

# The Raven

A Reading A-Z Level Z2 Leveled Book  
Word Count: 1,090

LEVELED BOOK • Z<sup>2</sup>

## THE RAVEN

### Connections

#### Writing

Poe uses literary elements such as repetition, rhyme, alliteration, and onomatopoeia to create the poem's mood. Choose two elements and describe how they shape the poem and add to its effect.

#### Social Studies

Research Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom in Greek mythology. Write an essay describing her and analyzing why Poe chose to have the raven perch on a bust of Athena.

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Written by Edgar Allan Poe  
Illustrated by Mariano Epelbaum

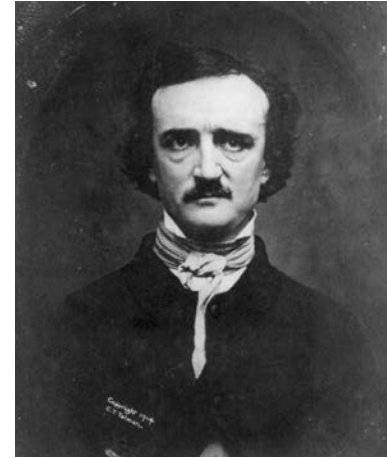
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<b>nepenthe</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	something, such as a potion, that makes someone forget pain, sorrow, or suffering (p. 12)
<b>obeisance</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a show of respect for another, often with a bow (p. 7)
<b>ominous</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	threatening or foreboding (p. 10)
<b>pallid</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	lacking in color or intensity; pale and unhealthy looking (p. 14)
<b>placid</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	calm and peaceful (p. 9)
<b>Plutonian</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	of or relating to Pluto, the Greek god of the underworld or to the Greek underworld itself (p. 8)
<b>prophet</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a person who is believed to bring a message from God or a god (p. 12)
<b>quaff</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	to drink a large amount in a short period of time (p. 12)
<b>respite</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a short rest from something unpleasant or difficult (p. 12)
<b>seraphim</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	an order of angels that have six wings (p. 12)
<b>surcease</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	to stop or end something (p. 4)
<b>thereat</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	at that place or time (p. 6)
<b>yore</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a time long ago (p. 7)

# THE RAVEN



Edgar Allan Poe is famous for penning mysteries and horror stories. “The Raven” was first published in 1845 to great literary acclaim, and Poe became a national celebrity. He continued to publish his writings, though he never achieved great monetary success.

Poe died in Baltimore, Maryland, on October 7, 1849. His last words were “*Lord, help my poor soul.*”

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## Focus Question

What do the raven and its word mean to the narrator?

## Words to Know

Aidenn	obeisance
balm	ominous
beguiling	pallid
censer	placid
countenance	Plutonian
dirges	prophet
discourse	quaff
divining	respite
entreating	seraphim
implore	surcease
mien	thereat
nepenthe	yore

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### Correlation

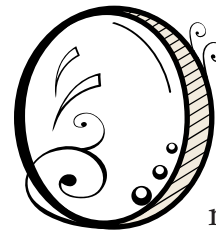
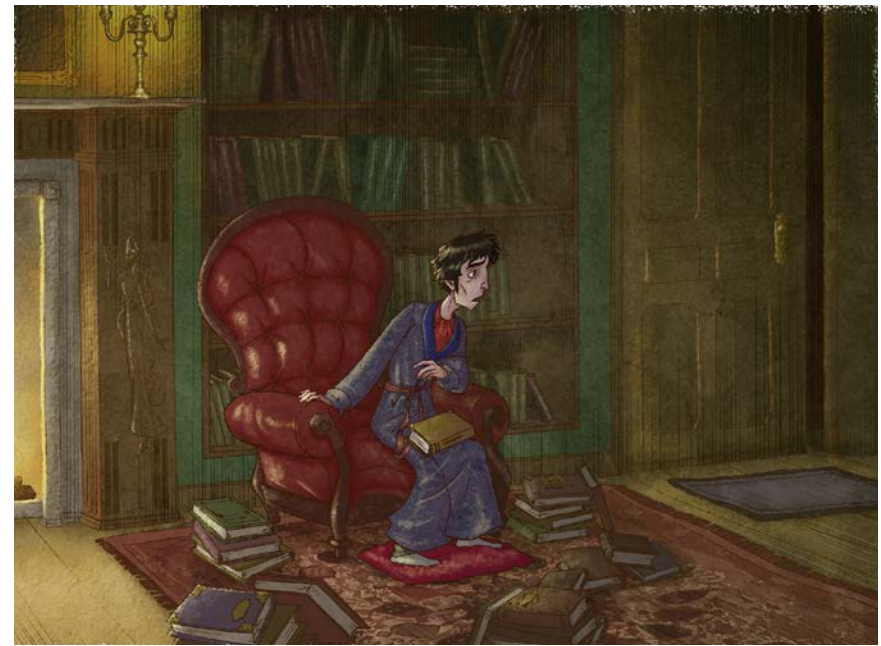
LEVEL Z2	
Fountas & Pinnell	Y–Z
Reading Recovery	N/A
DRA	70+

## Glossary

<b>Aidenn</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	the Arabic word for “paradise” (p. 13)
<b>balm</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	something that comforts or restores (p. 12)
<b>beguiling</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	tricking or fooling someone; attracting or engaging in a clever or deceptive way (p. 8)
<b>censer</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a container for burning incense, often used in religious ceremonies (p. 12)
<b>countenance</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a face or expression (p. 8)
<b>dirges</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	sad, slow songs often played at funerals (p. 10)
<b>discourse</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	the exchange of thoughts using words; conversation (p. 8)
<b>divining</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	understanding or figuring something out, often through intuition (p. 11)
<b>entreating</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	requesting or pleading (p. 4)
<b>implore</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	to plead or beg earnestly (p. 5)
<b>mien</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	an expression or way of behaving that shows an attitude or personality; demeanor (p. 7)



And the Raven, never flitting,  
 still is sitting, *still* is sitting  
 On the **pallid** bust of Pallas  
 just above my chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming  
 of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming  
 throws his shadow on the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow  
 that lies floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!



