Name\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ #5

*Read and annotate the text*

Driving slowly to Sears, he tried to forget by wondering why it was that only wooden stakes

should work.

He frowned as he drove along the empty boulevard, the only sound the muted growling of the

motor in his car. It seemed fantastic that it had taken him five months to start wondering about

it.

Which brought another question to mind. How was it that he always managed to hit the

heart? It had to be the heart; Dr. Busch had said so. Yet he, Neville, had no anatomical

knowledge.

His brow furrowed. It irritated him that he should have gone through this hideous process so

long without stopping once to question it.

He shook, his head. No, I should think it over carefully, he thought, I should collect all the

questions before I try to answer them. Things should be done the right way, the scientific way.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, he thought, shades of old Fritz. That had been his father’s name. Neville

had loathed his father and fought the acquisition of his father’s logic and mechanical facility

every inch of the way. His father had died denying the vampire violently to the last.

At Sears he got the lathe, loaded it into the station wagon, then searched the store.

There were five of them in the basement, hiding in various shadowed places. One of them

Neville found inside a display freezer. When he saw the man lying there in this enamel coffin,

he had to laugh; it seemed such a funny place to hide.

Later, he thought of what a humorless world it was when he could find amusement in such a

thing.

About two o’clock he parked and ate his lunch. Everything seemed to taste of garlic.

And that set him wondering about the effect garlic had on them. It must have been the smell

that chased them off, but why?

They were strange, the facts about them: their staying inside by day, their avoidance of garlic,

their death by stake, their reputed fear of crosses, their supposed dread of mirrors.

Take that last, now. According to legend, they were invisible in mirrors, but he knew that was

untrue. As untrue as the belief that they transformed themselves into bats. That was a

superstition that logic, plus observation had easily disposed of. It was equally foolish to believe

that they could transform themselves into wolves. Without a doubt there were vampire dogs; he

had seen and heard them outside his house at night. But they were only dogs.

Robert Neville compressed his lips suddenly. Forget it, he told himself; you’re not ready, yet.

The time would come when he’d take a crack at it, detail for detail, but the time wasn’t now.

There were enough things to worry about now.

After lunch, he went from house to house and used up all his stakes. He had forty-seven

stakes.

1. List all the myths/legends that you have ever heard about vampires (not necessarily what you have learned from this story)
2. What myths/legends has Robert Neville proven to be true? False?

3. “When he saw the man lying there in this enamel coffin,

he had to laugh; it seemed such a funny place to hide.” Explain this line