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WEEK ONE: CHECK-LIST

Syntax		Self Check-up Scoresheet	
For each sentence, write the number of words in each sentence. (up to the first 10)	1. ___ 2. ___ 3. ___ 4. ___ 5. ___ 6. ___ 7. ___ 8. ___ 9. ___ 10. _____	V S S= <6 words Short= 7-12 words Medium= 13-18 words Long=19-25 words X-Long=>25 words	Earn 15 points if you used each length. Otherwise earn 2 points for each style used. If you had four sentences that were Medium length...you would still only earn 2 points. _____
Circle the adjectives used in your writing.	How many used?	Did you repeat any? List those here:	Earn 1 point for each adjective (no points for repeated words): _____
Underline your descriptive verbs. (Is, are, was, were, have, has, had, and being verbs do not count)	How many used?	Did you repeat any? List those here:	Earn 1 point for each descriptive verb used. (no points for repeated words) _____
Did you use any transitions in your paragraph? (However, Although, Since, Because, As a result, Therefore, etc.)	How many used?	Earn 2 points for each transition used, they must start the sentence in order to be counted as a transition.	Enter your points in the blank: _____
Banned Words: Highlight any found	got/get good/bad pretty/ugly	If no banned words, score 10 points! Lose 2 points for every banned word used.	Enter your points in the blank: _____
Did you start any sentences with And, So, or But?	acceptable as conjunctions joining compound sentences, avoid as openers.	If none used, score 10 points! Lose 2 points for each one used as a sentence opener.	Enter your points in the blank: _____
Subject Sentence Openers:	How many of your sentences began with the subject of the sentence (even preceded by an article)		
		> 60 (STELLAR SYNTAX WARRIOR) 40-59 (SOLID SYNTAX WARRIOR) 25-39 (A SYNTAX WARRIOR) < 25 (BUDDING SYNTAX WARRIOR)	TOTAL _____

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What is syntax?

SYNTAX

The term *syntax* refers not only to the structure of sentences, their types, their uses, their connection, and the variations authors choose, but also to smaller structures *within* sentences. Phrases (any group of words) and clauses (groups of words that contain a subject and a verb) are also syntactic elements that require a reader's attention.

Syntax affects the pace of a piece.

- Short, clipped phrases, sentences and clauses tend to create a feeling of quickness, decisiveness, and speed to a piece. It is important to be aware of the content of a piece and look for connections to syntax. Pay attention to how pacing relates to the action and purpose of a particular piece.
- Long, convoluted sentences, especially with subordinate clauses at the beginning tend to slow the pace of a piece. Often they are connected to a contemplative section, a heavy or serious subject and the writer wants to emphasize it. Sometimes, however, they are placed in a piece for the purpose of demonstrating the ramblings of a character, the ludicrousness of an idea, or the ridiculousness of a situation. Watch for occasional satire or irony in these long sentences.

Key Questions:

- How does syntax contribute to and enhance the meaning and effect of language?
- How does syntax contribute to tone?
 1. "Syntax" refers to the ways words and phrases are arranged to form sentences. The reader must identify an author's syntax and discuss the relationship it has to the content of the passage.
Authors may use:
 - a. specific patterns of phrases and sentences

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- b. divisions within a piece with different syntax for each parallel structure
 - c. different sentence types
 - d. specific kinds of punctuation
 - e. other syntax techniques
2. To begin studying syntax, follow the following steps:
- a. Number the sentences in the passage. This will help analyze each sentence and discuss it efficiently.
 - b. Make observations about the content and syntax of each sentence or group of sentences. Look for elements listed above or others observed.
 - i. Does the sentence length fit the subject matter?
 - ii. Why is the sentence length effective?
 - iii. What variety of sentence lengths is present?
 - iv. Sentence beginnings – Variety or Pattern?
 - v. Arrangement of ideas in sentences
 - vi. Arrangement of ideas in paragraph – Pattern?
 - c. Write down what is observed. These observations will help you identify purpose in the author's words.

ASSIGNMENT: Choose one paragraph from this week's reading to complete a syntax review of *Les Misérables*. Be thorough and look for unique phrasing.

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Syntax-analysis Chart

Complete this chart for a strong body paragraph. Then, on the back of the chart, draw conclusions about your writing (200 word minimum) using specific examples to support your analysis. Paragraph must have 7 sentences analyzed.

	First 4 words	Verbs (write all verbs)	Special Features: imagery, figurative language, etc.	Transitions	# of words
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					
5.					
6.					
7.					

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WEEK TWO: PRONUNCIATION

CHARACTERS:

Jean Valjean (Zhan Val-zhan)

Javert (Jah-ver)

Cossette (Ko-zet)

Fantine (Fahn-teen)

Marius (Mar-ee-us)

Pontmercy (Pohn-mair-see)

Enjoiras (Ahn-jol-rah)

Thenardier (Ten-are-dee-ay)

Eponine (Epp-oh-noon)

Feuilly (Foo-ee)

Grantaire (Grahn-tair)

Lesgles (Lay-glai)

Gavroche (Gav-rosh)

Bamatobois (Bam-ah-tah-bwah)

Fauchelevant (Fosh-luh-vohn)

Lamarque (Lamark)

Brujon (Broo-zshon)

Babet (Bah-bay)

Claquesous (Kiak-soo)

Montparnasse (Mont-parnass)

Courfeyrac (Ko-fer-ak)

Combeferre (Kom-fair)

Joly (Zshow-lee)

Madeleine (Mad-eh-lenn)

Places:

Toulon (Too-lohn)

Montreuil-Sur-Mer (Mon-twee-soor-Mair)

Saint Michele (San Mee-shell)

Notre Dame (No-truh Dahm)

Rue de Bac (Roo-duh-Bahk) St. Antoine (San An-twan)

St. Martin (San Mar-tan)

Rue Plumet (Roo-Ploo-may)

Rue de Villette (Roo-duh-Vee-ette)

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WEEK THREE: PARAGRAPH TIPS

Constructing Effective Body Paragraphs

A paragraph is a collection of related sentences dealing with a single topic. The conceptual components—**direction**, **movement**, and **bridges**—form the logical makeup of an effective paragraph. The structural elements—**topic sentence**, **transitions**, **evidence**, **analysis**, and **conclusion**—are identifiable parts of strong body paragraphs.

Conceptual Components

Direction – The entire paragraph should push toward proving a single idea. In other words, its analysis should move in one direction toward proving the claim laid out in the topic sentence. If it begins with one focus or major point for discussion, it should not end with another or wander within different ideas.

Movement – It is useful to envision body paragraphs as links in the chain of reasoning that forms the overall argument of your essay. In order to get to the next link, each paragraph must establish a claim that moves your overall argument one step closer to its ultimate goal (i.e. proving its thesis). Though the topic sentence will announce your paragraph’s direction, the movement of your analysis within the paragraph will consist of pushing this claim from being unproven at the outset of the paragraph to logically compelling at the end.

Bridges – Bridges establish the coherence that makes the movement between your ideas easily understandable to the reader. *Logical bridges* ensure that the same idea is carried over from sentence to sentence. *Verbal bridges* use language—repetition of keywords and synonyms, use of transitions, &c.—that makes the logical connections between your ideas clear to your reader.

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Structural Components

Topic sentence – The first sentence in a paragraph should clearly announce the thesis of the paragraph (i.e. its direction), the claim that will be supported by the content of the paragraph. Effective topic sentences will often link this local claim back to the overall thesis of its essay.

Transitions – Transitions are verbal bridges that use language to make the logical movement and structure of an essay clear to the reader. The topic sentence will often contain a transition that links the argument of the paragraph to the one made in the previous paragraph. This is most often accomplished by opening the paragraph with a prepositional phrase or by retaining some important language from the previous paragraph. The final sentence of a paragraph may also suggest a logical link to the argument to come. Transitions do not always link adjacent paragraphs. Good writers will refer back to relevant points made several paragraphs earlier. Especially long or complex papers will often contain several sentences (even entire paragraphs) of transitional material summarizing what the essay has sought to establish up to that point.

Examples of transitions within a paragraph:

The main character displays strength and courage throughout the story. He shows fear and apprehension when he encounters the antagonist.

Revision:

The main character displays strength and courage throughout the story. However, he shows fear and apprehension when he encounters the antagonist.

Rationale:

The use of the transition in this case helps to show the contrast between the two ideas while also connecting them.

Example:

In the novel, there are many tragic events that take place. The prince's untimely death occurs two days before the wedding.

Revision:

In the novel, there are many tragic events that take place. For example, the prince's untimely death occurs two days before the wedding.

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Rationale:

The transition helps to connect the idea to the example that follows.

Evidence – Quotations, examples, data, testimony, &c. should be cited as evidence in support of your paragraph's central claim. In order to avoid generalization, you should strive to use evidence that is as *specific as possible*. Evidence should be preceded by an introduction to its source and relevance and followed by analysis of its significance to your overall argument.

Analysis – Evidence alone does not make your argument for you. Evidence requires analysis to make it relevant to an argument. Analyzing effectively requires showing or explaining how the evidence you have cited actually supports the larger claims your essay is making, both on the paragraph level and the thesis level. Because analytical sections are the places where your essay does real argumentative work, they should constitute the bulk of your paragraph (and essay). Explain your evidence and how it supports your topic sentence.

Conclusion – Like the conclusion to the essay as a whole, the final sentence of a paragraph is a chance to sum up and solidify for your reader that your paragraph has established the claim it set out to. A concluding sentence will revisit the material from the topic sentence, but with an enhanced perspective. NEVER EVER end a paragraph with a quote. The conclusion should be YOUR summation, not the source cited.

Make sure to include a quote and cite it parenthetically!

WEEK FOUR: THESIS

Below you will read examples of weak-strong thesis statements. Read through these for class next week. You will work on developing your thesis sentences next class.

Suppose you are taking a course on 19th-century America, and the instructor hands out the following essay assignment: Compare and contrast the reasons why the North and South fought the Civil War. You turn on the computer and type out the following:

The North and South fought the Civil War for many reasons, some of which were the same and some different.

This weak thesis restates the question without providing any additional information. It does not tell the reader where you are heading. A reader of this weak thesis might think “What reasons? How are they the same? How are they different?” Ask yourself these same questions and begin to compare Northern and Southern attitudes (perhaps you first think “The South believed slavery was right, and the North thought slavery was wrong”). Now, push your comparison toward an interpretation—why did one side think slavery was right and the other side think it was wrong? You look again at the evidence, and you decide that you are going to argue that the North believed slavery was immoral while the South believed it upheld the Southern way of life. You write:

While both sides fought the Civil War over the issue of slavery, the North fought for moral reasons while the South fought to preserve its own institutions.

Now you have a working thesis! Included in this working thesis is a reason for the war and some idea of how the two sides disagreed over this reason. As you write the essay, you will probably begin to characterize these differences more precisely, and your working thesis may start to seem too vague. Maybe you decide that both sides fought for moral reasons, and that they just focused on different moral issues. You end up revising the working thesis into a final thesis that really captures the argument in your paper:

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While both Northerners and Southerners believed they fought against tyranny and oppression, Northerners focused on the oppression of slaves while Southerners defended their own right to self-government.

Compare this to the original weak thesis. This final thesis presents a way of *interpreting* evidence that illuminates the significance of the question. *Keep in mind that this is one of many possible interpretations of the Civil War—it is not the one and only right answer to the question.* There isn't one right answer; there are only strong and weak thesis statements and strong and weak uses of evidence.

Let's look at another example. Suppose your literature professor hands out the following assignment in a class on the American novel: Write an analysis of some aspect of Mark Twain's novel *Huckleberry Finn*. "This will be easy," you think. "I loved *Huckleberry Finn*!" You grab a pad of paper and write:

Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn is a great American novel.

Why is this thesis weak? Think about what the reader would expect from the essay that follows: most likely a general, appreciative summary of Twain's novel. But the question did not ask you to summarize; it asked you to analyze. Your professor is probably not interested in your opinion of the novel; instead, she wants you to think about *why* it's such a great novel—what do Huck's adventures tell us about life, about America, about coming of age, about race, etc.? First, the question asks you to pick an aspect of the novel that you think is important to its structure or meaning—for example, the role of storytelling, the contrasting scenes between the shore and the river, or the relationships between adults and children.

Now you write:

In Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain develops a contrast between life on the river and life on the shore.

Here's a working thesis with potential: you have highlighted an important aspect of the novel for investigation. However, it's still not clear what your analysis will reveal. Your reader is intrigued but is still thinking, "So what? What's the point of this contrast? What does it signify?" Perhaps you are

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not sure yet, either. That's fine—begin to work on comparing scenes from the book and see what you discover.

Free write, make lists, jot down Huck's actions and reactions. Eventually you will be able to clarify for yourself, and then for the reader, why this contrast matters. After examining the evidence and considering your own insights, you write:

Through its contrasting river and shore scenes, Twain's Huckleberry Finn suggests that to find the true expression of American democratic ideals, one must leave "civilized" society and go back to nature.

This final thesis statement presents an interpretation of a literary work based on an analysis of its content. Of course, for the essay itself to be successful, you must now present evidence from the novel that will convince the reader of your interpretation.

WEEK FIVE: THE HOOK!

"No dead-fish handshakes!"

What does this mean? Have you ever reached your hand out to greet someone and when they shake yours, it feels like you're shaking a dead, limp, fish. YUCK! Your "Hook," the first introduction your reader experiences, must never be a dead fish handshake.

Take a Risk!! No matter which technique you use, BE ORIGINAL and take a risk. Boring writing is predictable writing. Do something different..and a little weird.

Begin with a question: (NO NEVER!) Why? Here's the problem. Your question isn't interesting. I know you think it is, but it isn't. Beginning with a question is a LAZY, UNIMAGINATIVE way to begin your essay. You are MORE creative. DO SOMETHING ELSE.

Quotation or Statistic: This method is also pretty lazy, unless your quotation or statistics are particularly engaging. I would encourage you to use another technique, but if you feel you have a great quote or stat, you might be able to pull this technique off.

Personal Story: Readers respond to a personality, so share a short story about a moment in your life. You can accomplish quite a bit in a few short sentences if you give the reader an intimate, memorable "slice of life."

Memorable Anecdote: Again, tell a brief story but take it from someone else's life. You do not need to use your story. Here's an example:
Before efficient extraction methods developed in the 1880s, aluminum was exceedingly difficult to mine. As a result, pure aluminum was more valuable than gold. Napoleon gave banquets where the most honored guests were given aluminum utensils, while the others made do with gold.

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Metaphor: Creating your own metaphor or analogy is a wonderful way to add style to your writing. Beginning with your own comparison shows you understand so well that you can illustrate nuances through your own figurative language. Mastering the metaphor should be a goal of any writer.

Unexpected Claim: “There are more slaves in the world today than at any point in human history.” This statement seems to be false, but it is actually very true. Beginning your essay with an unexpected claim can be very effective.

Vivid Description: Paint a word picture for your reader, focusing in on some object, place, or moment that connects to your general topic. If you can create memorable imagery, your readers will be more likely to engage with your essay.

Humor: If the situation calls for it, humor can be incredibly effective. Of course, humor is the most difficult tone to create in writing, but if you can pull it off...go for it.

??Your Choice??: This is not an exhaustive list. Try some other strategy not listed here. The most important thing is to be original and memorable.

