

1: PLATO'S REPUBLIC

WHO WAS PLATO?

Plato was born around the year 428 BCE in Athens. His father died while Plato was young, and his mother remarried to Pyrilampes, in whose house Plato would grow up. Plato's birth name was Aristocles, and he gained the nickname Platon, meaning broad, because of his broad build. His family had a history in politics, and Plato was destined to a life in keeping with this history. He studied at a gymnasium owned by Dionysios, and at the palaistra of Ariston of Argos. When he was young he studied music and poetry. According to Aristotle, Plato developed the foundations of his metaphysics and epistemology by studying the doctrines of Cratylus, and the work of Pythagoras and Parmenides. When Plato met Socrates, however, he had met his definitive teacher. As Socrates' disciple, Plato adopted his philosophy and style of debate, and directed his studies toward the question of virtue and the formation of a noble character.

Plato was in military service from 409 BC to 404 BC. When the Peloponnesian War ended in 404 BC he joined the Athenian oligarchy of the Thirty Tyrants, one of whose leaders was his uncle Charmides. The violence of this group quickly prompted Plato to leave it. In 403 BC, when democracy was restored in Athens, he had hopes of pursuing his original goal of a political career. Socrates' execution in 399 BC had a profound effect on Plato, and was perhaps the final event that would convince him to leave Athenian politics forever.

Plato left Attica along with other friends of Socrates and traveled for the next twelve years. To all accounts it appears that he left Athens with Euclides for Megara, then went to visit Theodorus in

Cyrene, moved on to study with the Pythagoreans in Italy, and finally to Egypt. During this period he studied the philosophy of his contemporaries, geometry, geology, astronomy and religion. After 399 BC Plato began to write extensively. It is still up for debate whether he was writing before Socrates' death, and the order in which he wrote his major texts is also uncertain. However, most scholars agree to divide Plato's major work into three distinct groups. The first of these is known as the Socratic Dialogues because of how close he stays within the text to Socrates' teachings. They were probably written during the years of his travels between 399 and 387 BC. One of the texts in this group called the Apology seems to have been written shortly after Socrates' death. Other texts relegated to this group include the Crito, Laches, Lysis, Charmides, Euthyphro, and Hippias Minor and Major.

Plato returned to Athens in 387 BC and, on land that had once belonged to Academos, he founded a school of learning which he called the Academy. Plato's school is often described as the first European university. Its curriculum offered subjects including astronomy, biology, mathematics, political theory, and philosophy. Plato hoped the Academy would provide a place where thinkers could work toward better government in the Grecian cities. He would preside over the Academy until his death.

The period from 387 to 361 BC is often called Plato's "middle" or transitional period. It is thought that he may have written the Meno, Euthydemus, Menexenus, Cratylus, Republic, Phaedrus, Symposium and Phaedo during this time. The major difference between these texts and his earlier works is that he tends toward grander metaphysical themes and begins to establish his own voice in philosophy. Socrates still has a presence, however, sometimes as a fictional character. In the Meno for example Plato

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writes of the Socratic idea that no one knowingly does wrong, and adds the new doctrine of recollection questioning whether virtue can be taught. In the Phaedo we are introduced to the Platonic doctrine of the Forms, in which Plato makes claims as to the immortality of the human soul. The middle dialogues also reveal Plato's method of hypothesis.

Plato's most influential work, The Republic, is also a part of his middle dialogues. It is a discussion of the virtues of justice, courage, wisdom, and moderation, of the individual and in society. It works with the central question of how to live a good life, asking what an ideal State would be like, and what defines a just individual. These lead to more questions regarding the education of citizens, how government should be formed, the nature of the soul, and the afterlife. The dialogue finishes by reviewing various forms of government and describing the ideal state, where only philosophers are fit to rule. The Republic covers almost every aspect of Plato's thought.

Plato lived in a turbulent time. Athens had endured 30 years of war with its neighbors; Plato's family was involved in a coup, resulting in rule by "the 30 tyrants," whose government was violent and short-lived. Plato's own forays into politics were themselves short-lived and unfortunate. Treachery and political disorder were all too familiar to him. His interest in the possibility of personal justice and a politically just society was thus personal and acute.

*The European Graduate School <http://www.egs.edu/library/plato/biography/>

What is your philosophy?

1. How do you live a good life? _____

2. What would an ideal State look like? _____

3. What defines a 'just' individual? _____

IN CLASS: After writing brief answers, write a paragraph on one of the above questions. You will have 10 minutes to complete your paragraph. We will use the paragraph assessment (Resource section) sheet to evaluate your writing. Do not review the assessment sheet prior to your writing. 😊 MLA review.

Reading Assignment:

The Republic by Plato/translated by Benjamin Jowett
Complete reading Books 1-5. Record your notes from your readings on the pages provided.

Writing Assignment:

Complete a rewrite of your paragraph, use the assessment sheet to guide you in making your paragraph stronger. Type the original paragraph followed by the edited paragraph in MLA format (See resource folder). Review the handout "6 Sentence Patterns to Add Variety to Your Writing." Make sure to check out the Word Bank in your Vocabulary section, applying words that would fit with your rewrite. FYI...on pp. 34-35 of your Resource folder you will find information about potential scholarship opportunities available with an essay. If you would like to consider applying, read through these and see if they would interest you.

Vocabulary Assignment:

During your reading of *The Republic*, highlight vocabulary that you cannot define accurately. Add 10 words to your Vocabulary

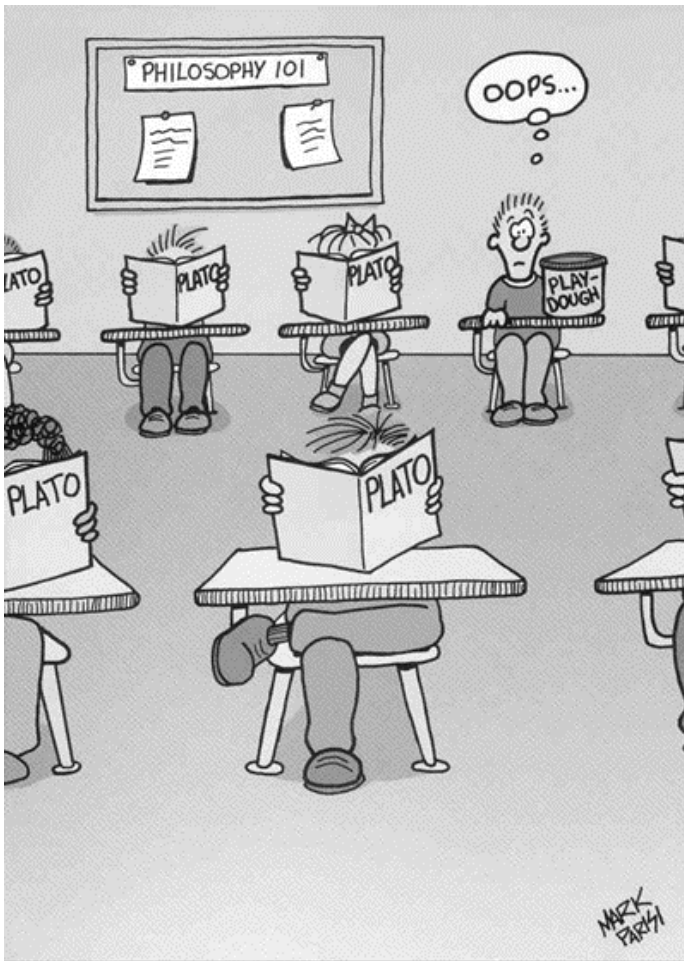
James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Awareness List. Give a brief definition, identify parts of speech, and provide a synonym. Your Awareness Chart is located in your Vocabulary section. By the end of the year, you should have 100 words on your list. Spot checks and a completion grade will be used to score your progress. Be diligent, you erudite students!

Author Research Study:

Complete the author page for Plato. Try and find interesting facts about the author and his time period. Following you will find a helpful summary of each of the sections found in *The Republic*, reading these prior to your reading may help you understand the text.



An Overview of Plato's Republic and Key Sections:

Book I. 327a-354c Socrates initiates a discussion of justice, the central moral virtue (rightness, righteousness), with Cephalus, Polemarchus, and Thrasymachus. Cephalus and Polemarchus offer weak definitions of justice and thus prove vulnerable to Thrasymachus' cynical definition. While Socrates defeats Thrasymachus in debate, the questions of what is justice and why one should be just remain unanswered.

Book II. 357a-368c Glaucon and Adeimantus pose to Socrates the challenge motivating the discussion of the rest of the text: show that justice is good in itself, and not simply good for its consequences (reputation, etc.).

Book II. 368c-372d Introduction of the kallipolis. The kallipolis is the ideal city (kalli means "high" or "best"). Plato proposes to define justice by first considering the nature of the ideal city which, presumably, will be a just city. Cities generally – political bodies – originate in the weakness of individual self-sufficiency. The ideal city is built on the principles of specialization and division of labor. The first main division of labor includes those who produce goods and services (370c-371e).

Book II. 372d-376c Dissatisfied with Socrates' "healthy" city, Plato's brothers demand a luxurious city, which creates the conditions for warfare and thus introduces the need for the second main class of labor in the ideal city, that of the guardians. The guardians are a warrior class charged with protecting the city from harms. The primary attributes of the warrior class are courage and being "philosophical".

Book II. 376c-end of Book VII The training of the guardian class includes a specification of the ideal city in full, which itself requires development of Plato's theories of justice, knowledge, and reality.

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Book III. 412a-414b The guardian class will itself be split into two classes, rulers and auxiliaries. The latter will carry out martial duties while the former rule the whole of the kallipolis. The rulers will be the best of the guardians, those whose souls are most “harmonious”, blending courage with wisdom. The philosophical training of the guardians takes up much of the rest of the text through Book VII.

Book IV. 427e-433c Plato defines the four cardinal political virtues, including justice. Justice is a structural feature concerning the proper conduct of each of the city’s three parts. If each part “does its own”, then the city will be just: the producers produce, the auxiliaries protect, and the rulers rule.

Book IV. 435a-441c Plato argues for the tri-partite division of the soul: it has the three basic parts that he finds in the polis: a producing part, a spirited, defending part, and a thinking, ruling part.

Book IV. 441c-445b Plato identifies the four cardinal personal virtues, having the same structure as the political virtues. If each part of the soul does its own, then the individual will be just. He presents his preliminary, general argument that it is better to be just than to be unjust.

Book V. 473-480a In this section, we find first an important statement of Plato’s theory of forms (473c-476d), and then his argument to show that only those knowing the forms (i.e., only philosophers) have knowledge of the truth (476d-480a). Some key passages in the former are these: 473c-d: only philosophers should rule in a perfect state. 475b: the philosopher loves all wisdom. 476a: introduces the notion of a single form for many instances. Cf. 507b. 476b: the so-called lovers of sights and sounds fail to perceive the true nature of what they see/hear. 476c: the lovers of sights and sounds live as in a dream, failing to

recognize mere appearance as such, mistaking them for the real. 476c-d: philosophers “see” both the true natures of things and their mere appearances in sense. 476d: Knowledge is of ideal, intellectual forms; the faculty perceiving only sensory appearance is a faculty of mere “opinion”. The argument in 476b-480a involves a three-way distinction among knowledge, opinion, and ignorance and the objects of each of these, or what each is “set over,” namely, being, becoming, and nothing, respectively. That is, knowledge is of what is and ignorance is of what is not; what is is being, and what is not is nothing. “Opinion” is that state midway between true knowledge and complete ignorance. Plato reasons that its object, too, must be something midway between what is and what is not. This turns out to be the changing world that we perceive in sense, a world that in some sense is and in some sense is not.

Notes:

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Study Worksheet: Be brief but specific in your answers.

1. Book 1: Why, exactly, does Socrates think that it is good to be just?
2. What is Plato's attitude towards Socrates' method and results?
3. Book 2: The Guardians: What are the essential qualities of guardians? Bonus Fun Question: In what way are guardians like dogs?
4. How does Plato propose to educate the guardians? Why does Plato ban Homer and Hesiod from the *kallipolis*?
5. Book 3: Under what circumstances is it appropriate for a ruler to lie to his/her subjects?
6. What treatment will Plato afford invalids? Sociopaths?

7. The Rulers: Which sort of individual should rule in the kallipolis?

8. Book 4: Civic Virtues (choose one): What is it for a city to be wise? What is it for it to be courageous? What is civic moderation? What is it for a city to be just?

9. Justice in the polis: What is the greatest harm that can befall a city?

10. Book 5: What treatment does Plato propose for “defective” children?

11. Why does Plato think that only philosophers are entitled to rule?

Questions selected from * Professor M. Gregory Oakes, Dept. of Philosophy, Winthrop University

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Author Research Study

Plato (Aristocles)...provide three interesting facts.

1.

2.

3.

How old did Plato live to be? How did he die?

Give three philosophical differences between you and Plato.

1.

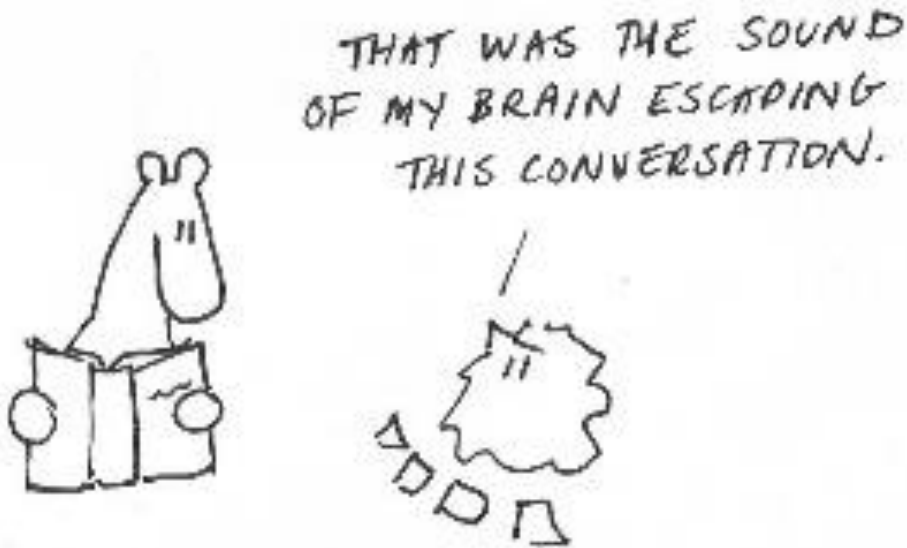
2.

3.

Name:	
RUBRIC 1: Paragraph Rewrite	
Syntax: Uses a variety of sentence styles (simple, complex, compound, compound/complex)	25/_____
Support: Body sentences are supported with strong examples and followed by clarifying statements.	25/_____
Transitional Words: Chooses strong and appropriate transitions, avoiding the common ones such as: however, therefore, because, and so.	10/_____
Vocabulary: Contains at least 5 stronger vocabulary words than in the first write.	10/_____
Sentence Openers: Varies the sentence openers...subject, adverb, clausal, -ing openers	10/_____
Topic Sentence: Clear and interesting topic sentence.	10/_____
Concluding Sentence: Addresses the topic sentence and expands on a specific angle to add interest.	10/_____
Total	100/_____

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Week 2: Plato's The Republic



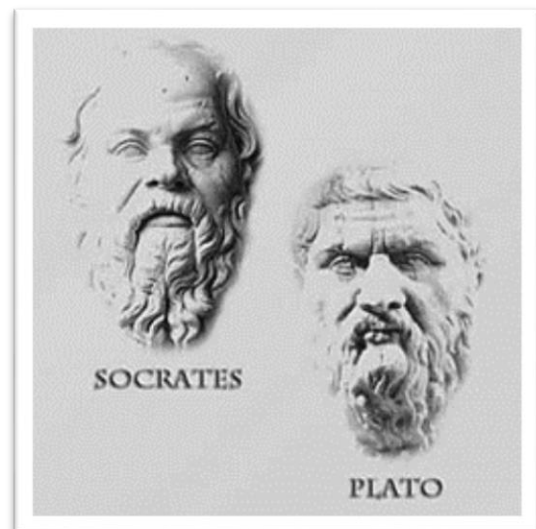
Do you feel this way after your first reading of Plato? Class discussion will help!

Socratic

connection:

Plato was a student of Socrates. As far as we know, no writings are attributed to Socrates. However, Socrates was highly involved in Athenian politics. He was outspoken in many arenas.

One of his enemies, Anytus, once warned Socrates, "Socrates, I think that you are too ready to speak evil of men: and, if you will



take my advice, I would recommend you to be careful.” Anytus, a powerful middle-class politician from a family of tanners, is generally considered to have been the driving force behind the prosecution of Socrates. He had several motivations for seeking the prosecution of Socrates, the most likely being Socrates’s criticism of Athenian institutions. Socrates made no secret of his disdain for politicians such as Anytus. Socrates was also outspoken on his dislike for poets/orators accusing them of flattery and that they move only women, children, and slaves.

Meletus, a poet, was the one who brought two charges against Socrates (encouraged likely by Anytus): “refusing to acknowledge the gods recognized by the State. introducing new and different gods, and corrupting the youth.” Anytus, Meletus, and a third accuser (Lycon-an orator) successfully convinced the local magistrate for a public trial. It only took 9-10 hours to persuade a jury of 500 males citizens over the age of thirty of Socrates’s guilt. Why would Athens use a jury of 500? To prevent bribes. All jurors were required to swear by the gods of Zeus, Apollo, and Demeter. They did not deliberate, each juror voted on his guilt/innocence by dropping bronze ballot disks into marked urns. Only a majority vote was needed. 280 voted Socrates guilty. The execution of Socrates was accomplished through drinking a cup of poison hemlock.

Plato was present at Socrates’s trial. He wrote one of the two ‘apologies’ that still exist from the trial. Socrates was given the opportunity to respond to the charges. His greatest failing, was in not knowing his audience. Most of the jurors were farmers. Socrates was one of the great ‘thinkers’ of his time and while an erudite philosopher, his lofty discourse made him seem highly arrogant. While attacking the aspersions of his accusers, he inadvertently distanced himself from his jurors.

After Socrates’s execution, Plato devoted himself to continuing the work of his teacher. The unexamined life, he declared, was not worth living, and so he would force everyone he encountered to reflect on their lives, their beliefs, and their motivations.

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Words Through Time

IN CLASS lesson: Explore the risks of seeking to understand the human condition given the belief system of the Greeks before the era of Christ. Class discussion. Introduce Socratic Discussion.

NOTES:

Socratic Discussion:

Socrates was convinced the surest way to attain reliable knowledge was through the practice of disciplined conversation. He called this method *dialectic*, meaning the art or practice of examining opinions or ideas logically, often by the method of question and answer, so as to determine their validity.

This method tries to understand information by creating a dialectic in class in regards to a specific text. Participants seek deeper understanding of complex ideas in the text through rigorously thoughtful dialogue. This process encourages divergent thinking rather than convergent..HUH? Define as a class!

Participants in a Socratic Seminar respond to one another with respect by carefully listening instead of interrupting. Students are encouraged to 'paraphrase' essential elements of another's ideas before responding, either in support of or in disagreement. Members of the dialogue look each other in the 'eyes' and use each other's names. Students are usually stronger at debate/discussion, but not strong with dialogue. Once dialogue is practiced, they find that the ability to ask meaningful questions that stimulate thoughtful interchanges of ideas is more important than 'the answer.'

Before Socratic Seminar:

1. Read the text and "Talk to the Text" (10 points)
2. Fill out the Socratic Participant Questions Worksheet (30 points)

During Socratic Seminar:

1. Have Text and Worksheet with you.
2. When in the inner circle, you will participate in a dialogue. (30 points)
3. When in the outer circle, you will be assigned a partner that you will observe while they are in the inner circle. Fill out the observation form. You must turn in the form that you filled out for your partner. (30 points)

After Socratic Seminar:

1. Socratic Seminar Debrief (50 points)
2. Socratic Seminar Grade Sheet (50 points)

Underlined papers will be turned in for two grade assignments. Talk to the text will be evaluated by a quick show of your markings in the text/Worksheet/Observation form will be turned in after the discussion,(100

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Words Through Time

pts. Total) You will complete the Debrief and Grade Sheet after class to be turned in next week.

Reading the Text: (Apply this technique for books 6-10 of *The Republic*)

1. Read through the entire selection without stopping to think about any particular section. Pay attention to your first impression as to what the reading is about. Look for the main points and then go back and reread it.
2. The second time you read it, talk to the text.
 - a. Underline major points or forceful statements.
 - b. Put vertical lines at the margins to emphasize a statement already underlined or a passage too long to be underlined.
 - c. Put an (*) to emphasize major points.
 - d. Put numbers in margin to indicate sequence of points.
 - e. Put numbers of other pages where point is also mentioned.
 - f. Circle key words or phrases.
 - g. Write in the margin questions that come to mind.

Socratic Seminar Questions

Opening Questions (Level 1)	Core Questions (Level 2)	Closing (Level 3)
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Relates to text• Uses concrete examples• Open-ended• Yes or no questions banned	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Develops theme• Leads into the abstract• Leads to further questions	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Relates to self• Relates to reality
Examples: What does the author mean when he says "xyz" What would make the author say "xyz"	Examples: What is the purpose of dividing society into parts? Why does Plato have strict criteria for leaders?	Examples: What do you think was the wisdom that the author was trying to impart to you? What in your thinking has changed?

Protocol for Seminar:

- Refer to the text when needed during the discussion, this is not a test of memory.
- Do not stay confused, ask for clarification on both ideas and questions.
- Do not participate if you are not prepared (this will affect your participation grade...so be prepared)
- Stick to the point currently under discussion; write down inspirational ideas so you can bring them up at a more appropriate time in the conversation.
- Listen carefully. Acknowledge the previous speaker by name and at least one of their points to which you are responding.
- Do not speak until the previous speaker has finished their point.
- Do not monopolize the discussion.

Basic steps to forming opinions:

1. What is it that I think I know? Or that the author thinks he/she knows? Can I restate his/her ideas in my own words? What needs clarification?
2. Is it true? Why do I think so?
3. What are the implications of the point being made?
4. What are the underlying assumptions with this claim?
5. What are the reasons I believe this? How do I know what I know? Is the evidence credible?
6. How does this happen in other situations? How does this connect to our current day situations?
7. Can I think of a counter example? Are there internal contradictions?

Strong probes for discussion:

- What led you to that belief?
- What would change your mind?
- Can someone else give evidence to support that response?
- When you say_____, are you implying _____?
- What effect would that have?

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- Would you describe that as unethical? Why?
- How would other groups respond? Why? What would influence them?
- What would someone who disagree say?
- How are John and Sally's ideas alike? Different?

The Text: Socratic Seminar texts are chosen for their richness in ideas, issues, and values and their ability to stimulate extended, thoughtful dialogue. A seminar text can be drawn from readings in literature, history, science, math, health, and philosophy or from works of art or music. A good text raises important questions in the participants' minds, questions for which there are no right or wrong answers. At the end of a successful Socratic Seminar participants often leave with more questions than they brought with them.

The Question: A Socratic Seminar opens with a question either posed by the leader or solicited from participants as they acquire more experience in seminars. An opening question has no right answer; instead it reflects a genuine curiosity on the part of the questioner. A good opening question leads participants back to the text as they speculate, evaluate, define, and clarify the issues involved. Responses to the opening question generate new questions from the leader and participants, leading to new responses. In this way, the line of inquiry in a Socratic Seminar evolves on the spot rather than being pre-determined by the leader.

The Leader: In a Socratic Seminar, the leader plays a dual role as leader and participant. The seminar leader consciously demonstrates habits of mind that lead to a thoughtful exploration of the ideas in the text by keeping the discussion focused on the text, asking follow-up questions, helping participants clarify their positions when arguments become confused, and involving reluctant participants while restraining their more vocal peers.

As a seminar participant, the leader actively engages in the group's exploration of the text. To do this effectively, the leader must know the text well enough to anticipate varied interpretations and recognize important possibilities in each. The leader must also be patient enough to allow participants' understandings to evolve and be willing to help participants explore non-traditional insights and unexpected interpretations.

Assuming this dual role of leader and participant is easier if the opening question is one which truly interests the leader as well as the participants. The leader will pursue questions and issues raised by answers, will not insist upon general agreement to a single answer, and raises all sides of an argument.

The Participants: In a Socratic Seminar, participants carry the burden of responsibility for the quality of the seminar. Good seminars occur when participants study the text closely in advance, listen actively, share their ideas and questions in response to the ideas and questions of others, and search for evidence in the text to support their ideas. Eventually, when participants realize that the leader is not looking for right answers but is encouraging them to think out loud and to exchange ideas openly, they discover the excitement of exploring important issues through shared inquiry. This excitement creates willing participants, eager to examine ideas in a rigorous, thoughtful manner.

Hot Seat: This is an empty seat in the inner circle. Outer circle participants may “jump in” to make a point, but then “jump out.” They may not stay and debate the entire point. They comment, and then they leave! The discussion leader must acknowledge the hot seat as soon as it becomes pertinent to do so. To keep the discussion moving along, no more than five jump ins can take place during an inner circle discussion and a student can only jump in once.

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Categories for Potential Questions

- Facts and Conditions (What happened to ____?)
- Clarification (What was meant when ____?)
- Cause and Effect (Why did ____ do ____?)
- Multiple Causes (What else might have caused ____?)
- Empathy and Transfer (What would you do in ____'s place when ____?)
- Alternatives (What could have been done to change ____? or What else could ____ have done when ____?)
- Principles, Values, Attitudes, Transfer (How did you feel when ____? or What can be learned from ____?)
- World Connection Question:

Write a question connecting the text to the real world.

Example: If you were given only 24 hours to pack your most precious belongings in a back pack and to get ready to leave your home town, what might you pack? (after reading the first 30 pages of NIGHT).

- Close Ended Question:

Write a question about the text that will help everyone in the class come to an agreement about events or characters in the text. This question usually has a "correct" answer.

Example: What happened to Hester Prynne's husband that she was left alone in Boston without family? (after the first 4 chapters of THE SCARLET LETTER).

- Open Ended Question:

Write an insightful question about the text that will require proof and group discussion and "construction of logic" to discover or explore the answer to the question.

Example: Why did Gene hesitate to reveal the truth about the accident to Finny that first day in the infirmary? (after mid-point of A SEPARATE PEACE).

- **Universal Theme/Core Question:**
Write a question dealing with a theme(s) of the text that will encourage group discussion about the universality of the text.
Example: After reading John Gardner's GRENDEL, can you pick out its existential elements?
- **Literary Analysis Question:**
Write a question dealing with HOW an author chose to compose a literary piece. How did the author manipulate point of view, characterization, poetic form, archetypal hero patterns, for example?
Example: In MAMA FLORA'S FAMILY, why is it important that the story is told through flashback?

Words Through Time

NAME: _____

Socratic Participation Question Worksheet:

Using the categories for potential questions, create five questions you would like to see discussed in the Socratic Seminar. Yes/No questions are banned.

Question 1:

Question 2:

Question 3:

Question 4:

Question 5:

Inner-Outer Discussion Circle

Your name _____ Partner _____

DIRECTIONS: Each time your partner does one of the following, put a check in the box.

SPEAKS IN THE DISCUSSION

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LOOKS AT PERSON WHO IS SPEAKING

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ASKS A QUESTION

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RESPONDS TO ANOTHER SPEAKER

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INTERRUPTS ANOTHER SPEAKER

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ENGAGES IN SIDE CONVERSATION

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What is the most interesting thing your partner said?

What would you like to have said in the discussion?

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Socratic Seminar Student

Grade Sheet

Name:

Topic/Question:

Score your performance in today's seminar using the following criteria:

4-Excellent 3-Good 2-Poor 1-Unsatisfactory

_____ I studied the text carefully and took notes in advance.

_____ I contributed several relevant comments.

_____ I stated ideas and questions in a concise and precise manner.

_____ I cited specific evidence from the text to support an idea.

_____ I asked at least one thoughtful, probing question.

_____ I questioned or asked someone to clarify their comment.

_____ I encouraged other participants to enter the conversation.

_____ I treated all other participants with dignity and respect.

Overall Score (circle one)

1 1.5 2 2.5 3 3.5 4

Two goals I have for our next seminar are:

1)

2)

Name _____

Socratic Seminar Debrief:

1. How did you feel about the seminar?
2. Reflect on your own participation/experience.
3. If you changed your opinion during the discussion, why?
4. Using your own knowledge on this topic or issue, create a question you wish would have been addressed.
5. What was the best part of the seminar? The worst?

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

SOCRATIC SEMINAR **Grading Rubric**

A = Exemplary

- demonstrates patience with others' opinions
- moves the conversation forward
- speaks to all participants
- thinks before answering
- refers directly to the text
- makes connections to other speakers
- considers all opinions
- writes down thoughts and questions
- builds on others' comments
- asks for clarification when needed
- identifies key words/phrases/details in the text

B = Commanding

- comments often
- responds to questions
- refers to text
- offers interesting ideas
- pays attention
- a few questions
- takes notes

C = Competent

- emphasizes only own ideas
- ideas not always connected
- refers to text
- loses track of conversation
- judges others' ideas
- a few questions
- takes some notes

D = Developing

- leans toward debate, not dialogue
- disruptive, argumentative
- mumbles or is silent
- repeats same ideas
- little to no notes taken
- no questions asked

F = Emerging

- is not participating
- is lost/overwhelmed with the seminar

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Complete the reading of *The Republic*, making sure to mark your text in preparation for the Socratic discussion. Complete your questions for the Socratic discussion.

Vocabulary:

Add 10 more words to your Vocabulary Awareness Chart, following the directions provided. On page 5 of your Vocabulary section, you will find a list of words often misspelled. Review them over the next few weeks, we will complete a check on your spelling IQ soon. On page 6 in your Vocabulary section, you will find a list of words commonly misused. You are to write 12 sentences using the pair or triplet forms that are commonly mistaken. Type these up in MLA format.

Tip: ***Who/Whom usage:** Like "whom," the pronoun "him" ends with "m." When you're trying to decide whether to use "who" or "whom," ask yourself if the answer to the question would be "he" or "him." That's the trick: if you can answer the question being asked with "him," then use "whom," and it's easy to remember because they both end with "m." For example, if you're trying to ask, "Who (or whom) do you love?" The answer would be "I love him." "Him" ends with an "m," so you know to use "whom." But if you are trying to ask, "Who (or whom) stepped on Squiggly?" the answer would be "He stepped on Squiggly." There's no "m," so you know to use "who."

*Grammar Girl

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 3: Socratic Discussion

Turn in your Socratic questions to your discussion leader. There will be two rounds of Socratic Discussions allowing students the opportunity to discuss and analyze a discussion. Make sure you write your partner's name down on the Socratic review forms and complete their assessment completely.

You will turn in your questions and corrected Vocabulary sentences. Complete your review of the seminar to turn in next week.

Reading Assignment

Pre-read the *Beowulf* intro for next lesson (Lesson 4) to familiarize yourself with the background/pronunciation for this epic poem..follow the instructions below for a close reading assignment.

Beowulf

Close Reading Assignment

Read through the first half of *Beowulf* (up to Line 1500)

In MLA with a title, complete your answers to the following questions. Do not number your responses, simply use a new paragraph to start the next one. You will have five paragraphs.

1. A kenning is a metaphorical phrase which describes a noun. For instance Grendel is called "hell-forged hands" in line 64. Find 3 additional examples of kennings in the poem. Explain the importance of their use. Other examples of kennings: "swan road" = ocean "bone house" = a body
2. Find 3 examples of alliteration. Explain the importance of their use.

3. The Anglo-Saxon heroic ideal included the values of bravery, fame, glory, kinship, generosity, strength, and the belief in fate. Find one example of each of these values in the story. Look closely. In some lines the exact word is used, but in others it is inferred.
4. Find an example of Christian and Pagan influence. Explain the importance of its use.
5. Create a short paragraph from Grendel's point of view. Your topic in the paragraph needs to prove your understanding of Point of View and the text. Grendel talking about baseball—not so much.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Add 10 more words (can be kennings) to your vocabulary awareness charts...

NOTES:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 4: Beowulf



Important Terms

Primary Epic: an epic is a poem that records and celebrates the heroic achievements of an individual or individuals. A primary epic is an epic poem that comes from an oral tradition. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are primary epics. A secondary epic, such as *The Aeneid*, is a more deliberately literary production. Both terms were developed by C. S. Lewis.

Scop: an Old English term for poet. In Anglo-Saxon culture, the scop had the important job of singing about the accomplishments of his patron and his people. The scop functioned as both an entertainer and as an historian. Heroic Ideal: Anglo-Saxon culture was governed by the ideals of bravery, loyalty and generosity. The king or lord surrounded himself with a band of retainers, who are rewarded with the spoils of their victories. As E. Talbot Donaldson writes, "the retainers are

obligated to fight for their lord to the death, and if he is slain, to avenge him or die in the attempt. Blood vengeance is regarded as a sacred duty, and in poetry, everlasting shame awaits those who fail to observe it."

Comitatus: the Roman historian Tacitus in Germania developed this term. Comitatus describes, as Robert C. Hughes writes, "the society . . . or brotherhood of men who owed allegiance to a chieftain and expected his benevolence in return."

Wyrd: Old English for fate, which was believed to be the controlling force of the world for pre-Christian Anglo-Saxon culture.

Wergild: "manprice"; As Donaldson writes, "If one of his kinsmen had been slain, a man had a special duty of either killing the slayer or exacting from him the payment of wergild. . . . The money itself had less significance as wealth than as proof that the kinsmen had done what was right. Relatives who failed either to exact wergild or to take vengeance could never be happy, having found no practical way of satisfying their grief."

Kenning: a poetic device in Old English poetry consisting of a compound of two words in place of another, such as Whale-road for sea.

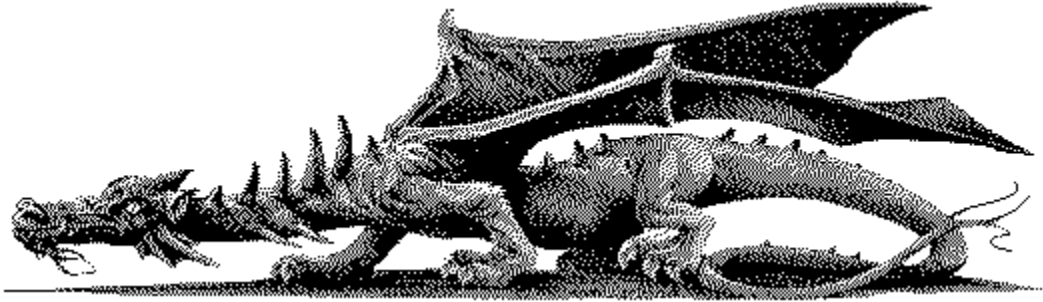
Litotes: an ironic understatement, also a common feature of Old English poetry. Pronounced "LIE-TA-TEES."

Alliteration: the occurrence in a phrase or line of poetry of two or more words having the same initial sound. In OE poetry, alliteration is the principal poetic device.

Caesura: a pause in a line of poetry.

Metonymy: a figure of speech in which one thing is used to designate something with which it is commonly associated, for example, using "bottle" for "liquor."

Synecdoche: a figure of speech in which a part of something is used to designate a whole, for example, using "keel" for "ship."



Beowulf is an *epic poem* dating from the 700's AD, about a great **Anglo-Saxon** hero and is the most important relic of its literature. The poem tells of the adventures and heroics of **Beowulf** and his victories over the monster **Grendel** and Grendel's mother. It ends with Beowulf's final battle with the **Fire Drake** and the hero's death.

The poem shows the qualities most admired by the Anglo-Saxons. **Beowulf** is a true hero -- one who is flawed, yet uses his weaknesses to his advantage. *"Beowulf had made the best of all he had, putting each imperfection to work in the service of his integrity. Thus, his real strength lay in the balance of his person --which is, perhaps, another way of saying that he was strong because he was good, and good because he had the strength to accept things in him that were bad."* **Beowulf** was the rare kind of a person who makes strength out of his own weaknesses.

Beowulf also examines the Anglo-Saxon's fears of the unknown. The fears of death, failure, and the future are mixed with a fear of natural phenomenon not understood during the Middle Ages.

Its message is that evil destroys itself; good cannot destroy evil because good cannot destroy. The theme of Good vs. Evil - Black vs. White - Light vs. Dark is evident in the characters of **Beowulf** and **Grendel**. **Beowulf** calls out, "I am light." He appears white. **Grendel** hates light and lives for the darkness. He is pictured as black and torches go out when he passes. **Beowulf** burns **Grendel** with the touch of light and heat.

Vocabulary:

- Danes -- in the Middle Ages, one of the Viking peoples
- Geats (Gay-ots)-- Anglo-Saxons (from Briton)
- fen --swampy marsh area; foggy; damp

Characters:

- Scyld (shild) Scefing (shay ving)-- ruler of all the Danes
- King Hrothgar -- the strongest of Scyld's sons; builder of Heorot; (hair ut)
- Grendel -- archenemy of all things good; the personification of evil
- Unferth -- rude, unpopular drunkard with a rotten boil; believer in Grendel
- Queen Wealhtheow (walch thayo)-- wife of Hrothgar
- Beowulf -- nephew of King Hygelac (hee yuh lahk); slayer of Grendel, Grendel's mother, the Fire Drake, and nine sea monsters; personification of true good
- She -- Grendel's mother; totally evil

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*AP English yahoo groups files on Beowulf

Translations:

There are many translations with differing views on how the epic of Beowulf should be presented. Seamus Heaney has provided one of the most vivid translations that captures the depth and beauty of this epic poem. Tolkien created a translation when he was 34 years old. Just this year (2014), his son pulled his father's papers together and published Tolkien's version. We will read portions of Tolkien's version against Heaney's to see which style is most appealing. If you are a Tolkien fan, you might want to read his translation in full.

History:

The history of people in Britain goes back far before written history. We have evidence that people lived in caves in Britain as far back as 250,000 years ago. Around 2,000 BC, invaders from the Iberian Peninsula (modern-day Spain and Portugal) invaded the island. Evidence shows that they had a culture sophisticated enough to erect Stonehenge. Around the year 600 BC, the next invaders, a people called the Celts (from all over Europe), settled the land.

-The Celts lived in a tribal society. The Anglo-Saxons and the Vikings though different cultures, came from a similar geography (Europe) and lived in tribal units as well. These tribal cultures had similar structures, including:

The Tribal Culture of the Celts and other Northern Europeans Tribes

- Each tribe had their own *king*
- They built walled farms and *wood-hut villages*
- They used *bronze and iron tools*, and grew crops
- They also *warred* with each other
- Since war was always a possibility, life was *unstable* and often *violent*
- warriors* were loyal to a king and would fight to the death for him, surrender was cowardly
- these were *oral cultures* (there was no writing or recorded history)

-these cultures were *non-Christian*; they were “pagans”, worshipping many gods

Scholars say that these invasions happened because of Britain's fertile land; the land in Northern Europe being less fertile and subject to flooding from the North Sea.

*Note: though we mention the Anglo-Saxons and the Vikings, they do not invade until much later than the Celts.

The Invasion of the Romans

Julius Caesar and his Roman troops first landed in Britain in 55 BC. Written history of Britain begins here when Caesar writes of his expeditions to this land. Rome was a great power at the time, and it ruled many lands. Some scholars say that Caesar's troops came to punish the Celts in Britain for helping European Celts in their fighting against Rome.

One hundred years after Caesar, in 43 BC, under the rule of the emperor Claudius, Rome successfully invaded Britain. For about the next 400 years (43 - 410), Rome ruled much of Britain. Those tribal cultures who rebelled against Roman rule (generally the Celts) fled to the highlands of Wales and Scotland. Early in the 2nd century (100's) the emperor Hadrian built a wall 73 miles long to keep the Celts in the highlands. It is now known as Hadrian's Wall.

Life in Roman Ruled Britain (43 - 410)

The Britons, who did not flee and succumbed to Roman rule, had an easier life than those who were forced to the highlands. For example under Roman rule, people enjoyed the following:

- A. Peace, Stability, a less Nomadic life. With safe towns protected by a strong Roman army, there was no need to “pack up everything they owned” if they were to be forced from their land--they wouldn't be forced from their land.
- B. In town and out of town INFRASTRUCTURE could be improved.
 - 1. Paved roads connected towns (preventing horses and wagons from getting stuck in mud for example and, thus improving travel.)

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

2. More Stable Buildings (more often used the sturdier stone, brick, or concrete vs. wood huts for example. Stone is better against weather and attack. Stone doesn't catch fire like wood might.)
3. More people lived because of this peace, thus increasing the ability to build the infrastructure and have professional soldiers due to Able-Bodied Workers.

In 441, the Anglo-Saxons were a tribal culture like the Celts. Their culture is chronicled in the epic poem, *Beowulf*. Though these Anglo-Saxon tribes were spread throughout much of England, more ambitious kings began to assert authority over other rulers and their people. The first of these more powerful kings was King Athelbert who ruled from 560-616. He appeared to have “dreamed of a nationwide confederation of tribes which would bring unity and a measure of peace to the land.” Between 632 and 796, this system appears to have worked well in the large area of Mercia in central England. Violence and instability was reduced, and order, more comparable to the Roman days existed, allowing the culture to flourish.

Partially because of this work towards peace in England, the Catholic Church in Rome became interested in converting the Anglo-Saxons. (Although there had been small Christian communities in Britain since the days of the Romans, Christianity's influence was minor, especially since these communities were nearly wiped out in the invasion after Rome withdrew.) However, when a greater amount of stability began to exist in England, Rome sent St. Augustine to try and convert England in 597. During the next 40 years, “Christian missionaries, despite setbacks, were able to convert most of the Anglo-Saxon kings and their people to Christianity.”

The spread of **CHRISTIANITY** to the Anglo-Saxon's, benefitted the Anglo-Saxon culture in many ways:

1. It brought writing to this formerly oral culture, an essential skill for an “advanced culture”
2. It brought new values (peace, compassion, cooperation--instead of arrogance and violence)
3. Books were copied, records were written by monks, thus preserving their culture in writing

If we remember back to the Romans when peace and stability first reigned in Britain, then we look at the Anglo-Saxons with peace and stability in their time, we learn an important truth about life: in times of peace, life is good; in unstable times, people die, culture preoccupies with survival, defense, and battle. Cultures are overcome. Towns, books, buildings are burned. Culture grows and flourishes in peace, gets attacked and torn down in battle. **Because of various invasions during the early Medieval Period, it has also come to be known as The Dark Ages.** As we depart the peaceful times in Anglo-Saxon England, remember one thing: **though they were invaded by the Vikings, they did not go away or disappear;** they continued to contribute to English history. This why they are called the first “Englishmen.”

Beowulf Pronunciation Guide

It might be of some help in reading Beowulf to know how to pronounce some of the names. The accent falls on the first syllable of a name. The "sc" that starts many of the names is pronounced "sh." The "e" is usually pronounced as an independent vowel, so "Beowulf" sound like "Bay'-oh-wolf," "Heorot" is "Hay-oh-roht," and "Geats" are "Gay'ahts." The letter "h" at the beginning of a name is aspirated (strongly-breathed). The letter "g" is not always sounded but it may have a hard "g" sound, and when it follows "c," as in "Ecgtheow," the sound 'edge' is pronounced. "Ch" sounds like the "ch" in Bach or loch.

Note: Do not worry too much about pronunciation. Just do your best!

Old English Name: Pronunciation:

Ælfhere alf hair uh

Æschere ash hair uh

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Beanstan bayan stahn
Dæghrefn day hreven
Eadgils ayad gils (hard g)
Eanmund ayan mund
Earnaness er nuh ness
Ecgtheow edge thayo
Eofor ayo ver
Freawaru fraya wah roo
Geat gayat
Geatas gayat as
Hæthcyn hath kin
Healdene half day nuh (pronounce the l)
Heardred har dred
Heorogar hair uh gar
Heorot hay oh roht
Herebeald hair uh bald
Heremod hair uh mode
Hildeburh hil duh burch
Hnæf hnaff
Hoc hoke
Hreosnabeorh hrayos nuh bairch
Hrothgar hroth gar
Hronesnes hron us ness
Hygelac hee yuh lahk
Nægling nail ing
Ohthere ocht hair uh
Ongentheow on gen thayo (hard g)
Scefing shay ving
scop shope
Scyld shild
Wealththeow walch thayo
Weohstan wech stahn
Wiglaf wee lahf

In Class: Read aloud portions of Beowulf/Discussion.
Review/Discuss Essay topics.

Consider the following critical views of *Beowulf*. Choose one statement with which you agree or disagree and support your stand with quotes, episodes, and examples from the epic. You may come up with your own prompt, please review it with me first.

