**Introductory Paragraph**

1. Context: a sentence briefly establishing the subject of the essay: the short story “In Quotation Marks” with the author’s name.

2. Thesis: focused argument.  Argue the horror of “The Hanged Man”.

3. Statement of enumeration: catalogue the three main ideas that will be the focus of your body paragraphs. Be concise and arrange these ideas in parallel structure. These should be three separate techniques Trembley employs to make his story frightening. You may examine images, plot devises, rhetorical devices, moods, tone, style, setting or character.

**Body Paragraphs**

**First Sentence**: A clear and direct **topic sentence** that directly supports your thesis. Do not be coy.

Next, support this topic sentence with **substantiation** or evidence: *quotations*, or statistics.

Follow your substantiation with **analysis**:

The act of examining all the parts of something. Putting these parts back together to construct meaning. Trying to come to a better understanding of the parts individually and as a whole. Investigating, looking for patterns to construct meaning. Analysis asks, “So What?” and involves more than just description of plot or ideas.

Use the verbs of analysis to spur on an effective explanation. So, you would write something to the effect of, “\_\_\_\_\_\_ is significant because it showcases the idea that...” or, “\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ is noteworthy because it illustrates such and such...” or, “\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ is important because it typifies the tendency of...” Show your reader why the evidence matters.

Besides *illustrates*, *showcases,* and *typifies*, here are some handy verbs of analysis I like: *Exemplifies*, *highlights, supports, reinforces, debunks, opposes, illuminates*...

**Conclusion:**

Please do not summarize what you have already written; I’ve read it, and I was paying attention. So end with a flourish. Try to give your writing some charm. Answer the question, “So What?”

**Style:**

Exercise your academic-writing skills: choose a formal style. Our goal is to be straightforward, economical, and honest. To be effective, write in an active voice and avoid forbidden words we have addressed in class. Avoid platitudes, idioms, clichés, slang, colloquialisms, abbreviations, contractions or euphemisms. If it is necessary to use any of these, or to use vulgarities, please put them in quotation marks to let me know that you are aware of the transgressions.

At all times, stay “in control” of your language by using meaningful words you understand.  Avoid unnecessary repetition, parenthetical remarks, and self-referential remarks. Make sure there is sentence variety.

“The Hanged Man”

By Michel Trembley

In my country, when someone kills his neighbour they hang him. It’s stupid, but that’s the way it is. It’s in the laws.

My job is to watch over the hanged. In the prison where I work, a hanged man isn’t taken down as soon as he is dead. No, he’s left hanging all night and it’s my job to watch over him until sunrise.

I’m not required to weep, but I do weep all the same.

I knew very well that this hanged man wasn’t going to be an ordinary hanged man. Unlike all the condemned men I had seen until then, this one didn’t seem to be afraid. He didn’t smile, but his eyes didn’t betray any fear. He looked at the gallows coldly, whereas the other condemned men almost unfailingly go into shock when they see it. Yes, I felt that this hanged man wouldn’t be an ordinary hanged man.

When the trapdoor opened and the rope stretched taut with a dry sound, I felt something move in my belly.

The hanged man didn’t struggle. All those I had seen till this one twisted about, swinging at the end of the rope with their knees drawn up. But this one didn’t move.

He didn’t die immediately. You could hear him trying to breathe... But he didn’t move. He didn’t move at all. We looked at each other, the hangman, the prison governor and I wrinkling our foreheads. This lasted a few minutes; then suddenly the hangman let out a long yell that sounded to me like the huge laughter of a madman. The hangman said that was the end.

The hanged man quivered. His body seemed to lengthen a little. Then, nothing more.

But I was sure he had laughed.

I was alone with the hangman who had laughed. I couldn’t stop myself from looking at him. He seemed to have grown longer still. And that hood I have always hated! That hood that hides everything but lets you imagine everything. I have never seen the faces of the hanged, but I’ve guessed what they have looked like and I think that’s even worse.

All the lights had been put out and the little nightlight over the door had been lit.

How black it was and how afraid I was of this hanged man.

In spite of myself, around two in the morning I dozed off. I was awoken--I couldn’t say when-- by a low sound, like a sigh. Was it me who had sighed like that? It must have been me, I was alone. I had probably sighed in my sleep and my sigh had woken me.

Instinctively, I turned my eyes toward the hanged man. He had moved! He had made a quarter turn and now he was facing me. It wasn’t the first time this had happened. It was due to the rope, I knew that perfectly well. But all the same I couldn’t help trembling. And that sigh. That sigh that I wasn’t certain had come out of my mouth.

I called myself a double-dyed idiot and got up to walk around a bit. As soon as I had turned my back on the hanged man I heard that sigh again. I was quite sure this time that it wasn’t me who had sighed. I didn’t dare turn around. I felt my legs turn into water and my throat dry up. I heard two or three more sighs, which soon changed into breathing, first very uneven, then more regular. I was absolutely certain the hanged man was breathing and I thought I was going to faint.

At last I turned round, trembling all over. The dead man was moving. He was swinging, almost imperceptibly, at the end of his rope. And he was breathing more and more strongly. I got as far away from him as I could, taking refuge in a corner of the big room.

I shall never forget the horrible spectacle that followed. The hanged man had been breathing for about five minutes, when he started to laugh. He suddenly stopped breathing loudly and began to laugh softly. It wasn’t a demoniacal or even cynical laugh; it was simply the laugh of someone who is wildly amused. His laughter quickly grew louder and soon the hanged man was roaring with laughter, fit to burst his sides. He was swinging more and more violently... laughing... laughing...

I was sitting on the ground, my two arms squeezed to my stomach, and I was crying.

The dead man was swinging so violently that at one moment his feet almost touched the ceiling. This went on for several minutes. Minutes of pure terror for me. Suddenly the rope broke and I let out a loud cry. The hanged man hit the ground with a thud. His head came off and rolled over to my feet. I jumped up and ran for the door.

When the caretaker, the prison governor and I returned to the room, the body was still there, stretched out in the corner; but we couldn’t find the dead man’s head. It was never found.

**THE END**