Make it memorable! You will be reading your hook out loud in class next week. Points to the most memorable! 😊

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WEEK SIX:

Peer Edit of Literary Analysis

Peer evaluator _____ Author evaluated _____

After the reading the entire paper, you will follow the checklist below. Do not just check things off of the list though; be sure to MARK corrections on their paper as well. You must use PEN.

Formatting:

1. Does the essay have a title that is NOT the name of the work? _____
2. Is the title properly punctuated? In other words, is it centered and not underlined, same font size as text/heading? _____
3. Is the essay typed and double spaced, in TNR or TT font? _____
4. Does the essay include an MLA heading? _____
5. Are last name and page numbers included at the top of each page? _____

Score: _____/ 5

Introduction:

1. Does the introduction begin with a one statement hook? _____
2. Does the essay have an introduction that is one paragraph long that includes the author and the work (in italics) being discussed? _____
3. Does the author give adequate background information on their topic? _____
4. Underline the thesis statement, is it clear and specific? _____
5. Is the claim statement included in the introduction, as the LAST sentence? _____
6. Has the writer avoided including body paragraph material in the introduction? _____
7. Are there any quotes in the introduction? (there should be NONE) _____

Score: _____/7

Body paragraphs:

1. Does the essay have at least 3 body paragraphs? _____
2. Does each body paragraph have a topic sentence as the FIRST sentence of each paragraph? _____
3. Does each topic sentence relate to the thesis statement? _____
4. Are unnecessary paraphrase and plot summary avoided? _____
5. Does each body paragraph include at least two quotations/cites? _____
6. Are ideas supported with specific reference to primary source? _____

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7. Are quotations parenthetically documented with (Hugo 53)? _____
8. Are transitional phrases used between paragraphs and within? _____
9. Are ALL quotes/paraphrases cited correctly? _____
10. Are sources integrated smoothly into text of your paper? (NO quotes can stand alone) _____
11. Is the essay fully developed to that a convincing position is supported?/ analysis? _____
12. Are there SIX quotes total _____

Edit tips:

- Avoid "announcing" in any essay. This error occurs primarily in introductions. Don't write "My paper will discuss..." or "This paper will tell about..."
- No It, This, These used as nouns at beginning of sentences (This allows... This causes....This shows that)

Score: ____/12

Suggestions:

Conclusion:

1. Does the essay have a conclusion that is appropriate and relevant? _____
2. Is the conclusion at least 3-4 sentences in length? _____
3. Does the writer restate his/her claim statement anywhere in the conclusion? _____
4. Did the conclusion begin with a transition other than "In conclusion"? _____

Score: ____/4

Essay as a whole:

1. Is the essay free of major grammatical errors and misspelled words? _____
2. Is the language of the essay clear and easy to read? _____
3. Are there banned words? _____ (got/get, good/bad, nice)
4. Is the paper written in PRESENT TENSE? _____
5. No "is, are, was, were, be" verbs in the topic sentences or claim statement? _____
6. Use of "you" "I think", etc... _____
7. Does the writer avoid an informal tone? _____

Score: ____/7

TOTAL SCORE: ____/35

Discuss any unanswered questions that you have and **write ONE suggestion** to the writer to improve the paper. (For example, does the writer spend TOO much time summarizing or retelling the story and not ENOUGH time analyzing?)

WEEK SEVEN: PRECIS

Below is an abridged version of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Letter from the Birmingham Jail. Following the letter is a sample precis on his writing.

My Dear Fellow Clergymen,

While confined here in the Birmingham City Jail, I came across your recent statement calling our present activities “unwise and untimely.” Seldom, if ever, do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas ... But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I would like to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should give the reason for my being in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the argument of “outsiders coming in.” I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every Southern state with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some 85 affiliate organizations all across the South ... Several months ago our local affiliate here in Birmingham invited us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented.

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: 1) collection of the facts to determine whether injustices are alive; 2) negotiation; 3) self-purification; and 4) direct action. We have gone through all of these steps in Birmingham ... Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of police brutality is known in every section of the country. Its unjust treatment of Negroes in the courts is a notorious reality. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any city in this nation. These are the hard, brutal, and unbelievable facts. On the basis of these conditions Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the political leaders consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

Then came the opportunity last September to talk with some of the leaders of the economic community. In these negotiating sessions certain promises were made by the merchants—such as the promise to remove the humiliating racial signs from the stores. On the basis of these promises Reverend Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to call a moratorium on any type of demonstrations. As the weeks and months unfolded we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. The signs remained. As in so many experiences in the past, we were confronted with blasted hopes, and the dark shadow of a deep disappointment settled upon us. So we had no alternative except that of preparing for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and national community. We were not unmindful of the difficulties involved. So we decided to go through the process of self-purification. We started having workshops on nonviolence and repeatedly asked ourselves the questions, “are you able to accept the blows without retaliating?” “Are you able to endure the ordeals of jail?”

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You may well ask, “Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches, etc.? Isn’t negotiation a better path?” You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue.

My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without legal and nonviolent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and give up their unjust posture; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was “well timed,” according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word “Wait!” It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This “wait” has almost always meant “never.” It has been a tranquilizing Thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that “justice too long delayed is justice denied.” We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter.

I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say wait. But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize, and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your 20 million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she can’t go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see the tears welling up in her little eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son who is asking in agonizing pathos: “Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?” when you take a cross country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading “white” men and “colored” when your first name becomes “nigger” and your middle name becomes “boy” (however old you are) and your last name becomes “John,” and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title of “Mrs.” when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of “nobodiness”—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into an

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abyss of injustice where they experience the bleakness of corroding despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the last few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White citizens' "Councilor" or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action" who paternistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by the myth of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait until a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist. I started thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency made up of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, have been so completely drained of self-respect and a sense of "somebodiness" that they have adjusted to segregation, and a few Negroes in the middle class who, because of a degree of academic and economic security, and at points they profit from segregation, have unconsciously become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness and hatred and comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up over the nation, the largest and best known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. This movement is nourished by the contemporary frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination. It is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity, and who have concluded that the white man is an incurable "devil."

The Negro has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometime; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides. If his repressed emotions do not come out in these nonviolent ways, they will come out in ominous expressions of violence. This is not a threat; it is a fact of history. So I have not said to my people, "Get rid of your discontent." But I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled through the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action.

In spite of my shattered dreams of the past, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership in the community would see the justice of our cause and, with deep moral concern, serve as the channel through which our just grievances could get to the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand. But again I have been disappointed. I have heard numerous religious leaders of the South call upon their worshippers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the law, but I have longed to hear white ministers say follow this decree because integration is morally right and the Negro is your brother. In the midst of

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blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churches stand on the sideline and merely mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard so many ministers say, "Those are social issues with which the Gospel has no real concern," and I have watched so many churches commit themselves to a completely other-worldly religion which made a strange distinction between body and soul, the sacred and the secular.

I hope this letter finds you strong in the faith. I also hope that circumstances will soon make it possible for me to meet each of you, not as an integrationist or a civil rights leader, but as a fellow clergyman and a Christian brother. Let us all hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice will soon pass away and the deep fog of misunderstanding will be lifted from our fear-drenched communities and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all of their scintillating beauty.

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood,

M. L. King, Jr.

Example precis:

Martin Luther King, in his "Letter from Birmingham Jail" claims that the protesting of segregation is justified. He supports his claim first by asserting the need for "non violent peaceful action" to fight segregation, second by explaining how protesting was not breaking the law because he saw the laws that promoted segregation as unjust and therefore did not consider them laws, and lastly by warning about how African Americans might resort to more violent and chaotic means of resistance if continually denied their "God-given" rights. His purpose was to address the church's criticism of his protest and to justify and encourage action against segregation. Martin Luther King's letter, though primarily addressed to the church clergy, ultimately speaks to everyone, black or white, about the urgent need for action in fighting the injustice of segregation.

Note the title of the letter and the author are listed in the first sentence, and the last sentence identifies the purported audience designated by the author.

WEEK EIGHT:

Rhetorical Précis Worksheet

A rhetorical précis differs from a summary in that it is a less neutral, more analytical condensation of both the content and method of the original text. If you think of a summary as primarily a brief representation of what a text says, then you might think of the rhetorical précis as a brief representation of what a text both says and does. Although less common than a summary, a rhetorical précis is a particularly useful way to sum up your understanding of how a text works rhetorically.

The Structure of a Rhetorical Précis

Sentence One: Name of the author, genre, and title of work, date in parentheses; a rhetorically active verb; and a THAT clause containing the major assertion or thesis in the text.

Sentence Two: An explanation of how the author develops and supports the thesis.

Sentence Three: A statement of the author's apparent purpose, followed by an "in order to" phrase.

Sentence Four: A description of the intended audience and/or the relationship the author establishes with the audience.

Rhetorical Précis Sentence Starters:

Sentence One (What?)

_____ in the _____ / _____ / _____
(Author) (A) (Title) (B)

that _____.

Sentence Two (How?)

_____ supports his/her _____ by _____
(Author's Last Name) (B) (C)

_____.

Sentence Three (Why?)

The author's purpose is to _____
(D)

_____ in order to / so that _____.

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Sentence Four (To Whom?)

The author writes in a _____ tone for _____ .
(E) (audience)

A	B	C	D	E
article, book review, essay, column, editorial	argues, argument, asserts, assertion, suggests, suggestion, claims, questions, explains, explanation	comparing, contrasting telling, explaining, illustrating, demonstrating, defining, describing, listing	show point out suggest inform persuade convince	formal informal sarcastic humorous contemptuous

Example:

In the article "End Homework Now" (2001), Etta Kralovec and John Buell claim that the practice of assigning homework is not an effective teaching method because its negative effects outweigh its benefits. Kralovec and Buell support their claims by providing examples of how homework disrupts families, overburdens children and limits learning and by dispelling myths about the benefits of homework and providing alternative practices that would lead to improvement in student achievement. The authors' purpose is to make the reader question a practice that is a trademark of the U.S. education system and decide whether it is conducive to creating a "smarter" student. They seem to be speaking to the entire educational community: administrators, parents, teachers, and students.

WEEK NINE: ROGERIAN

Additional pointers on the Rogerian Argument:

Rogerian

Introduction	State the problem you hope to resolve. By presenting your issue as a problem you raise the possibility of positive change. Often opponents will want to solve the same problem.
Summary of Opposing Views	As accurately and neutrally as possible, state the views of the people with whom you disagree. By doing this you show that you are capable of listening without judging and have given a fair hearing to people who think differently from you.
Statement of Understanding	Also called the statement of validity. Show that you understand that there are situations in which these views are valid. Which parts of the opposing arguments do you concede? Under which conditions might you share these views?
Statement of Your Position	Now that readers have seen that you've given full consideration to views other than your own, they should be prepared to listen fairly to your views. State your position.
Statement of Contexts	Describe situations in which you hope your views will be honored. By showing that your position has merit in specific contexts, you recognize that people won't agree with you all of the time. However, opponents are allowed to agree in part and share common ground.
Statement of Benefits	Appeal to the self-interest of your opponents by showing how they would benefit from accepting your position; this concludes your essay on a hopeful, positive note.

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REMINDERS ON PAPER: Avoid personal pronouns, vary openers, use transitions, present both sides expressing the merits of each, persuade your reader to logically choose your side.

EXTRA CREDIT: Print out two articles that represent both sides of your issue (the columnists' site www.creators.com would be a great place to start) and read through them before presenting your sides. Do not quote the articles but let them impact your understanding. Include them when you turn in your assignment.

WEEK TEN: EVIDENCE

WEEK TWELVE:

Literature questions:

BIELITZ (BIELSKO)

1. What historic event occurred on September 3, 1939? What was its immediate effect on the Weissmanns' lives? What was the Third Reich?
2. Why don't Gerda's parents react when the carpet begins to burn?
3. Why doesn't Arthur want his family to accompany him to the station? Why doesn't he turn around as he leaves the house?
4. What does Gerda's father have in mind when he says, "Whatever you are thinking now is wrong"? What promise does Gerda make to him at this moment?
5. What is Gerda's initial reaction to Abek? Does she feel positive, negative, or uncertain?
6. How does Gerda deduce Arthur's changing state of mind from his letters?

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7. In April 1942, the Jews in Bielitz are ordered to move to the quarter near the railway terminal, which would become their "ghetto." What does the word ghetto mean? What was its original meaning, and what has it come to signify today?

8. What is a Dulag?

9. Who is Mrs. Berger? What does she imply in her short speech to the young women? Do you believe that her methods for dealing with the prisoners were good ones? Do you find her a sympathetic character?

10. What makes Gerda sense that she will never see Arthur again after receiving his frayed, dirty letter?

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WEEK 13:

WEEK 14: *THE BET*

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was walking up and down his study and remembering how, fifteen years before, he had given a party one autumn evening. There had been many clever men there, and there had been interesting conversations. Among other things they had talked of capital punishment. The majority of the guests, among whom were many journalists and intellectual men, disapproved of the death penalty. They considered that form of punishment out of date, immoral, and unsuitable for Christian States. In the opinion of some of them the death penalty ought to be replaced everywhere by imprisonment for life. "I don't agree with you," said their host the banker. "I have not tried either the death penalty or imprisonment for life, but if one may judge *a priori*, the death penalty is more moral and more humane than imprisonment for life. Capital punishment kills a man at once, but lifelong imprisonment kills him slowly. Which executioner is the more humane, he who kills you in a few minutes or he who drags the life out of you in the course of many years?"

"Both are equally immoral," observed one of the guests, "for they both have the same object - to take away life. The State is not God. It has not the right to take away what it cannot restore when it wants to."

Among the guests was a young lawyer, a young man of five-and-twenty. When he was asked his opinion, he said:

"The death sentence and the life sentence are equally immoral, but if I had to choose between the death penalty and imprisonment for life, I would certainly choose the second. To live anyhow is better than not at all."

A lively discussion arose. The banker, who was younger and more nervous in those days, was suddenly carried away by excitement; he struck the table with his fist and shouted at the young man:

"It's not true! I'll bet you two million you wouldn't stay in solitary confinement for five years."

"If you mean that in earnest," said the young man, "I'll take the bet, but I would stay not five but fifteen years."

"Fifteen? Done!" cried the banker. "Gentlemen, I stake two million!"

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"Agreed! You stake your millions and I stake my freedom!" said the young man.

And this wild, senseless bet was carried out! The banker, spoilt and frivolous, with millions beyond his reckoning, was delighted at the bet. At supper he made fun of the young man, and said:

"Think better of it, young man, while there is still time. To me two million is a trifle, but you are losing three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you won't stay longer. Don't forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary confinement is a great deal harder to bear than compulsory. The thought that you have the right to step out in liberty at any moment will poison your whole existence in prison. I am sorry for you."

And now the banker, walking to and fro, remembered all this, and asked himself: "What was the object of that bet? What is the good of that man's losing fifteen years of his life and my throwing away two million? Can it prove that the death penalty is better or worse than imprisonment for life? No, no. It was all nonsensical and meaningless. On my part it was the caprice of a pampered man, and on his part simple greed for money ..."

