Differentiated Instruction: English Language Learning Support

Grade 10
Differentiated Instruction: English Language Learning Support, Grade 10

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875 Montreal Way
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CONTENTS

Literacy & Reading Skills

Unit 1: Fiction Connections
- The Open Window, by Saki  
  Draw Conclusions  
- The Monkey’s Paw, by W.W. Jacobs  
  Sequence of Events  
- Lather and Nothing Else, by Hernando Téllez  
  Classify Information  
- Catch The Moon, by Judith Ortiz Cofer  
  Compare and Contrast  
- The Masque of the Red Death, by Edgar Allan Poe  
  Meaning of Words  
- A White Heron, by Sarah Orne Jewett  
  Take Notes  

Unit 2: Nonfiction Connections
- My Left Foot, by Christy Brown  
  Cause and Effect  
- Harriet Tubman: The Moses of Her People, by Langston Hughes  
  Compare and Contrast  
- Yonder Sky That Has Wept Tears of Compassion, by Chief Seattle  
  Classify Information  
- Like Being Spun in a Giant Washer: British Girl Tells How She Dived into Path of the Tsunami, by David Williams  
  Skim and Scan  
- Something Could Happen to You, by Esmeralda Santiago  
  Take Notes  

Unit 3: Poetry Connections
- Making a Fist, by Naomi Shihab Nye  
  Main Idea  
- miss rosie, by Lucille Clifton  
  Analyze Cause and Effect  
- Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, by Robert Frost  
  Analyze Text Organization  
- Immigrants, by Pat Mora  
  Author’s Purpose
**Unit 4: Drama Connections**

*from The Tragedy of Julius Caesar*, by William Shakespeare

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paraphrase</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Unit 5: Folk Literature Connections**

*Mother Holle*, by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm/*The Wonderful Hair*, by Parker Filmore

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Compare and Contrast</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summarize</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sequence of Events</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**English Language Development**

**Unit 1: Fiction Connections**

*Lather and Nothing Else*, Hernando Téllez

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quotation Marks</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Flying Trapeze, Nikki Giovanni</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proverbs and Clichés</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Said We All Have to Talk Alike?, Wilma Elizabeth McDaniel</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colloquialisms</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Unit 2: Nonfiction Connections**

*Montgomery Boycott*, Coretta Scott King

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Civil Rights Terms</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Heaven and Earth Changed Places, Le Ly Hayslip</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idioms</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Encounter with an Interviewer, Mark Twain</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Role Play</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Unit 3: Poetry Connections**

*Holidays*, Jamaica Kincaid

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pair Share</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dream Variations, Langston Hughes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetic Meter</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple Song, Marge Piercy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Figurative Language</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Unit 4: Drama Connections**

*A Marriage Proposal*, Anton Chekhov

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Russian Names</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Foundational Literacy Skills

| Lesson 1: Phonemes: Vowels | 273 |
| Lesson 2: Phonemes: Consonants | 277 |
| Lesson 3: Syllables | 280 |
| Lesson 4: Syllables and Stress | 283 |
| Lesson 5: Morphemes: Meaningful Word Parts | 285 |
| Lesson 6: Academic Word Families | 288 |

**Literary Credits**

C1

**Photo Credits**

C2
Literacy & Reading Skills
The Open Window

A Short Story by Saki

ABOUT THE STORY

“The Open Window” tells the story of a man who pays a social visit to a family he doesn’t know and gets a surprise.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

How would you characterize a successful social visit?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Character

A character is an individual who takes part in the action of a literary work. Authors use techniques of characterization to create a character. Such techniques include showing what a character says, does, or thinks; showing what other characters say or think about him or her; and describing the character’s physical features, dress, and personality. As you read, keep track of your conclusions about the characters of Vera and Framton in the graphic organizer that follows.
USE READING SKILLS: Draw Conclusions

As you read, look for the quotes in the left-hand column of the following chart, and consider them in the context of the story. From each quote, draw conclusions about the characters of Vera and Framton. In the right-hand column of the chart, write conclusions about the characters.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character’s Words or Actions</th>
<th>My Conclusions About Vera and Framton</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. “‘My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel,’ said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen” (lines 1–2)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2. “Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits . . . would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing . . . when preparing to migrate to this rural retreat” (lines 6–12)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3. “Her great tragedy happened just three years ago,” said the child...” (lines 32–33)</td>
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<td>4. “To Framton, it was all purely horrible.” (lines 86–87)</td>
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<td>5. “The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement...” (lines 94–95)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>6. “Framton shivered slightly and turned toward the niece . . .” (lines 107–108)</td>
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<td>7. “Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat...” (line 119)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>8. “‘I expect it was the spaniel,’ said the niece calmly; ‘he told me he had a horror of dogs.’” (lines 130–131)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>9. “Romance at short notice was her speciality.” (line 136)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key Words and Phrases</td>
<td>Words and Phrases in Context</td>
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<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>engulf</strong>&lt;br&gt;en • gulf&lt;br&gt;(in gulf’)&lt;br&gt;verb</td>
<td>Flames engulfed the house and soon all that was left was the foundation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ghastly</strong>&lt;br&gt;ghast • ly&lt;br&gt;(gast’ lē)&lt;br&gt;adjective</td>
<td>Shari thought the pictures of the war were ghastly; there were too many dead bodies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>delusion</strong>&lt;br&gt;de • lu • sion&lt;br&gt;(di lü’ zhan)&lt;br&gt;noun</td>
<td>Milton was under the delusion that Amber loved him, but she never even said hello to him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>convey</strong>&lt;br&gt;con • vey&lt;br&gt;(kän vā´)&lt;br&gt;verb</td>
<td>The letter was meant to convey to parents that students’ cell phones would be confiscated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>imminent</strong>&lt;br&gt;im • mi • nent&lt;br&gt;(im’ i nant)&lt;br&gt;adjective</td>
<td>The animals knew that a tsunami was imminent and they went up into the hills two days before the villagers.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“My aunt will be down presently,” Mr. Nuttel, said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; “in the meantime you must try and put up with me.”

Framton Nuttel endeavored to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

“I know how it will be,” his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; “you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice.”

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

“Do you know many of the people round here?” asked the niece when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

“Hardly a soul,” said Framton. “My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.”

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

“Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?” pursued the self-possessed young lady.

---

1. presently. Soon, in a little while
2. self-possessed. Confident; composed
3. endeavored. Tried; attempted
4. duly. As required; sufficiently
5. unduly discounting. Improperly disregarding
6. nerve cure. A doctor’s recommendation to cure a nervous, or psychological condition
7. communion. Sharing of thoughts
8. soul. Person
9. rectory. A residence of a parish priest
"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister’s time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day’s shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting\(^{10}\) ground they were all three *engulfed*\(^{11}\) in a treacherous piece of bog.\(^{11}\) It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it."

Here the child’s voice lost its self-possessed note and became *falteringly*\(^{12}\) human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with..."

---

**Think and Reflect**

Why do you think Vera is asking this question?

---

**Read Aloud**

With a classmate, read Vera and Framton’s exchange aloud, beginning with line 34 and ending when the aunt comes in. Be sure to use your voice to express the emotions that are suggested.

---

**Culture Note**

Moors are infertile boggy areas covered with grasses and sedges. They are common in England and, along with other clues, tell the reader that the story is set there.

---

**Analyze Literature**

**Character**

How does Vera react after describing the tragedy?

---

10. *snipe-shooting*. Bird-hunting

11. *bog*. Wet, spongy ground

12. *falteringly*. Uncertainly; unsteadily
them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled14 into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?” she said. “She has been very interesting,” said Framton.

“I hope you don’t mind the open window,” said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; “my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They’ve been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they’ll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn’t it?”

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton, it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

“The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise,” announced Framton, who labored under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one’s ailments and infirmities,15 their cause and cure.

“On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement,” he continued.

“No?” said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

---

13. 'Bertie…bound!' Line from a popular song
14. bustled. Move briskly or showily
15. infirmities. Physical weaknesses or defects
“Here they are at last!” she cried. “Just in time for tea, and don’t they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!”

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung around in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: “I said, Bertie, why do you bound?”

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

“Here we are, my dear,” said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; “fairly muddy, but most of it’s dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?”

“A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel,” said Mrs. Sappleton; “could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost.”

“I expect it was the spaniel,” said the niece calmly; “he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve.”

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

Why would someone make up a story to shock another person? Is it wrong to do so, or is it a harmless joke? What should the storyteller keep in mind about the listener?

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Differentiated Instruction: Literacy & Reading Skills

UNIT 1

7
READER CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What is the relationship between Framton and Vera?
   A. They are cousins.
   B. They are friends.
   C. They are living for a time in the same area.

2. What is Framton’s diagnosis?
   A. He has asthma.
   B. He has a nervous condition.
   C. He has cancer.

3. What story does Vera tell Framton?
   A. that her uncles died in a bog three years ago
   B. that her uncles went to India where they were attacked by wild dogs
   C. that her aunt is sick

4. What does Framton do when he sees the men come back from the hunt?
   A. He leaves in a hurry.
   B. He asks a lot of questions.
   C. He yells at Vera for lying and makes her cry.

5. “Romance at short notice was [Vera’s] specialty.” What does the author’s description of Vera reveal?
   A. She is imaginative.
   B. She is insensitive to what others may be feeling.
   C. both A and B

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Vera says her uncles were *engulfed* in a “treacherous piece of bog.” What happened to them, according to Vera?
   A. They sank into the bog and died.
   B. They walked unsteadily.
   C. They survived a bad accident.

2. To Framton, Vera’s story is a *ghastly* topic. What is the best way to describe what happened to Vera’s family?
   A. Something horrible happened.
   B. Something frightful happened.
   C. both A and B

3. The author says that Framton has a *delusion* about total strangers liking to hear about his ailments. How serious is Framton’s delusion?
   A. It is of a tragic nature.
   B. It is of an annoying nature.
   C. It is of an unforgivable nature.

4. Framton thinks that Mrs. Sappleton is delusional when she sees the men returning from the hunt, and he wants to “convey sympathetic comprehension” to Vera, so he turns to look at her. What is another way to say the quoted phrase?
   A. He wants to show her what his infirmities are.
   B. He wants to try to shoot snipe.
   C. He wants to let Vera know he feels the same way.

5. An *imminent* collision is barely avoided when Framton leaves the Sappleton house abruptly. What does *imminent* mean?
   A. coming soon; threatening
   B. not severe
   C. horrible; frightful
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Character

Write a paragraph about the characters of Framton and Vera, being sure to provide answers to these questions: Considering Framton’s medical diagnosis, why did he react the way he did when he saw Vera’s uncles return from hunting? Did Vera intend to be cruel, or is there another explanation for her behavior? Are Framton and Vera compatible or incompatible characters? How can you tell?