- A. *Beowulf* is steeped in a pagan tradition that shows nature as hostile and forces of death as uncontrollable. Blind fate picks random victims: people are never brought in harmony with the world. *Beowulf* ends a failure.
- B. *Beowulf* presents an ideal of loyalty. The failure to live up to this ideal on the part of some of the thanes' points up the extraordinary faithfulness of *Beowulf*.
- C. *Beowulf* is a blending of Christian traditions with a folk story that praises virtues of loyalty, courage, and faith in the face of extreme dangers and even death. It presents a model of a human being willing to die to deliver others from terrifying evil forces.
- D. *Beowulf* is the story of a dual ordeal: an external battle with vicious opponents and an internal battle with human tendencies of pride, greed, cowardice, betrayal, and self-concern.

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Complete the reading of *Beowulf*. Pre-read next week's assignment on how to construct a literary analysis. As you go through *Beowulf*, consider your essay topic and mark/highlight/tag sections of the poem you can use as support for your paper. Pay special attention citing *Beowulf*, 10 extra credit points to each cite done correctly with the Work Cited heading...

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Add 10 more words (can be kennings) to your vocabulary awareness charts...

NOTES:

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Week 5: Beowulf Analysis

Literary Analysis Essay:

The purpose of a literary analysis essay is to carefully examine and sometimes evaluate a work of literature or an aspect of a work of literature. As with any analysis, this requires you to break the subject down into its component parts. Examining the different elements of a piece of literature is not an end in itself but rather a process to help you better appreciate and understand the work of literature as a whole. For instance, an analysis *Beowulf* might deal with the different types of images presented and how they relate to the story or with the relationship between the form and content of the work. You might analyze the character flaw of the tragic hero by tracing how it is revealed through the poem. You might analyze a particular theme.) and showing how the writer suggests that theme through the point of view from which the story is told; or you might also explain how the main character's attitude toward women is revealed through his dialogue and/or actions.

REMEMBER: Writing is the sharpened, focused expression of thought and study. As you develop your writing skills, you will also improve your perceptions and increase your critical abilities. Writing ultimately boils down to the development of an idea. Your objective in writing a literary analysis essay is to convince the person reading your essay that you have supported the idea you are developing. Unlike ordinary conversation and classroom discussion, writing must stick with great determination to the **specific point** of development. This kind of writing *demands tight organization and control*. Therefore, your essay must have a central idea (thesis), it must have several paragraphs that grow systematically out of the central idea, and everything in it must be directly related to the central idea and must contribute to the

reader's understanding of that central idea. These three principles are listed again below:

1. Your essay must cover the topic you are writing about.
2. Your essay must have a central idea (stated in your thesis) that governs its development.
3. Your essay must be organized so that every part contributes something to the reader's understanding of the central idea.

THE ELEMENTS OF A SOLID ESSAY

The Thesis Statement

The thesis statement tells your reader what to expect: it is a restricted, precisely worded declarative sentence that states the purpose of your essay -- the point you are trying to make. Without a carefully conceived thesis, an essay has no chance of success. The following are thesis statements which would work for a 500-750 word literary analysis essay:

Gwendolyn Brooks' 1960 poem "The Ballad of Rudolph Reed" demonstrates how the poet uses the conventional poetic form of the ballad to treat the unconventional poetic subject of racial intolerance.

The fate of the main characters in *Antigone* illustrates the danger of excessive pride.

The imagery in Dylan Thomas' poem "Fern Hill" reveals the ambiguity of humans' relationship with nature.

Typically, the thesis statement falls at the end of your introductory paragraph.

The Introduction

The introduction to your literary analysis essay should try to capture your reader's interest. To bring immediate focus to your subject, you may want to use a quotation, a provocative

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question, a brief anecdote, a startling statement, or a combination of these. You may also want to include background information relevant to your thesis and necessary for the reader to understand the position you are taking. In addition, you need to include the **title of the work of literature and name of the author**. The following are satisfactory introductory paragraphs which include appropriate thesis statements:

A. What would one expect to be the personality of a man who has his wife sent away to a convent (or perhaps has had her murdered) because she took too much pleasure in the sunset and in a compliment paid to her by another man? It is just such a man—a Renaissance duke—who Robert Browning portrays in his poem “My Last Duchess.” A character analysis of the Duke reveals that through his internal dialogue, his interpretation of earlier incidents, and his actions, his traits—arrogance, jealousy, and greediness—emerge.

B. The first paragraph of Alberto Alvaro Rios’s short story “The Secret Lion” presents a twelve-year-old boy’s view of growing up—everything changes. As the narrator informs the reader, when the magician pulls a tablecloth out from under a pile of dishes, children are amazed at the “stay-the-same part,” while adults focus only on the tablecloth itself (42). Adults have the benefit of experience and know the trick will work as long as the technique is correct. When people “grow up,” they gain this experience and knowledge but lose their innocence and sense of wonder. In other words, the price paid for growing up is a permanent sense of loss. This tradeoff is central to “The Secret Lion.” The key symbols in the story reinforce its main theme: change is inevitable and always accompanied by a sense of loss.

C. The setting of John Updike’s story “A & P” is crucial to the reader’s understanding of Sammy’s decision to quit his job. Even though Sammy knows that his quitting will make life more difficult for him, he instinctively insists upon rejecting what the A & P represents in the story. When he rings up a “No Sale” and

“saunter[s]” out of the store, Sammy leaves behind not only a job but the rigid state of mind associated with the A & P. Although Sammy is the central character in the story, Updike seems to invest as much effort in describing the setting as he does Sammy. The title, after all, is not “Youthful Rebellion” or “Sammy Quits” but “A & P.” The setting is the antagonist of the story and plays a role that is as important as Sammy’s.

The Body of the Essay and the Importance of Topic Sentences

The term regularly used for the development of the central idea of a literary analysis essay is the body. In this section you present the paragraphs (at least 3 paragraphs for a 500-750 word essay) that support your thesis statement. Good literary analysis essays contain an explanation of your ideas and evidence from the text (short story, poem, play) that supports those ideas. Textual evidence consists of summary, paraphrase, specific details, and direct quotations. Each paragraph should contain a topic sentence (usually the first sentence of the paragraph) which states one of the topics associated with your thesis, combined with some assertion about how the topic will support the central idea. The purpose of the topic sentence is twofold:

1. To relate the details of the paragraph to your thesis statement.
2. To tie the details of the paragraph together.

The substance of each of your developmental paragraphs (the body of your essay) will be the explanations, summaries, paraphrases, specific details, and direct quotations you need to support and develop the more general statement you have made in your topic sentence. The following is the first developmental paragraph after one of the introductory paragraphs (C) above:

TOPIC SENTENCE EXPLANATIONS AND TEXTUAL EVIDENCE

Sammy's descriptions of the A & P present a setting that is ugly, monotonous, and rigidly regulated. The chain store is a common

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

fixture in modern society, so the reader can identify with the uniformity Sammy describes. The fluorescent light is as blandly cool as the "checkerboard green-and-cream rubber tile floor" (486). The "usual traffic in the store moves in one direction (except for the swim suited girls, who move against it), and everything is neatly organized and categorized in tidy aisles. The dehumanizing routine of this environment is suggested by Sammy's offhand references to the typical shoppers as "sheep," "house slaves," and "pigs" (486). These regular customers seem to walk through the store in a stupor; as Sammy indicates, not even dynamite could move them out of their routine (485).

This paragraph is a strong one because it is developed through the use of quotations, summary, details, and explanation to support the topic sentence. Notice how it relates back to the thesis statement.

The Conclusion

Your literary analysis essay should have a concluding paragraph that gives your essay a sense of completeness and lets your readers know that they have come to the end of your paper. Your concluding paragraph might restate the thesis in different words, summarize the main points you have made, or make a relevant comment about the literary work you are analyzing, but from a different perspective. Do not introduce a new topic in your conclusion. Below is the concluding paragraph from the essay already quoted above (A) about Browning's poem "My Last Duchess":

If the Duke has any redeeming qualities, they fail to appear in the poem. Browning's emphasis on the Duke's traits of arrogance, jealousy, and materialism make it apparent that anyone who might have known the Duke personally would have based his opinion of him on these three personality "flaws." Ultimately, the reader's opinion of the Duke is not a favorable one, and it is clear that Browning intended that the reader feel this way.

The Title of Your Essay

It is essential that you give your essay a title that is descriptive of the approach you are taking in your paper. Just as you did in your introductory paragraph, try to get the reader's attention. Using only the title of the literary work you are examining is unsatisfactory. The titles that follow are appropriate for the papers (A, B, C) discussed above:

Robert Browning's *Duke*: A Portrayal of a Sinister Man

The A & P as a State of Mind

Theme in "The Secret Lion": The Struggle of Adolescence

Audience

Consider the reader for whom you are writing your essay. Imagine you are writing for not only your professor but also the other students in your class who have about as much education as you do. They have read the assigned work just as you have, but perhaps they have not thought about it in exactly the same way. In other words, it is not necessary to "retell" the work of literature in any way. Rather, it is your role to be the explainer or interpreter of the work—to tell what certain elements of the work mean in relation to your central idea (thesis). When you make references to the text of the short story, poem, or play, you are doing so to remind your audience of something they already know. The principle emphasis of your essay is to draw conclusions and develop arguments. Be sure to avoid plot summary.

USING TEXTUAL EVIDENCE

The skillful use of textual evidence -- summary, paraphrase, specific detail, and direct quotations -- can illustrate and support the ideas you are developing in your essay. However, textual evidence should be used judiciously and only when it directly relates to your topic. The correct and effective use of textual evidence is vital to the successful literary analysis essay.

Summary If a key event or series of events in the literary work support a point you are trying to make, you may want to include a brief summary, making sure that you show the relevance of the

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

event or events by explicitly connecting your summary to your point.

Below is an effective summary (with its relevance clearly pointed out) from the essay already quoted above on "The Secret Lion" (B):

The boys find the grinding ball, but later attempt to bury it (SUMMARY). Burying it is their futile attempt to make time stand still and to preserve perfection (RELEVANCE).

Paraphrase

You can make use of paraphrase when you need the details of the original, but not necessarily the words of the original:

paraphrase to put someone else's words into your own words.

Below is an example (also from the paper on "The Secret Lion") of how to "translate" original material into part of your own paper:

Original: "I was twelve and in junior high school and something happened that we didn't have a name for, but it was nonetheless like a lion, and roaring, roaring that way the biggest things do."

Paraphrase: Early in the story, the narrator tells us that when he turned twelve and started junior high school, life changed in a significant way that he and his friends could not quite name or identify.

Specific Detail

Various types of details from the text lend concrete support to the development of the central idea of your literary analysis essay.

These details add credibility to the point you are developing.

Below is a list of some of the details which could have been used in the developmental paragraph from the paper on John Updike's short story "A & P" (see the paragraph again for which details were used and how they were used).

"usual traffic" "fluorescent lights" "checkerboard green-and-cream rubber-tile floor" "electric eye" shoppers like "sheep," "house slaves," and "pigs" neatly stacked food dynamite

Using Direct Quotations

Quotations can illuminate and support the ideas you are trying to develop. A judicious use of quoted material will make your points clearer and more convincing. As with all the textual evidence you use, make sure you explain how the evidence is relevant—let the reader know why the quotes you cite are significant to your argument. Below are guidelines and examples that should help you effectively use quotations:

1. Brief quotations (four lines or fewer of prose and three lines or fewer of poetry) should be carefully introduced and integrated into the text of your paper. Put quotation marks around all briefly quoted material.

Prose example: As the "manager" of the A & P, Lengel is both the guardian and enforcer of "policy" (487). When he gives the girls "that sad Sunday-school-superintendent stare," the reader becomes aware of Lengel's character as the A & P's version of a dreary bureaucrat who "doesn't miss much" (487).

Make sure you give page numbers when necessary. Notice that in this example the page numbers are in parenthesis after the quotation marks but before the period.

Poetry example: 4 From the beginning, the Duke in Browning's poem gives the reader a sense of how possessive he really is: "That's my last Duchess on the wall, / Looking as if she were alive" (1-2).

Notice that line 1 is separated from line 2 by a slash. Make sure you give the line numbers when necessary.

2. Lengthy quotations should be separated from the text of your paper. More than four lines of prose should be double spaced and indented ten spaces from the left margin, with the right margin the same as the rest of your paper. Note: do not use quotation marks to set off these longer passages because the indentation itself indicates that the material is quoted.

Prose example: The first paragraph of "The Secret Lion" introduces the narrator as someone who has just entered adolescence and is uncertain what to make of it:

I was twelve and in junior high school and something happened that we didn't have a name for, but it was there nonetheless like a lion, and roaring, roaring that way the biggest things do. Everything changed. Just that. Like the rug, the one that gets pulled -- or better, like the tablecloth those magicians pull where the stuff on the table stays the same but the gasp! from the audience makes the staying- the-same part not matter. Like that. (41-42)

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Make sure you give page numbers when necessary. Notice in this example that the page numbers are in parenthesis after the period of the last sentence.

Poetry example:

The Duke seems to object to the fact that his "last Duchess" is not discriminating enough about bestowing her affection. In the following lines, the Duke lists examples of this "fault":

Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace -- all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech. (Browning 25-30)

Be sure to provide the line numbers.

3. If any words are added to a quotation in order to explain who or what the quotation refers to, you must use brackets to distinguish your addition from the original source.

Example:

The literary critic John Strauss asserts that "he [Young Goodman Brown] is portrayed as self-righteous and disillusioned" (10).

Brackets are used here because there is no way of knowing who "he" is unless you add that information.

Brackets are also used to change the grammatical structure of a quotation so that it fits into your sentence.

Example:

Strauss also argues that Hawthorne "present[s] Young Goodman Brown in an ambivalent light" (10).

Brackets are used here to add the "s" to the verb "present" because otherwise the sentence would not be grammatically correct.

4. You must use ellipsis if you omit any words from the original source you are quoting. Ellipsis can be used at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of the quotation, depending on where the missing words were originally. Ellipsis is formed by either three or four periods with a space between each period. Original: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Example (omission from beginning):

This behavior ". . . makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Ellipsis formed by three dots after the quotation marks.

Example (omission from middle):

This maxim claims that "Early to bed . . . makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Ellipsis formed by three dots used in place of the words "and early to rise."

Example (omission from end):

He said, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy"

Ellipsis is formed by four dots before the quotation marks -- the fourth dot is really a period which ends the sentence.

5. Use a single line of spaced periods to indicate the omission of an entire line of poetry.

Example:

The Duke seems to object to the fact that his "last Duchess" is not discriminating enough about bestowing her affection:

She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.

.....

The dropping of the daylight in the west,

The bough of cherries some officious fool

Broke in the orchard for her, while the white mule

She rode around the terrace -- like and each

Would draw from her alike the approving speech.... (Browning 24-30)

Punctuating Direct Quotations You will be able to punctuate quoted materials accurately if you observe the following conventions used in writing about literature:

1. When the quoted material is part of your own sentence, place periods and commas inside the quotation marks.

Example:

According to the narrator of "The Secret Lion," change was "like a lion," meaning that its onset is sudden and ferocious. The comma is inside the quotation marks.

2. When the quoted material is part of your own sentence, but you need to include a parenthetical reference to page or line numbers, place the periods and commas after the reference.

Example:

The narrator of "The Secret Lion" says that the change was "like a lion" (Rios 41).

The period is outside the quotation marks, after the parenthetical reference.

3. When the quoted material is part of your own sentence, punctuation marks other than periods and commas, such as question marks, are placed outside the quotation marks, unless they are part of the quoted material.

Example (not part of original):

Why does the narrator of "The Secret Lion" say that the change was "like a lion"? The question mark is placed after the quotation marks because it does not appear in the original -- it ends a question being asked about the story.

Example (part of original):

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

The Duke shows his indignation that the Duchess could like everyone and everything when he says, "Sir, 'twas all one!" (Browning 25).

The exclamation point is placed inside the quotation marks because it appears in the original.

4. When the original material you are quoting already has quotation marks (for instance, dialog from a short story), you must use single quotation marks within the double quotation marks.

Example:

Lengel tries to stop Sammy from quitting by saying, "'Sammy, you don't want to do this to your Mom and Dad'" (Updike 486).

Quick review for quoting *Beowulf*.

Cite an anonymous poem as you would a poem with an author, but write the poem's title, in quotes, in place of the poet's last name. For example: *Beowulf* states that Grendel is related to "monsters and elves and the walking dead, / And also those giants who fought against God" (112-113). As a descendant of Cain, Grendel is related to "monsters and elves and the walking dead, / And also those giants who fought against God" (*Beowulf* 112-113).

Once you've entered *Beowulf* in the first cite it is not necessary to include it in future cites, only the page numbers are needed if you are only referring to one cite in the essay.

Reading Assignment:

Review the steps to a strong literary analysis.

Writing Assignment:

Fill in the outline using the guidelines provided in your Resource folder on pages 7-9, complete the Rough draft for your Literary Analysis...choose one of the following prompts. Rough drafts should be hand-written, double spaced in ink. Review the rubric provided to make sure your rough draft adheres to the higher standards. Attempt to include your proper cites (Resource folder pp. 10-11) within your paper and we will review the proper way to create a Works Cited page next week.

- A. *Beowulf* is steeped in a pagan tradition that shows nature as hostile and forces of death as uncontrollable. Blind fate picks random victims: people are never brought in harmony with the world. *Beowulf* ends a failure.

- B. *Beowulf* presents an ideal of loyalty. The failure to live up to this ideal on the part of some of the thanes' points up the extraordinary faithfulness of *Beowulf*.
- C. *Beowulf* is a blending of Christian traditions with a folk story that praises virtues of loyalty, courage, and faith in the face of extreme dangers and even death. It presents a model of a human being willing to die to deliver others from terrifying evil forces.
- D. *Beowulf* is the story of a dual ordeal: an external battle with vicious opponents and an internal battle with human tendencies of pride, greed, cowardice, betrayal, and self-concern.
- E. *Beowulf* is the universal story of life's journey from adolescence to adulthood to old age. The hero grows in wisdom about self and about the world through the pain and triumph of personal experience.

*AP English files yahoo groups

Vocabulary:

No assignment this week, work on elevating your rough draft with strong vocabulary. Pull a minimum of 10 words from the Word Bank to include in your rough draft.

Notes:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

	20	18	15	13
Thesis	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My thesis is a thoughtful and clear argument, which makes a unique claim about the poem. Acknowledges a counterclaim 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My thesis is a thoughtful argument that makes an interesting claim about the poem. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My thesis is an argument that may be unoriginal, or too simple. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My thesis is not an argument or it is not related to the poem.
Structure of Essay	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My introduction clearly includes a short summary, my theories and my thesis. My body paragraphs each have a main idea/topic sentence My conclusion clearly summarizes my argument and makes a link/connection to other texts or ideas. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My introduction mostly includes a short summary, my theories and my thesis. Most of my body paragraphs have a main idea/topic sentence. My conclusion summarizes my argument and tries to make a link/ connection to other texts or ideas. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My introduction may include a short summary, my theories and my thesis, but not all of them. Some body paragraphs have a main idea/topic sentence. My conclusion almost summarizes my argument, though it fails to make a connection or there are "loose ends." 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My introduction may not include a short summary, my theories and my thesis. Few or none of my body paragraphs have a main idea/topic sentence. My conclusion does not summarize my argument or brings up new ideas without explanation.
Evidence	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each paragraph clearly supports my thesis. My body paragraphs each have 2 or more relevant examples/quotes to support my argument and an analysis/interpretation of how they support it. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each paragraph seems to support my thesis. Most of my body paragraphs include 2 relevant examples/quotes to support my argument and an explanation of how they support it. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each paragraph may support my thesis, though not clearly. My body paragraphs include fewer than 2 examples or quotes to support my argument or they do not explain how the evidence supports it. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My paragraphs do not support my thesis. My body paragraphs do not clearly include evidence or the evidence is not relevant to the thesis.
Overall Cohesion & Thoughtfulness	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Overall, my essay clearly communicates my thinking about the text and why the issues raised are important. My essay shows insight into why those examples chosen are significant. My whole essay flows smoothly with transitions between thoughts. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Overall, my essay communicates my thinking about the text and why the issues raised are important. My essay shows why those examples chosen are significant. My essay flows well with transitions between paragraphs. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My essay attempts to communicate my thinking about the text but fails to address why the issues raised are important. My essay attempts to show why those examples chosen are significant. My essay is choppy. The sections feel separate and do not flow well. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My essay does not demonstrate my thinking about issues in the text. My examples are mainly re-tellings of parts of the story My essay is choppy. The sections feel separate and do not flow.
Grammar and Editing	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My final draft had less than 3 errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation. I kept my tense consistent throughout the essay. Used MLA citation format for quotes. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My final draft had between 3 to 6 errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation. I kept my tense mostly consistent throughout the essay. Used some aspect of MLA citation for quotes. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My final draft had more than 6 errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation. I had some errors in tense consistency. Used one aspect of MLA citations for quotes. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My final draft had many more than 6 errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation. I had many errors in tense consistency. Didn't use MLA citation for quotes.
	Total Score: _____/100			

Week 6: Editing Tips for a Final Paper

TIPS FOR REVISING & EDITING ESSAYS

REVISING = changing the content of your essay. Determine areas where you could add, delete, or move text to make your content more effective.

PEER REVIEW

1. Exchange your rough draft with a peer.
2. Peer Review Actions:
 - a. If their introduction does not include author/title, write those two words in the margin. Underline the thesis...is it clear / muddled /wordy/concise?
 - b. Underline the topic sentence of each body paragraph.
 - c. If all the body sentences relate directly to the topic sentence, place a big check mark next to the body. If they veer off topic place a big X next to the body paragraph.
 - d. Spell check by underlining misspelled words and grammar check by circling mistakes.
 - e. Any awkward phrasing, underline twice.
 - f. If the body paragraph contains a concluding sentence place a large smiley face before it. If they ended their body paragraph without one, place a frowny face.
 - g. List 3 improvements that could be made based off the recommendations from the rubric. Please refer to the rubric.
3. Return the reviewed papers back to the author. Read your paper aloud slowly—every word—to your partner. Read only what is actually on the page, not what you intended to write but didn't. As you read, use your pen to put an asterisk next to any areas you need to improve. If you stumble over words, phrases, or sentences while reading aloud or if you have to re-read certain sentences several times, you probably need to rewrite that sentence.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

4. Let your partner read their paper aloud to you, both of you make any recommendations upon hearing it read aloud that you may have missed in the initial review.
5. Choice of subject:
 - a. Does my subject match the assignment?
 - b. Is there a clear thesis statement that encompasses all of my main points?
 - c. If there is a title, is it specific, appropriate, and effective?
6. Thought and interpretation:
 - a. Is my paper really a discussion of the subject and not merely a collection of quotations and summaries?
 - b. What is my own contribution to the discussion of the subject?
 - c. Have I offered evidence and support for my point of view?
 - d. Have I indicated how my point of view differs from the points of view held by others?
7. Use of material:
 - a. Am I sure that all my quotations, paraphrases, and summaries are accurate?
 - b. Am I sure that my references are accurate?
 - c. Are my quotes/paraphrases cited?
 - d. Is my documentation in the proper form, the one my instructor assigned?
8. Organization:
 - a. Does my introduction get my readers' attention and prepare them for what is to come?
 - b. Are my paragraphs too short or too long? Are they unified, coherent, and well-developed? Are they relevant to the thesis?
 - c. Does each paragraph follow the preceding one logically with good transitions?
 - d. Is my conclusion relevant and effective?
9. Style:

- a. Is my word choice precise or inaccurate? Fresh and lively or dull?
 - b. Is each sentence clear, effective, and economical?
 - c. Are successive sentences varied in length and wording?
10. Spelling, punctuation, and mechanics:
- a. Is my paper neat and legible? Does it have adequate margins and appropriate page numbers and headings?
 - b. Are spelling and capitalization accurate and consistent?
 - c. Have I found and corrected punctuation and sentence errors, especially regarding commas, sentence fragments, and run-on sentences?
 - d. Are direct quotations properly introduced, spaced, and punctuated?

*Source: www.ncmissouri.edu

Reading Assignment:

Read St. Augustine's Confessions included in next week's lesson. Familiarize yourself with his background provided.

Writing Assignment:

Complete your final draft based on the recommendations you received from your partner and your own evaluation of your rough draft. Make sure to include a Work Cited page. If you have more than one work cited, it will be plural (Works Cited). Refer to the Works Cited page example in your Resource Folder. Review the rubric provided in last week's lesson.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Make sure to include 10 vocabulary words from the Word Bank provided in your Vocabulary folder. As you use them, make sure to highlight those used on the list.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 7: Augustine's Confessions:

Childhood and education



Augustine at the School of Souk Ahras, Thagaste" by Benozzo Gozzoli

Augustine was born in 354 in the municipium of Thagaste (now Souk Ahras, Algeria) in Roman Africa. His mother, Monica, was a devout Christian; his father Patricius was a Pagan who converted to Christianity on his deathbed. Augustine's family had been Roman, from a legal standpoint, for at least a century when he was born. It is assumed that his mother, Monica, was

of Berber origin, on the basis of her name, but as his family were *honestiores*, an upper class of citizens known as honorable men, Augustine's first language is likely to have been Latin. At the age of 11, he was sent to school at Madaurus, a small Numidian city about 19 miles south of Thagaste. There he became familiar with Latin literature, as well as pagan beliefs and practices. His first insight into the nature of sin occurred when he and a number of friends stole fruit they did not even want from a neighborhood garden. While at home in 369 and 370, he read Cicero's dialogue *Hortensius* (now lost), which he described as leaving a lasting impression on him and sparking his interest in philosophy.

At the age of 17, through the generosity of his fellow citizen Romanianus, Augustine went to Carthage to continue his education in rhetoric. Although raised as a Christian, Augustine left the church to follow the Manichaean religion, much to the despair of his mother. As a youth Augustine lived a hedonistic lifestyle for a time, associating with young men who boasted of

their exploits. They urged the inexperienced boys, like Augustine, to seek experience or to make up stories about their experiences in order to gain acceptance. It was during this period that he uttered his famous prayer, "Grant me chastity and continence, but not yet."

At about the age of 19, Augustine began an affair with a young woman in Carthage. Possibly because his mother wanted him to marry a person of his class, the woman remained his lover for over thirteen years and gave birth to his son Adeodatus, who was viewed as extremely intelligent by his contemporaries.

During the years 373 and 374, Augustine taught grammar at Thagaste. The following year he moved to Carthage to conduct a school of rhetoric, and would remain there for the next nine years. Disturbed by the unruly behavior of the students in Carthage, in 383 he moved to establish a school in Rome, where he believed the best and brightest rhetoricians practiced. However, Augustine was disappointed with the Roman schools, where he was met with apathy. Once the time came for his students to pay their fees, they simply fled. He sought out a position that would provide him a livelihood.



James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Saint Augustine and Saint Monica (1846), by Ary Scheffer

Augustine won such a job and headed north to take up his position in late 384. At the age of thirty, he had won the most visible academic position in the Latin world, at a time when such posts gave ready access to political careers. During this period, although Augustine showed some fervor for Manichaeism, he was never an initiate or "elect", but remained an "auditor", the lowest level in the sect's hierarchy.

While still at Carthage, he had begun to move away from Manichaeism, in part because of a disappointing meeting with the Manichaean Bishop, Faustus of Mileve, a key exponent of Manichaean theology. In Rome, he is reported to have completely turned away from Manichaeism, and instead embraced the scepticism of the New Academy movement. At Milan, his mother pressured him to become a Christian.

Augustine's own studies in Neoplatonism were also leading him in this direction, and his friend Simplicianus urged him that way as well. But it was the bishop of Milan, Ambrose, who had most influence over Augustine. Like Augustine, Ambrose was a master of rhetoric, but older and more experienced. Augustine's mother had followed him to Milan and he allowed her to arrange a marriage, for which he abandoned the mother of his son. It is believed that Augustine truly loved the woman he had lived with for so long and was deeply hurt by ending this relationship. In fact, there is evidence that Augustine may have considered his relationship with the concubine to be equivalent to marriage, though not legally recognized as such. In his *Confessions*, he admitted that the experience eventually produced a decreased sensitivity to pain over time.

Christian conversion and priesthood

In the summer of 386, after having heard and been inspired and moved by the story of Placianus's and his friends' first reading of the life of Saint Anthony of the Desert, Augustine converted to Christianity. As Augustine later told it, his conversion was prompted by a childlike voice he heard telling him to "take up and read" (Latin: *tolle, lege*), which he took as a divine command to open the Bible and read the first thing he saw. Augustine read from Paul's Epistle to the Romans – the so-called "*Transformation of Believers*" section, consisting of chapters 12 through 15 – wherein Paul outlines how the Gospel transforms believers, and the believers' resulting behaviour. The specific part to which Augustine opened his Bible was Romans chapter 13, verses 13 and 14, to wit:

Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof.

He later wrote an account of his conversion – his very transformation, as Paul described – in his *Confessions* (Latin: *Confessiones*), which has since become a must-read classic of Christian theology.

Ambrose baptized Augustine, along with his son Adeodatus, on Easter Vigil in 387 in Milan. That year, also, Adeodatus and Augustine returned to Africa, Augustine's home continent. Augustine's mother Monica died at Ostia, Italy, as they prepared to embark for Africa. ^[37] Upon their arrival, they began a life of aristocratic leisure at Augustine's family's property. ^{[38][39]} Soon after, Adeodatus, too, passed away. ^[40] Augustine then sold his patrimony and gave the money to the poor. The only thing he kept was the family house, which he converted into a monastic foundation for himself and a group of friends. ^[24]

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

The Consecration of Saint Augustine by Jaume Huguet

In 391 Augustine was ordained a priest in Hippo Regius (now Annaba), in Algeria. He became a famous preacher (more than 350 preserved sermons are believed to be authentic), and was noted for combating the Manichaean religion, to which he had formerly adhered.

In 395 he was made coadjutor Bishop of Hippo, and became full Bishop shortly thereafter,¹ hence the name "Augustine of Hippo"; and he gave his property to the church of Thagaste. He remained in that position until his death in 430. He wrote his autobiographical *Confessions* in 397-398. His work *The City of God* was written to console his fellow Christians shortly after the Visigoths had sacked Rome in 410.

Augustine worked tirelessly in trying to convince the people of Hippo to convert to Christianity. Though he had left his monastery, he continued to lead a monastic life in the episcopal residence. He left a *regula* for his monastery that led to his designation as the "patron saint of regular clergy."

Augustine was admired as a man of powerful intellect and a stirring orator who took every opportunity to defend Christianity against its detractors. Augustine was described as a man who ate sparingly, worked tirelessly, despised gossip, shunned the temptations of the flesh, and exercised prudence in the financial stewardship of his see. *Wikipedia St. Augustine

Augustine's Confessions

(Excerpted selections)

Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is Thy power, and Thy wisdom infinite. And Thee would man praise; man, but a particle of Thy creation; man, that bears about him his mortality, the witness of his sin, the witness that Thou resistest the proud: yet would man praise Thee; he, but a particle of Thy creation. Thou awakest us to delight in Thy praise; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee. Grant me, Lord, to know and understand which is first, to call on Thee or to praise Thee? and, again, to know Thee or to call on Thee? for who can call on Thee, not knowing Thee? for he that knoweth Thee not, may call on Thee as other than Thou art. Or, is it rather, that we call on Thee that we may know Thee? but how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? or how shall they believe without a preacher? and they that seek the Lord shall praise Him: for they that seek shall find Him, and they that find shall praise Him. I will seek Thee, Lord, by calling on Thee; and will call on Thee, believing in Thee; for to us hast Thou been preached. My faith, Lord, shall call on Thee, which Thou hast given me, wherewith Thou hast inspired me, through the Incarnation of Thy Son, through the ministry of the Preacher.

Do the heaven and earth then contain Thee, since Thou fillest them? or dost Thou fill them and yet overflow, since they do not contain Thee? And whither, when the heaven and the earth are filled, pourest Thou forth the remainder of Thyself? or hast Thou no need that aught contain Thee, who containest all things, since what Thou fillest Thou fillest by containing it? for the vessels which Thou fillest uphold Thee not, since, though they were broken, Thou wert not poured out. And when Thou art poured out on us, Thou art not cast down, but Thou upliftest us; Thou art not dissipated, but Thou gatherest us. But Thou who fillest all things, fillest Thou them with Thy whole self? or, since all things cannot contain Thee wholly, do they contain part of Thee? and all at once the same part? or each its own part, the greater more, the smaller less? And is, then one part of Thee greater, another less? or, art Thou wholly every where, while nothing contains Thee wholly?

What art Thou then, my God? what, but the Lord God? For who is Lord but the Lord? or who is God save our God? Most highest, most good, most potent, most omnipotent; most merciful, yet most just; most hidden, yet most present; most beautiful, yet most strong, stable, yet incomprehensible; unchangeable, yet all-changing; never new, never old; all-renewing, and bringing age upon the proud, and they know it not; ever working, ever at rest; still gathering, yet nothing lacking; supporting, filling, and overspreading; creating, nourishing, and maturing; seeking, yet having all things. Thou lovest, without passion; art jealous, without anxiety; repentest, yet grievest not; art angry, yet serene; changest Thy works, Thy purpose unchanged; receivest again what Thou findest, yet didst never lose; never in need, yet rejoicing in gains; never covetous, yet exacting usury. Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe; and who hath aught that is not Thine? Thou payest debts, owing nothing; remittest debts, losing

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

nothing. And what had I now said, my God, my life, my holy joy? or what saith any man when he speaks of Thee? Yet woe to him that speaketh not, since mute are even the most eloquent.

Oh! that I might repose on Thee! Oh! that Thou wouldest enter into my heart, and inebriate it, that I may forget my ills, and embrace Thee, my sole good! What art Thou to me? In Thy pity, teach me to utter it. Or what am I to Thee that Thou demandest my love, and, if I give it not, art wroth with me, and threatenest me with grievous woes? Is it then a slight woe to love Thee not? Oh! for Thy mercies' sake, tell me, O Lord my God, what Thou art unto me. Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. So speak, that I may hear. Behold, Lord, my heart is before Thee; open Thou the ears thereof, and say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. After this voice let me haste, and take hold on Thee. Hide not Thy face from me. Let me die—lest I die—only let me see Thy face.....

O God my God, what miseries and mockeries did I now experience, when obedience to my teachers was proposed to me, as proper in a boy, in order that in this world I might prosper, and excel in tongue-science, which should serve to the "praise of men," and to deceitful riches. Next I was put to school to get learning, in which I (poor wretch) knew not what use there was; and yet, if idle in learning, I was beaten. For this was judged right by our forefathers; and many, passing the same course before us, framed for us weary paths, through which we were fain to pass; multiplying toil and grief upon the sons of Adam. But, Lord, we found that men called upon Thee, and we learnt from them to think of Thee (according to our powers) as of some great One, who, though hidden from our senses, couldest hear and help us. For so I began, as a boy, to pray to Thee, my aid and refuge; and broke the fetters of my tongue to call on Thee, praying Thee, though small, yet with no small earnestness, that I might not be beaten at school. And when Thou heardest me not (not thereby giving me over to folly), my elders, yea my very parents, who yet wished me no ill, mocked my stripes, my then great and grievous ill....

But why did I so much hate the Greek, which I studied as a boy? I do not yet fully know. For the Latin I loved; not what my first masters, but what the so-called grammarians taught me. For those first lessons, reading, writing and arithmetic, I thought as great a burden and penalty as any Greek. And yet whence was this too, but from the sin and vanity of this life, because I was flesh, and a breath that passeth away and cometh not again? For those first lessons were better certainly, because more certain; by them I obtained, and still retain, the power of reading what I find written, and myself writing what I will; whereas in the others, I was forced to learn the wanderings of one Aeneas, forgetful of my own, and to weep for dead Dido, because she killed herself for love; the while, with dry eyes, I endured my miserable self dying among these things, far from Thee, O God my life....

I will now call to mind my past foulness, and the carnal corruptions of my soul; not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For love of Thy love I do it; reviewing my most wicked ways in the very bitterness of my remembrance, that Thou mayest grow sweet unto me (Thou sweetness never failing, Thou blissful and assured sweetness); and gathering me again out of that my dissipation, wherein I was torn piecemeal, while turned from Thee, the One Good, I lost myself among a multiplicity of things. For I even burnt in my youth

heretofore, to be satiated in things below; and I dared to grow wild again, with these various and shadowy loves: my beauty consumed away, and I stank in Thine eyes; pleasing myself, and desirous to please in the eyes of men.

Theft is punished by Thy law, O Lord, and the law written in the hearts of men, which iniquity itself effaces not. For what thief will abide a thief? not even a rich thief, one stealing through want. Yet I lusted to thieve, and did it, compelled by no hunger, nor poverty, but through a cloyedness of well-doing, and a pamperedness of iniquity. For I stole that, of which I had enough, and much better. Nor cared I to enjoy what I stole, but joyed in the theft and sin itself. A pear tree there was near our vineyard, laden with fruit, tempting neither for colour nor taste. To shake and rob this, some lewd young fellows of us went, late one night (having according to our pestilent custom prolonged our sports in the streets till then), and took huge loads, not for our eating, but to fling to the very hogs, having only tasted them. And this, but to do what we liked only, because it was disliked. Behold my heart, O God, behold my heart, which Thou hadst pity upon in the bottom of the bottomless pit. Now, behold, let my heart tell Thee what it sought there, that I should be gratuitously evil, having no temptation to ill, but the ill itself. It was foul, and I loved it; I loved to perish, I loved mine own fault, not that for which I was faulty, but my fault itself. Foul soul, falling from Thy firmament to utter destruction; not seeking aught through the shame, but the shame itself!

What then did wretched I so love in thee, thou theft of mine, thou deed of darkness, in that sixteenth year of my age? Lovely thou wert not, because thou wert theft. But art thou any thing, that thus I speak to thee? Fair were the pears we stole, because they were Thy creation, Thou fairest of all, Creator of all, Thou good God; God, the sovereign good and my true good. Fair were those pears, but not them did my wretched soul desire; for I had store of better, and those I gathered, only that I might steal. For, when gathered, I flung them away, my only feast therein being my own sin, which I was pleased to enjoy. For if aught of those pears came within my mouth, what sweetened it was the sin. And now, O Lord my God, I enquire what in that theft delighted me; and behold it hath no loveliness; I mean not such loveliness as in justice and wisdom; nor such as is in the mind and memory, and senses, and animal life of man; nor yet as the stars are glorious and beautiful in their orbs; or the earth, or sea, full of embryo-life, replacing by its birth that which decayeth; nay, nor even that false and shadowy beauty which belongeth to deceiving vices.

For so doth pride imitate exaltedness; whereas Thou alone art God exalted over all. Ambition, what seeks it, but honours and glory? whereas Thou alone art to be honoured above all, and glorious for evermore. The cruelty of the great would fain be feared; but who is to be feared but God alone, out of whose power what can be wrested or withdrawn? when, or where, or whither, or by whom? The tenderesses of the wanton would fain be counted love: yet is nothing more tender than Thy charity; nor is aught loved more healthfully than that Thy truth, bright and beautiful above all. Curiosity makes semblance of a desire of knowledge; whereas Thou supremely knowest all. Yea, ignorance and foolishness itself is cloaked under the name of simplicity and uninjuriousness; because nothing is found more single than Thee: and what less injurious, since they are his own works which injure the sinner? Yea, sloth would fain be at rest; but what stable rest besides the Lord? Luxury affects to be called plenty and abundance; James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

but Thou art the fulness and never-failing plenteousness of incorruptible pleasures. Prodigality presents a shadow of liberality: but Thou art the most overflowing Giver of all good. Covetousness would possess many things; and Thou possessest all things. Envy disputes for excellency: what more excellent than Thou? Anger seeks revenge: who revenges more justly than Thou? Fear startles at things unwonted and sudden, which endangers things beloved, and takes forethought for their safety; but to Thee what unwonted or sudden, or who separateth from Thee what Thou lovest? Or where but with Thee is unshaken safety? Grief pines away for things lost, the delight of its desires; because it would have nothing taken from it, as nothing can from Thee.

What then was this feeling? For of a truth it was too foul: and woe was me, who had it. But yet what was it? Who can understand his errors? It was the sport, which as it were tickled our hearts, that we beguiled those who little thought what we were doing, and much disliked it. Why then was my delight of such sort that I did it not alone? Because none doth ordinarily laugh alone? ordinarily no one; yet laughter sometimes masters men alone and singly when no one whatever is with them, if anything very ludicrous presents itself to their senses or mind. Yet I had not done this alone; alone I had never done it. Behold my God, before Thee, the vivid remembrance of my soul; alone, I had never committed that theft wherein what I stole pleased me not, but that I stole; nor had it alone liked me to do it, nor had I done it. O friendship too unfriendly! thou incomprehensible inveigler of the soul, thou greediness to do mischief out of mirth and wantonness, thou thirst of others' loss, without lust of my own gain or revenge: but when it is said, "Let's go, let's do it," we are ashamed not to be shameless.

Who can disentangle that twisted and intricate knottiness? Foul is it: I hate to think on it, to look on it. But Thee I long for, O Righteousness and Innocency, beautiful and comely to all pure eyes, and of a satisfaction unsating. With Thee is rest entire, and life imperturbable. Whoso enters into Thee, enters into the joy of his Lord: and shall not fear, and shall do excellently in the All-Excellent. I sank away from Thee, and I wandered, O my God, too much astray from Thee my stay, in these days of my youth, and I became to myself a barren land...

I resolved then to bend my mind to the holy Scriptures, that I might see what they were. But behold, I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children, lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures; but they seemed to me unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Tully: for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swollen with pride, took myself to be a great one.

Therefore I fell among men proudly doting, exceeding carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snares of the Devil, limed with the mixture of the syllables of Thy name, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, our Comforter. These names departed not out of their mouth, but so far forth as the sound only and the noise of the tongue, for the heart was void of truth. Yet they cried out "Truth, Truth," and spake much thereof to me, yet

it was not in them: but they spake falsehood, not of Thee only (who truly art Truth), but even of those elements of this world, Thy creatures. And I indeed ought to have passed by even philosophers who spake truth concerning them, for love of Thee, my Father, supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful. O Truth, Truth, how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after Thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and huge books, echoed of Thee to me, though it was but an echo? And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after Thee, they, instead of Thee, served up the Sun and Moon, beautiful works of Thine, but yet Thy works, not Thyself, no nor Thy first works. For Thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they be, and shining. But I hungered and thirsted not even after those first works of Thine, but after Thee Thyself, the Truth, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning: yet they still set before me in those dishes, glittering fantasies, than which better were it to love this very sun (which is real to our sight at least), than those fantasies which by our eyes deceive our mind. Yet because I thought them to be Thee, I fed thereon; not eagerly, for Thou didst not in them taste to me as Thou art; for Thou wast not these emptinesses, nor was I nourished by them, but exhausted rather. Food in sleep shows very like our food awake; yet are not those asleep nourished by it, for they are asleep. But those were not even any way like to Thee, as Thou hast now spoken to me; for those were corporeal fantasies, false bodies, than which these true bodies, celestial or terrestrial, which with our fleshly sight we behold, are far more certain: these things the beasts and birds discern as well as we, and they are more certain than when we fancy them. And again, we do with more certainty fancy them, than by them conjecture other vaster and infinite bodies which have no being. Such empty husks was I then fed on; and was not fed. But Thou, my soul's Love, in looking for whom I fail, that I may become strong, art neither those bodies which we see, though in heaven; nor those which we see not there; for Thou hast created them, nor dost Thou account them among the chiefest of Thy works. How far then art Thou from those fantasies of mine, fantasies of bodies which altogether are not, than which the images of those bodies, which are, are far more certain, and more certain still the bodies themselves, which yet Thou art not; no, nor yet the soul, which is the life of the bodies. So then, better and more certain is the life of the bodies than the bodies. But Thou art the life of souls, the life of lives, having life in Thyself; and changest not, life of my soul.

And Thou sentest Thine hand from above, and drewest my soul out of that profound darkness, my mother, Thy faithful one, weeping to Thee for me, more than mothers weep the bodily deaths of their children. For she, by that faith and spirit which she had from Thee, discerned the death wherein I lay, and Thou heardest her, O Lord; Thou heardest her, and despisedst not her tears, when streaming down, they watered the ground under her eyes in every place where she prayed; yea Thou heardest her. For whence was that dream whereby Thou comfortedst her; so that she allowed me to live with her, and to eat at the same table in the house, which she had begun to shrink from, abhorring and detesting the blasphemies of my error? For she saw herself standing on a certain wooden rule, and a shining youth coming towards her, cheerful and smiling upon her, herself grieving, and overwhelmed with grief. But he having (in order to instruct, as is their wont not to be instructed) enquired of her the causes of her grief and daily tears, and she answering that she was bewailing my perdition, he bade her rest contented, and told her to look and observe, "That where she was, there was I also." And when she looked,

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she saw me standing by her in the same rule. Whence was this, but that Thine ears were towards her heart? O Thou Good omnipotent, who so carest for every one of us, as if Thou caredst for him only; and so for all, as if they were but one!