Then he remembered what followed that evening. It was decided that the young man should spend the years of his captivity under the strictest supervision in one of the lodges in the banker's garden. It was agreed that for fifteen years he should not be free to cross the threshold of the lodge, to see human beings, to hear the human voice, or to receive letters and newspapers. He was allowed to have a musical instrument and books, and was allowed to write letters, to drink wine, and to smoke. By the terms of the agreement, the only relations he could have with the outer world were by a little window made purposely for that object. He might have anything he wanted - books, music, wine, and so on - in any quantity he desired by writing an order, but could only receive them through the window. The agreement provided for every detail and every trifle that would make his imprisonment strictly solitary, and bound the young man to stay there *exactly* fifteen years, beginning from twelve o'clock of November 14, 1870, and ending at twelve o'clock of November 14, 1885. The slightest attempt

on his part to break the conditions, if only two minutes before the end, released the banker from the obligation to pay him the two million.

For the first year of his confinement, as far as one could judge from his brief notes, the prisoner suffered severely from loneliness and depression. The sounds of the piano could be heard continually day and night from his lodge. He refused wine and tobacco. Wine, he wrote, excites the desires, and desires are the worst foes of the prisoner; and besides, nothing could be more dreary than drinking good wine and seeing no one. And tobacco spoilt the air of his room. In the first year the books he sent for were principally of a light character; novels with a complicated love plot, sensational and fantastic stories, and so on.

In the second year the piano was silent in the lodge, and the prisoner asked only for the classics. In the fifth year music was audible again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him through the window said that all that year he spent doing nothing but eating and drinking and lying on his bed, frequently yawning and angrily talking to himself. He did not read books. Sometimes at night he would sit down to write; he would spend hours writing, and in the morning tear up all that he had written. More than once he could be heard crying.

In the second half of the sixth year the prisoner began zealously studying languages, philosophy, and history. He threw himself eagerly into these studies - so much so that the banker had enough to do to get him the books he ordered. In the course of four years some six hundred volumes were procured at his request. It was during this period that the banker received the following letter from his prisoner:

"My dear Jailer, I write you these lines in six languages. Show them to people who know the languages. Let them read them. If they find not one mistake I implore you to fire a shot in the garden. That shot will show me that my efforts have not been thrown away. The geniuses of all ages and of all lands speak different languages, but the same flame burns in them all. Oh, if you only knew what unearthly happiness my soul feels now from being able to understand them!" The prisoner's desire was fulfilled. The banker ordered two shots to be fired in the garden.

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Then after the tenth year, the prisoner sat immovably at the table and read nothing but the Gospel. It seemed strange to the banker that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred learned volumes should waste nearly a year over one thin book easy of comprehension. Theology and histories of religion followed the Gospels.

In the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an immense quantity of books quite indiscriminately. At one time he was busy with the natural sciences, then he would ask for Byron or Shakespeare. There were notes in which he demanded at the same time books on chemistry, and a manual of medicine, and a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. His reading suggested a man swimming in the sea among the wreckage of his ship, and trying to save his life by greedily clutching first at one spar and then at another.

The old banker remembered all this, and thought:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock he will regain his freedom. By our agreement I ought to pay him two million. If I do pay him, it is all over with me: I shall be utterly ruined."

Fifteen years before, his millions had been beyond his reckoning; now he was afraid to ask himself which were greater, his debts or his assets. Desperate gambling on the Stock Exchange, wild speculation and the excitability which he could not get over even in advancing years, had by degrees led to the decline of his fortune and the proud, fearless, self-confident millionaire had become a banker of middling rank, trembling at every rise and fall in his investments. "Cursed bet!" muttered the old man, clutching his head in despair "Why didn't the man die? He is only forty now. He will take my last penny from me, he will marry, will enjoy life, will gamble on the Exchange; while I shall look at him with envy like a beggar, and hear from him every day the same sentence: 'I am indebted to you for the happiness of my life, let me help you!' No, it is too much! The one means of being saved from bankruptcy and disgrace is the death of that man!"

It struck three o'clock, the banker listened; everyone was asleep in the house and nothing could be heard outside but the rustling of the chilled trees. Trying to make no noise, he took from a fireproof safe the key of the

door which had not been opened for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house.

It was dark and cold in the garden. Rain was falling. A damp cutting wind was racing about the garden, howling and giving the trees no rest. The banker strained his eyes, but could see neither the earth nor the white statues, nor the lodge, nor the trees. Going to the spot where the lodge stood, he twice called the watchman. No answer followed. Evidently the watchman had sought shelter from the weather, and was now asleep somewhere either in the kitchen or in the greenhouse.

"If I had the pluck to carry out my intention," thought the old man, "Suspicion would fall first upon the watchman."

He felt in the darkness for the steps and the door, and went into the entry of the lodge. Then he groped his way into a little passage and lighted a match. There was not a soul there. There was a bedstead with no bedding on it, and in the corner there was a dark cast-iron stove. The seals on the door leading to the prisoner's rooms were intact.

When the match went out the old man, trembling with emotion, peeped through the little window. A candle was burning dimly in the prisoner's room. He was sitting at the table. Nothing could be seen but his back, the hair on his head, and his hands. Open books were lying on the table, on the two easy-chairs, and on the carpet near the table.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner did not once stir. Fifteen years' imprisonment had taught him to sit still. The banker tapped at the window with his finger, and the prisoner made no movement whatever in response. Then the banker cautiously broke the seals off the door and put the key in the keyhole. The rusty lock gave a grating sound and the door creaked. The banker expected to hear at once footsteps and a cry of astonishment, but three minutes passed and it was as quiet as ever in the room. He made up his mind to go in.

At the table a man unlike ordinary people was sitting motionless. He was a skeleton with the skin drawn tight over his bones, with long curls like a woman's and a shaggy beard. His face was yellow with an earthy tint in it, his cheeks were hollow, his back long and narrow, and the hand on which his shaggy head was propped was so thin and delicate that it was dreadful

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to look at it. His hair was already streaked with silver, and seeing his emaciated, aged-looking face, no one would have believed that he was only forty. He was asleep ... In front of his bowed head there lay on the table a sheet of paper on which there was something written in fine handwriting.

"Poor creature!" thought the banker, "he is asleep and most likely dreaming of the millions. And I have only to take this half-dead man, throw him on the bed, stifle him a little with the pillow, and the most conscientious expert would find no sign of a violent death. But let us first read what he has written here ... "

The banker took the page from the table and read as follows:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock I regain my freedom and the right to associate with other men, but before I leave this room and see the sunshine, I think it necessary to say a few words to you. With a clear conscience I tell you, as before God, who beholds me, that I despise freedom and life and health, and all that in your books is called the good things of the world.

"For fifteen years I have been intently studying earthly life. It is true I have not seen the earth nor men, but in your books I have drunk fragrant wine, I have sung songs, I have hunted stags and wild boars in the forests, have loved women ... Beauties as ethereal as clouds, created by the magic of your poets and geniuses, have visited me at night, and have whispered in my ears wonderful tales that have set my brain in a whirl. In your books I have climbed to the peaks of Elburz and Mont Blanc, and from there I have seen the sun rise and have watched it at evening flood the sky, the ocean, and the mountain-tops with gold and crimson. I have watched from there the lightning flashing over my head and cleaving the storm-clouds. I have seen green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, towns. I have heard the singing of the sirens, and the strains of the shepherds' pipes; I have touched the wings of comely devils who flew down to converse with me of God ... In your books I have flung myself into the bottomless pit, performed miracles, slain, burned towns, preached new religions, conquered whole kingdoms ...

"Your books have given me wisdom. All that the unresting thought of man has created in the ages is compressed into a small compass in my brain. I know that I am wiser than all of you.

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"And I despise your books, I despise wisdom and the blessings of this world. It is all worthless, fleeting, illusory, and deceptive, like a mirage. You may be proud, wise, and fine, but death will wipe you off the face of the earth as though you were no more than mice burrowing under the floor, and your posterity, your history, your immortal geniuses will burn or freeze together with the earthly globe.

"You have lost your reason and taken the wrong path. You have taken lies for truth, and hideousness for beauty. You would marvel if, owing to strange events of some sorts, frogs and lizards suddenly grew on apple and orange trees instead of fruit, or if roses began to smell like a sweating horse; so I marvel at you who exchange heaven for earth. I don't want to understand you.

"To prove to you in action how I despise all that you live by, I renounce the two million of which I once dreamed as of paradise and which now I despise. To deprive myself of the right to the money I shall go out from here five hours before the time fixed, and so break the compact ..."

When the banker had read this he laid the page on the table, kissed the strange man on the head, and went out of the lodge, weeping. At no other time, even when he had lost heavily on the Stock Exchange, had he felt so great a contempt for himself. When he got home he lay on his bed, but his tears and emotion kept him for hours from sleeping.

Next morning the watchmen ran in with pale faces, and told him they had seen the man who lived in the lodge climb out of the window into the garden, go to the gate, and disappear. The banker went at once with the servants to the lodge and made sure of the flight of his prisoner. To avoid arousing unnecessary talk, he took from the table the writing in which the millions were renounced, and when he got home locked it up in the fireproof safe.

POINT OF VIEW

First Person Point Of View.

First person is used when the main character is telling the story. This is the kind that uses the "I" narrator. As a reader, you can only experience the story through this person's eyes. So you won't know anything about the people or events that this

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character hasn't personally experienced.

First Person Peripheral: This is when the narrator is a supporting character in the story, not the main character. It still uses the "I" narrator but since the narrator is not the protagonist, there are events and scenes that will happen to the protagonist that the narrator will *not* have access to.

Second Person Point Of View:

Second person point of view is generally only used in instructional writing. It is told from the perspective of "you".

Third Person Point Of View:

Third person POV is used when your narrator is not a character in the story. Third person uses the "he/she/it" narrator and it is the most commonly used POV in writing.

There are 3 main types of Third Person POV:

- *Third Person Limited:* Limited means that the POV is limited to only one character. Which means that the narrator only knows what that character knows. With third person limited you can choose to view the action from right inside the character's head, or from further away, where the narrator has more access to information outside the protagonist's viewpoint.
- *Third Person Multiple:* This type is still in the "he/she/it" category, but now the narrator can follow multiple characters in the story. The challenge is making sure that the reader knows when you are switching from one character to another. Make the switch obvious with chapter or section breaks.
- *Third Person Omniscient:* This point of view still uses the "he/she/it" narration but now the narrator knows EVERYTHING. The narrator isn't limited by what one character knows, sort of like the narrator is God. The narrator can know things that others don't, can make comments about what's happening, and can see inside the minds of other characters.

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Identify the following elements for the Chekhov short story:

Setting:

Plot:

Conflict:

Character(s):

Point of View:

Theme:

Use complete sentences and specific examples to support your ideas.

WEEK SIXTEEN:

A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings

On the third day of rain they had killed so many crabs inside the house that Pelayo had to cross his drenched courtyard and throw them into the sea, because the newborn child had a temperature all night and they thought it was due to the stench. The world had been sad since Tuesday. Sea and sky were a single ash-gray thing and the sands of the beach, which on March nights glimmered like powdered light, had become a stew of mud and rotten shellfish. The light was so weak at noon that when Pelayo was coming back to the house after throwing away the crabs, it was hard for him to see what it was that was moving and groaning in the rear of the courtyard. He had to go very close to see that it was an old man, a very old man, lying face down in the mud, who, in spite of his tremendous efforts, couldn't get up, impeded by his enormous wings.

Frightened by that nightmare, Pelayo ran to get Elisenda, his wife, who was putting compresses on the sick child, and he took her to the rear of the courtyard. They both looked at the fallen body with a mute stupor. He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather took away any sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked, were forever entangled in the mud. They looked at him so long and so closely that Pelayo and Elisenda very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar. Then they dared speak to him, and he answered in an incomprehensible dialect with a strong sailor's voice. That was how they skipped over the inconvenience of the wings and quite intelligently concluded that he was a lonely castaway from some foreign ship wrecked by the storm. And yet, they called in a neighbor woman who knew everything about life and death to see him, and all she needed was one look to show them their mistake.

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"He's an angel," she told them. "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down."

On the following day everyone knew that a flesh-and-blood angel was held captive in Pelayo's house. Against the judgment of the wise neighbor woman, for whom angels in those times were the fugitive survivors of a celestial conspiracy, they did not have the heart to club him to death. Pelayo watched over him all afternoon from the kitchen, armed with his bailiff's club, and before going to bed he dragged him out of the mud and locked him up with the hens in the wire chicken coop. In the middle of the night, when the rain stopped, Pelayo and Elisenda were still killing crabs. A short time afterward the child woke up without a fever and with a desire to eat. Then they felt magnanimous and decided to put the angel on a raft with fresh water and provisions for three days and leave him to his fate on the high seas. But when they went out into the courtyard with the first light of dawn, they found the whole neighborhood in front of the chicken coop having fun with the angel, without the slightest reverence, tossing him things to eat through the openings in the wire as if he weren't a supernatural creature but a circus animal.

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be named mayor of the world. Others of sterner mind felt that he should be promoted to the rank of five-star general in order to win all wars. Some visionaries hoped that he could be put to stud in order to implant the earth a race of winged wise men who could take charge of the universe. But Father Gonzaga, before becoming a priest, had been a robust woodcutter. Standing by the wire, he reviewed his catechism in an instant and asked them to open the door so that he could take a close look at that pitiful man who looked more like a huge decrepit hen among the fascinated chickens. He was lying in the corner drying his open wings in the sunlight among the fruit peels and breakfast leftovers that the early risers had thrown him. Alien to the

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impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Father Gonzaga went into the chicken coop and said good morning to him in Latin. The parish priest had his first suspicion of an imposter when he saw that he did not understand the language of God or know how to greet His ministers. Then he noticed that seen close up he was much too human: he had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to the proud dignity of angels. Then he came out of the chicken coop and in a brief sermon warned the curious against the risks of being ingenuous. He reminded them that the devil had the bad habit of making use of carnival tricks in order to confuse the unwary. He argued that if wings were not the essential element in determining the different between a hawk and an airplane, they were even less so in the recognition of angels. Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write his primate so that the latter would write to the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts.

His prudence fell on sterile hearts. The news of the captive angel spread with such rapidity that after a few hours the courtyard had the bustle of a marketplace and they had to call in troops with fixed bayonets to disperse the mob that was about to knock the house down. Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel.

The curious came from far away. A traveling carnival arrived with a flying acrobat who buzzed over the crowd several times, but no one paid any attention to him because his wings were not those of an angel but, rather, those of a sidereal bat. The most unfortunate invalids on earth came in search of health: a poor woman who since childhood has been counting her heartbeats and had run out of numbers; a Portuguese man who couldn't sleep because the noise of the stars disturbed him; a sleepwalker who got up at night to undo the things he had done while awake; and many others with less serious ailments. In the midst of that shipwreck disorder that

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made the earth tremble, Pelayo and Elisenda were happy with fatigue, for in less than a week they had crammed their rooms with money and the line of pilgrims waiting their turn to enter still reached beyond the horizon.

