china and eaten in the company of wealthy friends. She possesses no fancy jewels or clothing, yet these are the only things she lives for. Without them, she feels she is not desirable. She has one wealthy friend, Madame Forestier, but refuses to visit her because of the heartbreak it brings her. One night, her husband returns home proudly bearing an invitation to a formal party hosted by the Ministry of Education. He hopes that Mathilde will be thrilled with the chance to attend an event of this sort, but she is instantly angry and begins to cry. Through her tears, she tells him that she has nothing to wear and he ought to give the invitation to one of his friends whose wife can afford better clothing. Her husband is upset by her reaction and asks how much a suitable dress would cost. She thinks about it carefully and tells him that francs would be enough. Her husband quietly balks at the sum but agrees that she may have the money. As the day of the party approaches, Mathilde starts to behave oddly. She confesses that the reason for her behavior is her lack of jewels. Monsieur Loisel suggests that she wear flowers, but she refuses. He implores her to visit Madame Forestier and borrow something from her. Madame Forestier agrees to lend Mathilde her jewels, and Mathilde selects a diamond necklace. At the party, Mathilde is the most beautiful woman in attendance, and everyone notices her. She is intoxicated by the attention and has an overwhelming sense of self-satisfaction. He cloaks her bare shoulders in a wrap and cautions her to wait inside, away from the cold night air, while he fetches a cab. But she is ashamed at the shabbiness of her wrap and follows Monsieur Loisel outside. They walk for a while before hailing a cab. When they finally return home, Mathilde is saddened that the night has ended. As she removes her wrap, she discovers that her necklace is no longer around her neck. In a panic, Monsieur Loisel goes outside and retraces their steps. Terrified, she sits and waits for him. He returns home much later in an even greater panic—he has not found the necklace. He instructs her to write to Madame Forestier and say that she has broken the clasp of the necklace and is getting it mended. They continue to look for the necklace. After a week, Monsieur Loisel says they have to see about replacing it. They visit many jewelers, searching for a similar necklace, and finally find one. It costs 40, francs, although the jeweler says he will give it to them for 36, The Loisels spend a week scraping up money from all kinds of sources, mortgaging the rest of their existence. After three days, Monsieur Loisel purchases the necklace. When Mathilde returns the necklace, in its case, to Madame Forestier, Madame Forestier is annoyed at how long it has taken to get it back but does not open the case to inspect it. The Loisels began to live a life of crippling poverty. They dismiss their servant and move into an even smaller apartment. Monsieur Loisel works three jobs, and Mathilde spends all her time doing the heavy housework. This misery lasts ten years, but at the end they have repaid their financial debts. They are both tired and irrevocably damaged from these years of hardship. One Sunday, while she is out for a walk, Mathilde spots Madame Forestier. Feeling emotional, she approaches her and offers greetings. Madame Forestier does not recognize her, and when Mathilde identifies herself, Madame Forestier cannot help but exclaim that she looks different. Mathilde says that the change was on her account and explains to her the long saga of losing the necklace, replacing it, and working for ten years to repay the debts. At the end of her story, Madame Forestier clasps her hands and tells Mathilde the original necklace was just costume jewelry and not worth anything.

Chapter 9 : The Diamond Necklace by Guy de Maupassant

DOWNLOAD PDF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE STORY BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

The Necklace BY Guy de Maupassant She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as though fate had blundered over her, into a family of.