Once upon a midnight dreary,  
 while I pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious  
 volume of forgotten lore—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping,  
 suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping,  
 rapping at my chamber door.  
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered,  
 "tapping at my chamber door—  
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember  
it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember  
wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—  
vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books **surcease** of sorrow  
—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden  
whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain  
rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic  
terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart,  
I stood repeating  
“’Tis some visitor **entreating** entrance  
at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance  
at my chamber door;—  
This it is and nothing more.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—  
prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us  
—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if,  
within the distant **Aidenn**,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden  
whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden  
whom the angels name Lenore.”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting,  
bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
“Get thee back into the tempest  
and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token  
of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—  
quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart,  
and take thy form from off my door!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
perfumed from an unseen **censer**  
Swung by **seraphim** whose foot-falls  
tinkled on the tufted floor.  
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—  
by these angels he hath sent thee  
**Respite**—respite and **nepenthe**  
from thy memories of Lenore!  
**Quaff**, oh quaff this kind nepenthe  
and forget this lost Lenore!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“**Prophet!**” said I, “thing of evil!  
—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent,  
or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted,  
on this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted  
—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—*is* there **balm** in Gilead?—  
tell me—tell me, I implore!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Presently my soul grew stronger;  
hesitating then no longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam,  
truly your forgiveness I **implore**;  
But the fact is I was napping,  
and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping,  
tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you”  
—here I opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.





Deep into that darkness peering,  
    long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal  
    ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken,  
    and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken  
    was the whispered word, "Lenore?"  
This I whispered, and an echo  
    murmured back the word, "Lenore!"  
        Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,  
    all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping  
    somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something  
    at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what **thereat** is,  
    and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment  
    and this mystery explore;—  
        'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

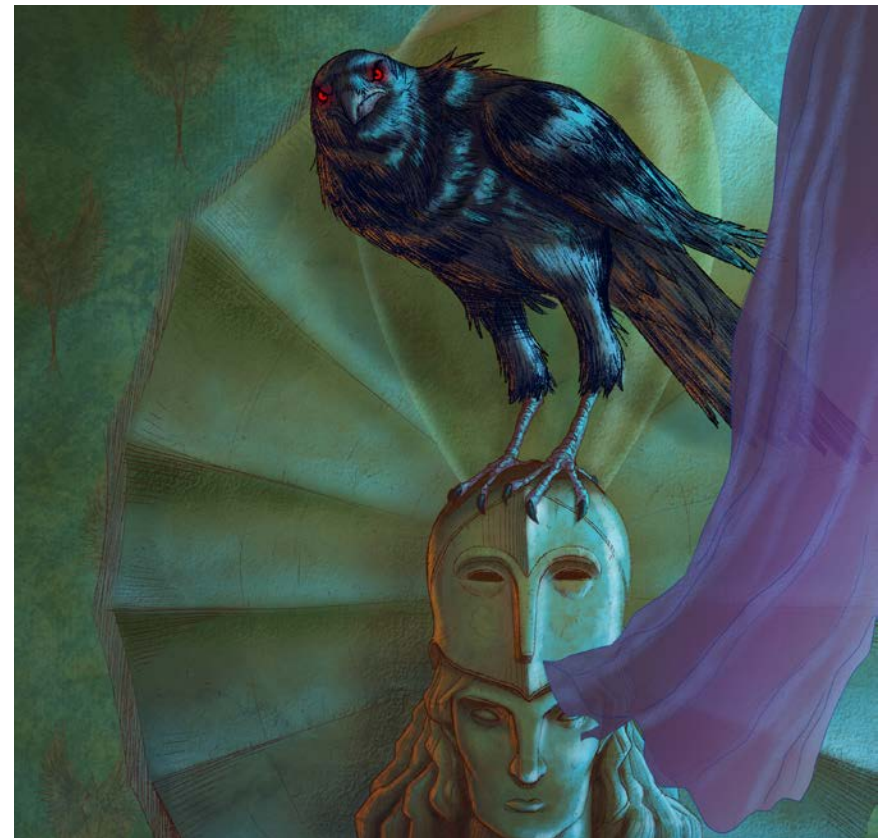


This I sat engaged in guessing,  
    but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes  
    now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat **divining**,  
    with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining  
    that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining  
    with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
        *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!



Startled at the stillness broken  
by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters  
is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master  
whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster  
till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the **dirges** of his Hope  
that melancholy burden bore  
Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling  
all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat  
in front of bird and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking,  
I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking  
what this **ominous** bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt,  
and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”



Open here I flung the shutter, when,  
with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven  
of the saintly days of **yore**.  
Not the least **obeisance** made he;  
not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with **mien** of lord or lady,  
perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas  
just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird **beguiling**  
my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum  
of the **countenance** it wore,  
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,”  
I said, “art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven  
wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on  
the Night’s **Plutonian** shore!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl  
to hear **discourse** so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—  
little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing  
that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing  
bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust  
above his chamber door,  
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely  
on the **placid** bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that  
one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered  
—not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered,  
“Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me,  
as my hopes have flown before.”  
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