The angel was the only one who took no part in his own act. He spent his time trying to get comfortable in his borrowed nest, befuddled by the hellish heat of the oil lamps and sacramental candles that had been placed along the wire. At first they tried to make him eat some mothballs, which, according to the wisdom of the wise neighbor woman, were the food prescribed for angels. But he turned them down, just as he turned down the papal lunches that the pentinents brought him, and they never found out whether it was because he was an angel or because he was an old man that in the end ate nothing but eggplant mush. His only supernatural virtue seemed to be patience. Especially during the first days, when the hens pecked at him, searching for the stellar parasites that proliferated in his wings, and the cripples pulled out feathers to touch their defective parts with, and even the most merciful threw stones at him, trying to get him to rise so they could see him standing. The only time they succeeded in arousing him was when they burned his side with an iron for branding steers, for he had been motionless for so many hours that they thought he was dead. He awoke with a start, ranting in his hermetic language and with tears in his eyes, and he flapped his wings a couple of times, which brought on a whirlwind of chicken dung and lunar dust and a gale of panic that did not seem to be of this world. Although many thought that his reaction had not been one of rage but of pain, from then on they were careful not to annoy him, because the majority understood that his passivity was not that of a hero taking his ease but that of a cataclysm in repose.

Father Gonzaga held back the crowd's frivolity with formulas of maidservant inspiration while awaiting the arrival of a final judgment on the nature of the captive. But the mail from Rome showed no sense of urgency. They spent their time finding out if the prisoner had a navel, if his dialect had any connection with Aramaic, how many times he could fit on the head of a pin, or whether he wasn't just a Norwegian with wings. Those meager

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letters might have come and gone until the end of time if a providential event had not put an end to the priest's tribulations.

It so happened that during those days, among so many other carnival attractions, there arrived in the town the traveling show of the woman who had been changed into a spider for having disobeyed her parents. The admission to see her was not only less than the admission to see the angel, but people were permitted to ask her all manner of questions about her absurd state and to examine her up and down so that no one would ever doubt the truth of her horror. She was a frightful tarantula the size of a ram and with the head of a sad maiden. What was most heartrending, however, was not her outlandish shape but the sincere affliction with which she recounted the details of her misfortune. While still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in two and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider. Her only nourishment came from the meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss into her mouth. A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth, or the paralytic who didn't get to walk but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sores sprouted sunflowers. Those consolation miracles, which were more like mocking fun, had already ruined the angel's reputation when the woman who had been changed into a spider finally crushed him completely. That was how Father Gonzaga was cured forever of his insomnia and Pelayo's courtyard went back to being as empty as during the time it had rained for three days and crabs walked through the bedrooms.

The owners of the house had no reason to lament. With the money they saved they built a two-story mansion with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars

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on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in. Pelayo also set up a rabbit warren close to town and gave up his job as a bailiff for good, and Elisenda bought some satin pumps with high heels and many dresses of iridescent silk, the kind worn on Sunday by the most desirable women in those times. The chicken coop was the only thing that didn't receive any attention. If they washed it down with creolin and burned tears of myrrh inside it every so often, it was not in homage to the angel but to drive away the dungheap stench that still hung everywhere like a ghost and was turning the new house into an old one. At first, when the child learned to walk, they were careful that he not get too close to the chicken coop. But then they began to lose their fears and got used to the smell, and before they child got his second teeth he'd gone inside the chicken coop to play, where the wires were falling apart. The angel was no less standoffish with him than with the other mortals, but he tolerated the most ingenious infamies with the patience of a dog who had no illusions. They both came down with the chicken pox at the same time. The doctor who took care of the child couldn't resist the temptation to listen to the angel's heart, and he found so much whistling in the heart and so many sounds in his kidneys that it seemed impossible for him to be alive. What surprised him most, however, was the logic of his wings. They seemed so natural on that completely human organism that he couldn't understand why other men didn't have them too.

When the child began school it had been some time since the sun and rain had caused the collapse of the chicken coop. The angel went dragging himself about here and there like a stray dying man. They would drive him out of the bedroom with a broom and a moment later find him in the kitchen. He seemed to be in so many places at the same time that they grew to think that he'd be duplicated, that he was reproducing himself all through the house, and the exasperated and unhinged Elisenda shouted that it was awful living in that hell full of angels. He could scarcely eat and his antiquarian eyes had also become so foggy that he went about bumping into posts. All he had left were the bare cannulae of his last feathers. Pelayo threw a blanket over him and extended him the charity of

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letting him sleep in the shed, and only then did they notice that he had a temperature at night, and was delirious with the tongue twisters of an old Norwegian. That was one of the few times they became alarmed, for they thought he was going to die and not even the wise neighbor woman had been able to tell them what to do with dead angels.

And yet he not only survived his worst winter, but seemed improved with the first sunny days. He remained motionless for several days in the farthest corner of the courtyard, where no one would see him, and at the beginning of December some large, stiff feathers began to grow on his wings, the feathers of a scarecrow, which looked more like another misfortune of decreptitude. But he must have known the reason for those changes, for he was quite careful that no one should notice them, that no one should hear the sea chanteys that he sometimes sang under the stars. One morning Elisenda was cutting some bunches of onions for lunch when a wind that seemed to come from the high seas blew into the kitchen. Then she went to the window and caught the angel in his first attempts at flight. They were so clumsy that his fingernails opened a furrow in the vegetable patch and he was on the point of knocking the shed down with the ungainly flapping that slipped on the light and couldn't get a grip on the air. But he did manage to gain altitude. Elisenda let out a sigh of relief, for herself and for him, when she watched him pass over the last houses, holding himself up in some way with the risky flapping of a senile vulture. She kept watching him even when she was through cutting the onions and she kept on watching until it was no longer possible for her to see him, because then he was no longer an annoyance in her life but an imaginary dot on the horizon of the sea.

The Blue Cross

Between the silver ribbon of morning and the green glittering ribbon of sea, the boat touched Harwich and let loose a swarm of folk like flies, among whom the man we must follow was by no means conspicuous—nor wished to be. There was nothing notable about him, except a slight contrast between the holiday gaiety of his clothes and the official gravity of his face. His clothes included a slight, pale grey jacket, a white waistcoat, and a silver straw hat with a grey-blue ribbon. His lean face was dark by contrast, and ended in a curt black beard that looked Spanish and suggested an Elizabethan ruff. He was smoking a cigarette with the seriousness of an idler. There was nothing about him to indicate the fact that the grey jacket covered a loaded revolver, that the white waistcoat covered a police card, or that the straw hat covered one of the most powerful intellects in Europe. For this was Valentin himself, the head of the Paris police and the most famous investigator of the world; and he was coming from Brussels to London to make the greatest arrest of the century.

Flambeau was in England. The police of three countries had tracked the great criminal at last from Ghent to Brussels, from Brussels to the Hook of Holland; and it was conjectured that he would take some advantage of the unfamiliarity and confusion of the Eucharistic Congress, then taking place in London. Probably he would travel as some minor clerk or secretary connected with it; but, of course, Valentin could not be certain; nobody could be certain about Flambeau.

It is many years now since this colossus of crime suddenly ceased keeping the world in a turmoil; and when he ceased, as they said after the death of Roland, there was a great quiet upon the earth. But in his best days (I mean, of course, his worst) Flambeau was a figure as statuesque and international as the Kaiser. Almost every morning the daily paper announced that he had escaped the consequences of one extraordinary crime by committing another. He was a Gascon of gigantic stature and bodily daring; and the wildest tales were told of his outbursts of athletic humour; how he turned the juge d'instruction upside down and stood him on his head, "to clear his mind"; how he ran down the Rue de Rivoli with a

policeman under each arm. It is due to him to say that his fantastic physical strength was generally employed in such bloodless though undignified scenes; his real crimes were chiefly those of ingenious and wholesale robbery. But each of his thefts was almost a new sin, and would make a story by itself. It was he who ran the great Tyrolean Dairy Company in London, with no dairies, no cows, no carts, no milk, but with some thousand subscribers. These he served by the simple operation of moving the little milk cans outside people's doors to the doors of his own customers. It was he who had kept up an unaccountable and close correspondence with a young lady whose whole letter-bag was intercepted, by the extraordinary trick of photographing his messages infinitesimally small upon the slides of a microscope. A sweeping simplicity, however, marked many of his experiments. It is said that he once repainted all the numbers in a street in the dead of night merely to divert one traveller into a trap. It is quite certain that he invented a portable pillar-box, which he put up at corners in quiet suburbs on the chance of strangers dropping postal orders into it. Lastly, he was known to be a startling acrobat; despite his huge figure, he could leap like a grasshopper and melt into the tree-tops like a monkey. Hence the great Valentin, when he set out to find Flambeau, was perfectly aware that his adventures would not end when he had found him.

[≤](#) [2](#) [≥](#)

But how was he to find him? On this the great Valentin's ideas were still in process of settlement.

There was one thing which Flambeau, with all his dexterity of disguise, could not cover, and that was his singular height. If Valentin's quick eye had caught a tall apple-woman, a tall grenadier, or even a tolerably tall duchess, he might have arrested them on the spot. But all along his train there was nobody that could be a disguised Flambeau, any more than a cat could be a disguised giraffe. About the people on the boat he had already satisfied himself; and the people picked up at Harwich or on the journey limited themselves with certainty to six. There was a short railway official travelling up to the terminus, three fairly short market gardeners picked up two stations afterwards, one very short widow lady going up from a small Essex town, and a very short Roman Catholic priest going up from a small Essex

village. When it came to the last case, Valentin gave it up and almost laughed. The little priest was so much the essence of those Eastern flats; he had a face as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling; he had eyes as empty as the North Sea; he had several brown paper parcels, which he was quite incapable of collecting. The Eucharistic Congress had doubtless sucked out of their local stagnation many such creatures, blind and helpless, like moles disinterred. Valentin was a sceptic in the severe style of France, and could have no love for priests. But he could have pity for them, and this one might have provoked pity in anybody. He had a large, shabby umbrella, which constantly fell on the floor. He did not seem to know which was the right end of his return ticket. He explained with a moon-calf simplicity to everybody in the carriage that he had to be careful, because he had something made of real silver "with blue stones" in one of his brown-paper parcels. His quaint blending of Essex flatness with saintly simplicity continuously amused the Frenchman till the priest arrived (somehow) at Tottenham with all his parcels, and came back for his umbrella. When he did the last, Valentin even had the good nature to warn him not to take care of the silver by telling everybody about it. But to whomever he talked, Valentin kept his eye open for someone else; he looked out steadily for anyone, rich or poor, male or female, who was well up to six feet; for Flambeau was four inches above it.

[≤](#) [3](#) [≥](#)

He alighted at Liverpool Street, however, quite conscientiously secure that he had not missed the criminal so far. He then went to Scotland Yard to regularise his position and arrange for help in case of need; he then lit another cigarette and went for a long stroll in the streets of London. As he was walking in the streets and squares beyond Victoria, he paused suddenly and stood. It was a quaint, quiet square, very typical of London, full of an accidental stillness. The tall, flat houses round looked at once prosperous and uninhabited; the square of shrubbery in the centre looked as deserted as a green Pacific islet. One of the four sides was much higher than the rest, like a dais; and the line of this side was broken by one of London's admirable accidents—a restaurant that looked as if it had strayed from Soho. It was an unreasonably attractive object, with dwarf plants in pots

and long, striped blinds of lemon yellow and white. It stood specially high above the street, and in the usual patchwork way of London, a flight of steps from the street ran up to meet the front door almost as a fire-escape might run up to a first-floor window. Valentin stood and smoked in front of the yellow-white blinds and considered them long.

The most incredible thing about miracles is that they happen. A few clouds in heaven do come together into the staring shape of one human eye. A tree does stand up in the landscape of a doubtful journey in the exact and elaborate shape of a note of interrogation. I have seen both these things myself within the last few days. Nelson does die in the instant of victory; and a man named Williams does quite accidentally murder a man named Williamson; it sounds like a sort of infanticide. In short, there is in life an element of elfin coincidence which people reckoning on the prosaic may perpetually miss. As it has been well expressed in the paradox of Poe, wisdom should reckon on the unforeseen.

Aristide Valentin was unfathomably French; and the French intelligence is intelligence specially and solely. He was not "a thinking machine"; for that is a brainless phrase of modern fatalism and materialism. A machine only is a machine because it cannot think. But he was a thinking man, and a plain man at the same time. All his wonderful successes, that looked like conjuring, had been gained by plodding logic, by clear and commonplace French thought. The French electrify the world not by starting any paradox, they electrify it by carrying out a truism. They carry a truism so far—as in the French Revolution. But exactly because Valentin understood reason, he understood the limits of reason. Only a man who knows nothing of motors talks of motoring without petrol; only a man who knows nothing of reason talks of reasoning without strong, undisputed first principles. Here he had no strong first principles. Flambeau had been missed at Harwich; and if he was in London at all, he might be anything from a tall tramp on Wimbledon Common to a tall toast-master at the Hotel Metropole. In such a naked state of nescience, Valentin had a view and a method of his own.

[≤ 4 ≥](#)

In such cases he reckoned on the unforeseen. In such cases, when he could not follow the train of the reasonable, he coldly and carefully

followed the train of the unreasonable. Instead of going to the right places—banks, police stations, rendezvous—he systematically went to the wrong places; knocked at every empty house, turned down every cul de sac, went up every lane blocked with rubbish, went round every crescent that led him uselessly out of the way. He defended this crazy course quite logically. He said that if one had a clue this was the worst way; but if one had no clue at all it was the best, because there was just the chance that any oddity that caught the eye of the pursuer might be the same that had caught the eye of the pursued. Somewhere a man must begin, and it had better be just where another man might stop. Something about that flight of steps up to the shop, something about the quietude and quaintness of the restaurant, roused all the detective's rare romantic fancy and made him resolve to strike at random. He went up the steps, and sitting down at a table by the window, asked for a cup of black coffee.

It was half-way through the morning, and he had not breakfasted; the slight litter of other breakfasts stood about on the table to remind him of his hunger; and adding a poached egg to his order, he proceeded musingly to shake some white sugar into his coffee, thinking all the time about Flambeau. He remembered how Flambeau had escaped, once by a pair of nail scissors, and once by a house on fire; once by having to pay for an unstamped letter, and once by getting people to look through a telescope at a comet that might destroy the world. He thought his detective brain as good as the criminal's, which was true. But he fully realised the disadvantage. "The criminal is the creative artist; the detective only the critic," he said with a sour smile, and lifted his coffee cup to his lips slowly, and put it down very quickly. He had put salt in it.

He looked at the vessel from which the silvery powder had come; it was certainly a sugar-basin; as unmistakably meant for sugar as a champagne-bottle for champagne. He wondered why they should keep salt in it. He looked to see if there were any more orthodox vessels. Yes; there were two salt-cellars quite full. Perhaps there was some speciality in the condiment in the salt-cellars. He tasted it; it was sugar. Then he looked round at the restaurant with a refreshed air of interest, to see if there were any other traces of that singular artistic taste which puts the sugar in the salt-cellars

and the salt in the sugar-basin. Except for an odd splash of some dark fluid on one of the white-papered walls, the whole place appeared neat, cheerful and ordinary. He rang the bell for the waiter.

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When that official hurried up, fuzzy-haired and somewhat blear-eyed at that early hour, the detective (who was not without an appreciation of the simpler forms of humour) asked him to taste the sugar and see if it was up to the high reputation of the hotel. The result was that the waiter yawned suddenly and woke up.

"Do you play this delicate joke on your customers every morning?" inquired Valentin. "Does changing the salt and sugar never pall on you as a jest?"