Thou gavest her meantime another answer, which I call to mind; for much I pass by, hasting to those things which more press me to confess unto Thee, and much I do not remember. Thou gavest her then another answer, by a Priest of Thine, a certain Bishop brought up in Thy Church, and well studied in Thy books. Whom when this woman had entreated to vouchsafe to converse with me, refute my errors, unteach me ill things, and teach me good things (for this he was wont to do, when he found persons fitted to receive it), he refused, wisely, as I afterwards perceived. For he answered, that I was yet unteachable, being puffed up with the novelty of that heresy, and had already perplexed divers unskilful persons with captious questions, as she had told him: "but let him alone a while" (saith he), "only pray God for him, he will of himself by reading find what that error is, and how great its impiety." At the same time he told her, how himself, when a little one, had by his seduced mother been consigned over to the Manichees, and had not only read, but frequently copied out almost all, their books, and had (without any argument or proof from any one) seen how much that sect was to be avoided; and had avoided it. Which when he had said, and she would not be satisfied, but urged him more, with entreaties and many tears, that he would see me and discourse with me; he, a little displeased at her importunity, saith, "Go thy ways and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." Which answer she took (as she often mentioned in her conversations with me) as if it had sounded from heaven.....

For this space of nine years (from my nineteenth year to my eight-and-twentieth) we lived seduced and seducing, deceived and deceiving, in divers lusts; openly, by sciences which they call liberal; secretly, with a false-named religion; here proud, there superstitious, every where vain. Here, hunting after the emptiness of popular praise, down even to theatrical applauses, and poetic prizes, and strifes for grassy garlands, and the follies of shows, and the intemperance of desires. There, desiring to be cleansed from these defilements, by carrying food to those who were called "elect" and "holy," out of which, in the workhouse of their stomachs, they should forge for us Angels and Gods, by whom we might be cleansed. These things did I follow, and practise with my friends, deceived by me, and with me. Let the arrogant mock me, and such as have not been, to their soul's health, stricken and cast down by Thee, O my God; but I would still confess to Thee mine own shame in Thy praise. Suffer me, I beseech Thee, and give me grace to go over in my present remembrance the wanderings of my forepassed time, and to offer unto Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving. For what am I to myself without Thee, but a guide to mine own downfall? or what am I even at the best, but an infant sucking the milk Thou givest, and feeding upon Thee, the food that perisheth not? But what sort of man is any man, seeing he is but a man? Let now the strong and the mighty laugh at us, but let us poor and needy confess unto Thee...

I would lay open before my God that nine-and-twentieth year of mine age. There had then come to Carthage a certain Bishop of the Manichees, Faustus by name, a great snare of the

Devil, and many were entangled by him through that lure of his smooth language: which though I did commend, yet could I separate from the truth of the things which I was earnest to learn: nor did I so much regard the service of oratory as the science which this Faustus, so praised among them, set before me to feed upon. Fame had before bespoken him most knowing in all valuable learning, and exquisitely skilled in the liberal sciences. And since I had read and well remembered much of the philosophers, I compared some things of theirs with those long fables of the Manichees, and found the former the more probable; even although they could only prevail so far as to make judgment of this lower world, the Lord of it they could by no means find out. For Thou art great, O Lord, and hast respect unto the humble, but the proud Thou beholdest afar off. Nor dost Thou draw near, but to the contrite in heart, nor art found by the proud, no, not though by curious skill they could number the stars and the sand, and measure the starry heavens, and track the courses of the planets.

For with their understanding and wit, which Thou bestowedst on them, they search out these things; and much have they found out; and foretold, many years before, eclipses of those luminaries, the sun and moon,—what day and hour, and how many digits,—nor did their calculation fail; and it came to pass as they foretold; and they wrote down the rules they had found out, and these are read at this day, and out of them do others foretell in what year and month of the year, and what day of the month, and what hour of the day, and what part of its light, moon or sun is to be eclipsed, and so it shall be, as it is foreshowed. At these things men, that know not this art, marvel and are astonished, and they that know it, exult, and are puffed up; and by an ungodly pride departing from Thee, and failing of Thy light, they foresee a failure of the sun's light, which shall be, so long before, but see not their own, which is. For they search not religiously whence they have the wit, wherewith they search out this. And finding that Thou madest them, they give not themselves up to Thee, to preserve what Thou madest, nor sacrifice to Thee what they have made themselves; nor slay their own soaring imaginations, as fowls of the air, nor their own diving curiosities (wherewith, like the fishes of the sea, they wander over the unknown paths of the abyss), nor their own luxuriousness, as beasts of the field, that Thou, Lord, a consuming fire, mayest burn up those dead cares of theirs, and re-create themselves immortally.

But they knew not the way, Thy Word, by Whom Thou madest these things which they number, and themselves who number, and the sense whereby they perceive what they number, and the understanding, out of which they number; or that of Thy wisdom there is no number. But the Only Begotten is Himself made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and was numbered among us, and paid tribute unto Caesar. They knew not this way whereby to descend to Him from themselves, and by Him ascend unto Him. They knew not this way, and deemed themselves exalted amongst the stars and shining; and behold, they fell upon the earth, and their foolish heart was darkened. They discourse many things truly concerning the creature; but Truth, Artificer of the creature, they seek not piously, and therefore find Him not; or if they find Him, knowing Him to be God, they glorify Him not as God, neither are thankful, but become vain in their imaginations, and profess themselves to be wise, attributing to themselves what is Thine; and thereby with most perverse blindness, study to impute to Thee what is their own, forging lies of Thee who art the Truth, and changing the glory of uncorruptible God into an image made like corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed

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beasts, and creeping things, changing Thy truth into a lie, and worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator. ...

For after it was clear that he (Faustus) was ignorant of those arts in which I thought he excelled, I began to despair of his opening and solving the difficulties which perplexed me (of which indeed however ignorant, he might have held the truths of piety, had he not been a Manichee). For their books are fraught with prolix fables, of the heaven, and stars, sun, and moon, and I now no longer thought him able satisfactorily to decide what I much desired, whether, on comparison of these things with the calculations I had elsewhere read, the account given in the books of Manichaeus were preferable, or at least as good. Which when I proposed to be considered and discussed, he, so far modestly, shrunk from the burthen. For he knew that he knew not these things, and was not ashamed to confess it. For he was not one of those talking persons, many of whom I had endured, who undertook to teach me these things, and said nothing. But this man had a heart, though not right towards Thee, yet neither altogether treacherous to himself. For he was not altogether ignorant of his own ignorance, nor would he rashly be entangled in a dispute, whence he could neither retreat nor extricate himself fairly. Even for this I liked him the better. For fairer is the modesty of a candid mind, than the knowledge of those things which I desired; and such I found him, in all the more difficult and subtle questions.

My zeal for the writings of Manichaeus being thus blunted, and despairing yet more of their other teachers, seeing that in divers things which perplexed me, he, so renowned among them, had so turned out; I began to engage with him in the study of that literature, on which he also was much set (and which as rhetoric-reader I was at that time teaching young students at Carthage), and to read with him, either what himself desired to hear, or such as I judged fit for his genius. But all my efforts whereby I had purposed to advance in that sect, upon knowledge of that man, came utterly to an end; not that I detached myself from them altogether, but as one finding nothing better, I had settled to be content meanwhile with what I had in whatever way fallen upon, unless by chance something more eligible should dawn upon me. Thus, that Faustus, to so many a snare of death, had now neither willing nor witting it, begun to loosen that wherein I was taken. For Thy hands, O my God, in the secret purpose of Thy providence, did not forsake my soul; and out of my mother's heart's blood, through her tears night and day poured out, was a sacrifice offered for me unto Thee; and Thou didst deal with me by wondrous ways. Thou didst it, O my God: for the steps of a man are ordered by the Lord, and He shall dispose his way. Or how shall we obtain salvation, but from Thy hand, re-making what it made?

But, O Lord, Thou alone Lord without pride, because Thou art the only true Lord, who hast no lord; hath this third kind of temptation also ceased from me, or can it cease through this whole life? To wish, namely, to be feared and loved of men, for no other end, but that we may have a joy therein which is no joy? A miserable life this and a foul boastfulness! Hence especially it comes that men do neither purely love nor fear Thee. And therefore dost Thou resist the proud, and givest grace to the humble: yea, Thou thunderest down upon the ambitions of the world, and the foundations of the mountains tremble. Because now certain offices of human society make it necessary to be loved and feared of men, the adversary of our true

blessedness layeth hard at us, every where spreading his snares of "well-done, well-done"; that greedily catching at them, we may be taken unawares, and sever our joy from Thy truth, and set it in the deceivingness of men; and be pleased at being loved and feared, not for Thy sake, but in Thy stead: and thus having been made like him, he may have them for his own, not in the bands of charity, but in the bonds of punishment: who purposed to set his throne in the north, that dark and chilled they might serve him, pervertedly and crookedly imitating Thee. But we, O Lord, behold we are Thy little flock; possess us as Thine, stretch Thy wings over us, and let us fly under them. Be Thou our glory; let us be loved for Thee, and Thy word feared in us. Who would be praised of men when Thou blamest, will not be defended of men when Thou judgest; nor delivered when Thou condemnest. But when—not the sinner is praised in the desires of his soul, nor he blessed who doth ungodlily, but—a man is praised for some gift which Thou hast given him, and he rejoices more at the praise for himself than that he hath the gift for which he is praised, he also is praised, while Thou dispraisest; better is he who praised than he who is praised. For the one took pleasure in the gift of God in man; the other was better pleased with the gift of man, than of God.

By these temptations we are assailed daily, O Lord; without ceasing are we assailed. Our daily furnace is the tongue of men. And in this way also Thou commandest us continence. Give what Thou enjoimest, and enjoin what Thou wilt. Thou knowest on this matter the groans of my heart, and the floods of mine eyes. For I cannot learn how far I am more cleansed from this plague, and I much fear my secret sins, which Thine eyes know, mine do not. For in other kinds of temptations I have some sort of means of examining myself; in this, scarce any. For, in refraining my mind from the pleasures of the flesh and idle curiosity, I see how much I have attained to, when I do without them; foregoing, or not having them. For then I ask myself how much more or less troublesome it is to me not to have them? Then, riches, which are desired, that they may serve to some one or two or all of the three concupiscences, if the soul cannot discern whether, when it hath them, it despiseth them, they may be cast aside, that so it may prove itself. But to be without praise, and therein essay our powers, must we live ill, yea so abandonedly and atrociously, that no one should know without detesting us? What greater madness can be said or thought of? But if praise useth and ought to accompany a good life and good works, we ought as little to forego its company, as good life itself. Yet I know not whether I can well or ill be without anything, unless it be absent.

What then do I confess unto Thee in this kind of temptation, O Lord? What, but that I am delighted with praise, but with truth itself, more than with praise? For were it proposed to me, whether I would, being frenzied in error on all things, be praised by all men, or being consistent and most settled in the truth be blamed by all, I see which I should choose. Yet fain would I that the approbation of another should not even increase my joy for any good in me. Yet I own, it doth increase it, and not so only, but dispraise doth diminish it. And when I am troubled at this my misery, an excuse occurs to me, which of what value it is, Thou God knowest, for it leaves me uncertain. For since Thou hast commanded us not continency alone, that is, from what things to refrain our love, but righteousness also, that is, whereon to bestow it, and hast willed us to love not Thee only, but our neighbour also; often, when pleased with intelligent praise, I seem to myself to be pleased with the proficiency or towardliness of my neighbour, or to be grieved for evil in him, when I hear him dispraise either what he understands not, or is good. For sometimes I am grieved at my own praise, either when those things be praised in

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

me, in which I mislike myself, or even lesser and slight goods are more esteemed than they ought. But again how know I whether I am therefore thus affected, because I would not have him who praiseth me differ from me about myself; not as being influenced by concern for him, but because those same good things which please me in myself, please me more when they please another also? For some how I am not praised when my judgment of myself is not praised; forasmuch as either those things are praised, which displease me; or those more, which please me less. Am I then doubtful of myself in this matter?

Behold, in Thee, O Truth, I see that I ought not to be moved at my own praises, for my own sake, but for the good of my neighbour. And whether it be so with me, I know not. For herein I know less of myself than of Thee. I beseech now, O my God, discover to me myself also, that I may confess unto my brethren, who are to pray for me, wherein I find myself maimed. Let me examine myself again more diligently. If in my praise I am moved with the good of my neighbour, why am I less moved if another be unjustly dispraised than if it be myself? Why am I more stung by reproach cast upon myself, than at that cast upon another, with the same injustice, before me? Know I not this also? or is it at last that I deceive myself, and do not the truth before Thee in my heart and tongue? This madness put far from me, O Lord, lest mine own mouth be to me the sinner's oil to make fat my head. I am poor and needy; yet best, while in hidden groanings I displease myself, and seek Thy mercy, until what is lacking in my defective state be renewed and perfected, on to that peace which the eye of the proud knoweth not....

Now then let Thy ministers work upon the earth,—not as upon the waters of infidelity, by preaching and speaking by miracles, and Sacraments, and mystic words; wherein ignorance, the mother of admiration, might be intent upon them, out of a reverence towards those secret signs. For such is the entrance unto the Faith for the sons of Adam forgetful of Thee, while they hide themselves from Thy face, and become a darksome deep. But—let Thy ministers work now as on the dry land, separated from the whirlpools of the great deep: and let them be a pattern unto the Faithful, by living before them, and stirring them up to imitation. For thus do men hear, so as not to hear only, but to do also. Seek the Lord, and your soul shall live, that the earth may bring forth the living soul. Be not conformed to the world. Contain yourselves from it: the soul lives by avoiding what it dies by affecting. Contain yourselves from the ungoverned wildness of pride, the sluggish voluptuousness of luxury, and the false name of knowledge: that so the wild beasts may be tamed, the cattle broken to the yoke, the serpents, harmless. For these be the motions of our mind under an allegory; that is to say, the haughtiness of pride, the delight of lust, and the poison of curiosity, are the motions of a dead soul; for the soul dies not so as to lose all motion; because it dies by forsaking the fountain of life, and so is taken up by this transitory world, and is conformed unto it.

But Thy word, O God, is the fountain of life eternal; and passeth not away: wherefore this departure of the soul is restrained by Thy word, when it is said unto us, Be not conformed unto this world; that so the earth may in the fountain of life bring forth a living soul; that is, a soul made continent in Thy Word, by Thy Evangelists, by following the followers of Thy Christ. For this is after his kind; because a man is wont to imitate his friend. Be ye (saith he) as I am, for I also am as you are. Thus in this living soul shall there be good beasts, in meekness of action (for Thou hast commanded, Go on with thy business in meekness, so shalt thou be

beloved by all men); and good cattle, which neither if they eat, shall they over-abound, nor, if they eat not, have any lack; and good serpents, not dangerous, to do hurt, but wise to take heed; and only making so much search into this temporal nature, as may suffice that eternity be clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. For these creatures are obedient unto reason, when being restrained from deadly prevailing upon us, they live, and are good.

For behold, O Lord, our God, our Creator, when our affections have been restrained from the love of the world, by which we died through evil-living; and begun to be a living soul, through good living; and Thy word which Thou spokest by Thy apostle, is made good in us, Be not conformed to this world: there follows that also, which Thou presently subjoinedst, saying, But be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; not now after your kind, as though following your neighbour who went before you, nor as living after the example of some better man (for Thou saidst not, "Let man be made after his kind," but, Let us make man after our own image and similitude), that we might prove what Thy will is. For to this purpose said that dispenser of Thine (who begat children by the Gospel), that he might not for ever have them babes, whom he must be fain to feed with milk, and cherish as a nurse; be ye transformed (saith he) by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Wherefore Thou sayest not, "Let man be made," but Let us make man. Nor saidst Thou, "according to his kind"; but, after our image and likeness. For man being renewed in his mind, and beholding and understanding Thy truth, needs not man as his director, so as to follow after his kind; but by Thy direction proveth what is that good, that acceptable, and perfect will of Thine: yea, Thou teachest him, now made capable, to discern the Trinity of the Unity, and the Unity of the Trinity. Wherefore to that said in the plural, Let us make man, is yet subjoined in the singular, And God made man: and to that said in the plural, After our likeness, is subjoined in the singular, After the image of God. Thus is man renewed in the knowledge of God, after the image of Him that created him: and being made spiritual, he judgeth all things (all things which are to be judged), yet himself is judged of no man.

But that he judgeth all things, this answers to his having dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over all cattle and wild beasts, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. For this he doth by the understanding of his mind, whereby he perceiveth the things of the Spirit of God; whereas otherwise, man being placed in honour, had no understanding, and is compared unto the brute beasts, and is become like unto them. In Thy Church therefore, O our God, according to Thy grace which Thou hast bestowed upon it (for we are Thy workmanship created unto good works), not those only who are spiritually set over, but they also who spiritually are subject to those that are set over them,—for in this way didst Thou make man male and female, in Thy grace spiritual, where, according to the sex of body, there is neither male nor female, because neither Jew nor Grecian, neither bond nor free.—Spiritual persons (whether such as are set over, or such as obey); do judge spiritually; not of that spiritual knowledge which shines in the firmament (for they ought not to judge as to so supreme authority), nor may they judge of Thy Book itself, even though something there shineth not clearly; for we submit our understanding unto it, and hold for certain, that even what is closed to our sight, is yet rightly and truly spoken. For so man, though now spiritual and renewed in the knowledge of God after His image that created him, ought to be a doer of the law, not a judge. Neither doth he judge of that distinction of spiritual and carnal men, who are known unto Thine eyes, O our God, and have not as yet

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

discovered themselves unto us by works, that by their fruits we might know them: but Thou, Lord, dost even now know them, and hast divided and called them in secret, or ever the firmament was made. Nor doth he, though spiritual, judge the unquiet people of this world; for what hath he to do, to judge them that are without, knowing not which of them shall hereafter come into the sweetness of Thy grace; and which continue in the perpetual bitterness of ungodliness?

Man therefore, whom Thou hast made after Thine own image, received not dominion over the lights of heaven, nor over that hidden heaven itself, nor over the day and the night, which Thou calledst before the foundation of the heaven, nor over the gathering together of the waters, which is the sea; but He received dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and over all cattle, and over all the earth, and over all creeping things which creep upon the earth. For He judgeth and approveth what He findeth right, and He disalloweth what He findeth amiss, whether in the celebration of those Sacraments by which such are initiated, as Thy mercy searches out in many waters: or in that, in which that Fish is set forth, which, taken out of the deep, the devout earth feedeth upon: or in the expressions and signs of words, subject to the authority of Thy Book,—such signs, as proceed out of the mouth, and sound forth, flying as it were under the firmament, by interpreting, expounding, discoursing disputing, consecrating, or praying unto Thee, so that the people may answer, Amen. The vocal pronouncing of all which words, is occasioned by the deep of this world, and the blindness of the flesh, which cannot see thoughts; So that there is need to speak aloud into the ears; so that, although flying fowls be multiplied upon the earth, yet they derive their beginning from the waters. The spiritual man judgeth also by allowing of what is right, and disallowing what he finds amiss, in the works and lives of the faithful; their alms, as it were the earth bringing forth fruit, and of the living soul, living by the taming of the affections, in chastity, in fasting, in holy meditations; and of those things, which are perceived by the senses of the body. Upon all these is he now said to judge, wherein he hath also power of correction.

But what is this, and what kind of mystery? Behold, Thou blessest mankind, O Lord, that they may increase and multiply, and replenish the earth; dost Thou not thereby give us a hint to understand something? why didst Thou not as well bless the light, which Thou calledst day; nor the firmament of heaven, nor the lights, nor the stars, nor the earth, nor the sea? I might say that Thou, O God, who created created us after Thine Image, I might say, that it had been Thy good pleasure to bestow this blessing peculiarly upon man; hadst Thou not in like manner blessed the fishes and the whales, that they should increase and multiply, and replenish the waters of the sea, and that the fowls should be multiplied upon the earth. I might say likewise, that this blessing pertained properly unto such creatures, as are bred of their own kind, had I found it given to the fruit-trees, and plants, and beasts of the earth. But now neither unto the herbs, nor the trees, nor the beasts, nor serpents is it said, Increase and multiply; notwithstanding all these as well as the fishes, fowls, or men, do by generation increase and continue their kind.

We therefore see these things which Thou madest, because they are: but they are, because Thou seest them. And we see without, that they are, and within, that they are good, but Thou sawest them there, when made, where Thou sawest them, yet to be made. And we were at a later time moved to do well, after our hearts had conceived of Thy Spirit; but in the former time we were

moved to do evil, forsaking Thee; but Thou, the One, the Good God, didst never cease doing good. And we also have some good works, of Thy gift, but not eternal; after them we trust to rest in Thy great hallowing. But Thou, being the Good which needeth no good, art ever at rest, because Thy rest is Thou Thyself. And what man can teach man to understand this? or what Angel, an Angel? or what Angel, a man? Let it be asked of Thee, sought in Thee, knocked for at Thee; so, so shall it be received, so shall it be found, so shall it be opened. Amen.

Now, it's your turn! ☺

In class: Discussion on *Confessions*. Six Word Memoir. Introduction of Character Analysis for next novel.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Six Word Memoir:

In 2006, *SMITH* online magazine had a contest, write your autobiography in just six words. The contest was a success, TED talks and other media took the idea and adapted it to their own versions.

Here are some collected from various notables:

Ernest Hemingway: *For sale: baby shoes, never worn.*

Mario Batali: *Brought it to a boil, often.*

Eli Manning: *Little brother, big game, last laugh.*

Alexander Tsai: *Not a good Christian, but trying.*

Tips on writing your memoir:

1. It's a memoir, the story should be specific to your life.
2. Limitations force you to be *specific*, write a great memoir because of the 6 word parameter, not in spite of it.
3. Make ~~visions~~ revisions.
4. Put the six best words in the best order.
5. Write carelessly, edit carefully. Just start scribbling and see what catches your eye. First instincts, generally are the best.

Your turn: Write five memoirs. Consult with your family/friends and your inner editor to pick the best. Create an illustration that best represents your memoir. If you are hesitant to draw, you may create a collage of images taken from media to represent your memoir. Please create your memoir using the paper provided. Print out your memoir in any font you choose (no font larger than 40) and cut it and paste it to the front of your picture. Attach the four you did not choose to the back of your picture. (glue or tape)

Extra Credit: Write a six word memoir for St. Augustine, include this in your four that will be on the back of your drawing.

Name: _____ Date _____ Class _____

Six-Word Memoir – Grading Rubric

The slide...	Possible	Received
...includes a six-word memoir with vivid, powerful, and specific word choice.	25	
...includes an illustration/collagea that compliments the memoir without distracting from the text.	25	
...Includes four additional memoirs on the back of the piece.	25	
...follows directions for posting as given in the assignment	15	
...no misspellings, punctuated correctly	10	
...Extra Credit St. Augustine memoir	10	
TOTAL	100	

Comments:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Over the next two weeks, you will be completing the reading of Goldsmith's novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. You will complete a character analysis on any you choose upon completion of the novel. You have two weeks to complete the following worksheets that will help you in creating your analysis.

You will be using these worksheets to complete an interpretive analysis the following week that will help you tackle your character analysis. Many times college professors will give you steps to complete and a deadline. You will have three weeks to complete your character analysis...choose your best method for using your time wisely.

Pre-read the biography provided on Oliver Goldsmith. Enjoy the reading.

Reading/Writing Assignment:

Read half the novel, and work on completing your first two worksheets.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Add 10 words to your Awareness chart from your reading of Goldsmith's novel.

Name: _____ Date: _____

Characterization Notes

S –What the character says
A –The character’s appearance (and environment)
T –The character’s thoughts
D –What the character does (inward and outward behavior)
O –What others say about the character

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Character SATDO/Interpretation Chart *The Vicar of Wakefield*

Name _____ Date _____

Character Name _____

<p>SATDO Evidence <u>S</u> –What the character says <u>A</u> –The character’s appearance (and environment) <u>T</u> –The character’s thoughts <u>D</u> –What the character does (inward and outward behavior) <u>O</u> – What others say about the character</p> <p>RECORD textual evidence (quotation from the novel) and RECORD the page number(s) where you found the quote.</p>	#1	#2
<p>Interpretation Interpret the textual evidence. What does the quotation show you about the character?</p>	#1	#2
<p>Rationale Explain your rationale – your reason for choosing your textual evidence. Explain why your interpretation is significant to your understanding of the character or the larger theme of the play.</p>	#1	#2

Week 8: Oliver Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith (1730-1774), Anglo-Irish man of letters, poet and playwright wrote, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766). Goldsmith stood alone and did not subscribe to nor start any school. He died at forty-six a philosopher at heart, a kind old soul and friend to many including Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Goldsmith was the son of farmer and Irish clergyman to Kilkenny west, Charles Goldsmith, born 10 November 1730. There is some contradictory information regarding his birthplace but the location noted in his epitaph is Pallas, or Pallasmore, a village near Ballymahon, in county Longford, Ireland. He had five siblings who survived to adulthood.

His education started early at home with a relative, then at age seven he was sent to the village school run by an ex-soldier, Thomas Byrne. Early on he expressed an interest in Celtic music and culture. Young Oliver was shy and reticent, and due to his small and awkward stature and facial scarring from smallpox he without a doubt suffered the consequences from the school bullies. Much to the seeming delight of his headmasters he was at times treated mercilessly for the dunce they told him he was, corporeally used as an example for the other boys on how not to behave. However it is said that even under such harsh circumstances Goldsmith was already writing with such poetics and charm that would later give *The Vicar of Wakefield* high accolades. He read Ovid, Horace, Livy and Tacitus. In 1774 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, a sizar, paying nothing towards his tuition or food but in return performing menial tasks. His intemperance and tendency to dress in bright colours, play music and gamble got him into trouble numerous times and he would graduate undistinguished; his name that he etched onto a windowpane is still preserved.

Goldsmith went on to attempt numerous professions including law and medicine at Edinburgh and Leiden universities, and was turned down for ordination. In 1756 he embarked on travels

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through France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland; if his fiction, especially *The Traveller* (1764) is to give any indication of his own life's experiences, it's possible he amused the locals with his flute playing in return for food and lodging and continued his dubious adventures among beggars and thieves. He also took short-term positions before turning to a career in writing while living, among other places, in a tiny room at the top of the 'Break-neck Steps' in London.

No one knows when or why Goldsmith wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Certainly it was composed before 1762 when the manuscript saved him from the bailiffs. Samuel Johnson found him about to be arrested by his landlady for debt. Naturally he asked him if he had any marketable manuscript and Goldsmith dug out *The Vicar of Wakefield*. After a hasty glance, Johnson went off to Newbery, the bookseller, and sold it for sixty guineas. It remained unpublished for four years; Newbery was so doubtful about its worth that he hedged on it by selling a share to a Salisbury bookseller. Out at last in 1766 the critics handled it warily; the public bought it hesitantly. Dr. Johnson impatiently called it "a mere fanciful performance." The mood of the seventeen sixties did not suit it; gradually, however, its popularity spread. During the Victorian age it was translated into a dozen languages and its characters became a part of the English literary folklore. And yet by any standards it is a slipshod piece of work. Improbability is heaped on improbability until the mechanics of the plot become quite outrageous. The characters, too, will scarcely bear analysis. The good are very, very good and most of the wicked damnable: only the rogue, Jenkinson, is allowed to be betwixt and between—otherwise the heart is overwhelmingly in the right or the wrong place. And the dialogue, considering that Goldsmith possessed a good ear for music and wrote excellent plays, is remarkable for its artificiality. Yet millions of people have loved it, and tens of thousands still read it every year with immense pleasure, alien as it is to current literary interests or techniques. Why?

Primarily because it radiates goodness, and goodness most writers have found almost impossible to convey without being either sententious or tedious or both. Dr. Primrose, the hero, however, is a very good man. Of course, he is silly, gullible, too prone to charity, and a natural victim of all who are tyrannical and vicious. So he suffers, and how he suffers. The whole novel is an odyssey of undeserved disaster. Primrose is stripped of everything — home, daughters, son, reputation — only through trusting human beings. Yet he never loses hope, never, even in gaol, tires of life. His spirit proves unbreakable. He retains a relish for living in the worst of times. And that, of course, is the experience of humanity. Men and women do not break under public disaster or private grief: they endure, and maybe as they go on they find they still like living. And that is the moral of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, of Dr. Primrose. The buffets of a wanton Fate cannot destroy the human spirit. This is the theme of the novel and although it still appeals deeply to its readers, it probably appealed even more intensely to the rougher, more uncertain world of the nineteenth century, where feudal tyranny still flourished. Men at that time could still violate justice, suborn witnesses, browbeat the poor, and stamp on the humble. Men by the very nature of their status were at the mercy of their social superiors, and much that seems wildly improbable to us appeared not so singular to our grandfathers.

- Source: online-literature.com and ourcivilisation.com

In Class: Discuss the author and his motivations. How does this writing differ from *The Republic*, *Beowulf*, & *Confessions*? Discuss influences of faith/lack of it in the development of the characters. Break out into teams and complete the definitions for the worksheet on page 7 of your Vocabulary folder.

Reading Assignment:

Complete the reading of Goldsmith's only novel.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Writing Assignment:

In your Vocabulary folder (pg 7), complete the composition assignment. You will be required to 'elevate' your writing based on strong vocabulary. Create a 'believable' story using 10 of the words on this worksheet. You may choose to write on the characters from Goldsmith's novel, create your own scene based on the musings of Goldsmith, or an original piece. The key is to use the vocabulary appropriately and effectively.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Add 10 words to your Vocabulary Awareness Chart from Goldsmith's novel.

Week 9: Goldsmith's Novel

INTERPRETIVE STATEMENTS

Name _____ Date _____

-An interpretive statement is literary analysis. You are analyzing the impact of the author's choices regarding how the characters are introduced and developed. You are drawing evidence from literary texts to support your analysis of that text.

-To create an interpretive statement, refer to your SATDO/Interpretation Chart. Choose an entry. You will combine the textual evidence (the quotation) and the interpretation of that textual evidence into one or more sentences. Be sure to correctly embed the quotation (remember, it should flow smoothly) and cite the quotation. Proofread, edit and revise your statement for clarity and correctness – It's a short piece of writing, but it needs to be carefully written and thoughtfully revised.

Interpretive Statement RUBRIC

Required Elements	2 Points	1 point	0 Points	Total Points Possible: 8
Textual Evidence (Quotation)	Quotation Correctly Embedded	Quotation Incorrectly Embedded	No Quotation	
Citation for the Textual Evidence	Correctly Formatted	Incorrectly Formatted Citation	No Citation	
Interpretation of Evidence	Significant Interpretation	Obvious Interpretation	No Interpretation	
Conventions	Correct Conventions	Some Problems with Conventions	Many Problems with Conventions	
				Your Total Points:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Sample Interpretive Statement #1 (Complete in class)

Character Name _____

SATDO Evidence (Textual Evidence and Page #)	Interpretation (What the evidence shows you)	Rationale (Why you chose it/Why it matters)

Sample Interpretive Statement based on the above entry:

Sample Interpretive Statement #2 (Complete in class)

Character Name _____

SATDO Evidence (Textual Evidence and Page #)	Interpretation (What the evidence shows you)	Rationale (Why you chose it/Why it matters)

Sample Interpretive Statement based on the above entry:

Now write an interpretive statement with your partner:

Character Name _____

SATDO Evidence (Textual Evidence and Page #)	Interpretation (What the evidence shows you)	Rationale (Why you chose it/Why it matters)

Interpretive Statement based on the above entry:

Now write another interpretive statement with your partner:

Character Name _____

SATDO Evidence (Textual Evidence and Page #)	Interpretation (What the evidence shows you)	Rationale (Why you chose it/Why it matters)

Interpretive Statement based on the above entry:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

The Vicar of Wakefield – Character Analysis

ROUGH DRAFT Due Date: _____

FINAL DRAFT Due Date: _____

-You will now use your collected SATDO/Interpretation Charts and Interpretive Statement Handouts to begin writing a Character Analysis. You will analyze the impact of the author's choices regarding how the characters are introduced and developed. You will use evidence from the story to support your analysis of the text.

-In order to write the analysis, you will combine textual evidence, interpretation of that evidence, AND you will add the SO WHAT. The SO WHAT in literary analysis usually involves THEME. You must analyze how a specific character helps Oliver Goldsmith convey a specific THEME in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

As we read the story, we identified and discussed multiple themes. Brainstorm THEMES for *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

-Review your SATDO/Interpretation Charts and Interpretive Statements *in light of the themes* we have just brainstormed. You need to draw connections and tie things together into a CLAIM about characterization and theme.

Your Character Analysis should include the following:

*Introduction (1-3 sentences)

Include a precise claim that states how the development of a specific character in *The Vicar of Wakefield* helps to convey a specific theme. Be sure to introduce Oliver Goldsmith's name and the title of the novel in your introduction. Be sure to name a specific character and a specific theme in your claim. Your claim answers the SO WHAT question.

*Body of Analysis (2-4 sentences for EACH point of evidence)

Develop your claim by supplying the most relevant evidence. You should include at least three points of evidence (three actual quotations) and interpretation of that evidence. You should state how each piece of specific evidence helps to convey theme (this is the SO WHAT part of the analysis). You must embed all quotations and use correct MLA citations. You may refer to your SATDO/Interpretation Charts, your Interpretative Statements Handouts and the actual text of the novel.

*Transitions

Use words, phrases, and clauses as well as varied syntax to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships between your claim and your evidence.

*Conventions

Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to standard norms and conventions. This means you must proofread, edit and revise for standard conventions (mechanics, usage and grammar). Check for correct spelling, check for complete sentences, check for correct punctuation, check for correct quotation integration, check for correct MLA citations of evidence, and check for clarity and meaning.

*Conclusion (1-2 sentences)

Include a concluding statement that follows from and supports the argument presented.

*Additional Requirements

Your Character Analysis must follow correct MLA formatting and be double spaced and typed.

Writing Assignment:

Complete your literary analysis rough draft. This will be one complete paragraph; a literary analysis should be in depth and thorough. Pay special attention to correctly integrating quotes (Resource folder pp. 18-20), and proper use of parenthetical cites. Double check your checklists, peer reviews will be completed next week.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Make sure to include strong vocabulary (if you use the Word Bank make sure to highlight them!)

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

RUBRIC FOR CHARACTER ANALYSIS

Name _____ Date _____ TOTAL POINTS _____

	3 Points	2 Points	1 Points	Your Points
<u>Introduction</u> Author's name and title of the work	Included	One is included	Incomplete	
<u>Claim</u> Answers the SO WHAT – Is arguable – Names specific character and specific theme	Excellent Claim	Sufficient Claim	Weak Claim	
<u>Point #1 - Evidence</u> Significant content and development	Significant content and development	Sufficient content and development	Weak content and development	
<u>Point #1 –Evidence</u> Quotation is smoothly embedded into text	Quotation is artfully embedded	Quotation is embedded	Quotation is not embedded	
<u>Point #1- Evidence</u> Quotation is correctly cited (using MLA)	Citation is correct	Citation is attempted	Citation is not attempted	
<u>Point #2 - Evidence</u> Significant content and development	Significant content and development	Sufficient content and development	Weak content and development	
<u>Point #2 –Evidence</u> Quotation is smoothly embedded into text	Quotation is artfully embedded	Quotation is embedded	Quotation is not embedded	
<u>Point #2- Evidence</u> Quotation is correctly cited (using MLA)	Citation is correct	Citation is attempted	Citation is not attempted	
<u>Transitions</u>	Smooth Transitions	Transitions	No transitions	
<u>Conventions</u> Standard mechanics, usage and grammar	Correct Conventions	Mostly correct conventions	Problems with conventions	
<u>Conclusion</u> Concluding statement				

RUBRIC	CHARACTER ANALYSIS CRITERIA				POINTS
	4	3	2	1	Peer / Teacher
Introduction	The introduction is inviting, states the main topic, thesis, and previews the structure of the paper.	The introduction clearly states the main topic, thesis, and preview the structure but is not particularly inviting to the reader.	The introduction states the main topic and thesis but does not adequately preview the structure of the paper nor is it particularly inviting.	There is no clear introduction of the main topic, thesis, or structure of the paper.	<input type="radio"/>
Identification of Character Traits	Three character traits are well supported with accurate information from the sources.	Two character traits are well supported with accurate information from the sources.	Only one character trait is adequately supported with information from the sources.	No character traits are adequately supported with accurate information from sources.	<input type="radio"/>
Support for topic / Content	Relevant, telling, quality details give the reader important information that goes beyond the obvious or predictable.	Supporting details and information are relevant, but one key issue is unsupported.	Supporting details and information are relevant, but several key issues are unsupported.	Supporting details and information are typically unclear or not related to the topic.	<input type="radio"/>
Sequencing / Organization	Details are placed in a logical order and the way they are presented effectively keeps the interest of the reader.	Details are placed in a logical order, but the way in which they are presented makes the writing less interesting.	Some details are not in a logical or expected order, and this distracts the reader.	Many details are not in a logical or expected order. There is little sense that the writing is organized.	<input type="radio"/>
Word Choice	Vivid words and phrases are used that linger or draw pictures in the reader's mind. Placement of words seems accurate, natural and not forced.	Vivid words and phrases are used that linger or draw pictures in the reader's mind but occasionally the words miss used or seem overdone.	Words that communicate clearly are used but the writing lacks variety, punch or flair.	The vocabulary does not communicate strongly or capture the reader's interest. Jargon or clichés may be present.	<input type="radio"/>
Mechanics and Grammar	Paragraph has no errors in punctuation, capitalization, and spelling.	Paragraph has one or two punctuation, capitalization, and spelling errors.	Paragraph has three to five punctuation, capitalization, and spelling errors.	Paragraph has six or more punctuation, capitalization, and spelling errors.	<input type="radio"/>
Total Points:					<input type="radio"/>

Teacher Comments:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 10 : Peer Reviews Literary Analysis

Choose a partner to complete the Peer Review. You will be reading through their rough draft and grading them using the grading sheet on page 87. Take the time to review each element closely. Your partner will be using your suggestions/review to edit for their final paper.

If you see any misspellings CIRCLE them.

Note any grammar/punctuation errors by UNDERLINING them.

Put a star next to words that you believe could be elevated.

After you have reviewed the rough draft, come up with three strengths and three weaknesses to help them in their edits.

If you are unsure of syntax/sentence structures, please ask me to review it with you. Another student may be struggling with the same concept.

Reading & Writing Assignment:

No reading! ☺ Focus on editing your final draft of your Literary Character Analysis. Try to incorporate suggestions made in your peer review.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Incorporate strong vocabulary from your Word Bank into your analysis. (minimum of five)

Week 11: Annotating *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

America in the 1850s

At the time that Stowe was writing her novel in 1851 and 1852, the economic, political, and cultural differences between Northern and Southern states had reached a crisis point. The issue in Congress in 1820 (Missouri Compromise) and now again in 1850 (upon gaining new territory in the Mexican War) was whether to admit new western states as slave or free states, thus determining the balance of power between the two rival sections of the nation. Congress attempted a compromise in 1850 that included items intended to appease both North and South, the most controversial of which was a strengthened Fugitive Slave Act. Having been allowed to ignore what seemed a "foreign" problem before 1850, Northerners now felt that the Fugitive Slave Act brought slavery to their very door in that it allowed slave catchers to retrieve escaped slaves from Northern states. Stowe's novel was a direct response to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, giving her a voice in what was otherwise a political debate reserved mainly for men. When *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published in book form in 1852, it joined an already heated public argument about slavery, morality, and national ideals

Even though slavery as an institution was never abolished within Stowe's novel, readers can see glimpses of Stowe's beliefs about emancipation from those characters in the novel who **do** achieve freedom: Shelby's slaves, George Harris and his family, and Topsy. The stories of these freed characters raise an interesting and difficult question: even though Stowe wrote a passionate antislavery novel, to what extent could she actually imagine emancipation?

Slavery wasn't abolished until the ratification of the 13th Amendment in 1865, and neither Stowe nor her readers knew that

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

the Civil War was coming or that slavery would soon end. To them, slavery was still a fact of American life, and they did not know when emancipation would happen or what results it would bring.

Stowe's primary project was to write a novel that protested the evils of American slavery. Many of Stowe's readers have pointed out, however, that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is also about women in America and about the role of Christianity in American life.

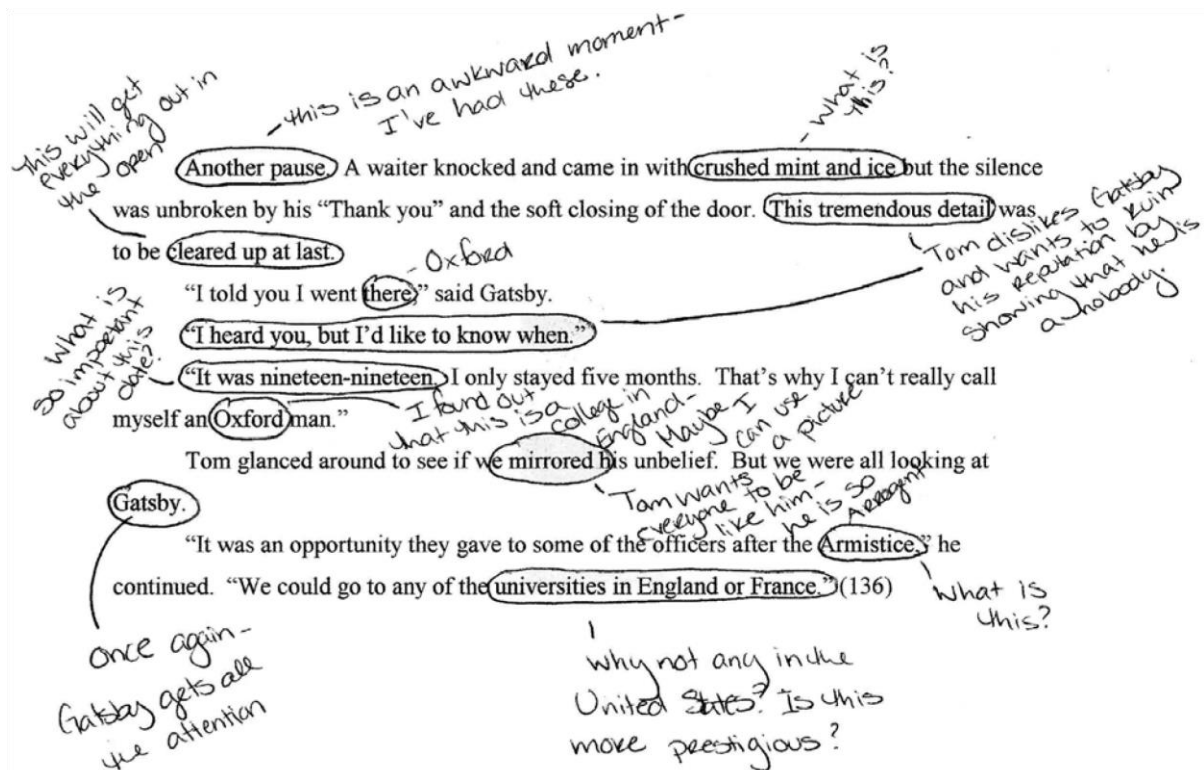
*<http://utc.iath.virginia.edu/>

As you read through the first half of the novel, you will be annotating your text. Follow the directions below:

Checklist for annotating the novel:

1. Mark the text by
 - Circling words to be defined
 - Underlining key words and phrases
 - Bracketing important sentences and passages
 - Using lines and arrows to connect ideas or words
 - Using question marks to note any confusion or disagreement
2. Write comments in the margin
 - numbering paragraphs for future reference
 - Stating the main idea of a particular paragraph
 - Defining unfamiliar words or references
 - Noting responses and questions
 - Identifying interesting writing strategies and literary devices

See the example on the following page....



On pp. 21-32 in your Resource folder you will find a list with definitions/examples of Literary Devices. Review these and find five devices that Harriet Beecher Stowe uses in the first half of the novel. Below are actual letters to the editor that appeared after Stowe's novel was printed over a series of months in the *National Era*.