BUILD VOCABULARY: Antonyms

An antonym is an opposite word. Write the letter of the correct antonym on the line next to the matching vocabulary word.

_____ 1. presently
_____ 2. bustle
_____ 3. infirmity
_____ 4. imminent
_____ 5. self possessed

GRAMMAR & STYLE: Subject-Verb Agreement

The subject and verb in a sentence must agree. If the subject is singular, choose the singular form of the verb. If the subject is plural, choose the plural form of the verb.

Fill in the blank with the correct form of the verb(s) in parentheses.

1. Mr. Nuttel, new to the area, ____________ a social visit to Mrs. Sappleton. (pay, pays)
2. Her niece, Vera, ____________ Mr. Nuttel and him a tragic story. (greet, greets; tells, tell)
3. Vera’s uncles, avid hunters, ____________ engulfed in a bog and never returned. (was, were)
4. Mrs. Sappleton ____________ to the hunters as if they will return any minute. (refer, refers)
5. Mr. Nuttel, who believes Vera’s story, ____________ from the house. (bolts, bolt)
ABOUT THE STORY

“The Monkey’s Paw” is a story about a family who receives a magical object that grants wishes. Thinking that the object was a fake, they foolishly make a wish. Wishes made lightly come with a heavy consequence, and the family learns this the hard way.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

If you had a magical object that could grant you three wishes, what would you wish for? Recall stories or folk tales you have heard or read before about wishes. Do you think that your life will be comfortable after your wishes are granted? Why, or why not?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Foreshadowing

When an author uses foreshadowing, he or she gives hints in earlier events to build suspense and interest. Stories with foreshadowing are likely to make you wonder what will happen next. As you read “The Monkey’s Paw,” look for story details that give a suspenseful mood and encourage you to make predictions. Mark these details in your text for a later activity.
USE READING SKILLS: Sequence of Events

A plot is a series or sequence of events that drive a story. As you read, mark the actions of the characters that move the story along. Consequences are the effects resulting from the characters’ actions. Record the major actions in “The Monkey’s Paw” in the left column. Then, for each action, write its corresponding consequence. Use the graphic organizer below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Action</th>
<th>Consequence</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sergeant-Major Morris shows the monkey’s paw to the White family.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. White makes his first wish. He wishes for two hundred pounds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The words died on his lips</strong>&lt;br&gt;idiom</td>
<td><strong>The words died away on his lips</strong> when he remembered his long-lost brother’s face.</td>
<td>Read to see how the key word or phrase can be used in a sentence. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>The words died away on his lips</strong> when he remembered his long-lost brother’s face.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of Laburnum Villa the blinds were drawn, and the fire burned brightly.

Father and son were at chess, the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

“Hark at the wind,” said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

“I’m listening,” said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. “Check.”

“I should hardly think that he’d come tonight,” said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

“Mate,” replied the son.

“That’s the worst of living so far out,” bawled Mr. White, with sudden and unlooked-for violence. “Of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst. Pathway’s a bog, and the road’s a torrent. I don’t know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses in the road are let; they think it doesn’t matter.”

“Never mind, dear,” said his wife soothingly. “Perhaps you’ll win the next one.”

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin gray beard.

“There he is,” said Herbert White, as the gate banged loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

---

1. provoke. Stir up action or feeling
2. placidly. Meekly; calmly
3. amiably. pleasantly
4. desirous. Wanting; eager
5. surveying. Looking (at); studying
6. poised. Suspended
7. Mate. The winning move in chess, capturing your opponent’s king, is announced with “Checkmate.”
8. torrent. Swift, violent stream
9. intercept. Seize or stop on the way
The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling\textsuperscript{10} with the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, “Tut, tut!” and coughed gently as her husband entered the room, followed by a tall, burly\textsuperscript{11} man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage.\textsuperscript{12}

“Sergeant-Major Morris,” he said, introducing him.

The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered\textsuperscript{13} seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host got out whisky and tumblers and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass, his eyes got brighter, and he began to talk; the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of wild scenes and doughty\textsuperscript{14} deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples.

“Twenty-one years of it,” said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son. “When he went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him.”

“He don’t look to have taken much harm,” said Mrs. White politely.

“I’d like to go to India myself,” said the old man, “just to look round a bit, you know.”

“Better where you are,” said the sergeant-major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again.

“I should like to see those old temples and fakirs\textsuperscript{15} and jugglers,” said the old man. “What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey’s paw or something, Morris?”

“Nothing,” said the soldier hastily. “Leastways,\textsuperscript{16} nothing worth hearing.”

“Monkey’s paw?” said Mrs. White curiously.

“Well, it’s just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps,” said the sergeant-major offhandedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absentmindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him.

“To look at,” said the sergeant-major, fumbling in his pocket, “it’s just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy.”

---

\textsuperscript{10.} condole. Sympathize; feel sorry for
\textsuperscript{11.} burly. Big and strong
\textsuperscript{12.} rubicund of visage. Pink-faced
\textsuperscript{13.} proffered. Offered courteously
\textsuperscript{14.} doughty. Brave
\textsuperscript{15.} fakirs. Persons who, for religious purposes, live a thoughtful life of poverty and self-denial
\textsuperscript{16.} leastways. At least
He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

“And what is there special about it?” inquired Mr. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.

“It had a spell put on it by an old fakir,” said the sergeant-major, “a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people’s lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it.”

His manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter jarred somewhat.

“Well, why don’t you have three, sir?” said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. “I have,” he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

“And did you really have the three wishes granted?” asked Mrs. White.

“I did,” said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

“And has anybody else wished?” persisted the old lady.

“The first man had his three wishes. Yes,” was the reply. “I don’t know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That’s how I got the paw.”

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

“If you’ve had your three wishes, it’s no good to you now, then, Morris,” said the old man at last. “What do you keep it for?”

The soldier shook his head. “Fancy, I suppose,” he said slowly. “I did have some idea of selling it, but I don’t think I will. It has caused enough mischief already. Besides, people won’t buy. They think it’s a fairy tale; some of them, and those who do think anything of it, want to try it first and pay me afterward.”

---

**Note the Facts**

Who put a spell on the monkey’s paw?

---

**Read Aloud**

Read aloud the paragraph where the sergeant-major talks about the spell on the monkey’s paw, lines 73–77. In your own words, retell the sentence “He wanted to show that fate ruled people’s lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow.”

---

**Think and Reflect**

Do you find the sergeant-major’s story believable? Why, or why not?

---

**Analyze Literature**

**Foreshadowing** Reread lines 90–92. What impression do you have about the paw’s first owner’s third wish? What do you think this says about the monkey’s paw?

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17. **presumptuous**. Arrogant

18. **persist**. Continue insistently
“If you could have another three wishes,” said the old man, eyeing him keenly, "would you have them?"

“I don’t know,” said the other. “I don’t know.”

He took the paw, and dangling it between his forefinger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

“Better let it burn,” said the soldier solemnly.

“If you don’t want it, Morris,” said the other, “give it to me.”

“I won’t,” said his friend doggedly. "I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don’t blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire again like a sensible man.”

The other shook his head and examined his new possession closely. “How do you do it?” he inquired.

“Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud,” said the sergeant-major, “but I warn you of the consequences.”

“Sounds like the Arabian Nights,” said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. “Don’t you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?”

Her husband drew the talisman from his pocket, and then all three burst into laughter as the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

“If you must wish,” he said gruffly, “wish for something sensible.”

Mr. White dropped it back into his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the business of supper, the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an enthralled fashion to a second installment of the soldier’s adventures in India.

“If the tale about the monkey’s paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us,” said Herbert, as the door

19. keenly. Sharply; intensely
20. doggedly. Stubbornly
22. talisman. Magic charm
23. enthralled. Captivated
closed behind their guest, just in time for him to catch the last train, “we shan’t make much out of it.”

“Did you give him anything for it, Father?” inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

“A trifle,”24 said he, coloring slightly. “He didn’t want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away.”

“Likely,” said Herbert, with pretended horror. “Why, we’re going to be rich, and famous and happy. Wish to be an emperor, Father, to begin with; then you can’t be henpecked.”

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligned25 Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar.26

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. “I don’t know what to wish for, and that’s a fact,” he said slowly. “It seems to me I’ve got all I want.”

Build Vocabulary

“Mr. White eyed the monkey’s paw dubiously.” Retell this sentence in your own words.

140

Why would Mr. White eye the monkey’s paw dubiously?

Think and Reflect

“I don’t know what to wish for, and that’s a fact,” he said slowly. “It seems to me I’ve got all I want.” Based on this statement by Mr. White, what kind of man do you think he is?

Note the Facts

What was Mr. White’s first wish?

Analyze Literature

Foreshadowing What elements or objects in the setting of the story add to the uneasiness felt by the characters and the suspense felt by the readers?

24. trifle. Little (in value)
25. maligned. Insulted
26. antimacassar. Cover on a chair or sofa, which prevents soiling
27. credulity. Tendency to believe too readily
“It must have been your fancy, Father,” said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. “Never mind, though; there’s no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same.”

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled upon all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the night.

“I expect you’ll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed,” said Herbert, as he bade them good night, “and something horrible squatting up on top of the wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains.”

He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last face was so horrible and so simian\textsuperscript{28} that he gazed at it in amazement. It got so vivid that, with a little uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand grasped the monkey’s paw, and with a little shiver, he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to bed.

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table, he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic\textsuperscript{29} wholesomeness about the room that it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shrivelled little paw was pitched on the sideboard with a carelessness which betokened\textsuperscript{30} no great belief in its virtues.

“I suppose all old soldiers are the same,” said Mrs. White. “The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, Father?”

“Might drop on his head from the sky,” said the frivolous\textsuperscript{31} Herbert.

“Morris said the things happened so naturally,” said his father, “that you might if you so wished \textit{attribute} it to coincidence.”

“Well, don’t break into the money before I come back,” said Herbert as he rose from the table. “I’m afraid it’ll turn you into a mean, avaricious\textsuperscript{32} man, and we shall have to disown you.”

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road; and returning to the breakfast table...
table, was very happy at the expense of her husband’s credulity. All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman’s knock, nor prevent her from referring somewhat shortly to retired sergeant-majors of bibulous\textsuperscript{33} habits when she found that the post brought a tailor’s bill.

205 “Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home,” she said, as they sat at dinner. “I dare say,” said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer. “But for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I’ll swear to.” “You thought it did,” said the old lady soothingly. “I say it did,” replied the other. “There was no thought about it; I had just—What’s the matter?”

