Plot and Conflict

Will the hero save the world and win the girl? Can the young soldier survive the war? How will the family stay alive on the deserted island? Good stories are all around you—in novels and short stories, on television, and in movies. How do they capture your imagination and keep you riveted? Read on to find out.

Part 1: Conflict—The Fuel of a Story

A knight must slay a fierce dragon. A girl faces the consequences of betraying her friend. No matter what they’re about, all good stories are fueled by conflict. A conflict, or a struggle between opposing forces, can be external or internal.

- An external conflict involves a struggle between a character and an outside force, such as another character, a force of nature, or society.
- An internal conflict is a struggle that takes place within a character’s own mind, as he or she wrestles with difficult thoughts, feelings, or choices.

Whether it is external or internal, a conflict is what drives a story forward, from its beginning to its end. How will the characters handle the conflict? What obstacles will they face? Such questions prompt you to keep turning the pages.

Examine the different types of conflicts described in this graphic.

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<th>External</th>
<th>Types of Conflicts</th>
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<tr>
<td>Character vs. Character</td>
<td>Ling overhears Julian bragging about his malicious plan to ridicule her best friend. Angered, she confronts Julian and becomes even more incensed when he denies every word. <em>(Ling vs. Julian)</em></td>
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<td>Character vs. Force of Nature</td>
<td>A blinding snowstorm hits while Yoni is hiking in unfamiliar territory. Suddenly, he loses his bearings and has no idea how to find his way home. <em>(Yoni vs. snowstorm)</em></td>
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<td>Character vs. Society</td>
<td>The year is 1961. Sarah works in a factory at a time when workers must put in long hours and deal with dismal, even dangerous, conditions on the job. <em>(Sarah vs. poor working conditions)</em></td>
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**MODEL 1: EXTERNAL CONFLICT**

Johnny Tremain, a poor orphaned silversmith, believes he is related to the wealthy merchant Mr. Lyte. Johnny has proof—a cup engraved with the Lyte family name. How does Mr. Lyte react to the news?

*from Johnny Tremain*

Novel by Esther Forbes

“I think,” said Mr. Lyte quietly, “all of you ladies and gentlemen will agree that this cup our—ah, cousin, is it?—has brought back tonight is one of this set?”

There was a murmur of assent. Johnny could hear the tiny tinkle, seemingly far away, of Miss Lavinia’s spinet.1

“It is perfectly obvious that this cup now stands where it belongs. The question is how was it ever separated from its fellows?”

Johnny felt that everyone there except himself knew the answer to this question.

“In fact,” the merchant’s voice was as smooth as oil, “I declare this to be the very cup which was stolen from me by thieves. They broke through yonder window on the twenty-third of last August. Sheriff, I order you to arrest this boy for burglary.”

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1. **spinet:** a small, compact upright piano.

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**MODEL 2: INTERNAL CONFLICT**

Eva is thrilled when her friend Kenisha moves back to town. Most of the time, Kenisha is too involved with the popular crowd to acknowledge her old friend. In fact, Kenisha is only nice when she wants to copy Eva’s homework. How does Eva feel after she lets Kenisha copy her work?

*from Eva and the Mayor*

Short story by Jean Davies Okimoto

Eva knew it wasn’t right to copy other people’s work, but it wasn’t as bad as cheating on a test, and a lot of people did it. She knew that didn’t make it right, but still it didn’t seem like such a big sin, and besides, she wasn’t the copier. The whole thing made her feel pretty mixed up.

She didn’t know for sure if she had let Kenisha copy her work because of all that stuff Gramma Evelyn said about being nice to Kenisha or because she wanted to get in with Kenisha and be one of the cool people.

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**Close Read**

1. In your own words, describe the conflict that Johnny is facing.

2. Johnny’s conflict isn’t fully revealed until lines 11–12. What details earlier in the excerpt suggest that a problem is brewing?

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**Close Read**

1. What details suggest that Eva is conflicted about her decision to let Kenisha copy her homework? One detail is boxed.

2. In your opinion, is Eva overcome with guilt? Support your answer.
Part 2: Stages of Plot

To draw readers into a story and maintain their interest, a writer must do more than simply introduce an intriguing conflict. He or she has to create a plot in which every development builds upon the conflict. A plot, or the series of events in a story, typically includes five stages of development. In a linear plot, the order in which these stages occur follows a pattern. It’s important to remember, though, that not every story follows the pattern exactly.

Take a look at the following graphic, which shows a linear structure. Notice what happens to the conflict at the different stages.

Of course, the plot’s development does not have to follow this traditional pattern to be effective. A plot’s development just needs to be suspenseful, coherent, constantly moving ahead, and satisfying. When evaluating plot development, you might want to keep those qualities in mind.
Part 3: Analyze the Literature

“The Elevator” is about a boy named Martin who recently moved with his father to a new apartment. Living on the seventeenth floor, Martin has no choice but to take the elevator. The idea of the elevator terrifies him. What exactly is Martin so afraid of? Use what you’ve learned about plot and conflict to analyze this unsettling story.