. To the Editor of the *National Era*:

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" increases in interest and pathos with each successive number. None of thy numerous contributors, rich and varied as they have been, have so deeply interested thy female readers of this vicinity as this story of Mrs. Stowe has thus far done, and promises to do.

The noble character of Mrs. Shelby, her just and comprehensive views of slavery, and its necessary consequences; the case of Eliza and her boy, with its touching incidents—indeed, the whole history of slavery as it is universally known, and most strikingly developed in this

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story, is peculiarly calculated to enlist the moral and religious sympathies, and call to action the latent energies of the female heart.

And wishing to extend the salutary influence which I think these numbers and the general matter of the *Era* will inculcate, I enclose a small "*voluntary*," covering three months' subscription to the names annexed.

I know nothing of the "*politics*" of the ladies, or of their sharing sentiments upon slavery; but I know or learn they have a *woman's heart*, highly cultivated, and alive to every appeal of human want or woe, and exert an influence corresponding to the commanding position they occupy in society.

New York, July 1, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" improves as it progresses—it increases in interest as the story is unfolded. Long life and prosperity to its author, say I. There is one scene in the last chapter which it seems to me would make a good subject for a painting. It is that where Uncle Tom is discovered seated in his loft over the stable, "containing a bed, a chair, and a small, rough stand, where lay Tom's Bible and hymn-book," intently engaged over the slate, with Eva peeping over his shoulder, "each one equally earnest, and about equally ignorant," yet both engaged in the mysteries of pot-hooks and hangers, trying to write a letter to Chloe and "the chil'en"—the golden-haired, sinless child, and the dark-browed single-minded Tom. If such a painting were executed in the style in which the grammatical Foy used to do his horseshoeing, "agreeable to nature, and according to art," it would doubtless receive the commendation of the public. Besides the painting, the scene might be engraved as a suitable embellishment to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it shall be published in book form. What think you of the suggestion? Would it not be well to whisper to some of our artists, who sometimes lack subjects for their pencils, to try their hands on it? Come, gentlemen artists, don't all speak at once. G.

Washington, October 24, 1851.

FULTON, OSWEGO CO., N.Y. December 15, 1851.

Weekly, as the *Era* arrives, our family, consisting of twelve individuals, is called together to listen to the reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This, probably is all the comment necessary on the acceptability of Mrs. Stowe as a writer. The other matter contained in your paper is also very acceptable. It is really refreshing, after the labors of the week, (which you know must be arduous, if you have been an instructor in a seminary of 200 to 250 students,) to sit down Friday evening to peruse your excellent paper.

Twelve readers to one papers. Some families are smaller. In some cases there may be but one reader. On an average, there are probably five readers to one copy; which would give us a weekly audience of near ninety thousand souls.—Ed. Era.

To the Editor of the National Era:

. . . Everybody seems to be talking, writing, or reading, about Mrs. Stowe's admirable table, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. It was a happy thought of yours to suggest to this talented writer the utility of writing for your paper. And when did it ever occur before, that two volumes, made up from the columns of a weekly paper, had such a rapid sale? I am reminded of a singular passage that I lately read in the Liberator, relating to the Era, that deserves notice just here. Alluding to some remark of Mr. Lewis Tappan respecting the establishment and success of the paper, Mr. Garrison said:

"Now, this hearty approval of the Era shows the milk-and-water quality of his abolitionism; for that journal is so politic, adroit, and careful not to give offence, in its management of the Abolition question, that it has no more claim to be considered anti-slavery than scores of other journals which make no special pretensions on that score. That the Era has seventeen thousand subscribers is demonstrative evidence that it is not a radical sheet. If it were, in spite of its undeniable ability, its subscription list would be a very lean one; if it were, it could not be published three weeks consecutively in the city of Washington."

Had it not been for the Era, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN might never have been written or published. Does the fact that, in so short a time, twenty thousand copies of this admirable work have been sold, and that orders for it are coming from the slave States, evince that "it is not a radical" work? Does the fact that the eloquent Wendell Phillips draws large audiences demonstrate that he is not a "radical" speaker? According to the logic of the Liberator, a lean subscription list is proof that an anti-slavery paper is a radical sheet, and a large subscription list is proof that it is a milk-and-water concern: Ergo, a slow sale of anti-slavery work shows that it is a radical work, while a rapid sale evinces that it is a milk-and-water affair! I am pleased at the fact that the Era has three hundred exchanges in the slave States. That number of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then, has been circulated throughout the slave States the past year! Has any other anti-slavery paper accomplished more during the same period? This felicitous story is destined, I doubt not, to be circulated throughout the whole Union, and to achieve a mighty harvest of good. The editor of the Christian Inquirer says: "Having lived seven years in the midst of slavery, we can testify to the perfect and full accuracy of these pictures of the American institution. It is the book of the times, and we trust that it will be everywhere read and circulated."

Yours, truly, MANHATTAN.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

HYPOCRISY.

"Many honest and intelligent men here are rising up in defence of the pining bondsman; they are willing to brave the storm of opposition, so that they may be able to live in obedience to the Divine command, which says, 'Plead the cause of the poor and needy.'

"Such things are calculated to stimulate us to duty; I hope none of us will ever grow weary in well-doing."—Nat. Era.

But every case has two sides. Hear what one of the most enlightened Editors of our country says—he is neutral in politics and religion—

"Starvation and Fiction.

'The extraordinary demand which has prevailed for the Abolition work of Mrs. Stowe, has extended, we perceive, to England, where it is exciting some considerable amount of virtuous indignation. They are of course, in a condition there to feel as just abhorrence of the inhumanity of their cruel white brethren on this side of the Atlantic.

'The throngs there who linger in sickness and starvation, with no one to care for them, no hand to do a friendly office as the soul is being starved out of its wasted tenement—whose festering misery would make the change from its charnel house to a negro's cabin, a perfect paradise, they could feel for 'Uncle Tom,' and poor souls, do all they can for the cause. The 'cabin' of the black man, though a palace, compared with the kennels in which the white paupers herd and sicken and die.

'Indeed! How little do 'Uncle Tom's' sympathisers know or care about the suffering or the misery that exists among their own colored dupes in all our principal cities. Since the account of the English starvation reached us, we read in one of the papers of our city, this paragraph—

'Died of Starvation.—The Coroner on Saturday held an inquest on the body of Ann Maria Wilson, a colored woman, aged about 35 years, who lived in Baker street, below Seventh. The jury returned a verdict that she died 'for want of food.'

That is exactly to the point, and shows how little our hypocritical fanatics really know or care about the poor slave. What do they care, the notoreity seekers, the convention spouters, or fiction writers—how many slaves may be coaxed or stolen away from kind masters and comfortable homes, to be left in the putrid dens of Baker street, to die of neglect and starvation? Do they know or care how extensive a system of fraud may be practised by noisy fanatics against the fugitive?

Of all the varieties in human character, the most hateful in the sight of God and man, is the hypocrite.

MESSRS. EDITORS: . . .

One remark in this same letter of Dr. Bacon's surprised me: "That Christian men and women should deem Mrs. Stowe's inimitable story of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a mischievous book." I am at a loss to know on what they ground their objections. Is the story too exciting? Must they be spared the mere record of these things, and must others be fined and imprisoned because the actual reality overcomes their prudence? Or do they dispute the facts? Two cases, in two successive years, occurred near me, which in my own view, were more revolting than that of Uncle Tom. In the first a woman was the murderer; the second was Colonel H., now General I think. He figured in the Mexican war, and his picture has been hawked about the country. Southern interests may yet find in him the most reliable man for president. My own physician, Dr. C., was present soon after the girl, his victim, was dragged from the cellar, her body covered with gashes, and in that hot climate, the gashes all alive.

Mrs. Stowe is a perfect daguerrean artist. She seems to originate nothing. She just seizes upon the colors, and fixes them, giving us some perfectly life-like scenes. Nor do I deem, by any means, the delineations of slavery the only merit of the book. The living portraiture of Christianity given in Uncle Tom is invaluable. Readers of light literature will receive here some distinct impressions of what religion is. Some lives, I trust, will bear witness that Mrs. S. has done service to the cause of evangelical truth. Very respectfully,

A. MATTHEWS

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Annotate the first half of Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. On loose notebook paper, handwrite the five examples of literary devices she used in the first half with an example. We will share these in class.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Record 10 words in your Vocabulary Awareness Chart from Stowe's novel.

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Week 12: Creative Write

Your role this week will be that of a time traveler. Below you will find two responses (pro/con) from readers of Stowe's powerful account in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. You have been transported back in time to 1852. However, you bring with you the knowledge of being a citizen of the United States in 2014. Your job is to write a letter to the Editor of the *National Era* informing them of how the past 162 years has changed the landscape of human rights. You have the creative license to respond to either the pro or con or a response to both viewpoints at once. You may use today's jargon, but know your audience and what point you are trying to impress.

Your response should be between 500-700 words. Address it as you would a letter to the editor. The editor's name in September 1852 was Gamaliel Bailey, *National Era*, Washington, D.C.

Response from a detractor of Stowe's account in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, from Richmond, Virginia:

(First portion of his response deals with the laws that exist in the South to prevent injustices presented in Stowe's account in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)

We have already shown, by a reference to the laws regulating slavery in the Southern States, that many of the allegations of cruelty towards the slaves, brought forward by Mrs. Stowe, are absolutely and unqualifiedly false. As for the comfort of their daily lives and the almost parental care taken of them on well-regulated plantations, we may say that the picture of the Shelby estate, drawn by Mrs. Stowe herself, is no bad representation. The world may safely be challenged to produce a laboring class, whose regular toil is rewarded with more of the substantial comforts of life than the negroes of the South. The "property interest" at which the authoress sneers so frequently in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is quite sufficient to ensure for the negro a kindness and attention, which the day-laborer in New England might endeavor to win from his employer. But we surely need not elaborate a point which has been settled so well by Southern writers before us.

The lack of religious instruction for slaves is a charge against the South, in great favor with Northern fanatics, many of whom are deplorably in want of "religious instruction" themselves, and vastly beneath the pious slave in that love for their neighbour which is the keystone of the Christian arch. Yet never was there a charge more extravagant. We can tell these worthies that throughout the Southern States a portion of every house of worship is set apart for the accommodation of slaves; that upon very many plantations, may be seen rude but comfortable buildings, dedicated to God, where stated preaching of His Holy Word is ordained; that Sabbath schools for negroes are established in several Southern cities; and that in every Southern family, almost without an exception,

where morning and evening prayers are held, the domestics of the household are called together to unite in them. Instances of fervent and unaffected piety among the negroes, where they have not been tampered with by Abolitionists, are by no means rare. The entire absence of anxiety of mind, with the negro, arising from the perplexities of business and the lack of employment, and the practice, habitual to him from his birth, of resigning all care for the morrow to his master, are favorable to the reception of religious truth, and we believe that statistics would show a larger proportion of professing Christians among the negroes than among the whites. Writers like Mrs. Stowe, in treating of this subject, assume that there can be no acquaintance with gospel truth among a class who are not permitted to learn to read. But how many of the early Christians were ignorant and illiterate persons? The fishermen of Galilee were men without instruction when they first followed the fortunes of the lowly Nazarene. As for Mrs. Stowe, she is answered upon this point in her own pages. Uncle Tom was no scholar, and after many years of diligent application could at last read his bible with difficulty. Yet where shall we find a nobler and purer exemplification of the "beauty of holiness" than in him? It is, indeed, a triumphant vindication of the institution of slavery against Mrs. Stowe's assaults, that in a slaveholding community, a character so perfect as "Uncle Tom" could be produced. We have, it is true, intimated that "Uncle Tom" is somewhat overdrawn, not one dash of human frailty entering into his composition. Yet making due allowance for this, and relying solely upon his biblical lore, we may take "Uncle Tom," and deny, in the face of New England that there can be any serious lack of religious instruction in a society of which he was a member. Mrs. Stowe is, we believe, peculiarly favored in the way of spiritual advantages. Daughter of one clergyman, wife of another and sister to a third, she is redolent of the "odor of sanctity." Yet for ourselves we would not exchange Uncle Tom's unlettered, but trustful and unpretending piety for the erudite goodness of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who can read his [*in the beginning was the word*] in the original Greek, or the intellectual devotion of his worthy sister, who can "make a story-book," as the children say, "all out of her own head."

The sundering of family ties among the negroes is undoubtedly a dreadful thing as represented by Abolition pamphleteers. Nor have we any desire to close our eyes to the fact that occasionally there do occur instances of compulsory separation involving peculiar hardship. But we have shown that in the very State which Mrs. Stowe has chosen for her most painful incident of this character, there are statutory regulations mitigating very much the severity of this condition of affairs, and we may add that every where the salutary influence of an enlightened public opinion enforces the sale of near relatives in such manner as that they may be kept as much as possible together. We are of the opinion too that heart-rending separations are much less frequent under the institution of slavery than in countries where poverty rules the working classes with despotic sway. But admit the hardship to its full extent, and what does it prove? Evils are inseparable from all forms of society and this giant evil (if you will call it so) is more than counterbalanced by the advantages the negro enjoys. Ever since the day that St. Paul bid adieu to the little flock at Miletum, who followed him down to the ship, "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more"--there have been mournful partings and sobbing farewells. The English soldier ordered to the distant coast of India, with a high probability that he will die there of a fever, weeps above his wife and children before he marches off to the tap of the drum; and yet is no argument for the disbanding of the English army that family ties are rent by its stern and indiscriminating discipline.

There are some who will think that we have taken upon ourselves an unnecessary trouble in exposing the inconsistencies and false assertions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is urged by such persons that in devoting so much attention to Abolition attacks we give them an importance to which they are not entitled. This may be true in general. But let it be borne in mind that this slanderous work has found its way to every section of our country, and has crossed the water to Great Britain, filling the minds of all who know nothing of slavery with hatred for that institution and those who uphold it. Justice to ourselves would seem to demand that it should not be suffered to circulate longer without the brand of falsehood upon it. Let it be recollected, too, that the importance Mrs. Stowe will derive from Southern criticism will be one of infamy. Indeed she is only entitled to criticism at all, as the James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

mouthpiece of a large and dangerous faction which if we do not put down with the pen, we may be compelled one day (God grant that day may never come!) to repel with the bayonet...

Response by a supporter of Stowe's efforts, Boston, Massachusetts:

Boston Morning Post Review

Unsigned

Boston: 1852

SINCE Jane Eyre, no book has had so sudden and so great a success on this side of the Atlantic as Uncle Tom's Cabin. Everybody has read it, is reading, or is about to read it. And certainly it is one of the most remarkable literary productions of the time--an evident result of some of the highest attributes of the novel writer.

As all the world knows, Uncle Tom's Cabin purports to be a picture of slavery as it now exists in the Southern States. It is an attempt to present the accidental and inevitable evils of slavery side by side with the practical advantages of the system in its paternal care of a long depressed, if not actually inferior, race. It paints both slaveholder and slave, and none can doubt the intention of the author to deal justly with both, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice. The incidents are stated to be drawn from the personal experience of the writer or her most immediate friends, and we believe it is universally admitted that, as a mere story, the book is of intense interest.

But we would here remark that some portions are very highly colored. The main facts stated, also, may have occurred somewhere or other, and at distant intervals of times; but the aggregation of so many rare horrors into two small volumes, produces a picture which we are happy to believe does not do justice to practical slavery in our Southern States. In a word, the effect of Uncle Tom's Cabin, as a whole, is grossly to exaggerate the actual evils of negro slavery in this country. As a didactic work, therefore, it should be swallowed with a considerable dose of allowance.

But it is not as an instructive work, chiefly, that we now desire to regard it. As chroniclers of the literature of the day, we have much more to do with the conception and execution of books, as merely literary works, than with their sentiment or effect, although these latter may be all that make them practically important. Suffice it to say, then, that Uncle Tom's Cabin, even with our dose of allowance, is the finest picture yet painted of the abominable horrors of slavery, (bad enough at the best, and *inevitably*,) and that it is likely to do more for the cause of liberal abolitionism, than all that has been preached, said, and sung for a long time.

But throwing aside the design or effect of the book under notice, and looking at it as a literary work merely, it must be confessed that if the incidents be exaggerated in themselves, or if they be so unduly crowded as to create an erroneous impression--admitting all this, we say--it must be owned that the incidents are treated artistically and with a master hand. The whole is truth-seeming if not true, and the whole book reads naturally and probably. It has nothing forced or awkward in its conduct.

And yet the management of the tale is among its lesser interests. Both in dialogue and in character Mrs. Stowe has produced a fiction which can scarcely be excelled, in its peculiar line. To be sure, her negroes often pronounce a word properly, while a

few sentences later on the same people mangle it horribly. But such inaccuracies are of little consequence, and are soon lost in the tide of humor, pathos, and oddity that flows from the lips of the queer children of Africa. The dialogue, both of the whites and the blacks, is naturalness itself, having nothing either of books or of the theatre in its composition.

And in respect to character-painting, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may compare with any fiction of the day, English or American. It does not contain a figure that is not so vigorously sketched as to be fully individualized, and well able to stand alone. Every slave differs from his fellows in some essential features, and runs no risk of being mistaken for a sooty brother. Mrs. Shelby's "Sam," for instance, though visible in but a single scene, is as well drawn as if he were the sole hero of the fiction. Chloe the cook is not Dinah the cook, and neither of the young quadroon slaves of St. Clare could be mistaken for the quadroon George or his wife Eliza. The Quakers also, who appear but once, are very nicely sketched, and Mrs. Shelby, who is scarcely seen but in a few chapters, at the beginning, is as perfect a portrait of the intelligent and right-hearted lady as we have lately seen. Topsy is a gem. Indeed, whether as regards black or white, everybody is hit off properly, and is nobody else but himself.

But coming to the principal characters, we must say that Uncle Tom himself, St. Clare, Marie, Eva and Miss Ophelia are given with a truth to nature that fairly astonished us, in our utter ignorance that a female author lived who was capable of such painting. Eva, indeed, is not to be criticized. She stands with Little Nell and Little Paul--unnatural, it may be said, as a child of man, but a creation of exquisite beauty, tenderness, intelligence, and affection--an embodiment, in baby form, of all that is highest, holiest, and best in human nature.

We hope the book in hand will be noticed by our leading reviews. As an American novel, merely, it deserves an elaborate critique, and we feel that our limited space does not do it justice.

We should like to sustain our praise by several extracts, but are obliged to refer our readers to the glowing pages themselves.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, as much as any novel we know of, is stamped on every page with genius. The author cannot touch a single incident without showing that she bears the sacred fire. How strong and wide may be the blaze we know not, but taking the present novel as the first effort in this line of writing, it is a wonderful composition, emanating from true genius, and produced with a nice tact, and ingenuity, and a thorough knowledge of human nature, etc. The scene at Senator Bird's, the flight across the Ohio, the interview of George with the manufacturer, at the road-side inn, the night scene in the steamer--nay, many other passages--are not prominent portions of the work, but they are given in a masterly manner. Not one word in the book suggests mediocrity, whether the pictures of slavery please or displease. And the death of Eva! We have said that some chapters are beyond criticism--the reader will find them so. And with all the pathos and intensity of most of the story, there is no jot of dullness--no harping on one string. A vein of humor and drollery meanders through it, and one is often laughing with wet eyes.

But brilliant as is "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" as a literary work, it is yet more creditable to the author in another point of view. It proves that unlike most women, and very many men, Mrs. Stowe has the high ability of looking on both sides of one question. With feelings and principles equally opposed to slavery, for its unavoidable evils as well

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

as its accidental abuses, she is yet able to paint the slaveholder as he lives and moves, with no touch of bigotry or fanaticism. No southerner need be ashamed of the noble, kind and generous St. Clare, or the angel-child, his daughter.

More than this, Mrs. Stowe has fairly presented the various arguments in favor of slavery, and the various feelings which exist in the mind of the south, in reference to this terrible evil. And indeed, were it not for the incidental remarks in the book, one would be rather puzzled to say, from the dialogue alone, what were Mrs. Stowe's real sentiments. Both sides are presented with heart, soul and strength.

The entire fiction is filled with instances of this peculiar power of the author to look on both sides of a question at once, and this (so called) masculine quality of mind is sustained by an exceeding ease in the management of details and the handling of masculine facts of all sorts. One wonders, indeed, where a lady could pick up so much stuff, and how she could acquire such free and easy manners in disposing of it. Everything is fish that comes to her net, and she is equally at home with saint or sinner, black or white, high or low. She never suffers any mock-modesty, reverence or respect for any world-prejudice whatever to stand in the way of truth of portraiture or naturalness of dialogue.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, we believe, was first published in chapters, in the *National Era*. It there became known to a sufficient number of readers to give it a large circulation, when it appeared in book-form.

Gamaliel's introduction of the publishing of the complete novel after it appeared in the *National Era* as a serial.

Literary Notices

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; or, Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Jewett, Proctor, & Worthington. 1852. For sale at the office of the *National Era*.

We have not here the space in which to say all we think and feel regarding this wonderful work. It was a noble effort—it is a splendid success. The God of Freedom inspired the thought—the spirit of his love and wisdom guided the pen of the writer, so her words shall sink into the softened and repentant heart of the wrong-doer, and spring up into a harvest of good, for the poor and the oppressed.

This beautiful new evangel of freedom—for so the book seems to us—does not suddenly flash the intolerable light of God's truth upon souls benighted in error, but softly drops veil after veil till they stand in mid-day brightness, wondering and remorseful.

There are two characters in this work which will live as long as our literature—*Tom* and little *Eva*—the ebony statue of Christlike patience—the rose of love blossoming with immortal sweetness at its base. No human heart can receive these two visitants, and none can

refuse them when they come, without taking in with them the pleading, sorrowing Spirit of humanity, and the stern Angel of justice.

We have undertaken nothing like a critique of this book; but we must be allowed to say, even in this circumscribed notice, that the work to us gives evidence of greater power, of deeper and more various resources, than any other novel of the time. It displays rare dramatic genius, its characters are strongly drawn, refreshingly peculiar and original, yet wondrously true to nature and to many a reader's experience of life. It abounds alike with quaint, delicious humor, and the most heart-searching pathos; with the vividest word-painting, in the way of description, with argument, philosophy, eloquence, and poetry. And straight and pure through all—through characterization, conversation, description, and narrative, sweeps the continuous moral—the one deep thought, flowing ceaselessly from the soul of the writer, and fed by "under-springs of silent deity."

So great and good a thing has Mrs. Stowe here accomplished for humanity, for freedom, for God, that we cannot refrain from applying to her sacred words, and exclaiming, "Blessed art thou among women!"

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Pre-read Dave Barry's "Guys v. Men" essay in the next lesson. Complete your letter to the editor. Follow the instructions below for formatting your letter:

1. Skip down three to four spaces from the top of the page and type the date.
2. Double space and type the name of the editor.
3. Type under the editor's name the name of the publication and the address of the company.
4. Double space and type the salutation. For example, "Dear Editor."
5. Double space all sentences throughout the body of the letter.
6. Double space and write the valediction along with your address and contact information.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Include at least 5 words from your word bank into the letter to the editor.

NOTES:

Week 13: Précis Study

GUYS VS. MEN

DAVE BARRY

Dave Barry (b. 1947) is a syndicated columnist for the *Miami Herald*, where he won a Pulitzer Prize for commentary in 1988. He is the author of twenty-three humor books, including *Dave Barry's Complete Guide to Guys* (1995), the introduction of which is included here. Despite its title, "Guys vs. Men" is not a comparative study of these two basic types of males. Men and manhood have been written about far too much already, says Barry. But guys and guyhood are neglected topics, and even though he "can't define exactly what it means to be a guy," Barry's essay lays out "certain guy characteristics" that distinguish his quarry from other warm-blooded animals in the field.

This is a book about guys. It's *not* a book about men. There are already way too many books about men, and most of them are *way* too serious.

Men itself is a serious word, not to mention *manhood* and *manly*. Such words make being male sound like a very important activity, as opposed to what it primarily consists of, namely, possessing a set of minor and frequently unreliable organs.

But men tend to attach great significance to Manhood. This results in certain characteristically masculine, by which I mean stupid, behavioral patterns that can produce unfortunate results such as violent crime, war, spitting, and ice hockey. These things have given males a bad name. And the "Men's Movement," which is supposed to bring out the more positive aspects of Manliness, seems to be densely populated with loons and goobers.

So I'm saying that there's another way to look at males: not as aggressive macho dominators; not as sensitive, liberated, hugging drummers; but as *guys*.

And what, exactly, do I mean by "guys"? I don't know. I haven't thought that much about it. One of the major characteristics of guyhood is that we guys don't spend a lot of time pondering our deep innermost feelings. There is a serious question in my mind about whether guys actually *have* deep innermost feelings, unless you count, for example, loyalty to the Detroit Tigers, or fear of bridal showers.

But although I can't define exactly what it means to be a guy, I can describe certain guy characteristics, such as:

Guys Like Neat Stuff

By "neat," I mean "mechanical and unnecessarily complex." I'll give you an example. Right now I'm typing these words on an *extremely* powerful computer. It's the latest in a line of maybe ten computers I've owned, each one more powerful than the last. My computer is chock full of RAM and ROM and bytes and megahertz and various other items that enable a computer to kick data-processing butt. It is probably capable of supervising the entire U.S. air-
James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

defense apparatus while simultaneously processing the tax return of every resident of Ohio. I use it mainly to write a newspaper column. This is an activity wherein I sit and stare at the screen for maybe ten minutes, then, using only my forefingers, slowly type something like:

Henry Kissinger looks like a big wart.

I stare at this for another ten minutes, have an inspiration, then amplify the original thought as follows:

Henry Kissinger looks like a big fat wart.

Then I stare at that for another ten minutes pondering whether I should try to work in the concept of "hairy."

This is absurdly simple work for my computer. It sits there, humming impatiently, bored to death, passing the time between keystrokes via brain-teaser activities such as developing a Unified Field Theory of the universe and translating the complete works of Shakespeare into rap.

In other words, this computer is absurdly overqualified to work for me, and yet soon, I guarantee, I will buy an *even more powerful* one. I won't be able to stop myself, I'm a guy.

Probably the ultimate example of the fundamental guy drive to have neat stuff is the Space Shuttle. Granted, the guys in charge of this program *claim* it has a Higher Scientific Purpose, namely to see how humans function in space. But of course we have known for years how humans function in space: They float around and say things like: "Looks real good, Houston!"

No, the real reason for the existence of the Space Shuttle is that it is one humongous and spectacularly gizmo-intensive item of hardware. Guys can tinker with it practically forever, and occasionally even get it to work, and use it to place *other* complex mechanical items into orbit, where they almost immediately break, which provides a great excuse to send the Space Shuttle up *again*. It's Guy Heaven.

Other results of the guy need to have stuff are Star Wars, the recreational boating industry, monorails, nuclear weapons, and wristwatches that indicate the phase of the moon. I am not saying that women haven't been involved in the development or use of this stuff. I'm saying that, without guys, this stuff probably would not exist; just as, without women, virtually every piece of furniture in the world would still be in its original position. Guys do not have a basic need to rearrange furniture. Whereas a woman who could cheerfully use the same computer for fifty-three years will rearrange her furniture on almost a weekly basis, sometimes in the dead of night. She'll be sound asleep in bed, and suddenly, at 2 A.M., she'll be awakened by the urgent thought: *The blue-green sofa needs to go perpendicular to the wall instead of parallel, and it needs to go there RIGHT NOW. SO* she'll get up and move it, which of course necessitates moving other furniture, and soon she has rearranged her entire living room, shifting great big heavy pieces that ordinarily would require several burly men to lift, because there are few forces in Nature more powerful than a woman who needs to rearrange furniture. Every so often a guy will wake up to discover that, because of his wife's overnight efforts, he now lives in an entirely different house.

(I realize that I'm making gender-based generalizations here, but my feeling is that if God did not want us to make gender-based generalizations, She would not have given us genders.)

Guys Like a Really Pointless Challenge

Not long ago I was sitting in my office at the *Miami Herald's* Sunday magazine, *Tropic*, reading my fan mail when I heard several of my guy coworkers in the hallway talking about how fast they could run the forty-yard dash. These are guys in their thirties and forties who work in journalism, where the most demanding physical requirement is the ability to digest vending-machine food. In other words, these guys have absolutely no need to run the forty-yard dash.

But one of them, Mike Wilson, was writing a story about a star high-school football player who could run it in 4.38 seconds. Now if Mike had written a story about, say, a star high-school poet, none of my guy coworkers would have suddenly decided to find out how well they could write sonnets. But when Mike turned in his story, they became *deeply* concerned about how fast they could run the forty-yard dash. They were so concerned that the magazine editor, Tom Shroder, decided that they should get a stopwatch and go out to a nearby park and find out. Which they did, a bunch of guys taking off their shoes and running around barefoot in a public park on company time.

This is what I heard them talking about, out in the hall. I heard Tom, who was thirty-eight years old, saying that his time in the forty had been 5.75 seconds. And I thought to myself: This is ridiculous. These are middle-aged guys, supposedly adults, and they're out there *bragging* about their performance in this stupid juvenile footrace. Finally I couldn't stand it anymore.

Hey!" I shouted. "*I could beat 5.75 seconds.*"

So we went out to the park and measured off forty yards, and the guys told me that I had three chances to make my best time. On the first try my time was 5.78 seconds, just three-hundredths of a second slower than Tom's, even though, at forty-five, I was seven years older than he. So I just *knew* I'd beat him on the second attempt if I ran really, really hard, which I did for a solid ten yards, at which point my left hamstring muscle, which had not yet shifted into Spring Mode from Mail-Reading Mode, went, and I quote, "pop."

I had to be helped off the field. I was in considerable pain, and I was obviously not going to be able to walk right for weeks. The other guys were very sympathetic, especially Tom, who took the time to call me at home, where I was sitting with an ice pack on my leg and twenty-three Advil in my bloodstream, so he could express his concern.

"Just remember," he said, "*you didn't beat my time.*"

There are countless other examples of guys rising to meet pointless challenges. Virtually all sports fall into this category, as well as a large part of U.S. foreign policy ("I'll bet you can't capture Manuel Noriega!" "Oh YEAH??")

Guys Do Not Have a Rigid and Well-Defined Moral Code

This is not the same as saying that guys are bad. Guys *are* capable of doing bad things, but this generally happens when they try to be Men and start becoming manly and aggressive and stupid. When they're being just plain guys, they aren't so much actively *evil* as they are *lost*. Because guys have never really grasped the Basic Human Moral Code, which I believe,

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

was invented by women millions of years ago when all the guys were out engaging in some other activity, such as seeing who could burp the loudest. When they came back, there were certain rules that they were expected to follow unless they wanted to get into Big Trouble, and they have been trying to follow these rules ever since, with extremely irregular results. Because guys have never *internalized* these rules. Guys are similar to my small auxiliary backup dog, Zippy, a guy dog⁴ who has been told numerous times that he is *not* supposed to (1) get into the kitchen garbage or (2) poop on the floor. He knows that these are the rules, but he has never really understood *why*, and sometimes he gets to thinking: Sure, I am *oydinarily* not supposed to get into the garbage, but obviously this rule is not meant to apply when there are certain extenuating⁵ circumstances, such as (1) somebody just threw away some perfectly good seven-week-old Kung Pao Chicken, and (2) I am home alone.

And so when the humans come home, the kitchen floor has been transformed into Garbage-Fest USA, and Zippy, who usually comes rushing up, is off in a corner disguised in a wig and sunglasses, hoping to get into the Federal Bad Dog Relocation Program before the humans discover the scene of the crime.

When I yell at him, he frequently becomes so upset that he poops on the floor.

Morally, most guys are just like Zippy, only taller and usually less hairy. Guys are *aware* of the rules of moral behavior, but they have trouble keeping these rules in the forefronts of their minds at certain times, especially the present. This is especially true in the area of faithfulness to one's mate. I realize, of course, that there are countless examples of guys being faithful to their mates until they die, usually as a result of being eaten by their mates immediately following copulation. Guys outside of the spider community, however, do not have a terrific record of faithfulness.

I'm not saying guys are scum. I'm saying that many guys who consider themselves to be committed to their marriages will stray if they are confronted with overwhelming temptation, defined as "virtually any temptation."

Okay, so maybe I *am* saying guys are scum. But they're not *mean-spirited* scum. And few of them—even when they are out of town on business trips, far from their wives, and have a clear-cut opportunity—will poop on the floor.

Barry, Dave. "Guys vs. Men." *The Norton Sampler, Sixth Edition*. Ed. Thomas Cooley. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 2003. 246-251.

Writing a Précis Assignment

How to Write a Précis

Writing a good précis shows that you clearly understand a text and can communicate its importance to your readers. A précis can be tricky to write at first: it's tempting to include too much or too little information. But if you consider the step-by-step method below, you can readily learn how to summarize a chapter or article into précis form in short order.

1) Divide and conquer. First off, skim the text you are going to summarize; divide it into sections. Pay special attention to headings and subheadings, or places where the author moves into a new area of discussion. Also look at any important terms and make sure you understand them before you read.

2) (Re)read. Now that you've prepared, go ahead and re-skim the selection. You should already have taken good notes on the chapter as part of your earlier reading. Use them. Be sure to get a feel for the author's tone, style, and main idea. Also label areas that should be avoided because the details—while perhaps interesting—are too specific. Also, identify areas that you do not understand and try to clarify those points.

3) General Format:

- Name of author, [optional: a phrase describing author], genre and title of work, date in parentheses (additional publishing information in parentheses or note); a rhetorically accurate verb (such as "asserts," "argues," "suggests," "implies," "claims," etc.); and a THAT clause containing the major assertion (thesis statement of the work)..
- An explanation of how the author develops and/or supports the thesis, usually in chronological order..
- A statement of the author's purpose followed by an "in order to" phrase..
- A description of the intended audience and/or the essay's tone..

4) Tips:

- Write in the present tense when discussing the author's stance ("Breisach argues," etc.), but use past tense when relating evidence sustaining the author's argument ("Ranke's works exhibited both a new 'scientific' approach, and a metaphysical perspective.)
- Make sure to include the author and title of the work.
- Be concise: a précis is radically shortens the original text.
- Do not quote the author unless you are using a specialized term that warrants quoting. You should be putting material into your own words.
- Don't put your own opinions, ideas, or interpretations into the summary. The purpose of writing a précis is to accurately represent what the **author** claims, including the key evidence and structure of her or his argument. The purpose of a précis is **not** to provide a critique of the text.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

- **Check for precision.** Reread your summary and make certain that you have accurately represented the author's ideas and key points. If you did quote something, make sure that you have correctly cited it. Also check to make sure that your text does not contain your own commentary on the piece.

EXAMPLE

Matt Johnson
Dr. Parrott
AP Language
December 1, 2004

"Guys vs. Men" Analysis

Dave Barry's 1999 essay from the Miami Herald examines the differences between men and women in a humorous passage that confronts many societal stereotypes about gender roles. Barry elucidates the disparity between a "man" and a "guy," although he readily admits that even he is not sure of what it really means to be a "guy." Guys, he says, are not concerned with details or rearranging furniture; they like to play with complex and intricate things to occupy themselves. Guys are also relentlessly competitive creatures, and they strive to be the best at whatever they do. It does not matter if the contest in question is completely pointless and irrelevant; guys still have to outdo one another. Many of the greatest inventions and technological advancements in history have come from the innate nature of men and their desire to perform as well as possible. In addition to outdoing each other in physical competitions, guys also must outdo each other when it comes to other manly things, such as trucks or computers. Even though the truck or computer a guy currently owns may be more than sufficient for his needs, he will inevitably upgrade to a bigger and better model within a few years. Women often do not understand why men act the way they do, and the same is true regarding the man's view of women in general. Barry tackles age-old gender stereotypes and comments on them in a humorous way that enlightens readers about the differences between men and women.

Literary Devices

- Oversimplification/Humor – "being male primarily consists of ... possessing a set of minor and frequently unreliable organs"
- Hyperbole – "[my computer] is probably capable of supervising the entire U.S. air-defense apparatus while simultaneously processing the tax return of every resident of Ohio"
- Personification – "[my computer] sits there, humming impatiently, bored to death, passing the time"
- Hyperbole – "twenty-three Advil in my bloodstream"
- Simile – "Guys are similar to my small auxiliary backup dog, Zippy" * Adapted from Reading: Précis assignment, Dr. Edie Parrott, Kennesaw Mountain High School.

Your turn: Read G.K. Chesterton's essay, "A Piece of Chalk" and complete a precis. Include five rhetorical (literary) devices that he used to make his points. List them as they were listed in the example.

A Piece of Chalk

by G.K. Chesterton (1874-1936)

I remember one splendid morning, all blue and silver, in the summer holidays when I reluctantly tore myself away from the task of doing nothing in particular, and put on a hat of some sort and picked up a walking-stick, and put six very bright-colored chinks in my pocket. I then went into the kitchen (which, along with the rest of the house, belonged to a very square and sensible old woman in a Sussex village), and asked the owner and occupant of the kitchen if she had any brown paper. She had a great deal; in fact, she had too much; and she mistook the purpose and the rationale of the existence of brown paper. She seemed to have an idea that if a person wanted brown paper he must be wanting to tie up parcels; which was the last thing I wanted to do; indeed, it is a thing which I have found to be beyond my mental capacity. Hence she dwelt very much on the varying qualities of toughness and endurance in the material. I explained to her that I only wanted to draw pictures on it, and that I did not want them to endure in the least; and that from my point of view, therefore, it was a question, not of tough consistency, but of responsive surface, a thing comparatively irrelevant in a parcel. When she understood that I wanted to draw she offered to overwhelm me with note-paper.

I then tried to explain the rather delicate logical shade, that I not only liked brown paper, but liked the quality of brownness in paper, just as I like the quality of brownness in October woods, or in beer. Brown paper represents the primal twilight of the first toil of creation, and with a bright-colored chalk or two you can pick out points of fire in it, sparks of gold, and blood-red, and sea-green, like the first fierce stars that sprang out of divine darkness. All this I said (in an off-hand way) to the old woman; and I put the brown paper in my pocket along with the chinks, and possibly other things. I suppose every one must have reflected how primeval and how poetical

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

are the things that one carries in one's pocket; the pocket-knife, for instance, the type of all human tools, the infant of the sword. Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about things in my pockets. But I found it would be too long; and the age of the great epics is past.

With my stick and my knife, my chinks and my brown paper, I went out on to the great downs. . . .

I crossed one swell of living turf after another, looking for a place to sit down and draw. Do not, for heaven's sake, imagine I was going to sketch from Nature. I was going to draw devils and seraphim, and blind old gods that men worshipped before the dawn of right, and saints in robes of angry crimson, and seas of strange green, and all the sacred or monstrous symbols that look so well in bright colors on brown paper. They are much better worth drawing than Nature; also they are much easier to draw. When a cow came slouching by in the field next to me, a mere artist might have drawn it; but I always get wrong in the hind legs of quadrupeds. So I drew the soul of a cow; which I saw there plainly walking before me in the sunlight; and the soul was all purple and silver, and had seven horns and the mystery that belongs to all beasts. But though I could not with a crayon get the best out of the landscape, it does not follow that the landscape was not getting the best out of me. And this, I think, is the mistake that people make about the old poets who lived before Wordsworth, and were supposed not to care very much about Nature because they did not describe it much.

They preferred writing about great men to writing about great hills; but they sat on the great hills to write it. They gave out much less about Nature, but they drank in, perhaps, much more. They painted the white robes of their holy virgins with the blinding snow, at which they had stared all day. . . . The greenness of a thousand green leaves clustered into the live green figure of Robin Hood. The blueness of a score of forgotten skies became the blue robes of the Virgin. The inspiration went in like sunbeams and came out like Apollo.

But as I sat scrawling these silly figures on the brown paper, it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essential chalk, behind. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find any white chalk. Now,

those who are acquainted with all the philosophy (nay, religion) which is typified in the art of drawing on brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. I cannot avoid remarking here upon a moral significance. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals, is this, that white is a color. It is not a mere absence of color; it is a shining and affirmative thing, as fierce as red, as definite as black. When, so to speak, your pencil grows red-hot, it draws roses; when it grows white-hot, it draws stars. And one of the two or three defiant verities of the best religious morality, of real Christianity, for example, is exactly this same thing; the chief assertion of religious morality is that white is a color. Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. Mercy does not mean not being cruel, or sparing people revenge or punishment; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen or not seen.

Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colors; but he never paints so gorgeously, I had almost said so gaudily, as when He paints in white. In a sense our age has realized this fact, and expressed it in our sullen costume. For if it were really true that white was a blank and colorless thing, negative and non-committal, then white would be used instead of black and grey for the funereal dress of this pessimistic period. Which is not the case.

Meanwhile I could not find my chalk.

I sat on the hill in a sort of despair. There was no town near at which it was even remotely probable there would be such a thing as an artist's colorman. And yet, without any white, my absurd little pictures would be as pointless as the world would be if there were no good people in it. I stared stupidly round, racking my brain for expedients. Then I suddenly stood up and roared with laughter, again and again, so that the cows stared at me and called a committee. Imagine a man in the Sahara regretting that he had no sand for his hour-glass. Imagine a gentleman in mid-ocean wishing that he had brought some salt water with him for his chemical experiments. I was sitting on an immense warehouse of white chalk. The landscape was made entirely of white chalk. White chalk was piled more miles until it met the sky. I

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

stooped and broke a piece of the rock I sat on: it did not mark so well as the shop chinks do, but it gave the effect. And I stood there in a trance of pleasure, realizing that this Southern England is not only a grand peninsula, and a tradition and a civilization; it is something even more admirable. It is a piece of chalk.

*http://grammar.about.com/od/60essays/a/chalkessay_2.htm

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Complete your precis assignment. Read the introduction to the next novel in Week 14. Start reading the first half of *Cry the Beloved Country* by Alan Paton.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Add 10 words to your Vocabulary Awareness Charts from your first reading of Paton's novel.

Week 14: Cry the Beloved Country

History of South Africa

Cry, the Beloved Country is set in South Africa in the 1940s. Its story unfolds against a backdrop of economic and political tensions that have a lengthy, complicated history. Thousands of years before the first Europeans arrived, southern Africa was populated by various African tribal groups, including the San, the Khoikhoi, and, later on, Bantu-speaking peoples who were ancestors of the modern Zulus. The first European settlers in South Africa, the Dutch, arrived in the mid-1600s. The Dutch wanted only to set up bases for trade, not to colonize the country, and they met with little resistance. But by the mid-1700s, the Dutch, who had come to be known as the Boers and who had developed their own language, Afrikaans, had begun to settle deeper and deeper into the country. In a process similar to the displacement and destruction of Native American life in the United States, African tribes were forced off their traditional lands, decimated by disease, and defeated in battles against the well-armed Boers.

English settlers first arrived in 1795. Unlike the Dutch, by the early 1800s the English decided to make South Africa a full-fledged colony. Concentrated in coastal cities, the English soon found themselves in conflict with Boer farmers, who called themselves “the white tribe of Africa.” The Boers moved north, away from the coast, while the Zulus, led by the famous warrior-leader Shaka, pressed south on a military campaign. Inevitably, the two groups clashed, fighting a number of bloody battles before the Zulus were defeated. The Boers created several independent republics, but when diamonds and gold were discovered in the Boer territories, the British moved to annex them, leading to the first Anglo-Boer war in 1881. The Boers regained the independence of their territories, but when gold was discovered near what is now Johannesburg in 1886, the British invaded the area again. The second Anglo-Boer war lasted from 1899 to 1902. The victorious British were able to establish rule, and they officially established the Union of South Africa in 1910.

Cry, the Beloved Country takes place after these upheavals and immediately before the implementation, in 1948, of apartheid, which codified the systematic inequalities depicted in the novel. During the time in which the novel is set, black workers were permitted to hold only unskilled jobs and were subject to “pass laws” that restricted their freedom of

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

movement. In 1913, the Natives Land Act radically limited the amount of land that black South Africans were permitted to own. As the character Arthur Jarvis states in the novel, just one-tenth of the land was set aside for four-fifths of the country's people. The resultant overcrowding led many black South Africans to migrate to Johannesburg to work in the mines. Those in power welcomed the influx of cheap labor but failed to provide adequate housing or services to address the mass migration. These are the circumstances under which the character Stephen Kumalo leaves his impoverished rural village to search for his son in Johannesburg.

Though Paton's novel helped raise the social consciousness of white South Africa, things got much worse before they got better. In 1948, the National Party (representing Afrikaner and conservative interests) gained power and introduced apartheid. Under apartheid, every South African was classified according to race, and the Group Areas Act enforced the physical separation of blacks from whites. Every aspect of South African life was racially segregated. Under the leadership of Nelson Mandela, the African National Congress (ANC), a political party representing black South Africans, began protests against the new laws in the form of strikes and marches and even acts of terrorism (approved yet condemned by both sides). After decades of struggle and bloodshed, the ANC prevailed, and South Africa held its first free election in 1994. Mandela was elected president, apartheid was dismantled, and the country ratified one of the most liberal constitutions in the world.