The waiter, when this irony grew clearer, stammeringly assured him that the establishment had certainly no such intention; it must be a most curious mistake. He picked up the sugar-basin and looked at it; he picked up the salt-cellar and looked at that, his face growing more and more bewildered. At last he abruptly excused himself, and hurrying away, returned in a few seconds with the proprietor. The proprietor also examined the sugar-basin and then the salt-cellar; the proprietor also looked bewildered.

Suddenly the waiter seemed to grow inarticulate with a rush of words.

"I zink," he stuttered eagerly, "I zink it is those two clergy-men."

"What two clergymen?"

"The two clergymen," said the waiter, "that threw soup at the wall."

"Threw soup at the wall?" repeated Valentin, feeling sure this must be some singular Italian metaphor.

"Yes, yes," said the attendant excitedly, and pointed at the dark splash on the white paper; "threw it over there on the wall."

Valentin looked his query at the proprietor, who came to his rescue with fuller reports.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it's quite true, though I don't suppose it has anything to do with the sugar and salt. Two clergymen came in and drank soup here very early, as soon as the shutters were taken down. They were both very quiet, respectable people; one of them paid the bill and went out; the other, who seemed a slower coach altogether, was some minutes longer

getting his things together. But he went at last. Only, the instant before he stepped into the street he deliberately picked up his cup, which he had only half emptied, and threw the soup slap on the wall. I was in the back room myself, and so was the waiter; so I could only rush out in time to find the wall splashed and the shop empty. It don't do any particular damage, but it was confounded cheek; and I tried to catch the men in the street. They were too far off though; I only noticed they went round the next corner into Carstairs Street."

≤ 6 ≥

The detective was on his feet, hat settled and stick in hand. He had already decided that in the universal darkness of his mind he could only follow the first odd finger that pointed; and this finger was odd enough. Paying his bill and clashing the glass doors behind him, he was soon swinging round into the other street.

It was fortunate that even in such fevered moments his eye was cool and quick. Something in a shop-front went by him like a mere flash; yet he went back to look at it. The shop was a popular greengrocer and fruiterer's, an array of goods set out in the open air and plainly ticketed with their names and prices. In the two most prominent compartments were two heaps, of oranges and of nuts respectively. On the heap of nuts lay a scrap of cardboard, on which was written in bold, blue chalk, "Best tangerine oranges, two a penny." On the oranges was the equally clear and exact description, "Finest Brazil nuts, 4d. a lb." M. Valentin looked at these two placards and fancied he had met this highly subtle form of humour before, and that somewhat recently. He drew the attention of the red-faced fruiterer, who was looking rather sullenly up and down the street, to this inaccuracy in his advertisements. The fruiterer said nothing, but sharply put each card into its proper place. The detective, leaning elegantly on his walking-cane, continued to scrutinise the shop. At last he said, "Pray excuse my apparent irrelevance, my good sir, but I should like to ask you a question in experimental psychology and the association of ideas."

The red-faced shopman regarded him with an eye of menace; but he continued gaily, swinging his cane, "Why," he pursued, "why are two tickets wrongly placed in a greengrocer's shop like a shovel hat that has come to

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London for a holiday? Or, in case I do not make myself clear, what is the mystical association which connects the idea of nuts marked as oranges with the idea of two clergymen, one tall and the other short?"

The eyes of the tradesman stood out of his head like a snail's; he really seemed for an instant likely to fling himself upon the stranger. At last he stammered angrily: "I don't know what you 'ave to do with it, but if you're one of their friends, you can tell 'em from me that I'll knock their silly 'eads off, parsons or no parsons, if they upset my apples again."

≤ 7 ≥

"Indeed?" asked the detective, with great sympathy. "Did they upset your apples?"

"One of 'em did," said the heated shopman; "rolled 'em all over the street. I'd 'ave caught the fool but for havin' to pick 'em up."

"Which way did these parsons go?" asked Valentin.

"Up that second road on the left-hand side, and then across the square," said the other promptly.

"Thanks," replied Valentin, and vanished like a fairy. On the other side of the second square he found a policeman, and said: "This is urgent, constable; have you seen two clergymen in shovel hats?"

The policeman began to chuckle heavily. "I 'ave, sir; and if you arst me, one of 'em was drunk. He stood in the middle of the road that bewildered that—"

"Which way did they go?" snapped Valentin.

"They took one of them yellow buses over there," answered the man; "them that go to Hampstead."

Valentin produced his official card and said very rapidly: "Call up two of your men to come with me in pursuit," and crossed the road with such contagious energy that the ponderous policeman was moved to almost agile obedience. In a minute and a half the French detective was joined on the opposite pavement by an inspector and a man in plain clothes.

"Well, sir," began the former, with smiling importance, "and what may—?"

Valentin pointed suddenly with his cane. "I'll tell you on the top of that omnibus," he said, and was darting and dodging across the tangle of the

traffic. When all three sank panting on the top seats of the yellow vehicle, the inspector said: "We could go four times as quick in a taxi."

"Quite true," replied their leader placidly, "if we only had an idea of where we were going."

"Well, where are you going?" asked the other, staring.

≤ 8 ≥

Valentin smoked frowningly for a few seconds; then, removing his cigarette, he said: "If you know what a man's doing, get in front of him; but if you want to guess what he's doing, keep behind him. Stray when he strays; stop when he stops; travel as slowly as he. Then you may see what he saw and may act as he acted. All we can do is to keep our eyes skinned for a queer thing."

"What sort of queer thing do you mean?" asked the inspector.

"Any sort of queer thing," answered Valentin, and relapsed into obstinate silence.

The yellow omnibus crawled up the northern roads for what seemed like hours on end; the great detective would not explain further, and perhaps his assistants felt a silent and growing doubt of his errand. Perhaps, also, they felt a silent and growing desire for lunch, for the hours crept long past the normal luncheon hour, and the long roads of the North London suburbs seemed to shoot out into length after length like an infernal telescope. It was one of those journeys on which a man perpetually feels that now at last he must have come to the end of the universe, and then finds he has only come to the beginning of Tufnell Park. London died away in draggled taverns and dreary scrubs, and then was unaccountably born again in blazing high streets and blatant hotels. It was like passing through thirteen separate vulgar cities all just touching each other. But though the winter twilight was already threatening the road ahead of them, the Parisian detective still sat silent and watchful, eyeing the frontage of the streets that slid by on either side. By the time they had left Camden Town behind, the policemen were nearly asleep; at least, they gave something like a jump as Valentin leapt erect, struck a hand on each man's shoulder, and shouted to the driver to stop.

They tumbled down the steps into the road without realising why they had been dislodged; when they looked round for enlightenment they found Valentin triumphantly pointing his finger towards a window on the left side of the road. It was a large window, forming part of the long facade of a gilt and palatial public-house; it was the part reserved for respectable dining, and labelled "Restaurant." This window, like all the rest along the frontage of the hotel, was of frosted and figured glass; but in the middle of it was a big, black smash, like a star in the ice.

≤ 9 ≥

"Our cue at last," cried Valentin, waving his stick; "the place with the broken window."

"What window? What cue?" asked his principal assistant. "Why, what proof is there that this has anything to do with them?"

Valentin almost broke his bamboo stick with rage.

"Proof!" he cried. "Good God! the man is looking for proof! Why, of course, the chances are twenty to one that it has nothing to do with them. But what else can we do? Don't you see we must either follow one wild possibility or else go home to bed?" He banged his way into the restaurant, followed by his companions, and they were soon seated at a late luncheon at a little table, and looked at the star of smashed glass from the inside. Not that it was very informative to them even then.

"Got your window broken, I see," said Valentin to the waiter as he paid the bill.

"Yes, sir," answered the attendant, bending busily over the change, to which Valentin silently added an enormous tip. The waiter straightened himself with mild but unmistakable animation.

"Ah, yes, sir," he said. "Very odd thing, that, sir."

"Indeed?" Tell us about it," said the detective with careless curiosity.

"Well, two gents in black came in," said the waiter; "two of those foreign parsons that are running about. They had a cheap and quiet little lunch, and one of them paid for it and went out. The other was just going out to join him when I looked at my change again and found he'd paid me more than three times too much. 'Here,' I says to the chap who was nearly out of

the door, 'you've paid too much.' 'Oh,' he says, very cool, 'have we?' 'Yes,' I says, and picks up the bill to show him. Well, that was a knock-out."

"What do you mean?" asked his interlocutor.

"Well, I'd have sworn on seven Bibles that I'd put 4s. on that bill. But now I saw I'd put 14s., as plain as paint."

[≤ 10 ≥](#)

"Well?" cried Valentin, moving slowly, but with burning eyes, "and then?"

"The parson at the door he says all serene, 'Sorry to confuse your accounts, but it'll pay for the window.' 'What window?' I says. 'The one I'm going to break,' he says, and smashed that blessed pane with his umbrella."

All three inquirers made an exclamation; and the inspector said under his breath, "Are we after escaped lunatics?" The waiter went on with some relish for the ridiculous story:

"I was so knocked silly for a second, I couldn't do anything. The man marched out of the place and joined his friend just round the corner. Then they went so quick up Bullock Street that I couldn't catch them, though I ran round the bars to do it."

"Bullock Street," said the detective, and shot up that thoroughfare as quickly as the strange couple he pursued.

Their journey now took them through bare brick ways like tunnels; streets with few lights and even with few windows; streets that seemed built out of the blank backs of everything and everywhere. Dusk was deepening, and it was not easy even for the London policemen to guess in what exact direction they were treading. The inspector, however, was pretty certain that they would eventually strike some part of Hampstead Heath. Abruptly one bulging gas-lit window broke the blue twilight like a bull's-eye lantern; and Valentin stopped an instant before a little garish sweetstuff shop. After an instant's hesitation he went in; he stood amid the gaudy colours of the confectionery with entire gravity and bought thirteen chocolate cigars with a certain care. He was clearly preparing an opening; but he did not need one.

An angular, elderly young woman in the shop had regarded his elegant appearance with a merely automatic inquiry; but when she saw the door

behind him blocked with the blue uniform of the inspector, her eyes seemed to wake up.

"Oh," she said, "if you've come about that parcel, I've sent it off already."

[≤ 11 ≥](#)

"Parcel?" repeated Valentin; and it was his turn to look inquiring.

"I mean the parcel the gentleman left—the clergyman gentleman."

"For goodness' sake," said Valentin, leaning forward with his first real confession of eagerness, "for Heaven's sake tell us what happened exactly."

"Well," said the woman a little doubtfully, "the clergymen came in about half an hour ago and bought some peppermints and talked a bit, and then went off towards the Heath. But a second after, one of them runs back into the shop and says, 'Have I left a parcel!' Well, I looked everywhere and couldn't see one; so he says, 'Never mind; but if it should turn up, please post it to this address,' and he left me the address and a shilling for my trouble. And sure enough, though I thought I'd looked everywhere, I found he'd left a brown paper parcel, so I posted it to the place he said. I can't remember the address now; it was somewhere in Westminster. But as the thing seemed so important, I thought perhaps the police had come about it."

"So they have," said Valentin shortly. "Is Hampstead Heath near here?"

"Straight on for fifteen minutes," said the woman, "and you'll come right out on the open." Valentin sprang out of the shop and began to run. The other detectives followed him at a reluctant trot.

The street they threaded was so narrow and shut in by shadows that when they came out unexpectedly into the void common and vast sky they were startled to find the evening still so light and clear. A perfect dome of peacock-green sank into gold amid the blackening trees and the dark violet distances. The glowing green tint was just deep enough to pick out in points of crystal one or two stars. All that was left of the daylight lay in a golden glitter across the edge of Hampstead and that popular hollow which is called the Vale of Health. The holiday makers who roam this region had not wholly dispersed; a few couples sat shapelessly on benches; and here and there a distant girl still shrieked in one of the swings. The glory of heaven deepened and darkened around the sublime vulgarity of man; and

standing on the slope and looking across the valley, Valentin beheld the thing which he sought.

[≤ 12 ≥](#)

Among the black and breaking groups in that distance was one especially black which did not break—a group of two figures clerically clad. Though they seemed as small as insects, Valentin could see that one of them was much smaller than the other. Though the other had a student's stoop and an inconspicuous manner, he could see that the man was well over six feet high. He shut his teeth and went forward, whirling his stick impatiently. By the time he had substantially diminished the distance and magnified the two black figures as in a vast microscope, he had perceived something else; something which startled him, and yet which he had somehow expected. Whoever was the tall priest, there could be no doubt about the identity of the short one. It was his friend of the Harwich train, the stumpy little cure of Essex whom he had warned about his brown paper parcels.

Now, so far as this went, everything fitted in finally and rationally enough. Valentin had learned by his inquiries that morning that a Father Brown from Essex was bringing up a silver cross with sapphires, a relic of considerable value, to show some of the foreign priests at the congress. This undoubtedly was the "silver with blue stones"; and Father Brown undoubtedly was the little greenhorn in the train. Now there was nothing wonderful about the fact that what Valentin had found out Flambeau had also found out; Flambeau found out everything. Also there was nothing wonderful in the fact that when Flambeau heard of a sapphire cross he should try to steal it; that was the most natural thing in all natural history. And most certainly there was nothing wonderful about the fact that Flambeau should have it all his own way with such a silly sheep as the man with the umbrella and the parcels. He was the sort of man whom anybody could lead on a string to the North Pole; it was not surprising that an actor like Flambeau, dressed as another priest, could lead him to Hampstead Heath. So far the crime seemed clear enough; and while the detective pitied the priest for his helplessness, he almost despised Flambeau for condescending to so gullible a victim. But when Valentin thought of all that

had happened in between, of all that had led him to his triumph, he racked his brains for the smallest rhyme or reason in it. What had the stealing of a blue-and-silver cross from a priest from Essex to do with chucking soup at wall paper? What had it to do with calling nuts oranges, or with paying for windows first and breaking them afterwards? He had come to the end of his chase; yet somehow he had missed the middle of it. When he failed (which was seldom), he had usually grasped the clue, but nevertheless missed the criminal. Here he had grasped the criminal, but still he could not grasp the clue.

[≤ 13 ≥](#)

The two figures that they followed were crawling like black flies across the huge green contour of a hill. They were evidently sunk in conversation, and perhaps did not notice where they were going; but they were certainly going to the wilder and more silent heights of the Heath. As their pursuers gained on them, the latter had to use the undignified attitudes of the deer-stalker, to crouch behind clumps of trees and even to crawl prostrate in deep grass. By these ungainly ingenuities the hunters even came close enough to the quarry to hear the murmur of the discussion, but no word could be distinguished except the word "reason" recurring frequently in a high and almost childish voice. Once over an abrupt dip of land and a dense tangle of thickets, the detectives actually lost the two figures they were following. They did not find the trail again for an agonising ten minutes, and then it led round the brow of a great dome of hill overlooking an amphitheatre of rich and desolate sunset scenery. Under a tree in this commanding yet neglected spot was an old ramshackle wooden seat. On this seat sat the two priests still in serious speech together. The gorgeous green and gold still clung to the darkening horizon; but the dome above was turning slowly from peacock-green to peacock-blue, and the stars detached themselves more and more like solid jewels. Mutely motioning to his followers, Valentin contrived to creep up behind the big branching tree, and, standing there in deathly silence, heard the words of the strange priests for the first time.