It was an old building with an old elevator—a very small elevator, with a maximum capacity of three people. Martin, a thin twelve-year-old, felt nervous in it from the first day he and his father moved into the apartment. Of course he was always uncomfortable in elevators, afraid that they would fall, but there was something especially unpleasant about this one. Perhaps its baleful1 atmosphere was due to the light from the single fluorescent ceiling strip, bleak and dim on the dirty brown walls. Perhaps the problem was the door, which never stayed open quite long enough, and slammed shut with such ominous, clanging finality. Perhaps it was the way the mechanism shuddered in a kind of exhaustion each time it left a floor, as though it might never reach the next one. Maybe it was simply the dimensions of the contraption that bothered him, so small that it felt uncomfortably crowded even when there was only one other person in it.

Coming home from school the day after they moved in, Martin tried the stairs. But they were almost as bad, windowless, shadowy, with several dark landings where the light bulbs had burned out. His footsteps echoed behind him like slaps on the cement, as though there was another person climbing, getting closer. By the time he reached the seventeenth floor, which seemed to take forever, he was winded and gasping.

His father, who worked at home, wanted to know why he was so out of breath. “But why didn’t you take the elevator?” he asked, frowning at Martin when he explained about the stairs. Not only are you skinny and weak and bad at sports, his expression seemed to say, but you’re also a coward. After that, Martin forced himself to take the elevator. He would have to get used to it, he told himself, just the way he got used to being bullied at school, and always picked last when they chose teams. The elevator was an undeniable fact of life.

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1. **baleful**: sinister; ominous.
He didn't get used to it. He remained tense in the trembling little box, his eyes fixed on the numbers over the door that blinked on and off so haltingly, as if at any moment they might simply give up. Sometimes he forced himself to look away from them, to the Emergency Stop button, or the red Alarm button. What would happen if he pushed one of them? Would a bell ring? Would the elevator stop between floors? And if it did, how would they get him out?

That was what he hated about being alone on the thing—the fear of being trapped there for hours by himself. But it wasn't much better when there were other passengers. He felt too close to any other rider, too intimate. And he was always very conscious of the effort people made not to look at one another, staring fixedly at nothing. Being short, in this one situation, was an advantage, since his face was below the eye level of adults, and after a brief glance they ignored him.

Until the morning the elevator stopped at the fourteenth floor, and the fat lady got on. She wore a threadbare green coat that ballooned around her; her ankles bulged above dirty sneakers. As she waddled into the elevator, Martin was sure he felt it sink under her weight. She was so big that she filled the cubicle; her coat brushed against him, and he had to squeeze into the corner to make room for her—there certainly wouldn't have been room for another passenger. The door slammed quickly behind her. And then, unlike everyone else, she did not stand facing the door. She stood with her back to the door, wheezing, staring directly at Martin.

For a moment he met her gaze. Her features seemed very small, squashed together by the loose fleshy mounds of her cheeks. She had no chin, only a great swollen mass of neck, barely contained by the collar of her coat. Her sparse red hair was pinned back by a plastic barrette. And her blue eyes, though tiny, were sharp and penetrating, boring into Martin's face.

Abruptly he looked away from her to the numbers over the door. She didn’t turn around. Was she still looking at him? His eyes slipped back to hers, then quickly away. She was still watching him. He wanted to close his eyes; he wanted to turn around and stare into the corner, but how could he? The elevator creaked down to twelve, down to eleven. Martin looked at his watch; he looked at the numbers again. They weren’t even down to nine yet. And then, against his will, his eyes slipped back to her face. She was still watching him. Her nose tilted up; there was a large space between her nostrils and her upper lip, giving her a piggish look. He looked away again, clenching his teeth, fighting the impulse to squeeze his eyes shut against her.

She had to be crazy. Why else would she stare at him this way? What was she going to do next?

She did nothing. She only watched him, breathing audibly, until the elevator reached the first floor at last. Martin would have rushed past her to get
out, but there was no room. He could only wait as she turned—reluctantly, it
seemed to him—and moved so slowly out into the lobby. And then he ran. He
didn't care what she thought. He ran past her, outside into the fresh air, and he
ran almost all the way to school. He had never felt such relief in his life.

He thought about her all day. Did she live in the building? He had never
seen her before, and the building wasn’t very big—only four apartments
on each floor. It seemed likely that she didn’t live there, and had only been
visiting somebody.

But if she were only visiting somebody, why was she leaving the building at
seven thirty in the morning? People didn’t make visits at that time of day. Did
that mean she did live in the building? If so, it was likely—it was a certainty—
that sometime he would be riding with her on the elevator again.

He was apprehensive as he approached the building after school. In the
lobby, he considered the stairs. But that was ridiculous. Why should
he be afraid of an old lady? If he was afraid of her, if he let it control him, then
he was worse than all the names they called him at school. He pressed the
button; he stepped into the empty elevator. He stared at the lights, urging the
elevator on. It stopped on three.

At least it’s not fourteen, he told himself; the person she was visiting lives
on fourteen. He watched the door slide open—revealing a green coat, a
piggish face, blue eyes already fixed on him as though she knew he’d be there.