Background of novel

Cry, the Beloved Country was published in 1948 to overwhelming international acclaim—at the time of the author's death, in 1988, more than fifteen million copies of the novel had been sold, and it had been published in twenty different languages. In Paton's native South Africa, however, praise for *Cry, the Beloved Country* remained muted, and the novel's objective takes on the problems of racial inequality in South Africa created much controversy.

Although apartheid, South Africa's infamous system of enforced racial segregation, was not instituted until after the novel's publication, the South Africa of *Cry, the Beloved Country* was nevertheless suffering from the effects of racial segregation, enforced inequality, and prejudice. The crime rate was high, and attacks on whites by black agitators caused panic among the country's white citizens. Black South Africans found themselves adrift as the

traditional tribal cultures gave way to the lure of the cities, and many South Africans were left without any moral or social organization to turn to. Whites held a monopoly on political power, and they did nothing to alleviate the extreme poverty among black South Africans, which in turn led many young black men to crime. The gold mines, which were so vital to South Africa's economy, depended on cheap black labor to remain profitable, and as a result, the workers were paid barely enough to survive. But those in power inevitably broke up attempts to strike or seek a better wage.

Cry, the Beloved Country is set in this tense and fragile society, where the breathtaking beauty of the nation's natural landscape is tainted by the fears of its people. And yet, the message of the novel is one of hope. Characters such as Stephen Kumalo, James Jarvis, and Theophilus Msimangu reveal a potential for goodness in humankind, and are able to defuse hatred, overcome fear, and take the first steps necessary for mending a broken nation.

Alan Paton

Alan Paton (1903-1988) was born into a Scottish Presbyterian family in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. He graduated from the University of Natal with a degree in physics and became a science teacher in several schools for the rich and privileged white population of the nation. While suffering from an illness in 1934, he decided that he didn't want to spend his life teaching the children of the rich, and applied for a job with the Ministry of Education. Much to his surprise, he was offered a position as principal of the Diepkloof Reformatory - a reform school in Johannesburg for poor blacks who had run afoul of the law, where he served for thirteen years, bringing sweeping changes to the reformatory that are reflected at least to some extent by the character who heads the reform school in Paton's most famous novel. His desire for prison reform led him to take a tour of Europe and America to examine prison conditions in other lands. While he traveled, he wrote the manuscript for *Cry, the Beloved Country*. The book received immediate plaudits, both in South Africa and in America. In addition to his writing, Paton was the founder and national president of the Liberal Party, which worked for improved race relations in South Africa, though the party was eventually banned by the apartheid government in 1968. Paton gave evidence to attempt to mitigate the terrorism charges the government leveled against Nelson Mandela in 1964 before Mandela was sentenced to life in prison for his political efforts supporting more rights and freedoms for blacks in South

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Africa. Paton died in 1988, before Mandela's release in 1990 and before the official end of apartheid in 1994 when Nelson Mandela was elected and inaugurated the president of South Africa.

Major characters

Stephen Kumalo – A Zulu pastor from the rural village of Ixopo who goes to Johannesburg in search of his sister and son. Over the course of the novel, events bring him into contact with his wealthy neighbor in Ixopo James Jarvis, and the relationship between these two men is central to the novel. Stephen also has a wife, Mrs. Kumalo.

Gertrude Kumalo – Sister of Stephen Kumalo. She is 25 years younger than Stephen and she has a son.

Absalom Kumalo – Son of Stephen Kumalo. Absalom gets in trouble with the wrong crowd of friends and commits a crime which affects the course of the plot. Absalom has a mistress (this woman is never named).

Theophilus Msimangu – A pastor in Johannesburg who befriends Stephen and helps him through many events.

Mrs. Lithebe – Owns the home where Stephen stays during his time in Johannesburg.

John Kumalo – Brother of Stephen, father of John Jr., Absalom's cousin. John is a powerful businessman and a politician in Johannesburg working for black civil rights.

Matthew Kumalo – Son of John Kumalo. John Jr. and Johannes Pafuri are accomplices with Absalom in Absalom's major act of crime.

James Jarvis – A wealthy white man who lives near the Kumalo family in Ixopo. Events lead him to get to know Stephen and the development of their relationship is a central development throughout the novel. Married to Margaret Jarvis.

Arthur Jarvis – Son of James and a social reformer who works for racial justice. Married to Mary Jarvis and they have a son (who isn't named in the novel) who, like his father, treats black Africans with respect.

Father Vincent – A white Anglican priest in Johannesburg who assists Stephen and Absolom.

John Harrison – Brother of Mary Jarvis (a.k.a. brother-in-law of Arthur) who also supports racial justice.

Mr. Harrison – Father of Mary Jarvis (a.k.a. father-in-law of Arthur). A conservative who blames native South Africans for the country's problems (though he respects his son-in-law's courage as a social reformer).

Dubula and Tomlinson – Two of the most powerful black politicians working in Johannesburg who work with John Kumalo.

Central Ideas

As you read, take extra notes in explaining the author's intended message (theme) in regards to the following central ideas:

- **Christianity** (church, faith, hope, love, forgiveness, redemption, mercy, reconciliation, repentance, justice, nature)
- **The importance and power of family**
- **The importance and power of individual conscience**
- **Social injustice** (causes in South Africa, causes in all societies, racial injustice, economic injustice, freedom, equality)
- **The power and the beauty of nature and the land**

*South Kitsap School District AP English

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Project Assignment

Keep a journal and produce a map.

Trace the movements, and more importantly, the thoughts of Reverend Stephen Kumalo throughout the novel through a map and double-entry journal. A double-entry journal means that each page of the journal is split – on the top few lines of the page, you quote important passages directly from the novel, and on the remainder of the page, you record Reverend Stephen Kumalo's thoughts about the event or idea that was quoted. The order of the journal entries should correspond in order with his travels in South Africa, which you will document on the map.

Requirements:

- There can be no fewer than 10 journal entries (one page per entry)
- Each journal entry includes a passage from the novel (in quotes, with a reference to the correct page number) on the top of the page, and a response from Reverend Kumalo on the remainder of the page to whatever is referenced in the passage. These should be thoughts beyond what you find in the book.
- You are writing as if you are Reverend Kumalo, so write the responses in first person, as if it is truly his journal.
- The passages from the book should be no longer than 8 lines, single-spaced, when you type it. It should be bolded.
- The entries from Reverend Kumalo should be double-spaced and take up the rest of the page, **all of the way down to the bottom of the one-inch margin line.**
- The entries must be typed in 12 font, and the ENTIRE page must be used, down to the last line. ☺ “Good to the last line”
- Put the entries together in an actual journal that you have created – you may use paper, cardboard, cloth, or any other appropriate material to create the journal. The journal cannot exceed regular 8 ½ X 11 size paper.
- The last page of the journal should be a map of South Africa, on which Reverend Kumalo's journey is marked. The map may *not* be printed off the computer, although you are allowed to trace a map. Mark important cities and geographical locations on the map, as well as each point that was significant in the novel. Add a minimum of five color illustrations to the map. Make the map as colorful as possible. Do not just draw the whole thing in pencil.

Reading Pacing Guide:

You will have three assessments on the book to pace you. These will be cumulative and will assess your reading comprehension and understanding of the themes in the book. Here are the dates that you will have assessments:

1. Read through chapter 10 (page 101) for Week 14 for assessment #1
2. Read through chapter 22 (page 199) for Week 15 for assessment #2
3. Read the rest of the book (page 312) for Week 16 for assessment #3

The written project will be due on last day of class for the semester.

*Schaefshouse.com

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Work on your journals..they will be turned in on the last day of class for the semester. Continue reading through the book at the recommended pace...reading assessments will be given.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Vocabulary Words for *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Over the next two weeks choose twenty of the following words to include in your Awareness charts.

Mute	Reproachfully	Fidelity
Gravely	Congenial	Magnanimous
Articulately	Innumerable	Somber
Reconcile	Quaintness	Unshod
Stipend	Repression	
Irresolute	Reverie	
Corrugated	Expedient	
Travail	Prestige	
Obscure	Scrupulous	
Desolate	Renounce	
Muse	Profoundly	
Dubious	Humility	
Tenaciously	Transmuted	
Ruefully	Bereaved	
Apprehension	Bereft	
Prodigal	Cleave	

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Week 15: Novel Discussion

Group Discussion Questions:

Divide into groups and choose one of the following to discuss, your group will present their discussion to the class.

1. There are many paradoxes in this novel: a priest's son commits murder; a white man who fights for the dignity of South African blacks is senselessly murdered; the father of the murdered son helps the father of the son who murdered to keep a disintegrating native tribe together. How do you reconcile these paradoxes? How do they contribute to the richness of the story? Why might Paton have made this choice?

2. Arthur Jarvis says "It was permissible to allow the destruction of a tribal system that impeded the growth of the country. It was permissible to believe that its destruction was inevitable. But it is not permissible to watch its destruction, and to replace it with nothing, or by so little, that a whole people deteriorates, physically and morally." What events in the novel illustrate the breakup of the tribal system? How is the tribal system destroyed? What is done to replace it?

3. Throughout the story, Kumalo experiences the absence of God and momentary losses of faith. He suffers through periods where it feels as if God has deserted him. What other characters experience the absence of God? Does Kumalo ever experience the presence of God? If so, when? Is God basically absent or present in Paton's novel? If so, in what way does God manifest Himself?

4. Although Kumalo is a priest and often has the highest intentions, he sometimes does things which are contrary. For example, when he visits his son's wife-to-be, in his efforts to hurt her, he asks if she would take him if he desired her. Where else do we see Kumalo falter? How do you reconcile these two sides of Kumalo? How do you relate to him? Do any of the other characters falter? If so, who? What is it that makes Paton's characters so realistic?

5. What is Paton's vision of the world? Does he express the view that human beings are immutable or capable of transformation? Are we left with any kind of message, any vision for mankind? If so, what is it?

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Continue your journals and work on your map, you will need to turn it in next week. Finish reading the novel.

Vocabulary Assignment:

Make sure to complete your 20 words chosen from the Paton Vocabulary list given last week.

Extra Credit:

To celebrate the richness of this novel, we will have a banquet of sorts highlighting the foods of this region. If you bring a snack relative to the area, you will receive 10 additional points on an assignment.

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Week 16: Journal Readings

We will share the journals and have each student select one of their entries to read to the class. Class discussion/round table on the novel and its impact.

No homework assignments! Enjoy your holiday with your family!
Blessings and Merry Christmas!

Week 17: Syndicated Columnists

Some of the most prominent practitioners of stylish written rhetoric in our culture are newspaper columnists. Sometimes they are called *pundits* – that is, sources of opinion, or critics.

On the next page find a list of well-known newspaper columnists. Select one and complete the tasks below. Please start a new page and label as **TASK #** each time you start a new task. (MLA Title)

TASK 1—Brief Biography.

Write a brief (100-200 word) biography of the columnist. Include a cite for your source(s) at the bottom of the page. I suggest you import a picture of the author if possible.

TASK 2—Five Columns (favorite one annotated).

Make copies from newspapers or magazines or download them from the internet. I suggest cutting and pasting the columns into Microsoft Word because it makes them easier to annotate and work with. How to annotate (make these comments on the sides of your article/handwritten):

- How does he/she open the column – what's in the lead?
- How does he/she close the column?
- When does he/she get to "the point" of the column? Mark it!
- How much of the column is based on observation? Personal experience? Interviews? Facts/data/research? The author's opinion? Others' opinions?
- What audience does the author assume? How do you know this?
- What unstated assumptions does the author make? Does he/she exhibit any biases? What are they?
- What kind of language does the writer use? Is it complex, simple, elevated, academic, slang, formal, informal, etc?
- What is the author's purpose with each piece? To persuade (if so, to persuade *whom* to do *what*)? To criticize? To laud? To explain? Etc.

Add a few final comments to each column that summarizes your general response to the piece—do not summarize the column! This task is handwritten.

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TASK 3 – Depth Analysis of One Column and Two Extras.

Choose your annotated column from Task 2 and compare it to two other treatments of the same subject (do not need to provide these two additional treatments, trusting you will read them):

- a straight, un-slanted news report (hmmm...look hard) about the topic of the column or
- another columnist's opposing take on the issue or
- an editorial or
- a letter to the editor that disagrees with the original column.

Informed by the two extras you found and your own thinking and reading on the subject, write a brief assessment of the original column. Is it sound? Is it convincing? This analysis should be no longer than 2 pages double spaced, but longer than 10 sentences.

TASK 4 – Final Remarks

Add a statement titled "Final Remarks." In this reflect on what you learned, what value this had, what you think of the writer or subject matter, etc. These remarks can be included at the end of your analysis..make sure to mark it *Final Remarks*.

Selected Columnists: (You may choose your own, just get approval)
(C-Conservative, L-Liberal)

Michael Kinsley –founder of slate.com. Syndicated columnist. L

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/opinions/>

Richard Cohen – *Washington Post* columnist. L

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/opinions/>

Bob Herbert – *New York Times* columnist. L

<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/opinion/index.html>

William F. Buckley – founder of *National Review*. Syndicated columnist C

<http://www.nationalreview.com/buckley/buckley.asp>

Thomas Sowell – Hoover Institute scholar. Syndicated columnist C

<http://www.townhall.com/columnists/thomassowell/archive.shtml>

Ellen Goodman - *Boston Globe* columnist. L

http://www.boston.com/news/globe/editorial_opinion/oped/goodman/

George Will – *Washington Post* columnist. C

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/opinions/>

John Tierney – *New York Times* columnist. C

<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/opinion/index.html>

David Brooks - *New York Times* columnist. C

<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/opinion/index.html>

Paul Krugman - *New York Times* columnist. L

<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/opinion/index.html>

Thomas Friedman - *New York Times* columnist. I
<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/opinion/index.html>
 Jonah Goldberg - *Los Angeles Times* columnist. c
<http://www.latimes.com/news/columnist>
 Peggy Noonan - former presidential speechwriter; *Wall Street Journal* columnist. C
<http://www.opinionjournal.com/columnists/pnoonan/>
 Maureen Dowd - "Modo" *New York Times* columnist. L
<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/opinion/index.html>
 Charles Krauthammer - *Washington Post* columnist. c
<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/opinions/>
 Mona Charen - syndicated columnist. C
<http://www.townhall.com/columnists/monacharen/archive.shtml>
 E.J. Dionne - *Washington Post* columnist. I
<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/opinions/>
 Cynthia Tucker - *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* columnist. L
<http://www.ajc.com/opinion/content/opinion/tucker/index.html>

*<http://aplanguagewikispaces.com/Project+Assignments>

Pictured below:

top row: Will, Charen, Dionne, Tucker, Tierney, Krauthammer, Kinsley, Cohen, Herbert

bottom row: Buckley, Sowell, Goodman, Brooks, Krugman, Friedman, Goldberg,



Dowd

Noonan,

Read the following article by Thomas Sowell on illegal immigration.
 Practice annotating with this article. Townhall.com. 7/22/2014.
 Accessed 7/25/2014.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

In a recent confrontation between protesters against the illegal flood of unaccompanied children into the United States and counter-protests by some Hispanic group, one man from the latter group said angrily, "We are as good as you are!"

One of the things that make the history of clashes over race or ethnicity such a history of tragedies around the world is that — regardless of whatever particular issue sets off these clashes — many people see the ultimate stakes as their worth as human beings. On that, there is no room for compromise, but only polarization. That is why playing "the race card" is such an irresponsible and dangerous political game.

The real issue when it comes to immigration is not simply what particular immigration policy America should have, but whether America can have any immigration policy at all.

A country that does not control its own borders does not have any immigration policy. There may be laws on the books, but such laws are just meaningless words if people from other countries can cross the borders whenever they choose.

One of the reasons why many Americans are reluctant to keep out illegal immigrants — or even to call them "illegal immigrants," instead of using the mealy-mouthed word "undocumented" — is that most Hispanics they encounter seem to be decent, hard-working people.

This column has pointed out, more than once, that I have never seen Mexicans standing on a street corner begging, though I have seen both whites and blacks doing so.

But such impressions are no basis for deciding serious issues about immigration and citizenship. When we do not control our own borders, we have no way of knowing how many of those coming across those borders are criminals or even terrorists.

We have no way of knowing how many of those children are carrying what diseases that will spread to our children. And we already know, from studies of American children, that those who are raised without fathers in the home have a high probability of

becoming huge, expensive problems for taxpayers in the years ahead, and a mortal danger to others.

A hundred years ago, when there was a huge influx of immigrants from Europe, there were extensive government studies of what those immigrants did in the United States. There were data on how many, from what countries, ended up in jail, diseased or on the dole. There were data on how well their children did in school.

As with most things, some immigrant groups did very well and others did not do nearly as well. But today, even to ask such questions is to be considered mean-spirited.

Such information as we have today shows that immigrants from some countries have far more education than immigrants from some other countries, and do not end up being supported by the taxpayers nearly as often as immigrants from other countries. But such information is seldom mentioned in discussions of immigrants, as if they were abstract people in an abstract world.

Questions about immigration and citizenship are questions about irreversible decisions that can permanently change the composition of the American population and the very culture of the country — perhaps in the direction of the cultures of the countries from which illegal immigrants have fled. During the era of epidemics that swept across Europe in centuries past, people fleeing from those epidemics often spread the diseases to the places to which they fled. Counterproductive and dangerous cultures can be spread to America same way.

Willful ignorance is not the way to make immigration decisions or any other decisions. Yet the Obama administration is keeping secret even where they are dumping illegal immigrants by the thousands, in communities far from the border states.

Looking before we leap is not racism — except in the sense that anything the Obama administration doesn't like is subject to being called racist.

Americans who gather to protest the high-handed way this administration has sneaked illegal immigrants into their communities can expect the race card to be played against them. The time is long overdue to stop being intimidated by such cheap — and dangerous — political tactics.

Rubric for Columnists Project

Task one: Complete biography of the columnist chosen, with cite included.	<u>20/</u>
Task two: Five columns are printed and cited properly, one is annotated with details and summary.	<u>20/</u>
Task three: A solid analysis of the current event that takes into consideration the viewpoints and points in the articles.	<u>20/</u>
Task four: Final remarks are thoughtful and directly address the topic.	<u>10/</u>
Grammar/Punctuation	<u>10/</u>
Total Score	<u>100/</u>
Comments:	

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Week 18: Synthesis Project

Your assignment is to create a question and a packet of sources that one of your classmates might use to write a synthesis essay. In order to write a successful synthesis essay, you must gather research on your chosen topic, discover meaningful connections throughout your research, and develop a unique and interesting argument or perspective. A synthesis is not a summary. A synthesis is an opportunity to create new knowledge out of already existing knowledge. (More details/example in Resource folder p. 33) You get to choose the topic which you want a peer to write a synthesis essay on. Preferably, your topic is not one about which your classmates have already made up their minds. You want your classmates to read a variety of information and develop their own informed opinions about a subject of current debate.

You will create a packet of **seven one-page sources**. In the packet, you need:

- A page with your question—your essay “prompt.”
- Some explanatory information above the prompt about the nature of the topic. Perhaps you will include why people are talking about this issue.
- Six **no more than one-page** articles (or excerpts from articles) from reputable sources. The six sources should offer a variety of viewpoints and data from which your writer can reach an informed opinion on his or her own.
- For each source, you must include all of the bibliographic citation information available to you. If you use a web site make sure to include the url.
- One source that is a “visual” text—a graph, chart, editorial cartoon, or picture.

How to find articles for your packet. Look at different columnists, letters to the editor, major newspapers that have topics for debate. Make sure you choose articles that present a specific issue on the topic and that represent both sides of the issue.

Source Citation. You must provide the following information.

- Source (A, B, C etc. give each source its own label)
- Author's full name and credentials (job title, affiliation)
- Name of organization posting the information
- Publication name
- Date published
- Date you saw and copied the page
- URL

Use the following form to format the sources for your Synthesis Essay Packet

Author's full name:

Title of article:

Name of publication:

Name of organization posting the information:

Date this material was published:

Date you saw it and copied it:

URL:

Additional information: What are the author's credentials and for whom does he or she work? Reporter? Professor? Scientist?

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Brainstorming Current Events:

Writing Assignment:

Find/choose a topic, create your source packet to turn into a peer next week. Keep in mind, your peer will be constructing a synthesis essay from your research. Be thorough and specific, do not give them too broad a picture of the debate.

Journal Assignment:

This semester you will be required to complete 2 journals each week for the next 10 weeks. By the end of the 10 weeks of coursework you should have 20 entries. This week, write on the two topics you have researched from your columnist project to your synthesis project. Syntax focus: Telescopic sentences...those with fewer than 6 words. Try adding at least 5 in each journal.

Week 19: Synthesis Essay

Writing Body Paragraphs for Synthesis Essays

This file contains sample paragraphs from papers scoring 8's or 9's on AP English Language free-response (or persuasive argument) and synthesis compositions.

Look for patterns in the following essays.

You should note the following:

Concrete Illustrations of Abstract Ideas. Every paragraph will present concrete examples. Every single one. It is simply a must. Ideas that exist only in the mind are rarely convincing because your audience cannot see how they apply in the real world.

How and Why. The writers spend time explaining how and why their ideas are correct. You cannot simply assume that the reader will agree with you. Talk to your audience. Show the why they should think as you do. Explain your reasoning. Engage your audience.

Fully Developed Points. Examples and explanations take time. A detailed example should run 3-4 sentences. Commentary and explanation should be at least 2-5 sentences. Don't state that "Gandhi faced obstacles," show them!

unnatural; it was never intended to be anything else
 Television, save for news programs, documentaries, and
 the like, has always been a method by which ordinary
 people escape the day-to-day routine, a hiatus in the
 long slog of work and financial concerns, a thrilling or
 hilarious experience shared with friends, even a chance to
 bring the family together and enjoy a movie with one another.
 My own family upholds the tradition of a weekly 'family
 movie night.' Every Sunday evening we gather in the
 living room with ^{good} food, and each other, and enjoy ^{The} Emperor's
 New Groove of George and the Dragon, in ~~ea~~ relishing
 in each other's company, grateful for the chance to have our
 parents all to ourselves, happy ~~to~~ to participate in a family
 ritual.

In addition television has provided a ritual

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Note the writer's use of a specific concrete illustration to prove his abstract point that television is a way for people to escape daily concerns and spend positive time together.

In source A, John Taylor Gatto makes the case that ~~these~~ schools aren't necessarily needed for education. He says, "And plenty of people throughout the world today find a way to educate themselves without resorting to a system of compulsory secondary schools that all too often resemble ~~a~~ prisons." He makes a very true point. Most kids today are living in a world where technology makes learning easy access. I believe I would've done very well at



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learning microsoft tutorials online rather than having to ~~lose~~ sacrifice a class that would've helped in college. Education is everywhere, and people learn to find ways to it without having to go to school and be imprisoned for almost 8 hours every day. we supposedly live in a democratic nation but

This synthesis body paragraph begins with information from a source. The writer then explains HOW and WHY he agrees with source's author. Note the concrete illustration of "Microsoft tutorials." This paragraph would be severely weakened by the exclusion. Strong argumentative paragraphs ALWAYS use concrete illustrations.

In source A, David Livingstone ~~was~~ evoked the economical importance of space exploration. The money spent on space research employs millions of people. Take source B for example (photo) and imagine how long and how many people it took to build that. Money poured into NASA, the billions and billions of dollars, is only good for mankind. Other departments that take government funding are not nearly successful. The NIH (source D) is one of these. The five year survival rate for childhood rose to only 80%! It's a complete failure. It should have raised it to 100%. Apparently diverting funds ~~from health~~ from health for space exploration is a sound decision. In fact, we should spend billions more on space exploration because the health of our people is much less important than the expansion of our people.

In addition, space exploration unites our globe. As ~~test~~ Michael Collins more than humans,

Prosperity, on the other hand, does


This writer is arguing that adversity brings out talents that would not otherwise be elicited. The reference is evolution is not fully developed, but it does show the author's understanding. He then connects this concept to computers and technological development. The writer shows a broad awareness and the concrete reference (aircraft wings) helps immensely. This paper scored an 8. Perhaps more concreteness would have elevated it to a 9—but no one can deny the impressive depth of thought.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

I completely disagree with the author's point in this synthesis paragraph—but it doesn't matter. The writer presents information from the provided sources and uses it to make a reasonable argument. Though I don't personally agree with his conclusion, there is an undeniable logic. Thus, the paper scored well. Remember: You are being evaluated on presenting a reasonable argument. So long as you present clear and direct evidence for your ideas, and make an understandable connection between them, then you will score well.

severe or radical form of disagreement.
Boorstin claims that "dissension is [democracy's] cancer," but history provides us with many examples of the contrary. Southern abolitionists, suffragettes, and civil rights leaders were all in the minority at some time because they dissented. However, as they and their views became more popular, they all entered into the majority. If their views did not change, did they go from dissension to disagreement? From cancer to life blood?
Boorstin's argument seems to rest

The examples aren't as developed as they could be, but do see that this writer presents concrete historical movements and a simple logic: These figures were unapologetic dissenters whose views eventually became the majority. This paragraph is strengthened by the writer's style. Consider the power of the rhetorical questions at the end, which use Boorstin's own words. Short paragraph, but it makes an effective point.

 It is an emblem of our thrift, a portrayal of one of our greatest presidents and a hallmark of our nation's storied past. The great symbols of our nation—the Washington Monument, the White House, Mount Rushmore—are carefully guarded and watched over. Great emphasis is placed on their preservation, for we see the value in honoring America's relics. Should the penny be treated any differently? Ubiquitous and ordinary as it may seem, the penny is just as intrinsically valuable as all other sources of national pride. Indeed, as documented in Source F, the federal government has already done well to secure the survival of the penny's symbolic worth by renewing the images of Lincoln. So crucial is the penny as a mark of our ~~history~~ national attribute of economy and as a portrait of our heritage that to ban it would be to be ban a feature of American life.

This synthesis paragraph follows a simple structure. Claim. Evidence. Explanation. Note the penny is connected to other concrete examples (Rushmore, etc.). Do note the author's passionate style, as evidence in the last sentence. A confident tone in itself can be extremely persuasive. Don't be afraid to show a little attitude in your arguments! Also: Recognize subtle rhetorical strategies used by the author to make his argument. Rhetorical question ("Should the penny be treated any differently?"). And Bandwagon ("Indeed...the federal government has already done well...").

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Great paragraph. It begins with a direct claim, followed by a brief explanation. The writer then uses a concrete example (China) to illustrate the point.

On the otherhand, readings that are absolute such as educational books can be harmful to one's thinking; by narrowing opinions. ~~Science and history textbooks~~ Educational books such as science and history textbooks demand the learner to accept facts, and facts by definition only elicits one view. This severely limits the learners' view and cannot be useful in improving the world, because bias are brewed from it. For example, there is a saying that "winners write history." In China, who's history involved numerous changes in emperors the saying is true. Everytime a new dynasty is introduced, people are forced to accept the idea that their current king is and was always right. This is particularly achieved by rewriting ~~sciet~~ history textbooks as the Qin emperor did. Thus, textbooks can ~~sciet~~ narrow one's mind through propaganda.

or the people representing themselves.
 The right to vote is a duty as well as a privilege enjoyed by surprisingly few people around the world. In places where Democracy does not exist, the will of the people is never heard, or heard too late. In Thomas Carlyle's history of The French Revolution, he illustrates the dangers of a nation run by an elite few who ignore the needs of the masses. The decadent French monarchs and nobility ruled as they saw fit, for their personal pleasures only. Eventually, however, the ~~the~~ voice of the people ~~was~~ was heard; it was shouted in the booming of guns and cannons, screamed by the dying patriots and aristocrats, and brought home by a fury of blood and terror and death. In a democracy, it is difficult to imagine the voice of the people having to assert itself so violently, and yet if only the ~~the~~



Interesting paragraph. Students were asked to argue whether or not voting should be compulsory. Although this writer does not address "compulsory" (or required, mandated) voting in this paragraph, his point is clear: The majority of people need to vote—and have their voice heard—to keep the peace. This writer used an extremely appropriate concrete historical example (the French Revolution). Note that this example was explained over 3-4 sentences. Be sure to detail some if not all of your examples—do not just casually refer to them. SHOW how they are appropriate.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

ADDITIONAL PAGE FOR ANSWERING QUESTION 3

Similarly, web blogs, ~~and newspapers~~ ^{run by ordinary citizens} increasingly slanting the truth and over-exaggeration the importance of minor occurrences. While news about celebrity Tom Cruise's new baby runs amok on front pages, debate on global warming and Alaskan wildlife preservation is scanty. The 8 trillion dollar deficit is unheeded yet the ^{name of a} new game console ^{and the proliferation of rumors} tops public interest charts. It is the lack of truth that has caused Newsweek to ~~miss~~ print misleading rumors on Guantanamo Bay and Time Magazine to mistakenly ast Valerie Plame. Lewd and offensive material abounds on the internet and citizens ^{express} ~~show~~ more interest in the President's private life and exercising habits than in his domestic policy. All of this, and more is a direct result of the abundance of public statements in the media.

However, throughout history, it has been shown that public statements are also irreplaceable in the search for truth. Would Senator McCarthy lose power if there were not televised hearings of the army trials, in which one victim asked - clearly, "have you no sense of decency?" It is a question asked often ~~to~~ the writer's of disreputable blogs, money-seeking television producers, and glory-seeking columnists. But it is the sheer fact that society is allowed to ask this question that shows the importance of a system of freedomocracy. The very corruption and immaturity that is shown in public statements will never be eliminated if things ~~are~~ ~~not~~ existence is not made public. Problems would never be revealed in a communist society in which opinions are suppressed and corruption is allowed to fester.

It is important to keep in mind that

Why are the above statements strong?

irrefutable evidence behind him.

In the past century, two events in particular back up Thomas' claim of useful human discovery by serendipity. Take for example the discovery of penicillin, the antibiotic that in one single stroke revolutionized all of medical science and saved millions of lives. It was discovered not by careful experiment, but a "lucky laboratory" where samples were contaminated with the ~~no~~ fungus that produces ~~penicillin~~ the antibiotic. ~~It~~ It was only then that the existence of the chemical was even realized; had something not "obviously screwed up" in that lab, ~~if ~~serendipity~~~~ we would be ~~it~~ still burned by the scourge of hundreds of unchecked bacterial diseases. Clearly, ~~it~~ it was the error that created the benefit. More recently, an outbreak of a strange intestinal disease in Milwaukee was only identified by ~~a~~ going outside of the bounds of precise testing. A nonstandard test on stool samples turned up ~~a~~ hard evidence where all previous tests had turned in results that led to "predicted sums" of absolutely nothing detected. The evidence, as it turned out, ~~was~~ pointed to the stealthy parasite cryptosporidium, which ~~again~~ would



Strengths? Are there concrete 'show me' statements?

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Do not write beyond this border.

The pros of Singer's ~~the~~ theory, although few, are powerful and immediately obvious to all who view his argument. Yes, human nature is generous, it feels good to give and no one should be selfish. It even satisfies an innate sense of justice, fairness and equality - those who have more should give to those who have less. This method would tame the human sin of selfishness and thus even satisfies religious ideology - "help thy neighbor". No matter which way you look at it, Singer's argument is an undeniably noble undertaking which expands on human generosity and optimistically glorifies human nature. There is nothing morally wrong in what he is suggesting, and it would ~~at~~ even please some to act as martyrs and saints, masochistic in their own self-deprivation. Overall, its benefits suggest a rosy future for the human race.

However, while the supporters of Singer's method have righteousness, justice and logical reasoning on their side, those who oppose Singer may draw on the resources of realism,

Do not write beyond this border.



Organized well?

Writing Assignment:

Complete your synthesis essay noting the detail needed to support your claims in your body paragraphs. This essay should be 5-7 paragraphs. Work hard to include strong transitions and elevated vocabulary.

Journal Assignment:

Take both sides of your issue and write an entry for each. Sentence structure- try and add transitions you don't often use...avoid Because/However/Although/So/Therefore.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Synthesis Essay Scoring Guide

The guide is based on AP evaluation criteria. Use this guide and any class discussion regarding the original essays you write in order to evaluate and/or revise your essays with confidence and competency.

9 (100) Essays of this caliber meet all criteria for papers that earn an 8 and are particularly persuasive, or carefully reasoned, or demonstrate impressive compositional skill, stylistic maturity, and rhetorical excellence. This essay must show evidence of sophistication in its argument and synthesis of cited sources.

8 (95) These impressive essays persuasively defend, challenge, or qualify the assertion made. They present cohesive and carefully reasoned arguments using effective synthesis and citation of at least three sources. The writer's argument is convincing, and the cited sources effectively support the writer's position. Writers of these essays demonstrate distinctive stylistic skill, varied sentence structures, and effective use of diction. These essays need not be flawless, but they must indicate a wide range of effective writing techniques.

7 (85) These essays fit the description of essays that receive a score of 6, but are distinguished by fuller or more purposeful argumentation and synthesis of at least three sources. The style, diction, and compositional skills of this essay are above average, but not quite reaching the level of the 8-9 essays.

6 (80) Essays earning a score of 6 adequately defend, challenge, or qualify the assertion made. They adequately synthesize and cite at least three of the sources. The writer's argument is generally convincing and the cited sources generally support the writer's position. These essays are above average in composition, but stylistically are less mature. Some lapses in diction and syntax may mar the overall impression.

5 (75) These essays understand the task at hand and defend, challenge, or qualify their assertions. They support their assertions by synthesizing and citing at least three sources. The arguments of these essays are developed in a limited, inconsistent, or uneven manner. The links between the argument and the sources may be strained. These essays are not poorly written, and they show that the writer possesses the ability to organize an essay in a functional manner. Stylistically, the essay may have simplistic sentence structure and word choice.

4 (65) These essays inadequately defend, challenge, or qualify the assertion made. They attempt to present an argument and support their positions by synthesizing and citing at least two sources, but they may misunderstand, misrepresent, or oversimplify their argument or the sources cited. The writing displays weakness in syntax, diction, and/or organization (often all three!).

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Week 20: Timed Essay

At some point during your college career, you will likely encounter a timed essay. Known collectively as timed essays, essay exams, or in-class essays, these essays require you to demonstrate disciplinary knowledge by producing a writing sample within a limited time period. Timed essays are popular because they allow teachers to grade students holistically in a very brief amount of time. This handout offers a few ways to prepare for timed essays and provides advice for how to answer a timed essay question effectively.

How to Prepare Before an Essay

Outlining Whether in the form of lists, clusters of balloons, or idea maps, outlines are a key strategy when answering timed and revisable essay prompts. The best way to determine your individual prewriting strategy is to practice outlining. Outlines can help you stay on track if you feel lost during an essay, so the stronger the outline, the more you'll stay focused. Prior to a test, try to predict three to five possible essay topics and outline a possible essay response for each. If you can successfully identify and outline essay topics before the exam, you will have an advantage when answering the timed essay.

Study Skills The more you can prepare for the exam itself, the easier you will find timed writing. Study for a timed essay like you would any other exam format: read the assigned texts, attend the lectures, take detailed notes, form study groups, and create a study guide or flashcards. As you study, look for general themes in the subject matter and consider how your professor has approached the material. Do you anticipate essay questions that ask you to synthesize material from several aspects of the course or to go into detail about some specific areas the course has focused on?

Time Management Many essay exams include both short-answer and long-answer questions. How you budget your time during the test depends on whether you are a single-draft or multi-draft writer.

Single Draft Writers These writers usually think about a prompt for several minutes before writing. They work well under pressure and prefer to “churn out” an essay at the last minute. Once they have finished an essay, they do not usually make any substantial changes.

After reading over all the essay questions, single draft writers should respond to shorter answer questions first before moving onto the final essay. This strategy will allow single draft writers to feel positive pressure during the essay exam and motivate them to complete a longer essay faster.

Multi-Draft Writers These writers immediately start jotting ideas as they read the essay prompt. Multi-draft writers usually draft and revise outlines before drafting an essay response. As they write, multi-draft writers will usually stop after each paragraph to edit and revise. Unlike single-draft writers, multi-draft writers prefer to compose in an environment without time limits.

After reading over all the essay questions, multi-draft writers should briefly outline responses to short answer questions before tackling the long essay first. Because they usually do not work well under pressure, multi-draft writers should return to short answer questions once they have completed a satisfactory long essay, because the long essay is generally worth a greater amount of points.

Answering the Timed Essay

The UPOWER acronym offers a plan of action for writing timed essays. Each letter of UPOWER corresponds to a specific step in the timed essay process.

Understand the Prompt

Pick a Side

Outline

Write a Thesis/Introduction

Evidence and Ending

Revise

Understand the Prompt Try rewriting the prompt in your own words to help you better understand what central question it is asking you to answer. It may help to reread the question and underline key words and phrases. Consider how many parts there are to the question: if multiple prompts are present, break down the prompts into subgroups. Determine if you should answer each question individually, or if the questions contain similar themes that should be answered as a group.

Pick a Side The majority of timed writing prompts expect the writer to develop a central thesis or claim. Decide what point you want to argue. Does the prompt already offer you a claim to defend or refute? If you are unsure what you want to argue, jotting a quick list of relevant ideas or evidence might

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

help you focus in on a claim. Remember that sometimes the “right” answer may not always be the easiest to argue.

Outline Imagine your outline as a blueprint to your essay; any time that you experience mid-essay writer’s block, a quick glance at the outline can sharpen your focus. You can outline your paper using a formalized list, an idea map, or another method that works for you. Practice outlining to determine what method helps you organize ideas concisely. In your outline, include your main point (thesis statement) and multiple supporting evidence points.

Write a Thesis/Introduction Unless directed otherwise by the prompt, at a bare minimum your introduction should include a clear central claim—a thesis statement that indicates what you will be arguing in your essay. If you are already feeling time constraints, this claim may suffice for your introduction.

If you have more time, expand the introduction. Some writers will prefer to do this right away, while others will prefer to return to the introduction after the rest of the essay is complete. The introduction might include a brief outline of the supporting evidence you plan to use later in the essay, as well as a creative “hook” that draws your readers in.

Evidence and Ending A strong thesis statement holds no weight without supporting evidence. As you craft the support for your claim, draw on the outline you sketched out previously. Be efficient with your time: only include information that supports your central claim. Remember that counterarguments can also serve as evidence: if you refute them well, they can strengthen your essay.

One way to help you clarify the connections between evidence and claim—and to help you make sure you’re staying on topic—is to provide a clear topic sentence or subclaim in each body paragraph. Don’t feel bound to the formulaic five-paragraph essay: evidence can be sufficient without coming in groups of three.

After writing your body paragraphs, you will need to conclude your essay. Even if the conclusion to your timed essay is brief, closure is important. Try not to simply rehash what you’ve just written. You may want to identify conflicting evidence or limitations of your thesis in this section.

Revise As soon as you have finished writing, reread your original thesis statement in the opening paragraph. Does it still effectively represent the focus of your essay? As students write body paragraphs, they often diverge from their initial thesis statements. Graders will use this thesis statement as a

guide for understanding your essay, so make sure your thesis matches your essay after you finish writing. If you still have time, carefully proofread your essay. Watch for simple spelling and grammatical errors, as well as greater problems of sentence flow and structure. Look over your essay one more time; revise or tweak as needed, and you're done!

A final thought...

Keep your eye on the clock. While an ideal scenario would allow you to finish every essay component with time to spare, timed essays are timed for a reason: they require you to think under pressure. If you run out of time during a test, quickly jot down your remaining main ideas. Graders will be able to see the intended path of your essay and may reward you with a few extra points.

The Beginning:

- Restate, in your own words, what the prompt is asking. Remember: you have to demonstrate to the grader that you **understand what's being asked** and the grader expects you to **summarize information before analyzing**, like you would in writing without prompts. One of the most common comments I make grading timed essays pertains to abrupt responses:

For a prompt asking you to analyze an immigration proposal by Governor Schwarzenegger:

Too abrupt: "I disagree. First of all..."

Too abrupt: "This an unreasonable plan because..."

Still lacking summary: "While Schwarzenegger's plans for controlling immigration seem to be relatively reasonable, they are presented with no reason to support them."

Better: "In his recent proposal to solve the California immigration problem, Governor Schwarzenegger proposes a plan that both deals with stopping new immigration and with immigrants already in the state. Specifically, he wants to secure the border, develop a work-visa program that would allow a temporary legal option, and assimilate immigrants into American culture. While these ideas seem reasonable and balanced, Schwarzenegger's plans are unfeasibly optimistic, fail to consider potential risks, and use terminology that is not fully explained."

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

In the middle

- Have clear topic sentences that show the direction of your essay as well as the main points you're making. Again, in non-timed writing, you have the freedom to be more complex and creative with topic sentences. But due to the speed at which graders are grading, you need to put transparency foremost.
- Give examples, hypotheticals, facts, philosophies, comparisons, analogies, and even anecdotes to make concrete the points you're making in those topic sentences.

By the end

- Without saying, "in conclusion," reaffirm your main point.
- But if you can, add some new perspective or dimension to what you've already said. This will show the grader that you can take a step back from the sequential analyzing of details and understand the prompt globally:

"Beyond these issues of practicality and terminology, it is important to consider why Schwarzenegger might be making a proposal like this. The fact that this statement was released prior to elections may suggest that it was primarily a political move, which would mean that..."

After you compose: always revise!

It's crucial to save time for revision. Unfortunately most of us intuitively believe we'll get a better grade if we spend the whole time writing. This simply isn't so. Here's one potential explanation for why timed-essay graders give shorter but richer, revised papers better grade: they're under enormous time constraints to grade essays quickly. So they don't want their time wasted. Add to that the fact that they're reading responses to the same prompts that they know, intimately, what information is answering the prompt and what is fluff.

- If the essay is not very clear, then you might want to see if you can add short sentences and or even a paragraph that elaborates and sums up what you have applied.
- Avoid repetitiveness in the essay.

- Look for confusing or murky sentences, words, and ideas and eliminate them.
- Get rid of clichés, generalizations, and quotations that aren't related directly to the topic.
- Check that the information you included is understandable, readable, and to the point.

Note that checking grammar is not among that list. Sure, you should be aware of grammar (and if grammar is a particular weakness of yours, do check), but generally, this will not be a large determinant of your timed-essay grade.

Prompt: Do you think the SAT or ACT exam is an accurate measure of a student's aptitude for college? Support your position with specific examples.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Name _____ Grade _____

Timed Essay

Writing Assignment:

Review the notes/lesson on how to construct a timed essay. Take your first draft home and revise it. Handwrite the corrected version on the pages provided. Your grade will depend on how well you edited your original version to meet the suggestions given.

Journaling Assignment:

Focus on free writing, your ability to get your thoughts on paper quickly and effectively. Choose any topics that interest you or for which you feel strongly. You may choose two separate topics or write two journal pages on one.

Week 21: Poetry Study TP-CASTT

Title, Paraphrase, Connotation, Attitude, Shifts, Title, Theme

TP-CASTT is a way to examine a poem. It is important to follow it step by step and use a dictionary.

I. **TITLE:** Examine the title before reading the poem. Consider connotation. Check out the title and just the title. Can you guess what kind of poem it will be by just the title? A title like “Carentan O Carentan” might foreshadow it might have a traditional style because of the “O”. “Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening” might hint that it will be a narrative poem, that it will tell some kind of a story.

II. **PARAPHRASE:** Translate the poem into your own words. Just write what you see on the surface, a literal translation.

Here’s a piece from Macbeth. This is when Macbeth learns of his wife’s death. What is this poem about at face value? Then what is this poem REALLY about?

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard from no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

VERY IMPORTANT:

ALWAYS CITE LINE
 NUMBER WHEN
 REFERRING TO A LINE!