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connection with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed, and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hands upon it, and then with sudden resolution flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed at her furtively,\textsuperscript{34} and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband’s coat, a garment that he usually reserved for the garden. She then waited, as patiently as her sex would permit, for him to broach his business; but he was at first strangely silent. “I—was asked to call,” he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. “I come from Maw and Meggins.”

\textsuperscript{33} bibulous. Tending to drink too much
\textsuperscript{34} furtively. Stealthily; secretly
The old lady started. “Is anything the matter?” she asked breathlessly. “Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?”

Her husband interposed. “There, there, Mother,” he said hastily. “Sit down, and don’t jump to conclusions. You’ve not brought bad news, I’m sure, sir,” and he eyed the other wistfully.

“I’m sorry—” began the visitor.

“Is he hurt?” demanded the mother wildly.

The visitor bowed in assent. “Badly hurt,” he said quietly, “but he is not in any pain.”

“Oh, thank God!” said the old woman, clasping her hands. “Thank God for that! Thank—”

She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned upon her, and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other’s averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long silence.

“He was caught in the machinery,” said the visitor at length in a low voice.

“Caught in the machinery,” repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, “yes.”

He sat staring blankly out at the window, and taking his wife’s hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

“He was the only one left to us,” he said, turning gently to the visitor. “It is hard.”

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. “The firm wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss,” he said, without looking round. “I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders.”

There was no reply. The old woman’s face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible. On the husband’s face was a look such as his friend the sergeant-major might have carried into his first action.

“I was to say that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility,” continued the other. “They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son’s services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation.”

Mr. White dropped his wife’s hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, “How much?”

35. inaudible. That cannot be heard
36. compensation. Payment given as an apology for something
“Two hundred pounds,” was the answer.
Unconscious of his wife’s shriek, the old man smiled faintly,
put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless
heap, to the floor.

Think and Reflect
If you were in Mr. White’s shoes, would you also have blamed your
son’s death on the monkey’s paw or on coincidence? Explain your
answer.

In the huge new
cemetery, some two miles
distant, the old people
buried their dead, and came
back to a house steeped
in shadow and silence. It
was all over so quickly that
at first they could hardly
realize it, and remained in
a state of expectation as though of something else to happen—
something else that was to lighten this load, too heavy for old
hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to
resignation—the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes
miscalled apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word,
for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were
long to weariness.

It was about a week after, that the old man, waking
suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself
alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued
weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and
listened.

“Come back,” he said tenderly. “You will be cold.”

“It is colder for my son,” said the old woman, and wept
afresh.

The sound of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was
warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then
slept, until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

37. *apathy*. Indifference; lack of emotion
38. *subdued*. Restrained; lessened in strength or force
“The paw!” she cried wildly. “The monkey’s paw!”
He started up in alarm. “Where? Where is it? What’s the matter?”
She came stumbling across the room toward him. “I want it,” she said quietly. “You’ve not destroyed it?”
“It’s in the parlor, on the bracket,” he replied, marvelling.
“Why?”
She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.
“I only just thought of it,” she said hysterically. “Why didn’t I think of it before? Why didn’t you think of it?”
“I think of it before? Why didn’t you think of it?”
“Think of what?” he questioned.
“The other two wishes,” she replied rapidly. “We’ve only had one.”
“Was not that enough?” he demanded fiercely.
“No,” she cried triumphantly. “We’ll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again.”
The man sat up in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. “Good God, you are mad!” he cried, aghast.
“Get it,” she panted. “Get it quickly, and wish—Oh, my boy, my boy!”
Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. “Get back to bed,” he said unsteadily. “You don’t know what you are saying.”
“We had the first wish granted,” said the old woman feverishly. “Why not the second?”
“A coincidence,” stammered the old man.
“Go and get it and wish,” cried his wife, quivering with excitement.

The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook.
“He has been dead ten days, and besides he—I would not tell you else, but—I could only recognize him by his clothing. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now?”
“Bring him back,” cried the old woman, and dragged him toward the door. “Do you think I fear the child I have nursed?”

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlor, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized upon him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall.

---

39. mutilated. Disfigured; no longer in a normal shape
until he found himself in the small passage with the unwhole-
some thing in his hand.

Even his wife’s face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears, seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

“Wish!” she cried, in a strong voice.
“It is foolish and wicked,” he faltered.
“Wish!” repeated his wife.
He raised his hand. “I wish my son alive again.”

The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it fearfully. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window.

The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until, with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.
The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage.

He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

---

**Think and Reflect**

If you were Mr. White, would you try to bring back to life your dead son no matter what it takes? Or, will you just accept that your son is gone for good? Explain your answer.

---

**Analyze Literature**

Foreshadowing What objects or elements in the setting create a suspenseful mood? Cite three details.

1. 
2. 
3. 

---

**Note the Facts**

Why does Mrs. White want the monkey’s paw?

What is Mr. White’s opinion about Mrs. White’s wish?
“What’s that?” cried the old woman, starting up.

“A rat,” said the old man in shaking tones—“a rat. It passed me on the stairs.”

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

“It’s Herbert!” she screamed. “It’s Herbert!”

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

“What are you going to do?” he whispered hoarsely. 41

“It’s my boy; it’s Herbert!” she cried, struggling mechanically. 42 “I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door.”

“For God’s sake, don’t let it in,” cried the old man, trembling.

“You’re afraid of your own son,” she cried, struggling.

“Let me go. I’m coming, Herbert; I’m coming.”

There was another knock, and another. The old woman, with a sudden wrench, broke free and ran from the room.

Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman’s voice, strained and panting.

“The bolt,” she cried loudly. “Come down. I can’t reach it.”

But her husband was on his hands and knees, groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade 43 of knocks reverberated 44 through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door.

41. hoarsely. Roughly; making a croaking or throaty sound
42. mechanically. Instinctively; as a reflex action
43. fusillade. Simultaneous discharge of many firearms
44. reverberate. Resound; echo
He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment he found the monkey’s paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back, and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long, loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond.

The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

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**Analyze Literature**

**Foreshadowing**

What do you think was Mr. White’s third and final wish?

---

**MIRRORS & WINDOWS**

People who believe in fate think that everything that happens to them happens for a reason beyond their control. People who see only coincidences think that events happen randomly and are not connected by a deeper reason. People who exercise human will take control of their own lives and make their own future.

Which point of view would you choose for your own life? Would you rely on fate, coincidence, or on human will?
READING CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What is the third wish of the monkey paw’s first owner?
   A. fame
   B. death
   C. wealth

2. What did Mr. and Mrs. White receive in compensation for their son’s death?
   A. They received a new home from Maw and Meggins.
   B. They received life insurance from Maw and Meggins.
   C. They received some money from Maw and Meggins.

3. Why was Mr. White afraid to make a second wish?
   A. He was afraid that the monkey’s paw would move again.
   B. He was afraid that his wife would be killed like their son.
   C. He was afraid that his son would return to them as a ghost.

4. What is the cause of Mrs. White’s change in attitude?
   A. Herbert’s death
   B. The monkey’s paw
   C. Sergeant-Major Morris

5. What is the second wish?
   A. that they had more money
   B. that their son was still alive
   C. that they never made the first wish

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. When the words died away on his lips, Mr. White
   A. was unhappy.
   B. was talkative.
   C. was speechless.

2. Mr. White looked at the monkey’s paw dubiously. He thought that it looked
   A. expensive.
   B. dangerous.
   C. suspicious.

3. Mr. White attributed his son’s death to coincidence. He did not
   A. blame the monkey’s paw.
   B. ignore the monkey’s paw.
   C. refuse the monkey’s paw.

4. The man averted his face instead of answering Mrs. White. She knew that her son had died when the man
   A. turned to her.
   B. looked away.
   C. made a frown.

5. The company had no liability over the accident. They were not
   A. aware of Herbert’s death.
   B. sorry about Herbert’s death.
   C. responsible for Herbert’s death.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Foreshadowing

The author uses the setting to create a suspenseful mood for the story. Aside from that, the author also drops hints of tragic events in the characters’ dialogue. In the graphic organizer below, record story details and dialogue that have added to the suspenseful mood in the first column. Then, in the second column, write what you think are the author’s purposes for adding these details or hints. Finally, connect the story details to the tragic event they foreshadow in the third column. The first row is given as an example.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Foreshadowing</th>
<th>Author’s Purpose</th>
<th>Tragic Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Morris said that the first man to use the paw wished for death.</td>
<td>The author is trying to tell the readers about the dangers of the monkey’s paw.</td>
<td>As a result of Mr. White’s first wish, his son, Herbert, dies.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BUILD VOCABULARY SKILLS: Word Roots

Word roots are word parts that can help you derive the meaning of words that you don’t know. A word root is what you have left when you remove the prefix and/or suffix from a word.

In the Word List below are some words from the text that use Greek and Latin word roots. Create word maps for each on index cards. Then, compare the word meanings you wrote in your index cards with their definitions in a dictionary. See the example below.

**Word List**

1. amiably (word root: am/ami, “love” or “friend”)
2. compensation (word root: pen/pend, “weigh,” “estimate,” “pay,” or “hang”)
3. credulity (word root: cred, “believe” or “trust”)
4. inaudible (word root: aud, “hear”)
5. provoke (word root: voc/vok, “voice,” “call”)

**Example:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Unfamiliar word: apathy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Word root, meaning: path, meaning “feeling” or “suffering”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prefix and/or suffix, meaning: a (prefix): not; without y (suffix): characterized by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word meaning: characterized by not feeling, or by not suffering</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

USE READING SKILLS: Sequence of Events

Recall the information you recorded in the Chain of Events graphic organizer in the Before Reading section. Then, write down these events in the Plot Diagram below. The exposition is given as an example.

WRITING SKILLS: Short Story

In this activity, you will write a one- to two-page short story. Your story will start after the end of “The Monkey’s Paw.”

Imagine that you and a friend find the monkey’s paw. How did the paw find its way to you? What three wishes would you ask from it? If you knew about the object’s curse, how would you warn your friend about it?

Try to answer these questions in your short story. Imitate the mood or feel of “The Monkey’s Paw” in the way you describe your setting and characters. Use foreshadowing techniques that you have learned from the Analyze Literature activities. You may consult with your peers or classmates for ideas and help in checking the grammar of your work.
ABOUT THE STORY

“Lather and Nothing Else” tells the story of a barber who is faced with a choice when the government army captain comes in his shop to have a shave. Secretly sympathetic to the cause of revolutionaries, he realizes that he can kill the captain and put a stop to the torture and murders that the man is doing. Read to find out what the barber does.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

How far will you go to stand up for something you believe in?
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Point of View

Point of view is the position from which the events of a story are observed and told. Some stories are presented in the first-person point of view, where the narrator uses such words as I and we.