It wasn’t possible. It was like a nightmare. But there she was, massively real.
“Going up!” he said, his voice a humiliating squeak.

She nodded, her flesh quivering, and stepped on. The door slammed. He
watched her pudgy hand move toward the buttons. She pressed, not fourteen,
but eighteen, the top floor, one floor above his own. The elevator trembled
and began its ascent. The fat lady watched him.

He knew she had gotten on at fourteen this morning. So why was she
on three, going up to eighteen now? The only floors he ever went to were
seventeen and one. What was she doing? Had she been waiting for him? Was
she riding with him on purpose?

But that was crazy. Maybe she had a lot of friends in the building. Or else
she was a cleaning lady who worked in different apartments. That had to be
it. He felt her eyes on him as he stared at the numbers slowly blinking on
and off—slower than usual, it seemed to him. Maybe the elevator was having
trouble because of how heavy she was. It was supposed to carry three adults,
but it was old. What if it got stuck between floors? What if it fell?

They were on five now. It occurred to him to press seven, get off there, and
walk the rest of the way. And he would have done it, if he could have reached
the buttons. But there was no room to get past her without squeezing against
her, and he could not bear the thought of any physical contact with her. He
concentrated on being in his room. He would be home soon, only another

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2. **ascent**: the act of climbing or rising upward.
minute or so. He could stand anything for a minute, even this crazy lady watching him.

Unless the elevator got stuck between floors. Then what would he do? He tried to push the thought away, but it kept coming back. He looked at her. She was still staring at him, no expression at all on her squashed little features.

When the elevator stopped on his floor, she barely moved out of the way. He had to inch past her, rubbing against her horrible scratchy coat, terrified the door would close before he made it through. She quickly turned and watched him as the door slammed shut. And he thought, Now she knows I live on seventeen.

“Did you ever notice a strange fat lady on the elevator?” he asked his father that evening.

“Can’t say as I have,” he said, not looking away from the television.

He knew he was probably making a mistake, but he had to tell somebody.

“Well, she was on the elevator with me twice today. And the funny thing was, she just kept staring at me, she never stopped looking at me for a minute. You think . . . you know of anybody who has a weird cleaning lady or anything?”

“What are you so worked up about now?” his father said, turning impatiently away from the television.

“I’m not worked up. It was just funny the way she kept staring at me. You know how people never look at each other in the elevator. Well, she just kept looking at me.”

“What am I going to do with you, Martin?” his father said. He sighed and shook his head. “Honestly, now you’re afraid of some poor old lady.”

“I’m not afraid.”

“You’re afraid,” said his father, with total assurance. “When are you going to grow up and act like a man? Are you going to be timid all your life?”

He managed not to cry until he got to his room—but his father probably knew he was crying anyway. He slept very little.

And in the morning, when the elevator door opened, the fat lady was waiting for him.

She was expecting him. She knew he lived on seventeen. He stood there, unable to move, and then backed away. And as he did so, her expression changed. She smiled as the door slammed.

He ran for the stairs. Luckily, the unlit flight on which he fell was between sixteen and fifteen. He only had to drag himself up one and a half flights with the terrible pain in his leg. His father was silent on the way to the hospital, disappointed and annoyed at him for being such a coward and a fool.

It was a simple fracture. He didn’t need a wheelchair, only a cast and crutches. But he was condemned to the elevator now. Was that why the fat lady had smiled? Had she known it would happen this way?

At least his father was with him on the elevator on the way back from the hospital. There was no room for the fat lady to get on. And even if she did, his
father would see her, he would realize how peculiar she was, and then maybe
he would understand. And once they got home, he could stay in the apartment
for a few days—the doctor had said he should use the leg as little as possible.
A week, maybe—a whole week without going on the elevator. Riding up with
his father, leaning on his crutches, he looked around the little cubicle and felt
a kind of triumph. He had beaten the elevator, and the fat lady, for the time
being. And the end of the week was very far away.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” his father reached out his hand and pressed nine.
“What are you doing? You’re not getting off, are you?” he asked him, trying
not to sound panicky.

“I promised Terry Ullman I’d drop in on her,” his father said, looking at his
watch as he stepped off.

“Let me go with you. I want to visit her, too,” Martin pleaded, struggling
forward on his crutches.

But the door was already closing. “Afraid to be on the elevator alone?” his
father said, with a look of total scorn. “Grow up, Martin.” The door slammed
shut.

Martin hobbled to the buttons and pressed nine, but it didn’t do any good.
The elevator stopped at ten, where the fat lady was waiting for him. She
moved in quickly; he was too slow, too unsteady on his crutches to work his
way past her in time. The door sealed them in; the elevator started up.

“Hello, Martin,” she said, and laughed, and pushed the Stop button.

9. In lines 145–160, the story takes an unexpected
turn. How might this
development affect
Martin’s conflict?

10. Line 175 is the climax,
or turning point, of the
story. Do you think
Martin is in danger?
Explain your opinion.

11. The author ends this
story at the climax. What
is your opinion of the
plot’s development and
of leaving the conflict
unresolved? Explain.