III. **CONNOTATION:** Examine the poem for meaning beyond the literal. Look through the poem you choose and show examples of the following:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

- 1- **diction**- the writer or speaker's choice of words. "face vs. countenance"
- 2- **imagery**- language that appeals to the senses. "It was a cold, dark, stormy night."
- 3- **simile**- a figure of speech that makes a comparison using *like, as, than, or resembles*.
"Life is like a box of chocolates."
- 4- **metaphor** - a figure of speech that makes a comparison without connective words.
"You are a pig." ("You're like a pig." would be a simile)
- 5- **personification** - giving non-human things human qualities. "That stupid door!"
- 6- **symbolism**- something that stands for both itself and something further.
"The wall not only kept me physically out, it also kept out my feelings, my soul, my life."
- 7- **irony** - A contrast or discrepancy between expectation and reality. 3 types:
verbal irony: the speaker says one thing but means the opposite.
situational irony: what actually happens is the opposite of what we expect to happen.
dramatic irony: the reader or audience knows something the character does not.
- 8- **paradox** - a statement or situation that seems to be a contradiction but reveals truth.
- 9- **oxymoron** - two words together that are contradictory. "cold comfort" "a loud silence"
- 10- **allusions** - a reference to a statement, person, place, event, or a thing that is known from literature, history, religion, myth, politics, sports, science, or the arts.
- 11- **onomatopoeia**- A word whose sound imitates or suggests its meaning. "pop" "splash"
- 12- **rhyme**- repetition of accented sounds. "May, day, gray, pray, pay."
- 13- **alliteration** -rhyme at the beginning of words
"How are you going to make your way in the world woman when you weren't cut out for working?"
- 14- **assonance** - rhyme at the middle of words "night-tide, I lie down by the side..."
- 15- **consonance**- rhyme at the end of words
"new car, caviar, four-star daydream, think I'll buy me a football team."
- 16- **rhyme scheme** – This deals with consonance. Use an a,b,c,d formula

Not all poems will have all of these elements in them. The trick is to read the poem until you find an example. This means you will be re-reading the poem

many times. When you find an element, put the number- write it, and put down the example. This is what you're going for:

Randall Jarrell (1914-1965) "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner"

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

2- imagery The author brings up images of a ball turret gunner "hunched" in his gun pod in the belly of a bomber plane. There is the image of wet fur, which may also bring up smell. It's cold. He's up in the air. There is the black flak exploding.

3-metaphor- the gun pod is like a womb. Wet fur- a fetus is in amniotic fluid and covered in a soft layer of thin fur. A fetus is in sort of a dream. Plus- "from my mother's sleep"

IV. ATTITUDE: Attitude is a way of thinking, feeling, or behaving.

tone- the attitude the writer takes toward the reader, the subject, or a character.

Examples: serious, ironic, matter-of-fact, comic, dark

Examine both the speaker's and the poet's attitudes and briefly write briefly how attitudes affect the poem. Give examples.. Remember, don't confuse the "speaker" with the author. Look for:

1. The "speaker's" attitude (this is the "voice" of the poem) about the subject.
2. The author's attitude about the subject and characters.
3. The character's attitudes.

Always separate the author of the poem from the speaker of the poem.

V. SHIFTS: A shift is a change or move

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Note shifts in the poem and briefly write about how each affect the poem.
Look for:

- 1- the occasion of the poem (time and place)
- 2- key words (repeated words, key words, and words such as “but” and “yet”)
- 3- punctuation (dashes, periods, colons...)
- 4- stanza divisions (a stanza is a group of consecutive lines in poetry that form a unit. Also called a paragraph.)
- 5- changes in line
- 6- stanza length
- 7- effect of structure on meaning

VI. TITLE: Examine the title again on an interpretive level. This time consider the entire poem. Write a few sentences about it.

VII. THEME: This is the central idea or insight revealed by the work of literature. The message the writer wants to convey to the reader. First, list the subjects of the poem. Then determine what the poet is saying about each of those subjects (theme). Briefly write about each.

Writing Assignment:

Choose two of the four poems and complete the TP-CASTT chart for both of them. Some poems may seem simple but there are deeper themes to be discovered.

Journaling Assignment:

Try your hand at Poetic Devices..choose a few mentioned in the lesson to explore or journal about the poem you selected.

The Donkey

By G. K. Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walked
 And figs grew upon thorn,
 Some moment when the moon was blood
 Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
 And ears like errant wings,
 The devil's walking parody
 On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
 Of ancient crooked will;
 Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
 I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
 One far fierce hour and sweet:
 There was a shout about my ears,
 And palms before my feet.

The Lamb

By William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee
 Gave thee life, & bid thee feed,
 By the stream & o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing woolly bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice
 Little Lamb, who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb:
 He is meek, & He is mild,
 He became a little child:
 I a child & thou a lamb,
 We are called by His name.
 Little Lamb God bless thee,
 Little Lamb God bless thee.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Sonnet #43

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love with a passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Lauds

By. W. H. Auden

Among the leaves the small birds sing;
The crow of the cock commands awaking:
In solitude, for company.

Bright shines the sun on creatures mortal;
Men of their neighbours become sensible:
In solitude, for company.

The crow of the cock commands awaking;
Already the mass-bell goes dong-ding:
In solitude, for company.

Men of their neighbours become sensible;
God bless the Realm, God bless the People:
In solitude, for company.

Already the mass-bell goes dong-ding;
The dripping mill-wheel is again turning:
In solitude, for company.

God bless the Realm, God bless the People;
God bless this green world temporal:
In solitude, for company.

The dripping mill-wheel is again turning;
Among the leaves the small birds sing:
In solitude, for company.

TPCASTT	Name:	Grade:
Title		
Paraphrase		
Connotation		
Attitude		
Shifts		
Title		
Theme		

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

TPCASTT	Name: _____ Grade: _____
Title	
Paraphrase	
Connotation	
Attitude	
Shifts	
Title	
Theme	

Week 22: Poetry Anthology

Poetry Anthology Assignment

Your major assignment for the poetry unit will be to prepare an anthology of poetry that appeals to you. Your anthology will include your preferred published poems (note the use of alliteration ☺), samples of your own original poetry and a personal essay in which you reflect upon the types and characteristics of poetry that have some meaning for you. Your anthology will consist of three parts.

Published Poetry

1. Top Five List: Provide a list of your five favourite published poems (title and poet). A minimum of three of these poems from a book. You may substitute appropriate lyric poetry/song lyrics for one of the top five works on your list. A maximum of two poems may be from an Internet source.

2. Poetry Responses: Select **two** poems from your Top Five list. For each selection, follow the instructions set out in the list below:

a. Neatly copy out the poem in the exact format in which the author published his/her work (punctuation and verse length are critical). You may type or handwrite these poems (neatly).

b. On the same page that you copied the poem onto, create a visual representation that suits the nature of the poem itself. You might consider creating an illustration, an inventive collage, or something else.

c. Write a personal response for the poem selected, typed and on a separate sheet of paper. Comment on each of the following questions:

- i. Why did you choose this particular poem?
- ii. What are the interesting/unusual aspects of the poem?
- iii. What is unique about the poem's topic, language, sound or shape?
- iv. What is it about the poem that most appeals to you?
- v. Do you have any other personal observations about the poem?

Original Poetry (one rhyming poem and one free verse poem = total of 30 lines)

1. You will include two of your original poems in the anthology. These poems should be "polished" and will reflect the considerable amount of time and effort that you will have, undoubtedly, put into the writing process.

2. You will choose one of your original poems to read to the class.

Personal Essay Response

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Your final task for the Poetry Anthology will be to write a detailed, personal response essay in which you explain what your selection of poems reveals about you and your personal identity (approximately 250 words). Consider these questions as you contemplate the role poetry has and will hopefully continue to play in your life:

1. Why have I chosen/written the poems included in this anthology?
2. Do the poems I have selected share any common characteristics, themes or literary devices?
3. What do my personal responses to these poems reveal about my taste in poetry? Is there a “common thread” that runs through all of the works included in my anthology?

Givens:

1. Top Five List
2. 2 Personal Responses (+ copies of poems with illustrations)
3. 2 original poems
4. Personal Response Essay
5. Title Page (All these should be bound in a presentation folder)

*Mrs. Hummell Wikispaces High School English

Writing Assignment:

Complete your Poetry Anthology. Read the section on how to recite poetry in the next lesson in preparation for your own recitation.

Journaling Assignment:

Free write, 2 pages of any journaling your choice!

	Unacceptable / Inadequate (0 / 1 / 2)	Somewhat Adequate (3)	Competent (4)	Proficient (5)	Superior (6)
Written work is detailed and precise					
Mechanics of writing are consistently strong and correct					
Effective organization and expression of ideas					
Visual representations of selected poetry					
Personal voice / Personal expression					
Overall Impression of work					

Grading Guidelines to be used in assessing your work.

A Responses to the poetry and in the personal essay are thoughtful and detailed; ideas are well developed and supported with integrated evidence where appropriate. All written portions show effective organization and clear, virtually flawless written expression. Visuals accompanying the poems are detailed and precise, and illustrate the student's clear understanding of the themes/messages presented in the work. Original poetry is powerful and polished with a strong personal voice and clear evidence of style.

B Responses to the poetry and the personal response essay are thoughtful; ideas are well developed and supported with evidence. Written portions show good organization and correct written expression. Visuals accompanying the poems represent the poems accurately. Original poetry is polished.

C Responses to the poetry and the personal response essay show elements of consideration and thought. Written portions are generally good, however, there are some problems with the organization of ideas and written expression. Visuals accompanying the poems illustrate the student's general understanding of the poem's content and meaning. Original poetry requires some minor polishing and revision.

I The Poetry Anthology (in part or as a whole) is incomplete or the standard to which the Poetry Anthology has been completed is not worthy of a minimum "C" letter grade.

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Week 23: Poetry Recitations

I. PHYSICAL PRESENCE

Eye contact, body language, and poise.

II. Tips:

- Present yourself well and be attentive. Use good posture. Look confident.
- Use eye contact with the entire class. Don't focus solely on the teacher or one or two students.
- Nervous gestures, poor eye contact with the audience, and lack of poise or confidence will detract from your score.
- Relax and be natural. Enjoy your poem—the class will, too.

III. Qualities of a strong recitation:

Ease and comfort with the audience. Engagement with the audience through physical presence, including appropriate body language, confidence, and eye contact—without appearing artificial.

IV. VOICE AND ARTICULATION

Volume, pace, rhythm, intonation, and proper pronunciation.

Keep in Mind: We are in an enclosed room, you need to project your voice appropriately and not shout at us or be meek as a field mouse. 😊

V. Tips:

- Project to the audience. Capture the attention of everyone, including the people in the back row. However, don't mistake yelling for good projection.

- Proceed at a fitting and natural pace. Avoid nervously rushing through the poem. Do not speak so slowly that the language sounds unnatural or awkward or to create a false sense of drama.
- With rhymed poems, be careful not to recite in a sing-song manner.
- Make sure you know how to pronounce every word in your poem. Articulate.
- Line breaks are a defining feature of poetry. Decide whether a break requires a pause and, if so, how long to pause.

VI. Qualities of a strong recitation:

All words pronounced correctly, and the volume, rhythm, and intonation greatly enhance the recitation. Pacing appropriate to the poem.

VII. DRAMATIC APPROPRIATENESS

Recitation is about conveying a poem's sense with its language. It is closer to the art of oral interpretation than theatrical performance. (Think storyteller or narrator rather than actor.) **A strong performance will rely on a powerful internalization of the poem rather than distracting dramatic gestures.** You represent the poem's voice, not a character's. You must subtly enhance the understanding and enjoyment of the poem without overshadowing the language.

VIII. Tips:

- Do not act out the poem. Too much dramatization distracts from the language of the poem. Movement or accents must not detract from the poem's voice.

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- You are the vessel of your poem. Have confidence that your poem is strong enough to communicate without a physical illustration. Let the words of the poem do the work.
- Depending on the poem, occasional gestures may be appropriate, but the line between appropriate and overdone is a thin one. When uncertain, leave them out.
- Avoid monotone delivery. However, too much enthusiasm can make your performance seem insincere.

IX. Qualities of a strong recitation:

The dramatization subtly underscores the meaning of the poem without becoming the focal point. The style of delivery is more about oral interpretation than dramatic enactment.

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Pre-read the Intro to Short Stories for next week and the first selection provided. Create a one page introduction to the author, Flannery O'Connor. (Typed MLA)

Journaling Assignment:

Try your hand at a very short story in your journaling. Create a scene/characters/and a dilemma. 😊

Week 24: Short Stories Introduction

Revelation

Flannery O'Connor

The Doctor's waiting room, which was very small, was almost full when the Turpins entered and Mrs. Turpin, who was very large, made it look even smaller by her presence. She stood looming at the head of the magazine table set in the center of it, a living demonstration that the room was inadequate and ridiculous. Her little bright black eyes took in all the patients as she sized up the seating situation. There was one vacant chair and a place on the sofa occupied by a blond child in a dirty blue romper who should have been told to move over and make room for the lady. He was five or six, but Mrs. Turpin saw at once that no one was going to tell him to move over. He was slumped down in the seat, his arms idle at his sides and his eyes idle in his head; his nose ran unchecked.

Mrs. Turpin put a firm hand on Claud's shoulder and said in a voice that included anyone who wanted to listen, "Claud, you sit in that chair there," and gave him a push down into the vacant one. Claud was florid and bald and sturdy, somewhat shorter than Mrs. Turpin, but he sat down as if he were accustomed to doing what she told him to.

Mrs. Turpin remained standing. The only man in the room besides Claud was a lean stringy old fellow with a rusty hand spread out on each knee, whose eyes were closed as if he were asleep or dead or pretending to be so as not to get up and offer her his seat. Her gaze settled agreeably on a well-dressed grey-haired lady whose eyes met hers and whose expression said: if that child belonged to me, he would have some manners and move over—there's plenty of room there for you and him too.

Claud looked up with a sigh and made as if to rise.

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"Sit down," Mrs. Turpin said. "You know you're not supposed to stand on that leg. He has an ulcer on his leg," she explained.

Claud lifted his foot onto the magazine table and rolled his trouser leg up to reveal a purple swelling on a plump marble white calf.

"My!" the pleasant lady said. "How did you do that?"

"A cow kicked him," Mrs. Turpin said.

"Goodness!" said the lady.

Claud rolled his trouser leg down.

"Maybe the little boy would move over," the lady suggested, but the child did not stir.

"Somebody will be leaving in a minute," Mrs. Turpin said. She could not understand why a doctor-with as much money as they made charging five dollars a day to just stick their head in the hospital door and look at you-couldn't afford a decent-sized waiting room. This one was hardly bigger than a garage. The table was cluttered with limp-looking magazines and at one end of it there was a big green glass ashtray full of cigarette butts and cotton wads with little blood spots on them. If she had had anything to do with the running of the place, that would have been emptied every so often. There were no chairs against the wall at the head of the room. It had a rectangular-shaped panel in it that permitted a view of the office where the nurse came and went and the secretary listened to the radio. A plastic fern, in a gold pot sat in the opening and trailed its fronds down almost to the floor. The radio was softly playing gospel music.

Just then the inner door opened and a nurse with the highest stack of yellow hair Mrs. Turpin had ever seen put her face in the crack and called for the next patient. The woman sitting beside Claud grasped the two arms of her chair and hoisted herself up; she pulled her dress free from her legs and lumbered through the door where the nurse had disappeared.

Mrs. Turpin eased into the vacant chair, which held her tight as a corset. "I wish I could reduce," she said, and rolled her eyes and

gave a comic sigh.

"Oh, you aren't fat," the stylish lady said.

"Ooooo I am too," Mrs. Turpin said. "Claud he eats all he wants to and never weighs over one hundred and seventy-five pounds, but me I just look at something good to eat and I gain some weight," and her stomach and shoulders shook with laughter. "You can eat all you want to, can't you, Claud?" she asked, turning to him.

Claud only grinned.

"Well, as long as you have such a good disposition," the stylish lady said, "I don't think it makes a bit of difference what size you are. You just can't beat a good disposition."

Next to her was a fat girl of eighteen or nineteen, scowling into a thick blue book which Mrs. Turpin saw was entitled *Human Development*. The girl raised her head and directed her scowl at Mrs. Turpin as if she did not like her looks. She appeared annoyed that anyone should speak while she tried to read. The poor girl's face was blue with acne and Mrs. Turpin thought how pitiful it was to have a face like that at that age. She gave the girl a friendly smile but the girl only scowled the harder. Mrs. Turpin herself was fat but she had always had good skin, and, though she was forty-seven years old, there was not a wrinkle in her face except around her eyes from laughing too much.

Next to the ugly girl was the child, still in exactly the same position, and next to him was a thin leathery old woman in a cotton print dress. She and Claud had three sacks of chicken feed in their pump house that was in the same print. She had seen from the first that the child belonged with the old woman. She could tell by the way they sat- kind of vacant and white-trashy, as if they would sit there until Doomsday if nobody called and told them to get up. And at right angles but next to the well-dressed pleasant lady was a lank-faced woman who was certainly the child's mother. She had on a yellow sweatshirt and wine-colored slacks, both gritty-looking, and the rims of her lips were stained with snuff. Her dirty

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yellow hair was tied behind with a little piece of red paper ribbon. Worse than niggers any day, Mrs. Turpin thought.

The gospel hymn playing was "When I looked up and He looked down," and Mrs. Turpin, who knew it, supplied the last line mentally, "And wona these days I know I'll we-ear a crown.

Without appearing to, Mrs. Turpin always noticed people's feet. The well-dressed lady had on red and grey suede shoes to match her dress. Mrs. Turpin had on her good black patent -leather pumps. The ugly girl had on Girl Scout shoes and heavy socks. The old woman had on tennis shoes and the white-trashy mother had on what appeared to be bedroom slippers, black straw with gold braid threaded through them-exactly what you would have expected her to have on.

Sometimes at night when she couldn't go to sleep, Mrs. Turpin would occupy herself with the question of who she would have chosen to be if she couldn't have been herself. If Jesus had said to her before he made her, "There's only two places available for you. You can either be a nigger or white trash," what would she have said? "Please, Jesus, please," she would have said, "Just let me wait until there's another place available," and he would have said, "No, you have to go right now", and I have only those two places so make up your mind." She would have wiggled and squirmed and begged and pleaded but it would have been no use and finally she would have said, "All right, make me a nigger then-but that don't mean a trashy one." And he would have made her a near clean respectable Negro woman, herself but black.

Next to the child's mother was a redheaded youngish woman, reading one of the magazines and working a piece of chewing gum, hell for leather, as Claud would say. Mrs. Turpin could not see the woman's feet. She was not white trash, just common. Sometimes Mrs. Turpin occupied herself at night naming the classes of people. On the bottom of the heap were most colored

people, not the kind she would have been if she had been one, but most of them; then next to them -- not above, just away from -- were the white-trash; then above them were the home-owners, and above them the home-and-land owners, to which she and Claud belonged, Above she and Claud were people with a lot of money and much bigger houses and much more land. But here the complexity of it would begin to bear in on her, for some of the people with a lot of money were common and ought to be below she and Claud and some of the people who had good blood had lost their money and had to rent and then there some colored people who owned their homes and land as well. There was a colored dentist in town who had two red Lincoln's and a swimming pool and a farm with registered whiteface cattle on it. Usually by the time she had fallen asleep all the classes of people were moiling and roiling around in her head, and she would dream they were all crammed in together in a box car, being ridden off to be put in a gas oven.

"That's a beautiful clock," she said and nodded to her right. It was a big wall clock, the face encased in a brass sunburst.

"Yes, it's very pretty," the stylish lady said agreeably. "And right on the dot too," she added, glancing at her watch.

The ugly girl beside her cast an eye upward at the clock, smirked, then looked directly at Mrs. Turpin and smirked again. Then she returned her eyes to her book. She was obviously the lady's daughter because, although they didn't look anything alike as to disposition, they both had the same shape of face and the same blue eyes. On the lady they sparkled pleasantly but in the girl's scared face they appeared alternately to smolder and to blaze. What if Jesus had said, "All right, you can be white-trash or a nigger or ugly"!

Mrs. Turpin felt an awful pity for the girl, though she thought it was one thing to be ugly and another to act ugly.

The woman with the snuff-stained lips turned around in her chair

and looked up at the clock. Then she turned back and appeared to look a little to the side of Mrs. Turpin. There was a cast in one of her eyes. "You want to know where you can get you one of them there clocks?" she asked in a loud voice.

No , I already have a nice clock," Mrs. Turpin said. Once somebody like her got a leg in the conversation, she would be all over it. "You can get you one with green stamps," the woman said. "That's most likely where he got hisn. Save you up enough, you can get you most anythang. I got me some joo'ry." Ought to have got you a wash rag and some soap, Mrs. Turpin thought.

"I get contour sheets with mine," the pleasant lady said.

The daughter slammed her book shut. She looked straight in front of her, directly through Mrs. Turpin and on through the yellow curtain and the plate glass window which made the wall behind her. The girl's eyes seemed lit all of a sudden with a peculiar light, an unnatural light like night road signs give. Mrs. Turpin turned her head to see if there was anything going on outside that she should see, but she could not see anything. Figures passing cast only a pate shadow through the curtain. There was no reason the girl should single her out for her ugly looks.

"Miss Finley," the nurse said, cracking the door. The gum-chewing woman got up and passed in front of her and Claud and went into the office. She had on red high-heeled shoes.

Directly across the table, the ugly girl's eyes were fixed on Mrs. Turpin as if she had some very special reason for disliking her.

"This is wonderful weather, isn't it?" the girl's mother said.

"It's good weather for cotton if you can get the niggers to pick it," Mrs. Turpin said, "but niggers don't want to pick cotton any more. You can't get the white folks to pick it and now you can't get the niggers because they got to be right up there with the white folks."

"They gonna try anyways," the white-trash woman said, leaning forward.

"Do you have one of those cotton-picking machines?" the pleasant lady asked.

"No," Mrs. Turpin said, "they leave half the cotton in the field. We don't have much cotton anyway. If you want to make it farming now, you have to have a little of everything. We got a couple of acres of cotton and a few hogs and chickens and just enough white-face that Claud can look after them himself.

"One thang I don't want," the white-trash woman said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "Hogs. Nasty stinking things, a-gruntin and a-rootin all over the place."

Mrs. Turpin gave her the merest edge of her attention. "Our hogs are not dirty and they don't stink," she said. "They're cleaner than some children I've seen. Their feet never touch the ground. We have a pig-parlor- that's where you raise them on concrete," she explained to the pleasant lady, "and Claud scoots them down with the hose every afternoon and washes off the floor." Cleaner by far than that child right there, she thought. Poor nasty little thing. He had not moved except to put the thumb of his dirty hand into his mouth.

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The woman turned her face away from Mrs. Turpin. "I know I wouldn't scoot down no hog with no hose," she said to the wall. You wouldn't have no hog to scoot down, Mrs. Turpin said to herself.

"A-gruntin and a-rootin and a-groanin," the woman muttered.

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"We got a little of everything," Mrs. Turpin said to the pleasant lady. "It's no use in having more than you can handle yourself with help like it is. We found enough niggers to pick our cotton this year, but Claud he has to go after them and take them home again in the evening. They can't walk that half a mile. No they can't. I tell you," she said and laughed merrily. "I sure am tired of buttering up niggers, but you got to love em if you want em to work for you. When they come in the morning, I run out and I say, 'How yal this morning?' and when Claud drives them off to the field I just wave to beat the band and they just wave back." And she waved her hand rapidly to illustrate.

"Like you read out of the same book," the lady said, showing she understood perfectly.

"Child, yes," Mrs. Turpin said. "And when they come in from the field, I run out with a bucket of ice water. That's the way it's going to be from now on," she said. "You may as well face it."

"One thang I know," the white-trash woman said. "Two thangs I ain't going to do: love no niggers or scoot down no hog with no hose." And she let out a bark of contempt.

The look that Mrs. Turpin and the pleasant lady exchanged indicated they both understood that you had to have certain things before you could know certain things. But every time Mrs. Turpin exchanged a look with the lady, she was aware that the ugly girl's peculiar eyes were still on her, and she had trouble bringing her attention back to the conversation.

"When you got something," she said, "you got to look after it." And when you ain't got a thing but breath and britches, she added to herself, you can afford to come to town every morning and just sit on the Court House coping and spit.

A grotesque revolving shadow passed across the curtain behind her and was thrown palely on the opposite wall. Then a bicycle clattered down against the outside of the building. The door opened and a colored boy glided in with a tray from the drug

store. It had two large red and white paper cups on it with tops on them. He was a tall, very black boy in discolored white pants and a green nylon shirt. He was chewing gum slowly, as if to music. He set the tray down in the office opening next to the fern and stuck his head through to look for the secretary. She was not in there. He rested his arms on the ledge and waited, his narrow bottom stuck out, swaying slowly to the left and right. He raised a hand over his head and scratched the base of his skull.

"You see that button there, boy?" Mrs. Turpin said. "You can punch that and she'll come. She's probably in the back somewhere."

"Is thas right?" the boy said agreeably, as if he had never seen the button before. He leaned to the right and put his finger on it. "She sometime out," he said and twisted around to face his audience, his elbows behind him on the counter. The nurse appeared and he twisted back again. She handed him a dollar and he rooted in his pocket and made the change and counted it out to her. She gave him fifteen cents for a tip and he went out with the empty tray. The heavy door swung too slowly and closed at length with the sound of suction. For a moment no one spoke.

"They ought to send all them niggers back to Africa," the white trash woman said. "That's wher they come from in first place."

"Oh, I couldn't do without my good colored friends," the pleasant lady said.

"There's a heap of things worse than a nigger," Mrs. Turpin agreed. "It's all kinds of them just like it's all kinds of us."

"Yes, and it takes all kinds to make the world go round," the lady said in her musical voice.

As she said it, the raw-complexioned girl snapped her teeth together. Her lower lip turned downwards and inside out, revealing the pale pink inside of her mouth. After a second it rolled back up. It was the ugliest face Mrs. Turpin had ever seen anyone make and for a moment she was certain that the girl had made it at her. She was looking at her as if she had known and

disliked her all her life—all of Mrs. Turpin's life, it seemed too, not just all the girl's life. Why, girl, I don't even know you, Mrs. Turpin said silently.

She forced her attention back to the discussion. "It wouldn't be practical to send them back to Africa," she said. "They wouldn't want to go. They got it too good here."

"Wouldn't be what they wanted—if I had anything to do with it," the woman said.

"It wouldn't be a way in the world you could get all the niggers back over there," Mrs. Turpin said. "They'd be hiding out and lying down and turning sick on you and wailing and hollering and raring and pitching. It wouldn't be a way in the world to get them over there."

"They got over here," the trashy woman said. "Get back like they got over."

"It wasn't so many of them then," Mrs. Turpin explained.

The woman looked at Mrs. Turpin as if here was an idiot indeed but Mrs. Turpin was not bothered by the look, considering where it came from.

"Nooo," she said, "they're going to stay here where they can go to New York and marry white folks and improve their color. That's what they all want to do, every one of them, improve their color."

"You know what comes of that, don't you?" Claud asked.

"No, Claud, what?" Mrs. Turpin said.

Claud's eyes twinkled. "White-faced niggers," he said with never a smile.

Everybody in the office laughed except the white-trash and the ugly girl. The girl gripped the book in her lap with white fingers. The trashy woman looked around her from face to face as if she thought they were all idiots. The old woman in the feed sack dress continued to gaze expressionless across the floor at the high-top shoes of the man opposite her, the one who had been pretending to be asleep when the Turpins came in. He was

laughing heartily, his hands still spread out on his knees. The child had fallen to the side and was lying now almost face down in the old woman's lap.

While they recovered from their laughter, the nasal chorus on the radio kept the room from silence.

"You go to blank blank And I'll go to mine But we'll all blank along To-geth-ther, And all along the blank We'll help each-other out Smile-ling in any kind of Weath-ther!"

Mrs. Turpin didn't catch every word but she caught enough to agree with the spirit of the song and it turned her thoughts sober. To help anybody out that needed it was her philosophy of life. She never spared herself when she found somebody in need, whether they were white or black, trash or decent. And of all she had to be thankful for, she was most thankful that this was so. If Jesus had said, "You can be high society and have all the money you want and be thin and svelte-like, but you can't be a good woman with it," she would have had to say, "Well don't make me that then. Make me a good woman and it don't matter what else, how fat or how ugly or how poor!" Her heart rose. He had not made her a nigger or white-trash or ugly! He had made her herself and given her a little of everything. Jesus, thank you! she said. Thank you thank you! Whenever she counted her blessings she felt as buoyant as if she weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds instead of one hundred and eighty.

"What's wrong with your little boy?" the pleasant lady asked the white-trashy woman.

"He has a ulcer," the woman said proudly. "He ain't give me a minute's peace since he was born. Him and her are just alike," she said, nodding at the old woman, who was running her leathery fingers through the child's pale hair. "Look like I can't get nothing down them two but Co' Cola and candy."

That's all you try to get down em, Mrs. Turpin said to herself. Too lazy to light the fire. There was nothing you could tell her about

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people like them that she didn't know already. And it was not just that they didn't have anything. Because if you gave them everything, in two weeks it would all be broken or filthy or they would have chopped it up for lightwood. She knew all this from her own experience. Help them you must, but help them you couldn't.

All at once the ugly girl turned her lips inside out again. Her eyes were fixed like two drills on Mrs. Turpin. This time there was no mistaking that there was something urgent behind them.

Girl, Mrs. Turpin exclaimed silently, I haven't done a thing to you! The girl might be confusing her with somebody else. There was no need to sit by and let herself be intimidated.

"You must be in college," she said boldly, looking directly at the girl. "I see you reading a book there."

The girl continued to stare and pointedly did not answer.

Her mother blushed at this rudeness. "The lady asked you a question, Mary Grace," she said under her breath.

"I have ears," Mary Grace said.

The poor mother blushed again. "Mary Grace goes to Wellesley College," she explained. She twisted one of the buttons on her dress. "In Massachusetts, she added with a grimace." "And in the summer she just keeps right on studying. Just reads all the time, a real book worm. She's done real well at Wellesley; she's taking English and Math and History and Psychology and Social Studies," she rattled on "and I think it's too much. I think she ought to get out and have fun."

The girl looked as if she would like to hurl them all through the plate glass window.

"Way up north," Mrs. Turpin murmured and thought, well, it hasn't done much for her manners.

"I'd almost rather to have him sick," the white-trash woman said, wrenching the attention back to herself. "He's so mean when he ain't. Look like some children just take natural to meanness. It's

some gets bad when they get sick but, he was the opposite. Took sick and turned good. He don't give me no trouble now. It's me waitin to see the doctor," she said.

If I was going to send anybody back to Africa, Mrs. Turpin thought, it would be your kind, woman. "Yes, indeed," she said aloud, but looking up at the ceiling, "It's a heap of things worse than a nigger." And dirtier than a hog, she added to herself

"I think people with bad dispositions are more to be pitied than anyone on earth," the pleasant lady said in a voice that was decidedly thin.

"I thank the Lord he has blessed me with a good one," Mrs. Turpin said. "The day has never dawned that I couldn't find something to laugh at."

"Not since she married me anyways," Claud said with a comical straight face.

Everybody laughed except the girl and the white trash.

Mrs. Turpin's stomach shook. "He's such a caution," she said, "that I can't help but laugh at him."

The girl made a loud ugly noise through her teeth.

Her mother's mouth grew thin and tight. "I think the worst thing in the world," she said, "is an ungrateful person. To have everything and not appreciate it. I know a girl," she said, "who has parents who would give her anything, a little brother who loves her dearly, who is getting a good education, who wears the best clothes, but who can never say a kind word to anyone, who never smiles, who just criticizes and complains all day long."

"Is she too old to paddle?" Claud asked.

The girl's face was almost purple.

"Yes," the lady said, "I'm afraid there's nothing to do but leave her to her folly. Some day she'll wake up and it'll be too late."

"It never hurt anyone to smile," Mrs. Turpin said. "It just makes you feel better all over"

"Of course," the lady said sadly, "but there are just some people

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you can't tell anything to. They can't take criticism."

"If it's one thing I am," Mrs. Turpin said with feeling, "It's grateful. When I think who all I could have been besides myself and what all I got, a little of everything, and a good disposition besides, I just feel like shouting, 'Thank you, Jesus, for making everything the way it is!' It could have been different!" For one thing, somebody else could have got Claud. At the thought of this, she was flooded with gratitude and a terrible pang of joy ran through her. "Oh thank you, Jesus, Jesus, thank you!" she cried aloud.

The book struck her directly, over her left eye. It struck almost at the same instant that she realized the girl was about to hurl it. Before she could utter a sound, the raw face came crashing across the table toward her, howling. The girl's fingers sank like clamps the soft flesh of her neck. She heard the mother cry out and Claud shout, "Whoa!" There was an instant when she was certain that she was about to be in an earthquake.

All at once her vision narrowed and she saw everything as if it were happening in a small room far away, or as if she were looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope. Claud's face crumpled and fell out of sight. The nurse ran in, then out, then again. Then the gangling figure of the doctor rushed out of the inner door. Magazines flew this way and that as the table turned over. The girl fell with a thud and Mrs. Turpin's vision suddenly reversed itself and she saw everything large instead of small. The eyes of the white-trashy woman were staring hugely at the floor. There the girl, held down on one side by the nurse and on the other by her mother, was wrenching and turning in their grasp. The doctor was kneeling astride her, trying to hold her arm down. He managed after a second to sink a long needle into it.

Mrs. Turpin felt entirely hollow except for her heart which swung from side to side as if it were agitated in a great empty drum of flesh.

"Somebody that's not busy call for the ambulance," the doctor

said in the off-hand voice young doctors adopt for terrible occasions.

Mrs. Turpin could not have moved a finger. The old man who had been sitting next to her skipped nimbly into the office and made the call, for the secretary still seemed to be gone.

"Claud!" Mrs. Turpin called.

He was not in his chair. She knew she must jump up and find him but she felt like someone trying to catch a train in a dream, when everything moves in slow motion and the faster you try to run the slower you go.

"Here I am," a suffocated voice, very unlike Claud's, said.

He was doubled up in the corner on the floor, pale as paper, holding his leg. She wanted to get up and go to him but she could not move. Instead, her gaze was drawn slowly downward to the churning face on the floor, which she could see over the doctor's shoulder.

The girl's eyes stopped rolling and focused on her. They seemed a much lighter blue than before, as if a door that had been tightly closed behind them was now open to admit light and air.

Mrs. Turpin's head cleared and her power of motion returned. She leaned forward until she was looking directly into the fierce brilliant eyes. There was no doubt in her mind that the girl did know her, know her in some intense and personal way, beyond time and place and condition. "What you got to say to me?" she asked hoarsely and held her breath, waiting, as for a revelation. The girl raised her head. Her gaze locked with Mrs. Turpin's. "Go back to hell where you came from, you old wart hog," she whispered. Her voice was low but clear. Her eyes burned for a moment as if she saw with pleasure that her message had struck its target.

Mrs. Turpin sank back in her chair.

After a moment the girl's eyes closed and she turned her head wearily to the side.

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The doctor rose and handed the nurse the empty syringe. He leaned over and put both hands for a moment on the mother's shoulders, which were shaking. She was sitting on the floor, her lips pressed together, holding Mary Grace's hand in her lap. The girl's fingers were gripped like a baby's around her thumb. "Go on to the hospital," he said. "I'll call and make the arrangements."

"Now let's see that neck," he said in a jovial voice to Mrs. Turpin. He began to inspect her neck with his first two fingers. Two little moon-shaped lines like pink fish bones were indented over her windpipe. There was the beginning of an angry red swelling above her eye. His fingers passed over this also.

"Lea' me be," she said thickly and shook him off. "See about Claud. She kicked him."

"I'll see about him in a minute," he said and felt her pulse. He was a thin grey-haired man, given to pleasantries. "Go home and have yourself a vacation the rest of the day," he said and patted her on the shoulder.

Quit your pattin me, Mrs. Turpin growled to herself.

"And put an ice pack over that eye," he said. Then he went and squatted down beside Claud and looked at his leg. After a moment he pulled him up and Claud limped after him into the office.

Until the ambulance came, the only sounds in the room were the tremulous moans of the girl's mother, who continued to sit on the floor. The white-trash woman did not take her eyes off the girl. Mrs. Turpin looked straight ahead at nothing. Presently the ambulance drew up, a long dark shadow, behind the curtain. The attendants came in and set the stretcher down beside the girl and lifted her expertly onto it and carried her out. The nurse helped the mother gather up her things. The shadow of the ambulance moved silently away and the nurse came back in the office.

"That there girl is going to be a lunatic, ain't she?" the white-trash woman asked the nurse, but the nurse kept on to the back and

never answered her.

"Yes, she's going to be a lunatic," the white-trash woman said to the rest of them.

"Po' critter," the old woman murmured. The child's face was still in her lap. His eyes looked idly out over her knees. He had not moved during the disturbance except to draw one leg up under him.

"I thank Gawd," the white-trash woman said fervently, "I ain't a lunatic."

Claud came limping out and the Turpins went home.

As their pick-up truck turned into their own dirt road and made the crest of the hill, Mrs. Turpin gripped the window ledge and looked out suspiciously. The land sloped gracefully down through a field dotted with lavender weeds and at the start of the rise their small yellow frame house, with its little flower beds spread out around it like a fancy apron, sat primly in its accustomed place between two giant hickory trees. She would not have been startled to see a burnt wound between two blackened chimneys. Neither of them felt like eating so they put on their house clothes and lowered the shade in the bedroom and lay down, Claud with his leg on a pillow and herself with a damp washcloth over her eye. The instant she was flat on her back, the image of a razor-backed hog with warts on its face and horns coming out behind its ears snorted into her head. She moaned, a low quiet moan. "I am not," she said tearfully, "a wart hog. From hell." But the denial had no force. The girl's eyes and her words, even the tone of her voice, low but clear, directed only to her, brooked no repudiation. She had been singled out for the message, though there was trash in the room to whom it might justly have been applied. The full force of this fact struck her only now. There was a woman there who was neglecting her own child but she had been overlooked. The message had been given to Ruby Turpin, a respectable, hardworking, church-going woman. The tears dried.

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Her eyes began to burn instead with wrath.

She rose on her elbow and the washcloth fell into her hand. Claud was lying on his back, snoring. She wanted to tell him what the girl had said. At the same time, she did not wish to put the image of herself as a wart hog from hell into his mind.

"Hey, Claud," she muttered and pushed his shoulder.

Claud opened one pale baby blue eye.

She looked into it warily. He did not think about anything. He just went his way.

"Wha, whasit?" he said and closed the eye again.

"Nothing," she said. "Does your leg pain you?"

"Hurts like hell," Claud said.

"It'll quit terreckly," she said and lay back down. In a moment Claud was snoring again. For the rest of the afternoon they lay there. Claud slept. She scowled at the ceiling. Occasionally she raised her fist and made a small stabbing motion over her chest as if she was defending her innocence to invisible guests who were like the comforters of Job, reasonable-seeming but wrong.

About five-thirty Claud stirred. "Got to go after those niggers," he sighed, not moving.

She was looking straight up as if there were unintelligible hand writing on the ceiling. The protuberance over her eye had turned a greenish-blue. "Listen here," she said.

"What?"

"Kiss me."

Claud leaned over and kissed her loudly on the mouth. He pinched her side and their hands interlocked. Her expression of ferocious concentration did not change. Claud got up, groaning and growling, and limped off. She continued to study the ceiling. She did not get up until she heard the pick-up truck coming back with the Negroes. Then she rose and thrust her feet in her brown oxfords, which she did not bother to lace, and stumped out onto the back porch and got her red plastic bucket. She emptied a

tray of ice cubes into it and filled it half full of water and went out into the back yard. Every afternoon after Claud brought the hands in, one of the boys helped him put out hay and the rest waited in the back of the truck until he was ready to take them home. The truck was parked in the shade under one of the hickory trees.

"Hi yawl this evening," Mrs. Turpin asked grimly, appearing with the bucket and the dipper. There were three women and a boy in the truck.

"Us doin nicely," the oldest woman said. "Hi you doin?" and her gaze stuck immediately on the dark lump on Mrs. Turpin's forehead. "You done fell down, ain't you?" she asked in a solicitous voice. The old woman was dark and almost toothless. She had on an old felt hat of Claud's set back on her head. The other two women were younger and lighter and they both had new bright green sun hats. One of them had hers on her head; the other had taken hers off and the boy was grinning beneath it.

Mrs. Turpin set the bucket down on the floor of the truck. "Yawl hep yourselves," she said. She looked around to make sure Claud had gone. "No. I didn't fall down," she said, folding her arms. "It was something worse than that."

"Ain't nothing bad happen to you!" the old woman said. She said it as if they all knew that Mrs. Turpin was protected in some special way by Divine Providence. "You just had you a little fall."

"We were 'in town at the doctor's office for where the cow kicked Mr. Turpin," Mrs. Turpin said in a flat tone that indicated they could leave off their foolishness. "And there was this girl there. A big fat girl with her face all broke out. I could look at that girl and tell she was peculiar but I couldn't tell how. And me and her mama were just talking and going along and all of a sudden WHAM! She throws this big book she was reading at me and ..."

"Naw!" the old woman cried out.

"And then she jumps over the table and commences to choke

me."

"Naw!" they all exclaimed, "naw!"

"Hi come she do that?" the old woman asked. "What ail her?"

Mrs. Turpin only glared in front of her.

"Somethin ail her," the old woman said

"They carried her off in an ambulance," Mrs. Turpin continued, "but before she went she was rolling on the floor and they were trying to hold her down to give her a shot and she said something to me." She paused. " You know what she said to me?"

"What she say," they asked.

. "She said," Mrs. Turpin began, and stopped, her face very dark and heavy. The sun was getting whiter and whiter, blanching the sky overhead so that the leaves of the hickory tree were black in the face of it. She could not bring forth the words. "Something real ugly," she muttered.

"She sho shouldn't said nothin ugly, to you," the old woman said.

"You so sweet. You the sweetest lady I know."

"She pretty too," the one with the hat on said.

"And stout," the other one said. "I never knowed no sweeter white lady."

"That's the truth befo' Jesus," the old woman said. "Amen! You des as sweet and pretty as you can be."

Mrs. Turpin knew just exactly how much Negro flattery was worth and it added to her rage. "She said," she began again and finished this time with a fierce rush of breath, "that I was an old wart hog from hell."

There was an astounded silence.

"Where she at?" the youngest woman cried in a piercing voice.

"Lemme see her. I'll kill her!"

"I'll kill her with you!" the other one cried.

"She b'long in the sylum" the old woman said emphatically.

"You the sweetest white lady I know."

"She pretty too," the other two said. "Stout as she can be and

sweet. Jesus satisfied with her!"

"Deed he is," the old woman declared.

Idiots! Mrs. Turpin growled to herself. You could never say anything intelligent to a nigger. YOU could talk at them but not with them.

"Yawl ain't drunk your water," she said shortly. "Leave the bucket in the truck when you're finished with it. I got more to do than just stand around and pass the time of day," and she moved off and into the house.

She stood for a moment in the middle of the kitchen. The dark protuberance over her eye looked like a miniature tornado cloud which might any moment sweep across the horizon of her brow. Her lower lip protruded dangerously. She squared her massive shoulders. Then she marched into the front of the house and out the side door and started down the road to the pig parlor. She had the look of a woman going single-handedly, weaponless, into battle.

The sun was a deep yellow now like a harvest moon and was riding westward very fast over the far tree line as if it meant to reach the hogs before she did. The road was rutted and she kicked several good-sized stones out of her path as she strode along. The pig parlor was on a little knoll at the end of a lane that ran off from the side of the barn. It was a square of concrete as large as a small room, with a board fence about four feet high around it. The concrete floor sloped slightly so that the hog wash could drain off into a trench where it was carried to the field for fertilizer. Claud was standing on the outside, on the edge of the concrete, hanging onto the top board, hosing down the floor inside. The hose was connected to the faucet of a water trough nearby.

Mrs. Turpin climbed up beside him and glowered down at the hogs inside. There were seven long-snouted bristly shoats in it-tan with liver-colored spots-and an old sow a few weeks off from farrowing. She was lying on her side grunting. The shoats were

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running about shaking themselves like idiot children, their little slit pig eyes searching the floor for anything left. She had read that pigs were the most intelligent animal. She doubted it. They were supposed to be smarter than dogs. There had even been a pig astronaut. He had performed his assignment perfectly but died of a heart attack afterwards because they left him in his electric suit, sitting upright throughout his examination when naturally, a hog should be on all fours.

A-gruntin and a-rootin and a-groanin.

"Gimme that hose," she said, yanking it away from Claud. "Go on and carry, them niggers home and then get off that leg."

"You look like you might have swallowed a mad dog," Claud observed, but he got down and limped off. He paid no attention to her humors.

Until he was out of earshot, Mrs. Turpin stood on the side of the pen, holding the hose and pointing the stream of water at the hind quarters of any shoat that looked as if it might try to lie down. When he had had time to get over the hill, she turned her head slightly and her wrathful eyes scanned the path. He was nowhere in sight. She turned back again and seemed to gather herself up. Her shoulders rose and she drew in her breath.