As you read, identify from whose point of view the story is being told and analyze how the narrator thinks and feels as the story progresses.

USE READING SKILLS: Classify Information

When you classify information, you organize the information you read by placing it under categories. Categories are chosen based on the type of information in a written work. As you read, identify the positive and negative arguments the barber thinks about for killing the captain. Fill in these details in the Pro/Con Chart below. The first arguments have been provided.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pro (Arguments in Favor of Killing the Captain)</th>
<th>Con (Arguments Against Killing the Captain)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The general caught fourteen of his comrades and is planning to kill them.</td>
<td>The general is his customer and he is just a barber.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>emit</strong>&lt;br&gt;e•mit&lt;br&gt;(ˈe mit′)&lt;br&gt;verb&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The wires <strong>emit</strong> an electric shock that can be deadly.</td>
<td>Define and use the word.</td>
<td>Television signals in the air can <strong>emit</strong>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>party</strong>&lt;br&gt;par•ty&lt;br&gt;(pärt′ē)&lt;br&gt;noun&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The members in the rebel <strong>party</strong> pretended to support the captain, but secretly worked against him.</td>
<td>Use in a sentence.</td>
<td>A <strong>party</strong> of scouts who explore the woods might find...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>venture</strong>&lt;br&gt;ven•ture&lt;br&gt;(venˈtər)&lt;br&gt;verb&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The cops <strong>venture</strong> to arrest the unstable serial killer.</td>
<td>Practice using the word.</td>
<td>Some activities are too risky that only few ever <strong>venture</strong> to...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>rejuvenate</strong>&lt;br&gt;re•ju•ve•nate&lt;br&gt;(ri jyəˈvənət)&lt;br&gt;verb&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>A three-day vacation was enough to <strong>rejuvenate</strong> his spirits.</td>
<td><strong>rejuvenated</strong> when they...</td>
<td>Grandparents are <strong>rejuvenated</strong> when they...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>tranquil</strong>&lt;br&gt;tran•quil&lt;br&gt;(tran′kwəl)&lt;br&gt;adjective&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The <strong>tranquil</strong> view of the countryside removed the worries from her mind.</td>
<td><strong>tranquil</strong> in the face of problems</td>
<td>People who are <strong>tranquil</strong> in the face of problems know...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>indelible</strong>&lt;br&gt;in•del•i•ble&lt;br&gt;(in de′lə bal)&lt;br&gt;adjective&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The girl’s winsome smile is an <strong>indelible</strong> memory to the shy boy.</td>
<td><strong>indelible</strong> stains in a child’s clothes can be caused by...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lather and Nothing Else

A Short Story by Hernando Téllez

He came in without a word. I was stropping¹ my best razor. And when I recognized him, I started to shake. But he did not notice. To cover my nervousness, I went on honing² the razor. I tried the edge with the tip of my thumb and took another look at it against the light.

Meanwhile he was taking off his cartridge-studded³ belt with the pistol holster suspended from it. He put it on a hook in the wardrobe and hung his cap above it. Then he turned full around toward me and, loosening his tie, remarked, “It’s hot as the devil, I want a shave.”

With that he took his seat. I estimated he had a four-days’ growth of beard, the four days he had been gone on the last foray⁴ after our men. His face looked burnt, tanned by the sun.

I started to lay on the first coat of lather. He kept his eyes closed. I started to work carefully on the shaving soap. I scraped some slices from the cake, dropped them into the mug, then added a little lukewarm water, and stirred with the brush. The lather soon began to rise.

“The fellows in the troop must have just about as much beard as I.” I went on stirring up lather. “But we did very well, you know. We caught the leaders. Some of them we brought back dead; others are still alive. But they’ll all be dead soon.”

“How many did you take?” I asked.

“Fourteen. We had to go pretty far in to find them. But now they’re paying for it. And not one will escape; not a single one.”

Note the Facts

How does the narrator feel at seeing his new customer?

Underline what the captain plans to do with the fourteen men that he had captured.

1. **stropping**. Sharpening by rubbing back and forth on a thick piece of leather called a strop
2. **honing**. Sharpening
3. **cartridge-studded**. Adorned with bullets
4. **foray**. Raid; attack
He leaned back in the chair when he saw the brush in my hand, full of lather. I had not yet put the sheet on him. I was certainly flustered. Taking a sheet from the drawer, I tied it around my customer’s neck. He went on talking. He evidently took it for granted that I was on the side of the existing regime.

“The people must have gotten a scare with what happened the other day,” he said.

“Yes,” I replied, as I finished tying the knot against his nape, which smelt of sweat.

“Good show, wasn’t it?”

“Very good,” I answered, turning my attention now to the brush. The man closed his eyes wearily and awaited the cool caress of the lather.

I had never had him so close before. The day he ordered the people to file through the schoolyard to look upon the four rebels hanging there, my path had crossed his briefly. But the sight of those mutilated bodies kept me from paying attention to the face of the man who had been directing it all and whom I now had in my hands.

It was not a disagreeable face, certainly. And the beard, which aged him a bit, was not unbecoming. His name was Torres. Captain Torres.

I started to lay on the first coat of lather. He kept his eyes closed. “I would love to catch a nap,” he said, “but there’s a lot to be done this evening.”

I lifted the brush and asked, with pretended indifference: “A firing party?”

“Something of the sort,” he replied, “but slower.”

“All of them?”

“No, just a few.”

I went on lathering his face. My hands began to tremble again. The man could not be aware of this, which was lucky for me. But I wished he had not come in. Probably many of our men had seen him enter the shop. And with the enemy in my house I felt a certain responsibility.

“And with the enemy in my house I felt a certain responsibility.” Why does the barber feel this way?

5. regime. Government; administration in power
I would have to shave his beard just like any other, carefully, neatly, just as though he were a good customer, taking heed that not a single pore should **emit** a drop of blood. Seeing to it that the blade did not slip in the small **whorls**. Taking care that the skin was left clean, soft, shining, so that when I passed the back of my hand over it not a single hair should be felt. Yes, I was secretly a revolutionary, but at the same time I was a conscientious barber, proud of the way I did my job. And that four-day beard presented a challenge.

I took up the razor, opened the handle wide, releasing the blade, and started to work, downward from one sideburn. The blade responded to perfection. The hair was tough and hard; not very long, but thick. Little by little the skin began to show through. The razor gave its usual sound as it gathered up layers of soap mixed with bits of hair. I paused to wipe it clean, and taking up the strop once more went about improving its edge, for I am a painstaking barber.

The man, who had kept his eyes closed, now opened them, put a hand out from under the sheet, felt of the part of his face that was emerging from the lather, and said to me, “Come at six o’clock this evening to the school.”

“If it be like the other day?” I asked, stiff with horror.

“It may be even better,” he replied.

“What are you planning to do?”

“I’m not sure yet. But we’ll have a good time.”

Once more he leaned back and shut his eyes. I came closer, the razor on high.

“Are you going to punish all of them?” I timidly **ventured**.

“Yes, all of them.”

---

6. **whorls**. Clusters or curls of hair
7. **revolutionary**. One who seeks to overthrow a government
8. **conscientious**. Scrupulous; governed by what one knows is right

**emit** (ë mit’) **verb**, discharge; send out

**venture** (ven[ə] shar) **verb**, do at some risk
The lather was drying on his face. I must hurry. Through the mirror, I took a look at the street. It appeared about as usual; there was the grocery shop with two or three customers. Then I glanced at the clock, two-thirty.

The razor kept descending. Now from the other sideburn downward. It was a blue beard, a thick one. He should let it grow like some poets, or some priests. It would suit him well. Many people would not recognize him. And that would be a good thing for him, I thought, as I went gently over all the throat line. At this point you really had to handle your blade skillfully, because the hair, while scantier, tended to fall into small whorls. It was a curly beard. The pores might open, minutely⁹, in this area and let out a tiny drop of blood. A good barber like myself stakes his reputation on not permitting that to happen to any of his customers.

And this was indeed a special customer. How many of ours had he sent to their death? How many had he mutilated? It was best not to think about it. Torres did not know I was his enemy. Neither he nor the others knew it. It was a secret shared by very few, just because that made it possible for me to inform the revolutionaries about Torres’s activities in the town and what he planned to do every time he went on one of his raids to hunt down rebels. So it was going to be very difficult to explain how it was that I had him in my hands and then let him go in peace, alive, clean-shaven.

His beard had now almost entirely disappeared. He looked younger, several years younger than when he had come in. I suppose that always happens to men who enter and leave barber-shops. Under the strokes of my razor Torres was rejuvenated; yes, because I am a good barber, the best in this town, and I say this in all modesty.

A little more lather here under the chin, on the Adam’s apple, right near the great vein¹⁰. How hot it is! Torres must be sweating just as I am. But he is not afraid. He is a tranquil man, who is not even giving thought to what he will do to his prisoners this evening. I, on the other hand, polishing his skin with this razor but avoiding the drawing of blood, careful with every stroke—I cannot keep my thoughts in order.

Confound the hour he entered my shop! I am a revolutionary but not a murderer. And it would be so easy to kill him. He deserves it. Or does he? No! No one deserves the sacrifice.

---

⁹. minutely, To a very small degree
¹⁰. great vein, Carotid artery—large blood vessel in the neck
others make in becoming assassins. What is to be gained by it? Nothing. Others and still others keep coming, and the first kill the second, and then these kill the next, and so on until every-thing becomes a sea of blood. I could cut his throat, so, swish, swish! He would not even have time to moan, and with his eyes shut he would not even see the shine of the razor or the gleam in my eye.

Think and Reflect
Why does the barber feel conflicted about the captain?

But I’m shaking like a regular murderer. From his throat a stream of blood would flow on the sheet, over the chair, down on my hands, onto the floor. I would have to close the door. But the blood would go flowing along the floor, warm, indelible, not to be staunched, until it reached the street like a small scarlet river.

I’m sure that with a good strong blow, a deep cut, he would feel no pain. He would not suffer at all. And what would I do then with the body? Where would I hide it? I would have to flee, leave all this behind, take shelter far away, very far away. But they would follow until they caught up with me. “The murderer of Captain Torres. He slit his throat while he was shaving him. What a cowardly thing to do!”

And others would say, “The avenger of our people. A name to remember”—my name here. “He was the town barber. No one knew he was fighting for our cause.”

