This is a Class 2 exam

Lebanon Evangelical School
for Boys and Girls
Loueizeh - Baabda

# Stage Exam 03

## 10FEB2026

Do NOT write in this box. Your MARK will be placed here.

| | |
|---|---|
| Subject : | English |
| Class : | 11S1 and 11S2 |
| Teacher : | Mrs. Narin Zakarian |
| Duration : | 1 hour |
| Answer ALL questions on the lined paper. | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Your name : | | *Time taken to complete exam* |
| Your Class : | | |
| Exam Room : | | |
| How many sheets, including cover sheet : | | |

- Do not open this paper until the teacher in charge instructs you to do so.
- The most important thing to remember in taking an exam is NEVER PANIC.
- If you are caught cheating in this exam, you will be awarded zero for ALL exams that are taken on this day.

# The Black Cat

## By Edgar Allan Poe

Tomorrow I die. Tomorrow I die, and today I want to tell the world what happened and thus perhaps free my soul from the horrible weight which lies upon it.

But listen! Listen, and you shall hear how I have been destroyed.

When I was a child, I had a natural goodness of soul which led me to love animals — all kinds of animals, but especially those animals we call pets, animals which have learned to live with men and share their homes with them. There is something in the love of these animals which speaks directly to the heart of the man who has learned from experience how uncertain and changeable is the love of other men.

I was quite young when I married. You will understand the joy I felt to find that my wife shared with me my love for animals. Quickly she got for us several pets of the most likeable kind. We had birds, some goldfish, a fine dog, and a cat.

The cat was a beautiful animal, of unusually large size, and entirely black. I named the cat Pluto, and it was the pet I liked best.

I alone fed it, and it followed me all around the house. It was even with difficulty that I stopped it from following me through the streets. Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which, however, my own character became greatly changed. I began to drink too much wine and other strong drinks. As the days passed, I became less loving in my manner; I became quick to anger; I forgot how to smile and laugh. My wife — yes, and my pets, too, all except the cat — were made to feel the change in my character.

One night I came home quite late from the inn, where I now spent more and more time drinking. Walking with uncertain step, I made my way with effort into the house. As I entered, I saw — or thought I saw — that Pluto, the cat, was trying to stay out of my way, to avoid me. This action, by an animal which I had thought still loved me, made me angry beyond reason. My soul seemed to fly from my body. I took a small knife out of my coat and opened it. Then I took the poor animal by the neck and with one quick movement I cut out one of its fear-filled eyes!

Slowly the cat got well. The hole where its eye had been was not a pretty thing to look at, it is true; but the cat no longer appeared to suffer any pain. As might be expected, however, it ran from me in fear whenever I came near. Why should it not run? Yet this did not fail to anger me. I felt growing inside myself a new feeling. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself doing wrong, doing some evil thing for no other reason than because he knows he should not? Are not we humans at all times pushed, ever driven in some unknown way to break the law just because we understand it to be the law?

One day, in cold blood, I tied a strong rope around the cat's neck, and taking it down into the cellar under the house I hung it from one of the wood beams above my head. I hung it there until it was dead. I hung it there with tears in my eyes, I hung it because I knew it had loved me, because I felt it had given me no reason to hurt it, because I knew that my doing so was a wrong so great, a sin so deadly that it would place my soul forever outside the reach of the love of God!

That same night, as I lay sleeping, I heard through my open window the cries of our neighbors. I jumped from my bed and found that the entire house was filled with fire. It was only with great difficulty that my wife and I escaped. And when we were out of the house, all we could do was stand and watch it burn to the ground. I thought of the cat as I watched it burn, the cat whose dead body I had left hanging in the cellar. It seemed almost that the cat had in some mysterious way caused the house to burn so that it could make me pay for my evil act, so that it could take revenge upon me.

Months went by, and I could not drive the thought of the cat out of my mind. One night I sat in the inn, drinking, as usual. In the corner I saw a dark object that I had not seen before. I went over to see what it could be. It was a cat, a cat almost exactly like Pluto. I touched it with my hand and petted it, passing my hand softly along its back. The cat rose and pushed its back against my hand.