"What do you send me a message like that for?" she said in a low fierce voice, barely above a whisper but with the force of a shout in its concentrated fury. "How am I a hog and me both? How am I saved and from hell too?" Her free fist was knotted and with the other she gripped the hose, blindly pointing the stream of water in and out of the eye of the old sow whose outraged squeal she did not hear.

The pig parlor commanded a view of the back pasture where their twenty beef cows were gathered around the hay-bales Claud and the boy had put out. The freshly cut pasture sloped down to the highway. Across it was their cotton field and beyond that a dark green dusty wood which they owned as well. The sun

was behind the wood, very red, looking over the paling of trees like a farmer inspecting his own hogs.

"Why me?" she rumbled. "It's no trash around here, black or white, that I haven't given to. And break my back to the bone every day working. And do for the church."

She appeared to be the right size woman to command the arena before her. "How am I a hog?" she demanded. "Exactly how am I like them?" and she jabbed the stream of water at the shoats.

"There was plenty of trash there. It didn't have to be me.

"If you like trash better, go get yourself some trash then," she railed.

"You could have made me trash. Or a nigger. If trash is what you wanted, why didn't you make me trash?" She shook her fist with the hose in it and a watery snake appeared momentarily in the air. "I could quit working and take it easy and be filthy," she growled. "Lounge about the sidewalks all day drinking root beer. Dip snuff and spit in every puddle and have it all over my face. I could be nasty.

"Or you could have made me a nigger. It's too late for me to be a nigger," she said with deep sarcasm, "but I could act like one. Lay down in the middle of the road and stop traffic. Roll on the ground."

In the deepening light everything was taking on a mysterious hue. The pasture was growing a peculiar glassy green and the streak of the highway had turned lavender. She braced herself for a final assault and this time her voice rolled out over the pasture. "Go on," she yelled, "call me a hog! Call me a hog again. From hell. Call me a wart hog from hell. Put that bottom rail on top. There'll still be a top and bottom!"

A garbled echo returned to her.

A final surge of fury shook her and she roared, "Who do you think you are?"

The color of everything, field and crimson sky, burned for a moment with a transparent intensity. The question carried over the

pasture and across the highway and the cotton field and returned to her clearly, like an answer from beyond the wood. She opened her mouth but no sound came out of it.

A tiny truck, Claud's, appeared on the highway, heading rapidly out of sight. Its gears scraped thinly. It looked like a child's toy. At any moment a bigger truck might smash into it and scatter Claud's and the niggers' brains all over the road.

Mrs. Turpin stood there, her gaze fixed on the highway, all her muscles rigid, until in five or six minutes the truck reappeared, returning. She waited until it had had time to turn into their own road. Then like a monumental statue coming to life, she bent her head slowly and gazed, as if through the very heart of mystery, down into the pig parlor at the hogs. They had settled all in one corner around the old sow who was grunting softly. A red glow suffused them. They appeared to pant with a secret life.

Until the sun slipped finally behind the tree line, Mrs. Turpin remained there with her gaze bent to them as if she were absorbing some abysmal life-giving knowledge. At last she lifted her head. There was only a purple streak in the sky, cutting through a field of crimson and leading, like an extension of the highway, into the descending dusk. She raised her hands from the side of the pen in a gesture hieratic and profound. A visionary light settled in her eyes. She saw the streak as a vast swinging bridge extending upward from the earth through a field of living fire.

Upon it a vast horde of souls were tumbling toward heaven. There were whole companies of white trash, clean for the first time in their lives, and bands of black niggers in white robes, and battalions of freaks and lunatics shouting and clapping and leaping like frogs. And bringing up the end of the procession was a tribe of people whom she recognized at once as those who, like herself and Claud, had always had a little of everything and the God-given wit to use it right. She leaned forward to observe them closer. They were marching behind the others with great

dignity, accountable as they had always been for good order and common sense and respectable behavior. They, alone were on key. Yet she could see by their shocked and altered faces even their virtues were being burned away. She lowered her hands and gripped the rail of the hog pen, her eyes small but fixed unblinkingly on what lay ahead. In a moment the vision faded but she remained where she was, immobile.

At length she got down and turned off the faucet and made her slow way on the darkening path to the house. In the woods around her the invisible cricket choruses had struck up, but what she heard were the voices of the souls climbing upward into the starry field and shouting hallelujah.

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Read next week's O'Connor selection "A Good Man is Hard to Find" and complete your creative write. If you could change any portion of the story "Revelation"...how would you change it? You can pick up from a point in the story and continue it in character or speak in first person as to how you would change the story. Or you can create your own short story inspired by O'Connor's style and character development. (No longer than 3 pages, no shorter than one)

Journaling Assignment:

Two Journals: FREE WRITE!

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 25:

A Good Man Is Hard To Find

By Flannery O'Connor

The grandmother didn't want to go to Florida. She wanted to visit some of her connections in east Tennessee and she was seizing at every chance to change Bailey's mind. Bailey was the son she lived with, her only boy. He was sitting on the edge of his chair at the table, bent over the orange sports section of the Journal. "Now look here, Bailey," she said, "see here, read this," and she stood with one hand on her thin hip and the other rattling the newspaper at his bald head. "Here this fellow that calls himself The Misfit is a loose from the Federal Pen and headed toward Florida and you read here what it says he did to these people. Just you read it. I wouldn't take my children in any direction with a criminal like that loose in it. I couldn't answer to my conscience if I did."

Bailey didn't look up from his reading so she wheeled around then and faced the children's mother, a young woman in slacks, whose face was as broad and innocent as a cabbage and was tied around with a green head-kerchief that had two points on the top like rabbit's ears. She was sitting on the sofa, feeding the baby his apricots out of a jar. "The children have been to Florida before," the old lady said. "You all ought to take them somewhere else for a change so they would see different parts of the world and be broad. They never have been to east Tennessee."

The children's mother didn't seem to hear her but the eight-year-old boy, John Wesley, a stocky child with glasses, said, "If you don't want to go to Florida, why don't you stay at home?" He and the little girl, June Star, were reading the funny papers on the floor.

"She wouldn't stay at home to be queen for a day," June Star said without raising her yellow head.

"Yes and what would you do if this fellow, The Misfit, caught you?" the grandmother asked.

"I'd smack his face," John Wesley said.

"She wouldn't stay at home for a million bucks," June Star said. "Afraid she'd miss something. She has to go everywhere we go."

"All right, Miss," the grandmother said. "Just remember that the next time you want me to curl your hair."

June Star said her hair was naturally curly.

The next morning the grandmother was the first one in the car, ready to go. She had her big black valise that looked like the head of a hippopotamus in one corner, and underneath it she was hiding a basket with Pitty Sing, the cat, in it. She didn't intend for the cat to be left alone in the house for three days because he would miss her too much and she was afraid he might brush against one of her gas burners and accidentally asphyxiate himself. Her son, Bailey, didn't like to arrive at a motel with a cat.

She sat in the middle of the back seat with John Wesley and June Star on either side of her. Bailey and the children's mother and the baby sat in front and they left Atlanta at eight forty-five with the mileage on the car at 55890. The grandmother wrote this down because she thought it would be interesting to say how many miles they had been when they got back. It took them twenty minutes to reach the outskirts of the city.

The old lady settled herself comfortably, removing her white cotton gloves and putting them up with her purse on the shelf in front of the back window. The children's mother still had on slacks and still had her head tied up in a green kerchief, but the grandmother had on a navy blue straw sailor hat with a bunch of white violets on the brim and a navy blue dress with a small white dot in the print. Her collars and cuffs were white organdy trimmed with lace and at her neckline she had pinned a purple spray of cloth violets containing a sachet. In case of an accident, anyone seeing her dead on the highway would know at once that she was a lady.

She said she thought it was going to be a good day for driving, neither too hot nor too cold, and she cautioned Bailey that the speed limit was fifty-five miles an hour and that the patrolmen hid themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees and sped out after you before you had a chance to slow down. She pointed out interesting details of the scenery: Stone Mountain; the blue granite that in some places came up to both sides of the highway; the brilliant red clay banks slightly streaked with purple; and the various crops that made rows of green lace-work on the ground. The trees were full of silver-white sunlight and the meanest of them sparkled. The children were reading comic magazines and their mother and gone back to sleep.

"Let's go through Georgia fast so we won't have to look at it much," John Wesley said.

"If I were a little boy," said the grandmother, "I wouldn't talk about my native state that way. Tennessee has the mountains and Georgia has the hills."

"Tennessee is just a hillbilly dumping ground," John Wesley said, "and Georgia is a lousy state too."

"You said it," June Star said.

"In my time," said the grandmother, folding her thin veined fingers, "children were more respectful of their native states and their parents and everything else. People did right then.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Oh look at the cute little pickaninny!" she said and pointed to a Negro child standing in the door of a shack. "Wouldn't that make a picture, now?" she asked and they all turned and looked at the little Negro out of the back window. He waved

"He didn't have any britches on," June Star said.

"He probably didn't have any," the grandmother explained. "Little riggers in the country don't have things like we do. If I could paint, I'd paint that picture," she said.

The children exchanged comic books.

The grandmother offered to hold the baby and the children's mother passed him over the front seat to her. She set him on her knee and bounced him and told him about the things they were passing. She rolled her eyes and screwed up her mouth and stuck her leathery thin face into his smooth bland one. Occasionally he gave her a faraway smile. They passed a large cotton field with five or six graves fenced in the middle of it, like a small island. "Look at the graveyard!" the grandmother said, pointing it out. "That was the old family burying ground. That belonged to the plantation."

"Where's the plantation?" John Wesley asked.

"Gone With the Wind" said the grandmother. "Ha. Ha."

When the children finished all the comic books they had brought, they opened the lunch and ate it. The grandmother ate a peanut butter sandwich and an olive and would not let the children throw the box and the paper napkins out the window. When there was nothing else to do they played a game by choosing a cloud and making the other two guess what shape it suggested. John Wesley took one the shape of a cow and June Star guessed a cow and John Wesley said, no, an automobile, and June Star said he didn't play fair, and they began to slap each other over the grandmother.

The grandmother said she would tell them a story if they would keep quiet. When she told a story, she rolled her eyes and waved her head and was very dramatic. She said once when she was a maiden lady she had been courted by a Mr. Edgar Atkins Teagarden from Jasper, Georgia. She said he was a very good-looking man and a gentleman and that he brought her a watermelon every Saturday afternoon with his initials cut in it, E. A. T. Well, one Saturday, she said, Mr. Teagarden brought the watermelon and there was nobody at home and he left it on the front porch and returned in his buggy to Jasper, but she never got the watermelon, she said, because a nigger boy ate it when he saw the initials, E. A. T. ! This story tickled John Wesley's funny bone and he giggled and giggled but June Star didn't think it was any good. She said she wouldn't marry a man that just brought her a watermelon on Saturday. The grandmother said she would have done well to marry Mr. Teagarden because he was a gentle man and had bought Coca-Cola stock when it first came out and that he had died only a few years ago, a very wealthy man.

They stopped at The Tower for barbecued sand-wiches. The Tower was a part stucco and part wood filling station and dance hall set in a clearing outside of Timothy. A fat man named Red Sammy Butts ran it and there were signs stuck here and there on the building and for miles up and down the highway saying, TRY RED SAMMY'S FAMOUS BARBECUE. NONE LIKE FAMOUS RED SAMMY'S! RED SAM! THE FAT BOY WITH THE HAPPY LAUGH. A VETERAN! RED SAMMY'S YOUR MAN!

Red Sammy was lying on the bare ground outside The Tower with his head under a truck while a gray monkey about a foot high, chained to a small chinaberry tree, chattered nearby. The monkey sprang back into the tree and got on the highest limb as soon as he saw the children jump out of the car and run toward him.

Inside, The Tower was a long dark room with a counter at one end and tables at the other and dancing space in the middle. They all sat down at a board table next to the nickelodeon and Red Sam's wife, a tall burnt-brown woman with hair and eyes lighter than her skin, came and took their order. The children's mother put a dime in the machine and played "The Tennessee Waltz," and the grandmother said that tune always made her want to dance. She asked Bailey if he would like to dance but he only glared at her. He didn't have a naturally sunny disposition like she did and trips made him nervous. The grandmother's brown eyes were very bright. She swayed her head from side to side and pretended she was dancing in her chair. June Star said play something she could tap to so the children's mother put in another dime and played a fast number and June Star stepped out onto the dance floor and did her tap routine.

"Ain't she cute?" Red Sam's wife said, leaning over the counter. "Would you like to come be my little girl?"

"No I certainly wouldn't," June Star said. "I wouldn't live in a broken-down place like this for a million bucks!" and she ran back to the table.

"Ain't she cute?" the woman repeated, stretching her mouth politely.

"Arn't you ashamed?" hissed the grandmother.

Red Sam came in and told his wife to quit lounging on the counter and hurry up with these people's order. His khaki trousers reached just to his hip bones and his stomach hung over them like a sack of meal swaying under his shirt. He came over and sat down at a table nearby and let out a combination sigh and yodel. "You can't win," he said. "You can't win," and he wiped his sweating red face off with a gray handkerchief. "These days you don't know who to trust," he said. "Ain't that the truth?"

"People are certainly not nice like they used to be," said the grandmother.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

"Two fellers come in here last week," Red Sammy said, "driving a Chrysler. It was a old beat-up car but it was a good one and these boys looked all right to me. Said they worked at the mill and you know I let them fellers charge the gas they bought? Now why did I do that?"

"Because you're a good man!" the grandmother said at once.

"Yes'm, I suppose so," Red Sam said as if he were struck with this answer.

His wife brought the orders, carrying the five plates all at once without a tray, two in each hand and one balanced on her arm. "It isn't a soul in this green world of God's that you can trust," she said. "And I don't count nobody out of that, not nobody," she repeated, looking at Red Sammy.

"Did you read about that criminal, The Misfit, that's escaped?" asked the grandmother.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't attack this place right here," said the woman. "If he hears about it being here, I wouldn't be none surprised to see him. If he hears it's two cent in the cash register, I wouldn't be a tall surprised if he . . ."

"That'll do," Red Sam said. "Go bring these people their Co'-Colas," and the woman went off to get the rest of the order.

"A good man is hard to find," Red Sammy said. "Everything is getting terrible. I remember the day you could go off and leave your screen door unlatched. Not no more."

He and the grandmother discussed better times. The old lady said that in her opinion Europe was entirely to blame for the way things were now. She said the way Europe acted you would think we were made of money and Red Sam said it was no use talking about it, she was exactly right. The children ran outside into the white sunlight and looked at the monkey in the lacy chinaberry tree. He was busy catching fleas on himself and biting each one carefully between his teeth as if it were a delicacy.

They drove off again into the hot afternoon. The grandmother took cat naps and woke up every few minutes with her own snoring. Outside of Toombsboro she woke up and recalled an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady. She said the house had six white columns across the front and that there was an avenue of oaks leading up to it and two little wooden trellis arbors on either side in front where you sat down with your suitor after a stroll in the garden. She recalled exactly which road to turn off to get to it. She knew that Bailey would not be willing to lose any time looking at an old house, but the more she talked about it, the more she wanted to see it once again and find out if the little twin arbors were still standing. "There was a secret:-panel in this house," she said craftily, not telling the truth but wishing that she were, "and the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman came through but it was never found . . ."

"Hey!" John Wesley said. "Let's go see it! We'll find it! We'll poke all the woodwork and find it! Who lives there? Where do you turn off at? Hey Pop, can't we turn off there?"

"We never have seen a house with a secret panel!" June Star shrieked. "Let's go to the house with the secret panel! Hey Pop, can't we go see the house with the secret panel!"

"It's not far from here, I know," the grandmother said. "It wouldn't take over twenty minutes."

Bailey was looking straight ahead. His jaw was as rigid as a horseshoe. "No," he said.

The children began to yell and scream that they wanted to see the house with the secret panel. John Wesley kicked the back of the front seat and June Star hung over her mother's shoulder and whined desperately into her ear that they never had any fun even on their vacation, that they could never do what THEY wanted to do. The baby began to scream and John Wesley kicked the back of the seat so hard that his father could feel the blows in his kidney.

"All right!" he shouted and drew the car to a stop at the side of the road. "Will you all shut up? Will you all just shut up for one second? If you don't shut up, we won't go anywhere."

"It would be very educational for them," the grandmother murmured.

"All right," Bailey said, "but get this: this is the only time we're going to stop for anything like this. This is the one and only time."

"The dirt road that you have to turn down is about a mile back," the grandmother directed. "I marked it when we passed."

"A dirt road," Bailey groaned.

After they had turned around and were headed toward the dirt road, the grandmother recalled other points about the house, the beautiful glass over the front doorway and the candle-lamp in the hall. John Wesley said that the secret panel was probably in the fireplace.

"You can't go inside this house," Bailey said. "You don't know who lives there."

"While you all talk to the people in front, I'll run around behind and get in a window," John Wesley suggested.

"We'll all stay in the car," his mother said.

They turned onto the dirt road and the car raced roughly along in a swirl of pink dust. The grandmother recalled the times when there were no paved roads and thirty miles was a day's journey. The dirt road was hilly and there were sudden washes in it and sharp curves on dangerous embankments. All at once they would be on a hill, looking down over the blue
James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

tops of trees for miles around, then the next minute, they would be in a red depression with the dust-coated trees looking down on them.

"This place had better turn up in a minute," Bailey said, "or I'm going to turn around."

The road looked as if no one had traveled on it in months.

"It's not much farther," the grandmother said and just as she said it, a horrible thought came to her. The thought was so embarrassing that she turned red in the face and her eyes dilated and her feet jumped up, upsetting her valise in the corner. The instant the valise moved, the newspaper top she had over the basket under it rose with a snarl and Pitty Sing, the cat, sprang onto Bailey's shoulder.

The children were thrown to the floor and their mother, clutching the baby, was thrown out the door onto the ground; the old lady was thrown into the front seat. The car turned over once and landed right-side-up in a gulch off the side of the road. Bailey remained in the driver's seat with the cat gray-striped with a broad white face and an orange nose clinging to his neck like a caterpillar.

As soon as the children saw they could move their arms and legs, they scrambled out of the car, shouting, "We've had an ACCIDENT!" The grandmother was curled up under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once. The horrible thought she had had before the accident was that the house she had remembered so vividly was not in Georgia but in Tennessee.

Bailey removed the cat from his neck with both hands and flung it out the window against the side of a pine tree. Then he got out of the car and started looking for the children's mother. She was sitting against the side of the red gutted ditch, holding the screaming baby, but she only had a cut down her face and a broken shoulder. "We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed in a frenzy of delight.

"But nobody's killed," June Star said with disappointment as the grandmother limped out of the car, her hat still pinned to her head but the broken front brim standing up at a jaunty angle and the violet spray hanging off the side. They all sat down in the ditch, except the children, to recover from the shock. They were all shaking.

"Maybe a car will come along," said the children's mother hoarsely.

"I believe I have injured an organ," said the grandmother, pressing her side, but no one answered her. Bailey's teeth were clattering. He had on a yellow sport shirt with bright blue parrots designed in it and his face was as yellow as the shirt. The grandmother decided that she would not mention that the house was in Tennessee.

The road was about ten feet above and they could see only the tops of the trees on the other side of it. Behind the ditch they were sitting in there were more woods, tall and dark and

deep. In a few minutes they saw a car some distance away on top of a hill, coming slowly as if the occupants were watching them. The grandmother stood up and waved both arms dramatically to attract their attention. The car continued to come on slowly, disappeared around a bend and appeared again, moving even slower, on top of the hill they had gone over. It was a big black battered hearselike automobile. There were three men in it.

It came to a stop just over them and for some minutes, the driver looked down with a steady expressionless gaze to where they were sitting, and didn't speak. Then he turned his head and muttered something to the other two and they got out. One was a fat boy in black trousers and a red sweat shirt with a silver stallion embossed on the front of it. He moved around on the right side of them and stood staring, his mouth partly open in a kind of loose grin. The other had on khaki pants and a blue striped coat and a gray hat pulled down very low, hiding most of his face. He came around slowly on the left side. Neither spoke.

The driver got out of the car and stood by the side of it, looking down at them. He was an older man than the other two. His hair was just beginning to gray and he wore silver-rimmed spectacles that gave him a scholarly look. He had a long creased face and didn't have on any shirt or undershirt. He had on blue jeans that were too tight for him and was holding a black hat and a gun. The two boys also had guns.

"We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed.

The grandmother had the peculiar feeling that the bespectacled man was someone she knew. His face was as familiar to her as if she had known him all her life but she could not recall who he was. He moved away from the car and began to come down the embankment, placing his feet carefully so that he wouldn't slip. He had on tan and white shoes and no socks, and his ankles were red and thin. "Good afternoon," he said. "I see you all had you a little spill."

"We turned over twice!" said the grandmother.

"Once", he corrected. "We seen it happen. Try their car and see will it run, Hiram," he said quietly to the boy with the gray hat.

"What you got that gun for?" John Wesley asked. "Whatcha gonna do with that gun?"

"Lady," the man said to the children's mother, "would you mind calling them children to sit down by you? Children make me nervous. I want all you all to sit down right together there where you're at."

"What are you telling US what to do for?" June Star asked.

Behind them the line of woods gaped like a dark open mouth. "Come here," said their mother.

"Look here now," Bailey began suddenly, "we're in a predicament! We're in . . ."

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

The grandmother shrieked. She scrambled to her feet and stood staring. "You're The Misfit!" she said. "I recognized you at once!"

"Yes'm," the man said, smiling slightly as if he were pleased in spite of himself to be known, "but it would have been better for all of you, lady, if you hadn't of reckernized me."

Bailey turned his head sharply and said something to his mother that shocked even the children. The old lady began to cry and The Misfit reddened.

"Lady," he said, "don't you get upset. Sometimes a man says things he don't mean. I don't reckon he meant to talk to you thataway."

"You wouldn't shoot a lady, would you?" the grandmother said and removed a clean handkerchief from her cuff and began to slap at her eyes with it.

The Misfit pointed the toe of his shoe into the ground and made a little hole and then covered it up again. "I would hate to have to," he said.

"Listen," the grandmother almost screamed, "I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!"

"Yes mam," he said, "finest people in the world." When he smiled he showed a row of strong white teeth. "God never made a finer woman than my mother and my daddy's heart was pure gold," he said. The boy with the red sweat shirt had come around behind them and was standing with his gun at his hip. The Misfit squatted down on the ground. "Watch them children, Bobby Lee," he said. "You know they make me nervous." He looked at the six of them huddled together in front of him and he seemed to be embarrassed as if he couldn't think of anything to say. "Ain't a cloud in the sky," he remarked, looking up at it. "Don't see no sun but don't see no cloud neither."

"Yes, it's a beautiful day," said the grandmother. "Listen," she said, "you shouldn't call yourself The Misfit because I know you're a good man at heart. I can just look at you and tell."

"Hush!" Bailey yelled. "Hush! Everybody shut up and let me handle this!" He was squatting in the position of a runner about to sprint forward but he didn't move.

"I pre-chate that, lady," The Misfit said and drew a little circle in the ground with the butt of his gun.

"It'll take a half a hour to fix this here car," Hiram called, looking over the raised hood of it.

"Well, first you and Bobby Lee get him and that little boy to step over yonder with you," The Misfit said, pointing to Bailey and John Wesley. "The boys want to ast you something," he said to Bailey. "Would you mind stepping back in them woods there with them?"

"Listen," Bailey began, "we're in a terrible predicament! Nobody realizes what this is," and his voice cracked. His eyes were as blue and intense as the parrots in his shirt and he remained perfectly still.

The grandmother reached up to adjust her hat brim as if she were going to the woods with him but it came off in her hand. She stood staring at it and after a second she let it fall on the ground. Hiram pulled Bailey up by the arm as if he were assisting an old man. John Wesley caught hold of his father's hand and Bobby Lee followed. They went off toward the woods and just as they reached the dark edge, Bailey turned and supporting himself against a gray naked pine trunk, he shouted, "I'll be back in a minute, Mamma, wait on me!"

"Come back this instant!" his mother shrilled but they all disappeared into the woods.

"Bailey Boy!" the grandmother called in a tragic voice but she found she was looking at The Misfit squatting on the ground in front of her. "I just know you're a good man," she said desperately. "You're not a bit common!"

"Nome, I ain't a good man," The Misfit said after a second ah if he had considered her statement carefully, "but I ain't the worst in the world neither. My daddy said I was a different breed of dog from my brothers and sisters. 'You know,' Daddy said, 'it's some that can live their whole life out without asking about it and it's others has to know why it is, and this boy is one of the latters. He's going to be into everything!'" He put on his black hat and looked up suddenly and then away deep into the woods as if he were embarrassed again. "I'm sorry I don't have on a shirt before you ladies," he said, hunching his shoulders slightly. "We buried our clothes that we had on when we escaped and we're just making do until we can get better. We borrowed these from some folks we met," he explained.

"That's perfectly all right," the grandmother said. "Maybe Bailey has an extra shirt in his suitcase."

"I'll look and see terrectly," The Misfit said.

"Where are they taking him?" the children's mother screamed.

"Daddy was a card himself," The Misfit said. "You couldn't put anything over on him. He never got in trouble with the Authorities though. Just had the knack of handling them."

"You could be honest too if you'd only try," said the grandmother. "Think how wonderful it would be to settle down and live a comfortable life and not have to think about somebody chasing you all the time."

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

The Misfit kept scratching in the ground with the butt of his gun as if he were thinking about it. "Yestm, somebody is always after you," he murmured.

The grandmother noticed how thin his shoulder blades were just behind his hat because she was standing up looking down on him. "Do you every pray?" she asked.

He shook his head. All she saw was the black hat wiggle between his shoulder blades. "Nome," he said.

There was a pistol shot from the woods, followed closely by another. Then silence. The old lady's head jerked around. She could hear the wind move through the tree tops like a long satisfied insuck of breath. "Bailey Boy!" she called.

"I was a gospel singer for a while," The Misfit said. "I been most everything. Been in the arm service both land and sea, at home and abroad, been twict married, been an undertaker, been with the railroads, plowed Mother Earth, been in a tornado, seen a man burnt alive oncet," and he looked up at the children's mother and the little girl who were sitting close together, their faces white and their eyes glassy; "I even seen a woman flogged," he said.

"Pray, pray," the grandmother began, "pray, pray . . ."

I never was a bad boy that I remember of," The Misfit said in an almost dreamy voice, "but somewheres along the line I done something wrong and got sent to the penitentiary. I was buried alive," and he looked up and held her attention to him by a steady stare.

"That's when you should have started to pray," she said. "What did you do to get sent to the penitentiary that first time?"

"Turn to the right, it was a wall," The Misfit said, looking up again at the cloudless sky. "Turn to the left, it was a wall. Look up it was a ceiling, look down it was a floor. I forget what I done, lady. I set there and set there, trying to remember what it was I done and I ain't recalled it to this day. Oncet in a while, I would think it was coming to me, but it never come."

"Maybe they put you in by mistake," the old lady said vaguely.

"Nome," he said. "It wasn't no mistake. They had the papers on me."

"You must have stolen something," she said.

The Misfit sneered slightly. "Nobody had nothing I wanted," he said. "It was a head-doctor at the penitentiary said what I had done was kill my daddy but I known that for a lie. My daddy died in nineteen ought nineteen of the epidemic flu and I never had a thing to do with it. He

was buried in the Mount Hopewell Baptist churchyard and you can go there and see for yourself."

"If you would pray," the old lady said, "Jesus would help you."

"That's right," The Misfit said.

"Well then, why don't you pray?" she asked trembling with delight suddenly.

"I don't want no hep," he said. "I'm doing all right by myself."

Bobby Lee and Hiram came ambling back from the woods. Bobby Lee was dragging a yellow shirt with bright blue parrots in it.

"Thow me that shirt, Bobby Lee," The Misfit said. The shirt came flying at him and landed on his shoulder and he put it on. The grandmother couldn't name what the shirt reminded her of. "No, lady," The Misfit said while he was buttoning it up, "I found out the crime don't matter. You can do one thing or you can do another, kill a man or take a tire off his car, because sooner or later you're going to forget what it was you done and just be punished for it."

The children's mother had begun to make heaving noises as if she couldn't get her breath. "Lady," he asked, "would you and that little girl like to step off yonder with Bobby Lee and Hiram and join your husband?"

"Yes, thank you," the mother said faintly. Her left arm dangled helplessly and she was holding the baby, who had gone to sleep, in the other. "Hep that lady up, Hiram," The Misfit said as she struggled to climb out of the ditch, "and Bobby Lee, you hold onto that little girl's hand."

"I don't want to hold hands with him," June Star said. "He reminds me of a pig."

The fat boy blushed and laughed and caught her by the arm and pulled her off into the woods after Hiram and her mother.

Alone with The Misfit, the grandmother found that she had lost her voice. There was not a cloud in the sky nor any sun. There was nothing around her but woods. She wanted to tell him that he must pray. She opened and closed her mouth several times before anything came out. Finally she found herself saying, "Jesus. Jesus," meaning, Jesus will help you, but the way she was saying it, it sounded as if she might be cursing.

"Yes'm, The Misfit said as if he agreed. "Jesus shown everything off balance. It was the same case with Him as with me except He hadn't committed any crime and they could prove I had committed one because they had the papers on me. Of course," he said, "they never shown me my papers. That's why I sign myself now. I said long ago, you get you a signature and James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

sign everything you do and keep a copy of it. Then you'll know what you done and you can hold up the crime to the punishment and see do they match and in the end you'll have something to prove you ain't been treated right. I call myself The Misfit," he said, "because I can't make what all I done wrong fit what all I gone through in punishment."

There was a piercing scream from the woods, followed closely by a pistol report. "Does it seem right to you, lady, that one is punished a heap and another ain't punished at all?"

"Jesus!" the old lady cried. "You've got good blood! I know you wouldn't shoot a lady! I know you come from nice people! Pray! Jesus, you ought not to shoot a lady. I'll give you all the money I've got!"

"Lady," The Misfit said, looking beyond her far into the woods, "there never was a body that give the undertaker a tip."

There were two more pistol reports and the grandmother raised her head like a parched old turkey hen crying for water and called, "Bailey Boy, Bailey Boy!" as if her heart would break.

"Jesus was the only One that ever raised the dead," The Misfit continued, "and He shouldn't have done it. He shown everything off balance. If He did what He said, then it's nothing for you to do but thow away everything and follow Him, and if He didn't, then it's nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him. No pleasure but meanness," he said and his voice had become almost a snarl.

"Maybe He didn't raise the dead," the old lady mumbled, not knowing what she was saying and feeling so dizzy that she sank down in the ditch with her legs twisted under her.

"I wasn't there so I can't say He didn't," The Misfit said. "I wisht I had of been there," he said, hitting the ground with his fist. "It ain't right I wasn't there because if I had of been there I would of known. Listen lady," he said in a high voice, "if I had of been there I would of known and I wouldn't be like I am now." His voice seemed about to crack and the grandmother's head cleared for an instant. She saw the man's face twisted close to her own as if he were going to cry and she murmured, "Why you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children !" She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest. Then he put his gun down on the ground and took off his glasses and began to clean them.

Hiram and Bobby Lee returned from the woods and stood over the ditch, looking down at the grandmother who half sat and half lay in a puddle of blood with her legs crossed under her like a child's and her face smiling up at the cloudless sky.

Without his glasses, The Misfit's eyes were red-rimmed and pale and defenseless-looking. "Take her off and thow her where you thown the others," he said, picking up the cat that was rubbing itself against his leg.

"She was a talker, wasn't she?" Bobby Lee said, sliding down the ditch with a yodel.

"She would of been a good woman," The Misfit said, "if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life."

"Some fun!" Bobby Lee said.

"Shut up, Bobby Lee," The Misfit said. "It's no real pleasure in life."

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Assignment Sheet Essay -Analysis of Flannery O'Connor's Work

Reading Task: Read and annotate the two Flannery O'Connor stories we read for the class, "A Good Man is Hard to Find" and "Revelation" looking for what these stories have in common and what distinguishes them from other short stories you have read by other authors. Identify, in the process, the mysteries in the text that require analysis.

Writing Task: Choose one of the methods below to use when writing a paper wherein you analyze Flannery O'Connor's fiction. No matter which method you choose, you will need to answer some of the mysteries of the texts, so make sure to identify these before writing your paper and plan on answering a few in your paper.

Methods: (Choose one)

1. Identify a characteristic of O'Connor's fiction that can be found within both these short stories. Write an essay in which you make a claim about this characteristic and then show how this characteristic of her work appears in both of her stories. You must carefully compare the characters/themes/and purpose of her writings.
2. Write a comparison and contrast paper wherein you show how two of the stories resemble one another and how they differ. The goal is to learn more about O'Connor's work and these two stories in particular by looking at them side by side and to illustrate what you've learned for your readers.

Goals:

1. To demonstrate your ability to read, make inferences and notice patterns in a body of fiction, in this case a collection of fiction.
2. To demonstrate your ability to weave quotes from two or more sources into an essay.
3. To practice the art of noticing elements of fiction by comparing more than one work.
4. To demonstrate your ability to write a coherent, reasonable, and fully developed argumentative essay about fiction, establishing the legitimacy of the way you see the texts by using close reading, logical reasoning and clear explanation to make and develop a point (your thesis).

You must write a double spaced rough draft, get two peer reviews of this rough draft, develop it into a final draft and attach a works cited to this which includes these two short stories. Turn in this academic MLA style final draft stapled on top of the rough with peer review notes.

*SeligoEssayNotes

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Complete your essay assignment, bring in your rough draft for peer reviews next week. Read next week's short stories for class discussion.

Journaling Assignment:

Free Write Journaling- 2 entries

NOTES on O'Connor discussion:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 26: Anton Chekhov/Thurber

The Student

By Anton Chekhov

At first the weather was fine and still. The thrushes were calling, and in the swamps close by something alive droned pitifully with a sound like blowing into an empty bottle. A snipe flew by, and the shot aimed at it rang out with a gay, resounding note in the spring air. But when it began to get dark in the forest a cold, penetrating wind blew inappropriately from the east, and everything sank into silence. Needles of ice stretched across the pools, and it felt cheerless, remote, and lonely in the forest. There was a whiff of winter.

Ivan Velikopolsky, the son of a sacristan, and a student of the clerical academy, returning home from shooting, kept walking on the path by the water-logged meadows. His fingers were numb and his face was burning with the wind. It seemed to him that the cold that had suddenly come on had destroyed the order and harmony of things, that nature itself felt ill at ease, and that was why the evening darkness was falling more rapidly than usual. All around it was deserted and peculiarly gloomy. The only light was one gleaming in the widows' gardens near the river; the village, over three miles away, and everything in the distance all round was plunged in the cold evening mist. The student remembered that, as he had left the house, his mother was sitting barefoot on the floor in the entryway, cleaning the samovar, while his father lay on the stove coughing; as it was Good Friday nothing had been cooked, and the student was terribly hungry. And now, shrinking from the cold, he thought that just such a wind had blown in the days of

Rurik and in the time of Ivan the Terrible and Peter, and in their time there had been just the same desperate poverty and hunger, the same thatched roofs with holes in them, ignorance, misery, the same desolation around, the same darkness, the same feeling of oppression -- all these had existed, did exist, and would exist, and the lapse of a thousand years would make life no better. And he did not want to go home.

The gardens were called the widows' because they were kept by two widows, mother and daughter. A campfire was burning brightly with a crackling sound, throwing out light far around on the ploughed earth. The widow Vasilisa, a tall, fat old woman in a man's coat, was standing by and looking thoughtfully into the fire; her daughter Lukerya, a little pockmarked woman with a stupid-looking face, was sitting on the ground, washing a cauldron and spoons. Apparently they had just had supper. There was a sound of men's voices; it was the laborers watering their horses at the river.

"Here you have winter back again," said the student, going up to the campfire.

"Good evening."

Vasilisa started, but at once recognized him and smiled cordially.

"I did not know you; God bless you," she said. "You'll be rich."

They talked. Vasilisa, a woman of experience who had been in service with the gentry, first as a wet-nurse, afterwards as a children's nurse expressed herself with refinement, and a soft, sedate smile never left her face; her daughter Lukerya, a village peasant woman who had been beaten by her husband, simply screwed up her eyes at the student and said nothing, and she had a strange expression like that of a deaf-mute.

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"At just such a fire the Apostle Peter warmed himself," said the student, stretching out his hands to the fire, "so it must have been cold then, too. Ah, what a terrible night it must have been, granny! An utterly dismal long night!"

He looked round at the darkness, shook his head abruptly and asked:

"No doubt you have heard the reading of the Twelve Apostles?"

"Yes, I have," answered Vasilisa.

"If you remember, at the Last Supper Peter said to Jesus, 'I am ready to go with Thee into darkness and unto death.' And our Lord answered him thus: 'I say unto thee, Peter, before the cock croweth thou wilt have denied Me thrice.' After the supper Jesus went through the agony of death in the garden and prayed, and poor Peter was weary in spirit and faint, his eyelids were heavy and he could not struggle against sleep. He fell asleep. Then you heard how Judas the same night kissed Jesus and betrayed Him to His tormentors. They took Him bound to the high priest and beat Him, while Peter, exhausted, worn out with misery and alarm, hardly awake, you know, feeling that something awful was just going to happen on earth, followed behind. . . . He loved Jesus passionately, intensely, and now he saw from far off how He was beaten. . . . "

Lukerya left the spoons and fixed an immovable stare upon the student.

"They came to the high priest's," he went on; "they began to question Jesus, and meantime the laborers made a fire in the yard as it was cold, and warmed themselves. Peter, too, stood with them near the fire and warmed himself as I am doing. A woman, seeing him, said: 'He was with Jesus, too' -- that is as much as to say that he, too, should be taken to be questioned. And all the laborers that were standing near the fire must have looked sourly and suspiciously at him, because he was confused and said: 'I don't know Him.' A little while after again someone

recognized him as one of Jesus' disciples and said: 'Thou, too, art one of them,' but again he denied it. And for the third time someone turned to him: 'Why, did I not see thee with Him in the garden today?' For the third time he denied it. And immediately after that time the cock crowed, and Peter, looking from afar off at Jesus, remembered the words He had said to him in the evening. . . . He remembered, he came to himself, went out of the yard and wept bitterly -- bitterly. In the Gospel it is written: 'He went out and wept bitterly.' I imagine it: the still, still, dark, dark garden, and in the stillness, faintly audible, smothered sobbing. . . ."

The student sighed and sank into thought. Still smiling, Vasilisa suddenly gave a gulp, big tears flowed freely down her cheeks, and she screened her face from the fire with her sleeve as though ashamed of her tears, and Lukerya, staring immovably at the student, flushed crimson, and her expression became strained and heavy like that of someone enduring intense pain.

The laborers came back from the river, and one of them riding a horse was quite near, and the light from the fire quivered upon him. The student said good-night to the widows and went on. And again the darkness was about him and his fingers began to be numb. A cruel wind was blowing, winter really had come back and it did not feel as though Easter would be the day after tomorrow.

Now the student was thinking about Vasilisa: since she had shed tears all that had happened to Peter the night before the Crucifixion must have some relation to her. . . .

He looked round. The solitary light was still gleaming in the darkness and no figures could be seen near it now. The student thought again that if Vasilisa had shed tears, and her daughter had been troubled, it was evident that what he had just been telling them about, which had happened nineteen centuries ago, had a relation

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to the present -- to both women, to the desolate village, to himself, to all people. The old woman had wept, not because he could tell the story touchingly, but because Peter was near to her, because her whole being was interested in what was passing in Peter's soul.

And joy suddenly stirred in his soul, and he even stopped for a minute to take breath. "The past," he thought, "is linked with the present by an unbroken chain of events flowing one out of another." And it seemed to him that he had just seen both ends of that chain; that when he touched one end the other quivered.

When he crossed the river by the ferryboat and afterwards, mounting the hill, looked at his village and towards the west where the cold crimson sunset lay a narrow streak of light, he thought that truth and beauty which had guided human life there in the garden and in the yard of the high priest had continued without interruption to this day, and had evidently always been the chief thing in human life and in all earthly life, indeed; and the feeling of youth, health, vigor -- he was only twenty-two -- and the inexpressible sweet expectation of happiness, of unknown mysterious happiness, took possession of him little by little, and life seemed to him enchanting, marvellous, and full of lofty meaning.

The Scarlet Ibis

James Hurst

It was in the clove of seasons, summer was dead but autumn had not yet been born, that the ibis lit in the bleeding tree. The flower garden was stained with rotting brown magnolia petals, and ironweeds grew rank amid the purple phlox. The five o'clocks by the chimney still marked time, but the oriole nest in the elm was untenanted and rocked back and forth like an empty cradle. The last graveyard flowers were blooming, and their smell drifted across the cotton field and through every room of our house, speaking softly the names of our dead.

It's strange that all this is still so clear to me, now that that summer has long since fled and

time has had its way. A grindstone stands where the bleeding tree stood, just outside the kitchen door, and now if an oriole sings in the elm, its song seems to die up in the leaves, a silvery dust. The flower garden is prim, the house a gleaming white, and the pale fence across the yard stands straight and spruce. But sometimes (like right now), as I sit in the cool, green-draped parlor, the grindstone begins to turn, and time with all its changes is ground away—and I remember Doodle.

Doodle was just about the craziest brother a boy ever had. Of course, he wasn't a crazy crazy like old Miss Leedie, who was in love with President Wilson and wrote him a letter every day, but was a nice crazy, like someone you meet in your dreams. He was born when I was six and was, from the outset, a disappointment. He seemed all head, with a tiny body which was red and shriveled like an old man's. Everybody thought he was going to die—everybody except Aunt Nicey, who had delivered him. She said he would live because he was born in a caul (membrane) and cauls were made from Jesus' nightgown. Daddy had Mr. Heath, the carpenter, build a little mahogany coffin for him. But he didn't die, and when he was three months old, Mama and Daddy decided they might as well name him. They named him William Armstrong, which was like tying a big tail on a small kite. Such a name sounds good only on a tombstone.

I thought myself pretty smart at many things, like holding my breath, running, jumping, or climbing the vines in Old Woman Swamp, and I wanted more than anything else someone to race to Horsehead Landing, someone to box with, and someone to perch with in the top fork of the great pine behind the barn, where across the fields and swamps you could see the sea. I wanted a brother. But Mama, crying, told me that even if William Armstrong lived, he would never do these things with me. He might not, she sobbed, even be "all there." He might, as long as he lived, lie on the rubber sheet in the center of the bed in the front bedroom where the white marquisette curtains billowed out in the afternoon sea breeze, rustling like palmetto fronds.

It was bad enough having an invalid brother, but having one who possibly was not all there was unbearable, so I began to make plans to kill him by smothering him with a pillow. However, one afternoon as I watched him, my head poked between the iron posts of the foot of the bed, he looked straight at me and grinned. I skipped through the rooms, down the echoing halls, shouting, "Mama, he smiled. He's all there! He's all there!" and he was.

When he was two, if you laid him on his stomach, he began to try to move himself, straining terribly. The doctor said that with his weak heart this strain would probably kill him, but it didn't. Trembling, he'd push himself up, turning first red, then a soft purple, and finally collapse back onto the bed like an old worn-out doll. I can still see Mama watching him, her hand pressed tight across her mouth, her eyes wide and unblinking. But he learned to crawl (it was his third winter), and we brought him out of the front bedroom, putting him on the rug before the fireplace. For the first time he became one of us.

As long as he lay all the time in bed, we called him William Armstrong, even though it was formal and sounded as if we were referring to one of our ancestors, but with his creeping

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around on the deerskin rug and beginning to talk, something had to be done about his name. It was I who renamed him. When he crawled, he crawled backward, as if he were in reverse and couldn't change gears. If you called him, he'd turn around as if he were going in the other direction, then he'd back right up to you to be picked up. Crawling backward made him look like a doodlebug⁵ so I began to call him Doodle, and in time even Mama and Daddy thought it was a better name than William Armstrong. Only Aunt Nicey disagreed. She said caul babies should be treated with special respect since they might turn out to be saints. Renaming my brother was perhaps the kindest thing I ever did for him, because nobody expects much from someone called Doodle.

Although Doodle learned to crawl, he showed no signs of walking, but he wasn't idle. He talked so much that we all quit listening to what he said. It was about this time that Daddy built him a go-cart, and I had to pull him around. At first I just paraded him up and down the piazza,⁶ but then he started crying to be taken out into the yard and it ended up by my having to lug him wherever I went. If I so much as picked up my cap, he'd start crying to go with me, and Mama would call from wherever she was, "Take Doodle with you."