After he had listened for a minute and a half, he was gripped by a devilish doubt. Perhaps he had dragged the two English policemen to the

wastes of a nocturnal heath on an errand no saner than seeking figs on its thistles. For the two priests were talking exactly like priests, piously, with learning and leisure, about the most aerial enigmas of theology. The little Essex priest spoke the more simply, with his round face turned to the strengthening stars; the other talked with his head bowed, as if he were not even worthy to look at them. But no more innocently clerical conversation could have been heard in any white Italian cloister or black Spanish cathedral.

[≤ 14 ≥](#)

The first he heard was the tail of one of Father Brown's sentences, which ended: "... what they really meant in the Middle Ages by the heavens being incorruptible."

The taller priest nodded his bowed head and said:

"Ah, yes, these modern infidels appeal to their reason; but who can look at those millions of worlds and not feel that there may well be wonderful universes above us where reason is utterly unreasonable?"

"No," said the other priest; "reason is always reasonable, even in the last limbo, in the lost borderland of things. I know that people charge the Church with lowering reason, but it is just the other way. Alone on earth, the Church makes reason really supreme. Alone on earth, the Church affirms that God himself is bound by reason."

The other priest raised his austere face to the spangled sky and said:

"Yet who knows if in that infinite universe—?"

"Only infinite physically," said the little priest, turning sharply in his seat, "not infinite in the sense of escaping from the laws of truth."

Valentin behind his tree was tearing his fingernails with silent fury. He seemed almost to hear the sniggers of the English detectives whom he had brought so far on a fantastic guess only to listen to the metaphysical gossip of two mild old parsons. In his impatience he lost the equally elaborate answer of the tall cleric, and when he listened again it was again Father Brown who was speaking:

"Reason and justice grip the remotest and the loneliest star. Look at those stars. Don't they look as if they were single diamonds and sapphires? Well, you can imagine any mad botany or geology you please. Think of

forests of adamant with leaves of brilliants. Think the moon is a blue moon, a single elephantine sapphire. But don't fancy that all that frantic astronomy would make the smallest difference to the reason and justice of conduct. On plains of opal, under cliffs cut out of pearl, you would still find a notice-board, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

[≤ 15 ≥](#)

Valentin was just in the act of rising from his rigid and crouching attitude and creeping away as softly as might be, felled by the one great folly of his life. But something in the very silence of the tall priest made him stop until the latter spoke. When at last he did speak, he said simply, his head bowed and his hands on his knees:

"Well, I think that other worlds may perhaps rise higher than our reason. The mystery of heaven is unfathomable, and I for one can only bow my head."

Then, with brow yet bent and without changing by the faintest shade his attitude or voice, he added:

"Just hand over that sapphire cross of yours, will you? We're all alone here, and I could pull you to pieces like a straw doll."

The utterly unaltered voice and attitude added a strange violence to that shocking change of speech. But the guarder of the relic only seemed to turn his head by the smallest section of the compass. He seemed still to have a somewhat foolish face turned to the stars. Perhaps he had not understood. Or, perhaps, he had understood and sat rigid with terror.

"Yes," said the tall priest, in the same low voice and in the same still posture, "yes, I am Flambeau."

Then, after a pause, he said:

"Come, will you give me that cross?"

"No," said the other, and the monosyllable had an odd sound.

Flambeau suddenly flung off all his pontifical pretensions. The great robber leaned back in his seat and laughed low but long.

"No," he cried, "you won't give it me, you proud prelate. You won't give it me, you little celibate simpleton. Shall I tell you why you won't give it me? Because I've got it already in my own breast-pocket."

The small man from Essex turned what seemed to be a dazed face in the dusk, and said, with the timid eagerness of "The Private Secretary":

≤ 16 ≥

"Are—are you sure?"

Flambeau yelled with delight.

"Really, you're as good as a three-act farce," he cried. "Yes, you turnip, I am quite sure. I had the sense to make a duplicate of the right parcel, and now, my friend, you've got the duplicate and I've got the jewels. An old dodge, Father Brown—a very old dodge."

"Yes," said Father Brown, and passed his hand through his hair with the same strange vagueness of manner. "Yes, I've heard of it before."

The colossus of crime leaned over to the little rustic priest with a sort of sudden interest.

"You have heard of it?" he asked. "Where have you heard of it?"

"Well, I mustn't tell you his name, of course," said the little man simply. "He was a penitent, you know. He had lived prosperously for about twenty years entirely on duplicate brown paper parcels. And so, you see, when I began to suspect you, I thought of this poor chap's way of doing it at once."

"Began to suspect me?" repeated the outlaw with increased intensity. "Did you really have the gumption to suspect me just because I brought you up to this bare part of the heath?"

"No, no," said Brown with an air of apology. "You see, I suspected you when we first met. It's that little bulge up the sleeve where you people have the spiked bracelet."

"How in Tartarus," cried Flambeau, "did you ever hear of the spiked bracelet?"

"Oh, one's little flock, you know!" said Father Brown, arching his eyebrows rather blankly. "When I was a curate in Hartlepool, there were three of them with spiked bracelets. So, as I suspected you from the first, don't you see, I made sure that the cross should go safe, anyhow. I'm afraid I watched you, you know. So at last I saw you change the parcels. Then, don't you see, I changed them back again. And then I left the right one behind."

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≤ [17](#) ≥

"Left it behind?" repeated Flambeau, and for the first time there was another note in his voice beside his triumph.

"Well, it was like this," said the little priest, speaking in the same unaffected way. "I went back to that sweet-shop and asked if I'd left a parcel, and gave them a particular address if it turned up. Well, I knew I hadn't; but when I went away again I did. So, instead of running after me with that valuable parcel, they have sent it flying to a friend of mine in Westminster." Then he added rather sadly: "I learnt that, too, from a poor fellow in Hartlepool. He used to do it with handbags he stole at railway stations, but he's in a monastery now. Oh, one gets to know, you know," he added, rubbing his head again with the same sort of desperate apology. "We can't help being priests. People come and tell us these things."

Flambeau tore a brown-paper parcel out of his inner pocket and rent it in pieces. There was nothing but paper and sticks of lead inside it. He sprang to his feet with a gigantic gesture, and cried:

"I don't believe you. I don't believe a bumpkin like you could manage all that. I believe you've still got the stuff on you, and if you don't give it up—why, we're all alone, and I'll take it by force!"

"No," said Father Brown simply, and stood up also, "you won't take it by force. First, because I really haven't still got it. And, second, because we are not alone."

Flambeau stopped in his stride forward.

"Behind that tree," said Father Brown, pointing, "are two strong policemen and the greatest detective alive. How did they come here, do you ask? Why, I brought them, of course! How did I do it? Why, I'll tell you if you like! Lord bless you, we have to know twenty such things when we work among the criminal classes! Well, I wasn't sure you were a thief, and it would never do to make a scandal against one of our own clergy. So I just tested you to see if anything would make you show yourself. A man generally makes a small scene if he finds salt in his coffee; if he doesn't, he has some reason for keeping quiet. I changed the salt and sugar, and you kept quiet. A man generally objects if his bill is three times too big. If he

pays it, he has some motive for passing unnoticed. I altered your bill, and you paid it."

[≤](#) [18](#) [≥](#)

The world seemed waiting for Flambeau to leap like a tiger. But he was held back as by a spell; he was stunned with the utmost curiosity.

"Well," went on Father Brown, with lumbering lucidity, "as you wouldn't leave any tracks for the police, of course somebody had to. At every place we went to, I took care to do something that would get us talked about for the rest of the day. I didn't do much harm—a splashed wall, spilt apples, a broken window; but I saved the cross, as the cross will always be saved. It is at Westminster by now. I rather wonder you didn't stop it with the Donkey's Whistle."

"With the what?" asked Flambeau.

"I'm glad you've never heard of it," said the priest, making a face. "It's a foul thing. I'm sure you're too good a man for a Whistler. I couldn't have countered it even with the Spots myself; I'm not strong enough in the legs."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked the other.

"Well, I did think you'd know the Spots," said Father Brown, agreeably surprised. "Oh, you can't have gone so very wrong yet!"

"How in blazes do you know all these horrors?" cried Flambeau.

The shadow of a smile crossed the round, simple face of his clerical opponent.

"Oh, by being a celibate simpleton, I suppose," he said. "Has it never struck you that a man who does next to nothing but hear men's real sins is not likely to be wholly unaware of human evil? But, as a matter of fact, another part of my trade, too, made me sure you weren't a priest."

"What?" asked the thief, almost gaping.

"You attacked reason," said Father Brown. "It's bad theology."

And even as he turned away to collect his property, the three policemen came out from under the twilight trees. Flambeau was an artist and a sportsman. He stepped back and swept Valentin a great bow.

[≤](#) [19](#) [≥](#)

"Do not bow to me, mon ami," said Valentin with silver clearness. "Let us both bow to our master."

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And they both stood an instant uncovered while the little Essex priest blinked about for his umbrella.

WEEK 18: OUTLINE JOB

- I. JOB'S DISTRESS (1-3) A. HIS PROSPERITY (1:1-5)
 - B. HIS ADVERSITY (1:6-2:13)
 - C. HIS PERPLEXITY (3)
- II. JOB'S DEFENSE (4-37)
 - A. THE FIRST ROUND (4-14)
 - 1. Eliphaz (4-5) - Job's reply (6-7)
 - 2. Bildad (8) - Job's reply (9-10)
 - 3. Zophar (11) - Job's reply (12-14)
 - B. THE SECOND ROUND (15-21)
 - 1. Eliphaz (15) - Job's reply (16-17)
 - 2. Bildad (18) - Job's reply (19)
 - 3. Zophar (20) - Job's reply (21)
 - C. THE THIRD ROUND (22-37)
 - 1. Eliphaz (22) - Job's reply (23-24)
 - 2. Bildad (25) - Job's reply (26-31)
 - D. YOUNG ELIHU SPEAKS (32-37)
 - 1. Contradicting Job's friends (32)
 - 2. Contradicting Job himself (33)
 - 3. Proclaiming God's justice, goodness, and majesty (34-37)
- III. JOB'S DELIVERANCE (38-42)
 - A. GOD HUMBLER JOB (38:1-42:6)
 - 1. Through questions too great to answer (38:1-41:34)
 - 2. Job acknowledges his inability to understand (42:1-6)
 - B. GOD HONORS JOB (42:7-17)
 - 1. God rebukes his critics (42:7-10)
 - 2. God restores his wealth (42:11-17)

Poetic Devices (Definitions with Examples)

Allegory: a story in which the characters, settings, and events stand for abstract or moral concepts.

Example: The morality play “Everyman” deals with the death of a character that represents himself and every human being.

Example: Pilgrim’s Progress: Garth telling Bellicent the tale of a youth who wanted to climb a tree to get a golden egg laid by a royal eagle (a story told in symbols).

Alliteration: the repetition of initial consonant sounds.

Example: “When to the sessions of sweet silent thought / I summon up remembrance of things past” (Shakespeare, “Sonnet 30”).

Allusion: reference to a statement, person, place, event, or thing that is known from literature, history, religion, mythology, politics, sports, science, or popular culture. Example: He had the patience of Job.

Apostrophe: a figure of speech in which the speaker directly addresses an absent or dead person, an abstract quality, or something nonhuman as if it were present and capable of responding.

Example: “And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer / Before all temples th’ upright heart and pure / Instruct me... (Milton, Paradise Lost).

Assonance: the repetition of similar vowel sounds followed by different consonant sounds in words that are close together.

Example: “My words like silent raindrops fell...” (Paul Simon, “Sounds of Silence”).

Example: “Thou foster child of silence and slow time” (John Keats, “Ode to a Grecian Urn”).

Conceit: a fanciful and elaborate figure of speech that makes a surprising connection between two seemingly dissimilar things.

Example: John Donne’s comparison of separated lovers to the legs of a compass.

Consonance: the repetition of consonant sounds. This repetition is not limited to initial consonant sounds.

Example: “...and high school girls with clear skin smiles...” (Janis Ian, “At 17”).

Dissonance (cacophony): a harsh, discordant combination of sounds. It is usually created by the repetition of harsh consonant sounds.

Example: “...sheer plod makes plough down sillion / Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear, / Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion” (Gerard Manley Hopkins, “The Windhover”).

Epigram: short, condensed, polished, pointed phrases often ending in surprising or witty turns of thought.

Example: “Swans sing before they die – t’were no bad thing / Should certain people die before they sing” (Coleridge, “On a Volunteer Singer”).

Clichéd example: “A stitch in time saves nine.” Clichés are worn out and overused, and should be avoided.

Euphemism: a pleasant way of stating an unpleasant truth (usually to be avoided). The euphemism is vague and less direct especially when used in reference to death, irreligious references to God, and discreet references to body parts and functions.

Example: “Comfort station,” “to pass away,” “Gosh darn!” (Poets will avoid these!).

Irony: a contrast or discrepancy between expectation and reality – between what is said and what is really meant, between what is expected and what really happens, or between what appears to be true and what is really true.

Example: “Brutus is an honorable man” (Shakespeare, Julius Caesar).

Special Types of Irony

Antithesis: a contrasting of ideas made sharp by the use of words of opposite meaning in contiguous clauses or phrases (next to one another) with grammatically parallel structure. Aristotle praised antithesis in his Rhetoric “...because ...it is by putting opposing conclusions side by side that you refute one of them.”

Example: “Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country (John F. Kennedy).

Example: “Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike” (Pope).

Example: “Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasure” (Samuel Johnson).

Hyperbole: a great exaggeration.

Example: She wept oceans of tears.

Oxymoron: a paradoxical utterance that combines two terms that in ordinary usage are contraries, especially frequent in Petrarchan and Elizabethan love poetry (1590’s). Also found in devotional prose or religious poetry as a way of expressing the Christian mysteries.

Example: “Pleasing pains”; “loving hate”; “I burn and freeze” (Petrarchan and Elizabethan love poetry).

Paradox: a statement which seems untrue but proves valid upon close inspection. Example: “When my love swears that she is made of truth / I do believe her, though I know that she lies” (Shakespeare, Sonnet 138).

Example: “I was much older then; I’m younger than that now” (Bob Dylan).

Example: “Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear” (Milton, Paradise Lost).

Understatement: deliberately representing something as less important than it really is. Example: Twain’s apprentice riverboat pilot discovered asleep by the captain remarks that the captain stands behind him, “commenting.”

Metaphor: a figure of speech that makes a comparison between two seemingly unlike things without using the connective words *like, as, than, or resembles*.” Aristotle said that the greatest thing by far [in speech or writing] is to be master of the metaphor. It is the one thing that cannot be learned from others, and it is also a sign of genius since a good metaphor implies an intuitive perception of the dissimilar (Poetics). Metaphor points out many resemblances: “He is a pig” (appearances – eating, habits, size, etc.). Simile refers to only one characteristic that two things have in common: “He eats like a pig.”

Types of Metaphor

Dead metaphor (to be avoided): common usage makes you forget that the two items being compared are really separate items.

Example: “...leg of the table.” “...heart of the matter.”

Extended metaphor: this type of metaphor is developed over several lines of writing or even throughout an entire poem.

Example: The morality play “Everyman” is a metaphor for each person’s life.

Implied metaphor (implicit metaphor): doesn’t use a linking verb, so one term of the comparison is implied.

Example: Ordinary metaphor – “Hatred is an infection of the mind.

