

Uneasy homecoming

[Literature](#), [Fiction](#)



In the short story Uneasy Homecoming written by Will F Jenkins, Connie is the first character introduced in the story, and is the protagonist; the antagonist in the short story is Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson's son. After we are introduced to the characters we are then led into the setting, Connie was being driven home by a taxi as, " The red, dying sun cast long shadows across the road" (pg. 83), this created a picture that the sun was setting.

During this cab ride home from her two week vacation, Connie feels uneasiness and dread, which help us understand the mood and atmosphere of the short story. Initiating Incident The event that begins the conflict is when Connie called Mrs. Wilson for comfort, and Mrs. Wilson ask her if her house was all right, and that it was dreadful here, there have been a series of burglaries in the town and somehow the burglary know where Mr. saddler kept his day's receipts from his shop. Connie had a wired feeling about this and being alone, but she didn't follow it because she thought it was meaningless.

Rising Action Three things that are rising action is when Connie finds some cigarettes butts on the rug in Toms room and starts to panic a bit, then she finds a lump in the bed not knowing what it is she starts to walk away from it, then she look and saw it was all the burglary's stolen stuff. Connie realized that they probably know she's home and can see her from the bay so she turned off all the lights quickly " The window was broken. A neat jagged section of glass was missing. "(pg. 9) that's how there were getting in, she locked all the doors and windows but not the broken one because she can't they'll just unlock it so she goes and hides. The climax Connie hears a noise coming from the outside garden; she knew that they knew about her

knowing that they were there and had proof. They turned off the power so the house would be darker; she hears him in the house and carefully goes out the back door, and then she lit his motorcycle on fire. “ She hid herself in the shadows and watched, sobs trying to from in her throat” (pg. 91)