And so, which will it be? Murderer or hero? My fate hangs on the edge of this razor blade.

I can turn my wrist slightly, put a bit more pressure on the blade, let it sink in. The skin will yield like silk, like rubber, like the strop. There is nothing more tender than a man’s skin, and the blood is always there, ready to burst forth. A razor like this cannot fail. It is the best one I have.

But I don’t want to be a murderer. No, sir. You came in to be shaved. And I do my work honorably. I don’t want to stain my hands with blood. Just with lather, and nothing else. You are an executioner; I am only a barber. Each one to his job. That’s it. Each one to his job.

11. staunched, Stopped

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Differentiated Instruction: Literacy & Reading Skills
UNIT 1
35
The chin was now clean, polished, soft. The man got up and looked at himself in the glass. He ran his hand over the skin and felt its freshness, its newness.

“Thanks,” he said. He walked to the wardrobe for his belt, his pistol, and his cap. I must have been very pale, and I felt my shirt soaked with sweat. Torres finished adjusting his belt buckle, straightened his gun in its holster, and smoothing his hair mechanically, put on his cap. From his trousers pocket he took some coins to pay for the shave. And he started toward the door. On the threshold he stopped for a moment, and turning toward me, he said, “They told me you would kill me. I came to find out if it was true. But it’s not easy to kill. I know what I’m talking about.”

Note the Facts

Highlight the captain’s reason for going to the barber shop.

Which is more important, loyalty to one’s beliefs or loyalty to one’s work? Explain.
READING CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Why does the captain decide to see the barber?
   A. He wants to be shaved.
   B. He wants to learn how to shave.
   C. He wants to capture the barber.

2. Why does the barber tremble as he lathered the captain’s face?
   A. He sympathizes with the revolutionaries, the captain’s enemy.
   B. He has yet to rest his arms, working in the shop since morning.
   C. He believes the captain knows who he is, only waiting for time.

3. Why does the barber feel horrified at the captain’s invitation?
   A. He thinks the captain is teasing him.
   B. He believes he is not worth the honor.
   C. He knows something awful will happen.

4. What does the barber think that he is not as he worked on the captain?
   A. He is not a hero.
   B. He is not a loyalist.
   C. He is not a murderer.

5. What is the captain’s real reason for seeking the barber?
   A. He wants to learn how to become a man with such skill.
   B. He wants to see if the barber will kill him like he was told.
   C. He wants to understand why the barber sides with the rebels.

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. The barber is proud that not a single drop of blood emits from a single pore when he works, not even a hint of liquid
   A. drinking.
   B. discharging.
   C. disappearing.

2. He ventures to ask a question, even though he knows the
   A. risks.
   B. errors.
   C. successes.

3. After getting shaved, the captain looks rejuvenated. He has the looks of someone who
   A. thinks like a child.
   B. feels young again.
   C. acts like an old man.

4. The captain is a tranquil man, his occupation contrasting with his
   A. violence.
   B. calmness.
   C. perfection.

5. Another man’s blood will leave an indelible mark on his life, something that
   A. cannot be removed.
   B. cannot be rewarded.
   C. cannot be remembered.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Point of View

From whose point of view is the story narrated? What is the conflict that the character is trying to resolve in his mind?

USE READING SKILLS: Classify Information

Review the Pro/Con Chart you completed while reading the story. Which argument carries more weight than the other? Does the barber make the right decision? Why? Share your answers with a classmate.

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Agreement with Relative Pronouns in Adjective Clauses

An adjective clause is a dependent clause that modifies a noun or a pronoun. It is introduced by a relative pronoun in a sentence, like that, which, who, whose, and whom.

Who and whom are used for adjective clauses that describe a person. Whom is the objective form of who, and it begins an adjective clause in which the person being modified receives an action of a verb.

On the other hand, which is used with an adjective clause that describes an object, while whose is the relative pronoun that shows possession in both people and objects.

Examples
1. The man, who keeps smiling across the room, is his father.
2. The woman, whose scowl can scare the bravest man, is her mother.
3. Kristie and Karl were twins whom the other children admired.

That can be used for adjective clauses that describe a thing, but it can also be used to substitute for who in informal conversations. But that is used to refer to persons in general. If you are referring to a specific person, use who.

Examples
1. Laguna Beach is a very peaceful area, a place that any tourist would want to visit.
2. Baby Blues darted behind the bush that grew along the sidewalk.
3. The blue whale, which is the largest known mammal, seems to be a gentle creature.

Fill in the correct relative pronoun that agrees with the adjective clause in the sentence.
1. The captain, _______ is the sworn enemy of the rebels, decides to have a shave.
2. The blade _______ had been stropped to near-perfect sharpness was lowered on the captain’s throat.
3. The barber is a sympathizer _______ gave information to the rebels.
4. The fourteen men _______ the captain captured are likely to die soon.
5. The barber, _______ razor is a hair’s breadth away from killing, decides to simply do his job.

WORK TOGETHER: Create a Graphic Novel

With four other classmates, create a short graphic novel similar to a comic book of “Lather and Nothing Else.” Pay greater attention to important details in the story and make sure that the pictures tell the story as well as the words do.
ABOUT THE STORY

“Catch the Moon” tells the story of Luis Cintrón. He was a boy who is forced to work in his father’s junkyard so that he won’t get in trouble again. Luis has been getting into trouble since his mother died three years ago. He and his father do not get along well. Read to find out what happens when a girl drops by their junkyard.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

Have you ever found yourself clashing with someone who has power over you? Why?

__________________________________________________________________________

__________________________________________________________________________

__________________________________________________________________________

__________________________________________________________________________

__________________________________________________________________________

__________________________________________________________________________
**ANALYZE LITERATURE: Character**

A **character** is a person in a literary work. A character that remains the same from the beginning to the end is called a **static character**, and a character that undergoes a change in a story is called a **dynamic character**.

As you read, take notes on how Luis acts, thinks, and feels throughout the story. Determine whether he is a static character or a dynamic character.

**USE READING SKILLS: Compare and Contrast**

**Comparing** is finding out how similar people or things are, while **contrasting** looks for their differences. As you read, compare and contrast Luis and his father in a Venn diagram.

---

**Compare-and-Contrast Chart**

Luis  
- hates working  
- mourn the loss of Luis’s mother  

Both  
- mourn the loss of Luis’s mother

His father  
- likes to be busy
### PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>vulgar</strong></td>
<td>I was offended by the vulgar words coming out of his mouth.</td>
<td>A person can be vulgar because of...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>makeshift</strong></td>
<td>I made a makeshift fort out of old boards and tree branches.</td>
<td>A makeshift table can hold only...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>dismantle</strong></td>
<td>They began to dismantle the bookcase they made two years ago.</td>
<td>Dismantling something you made with pride is...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>mock</strong></td>
<td>She mocked her superiors with a big smile after she disobeyed them.</td>
<td>When you mock people in a person of authority...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>walk down memory lane</strong></td>
<td>Listening to old songs inspires them to walk down memory lane.</td>
<td>Hearing stories from my parents as they walk down memory lane...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>relic</strong></td>
<td>Sasha’s necklace is a gift from her grandmother, a relic from a rich past.</td>
<td>Relics from the seventeenth century are classified...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Key Words and Phrases*
Read each key word and rate it using this scale:
1. I don’t know it at all.
2. I’ve seen it before.
3. I know it and use it.

*Words and Phrases in Context*
Read to see how the key word or phrase can be used in a sentence.

*Definition*
Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.

*Practice*
Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.
Luis Cintrón sits on top of a six-foot pile of hubcaps and watches his father walk away into the steel jungle of his car junkyard. Released into his old man’s custody after six months in juvenile hall—for breaking and entering—and he didn’t even take anything. He did it on a dare. But the old lady with the million cats was a light sleeper, and good with her aluminum cane. He has a scar on his head to prove it.

Now Luis is wondering whether he should have stayed in and done his full time. Jorge Cintrón of Jorge Cintrón & Son, Auto Parts and Salvage, has decided that Luis should wash and polish every hubcap in the yard. The hill he is sitting on is only the latest couple of hundred wheel covers that have come in. Luis grunts and stands up on top of his silver mountain. He yells at no one, “Someday, son, all this will be yours,” and sweeps his arms like the Pope blessing a crowd over the piles of car sandwiches and mounds of metal parts that cover this acre of land outside the city. He is the “Son” of Jorge Cintrón & Son, and so far his father has had more than one reason to wish it was plain Jorge Cintrón on the sign.

Luis has been getting in trouble since he started high school two years ago, mainly because of the “social group” he organized—a bunch of guys who were into harassing the local authorities. Their thing was taking something to the limit on a dare or, better still, doing something dangerous, like breaking into a house, not to steal, just to prove that they could do it. That was Luis’s specialty, coming up with very complicated plans, like military strategies, and assigning the “jobs” to guys who wanted to join the Tiburones.

Tiburón means “shark,” and Luis had gotten the name from watching an old movie about a Puerto Rican gang called the Sharks1 with his father. Luis thought it was one of the dumbest

---

1. Sharks. Fictional Puerto-Rican gang from the movie *West Side Story*
30 films he had ever seen. Everybody sang their lines, and the guys all pointed their toes and leaped in the air when they were supposed to be slaughtering each other. But he liked their name, the Sharks, so he made it Spanish and had it air-painted on his black T-shirt with a killer shark under it, jaws opened wide and dripping with blood. It didn’t take long for the other guys in the barrio to ask about it.

Man, had they had a good time. The girls were interested too. Luis outsmarted everybody by calling his organization a social club and registering it at Central High. That meant they were legal, even let out of last-period class on Fridays for their “club” meetings. It was just this year, after a couple of botched jobs, that the teachers had started getting suspicious. The first one to go wrong was when he sent Kenny Matoa to borrow some “souvenirs” out of Anita Robles’s locker. He got caught. It seems that Matoa had been reading Anita’s diary and didn’t hear her coming down the hall. Anita was supposed to be in the gym at that time but had copped out with the usual female excuse of cramps. You could hear her screams all the way to Market Street.

She told the principal all she knew about the Tiburones, and Luis had to talk fast to convince old Mr. Williams that the club did put on cultural activities such as the Save the Animals talent show. What Mr. Williams didn’t know was that the animal that was being “saved” with the ticket sales was Luis’s pet boa, which needed quite a few live mice to stay healthy and happy. They kept E.S. (which stood for “Endangered Species”) in Luis’s room, but she belonged to the club and it was the members’ responsibility to raise the money to feed their mascot. So last year they had sponsored their first annual Save the Animals talent show, and it had been a great success. The Tiburones had come dressed as Latino Elvises and did a grand finale to “All Shook Up” that made the audience go wild. Mr. Williams had smiled when Luis talked, maybe remembering how the math teacher, Mrs. Laguna, had dragged him out in the aisle to rock-and-roll with her. Luis had gotten out of that one, but barely.

