



**THE
YELLOW
WALLPAPER**

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

RETOLD BY SARA SIMPSON

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My husband, John, and I are so lucky! We have rented a large, beautiful house in the country for the summer; hardly anyone I know can afford to do that. It's a little strange that we were able to rent the house for such a cheap price. There has to be something wrong with it. Why else would it have just been sitting there with no one living in it for so long?

John thinks I am being silly for thinking there is something wrong with the house. He is a doctor and a very practical person. I have been sick for a while now, but it's not a sickness in my body. The sickness is in my mind. I've been sad since the baby was born. Honestly, I think that the fact that John is a doctor is part of the reason I can't seem to get better more quickly. He doesn't actually believe anything is wrong with me. He tells all of our friends and family that I'm just a little depressed and it isn't a big deal. My brother is also a doctor and says the same thing. There isn't much a woman can do if two men in her family both say she's fine...even if *she* knows she isn't.

John keeps giving me different vitamins and special, healthy drinks. He tells me I just need to get outside and get some fresh air and exercise. I love to write. Writing is my passion in life. However, John says it's bad for me and will make me feel worse. Until I get better, he says I shouldn't do any writing. I also shouldn't have any friends come over. They're too exciting and will get in the way of my rest. I am supposed to spend as much time as I can lying in bed. I'm not supposed to think about all the things that upset me, but that is hard because there isn't anything else to do while I'm lying in bed all day.

John is here! He is pounding on the door and yelling for someone to bring him an ax so he can get inside.

“John, dear!” I said in a gentle voice. “The key is down by the front steps. It is under a plant leaf.”

John was quiet for a few minutes, then he said “Open the door, darling!”

“I can’t,” I said. “The key is down by the front steps. It is under a plant leaf.” I said this again until he believed me. After a while, he went downstairs and got the key. John opened the door.

“What is wrong?” he cried. “What are you doing?”

I kept on creeping, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

“I finally got out!” I said. “In spite of you and Jane. I have pulled off most of the wallpaper so you can’t put me back in there!”

John fainted. I don’t know why, but he did. His body was in my way, so I had to creep right over him every time I went around the room.