Implied metaphor – “Hatred infects the mind.” “The sun sheds its rays.” “Bright character explodes the dawn.” “It’s raining pitchforks.” “O my love has red petals and sharp thorns.” “O, I placed my love into a long stem vase and bandaged my bleeding thumb.”

Kenning: in Anglo-Saxon poetry, a metaphorical phrase or compound word used to name a person, place, thing, or event indirectly.

Example: “whale-road” for the sea and “Shepherd of evil” for Grendel (Beowulf).

Mixed metaphor (to be avoided): combines two or more diverse metaphors that do not fit together logically.

Example: “To get ahead, a man should keep his nose to the grindstone, his shoulder to the wheel, his ear to the ground, and his eyes on the ball.” “Playing with fire can get a person in deep water.” “Her plans to paint the town red were nipped in the bud.” “Money doesn’t grow on trees, but it does go down the drain quick.”

Metonymy: a closely associated idea used for the idea itself. The major effect is to communicate through abstract, intangible terms the concrete and tangible.

Example: Calling the judiciary “the bench” or the king “the crown.”

Onomatopoeia: the use of a word whose sound imitates or suggests its meaning.

Example: The sparrow’s chirrup on the roof, / The slow clock ticking, and the sound / Which to the wooing wind aloof / The poplar made, did all confound / Her sense...(Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “Mariana”).

Personification: gives life to inanimate objects or makes animals human. Example: Death stands above me whispering low.

Pun: a play on the multiple meanings of a word, or two different words that sound alike but have different meanings.

Example: Cleopatra was the queen of denial as opposed to the Queen of the Nile.

Synecdoche: a figure of speech in which a part of a thing stands for the whole.

Example: “...lend a hand.”

Simile: an expressed comparison between two distinctly different things, especially using like or as.

Example: “My love is like a red, red rose.”

Synaesthesia: the deliberate mixing of the senses.

Example: “I hear it in the deep heart’s core” (Yeats).

Example: “The listening eyes of the tall knights” (Tennyson).

Rhyme

Rhyme: the repetition of accented vowel sounds and all sounds following them in words that are close together in a poem.

Example: The cat in the hat.

Approximate Rhyme (half rhymes, slant rhymes, or imperfect rhymes): words sound similar but do not rhyme exactly. A **slant rhyme** calls attention to itself in a way that may occasionally help the poet say something meaningful.

Example: “He who the ox to wrath has moved / Shall never be by woman loved” (Blake).

End rhyme (the most common form of rhyme): occurs at the ends of lines Example:

Internal rhyme: occurs within lines.

Example: “The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea” (Coleridge, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner).

Masculine rhyme:

Example: “mail / quail”; “compare / affair.”

Rhythm: the alternation of stressed and unstressed syllables in language. In speech, it is the natural rise and fall of the language.

Meter: a generally regular pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables in poetry.

Verse: metrical language. All verse is not poetry; all poetry is not verse.

Blank verse: poetry written in unrhymed iambic pentameter (five metrical feet per line, each consisting of an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable). **Free verse:** poetry that has no regular meter or rhyme scheme.

Foot: the basic metrical unit which consists of one accented syllable plus one or two unaccented syllables.

Kinds of feet: Iambic, Trochaic, Anapestic, Dactylic, and Spondaic.

WEEK 19: ANALYSIS

Poetry Analysis Worksheet

A step-by-step guide to reading and understanding poetry

1. **Title** _____

- If there is a title – does it define the subject matter of the poem's focus?

2. **First Reading**

- Read the poem silently to gain a first impression. □ What is the narrative in the poem (what is happening?) □ Make some notes on your first impressions.

3. **Re-Reading**

- Read the poem again – carefully, analytically and out loud.
- Take note of punctuation; notice images that stand out; listen to the rhyming pattern and the rhythm of the words – make comments below..how did the inclusion of the Job reference add to its message?

4. **Meaning**

- Identify the obvious meaning and then look for implied meaning (s). What do you think the poet is trying to say?

5. **Consolidation – Putting it all together**

- Read the poem again to consolidate your appreciation of its meaning.

6. **Theme/s**

- Identify the main theme of the poem

7. **Analysis**

- Are there poetic techniques such as: **similes; metaphors; alliteration; personification; onomatopoeia; assonance**? If you answer only 'yes'...woe be to you. Give examples! Review the device chart in the last lesson (Resource)

- Other structures such as: **repetition; tenses; different voices; different themes in stanzas.**

- Use of vocabulary and language? (Find the meaning of words you are not familiar with) Record at least 3 words and their definitions here.

- Listen to the tone of the poem. What is it? Does it change?

- What is the poet's message or intention in writing this poem?

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8. Interpretation

- What issues are raised about society/relationships or life?

- Now use the above notes and information to write an analytical essay about the poem/s you have been analyzing. No, you can breathe..that won't come for a bit. 😊

WEEK 20: VILLANELLE

Extra Credit: To pay homage to Victor Hugo's home country, try your hand at a villanelle!

The villanelle has no established meter, although most nineteenth-century villanelles had eight or six syllables per line and most twentieth-century villanelles had ten syllables per line. The essence of the fixed modern form is its distinctive pattern of rhyme and repetition. The rhyme-and-refrain pattern of the villanelle can be schematized as A¹bA² abA¹ abA² abA¹ abA² abA¹A² where letters ("a" or "A" and "b") indicate the two rhyme sounds, upper case indicates a refrain ("A"), and superscript numerals (¹ and ²) indicate Refrain 1 and Refrain 2.

Refrain 1 (A¹)

Line 2 (b)

Refrain 2 (A²)

Line 4 (a)

Line 5 (b)

Refrain 1 (A¹)

Line 7 (a)

Line 8 (b)

Refrain 2 (A²)

Line 10 (a)

Line 11 (b)

Refrain 1 (A¹)

Line 13 (a)

Line 14 (b)

Refrain 2 (A²)

Line 16 (a)

Line 17 (b)

Refrain 1 (A¹)

Refrain 2 (A²)

Example on the next page!!

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They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill.
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around the sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

Notice the end rhyme scheme as listed in the instructions.

WEEK 21: COMPARATIVE ESSAY

Guidelines for writing comparison poetry essay:

There are two schools of thought, generally, on how to write a good comparison essay:

1. A comparison paragraph(s) and a contrast paragraph(s)
2. An interpretation of one poem and then a comparison of the second to the first.

Either choice is equally valuable. You need to decide on your comfort level with the choices. Things to think about, however, when writing these two different formats include the following:

Compare/Contrast

1. In order to have good flow in your writing, you'll want to avoid making the reader feel like they are following the ball at a tennis match. In other words, you don't want every sentence to be a back and forth between the two choices. That would look like this: "Poem A has a propensity for metaphors like 'the curtain of night.' Poem B doesn't make use of metaphor so much as imagery as in line 10 where the poet claims 'the wallpaper had a yellow smell.' Poem A goes on to say . . . Poem B in contrast . . ."

Don't make your reader dizzy by going back and forth too often. When you make a point, be sure to thoroughly explain it, give your evidence, explain it, then move to the other poem.

2. So, you'll cover the comparison completely and the contrasting elements completely in separate sections.

One poem then other

1. Completely cover one poem answering the prompt. Then compare/contrast the 2nd poem to the first. This way, you avoid the potential for the tennis match problem. Your paper then, starts off with a focus on one poem only. The second part where you cover the next poem can be split into a comparison section and then a contrast, but doesn't have to be.
2. The trick here, however, is that you don't a.) run out of time and don't cover the 2nd poem completely, and b.) you cover only comparison or contrast and not both.

In both cases,

1. you'll need to be sure you handle the question prompt fully.
2. be sure to use direct quotes from the poem.
3. notice if the question asks for specific elements or *suggests* specific elements.

Write in the box the number of the question you are answering on this page as it is designated in the exam.

1A
1 of 3

Both poems by Keats and Longfellow reflect on unfulfilled dreams and the imminence of death, yet their conclusions are somewhat different. Longfellow mourns his inaction and seems to view the past as comfortable compared to an uncertain future. On the other hand, Keats worries that he will not be able to accomplish all that he wants to, but as he recognizes the enormity and possibility of the world, he realizes that his mortal goals are meaningless. Longfellow's ultimate tone about death is fearful and grim, but Keats' is more appreciative of the wonder of life and therefore more hopeful.

The similarities between the poems lie ~~in~~ mainly in the openings which begrudge the fleeting nature of life. Keats' fear that he "may cease to be" parallels Longfellow's statement that "half of [his] life is gone." The men continue to express their fears about not having the time or being able to accomplish what they want to. Keats' repetition of the word "before" as an anaphora emphasizes his concern that he may die before he is able to ~~win~~ attain his literary goals or harness the opportunity of "the full ripen'd grain," a ~~comparison~~^{simile} for the possibility that he sees in his work. Longfellow, too, acknowledges his failure to "fulfill the aspiration of [his youth]" and "build some tower of song with lofty parapet," which is similar to Keats' hope to leave behind his legacy of words. The beginnings of the poems both depict men who fear that time is running

1

Write in the box the number of the question you are answering on this page as it is designated in the exam.

1A 2 of 3

out.

The middles, or second parts, of the poems illustrate the contrast between the two situations. In line 5, Keats starts to talk about the beauty and mystery of love with images of "shadows" and "huge cloudy ~~sky~~ symbols of a high romance". He seems to believe that love comes by fate, and he is sad to miss out on such "chance" when it comes time for him to die. He speaks of never having the opportunity to "look upon thee more" and indulge in innocent, "unreflecting love," showing that he has experienced love before but now his chances ^{for pure love} are mined because he is so aware of death. Longfellow's poem takes a different tone as he says he has not experienced "pleasure" or "passions" but has experienced "sorrow" and too much "care" which has paralyzed him. Longfellow's fear of death seems to stop him ^{completely} from accomplishing his goals, while Keats has taken advantage of the time that he has had and is merely scared now that he does not have time to continue living.

The end of the poems show these different attitudes toward life and death by using similar situations. Keats walks to a shore and Longfellow to a hill to contemplate life, and both look out before them. While Keats sees the "wide world," which alliteration emphasizes the possibility of, Longfellow look out and sees a city as a metaphor for the past. Keats realizes that his goals for literary fame and love before he dies are "nothingness" compared to the grand Sape

Write in the box the number of the question you are answering on this page as it is designated in the exam.

1

1A
3/3

of life. However Longfellow sees the "smoking wof, soft bells, and gleaming lights" of a bozy and idealized past with a clear and powerfull waterfall of death nigh overhead. Keats seems to recognize the opportunity left in his life when he looks out, though it may be daunting, but Longfellow's sees only a past haunted by death and no future to speak of.

#

Score = 8

WEEK 22: CORNELL METHOD

Each of your creations are unique to you! Find a paragraph in your short story (this week or last week's) to read aloud to the class. Choose one with a higher level of characterization that shows something about your character's response to the conflict. Discuss the effective tools used by each author (in the class) that made you take interest. Make a list of these on the board and discuss which character readings were strongly represented.

NOTE-TAKING LESSON

Cornell Note-Taking System

5 Step System -The 5 Rs

1. Record:

During the lecture, record in the main column as many meaningful facts and ideas as you can. Write legibly.

2. Reduce:

As soon after as possible, summarize these ideas and facts concisely in the Cue Column. Summarizing clarifies meanings and relationships, reinforces continuity, and strengthens memory. Also, it is a way of preparing for examinations gradually and well ahead of time.

Questions: formulate questions based on the notes in the right-hand column. Writing questions helps to clarify meanings, reveal relationships, establish continuity, and strengthen memory. Also, the writing of questions sets up a perfect stage for exam-studying later.

Write those questions in the "Cue Column"

3. Recite:

Cover the note-taking column with a sheet of paper. Then, looking at the questions or cue-words in the question and cue column only, say aloud, in your own words, the answers to the questions, facts, or ideas indicated by the cue-words.

4. Reflect:

Reflect on the material by asking yourself questions, for example: "What's

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the significance of these facts? What principle are they based on? How can I apply them? How do they fit in with what I already know? What's beyond them? Then write your summary of that page's notes in the "Summary" section at the bottom of your page.

5. Review:

Spend at least ten minutes every week reviewing all your previous notes. If you do, you'll retain a great deal for current use, as well as, for the exam.

The Cornell System on paper would look like this... (example in your resource)

CUE QUESTIONS	NOTE TAKING AREA
SUMMARY NOTES	

TAKING LECTURE NOTES

I. There are many reasons for taking lecture notes.

A. Making yourself take notes forces you to listen carefully and test your understanding of the material.

B. When you are reviewing, notes provide a gauge to what is important in the text.

C. Personal notes are usually easier to remember than the text.

D. The writing down of important points helps you to remember them even before you have studied the material formally.

II. Instructors usually give clues to what is important to take down. Some of the more common clues are:

A. Material written on the blackboard.

B. Repetition

C. Emphasis

1. Emphasis can be judged by tone of voice and gesture.

2. Emphasis can be judged by the amount of time the instructor spends on points and the number of examples he or she uses.

D. Word signals (e.g. "There are two points of view on . . . " "The third reason is . . . " " In conclusion. . . ")

E. Summaries given at the end of class.

F. Reviews given at the beginning of class.

III. Each student should develop his or her own method of taking notes, but most students find the following suggestions helpful:

A. Make your notes brief.

1. Never use a sentence where you can use a phrase. Never use a phrase where you can use a word.

2. Use abbreviations and symbols, but be consistent.

B. Put most notes in your own words. However, the following should be noted exactly:

1. Formulas

2. Definitions

3. Specific facts

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C. Use outline form and/or a numbering system. Indention helps you distinguish major from minor points.

D. If you miss a statement, write key words, skip a few spaces, and get the information later.

E. Don't try to use every space on the page. Leave room for coordinating your notes with the text after the lecture. (You may want to list key terms in the margin or make a summary of the contents of the page.)

F. Date your notes. Perhaps number the pages.

SAVING TIME ON NOTETAKING

Here are some hints regarding taking notes on classroom lectures that can save time for almost any student. Some students say that they plan to rewrite or type their notes later. To do so is to use a double amount of time; once to take the original notes and a second to rewrite them. The advice is simple: **DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!**

Second, there are some students who attempt to take notes in shorthand. Though shorthand is a valuable tool for a secretary, it is almost worthless for a student doing academic work. Here's why.

Notes in shorthand cannot be studied in that form. They must first be transcribed. The act of transcribing notes takes an inordinate amount of time and energy but does not significantly contribute to their mastery. It is far better to have taken the notes originally in regular writing and then spend the time after that in direct study and recitation of the notes.

Third, do not record the lesson on a cassette tape or any other tape. The lecture on tape precludes flexibility. This statement can be better understood when seen in the light of a person who has taken his/her notes in regular writing. Immediately after taking the notes this person can study them in five minutes before the next class as s/he walks toward the next building, as s/he drinks his/her coffee, or whatever. Furthermore, this student, in looking over his/her notes, may decide that the notes contain only four worthwhile ideas which s/he can highlight, relegating the rest of the lecture to obscurity. Whereas the lecture on tape has to be listened to in its entirety including the worthwhile points as well as the "garbage," handwritten notes may be studied selectively.

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A student who takes the easy way out -recording the lecture on tape as he or she sits back doing nothing will box him or herself into inflexibility.

NOTE MAKING

Learning to make notes effectively will help you to improve your study and work habits and to remember important information. Often, students are deceived into thinking that because they understand everything that is said in class they will therefore remember it. This is dead wrong!