His father was a problem too. He objected to the T-shirt logo, calling it disgusting and vulgar. Mr. Cintrón prided himself on his own neat, elegant style of dressing after work, and on his manners and large vocabulary, which he picked up by taking correspondence courses in just about everything. Luis thought that it was just his way of staying busy since Luis’s mother had died, almost three years ago, of cancer. He had never gotten over it.

---

2. *barrio* (bâ’rē ē’). Spanish-speaking neighborhood in the United States

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**Analyze Literature**

**Character** Reread the paragraph beginning with “She told the principal all …” How does this anecdote help develop the character of Luis? What kind of a person is Luis?

---

**vulgar** (vul’ gar) adjective, lacking in cultivation, perception, or taste
All this was going through Luis’s head as he slid down the hill of hubcaps. The tub full of soapy water, the can of polish, and the bag of rags had been neatly placed in front of a makeshift table made from two car seats and a piece of plywood. Luis heard a car drive up and someone honk their horn. His father emerged from inside a new red Mustang that had been totaled. He usually dismantled every small feature by hand before sending the vehicle into the cementerio, as he called the lot. Luis watched as the most beautiful girl he had ever seen climbed out of a vintage white Volkswagen Bug. She stood in the sunlight in her white sundress waiting for his father, while Luis stared. She was like a smooth wood carving. Her skin was mahogany, almost black, and her arms and legs were long and thin, but curved in places so that she did not look bony and hard—more like a ballerina. And her ebony hair was braided close to her head. Luis let his breath out, feeling a little dizzy. He had forgotten to breathe. Both the girl and his father heard him. Mr. Cintrón waved him over.

“Luis, the señorita here has lost a wheel cover. Her car is twenty-five years old, so it will not be an easy match. Come look on this side.”

Luis tossed a wrench he’d been holding into a toolbox like he was annoyed, just to make a point about slave labor. Then he followed his father, who knelt on the gravel and began to point out every detail of the hubcap.

Luis was hardly listening. He watched the girl take a piece of paper from her handbag.

“Señor Cintrón, I have drawn the hubcap for you, since I will have to leave soon. My home address and telephone number are here, and also my parents’ office number.” She handed the paper to Mr. Cintrón, who nodded.

“Sí, señorita, very good. This will help my son look for it. Perhaps there is one in that stack there.” He pointed to the pile of caps that Luis was supposed to wash and polish. “Yes, I’m almost certain that there is a match there. Of course, I do not know if it’s near the top or the bottom. You will give us a few days, yes?”

---

3. cementerio (sà mán tâ’ rë òò). [Spanish] Cemetery
4. vintage. Dating from the past
5. mahogany (mã há’ gà rë). Deep brown color, named after a type of wood
6. ebony. Black
Luis just stared at his father like he was crazy. But he didn’t say anything because the girl was smiling at him with a funny expression on her face. Maybe she thought he had X-ray eyes like Superman, or maybe she was mocking him.

“Please call me Naomi, Señor Cintrón. You know my mother. She is the director of the funeral home. . . .” Mr. Cintrón seemed surprised at first; he prided himself on having a great memory. Then his friendly expression changed to one of sadness as he recalled the day of his wife’s burial. Naomi did not finish her sentence. She reached over and placed her hand on Mr. Cintrón’s arm for a moment. Then she said “Adiós” softly, and got in her shiny white car. She waved to them as she left, and her gold bracelets flashing in the sun nearly blinded Luis.

Mr. Cintrón shook his head. “How about that,” he said as if to himself. “They are the Dominican owners of Ramirez Funeral Home.” And, with a sigh, “She seems like such a nice young woman. Reminds me of your mother when she was her age.”

Hearing the funeral parlor’s name, Luis remembered too. The day his mother died, he had been in her room at the hospital while his father had gone for coffee. The alarm had gone off on her monitor and nurses had come running in, pushing him outside. After that, all he recalled was the anger that had made him punch a hole in his bedroom wall. And afterward he had refused to talk to anyone at the funeral.

Strange, he did see a black girl there who didn’t try like the others to talk to him, but actually ignored him as she escorted family members to the viewing room and brought flowers in. Could it be that the skinny girl in a frilly white dress had been Naomi? She didn’t act like she had recognized him today, though. Or maybe she thought that he was a jerk.

Luis grabbed the drawing from his father. The old man looked like he wanted to walk down memory lane. But Luis was in no mood to listen to the old stories about his falling in love on a tropical island. The world they’d lived in before he was born wasn’t his world. No beaches and palm trees here.
junk as far as he could see. He climbed back up his hill and studied Naomi’s sketch. It had obviously been done very carefully. It was signed “Naomi Ramirez” in the lower right-hand corner. He memorized the telephone number.

Luis washed hubcaps all day until his hands were red and raw, but he did not come across the small silver bowl that would fit the VW. After work he took a few practice Frisbee shots across the yard before showing his father what he had accomplished: rows and rows of shiny rings drying in the sun.

His father nodded and showed him the bump on his temple where one of Luis’s flying saucers had gotten him.

“Practice makes perfect, you know. Next time you’ll probably decapitate me.” Luis heard him struggle with the word decapitate, which Mr. Cintrón pronounced in syllables.

Showing off his big vocabulary again, Luis thought. He looked closely at the bump, though. He felt bad about it.

“They look good, hijo.” Mr. Cintrón made a sweeping gesture with his arms over the yard. “You know, all this will have to be classified. My dream is to have all the parts divided by year, make of car, and condition. Maybe now that you are here to help me, this will happen.”

“Pop . . .” Luis put his hand on his father’s shoulder. They were the same height and build, about five foot six and muscular. “The judge said six months of free labor for you, not life, okay?” Mr. Cintrón nodded, looking distracted. It was then that Luis suddenly noticed how gray his hair had turned—it used to be shiny black like his own—and that there were deep lines in his face. His father had turned into an old man and he hadn’t even noticed.

“Son, you must follow the judge’s instructions. Like she said, next time you get in trouble, she’s going to treat you like an adult, and I think you know what that means. Hard time, no breaks.”

“Yeah, yeah. That’s what I’m doing, right? Working my hands to the bone instead of enjoying my summer. But listen, she didn’t put me under house arrest, right? I’m going out tonight.”

“Home by ten. She did say something about a curfew, Luis.” Mr. Cintrón had stopped smiling and was looking upset. It had always been hard for them to talk more than a minute or two before his father got offended at something Luis said, or at his sarcastic tone. He was always doing something wrong.

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7. decapitate. Behead
Luis threw the rag down on the table and went to sit in his father’s ancient Buick, which was in mint condition. They drove home in silence.

After sitting down at the kitchen table with his father to eat a pizza they had picked up on the way home, Luis asked to borrow the car. He didn’t get an answer then, just a look that meant “Don’t bother me right now.”

Before bringing up the subject again, Luis put some ice cubes in a Baggie and handed it to Mr. Cintrón, who had made the little bump on his head worse by rubbing it. It had GUILTY written on it, Luis thought.

“Gracias, hijo.” His father placed the bag on the bump and made a face as the ice touched his skin.

They ate in silence for a few minutes more; then Luis decided to ask about the car again.

“I really need some fresh air, Pop. Can I borrow the car for a couple of hours?”

“You don’t get enough fresh air at the yard? We’re lucky that we don’t have to sit in a smelly old factory all day. You know that?”

“Yeah, Pop. We’re real lucky.” Luis always felt irritated that his father was so grateful to own a junkyard, but he held his anger back and just waited to see if he’d get the keys without having to get in an argument.

“Where are you going?”

“For a ride. Not going anywhere. Just out for a while. Is that okay?”

His father didn’t answer, just handed him a set of keys, as shiny as the day they were manufactured. His father polished everything that could be polished: doorknobs, coins, keys, spoons, knives, and forks, like he was King Midas counting his silver and gold. Luis thought his father must be really lonely to polish utensils only he used anymore. They had been picked out by his wife, though, so they were like relics. Nothing she had ever owned could be thrown away. Only now the dishes, forks, and

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8. mint. As if newly made, as a coin would be if it came straight from the mint (the place where it was made)
9. King Midas. Legendary king who is given the power of turning everything he touches into gold
spoons were not used to eat the yellow rice and red beans, the fried chicken, or the mouth-watering sweet plantains that his mother had cooked for them. They were just kept in the cabinets that his father had turned into a museum for her. Mr. Cintrón could cook as well as his wife, but he didn’t have the heart to do it anymore. Luis thought that maybe if they ate together once in a while things might get better between them, but he always had something to do around dinnertime and ended up at a hamburger joint. Tonight was the first time in months they had sat down at the table together.

Luis took the keys. “Thanks,” he said, walking out to take his shower. His father kept looking at him with those sad, patient eyes. “Okay. I’ll be back by ten, and keep the ice on that egg,” Luis said without looking back.

He had just meant to ride around his old barrio, see if any of the Tiburones were hanging out at El Building, where most of them lived. It wasn’t far from the single-family home his father had bought when the business started paying off: a house that his mother lived in for three months before she took up residence at St. Joseph’s Hospital. She never came home again. These days Luis wished he still lived in that tiny apartment where there was always something to do, somebody to talk to.

Instead Luis found himself parked in front of the last place his mother had gone to: Ramirez Funeral Home. In the front yard was a huge oak tree that Luis remembered having climbed during the funeral to get away from people. The tree looked different now, not like a skeleton, as it had then, but green with leaves. The branches reached to the second floor of the house, where the family lived.

For a while Luis sat in the car allowing the memories to flood back into his brain. He remembered his mother before the illness changed her. She had not been beautiful, as his father

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10. **plantains**: Banana-like fruit
told everyone; she had been a sweet lady, not pretty but not ugly. To him, she had been the person who always told him that she was proud of him and loved him. She did that every night when she came to his bedroom door to say good-night. As a joke he would sometimes ask her, “Proud of what? I haven’t done anything.” And she’d always say, “I’m just proud that you are my son.” She wasn’t perfect or anything. She had bad days when nothing he did could make her smile, especially after she got sick. But he never heard her say anything negative about anyone. She always blamed el destino, fate, for what went wrong. He missed her. He missed her so much. Suddenly a flood of tears that had been building up for almost three years started pouring from his eyes. Luis sat in his father’s car, with his head on the steering wheel, and cried, “Mami¹¹, I miss you.”