Suddenly I realized that I wanted the cat. I offered to buy it from the innkeeper, but he claimed he had never seen the animal before. As I left the inn, it followed me, and I allowed it to do so. It soon became a pet of both my wife and myself.

The morning after I brought it home, however, I discovered that this cat, like Pluto, had only one eye. How was it possible that I had not noticed this the night before? This fact only made my wife love the cat more. But I, myself, found a feeling of dislike growing in me. My growing dislike of the animal only seemed to increase its love for me. It followed me, followed me everywhere, always. When I sat, it lay down under my chair. When I stood up it got between my feet and nearly made me fall. Wherever I went, it was always there. At night I dreamed of it. And I began to hate that cat!

One day my wife called to me from the cellar of the old building where we were now forced to live. As I went down the stairs, the cat, following me as always, ran under my feet and nearly threw me down.

In sudden anger, I took a knife and struck wildly at the cat. Quickly my wife put out her hand and stopped my arm. This only increased my anger and, without thinking, I turned and put the knife's point deep into her heart! She fell to the floor and died without a sound.

I spent a few moments looking for the cat, but it was gone. And I had other things to do, for I knew I must do something with the body, and quickly. Suddenly I noted a place in the wall of the cellar where stones had been added to the wall to cover an old fireplace which was no longer wanted. The walls were not very strongly built, and I found I could easily take down those stones. Behind them there was, as I knew there must be, a hole just big enough to hold the body. With much effort I put the body in and carefully put the stones back in their place. I was pleased to see that it was quite impossible for anyone to know that a single stone had been moved.

Days passed. Still there was no cat. A few people came and asked about my wife; but I answered them easily. Then one day several officers of the police came. Certain that they could find nothing, I asked them in and went with them as they searched.

Finally, they searched the cellar from end to end. I watched them quietly, and, as I expected, they noticed nothing. But as they started up the stairs again, I felt myself driven by some unknown inner force to let them know, to make them know, that I had won the battle.

"The walls of this building," I said, "are very strongly built; it is a fine old house." And as I spoke, I struck with my stick that very place in the wall behind which was the body of my wife. Immediately I felt a cold feeling up and down my back as we heard coming out of the wall itself a horrible cry.

For one short moment the officers stood looking at each other. Then quickly they began to pick at the stones, and in a short time they saw before them the body of my wife, black with dried blood and smelling of decay. On the body's head, its one eye filled with fire, its wide-open mouth the color of blood, sat the cat, crying out its revenge!

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**Part A: Literary Elements (3pts: 1pt each)**

**Identify the literary feature used in each quote.**

1. "Tomorrow I Die. Tomorrow I die…"

2. "That same night, as I lay sleeping, I heard through my open window the cries of our neighbors."

3. "On the body's head, its one eye filled with fire, its wide-open mouth the color of blood, sat the cat, crying out its revenge!"

**Part B: Analysis Question (7pts)**

**Answer the following questions in a well-structured paragraph. You can rephrase quotes to support your answers.**

4. What is the irony in the story "The Black Cat"? Provide 2 examples from the text to support your answer. (4pts)

5. How is alcoholism addressed in the story? How did it affect the narrator? (3pts)

**Part C: Response to Literature (15pts)**

6. One of the main themes in the short story "The Black Cat" by Edgar Allan Poe is domestic violence. In a well-structured response, write a paragraph to prove the abovementioned theme using **2 pieces of evidence** from the text.