He was a burden in many ways. The doctor had said that he mustn't get too excited, too hot, too cold, or too tired and that he must always be treated gently. A long list of don'ts went with him, all of which I ignored once we got out of the house. To discourage his coming with me, I'd run with him across the ends of the cotton rows and careen him around corners on two wheels. Sometimes I accidentally turned him over, but he never told Mama. His skin was very sensitive, and he had to wear a big straw hat whenever he went out. When the going got rough and he had to cling to the sides of the go-cart, the hat slipped all the way down over his ears. He was a sight. Finally, I could see I was licked. Doodle was my brother, and he was going to cling to me forever, no matter what I did, so I dragged him across the burning cotton field to share with him the only beauty I knew, Old Woman Swamp. I pulled the go-cart through the sawtooth fern, down into the green dimness where the palmetto fronds whispered by the stream. I lifted him out and set him down in the soft rubber grass beside a tall pine. His eyes were round with wonder as he gazed about him, and his little hands began to stroke the rubber grass. Then he began to cry.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" I asked, annoyed.

"It's so pretty," he said. "So pretty, pretty, pretty."

After that day Doodle and I often went down into Old Woman Swamp. I would gather wildflowers, wild violets, honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, snakeflowers, and waterlilies, and with wire grass we'd weave them into necklaces and crowns. We'd bedeck ourselves with our handiwork and loll about thus beautified, beyond the touch of the everyday world. Then when the slanted rays of the sun burned orange in the tops of the pines, we'd drop our jewels into the stream and watch them float away toward the sea.

There is within me (and with sadness I have watched it in others) a knot of cruelty borne by the stream of love, much as our blood sometimes bears the seed of our destruction, and at

times I was mean to Doodle. One day I took him up to the barn loft and showed him his casket, telling him how we all had believed he would die. It was covered with a film of Paris green (poisonous powder) sprinkled to kill the rats, and screech owls had built a nest inside it.

Doodle studied the mahogany box for a long time, then said, "It's not mine."

"It is," I said. "And before I'll help you down from the loft, you're going to have to touch it."

"I won't touch it," he said sullenly.

"Then I'll leave you here by yourself," I threatened, and made as if I were going down.

Doodle was frightened of being left. "Don't go leave me, Brother," he cried, and he leaned toward the coffin. His hand, trembling, reached out, and when he touched the casket, he screamed. A screech owl flapped out of the box into our faces, scaring us and covering us with Paris green. Doodle was paralyzed, so I put him on my shoulder and carried him down the ladder, and even when we were outside in the bright sunshine, he clung to me, crying, "Don't leave me. Don't leave me."

When Doodle was five years old, I was embarrassed at having a brother of that age who couldn't walk, so I set out to teach him. We were down in Old Woman Swamp and it was spring and the sick-sweet smell of bay flowers hung everywhere like a mournful song. "I'm going to teach you to walk, Doodle," I said.

He was sitting comfortably on the soft grass, leaning back against the pine. "Why?" he asked.

I hadn't expected such an answer. "So I won't have to haul you around all the time."

"I can't walk, Brother," he said.

"Who says so?" I demanded. "Mama, the doctor—everybody."

"Oh, you can walk," I said, and I took him by the arms and stood him up. He collapsed onto the grass like a half-empty flour sack. It was as if he had no bones in his little legs.

"Don't hurt me, Brother," he warned.

"Shut up. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to teach you to walk." I heaved him up again, and again he collapsed.

This time he did not lift his face up out of the rubber grass. "I just can't do it. Let's make honeysuckle wreaths."

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“Oh yes you can, Doodle,” I said. “All you got to do is try. Now come on,” and I hauled him up once more.

It seemed so hopeless from the beginning that it’s a miracle I didn’t give up. But all of us must have something or someone to be proud of, and Doodle had become mine. I did not know then that pride is a wonderful, terrible thing, a seed that bears two vines, life and death. Every day that summer we went to the pine beside the stream of Old Woman Swamp, and I put him on his feet at least a hundred times each afternoon. Occasionally I too became discouraged because it didn’t seem as if he was trying, and I would say, “Doodle, don’t you *want* to learn to walk?”

He’d nod his head, and I’d say, “Well, if you don’t keep trying, you’ll never learn.” Then I’d paint for him a picture of us as old men, white-haired, him with a long white beard and me still pulling him around in the go-cart. This never failed to make him try again.

Finally, one day, after many weeks of practicing, he stood alone for a few seconds. When he fell, I grabbed him in my arms and hugged him, our laughter peeling through the swamp like a ringing bell. Now we knew it could be done. Hope no longer hid in the dark palmetto thicket but perched like a cardinal in the lacy tooth-brush tree, brilliantly visible. “Yes, yes,” I cried, and he cried it too, and the grass beneath us was soft and the smell of the swamp was sweet.

With success so imminent, we decided not to tell anyone until he could actually walk. Each day, barring rain, we sneaked into Old Woman Swamp, and by cotton-picking time Doodle was ready to show what he could do. He still wasn’t able to walk far, but we could wait no longer. Keeping a nice secret is very hard to do, like holding your breath. We chose to reveal all on October eighth, Doodle’s sixth birthday, and for weeks ahead we mooned around the house, promising everybody a most spectacular surprise. Aunt Nicey said that, after so much talk, if we produced anything less tremendous than the Resurrection, she was going to be disappointed.

At breakfast on our chosen day, when Mama, Daddy, and Aunt Nicey were in the dining room, I brought Doodle to the door in the go-cart just as usual and had them turn their backs, making them cross their hearts and hope to die if they peeked. I helped Doodle up, and when he was standing alone I let them look. There wasn’t a sound as Doodle walked slowly across the room and sat down at his place at the table. Then Mama began to cry and ran over to him, hugging him and kissing him. Daddy hugged him too, so I went to Aunt Nicey, who was thanks-praying in the doorway, and began to waltz her around. We danced together quite well until she came down on my big toe with her brogans, hurting me so badly I thought I was crippled for life.

Doodle told them it was I who had taught him to walk, so everyone wanted to hug me, and I began to cry.

“What are you crying for?” asked Daddy, but I couldn’t answer. They did not know that I did it for myself; that pride, whose slave I was, spoke to me louder than all their voices; and that Doodle walked only because I was ashamed of having a crippled brother.

Within a few months Doodle had learned to walk well and his go-cart was put up in the barn loft (it’s still there) beside his little mahogany coffin. Now, when we roamed off together, resting often, we never turned back until our destination had been reached, and to help pass the time, we took up lying. From the beginning Doodle was a terrible liar, and he got me in the habit. Had anyone stopped to listen to us, we would have been sent off to Dix Hill.

My lies were scary, involved, and usually pointless, but Doodle’s were twice as crazy. People in his stories all had wings and flew wherever they wanted to go. His favorite lie was about a boy named Peter who had a pet peacock with a ten-foot tail. Peter wore a golden robe that glittered so brightly that when he walked through the sunflowers they turned away from the sun to face him. When Peter was ready to go to sleep, the peacock spread his magnificent tail, enfolding the boy gently like a closing go-to-sleep flower, burying him in the gloriously iridescent, rustling vortex. Yes, I must admit it. Doodle could beat me lying.

Doodle and I spent lots of time thinking about our future. We decided that when we were grown, we’d live in Old Woman Swamp and pick dog’s-tongue (wild vanilla) for a living. Beside the stream, he planned, we’d build us a house of whispering leaves and the swamp birds would be our chickens. All day long (when we weren’t gathering dog’s-tongue) we’d swing through the cypresses on the rope vines, and if it rained we’d huddle beneath an umbrella tree and play stickfrog. Mama and Daddy could come and live with us if they wanted to. He even came up with the idea that he could marry Mama and I could marry Daddy. Of course, I was old enough to know this wouldn’t work out, but the picture he painted was so beautiful and serene that all I could do was whisper yes, yes.

Once I had succeeded in teaching Doodle to walk, I began to believe in my own infallibility and I prepared a terrific development program for him, unknown to Mama and Daddy, of course. I would teach him to run, to swim, to climb trees, and to fight. He, too, now believed in my infallibility, so we set the deadline for these accomplishments less than a year away, when, it had been decided, Doodle could start to school.

That winter we didn’t make much progress, for I was in school and Doodle suffered from one bad cold after another. But when spring came, rich and warm, we raised our sights again. Success lay at the end of summer like a pot of gold, and our campaign got off to a good start. On hot days, Doodle and I went down to Horsehead Landing, and I gave him swimming lessons or showed him how to row a boat. Sometimes we descended into the cool greenness of Old Woman Swamp and climbed the rope vines or boxed scientifically beneath the pine where he had learned to walk. Promise hung about us like leaves, and wherever we looked, ferns unfurled and birds broke into song.

That summer, the summer of 1918, was blighted. In May and June there was no rain and the crops withered, curled up, then died under the thirsty sun. One morning in July a hurricane

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came out of the east, tipping over the oaks in the yard and splitting the limbs of the elm trees. That afternoon it roared back out of the west, blew the fallen oaks around, snapping their roots and tearing them out of the earth like a hawk at the entrails of a chicken. Cotton bolls were wrenched from the stalks and lay like green walnuts in the valleys between the rows, while the cornfield leaned over uniformly so that the tassels touched the ground. Doodle and I followed Daddy out into the cotton field, where he stood, shoulders sagging, surveying the ruin. When his chin sank down onto his chest, we were frightened, and Doodle slipped his hand into mine. Suddenly Daddy straightened his shoulders, raised a giant knuckly fist, and with a voice that seemed to rumble out of the earth itself began cursing heaven, hell, the weather, and the Republican party. Doodle and I, prodding each other and giggling, went back to the house, knowing that everything would be all right.

And during that summer, strange names were heard through the house: Château-Thierry, Amiens, Soissons, and in her blessing at the supper table, Mama once said, “And bless the Pearsons, whose boy Joe was lost in Belleau Wood.”

So we came to that clove of seasons. School was only a few weeks away, and Doodle was far behind schedule. He could barely clear the ground when climbing up the rope vines, and his swimming was certainly not passable. We decided to double our efforts, to make that last drive and reach our pot of gold. I made him swim until he turned blue and row until he couldn't lift an oar. Wherever we went, I purposely walked fast, and although he kept up, his face turned red and his eyes became glazed. Once, he could go no further, so he collapsed on the ground and began to cry.

“Aw, come on, Doodle,” I urged. “You can do it. Do you want to be different from everybody else when you start school?”

“Does it make any difference?”

“It certainly does,” I said. “Now, come on,” and I helped him up.

As we slipped through the dog days, Doodle began to look feverish, and Mama felt his forehead, asking him if he felt ill. At night he didn't sleep well, and sometimes he had nightmares, crying out until I touched him and said, “Wake up, Doodle. Wake up.”

It was Saturday noon, just a few days before school was to start. I should have already admitted defeat, but my pride wouldn't let me. The excitement of our program had now been gone for weeks, but still we kept on with a tired doggedness. It was too late to turn back, for we had both wandered too far into a net of expectations and had left no crumbs behind. Daddy, Mama, Doodle, and I were seated at the dining-room table having lunch. It was a hot day, with all the windows and doors open in case a breeze should come. In the kitchen Aunt Nicey was humming softly. After a long silence, Daddy spoke. “It's so calm, I wouldn't be surprised if we had a storm this afternoon.”

“I haven’t heard a rain frog,” said Mama, who believed in signs, as she served the bread around the table.

“I did,” declared Doodle. “Down in the swamp.”

“He didn’t,” I said contrarily. “You did, eh?” said Daddy, ignoring my denial.

“I certainly did,” Doodle reiterated, scowling at me over the top of his iced-tea glass, and we were quiet again.

Suddenly, from out in the yard came a strange croaking noise. Doodle stopped eating, with a piece of bread poised ready for his mouth, his eyes popped round like two blue buttons. “What’s that?” he whispered.

I jumped up, knocking over my chair, and had reached the door when Mama called, “Pick up the chair, sit down again, and say excuse me.”

By the time I had done this, Doodle had excused himself and had slipped out into the yard. He was looking up into the bleeding tree. “It’s a great big red bird!” he called.

The bird croaked loudly again, and Mama and Daddy came out into the yard. We shaded our eyes with our hands against the hazy glare of the sun and peered up through the still leaves. On the topmost branch a bird the size of a chicken, with scarlet feathers and long legs, was perched precariously. Its wings hung down loosely, and as we watched, a feather dropped away and floated slowly down through the green leaves. “It’s not even frightened of us,” Mama said.

“It looks tired,” Daddy added. “Or maybe sick.”

Doodle’s hands were clasped at his throat, and I had never seen him stand still so long.

“What is it?” he asked. Daddy shook his head. “I don’t know, maybe it’s——”

At that moment the bird began to flutter, but the wings were uncoordinated, and amid much flapping and a spray of flying feathers, it tumbled down, bumping through the limbs of the bleeding tree and landing at our feet with a thud. Its long, graceful neck jerked twice into an S, then straightened out, and the bird was still. A white veil came over the eyes, and the long white beak unhinged. Its legs were crossed and its clawlike feet were delicately curved at rest. Even death did not mar its grace, for it lay on the earth like a broken vase of red flowers, and we stood around it, awed by its exotic beauty.

“It’s dead,” Mama said.

“What is it?” Doodle repeated.

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“Go bring me the bird book,” said Daddy.

I ran into the house and brought back the bird book. As we watched, Daddy thumbed through its pages. “It’s a scarlet ibis,” he said, pointing to a picture. “It lives in the tropics—South America to Florida. A storm must have brought it here.”

Sadly, we all looked back at the bird. A scarlet ibis! How many miles it had traveled to die like this, in *our* yard, beneath the bleeding tree.

“Let’s finish lunch,” Mama said, nudging us back toward the dining room.

“I’m not hungry,” said Doodle, and he knelt down beside the ibis.

“We’ve got peach cobbler for dessert,” Mama tempted from the doorway.

Doodle remained kneeling.

“I’m going to bury him.” “Don’t you dare touch him,” Mama warned. “There’s no telling what disease he might have had.”

“All right,” said Doodle. “I won’t.”

Daddy, Mama, and I went back to the dining-room table, but we watched Doodle through the open door. He took out a piece of string from his pocket and, without touching the ibis, looped one end around its neck. Slowly, while singing softly “Shall We Gather at the River,” he carried the bird around to the front yard and dug a hole in the flower garden, next to the petunia bed. Now we were watching him through the front window, but he didn’t know it. His awkwardness at digging the hole with a shovel whose handle was twice as long as he was made us laugh, and we covered our mouths with our hands so he wouldn’t hear.

When Doodle came into the dining room, he found us seriously eating our cobbler. He was pale and lingered just inside the screen door. “Did you get the scarlet ibis buried?” asked Daddy.

Doodle didn’t speak but nodded his head.

“Go wash your hands, and then you can have some peach cobbler,” said Mama.

“I’m not hungry,” he said.

“Dead birds is bad luck,” said Aunt Nicey, poking her head from the kitchen door. “Specially *red* dead birds!”

As soon as I had finished eating, Doodle and I hurried off to Horsehead Landing. Time was short, and Doodle still had a long way to go if he was going to keep up with the other boys when he started school. The sun, gilded with the yellow cast of autumn, still burned fiercely, but the dark green woods through which we passed were shady and cool. When we reached the landing, Doodle said he was too tired to swim, so we got into a skiff and floated down the creek with the tide. Far off in the marsh a rail was scolding, and over on the beach locusts were singing in the myrtle trees. Doodle did not speak and kept his head turned away, letting one hand trail limply in the water.

After we had drifted a long way, I put the oars in place and made Doodle row back against the tide. Black clouds began to gather in the southwest, and he kept watching them, trying to pull the oars a little faster. When we reached Horsehead Landing, lightning was playing across half the sky and thunder roared out, hiding even the sound of the sea. The sun disappeared and darkness descended, almost like night. Flocks of marsh crows flew by, heading inland to their roosting trees, and two egrets, squawking, arose from the oyster-rock shallows and careened away.

Doodle was both tired and frightened, and when he stepped from the skiff he collapsed onto the mud, sending an armada of fiddler crabs rustling off into the marsh grass. I helped him up, and as he wiped the mud off his trousers, he smiled at me ashamedly. He had failed and we both knew it, so we started back home, racing the storm. We never spoke (what are the words that can solder cracked pride?), but I knew he was watching me, watching for a sign of mercy. The lightning was near now, and from fear he walked so close behind me he kept stepping on my heels. The faster I walked, the faster he walked, so I began to run. The rain was coming, roaring through the pines, and then, like a bursting Roman candle, a gum tree ahead of us was shattered by a bolt of lightning. When the deafening peal of thunder had died, and in the moment before the rain arrived, I heard Doodle, who had fallen behind, cry out, "Brother, Brother, don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

The knowledge that Doodle's and my plans had come to naught was bitter, and that streak of cruelty within me awakened. I ran as fast as I could, leaving him far behind with a wall of rain dividing us. The drops stung my face like nettles, and the wind flared the wet, glistening leaves of the bordering trees. Soon I could hear his voice no more.

I hadn't run too far before I became tired, and the flood of childish spite evanesced as well. I stopped and waited for Doodle. The sound of rain was everywhere, but the wind had died and it fell straight down in parallel paths like ropes hanging from the sky. As I waited, I peered through the downpour, but no one came. Finally I went back and found him huddled beneath a red nightshade bush beside the road. He was sitting on the ground, his face buried in his arms, which were resting on his drawn-up knees. "Let's go, Doodle," I said.

He didn't answer, so I placed my hand on his forehead and lifted his head. Limply, he fell backward onto the earth. He had been bleeding from the mouth, and his neck and the front of his shirt were stained a brilliant red.

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“Doodle! Doodle!” I cried, shaking him, but there was no answer but the rosy rain. He lay very awkwardly, with his head thrown far back, making his vermilion neck appear unusually long and slim. His little legs, bent sharply at the knees, had never before seemed so fragile, so thin.

I began to weep, and the tear-blurred vision in red before me looked very familiar. “Doodle!” I screamed above the pounding storm, and threw my body to the earth above his. For a long, long time, it seemed forever, I lay there crying, sheltering my fallen scarlet ibis from the heresy of rain.

Reading & Writing Assignment:

Complete your Final Draft for O'Connor essay. Write a 1-2 page analysis of the short stories covered in our study. Why would you recommend them? Which characters were indelible? Which author captured your attention the most? This does not have to be in essay format but typed in MLA format. Next week, we will be having a Dinner party..snacks will be provided. Your role is to show up to the party as one of the characters in the short stories, in character (speech/mindset) and we will have a unique discussion.

Journaling Assignment:

Play the role of a character and write a journal entry from their point of view. (2 pages or two characters with one page each)

Week 27: Research Paper

What a Research Paper Is

A research paper is an original, unified essay that presents an arguable thesis and supported by evidence and documentation from authoritative sources.

- A synthesis of your findings about a topic weighed by your judgment, interpretation, and evaluation them. Your research paper includes the information needed to present your argument. It is organized accordingly.

It is NOT merely a collection of findings. It is not a summary of an article or book or other authors' ideas.

- The research paper is your original work. It is focused on your thesis and presents your argument. You support this argument by borrowing (and documenting) others' work.

It is NOT the ideas of others repeated uncritically. You must lead in and out of borrowed material with your judgment, interpretation, and evaluation. You explicate how the borrowed information is relevant to your argument, your thesis.

It is NOT unsupported personal opinion—yours or others. The research paper should contain authoritative ideas based in tradition, scholarship, and empiricism (factual proof). Your sources must be credible experts in their fields.

- The research paper gives credit to all the sources you have used. Documentation and citation of resources is so much a part of the research paper that customs have been developed to do accomplish them clearly. You know this as MLA style.

It is NOT a series of quotations and paraphrases put together with your creative muse. Quotations are important to research papers,

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

however, they must be prudently selected. You should not have quotations for the sake of showing you researched. You should only use quotes when they illuminate a subordinate point of your thesis.

It is NOT copying, purchasing, or accepting another person's work without acknowledging it, whether the work is published, unpublished, professional, or amateur. All of these describe plagiarism—the theft of intellectual property.

Source: Audrey J. Roth. *The Research Paper: Process, Form & Content*. New York: Wadsworth, 1991.

Link to sample MLA Essay (Format)

<http://www.mrgunnar.net/files/MLA2009%20Owl.pdf>

Link to Purdue Online Writing Lab (OWL)

<https://owl.english.purdue.edu/owl/resource/658/01/>

Argumentative research paper:

The argumentative research paper consists of an introduction in which the writer clearly introduces the topic and informs his audience exactly which stance he intends to take; this stance is often identified as the thesis statement. An important goal of the argumentative research paper is persuasion, which means the topic chosen should be debatable or controversial. For example, it would be difficult for a student to successfully argue in favor of the following stance.

Cigarette smoking poses medical dangers and may lead to cancer for both the smoker and those who experience secondhand smoke.

Perhaps 25 years ago this topic would have been debatable; however, today, it is assumed that smoking cigarettes is, indeed, harmful to one's health. A better thesis would be the following.

Although it has been proven that cigarette smoking may lead to sundry health problems in the smoker, the social acceptance of smoking in public places demonstrates that many still do not consider secondhand smoke as dangerous to one's health as firsthand smoke.

In this sentence, the writer is not challenging the current accepted stance that both firsthand and secondhand cigarette smoke is dangerous; rather, she is positing that the social acceptance of the latter over the former is indicative of a cultural double-standard of sorts. The student would

support this thesis throughout her paper by means of both primary and secondary sources, with the intent to persuade her audience that her particular interpretation of the situation is viable.

Topics:

Brainstorm controversial topics that have distinct positions. Some topics are not as divided such as: Smoking is bad for your health, Cancer needs a cure, and What makes up a good diet. Find a topic that you will be able to convince/persuade someone from the opposing view to consider your points.

Notes:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Identify your Audience

The concept of audience can be very confusing for novice researchers. Should the student's audience be her instructor only, or should her paper attempt to reach a larger academic crowd? These are two extremes on the pendulum-course that is audience; the former is too narrow of an audience, while the latter is too broad. Therefore, it is important for the student to articulate an audience that falls somewhere in between.

It is perhaps helpful to approach the audience of a research paper in the same way one would when preparing for an oral presentation. Often, one changes her style, tone, diction, etc., when presenting to different audiences. So it is with writing a research paper (In fact, you may need to transform your written work into an oral work if you find yourself presenting at a conference someday).

The instructor should be considered only one member of the paper's audience; he is part of the academic audience that desires students to investigate, research, and evaluate a topic. Try to imagine an audience that would be interested in and benefit from your research.

For example: if the student is writing a twelve page research paper about ethanol and its importance as an energy source of the future, would she write with an audience of elementary students in mind? This would be unlikely. Instead, she would tailor her writing to be accessible to an audience of fellow engineers and perhaps to the scientific community in general. What is more, she would assume the audience to be at a certain educational level; therefore, she would not spend time in such a short research paper defining terms and concepts already familiar to those in the field. However, she should also avoid the type of esoteric discussion that condescends to her audience. Again, the student must articulate a middle-ground.

The following are questions that may help the student discern further her audience:

- Who is the general audience I want to reach?
- Who is most likely to be interested in the research I am doing?
- What is it about my topic that interests the general audience I have discerned?
- If the audience I am writing for is not particularly interested in my topic, what should I do to pique its interest?
- Will each member of the broadly conceived audience agree with what I have to say?
- If not (which will likely be the case!) what counter-arguments should I be prepared to answer?

Remember, one of the purposes of a research paper is to add something new to the academic community, and the first-time researcher should understand her role as an initiate into a particular community of scholars. As the student increases her involvement in the field, her understanding of her audience will grow as well. Once again, practice lies at the heart of the thing.

Next Step:

Find six key sources that will assist you in learning more about your topic, presenting both sides of the issue, and provide current data. As you are reading through each source, you will make note cards that you will reference as you are constructing your paper.

Tips on Note Cards:

1. Write your notes on index cards
2. Write only on the front of the card.
3. Put only one source and one subject on a card.
4. Create a bibliography card for each source with the information you will need to create a works-cited page: subject, author's name, title, volume, page, edition, and so forth.
5. Write your information on the topic (if you have quoted, check for accuracy).
6. Be accurate but as brief as possible. You do not have to write in complete sentences as long as you can understand what you have written later. Abbreviations may also be used.
7. Quotations should be copied correctly and enclosed in quotation marks. Note the page number(s) from which the quote was taken.
8. It is unnecessary to write down facts you already know. Write only new information.
9. If you must continue your notes on another card, list the source at the top in an abbreviated form.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Topic #1

Source A

Notes.....
.....
.....
.....

Pg. #

Caius Julius Caesar - Early Life A

- Lost his father when he was 16
- Married Cornelia >> had daughter Julia
- Lost his sacerdotal office because he wanted to stay married and Sylla wanted him to divorce

What is "sacerdotal"?

- Obtained pardon with the help of the vestal virgins and some near-relatives
- Upon Caesar's release, Sylla said, "Your suit is granted...but know that this man...will, some day or other, be the ruin of the party of the nobles...for in this one Caesar, you will find many a Marius."

Annotations:

- Heading - for easy reference
- Notes are concise
- Direct quotes are written carefully
- The letter "A" tells you which source this card belongs to
- Write notes to yourself of any questions you may have along the way
- Numbers on the right indicate page numbers in the book for reference later on

Writing Assignment:

With your chosen topic, complete the research with your six sources. Create a Works Cited page and complete your 20 notecards. Focus on specific details, do not write notes of known facts, but new and specific ones. Your six sources can be internet based, but you must create a thorough cite..Wikipedia is not a proper source for this research paper.

Week 28: Research Paper Outline

Sample Argument Outline

The following is a basic outline of an argument essay. Keep in mind that this is only one kind of possible organization; there are several ways to structure an effective argument. Outlines can also vary in the amount of detail.

Introductory Section

Thesis (claim and reason): The American government should enforce existing immigration laws in order to address the economic and social impact on the bordering states receiving thousands of illegal immigrants.

Body Sections

Section I

Claim: The laws are not being upheld.

Evidence: logical appeal (facts, expert authority)

- Evidence to support this claim
- List at least 3 supports.

Section II

Claim: Having refused to enforce immigration laws, the number of illegal immigrants in this country have spiked in the past four years.

Evidence: logical appeal (statistics), ethical appeal (fair, humane), emotional appeal

- Is against the law
- thousands of Central American children are abandoned each month
- specific evidence to show spike

Section III

Claim: Harms created by the influx of illegal immigrants. *Evidence:* logical appeal (facts), emotional appeal

- criminals, disease, increased costs to states

Section IV -- Dealing with the Opposition

1st Opposing View: It goes against the American ideal to help those in need.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Strategy for Response: What concessions will you make to present a compromise to the opposition or arguments to convince them that your position should be upheld.

2nd Opposing View: Enforcing the borders would make the US isolationists.

Strategy for Response: How would you handle refuting this opposing view?

Conclusion

End with a conclusion that suggests the larger importance of this issue, and why we should care.

Create a final statement that is powerful and memorable.

*http://www.uwc.ucf.edu/handouts/Sample_Argument_Outline.pdf

Keep working until your outline fits your idea like a glove.

When you think you have an outline that works, challenge it. I've found when I write that the first outline never holds up to a good interrogation. When you start asking questions of your outline, you will begin to see where the plan holds, and where it falls apart. Here are some questions that you might ask:

- Does my thesis control the direction of my outline?
- Are all of my main points relevant to my thesis?
- Can any of these points be moved around without changing something important about my thesis?
- Does the outline seem logical?
- Does my argument progress, or does it stall?
- If my argument seems to take a turn, mid-stream, does my thesis anticipate that turn?
- Do I have sufficient support for each of my points?
- Have I made room in my outline for other points of view about my topic?

Review the link of the sample research paper in last week's lesson. You can create subheadings for each of your sections, however, it is not required. Your paper should be between 4-6 pages with a Works cited page listing all six (or more) sources.

Writing Assignment:

Complete your Outline for your Research Paper. Use the worksheets provided. Continue to add to your note cards if you feel you need stronger/additional support. Next week your outline will be peer reviewed in class.

Name _____ Grade _____

I. Introduction

A. Topic _____

B. Attention Grabber (Hook)

C. Background _____

D. Thesis Sentence (Three main Points)

II. First Main Point:

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

A. Sub-point: (With Support)

B. Sub-point: (With Support)

III. Second Main Point:

A. Sub-point: (With Support)

B. Sub-point: (With Support)

IV. Third Main Point:

A. Sub Point: (With Support)

B. Sub-Point: (With Support)

V. Conclusion (Review and identify most important/critical point and why)

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Words Through Time

Peer Review Notes:

Week 29: Research Rough Draft

Constructing Paragraphs

You've written your thesis. You've interrogated your outline. You know which modes of arrangement you intend to use. You've settled on a plan that you think will work. Now you have to go about the serious business of constructing your paragraphs. Paragraphs are the workhorses of your paper. If a single paragraph is incoherent or weak, the entire argument might fail. It's important that you consider carefully the "job" of each paragraph. Know what it is you want that paragraph to do. Don't allow it to go off loafing.

What is a paragraph?

A paragraph is generally understood as a single "unit" of a paper. What your reader expects when he enters a new paragraph is that he is going to hear you declare a point and then offer support for that point. If you violate this expectation - if your paragraphs wander aimlessly among a half dozen points, or if they declare points without offering any evidence to support them - then the reader becomes confused or irritated by your argument. He won't want to read any further.

What should a paragraph do?

At the risk of being silly, consider this. What you look for in a partner, a reader looks for in a paragraph. You want a partner who is supportive, strong, and considerate to others. Similarly, a good paragraph will:

Be Supportive.

Even in the most trying of times a good paragraph will find a way to support the thesis. It will declare its relationship to the thesis clearly, so that the whole world knows what the paragraph intends to do. **In other words, a supportive paragraph's main idea clearly develops the argument of the thesis.**

Be Strong.

A good paragraph isn't bloated with irrelevant evidence or redundant sentences. Nor is it a scrawny thing, begging to be fed. It's strong and buffed. You know that it's been worked on. **In other words, a strong paragraph develops its main idea, using sufficient evidence.**

Be Considerate.

Good paragraphs consider their relationship to other paragraphs. A good paragraph never interrupts its fellow paragraphs to babble on about its own, irrelevant problems. A good paragraph waits its turn. It shows up when and where it's supposed to. It doesn't make a mess for other paragraphs to clean up. **In other words, a considerate paragraph is a coherent paragraph. It makes sense within the text as a whole.**

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

X. Writing the Topic Sentence

Just as every paper requires a thesis to assert and control its argument, so does every paragraph require a topic sentence to assert and control its main idea. Without a topic sentence, your paragraphs will seem jumbled, aimless. Your reader will find himself confused.

Because the topic sentence plays an important role in your paragraph, it must be crafted with care. When you've written a topic sentence, ask yourself the following questions:

- *Does the topic sentence declare a single point of my argument?* Because the reader expects that a paragraph will explore ONE idea in your paper, it's important that your topic sentence isn't too ambitious. If your topic sentence points to two or three ideas, perhaps you need to consider developing more paragraphs.
- *Does the topic sentence further my argument?* Give your topic sentences the same "so what?" test that you gave your thesis sentence. If your topic sentence isn't interesting, your paragraph probably won't serve to further the argument. Your paper could stall.
- *Is the topic sentence relevant to my thesis?* It might seem so to you, but the relevance may not be so clear to your reader. If you find that your topic sentence is taking you into new ground, stop writing and consider your options. You'll either have to rewrite your thesis to accommodate this new direction, or you will have to edit this paragraph from your final paper.
- *Is there a clear relationship between this topic sentence and the paragraph that came before?* It's important to make sure that you haven't left out any steps in the process of composing your argument. If you make a sudden turn in your reasoning, signify that turn to the reader by using the proper transitional phrase - *on the other hand, however, etc.*
- *Does the topic sentence control my paragraph?* If your paragraph seems to unravel, take a second look. It might be that your topic sentence isn't adequately controlling your paragraph and needs to be re-written. Or it might be that your paragraph is moving on to a new idea that needs to be sorted out.
- *Where have I placed my topic sentence?* Most of the time a topic sentence comes at the beginning of a paragraph. A reader expects to see it there, so if you are going to place it elsewhere, you'll need to have a good reason and a bit of skill. You might justify putting the topic sentence in the middle of the paragraph, for example, if you have information that needs to precede it. You might also justify putting the topic sentence at the end of the paragraph, if you want the reader to consider your line of reasoning before you declare your main point.

XI. Developing Your Argument: Evidence

Students often ask how long a paragraph ought to be. Our response: "As long as it takes." It's possible to make a point quickly. Sometimes it's desirable to keep it short. Notice the above paragraph, for example. We might have hemmed and hawed, talked about short paragraphs and long paragraphs. We might have said that the average paragraph is one-half to two-thirds of a page in length. We might have spent time explaining why the too-short paragraph is too short, and the too-long paragraph too long. Instead, we cut to the chase. After huffing and puffing through this paragraph (which is getting longer and longer all the time) we'll give you the same advice: a good

paragraph is as long as it needs to be in order to illustrate, explore, and/or prove its main idea.

But length isn't all that matters in paragraph development. What's important is that a paragraph develops its idea fully, and in a manner that a reader can follow with ease. Let's consider these two issues carefully. First: how do we know when an idea is fully developed? If your topic sentence is well-written, it should tell you what your paragraph needs to do. If my topic sentence declares, for example, that there are two conflicting impulses at work in a particular fictional character, then my reader will expect that I will define and illustrate these two impulses. I might take two paragraphs to do this; I might take one. My decision will depend on how important this matter is to my discussion. If the point is an important one, I take my time. I also (more likely than not) use at least two paragraphs. In this case, a topic sentence might be understood as controlling not only a paragraph, but an entire section of text.

When you've written a paragraph, ask yourself these questions:

- Do I have enough evidence to support this paragraph's idea?
- Do I have too much evidence? (In other words, will the reader be lost in a morass of details, unable to see the argument as a whole?)
- Does this evidence clearly support the assertion I am making in this paragraph, or am I stretching it?
- If I am stretching it, what can I do to persuade the reader that this stretch is worth making?
- Am I repeating myself in this paragraph?
- Have I defined all of the paragraph's important terms?
- Can I say, in a nutshell, what the purpose of this paragraph is?
- Has the paragraph fulfilled that purpose?

XII. Developing Your Argument: Arrangement

Equally important to the idea of a paragraph's development is the matter of the paragraph's arrangement. Paragraphs are arranged differently for different purposes. For example, if you are writing a history paper and wish to summarize a sequence of events, you of course will arrange your information chronologically. If you are writing a paper for an art history course in which you want to describe a painting or a building, then you will perhaps choose to arrange your information spatially. If you are writing a paper for a sociology course in which you have been asked to observe the behaviors of shoppers at a supermarket, you might want to arrange your ideas by working from the specific to the general. And so on. You will also want to consider your method of reasoning when you construct your paragraph. Are you using inductive logic, working from clues towards your conclusion? If so, your paragraph will reflect this way of thinking: your evidence will come early on in the paragraph, and the topic sentence will appear at the end. If, on the other hand, you are using deductive logic, your paragraph will very likely be arranged like a syllogism. (For more information about constructing logical paragraphs, see Logic and Argument.)

Finally, remember that the modes of discourse that we outlined earlier can also serve as models for arranging information within a paragraph. If the purpose of a particular paragraph is to make a comparison, for example, your paragraph would be structured to assert that "A is like B in these three ways." And so on.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

XIII. Coherence

OK, so you've gotten this far: you have your thesis, your topic sentences, and truckloads of evidence to support the whole lot. You've spent three days writing your paragraphs, making sure that each paragraph argues one point and that this point is well supported with textual evidence. But when you read this essay back to yourself, you feel a profound sense of disappointment. Though you've followed your outline and everything is "in there," the essay just doesn't seem to hold together. It could be that you have a problem with coherence. A lack of coherence is easy to diagnose, but not so easy to cure. An incoherent essay doesn't seem to flow. Its arguments are hard to understand. The reader has to double back again and again in order to follow the gist of the argument. Something has gone wrong. What?

Look for these problems in your paper:

1. *Make sure that the **grammatical subject** of your sentences reflects the **real subject** of your paragraph.* Go through your paragraph and underline the subjects of all your sentences. Do these subjects match your paragraph's subject in most cases? Or have you stuck the paragraph's subject into some other, less important part of the sentence? Remember: the reader understands an idea's importance according to where you place it. If your main idea is hidden as an object of a preposition in a subordinate clause, do you really think that your reader is going to follow what you are trying to say?
2. *Make sure that your grammatical subjects are **consistent**.* Again, look at the grammatical subjects of all your sentences. How many different subjects do you find? If you have too many different sentence subjects, your paragraph will be hard to follow. (Note: For the fun of it, underline the sentence subjects in paragraph one. You'll find three, more or less: you, the subject, and the reader. The relationship between the three is what this paragraph is all about. Accordingly, the paragraph is coherent.)
3. *Make sure that your sentences look **backward** as well as **forward**.* In order for a paragraph to be coherent, each sentence should begin by linking itself firmly to the sentence that came before. If the link between sentences does not seem firm, use an introductory clause or phrase to connect one idea to the other.
4. *Follow the principle of moving from **old** to **new**.* If you put the old information at the beginning of the sentence, and the new information at the end, you accomplish two things. First, you ensure that your reader is on solid ground: she moves from the familiar to the unknown. Second, because we tend to give emphasis to what comes at the end of a sentence, the reader rightfully perceives that the new information is more important than the old.
5. *Use repetition to create a sense of **unity**.* Repeating key words and phrases **at appropriate moments** will give your reader a sense of coherence in your work. Don't overdo it, however. You'll risk sounding redundant.
6. *Use **transition** markers wisely.* Sometimes you'll need to announce to your reader some turn in your argument. Or you'll want to emphasize one of your points. Or you'll want to make clear some relationship in time. In all these cases you'll want to use transition markers.

Additional transitionalexamples in your resource folder on p. 52

Here are some examples:

- To show place - *above, below, here, there, etc.*
- To show time - *after, before, currently, during, earlier, later, etc.*
- To give an example - *for example, for instance, etc.*
- To show addition - *additionally, also, and, furthermore, moreover, equally important, etc.*
- To show similarity - *also, likewise, in the same way, similarly, etc.*
- To show an exception - *but, however, nevertheless, on the other hand, on the contrary, yet, etc.*
- To show a sequence - *first, second, third, next, then, etc.*
- To emphasize - *indeed, in fact, of course, etc.*
- To show cause and effect - *accordingly, consequently, therefore, thus, etc.*
- To conclude or repeat - *finally, in conclusion, on the whole, in the end, etc.*

XIV. Introductions and Conclusions

Introductions and conclusions are among the most challenging of all paragraphs. Why? Because introductions and conclusions must do more than simply state a topic sentence and offer support. Introductions and conclusions must synthesize and provide context for your entire argument, and they must also make the proper impression on your reader. Introductions

Your introduction is your chance to get your reader interested in your subject. Accordingly, the tone of the paragraph has to be just right. You want to inform, but not to the point of being dull; you want to intrigue, but not to the point of being vague; you want to take a strong stance, but not to the point of alienating your reader. Pay attention to the nuances of your tone. Seek out a second reader if you're not sure that you've managed to get the tone the way you want it.

Writing Assignment:

Complete your rough draft, have it typed/double spaced.
Manually go back through your rough draft for edits before the peer review.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Week 30: Final Edits

First Paragraph and Introduction	Yes	Needs Work
Introductory sentence is interesting		
The thesis sentence is specific		
The thesis statement makes a clear declaration that I back up with examples		
Body Paragraphs		
Does each paragraph begin with a good topic sentence?		
Do I provide clear evidence to support my thesis?		
Have I used examples with citations evenly throughout the work?		
Do my paragraphs flow in a logical manner?		
Have I used clear transition sentences?		
Paper Format		
Title page meets assignment requirements		
Page numbers are in the right location on the page		
Page numbers start and stop on the right pages		
Each citation has a Works cited entry		
In-text citations checked for proper formatting		
Proofreading		
I've read my paper aloud and checked for flow		
My summary restates my thesis in different words		
Meeting the Assignment		
I mention both positions on the topic		
My paper is the right length		
I've used five or more sources		
My Works Cited page is flawless		

Peer Review Form for Research Papers

Reviewer: _____ Author: _____

Using the following checklist, complete a review of a classmate's paper:

#1. What do you think is the main idea of this piece?	
#2. What is the thesis statement in this essay? NOTE: if you have trouble identifying either the question/problem/issue or the thesis, be sure to concentrate on how to help the writer clarify the problem	
#3. List all major topics in this essay that match/relate to the thesis statement.	
#4. List any topics or ideas that do not relate to the thesis.	
#5. List and describe any passages in this essay that you do not understand. Include why you do not understand these sections.	
#6. Mark or highlight any grammatical or spelling errors that need to be addressed. (Use a different color or style font to do this.) Do not correct these errors just point them out.	
#7. Provide general feedback to your partner. For example, how did you react to the topic? Were you able to follow the writer's thoughts? What were the strongest points of the writing? What were the weakest points and why?	
#8. Does the piece present sound, logical argumentation? List the topic sentences that point to the main arguments, counterarguments, and rebuttals in the paper.	

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

Writing Assignment:

Take your Peer Review form and make the necessary edits to your research paper. Complete your final draft to turn in for next week.

Notes:

Week 31:

Presentations of final research papers. Each student will present their strongest paragraph to the class.

The seven parts of the “Letter to Self” are (please label each part):

1. **ME, NOW:** my hopes, fears, dreams, intentions, goals, problems, concerns, likes, dislikes, joys, frustrations; what I like about myself; what I don't like about myself; what I'm proud of; what I think about; what bothers me; who I am, etc.
2. **MY WORLD:** a description of my home, bedroom, school, neighborhood, town; my favorite places to go; chores, allowance, pet(s), possessions, clothes, religion, current events; FAVORITES – books, music groups, movies, TV, etc.
3. **WHAT I DO:** my hobbies, pastimes, sports, school activities; what I do when I'm alone; what I do with friends; favorite snacks and foods; chores; how I spend my weekends and vacations; special activities I do, organizations I belong to, etc.
4. **PEOPLE IN MY LIFE:** my family, siblings, aunts & uncles, grandparents, friends, best friend(s), teachers, people I've dated, current significant other, who I like, people I'd like to know better, people I admire and respect, important people in my life.
5. **MY PAST:** where I was born, where I lived, growing up, childhood accidents, childhood memories, and schools I attended, previous pets, trips I've taken, important events in my life so far, former friends, former teachers, teams I played on, etc.
6. **MY SCHOOL CAREER (with a focus on English!):** As an English student, how have you fared up to this point? What do you consider to be your strengths and weaknesses? What were your specific goals for this year in English? How do you feel about writing? What kind(s) of writing do you like to do? What did you hope to accomplish? What did you learn from reading other's compositions? How do you feel about reading? Which reading did you detest this year? Which one were you glad you read?
7. **MY FUTURE:** predictions, what I want to do, my long range intentions, what I'm looking forward to; what I'm dreading; my goals, my hopes and fears for the world; summer vacation, high school, college, marriage, employment, etc.

James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.

NOTE: In doing this "Letter to Self," you should have seven total paragraphs.

You may also want to write about something important to you that wasn't mentioned above. Create your own categories. This "Letter To Self" is for you, and it should deal with the elements and aspects that are important and real in your life – the good, the bad, and the ugly! The more honest you are with yourself, the more you will appreciate and value your LTS in years to come.

No one will read your LTS, except you and those you choose to share it with. Have fun! Write extensively!! Create something memorable that captures your life today and who you are. You will get out of this assignment what you put into it. Remember to take pride in your work.

Writing Assignment:

Write a letter to yourself! Do not seal it (yet!) Self address the envelope to your parents' address.

Week 32: Last Day

Class lesson to be determined by students. It will be student led and constructed. Games/Challenges are all allowed.

Throughout the year, we (as a class) run into topics of discussion that we wish we could go into a little more depth, the last day of class is designed to be that class that the students wish to dig a little deeper. It can be a challenge between groups, a Socratic Discussion, essentially anything that has merit and can end this year of learning with the satisfaction that they have worked really hard, learned writing techniques, how to analyze a poem/literature/short story, what exactly a précis is, and all the pet peeves of their instructor (run-on sentences)...touché!

From day one, we will be seeking out the best end of the year class...each class may come up with something different, but they are always enjoyable!

Blessings to you all, thank you for the opportunity to walk with you through this journey of discovery and self-growth. Each of you are instilled with precious talents/gifts bestowed on you by God, to see you embrace these and grow in them is the greatest reward as a teacher.

Your letters will find you in 5 years! I will track you down if need be.



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James 1:5 If any of you lacks wisdom, you should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given to you.