When he finally looked up, he saw that he was being watched. Sitting at a large window with a pad and a pencil on her lap was Naomi. At first Luis felt angry and embarrassed, but she wasn’t laughing at him. Then she told him with her dark eyes that it was okay to come closer. He walked to the window, and she held up the sketch pad on which she had drawn him, not crying like a baby, but sitting on top of a mountain of silver disks, holding one up over his head. He had to smile.

The plate-glass window was locked. It had a security bolt on it. An alarm system, he figured, so nobody would steal the princess. He asked her if he could come in. It was soundproof too. He mouthed the words slowly for her to read his lips. She wrote on the pad, “I can’t let you in. My mother is not home tonight.”

So they looked at each other and talked through the window for a little while. Then Luis got an idea. He signed to her that he’d be back, and drove to the junkyard.

Luis climbed up on his mountain of hubcaps. For hours he sorted the wheel covers by make, size, and condition, stopping

¹¹. Mami. [Spanish] Mom

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Differentiated Instruction: Literacy & Reading Skills
UNIT 1
49
only to call his father and tell him where he was and what he was doing. The old man did not ask him for explanations, and Luis was grateful for that. By lamppost light, Luis worked and worked, beginning to understand a little why his father kept busy all the time. Doing something that had a beginning, a middle, and an end did something to your head. It was like the satisfaction Luis got out of planning “adventures” for his Tiburones, but there was another element involved here that had nothing to do with showing off for others. This was a treasure hunt. And he knew what he was looking for. Finally, when it seemed that it was a hopeless search, when it was almost midnight and Luis’s hands were cut and bruised from his work, he found it. It was the perfect match for Naomi’s drawing, the moon-shaped wheel cover for her car, Cinderella’s shoe. Luis jumped off the small mound of disks left under him and shouted, “Yes!” He looked around and saw neat stacks of hubcaps that he would wash the next day. He would build a display wall for his father. People would be able to come into the yard and point to whatever they wanted.

Luis washed the VW hubcap and polished it until he could see himself in it. He used it as a mirror as he washed his face and combed his hair. Then he drove to the Ramirez Funeral Home. It was almost pitch-black, since it was a moonless night. As quietly as possible, Luis put some gravel in his pocket and climbed the oak tree to the second floor. He knew he was in front of Naomi’s window—he could see her shadow through the curtains. She was at a table, apparently writing or drawing, maybe waiting for him. Luis hung the silver disk carefully on a branch near the window, then threw the gravel at the glass. Naomi ran to the window and drew the curtains aside while Luis held on to the thick branch and waited to give her the first good thing he had given anyone in a long time.
READING CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What is the condition of Luis’s release from the juvenile hall?
   A. He will work in his father’s junkyard.
   B. He will not leave his house for three years.
   C. He will complete 124 hours of community service.

2. What are the Tiburones?
   A. Luis’s schoolmates
   B. Luis’s organization members
   C. Luis’s favorite musicians and dancers

3. Who is Naomi’s mother?
   A. She is the judge of the courthouse.
   B. She is the director of the funeral home.
   C. She is the teacher of Luis’s high school class.

4. What kind of a relationship do Luis and his father have?
   A. They have a warm relationship.
   B. They have a hateful relationship.
   C. They have an awkward relationship.

5. What does Luis give Naomi?
   A. a VW hubcap
   B. a set of paint
   C. a clean casket

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Luis’s father thinks that the logo on his shirt is vulgar, an expression of his
   A. lack in taste.
   B. abundant style.
   C. sense of elegance.

2. The bag of rags caused the makeshift table to wobble—it wasn’t a very good
   A. product.
   B. piece of furniture.
   C. substitute.

3. His father dismantles the old vehicle. He
   A. takes it apart.
   B. fixes the broken parts.
   C. sells it to new owners.

4. Luis thought that Naomi seems to mock him, thinking that she treats him with
   A. respect.
   B. contempt.
   C. indifference.

5. His father had kept relics from his mother, the objects reminding Luis of the
   A. past.
   B. future.
   C. present.
**ANALYZE LITERATURE: Character**

Review the notes you took about the character of Luis as you read the story. Is Luis a static or a dynamic character? Why?

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**USE READING SKILLS: Compare and Contrast**

Review the Venn diagram you completed while reading the story. Does the similarity between Luis and his father outweigh the differences? How did it affect their relationship? Share your answers with a classmate.

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**BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Passive Voice**

A verb is in the **passive voice** when the subject of the verb receives the action. It is the counterpart of the **active voice**, where the subject of the verb performs the action.

When changing the active voice to passive voice, the verb is turned into a past participle and is preceded by an **auxiliary verb**. The object of the sentence becomes the subject in the passive voice. Passive voice also often uses by.

**Examples**

1. Active Voice: Luis tricked the principal about his group.
   Passive Voice: The principal was tricked by Luis about his group.

2. Active Voice: Naomi’s mother owns the funeral home.
   Passive Voice: The funeral home is owned by Naomi’s mother.

3. Active Voice: Luis searched for hubcaps all over the junkyard.
   Passive Voice: The hubcaps were searched for all over the junkyard by Luis.

Revise each sentence from passive voice to active voice.

1. Relics from his dead mother were kept by Luis’s father.

2. He was shown a drawing of himself by Naomi.

3. One of his gang members was caught by a girl.

4. Enough feed for his pet was bought by the money.

5. A vintage car is driven around by Naomi.

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**SPEAKING & LISTENING SKILLS: Present a Dramatic Scene**

With another classmate, act the scene between Luis and Naomi at the Ramirez Funeral Home, found on page 49, lines 269-321. Make copies of the scene and read the scene together as the characters. Mark up your scripts as you read with notes on how to perform the scene. Practice the entrances, exits, blocking, and other choreography. Use any props and simple costumes that are needed. Finally, present the scene before the class.
The Masque of the Red Death

A Short Story by
Edgar Allan Poe

ABOUT THE STORY

“The Masque of the Red Death” takes place in a Medieval Europe that is suffering under the clutches of the “Red Death.” The “Red Death” is a sickness that spreads throughout the land. It kills everyone who gets it. Prince Prospero, in a determined effort to escape its hold, seals himself and his rich friends off in a thick-walled and secure abbey. Read to find out what happens one evening when the Prince hosts an extravagant masquerade party and an unexpected visitor arrives.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

Have you tried to avoid someone or something? Were you successful, or were you forced to face that person or thing?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Setting

The setting of a literary work describes the time and place in which it occurs. Setting includes the details that are used to give the readers an idea of the specific time and place. Descriptions are used in fiction to reveal the setting. As you read, analyze the setting and its importance to the story.
**USE READING SKILLS: Meaning of Words**

The text around an unfamiliar word may give clues to its meaning. These surrounding words are called *context clues*. A common type of context clue is comparison clues. **Comparison clues** compare the unfamiliar word with similar words or use an example to help illustrate the unfamiliar word. Comparison clues include signal words like *also, in the same way, just as, like, similarly, such as.*

As you read, identify the meaning of words with the use of context clues by filling in the Context Clues Chart below. One has been done for you.

**Context Clues Chart**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Context Clues</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ingress</td>
<td>The courtiers...welded the bolts (of the gate); <em>in-</em> means “inside”</td>
<td>coming in</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **profuse** pro • fuse  
(pro•fyûs′) adjective | The woman was **profuse** with her gratitude to the person who helped her. | Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition. | Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences. |
| **dauntless** daunt • less  
(dönt′ ləs) adjective | He stood **dauntless** against his captors. | | |
| **eccentric** ec • cen • tric  
(ik sen´ trik) adjective | Old Jim is known as an **eccentric** man who never goes out of his house. | | |
| **novel** idiom | The new author wanted a **novel** story that would catch the attention of big-name publishers. | | |
| **countenance** coun • te • nance  
(kaun´ t'n an[t]s or kaʊnt´ nən[t]s) noun | Erie has the most peaceful **countenance** when Franz feels calm when he sees her. | | |
| **disconcert** dis • con • cert  
(dis′ kən sər t′) verb | The stranger’s frequent staring **disconcerts** us. | | |
The “Red Death” had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince’s own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure.

There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the “Red Death.”

1. **Avatar**. God in human form. In this case, the term refers to the disease’s form.
2. **dissolution**. Death
3. **pest ban**. Official declaration that an individual has the plague
4. **sagacious**. Wise
5. **dominions**. Regions marked off for administrative or other purposes
6. **castellated abbeys**. Fortified structures built to use as or resemble monasteries
7. **buffoons**. Clowns
8. **improvisatori**. Poets who make up, or improvise, their poems as they perform
It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

**Think and Reflect**

Prince Prospero organizes entertainment for his friends at the height of the pestilence. What does it say about him?

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke’s love of the **bizarre**. The apartments were so irregularly disposed⁹ that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic¹⁰ window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements¹¹.

The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep

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⁹. disposed. Arranged
¹⁰. Gothic. In the style of architecture widespread in Western Europe in the twelfth through the sixteenth centuries
¹¹. casements. Windows
blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier\textsuperscript{12} of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the \textit{countenances} of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony\textsuperscript{13}. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen\textsuperscript{14} lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained\textsuperscript{15} to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken\textsuperscript{16} to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief \textit{disconcert} of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and medita-

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12. \textit{brazier}. Metal pan designed to hold charcoal or coal used for light and heat
13. \textit{ebony}. Black or dark-colored wood
14. \textit{brazen}. Brass
15. \textit{constrained}. Forced
16. \textit{hearken}. Listen
But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the decora\(^\text{17}\) of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre.

There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be sure that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great fêt\(^\text{18}\); and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy\(^\text{19}\) and phantasm\(^\text{20}\)—much of what has been since seen in "Hernani."\(^\text{21}\) There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhe in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart.

And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the manytinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a

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17. *decora*. What is considered suitable or proper
18. *fête* (fet). A large, carefully planned party
19. *piquancy*. In this case, state of being charming
20. *phantasm*. In this case, a product of fantasy
21. "Hernani." A drama of 1830 in which an opera known for its use of color and imagination was based
ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the black-
ess of the sable\textsuperscript{22} drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls
upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony
a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches
their ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other
apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in
them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly
on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight
upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the
evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy
cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes
to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened,
perhaps that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the
meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus
too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last
chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in
the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence
of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single
individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having
spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the
whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation\textsuperscript{23}
and surprise—then, finally, of terror, or horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it
may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have
excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the
night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-
Heroded Herod\textsuperscript{24}, and gone beyond the bounds of even the
prince’s indefinite decorum.