Write it down.

As you make notes, you will develop skill in selecting important material and in discarding unimportant material. The secret to developing this skill is practice. Check your results constantly.

Strive to improve. Notes enable you to retain important facts and data and to develop an accurate means of arranging necessary information.

Here are some hints on note making.

1. Don't write down everything that you read or hear. Be alert and attentive to the main points. Concentrate on the "meat" of the subject and forget the trimmings.
2. Notes should consist of key words or very short sentences. If a speaker gets sidetracked it is often possible to go back and add further information.
3. Take accurate notes. You should usually use your own words, but try not to change the meaning. If you quote directly from an author, quote correctly.
4. Think a minute about your material before you start making notes. Don't take notes just to be notes! Take notes that will be of real value to you when you look over them at a later date.
5. Have a uniform system of punctuation and abbreviation that will make sense to you. Use a skeleton outline and show importance by indenting. Leave lots of white space for later additions.
6. Omit descriptions and full explanations. Keep your notes short and to the point. Condense your material so you can grasp it rapidly.
7. Don't worry about missing a point.
8. Don't keep notes on oddly shaped pieces of paper. Keep notes in order and in one place.

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9. Shortly after making your notes, go back and rework (not redo) your notes by adding extra points and spelling out unclear items. Remember, we forget rapidly. Budget time for this vital step just as you do for the class itself.

10. Review your notes regularly. This is the only way to achieve lasting memory.

Create 3 pages of Cornell notes listening to the following three TedTalks. The three pages are provided for you in the Resource folder with an example. Be thorough. Go to www.ted.com and search for these talks.

1. Sarah-Jayne Blakemore "The mysterious workings of the adolescent brain"
2. Jill Bolte Taylor "My Stroke of Insight."
3. Brene Brown "The Power of Vulnerability."

Review the examples on the next page.

Name
Date
Class
Period

Cornell Notes

• Main Idea	• Key words & ideas
• Key	• Important dates/people/places
• Question	• Repeated/Stressed Info
(after notes are completed)	• Ideas/brainstorming written on board / overhead projector
	• Info from textbook/stories
	• Diagrams & Pictures
	• Formulas

Summary of your notes in your own words

October 3



Motivational Theories -
- Explain how human relations affect motivation.

Note-Taking Area

Maslow's Hierarchy of needs (unnatural many)

1. Physiological needs - survival, food, shelter
2. Security Needs - stability and protection
3. Social Needs - friendship and companions
4. Esteem Needs - status and recognition
5. Self-Actualization - self-fulfillment

- * Developed By Abraham Maslow
- * Must meet lower needs first.

Theory X - holds that people are naturally irresponsible.

Theory Y - holds that people are naturally self-motivated and responsible.

- * Developed by Douglas McGregor
- * What type of leader you are is determined by which theory you believe in.

Motivational theories explain how and why people are motivated. 2 motivational theories are Maslow's hierarchy of needs and Theory X and Y

Summary Area

WEEK 24: INTEGRATED QUOTES

Integrated Quotes -Integrating Quotations into Sentences

You should never have a quotation standing alone as a complete sentence, or, worse yet, as an incomplete sentence, in your writing. We all know what happens when you let go of a helium balloon: it flies away. In a way, the same thing happens when you present a quotation that is standing all by itself in your writing, a quotation that is not "held down" by one of your own sentences. The quotation will seem disconnected from your own thoughts and from the flow of your sentences. Ways to integrate quotations properly into your own sentences are explained below. Please note the punctuation: it is correct.

There are at least four ways to integrate quotations.

1. Introduce the quotation with a complete sentence and a colon.

Example: In "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," Thoreau states directly his purpose for going into the woods: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Example: Thoreau's philosophy might be summed up best by his repeated request for people to ignore the insignificant details of life: "Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!"

Example: Thoreau ends his essay with a metaphor: "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."

This is an easy rule to remember: if you use a complete sentence to introduce a quotation, you need a colon after the sentence. Be careful not to confuse a colon (:) with a semicolon (;). Using a comma in this situation will most likely create a comma splice, one of the serious sentence-boundary errors.

2. Use an introductory or explanatory phrase, but not a complete sentence, separated from the quotation with a comma.

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Example: In "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," Thoreau states directly his purpose for going into the woods when he says, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Example: Thoreau suggests the consequences of making ourselves slaves to progress when he says, "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us."

Example: Thoreau asks, "Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life?"

Example: According to Thoreau, "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us."

You should use a comma to separate your own words from the quotation when your introductory or explanatory phrase ends with a verb such as "says," "said," "thinks," "believes," "pondered," "recalls," "questions," and "asks" (and many more). You should also use a comma when you introduce a quotation with a phrase such as "According to Thoreau."

3. Make the quotation a part of your own sentence without any punctuation between your own words and the words you are quoting.

Example: In "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," Thoreau states directly his purpose for going into the woods when he says that "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Example: Thoreau suggests the consequences of making ourselves slaves to progress when he says that "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us."

Example: Thoreau argues that "shams and delusions are esteemed for soundest truths, while reality is fabulous."

Example: According to Thoreau, people are too often "thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails."

Notice that the word "that" is used in three of the examples above, and when it is used as it is in the examples, "that" replaces the comma which would be necessary without "that" in the sentence. You usually have a choice, then, when you begin a sentence with a phrase such as "Thoreau

says." You either can add a comma after "says" (Thoreau says, "quotation") or you can add the word "that" with no comma (Thoreau says that "quotation.")

4. Use short quotations--only a few words--as part of your own sentence.

Example: In "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," Thoreau states that his retreat to the woods around Walden Pond was motivated by his desire "to live deliberately" and to face only "the essential facts of life."

Example: Thoreau argues that people blindly accept "shams and delusions" as the "soundest truths," while regarding reality as "fabulous."

Example: Although Thoreau "drink[s] at" the stream of Time, he can "detect how shallow it is."

When you integrate quotations in this way, you do not use any special punctuation. Instead, you should punctuate the sentence just as you would if all of the words were your own. No punctuation is needed in the sentences above in part because the sentences do not follow the pattern explained under number 1 and 2 above: there is not a complete sentence in front of the quotations, and a word such as "says," "said," or "asks" does not appear directly in front of the quoted words.

All of the methods above for integrating quotations are correct, but you should avoid relying too much on just one method. You should instead use a variety of methods.

Notice the Punctuation!

Notice that there are only two punctuation marks that are used to introduce quotations: the comma and the colon (:). Note that a semicolon (;) is not used to introduce quotations.

Notice as well the punctuation of the sentences above in relation to the quotations. If there are no parenthetical citations in the sentences (no author's name and page number in parentheses), the commas and periods go inside the final quotation mark ("like this."). For whatever reason, this is the way we do it in America. In England, though, the commas and periods go outside of the final punctuation mark.

Semicolons and colons go outside of the final quotation mark ("like this");).

Question marks and exclamation points go outside of the final quotation mark if the punctuation mark is part of your sentence--your question or your exclamation ("like this"?). Those marks go inside of the final quotation mark if they are a part of the original--the writer's question or exclamation ("like this!").

The Proper Punctuation: Keeping in Simple

Remembering just a few simple rules can help you use the correct punctuation as you introduce quotations. There are some exceptions to the rules below, but they should help you use the correct punctuation with quotations most of the time.

- Rule 1: Complete sentence: "quotation." (If you use a complete sentence to introduce a quotation, use a colon (:)) just before the quotation.)
- Rule 2: Someone says, "quotation." (If the word just before the quotation is a verb indicating someone uttering the quoted words, use a comma. Examples include the words "says," "said," "states," "asks," and "yells." But remember that there is no punctuation if the word "that" comes just before the quotation, as in "the narrator says that.")
- Rule 3: If Rules 1 and 2 do not apply, do not use any punctuation between your words and the quoted words.

And remember that a semicolon (;) never is used to introduce quotations. These rules oversimplify the use of punctuation with quotations, but applying just these few rules should help you use the correct punctuation about 90 percent of time.

WEEK 26: ROUGH DRAFT CHECKLIST

<u>First Paragraph</u> and Introduction	Yes	Needs Work
<u>Introductory sentence</u> is interesting		
The thesis sentence is specific		
The <u>thesis statement</u> makes a clear declaration that I back up with examples		
Body Paragraphs		
Does each paragraph begin with a good <u>topic sentence</u> ?		
Do I provide clear evidence to support my thesis?		
Have I used examples with citations evenly throughout the work?		
Do my <u>paragraphs flow</u> in a logical manner?		
Have I used clear transition sentences?		
Paper Format		
<u>Title page</u> meets assignment requirements		
<u>Page numbers</u> 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/conclusion 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		

WEEK 27: PEER REVIEW

Peer Review Form for Research Papers

Reviewer: _____ **Author:** _____

Using the following checklist, complete a review of a classmate’s paper:

<p>#1. What do you think is the main idea of this piece?</p>	
<p>#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</p>	
<p>#3. List all major topics in this essay that match/relate to the thesis statement. Refer to their topic sentences in their body paragraphs.</p>	
<p>#4. List any topics or ideas that do not relate to the thesis.</p>	
<p>#5. List and describe any passages in this paper that you do not understand. Include why you do not understand these sections.</p>	
<p>#6. Are the quotes integrated and clarified? Did they use proper MLA citing? Circle quotes that need work.</p>	

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Please make notes here and on their paper!

*Highlight all their transitions (need 8+)

*X out any banned words

Additional instruction from your professor 😊:

WEEK 28: CHECKLIST

Research Paper Rubric

Checklist	Description
	First Page
	Cover page created
	Includes Title centered 1/3 down the page
	Student's name, Teacher's Name, English Class, Date Written in MLA Format 12 September 2016
	Title Centered: No Bold or Italics. All Important Words Capitalized.
	Text is Double-Spaced, Size 12
	Margins are set at 1 inch
	Research Paper Content
	Introduction with attention getter (quote, statistic, question, anecdote, etc.)
	Clear Thesis with parallel structure
	Transitions between and within each paragraph (initially, for example, furthermore, additionally, similarly, however, ultimately, etc.)
	Correct MLA Citations for every fact (Brown 7) or (Computers) or (Jones Interview). No commas or # symbols. Period is AFTER citation! Space between last name and page number. Author/title capitalized.
	If a fact is a direct quote, quotations are used. There are at least 5 direct quotations in the entire paper, no more than 10 *rely on your analysis of the quote not the quote itself.
	Facts are summarized by student and all facts have parenthetical citation.
	The research paper contains ample research (facts and citations) to support the argument, the thesis, and each paragraph of information. The paper is a synthesis (blend) of sources; paragraphs/sections are not dominated by one source
	There is a topic sentence that introduces the main focus of each paragraph. The facts within each paragraph support the topic sentence.
	The paper is not just a list of facts but has a natural "flow" of information.
	There is a logical and organized progression of ideas in the paper. Weakest argument to strongest argument.
	At some point in the paper, the counterargument or opposition is acknowledged
	The paper has an appropriate and formal tone. Avoid statements like, "People who disagree with this are morons!"
	Conclusion restates the thesis AND provides a powerful, thought-provoking statement for the reader concerning the topic.
	Standard: At least 2-3 complete Pages (Not including outline or works cited). Paper is argumentative not informative
	Works Cited
	Works Cited Title is Centered (no bold) and starts on a new page; the page is double-spaced. There are no extra spaces between entries.
	Entries are alphabetical in order

	Citations begin flush to the left. The second line of any entry is indented.
	5 Sources are listed on the Works Cited
	All five sources were used with a parenthetical citation (Brown 7) at least once in the paper.
	Includes at least five sources. All sources are credible (no Wikipedia, Blogs, EHow, About.com, general encyclopedias, web pages without credentials, etc.).
	All entries are in the correct MLA format (check Purdue Online Writing lab)
	The dates are in the correct format. 07 September 2009
	All book, magazine, and web page titles are underlined or in italics. Titles of web page articles are in quotation marks. All important words are capitalized.
	Include website links at the end of each cite (on Works Cited page)
	Parenthetical citations are properly cited and integrated... "Quote" (Brown). "Quote" ("The Fight for Gun Control") if no author found.
	All parenthetical citations (Brown 8) used within the paper can clearly be found on the Works Cited page.
Deductions	Grammar , Usage, Mechanics, and Formatting- This is where individuals lose points to cause them to fail!!! Check paper for errors!
	Correct subject/verb agreement. "Individuals have many choices" instead of "individuals has many choices." Correct tense agreement.
	Write out numbers under 100 (exceptions: dates and decimal points; 13.7); percents are written out!
	Correct capitalization and punctuation-Commas and periods go INSIDE quotation marks! No comma before <i>because</i> !
	Correct style and diction for a formal paper: Avoids <i>a lot</i> (use many), double negatives, <i>it's like...you know...kinda...kind of, tons of, lots</i> , etc. DO NOT USE EXCLAMATION MARKS ; you'll be "yelling" at your reader!
	Avoids run-ons Examples: I was very tired, I took a nap. (Needs a conjunction!) I was very tired so I took a nap. (Needs a comma!) I was very tired I took a nap. (Needs a period, semicolon, or comma and conjunction.)
	Avoids fragments Examples: Like how mechanics change tires. (Remove <i>Like How</i>). Which is why the job market is very difficult. (Don't start sentences with <i>like, which, so, but, because, and and</i>) During the 17 th century. (Finish this introductory phrase)
	Avoids spelling and usage errors. (<i>their, there, they're, too, to, our, are</i>)
	Avoids careless errors (missing words in a sentence or extra, random letters)
	Paragraphs are indented; there are no extra spaces between paragraphs
	The paper does not use first or second person (I, you, we, our, your, my, mine).
	The paper does not contain any words in bold or All Caps.
	The paper does not contain contractions (isn't, can't, won't, it's, don't).

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Automatic Failure if ANY of the following items occur:

_____ Does not meet the minimum page requirement (3-5 FULL pages)

_____ Does not follow the required settings: Size 12 font, Double-spaced, 1 inch margins.

_____ Plagiarism is found in paper (You may submit your paper early to Turnitincom. to check for plagiarism).

_____ Does not use at least FIVE sources in the Works Cited and those FIVE sources are used and cited within the paper at least once.

WEEK 30: ADIEU!

Each day holds a surprise. But only if we expect it can we see, hear, or feel it when it comes to us. Let's not be afraid to receive each day's surprise, whether it comes to us as sorrow or as joy. It will open a new place in our hearts, a place where we can welcome new friends and celebrate more fully our shared humanity. – Henri Nouwen

No man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man. - Heraclitus

The Americans combine the notions of religion and liberty so intimately in their minds, that it is impossible to make them conceive of one without the other. – Alexis De Tocqueville

Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass. – Anton Chekhov

There is no end to education. It is not that you read a book, pass an examination, and finish with education. The whole of life, from the moment you are born to the moment you die, is a process of learning.

- Jiddu Krishnamurti

Prayer does not change God, but it changes him who prays.

- Soren Kierkegaard

Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength, while loving someone deeply gives you courage. – Lao Tzu

We must use time wisely and forever realize that the time is always ripe to do right. – Nelson Mandela

I SAID TO THE ALMOND TREE, 'FRIEND, SPEAK TO ME OF GOD,' AND THE ALMOND TREE BLOSSOMED. – Nikos Kazantzakis