

*The*  
**SECRET  
LIFE**

of **WALTER MITTY**

**BY JAMES  
THURBER**

RETOLD BY  
SARA SIMPSON





“You were driving 45 miles an hour!” said Mrs. Mitty. “I don’t like to go faster than 40, and you were up to 45!”

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Walter Mitty didn’t say anything. He just kept driving. His daydream was fading away.

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“You look stressed again,” Mrs. Mitty said. “You’re having one of your bad days. You should let Dr. Renshaw look at you.”

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Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the hair salon to drop off his wife.

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“Don’t forget to go buy snow boots while I’m getting my hair done,” Mrs. Mitty said.

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“I don’t need snow boots,” said Walter Mitty.

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“Don’t argue with me,” Mrs. Mitty said. “You’re not a young man anymore, and you need to wear snow boots to keep your feet dry so you don’t get sick.”

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Walter Mitty was getting annoyed, but he didn’t say anything else to his wife. He revved the car engine a little.

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“Why aren’t you wearing your gloves?” Mrs. Mitty asked her husband. “Did you lose your gloves?”

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Walter Mitty got his gloves out of his pocket. He put them on. His wife went into the hair salon. Walter Mitty drove down the road. At the next red light, he took the gloves off again.

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“Hurry up!” yelled a cop when the light turned green. Mitty put his gloves back on quickly and drove. He drove around for a while. He drove past the hospital on his way to park the cart...

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*“Hurry, doctor!” cried the pretty nurse. “Millionaire banker Wellington McMillan is in surgery. Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow are in there now. So are two doctors from London, Dr. Remington and Dr.*

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“I’m going to take your temperature when we get home,” Mrs. Mitty said. “You aren’t making any sense when you talk. You must be sick.”

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Mr. and Mrs. Mitty walked to their car. It was two blocks away. Mrs. Mitty stopped when they got to the drug store on the corner.

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“Wait here,” she said to Walter Mitty. “I need to run in. I forgot to buy something.”

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Walter Mitty waited on the sidewalk. He lit a cigarette. It started to rain. He leaned against the side of the building and smoked...

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*“To Hell with the blindfold!” Mitty said, yanking it off his eyes. “I’m not afraid to look death in the face!”*

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*He took one more drag on his cigarette then threw it down. He smiled a little and turned to face the firing squad. He stood up tall. He knew what was going to happen to him, and he accepted his fate.*

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*Walter Mitty stayed a mystery, even at the end.*

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