*Reminder: Mention the literary feature used in each quote.*

Good work! ☺

| Name: | Subject: English | |
|---|---|---|
| Date: | Class: 11 | Section: |

**Response to Literature Rubric**

| | Response to Question | Organization | Language |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4-5 | The response is relevant to the posed question. The supporting details are effective and present a factual opinion rather than an opinion. Quotes and references are unpacked and present a logical development of process. There are effectively established connections between the response and the question. | The claim is clearly and effectively presented. Supporting details are effectively and logically organized. There is relevance and coherence in the connections made between the response and the question. | The response has few to no errors of learned concepts. Level-based words are spelled correctly. Sentence structure and variety are observed. |
| 2-3 | The response is somewhat relevant to the posed question. The supporting details are weak, ineffective, and/or present an opinion rather than a factual opinion. Quotes and references are somewhat unpacked but lack development and logical process. There are some connections established between the response and the question. | The response's claim is presented with some degree of inaccuracy. Supporting details are somewhat organized with a visible attempt at providing coherence and logical connections. | The response includes some errors of learned concepts. Some level-based words are misspelled. Sentence structure and variety are somewhat observed despite minor problems in communicating meaning. |
| 0-1 | The response to the question is irrelevant. There are no supporting details, or the used supporting details fail to support the argument. Quotes and references, if used, lack unpacking. There are no connections between the response and the question. | The response does not have a claim. Supporting details, if any, are not organized and lack coherence. | The response includes repetitive and numerous errors of learned concepts. Numerous level-based words are misspelled. Sentence structure and variety greatly affect the content of the response. |
| Grade | /5 | /5 | /5 |
| | | | **/15** |

**Class 2 Exam**

**The Black Cat**

**By Edgar Allan Poe**

Tomorrow I die. Tomorrow I die, and today I want to tell the world what happened and thus perhaps free my soul from the horrible weight which lies upon it.

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**Part A: Literary Elements (3pts: 1pt each)**

**Read the following quotes and write the literary element used on the line below.**

1. "Tomorrow I Die. Tomorrow I die…"

***Repetition / foreshadowing***

2. "That same night, as I lay sleeping, I heard through my open window the cries of our neighbors."

***Auditory imagery***

3. "On the body's head, its one eye filled with fire, its wide-open mouth the color of blood, sat the cat, crying out its revenge!"

***Visual imagery / personification***

**Part B: Analysis Question (7pts)**

**Answer the following questions in a well-structured paragraph. You can rephrase quotes to support your answers.**

4. What is the irony in the story "The Black Cat"? Provide 2 examples from the text to support your answer. (4pts)

***In "The Black Cat," Poe uses situational irony to show how the narrator's attempts to escape guilt and responsibility end up exposing him even more. First, after killing Pluto, the narrator finds a second black cat and takes it in because he believes it will comfort him and ease his guilt. Ironically, the new cat becomes a constant reminder of his crime, increasing his fear and paranoia instead of relieving it. Second, after murdering his wife, the narrator hides her body behind a wall and feels confident he has outsmarted everyone. Ironically, the police discover the body only because the narrator proudly taps on the very wall where she is buried, and the cat he tried to kill betrays him by crying out from inside it. These moments highlight the story's theme of self-destruction and the narrator's inability to escape his own guilt.***

5. How is alcoholism addressed in the story? How did it affect the narrator? (3pts)

***In "The Black Cat," Edgar Allan Poe presents alcoholism as the driving force behind the narrator's moral and psychological deterioration. As his drinking worsens, he becomes increasingly irritable, cruel, and violent, especially toward his pets and his wife. Alcohol lowers his self-control, fuels his aggression, and leads him to justify or dismiss his own brutality.***

**Part C: Response to Literature (15pts)**

One of the main themes in the short story "The Black Cat" by Edgar Allan Poe is domestic violence. In a well-structured response, write a paragraph to prove the abovementioned theme using **2 pieces of evidence** from the text.

*Reminder: mention the literary element used in each quote.*

***Domestic violence is a major theme in the short story "The Black Cat" by Edgar Allan Poe. To begin with, the narrator's growing cruelty turns the home into a place of fear and danger. Early in the story, he admits that as his drinking increased, "**My wife — yes, and my pets, too… were made to feel the change in my character.**" The indirect characterization reveals the narrator's moral decline, showing how his personality has shifts from kind and gentle to abusive and threatening. Moreover, this violence eventually escalates into fatal abuse when, in a sudden burst of rage, he recounts, "**I turned and put the knife's point deep into her heart!**" after his wife tries to protect the cat. The visual imagery utilized creates a vivid picture of the murder and emphasizes the brutality of his act. These two moments demonstrate how the narrator's deterioration transforms ordinary domestic life into a site of escalating abuse, proving that domestic violence lies at the heart of Poe's "The Black Cat."***