There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which
cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly
lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters
of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed,
seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of
the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall
and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments\textsuperscript{25}
of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so
nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the

\textsuperscript{22.} sable. Of the color black
\textsuperscript{23.} disapprobation. Disapproval
\textsuperscript{24.} out-Heroded Herod. Herod the Great was a ruler who ordered the death of all boys under
two years of age in Bethlehem, hoping to kill the baby Jesus. This reference suggests that
the stranger has done something even worse.
\textsuperscript{25.} habiliments. Clothes
closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral26 image (which, with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

“Who dares”—he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—“who dares insult us with this blasphemous27 mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang, at sunrise, from the battlements28!”

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly, for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince’s person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and

26. spectral. Ghostlike
27. blasphemous. Insulting or showing disrespect or scorn for God or anything sacred
28. battlements. Elevated platforms of earth or stone with an open space used to protect soldiers
had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

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29. cerements. Strips of cloth used to wrap a dead body and prepare it for burial
30. blood-bedewed. Bedew means “to moisten as with dew.” In this case, the halls are moistened with blood.
31. dominion. Control

---

Should wealthy and privileged people be responsible for society, or can they live as they want? Why or why not?
READING CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What happens to Prince Prospero’s dominions with the devastation of the Red Death?
   A. They are half-depopulated.
   B. They are moved to another place.
   C. They are buried in illness and poverty.

2. What does the Prince give his friends after five or six months of their stay within the abbey?
   A. a clock
   B. an appliance
   C. a masquerade

3. What is the color of the casement on the seventh chamber?
   A. ebony wood
   B. deep blood red
   C. heavy blue violet

4. What happens when the clock chimes?
   A. The people freeze.
   B. The people laugh louder.
   C. The people transform into dreams.

5. What happens when the Red Death appears?
   A. Everyone dies.
   B. Everyone runs.
   C. Everyone smiles.

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. There is profuse bleeding from sick people, the red liquid flowing
   A. gently.
   B. painfully.
   C. abundantly.

2. Prince Prospero is a dauntless man, facing death
   A. without fear.
   B. without a smile.
   C. without shield or sword.

3. The Prince has an eccentric taste. His furnishings are expensive yet
   A. unusual.
   B. repulsive.
   C. comfortable.

4. A wild look settles upon their countenance, even as they try to place a peaceful look upon their
   A. eyes.
   B. faces.
   C. masks.

5. The appearance of the stranger disconcerts the crowd, filling the air with
   A. peace.
   B. agitation.
   C. jubilation.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Setting

Describe the setting of the story. What is its importance to the story? Which elements of the story are symbols and what do they represent?

USE READING SKILLS: Meaning of Words

Review the Context Clues Chart you filled in while reading this story. Check your answers against a dictionary. Are your answers correct? How do context clues help you find the meaning of the words? Share your answers with a classmate.

BUILD VOCABULARY SKILLS: Prefix

A prefix is a letter or group of letters that is added at the beginning of a word to give the word a new meaning. The spelling of words does not change when adding prefixes.

The prefixes un- and il- describes “an absence or a lack,” and “not.” Un- is often used before words beginning with vowels—though it can also be used with words beginning in consonants—while il- is used before words beginning in l.

Examples
1. He was unimpeded as he ran to the figure. (cannot be impeded)
2. Such unutterable horror faced the partygoers. (cannot be uttered)
3. Death is the illimitable lord among mortals. (not limited)

Fill in the blanks with the appropriate word by adding the prefix un- or il- to the word in the parentheses.

1. They danced ______________ all night long. (interruptedly)

2. What he has done is for all intents ______________. (legal)

3. The selfish prince is the ______________ ruler of the country. (legitimate)

4. The peasants watch ______________ as the wealthy people dined and danced. (happily)

5. Death is an ______________ guest to the masquerade. (wanted)

WRITING SKILLS: Creative Writing

Write an invitation that Prince Prospero may use to invite his thousand friends to the fortress. Think about what kind of a person the Prince is, and what kind of mood he may have wanted to create at his fortress. After settling on your wording, choose the appropriate designs, paper, and word styles to complete the invitation.
A White Heron

A Short Story by Sarah Orne Jewett

ABOUT THE STORY

“A White Heron” tells the story of an eight-year-old girl named Sylvia who lives with her grandmother in rural Maine in the 1800s. A shy and lonely girl, Sylvia has a cow and the woods for friends. Into the child’s world comes a young man who is in search of a white heron. Read on to find out how this man creates a problem for the young girl.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

Think of a time when you have had to keep a secret. Was it difficult? When is it best to keep a secret? Are there times when it is better to tell what you know?

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USE READING SKILLS: Take Notes

**Taking notes** helps you pay attention to the words on a page and remember important ideas. As you read “A White Heron,” *paraphrase* or write in your own words what you have read and put it into notes you can read later. Make a Response Bookmark like the one below to record your questions, predictions, reactions, and key points. Write down also unfamiliar words you encounter as you read. A sample has been provided for you.

**Response Bookmark**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page Number</th>
<th>Questions, Predictions, Reactions, Key Points, and Unfamiliar Words</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>186</td>
<td>Sylvia likes to wander into the woods.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Read each key word and rate it using this scale: ① I don’t know it at all. ② I’ve seen it before. ③ I know it and use it.</td>
<td>Read to see how the key word or phrase can be used in a sentence.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wretched</td>
<td>Malik got a low score on his test. He looked <strong>wretched</strong>.</td>
<td>You look <strong>wretched</strong> when you...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wretch • ed (rech’id) adjective</td>
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<tr>
<td>gallantly</td>
<td>Sam is proud of her father. She speaks <strong>gallantly</strong> of him.</td>
<td>You act <strong>gallantly</strong> when...</td>
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<tr>
<td>gal • lant • ly (gal’an’t lē) adverb</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>catch a glimpse</td>
<td>Ingrid is so happy to <strong>catch a glimpse</strong> of her favorite singer.</td>
<td>When you <strong>catch a glimpse</strong> of someone, you...</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>idiom</td>
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<tr>
<td>course</td>
<td>The water from the river <strong>courses</strong> through the fields.</td>
<td>The water that <strong>courses</strong> through those pipes...</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>course • (kŏrs) verb</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>vex</td>
<td>Sid is scolded because he <strong>vexes</strong> his seatmate with hurtful words.</td>
<td>When a person <strong>vexes</strong> someone, he or she...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(veks) verb</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
The woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o’clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow, a plodding, dilatory, provoking creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from whatever light there was, and striking deep into the woods, but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the high huckleberry bushes, and though she wore a loud bell she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co’! Co’! with never an answering Moo, until her childish patience was quite spent. If the creature had not given good milk and plenty of it, the case would have seemed very different to her owners. Besides, Sylvia had all the time there was, and very little use to make of it. Sometimes in pleasant weather it was a consolation to look upon the cow’s pranks as an intellectual attempt to play hide and seek, and as the child had no playmates she lent herself to this amusement with a good deal of zest. Though this chase had been so long that the wary animal herself had given an unusual signal of her whereabouts, Sylvia had only laughed when she came upon Mistress Moo at the swamp-side, and urged her affectionately homeward with a twig of birch leaves. The old cow was not inclined to wander farther, she even turned in the right direction for once as they left the pasture, and stepped along the road at a good pace.

She was quite ready to be milked now, and seldom stopped to browse. Sylvia wondered what her grandmother would say because they were so late. It was a great while since she had left home at half past five o’clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this errand a short one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the cow.

1. dilatory. Causing delay
hornéd torment too many summer evenings herself to blame anyone else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia loitered occasionally on her own account; there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made! Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years in a crowded manufacturing town, but, as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. She thought often with wistful compassion of a wretched geranium that belonged to a town neighbor.

“‘Afraid of folks,’” old Mrs. Tilley said to herself, with a smile, after she had made the unlikely choice of Sylvia from her daughter’s houseful of children, and was returning to the farm. “‘Afraid of folks,’ they said! I guess she won’t be troubled no great with ’em up to the old place!” When they reached the door of the lonely house and stopped to unlock it, and the cat came to purr loudly, and rub against them, a deserted pussy, indeed, but fat with young robins, Sylvia whispered that this was a beautiful place to live in, and she never should wish to go home.

The companions followed the shady woodroad, the cow taking slow steps, and the child very fast ones. The cow stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a swamp, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the shoal water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a stirring in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that seemed to be wide awake, and going about their world, or else saying goodnight to each other in sleepy twitters. Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much

2. hornéd torment. Exasperating cow
3. shoal. Shallow
farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there; the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl is horrorstricken to hear a clear whistle not very far away. Not a bird’s whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy’s whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive. Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped discreetly aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and persuasive tone, “Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?” and trembling Sylvia answered almost inaudibly, “A good ways.”

She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside. “I have been hunting for some birds,” the stranger said kindly, “and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don’t be afraid,” he added gallantly. “Speak up and tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning.”

Sylvia was more alarmed than before. Would not her grandmother consider her much to blame? But who could have foreseen such an accident as this? It did not seem to be her fault, and she hung her head as if the stem of it were broken, but managed to answer “Sylvy,” with much effort when her companion again asked her name.

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud moo by way of explanation. “Yes, you’d better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where’d she tucked herself away this time, Sylvy?” But Sylvia

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Note the Facts
What sound surprises Sylvia in the woods? What does she feel upon hearing the sound?

---

Use Reading Skills
Take Notes How would you describe the young stranger that Sylvia meets? Record your answers in your Response Bookmark.

---

Note the Facts
Reread lines 99–102 with a partner. Why is Sylvia alarmed?

---

4. inaudibly. Not loudly enough to be heard
kept an awed silence; she knew by instinct that her grandmother did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region.

The young man stood his gun beside the door, and dropped a lumpy gamebag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley goodevening, and repeated his wayfarer’s story, and asked if he could have a night’s lodging.

“Put me anywhere you like,” he said. “I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that’s plain.”

“Dear sakes, yes,” responded the hostess, whose long slumbering hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. “You might fare better if you went out to the main road a mile or so, but you’re welcome to what we’ve got. I’ll milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers,” she proffered graciously. “I raised them all myself.

There’s good pasturing for geese just below here towards the ma’sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy!” And Sylvia promptly stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

It was a surprise to find so clean and comfortable a little dwelling in this New England wilderness. The young man had known the horrors of its most primitive housekeeping, and the dreary squalor of that level of society which does not rebel at the companionship of hens. This was the best thrift of an old-fashioned farmstead, though on such a small scale that it seemed like a hermitage. He listened eagerly to the old woman’s quaint talk, he watched Sylvia’s pale face and shining gray eyes with ever growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month, and afterward the new-made friends sat down in the doorway together while the moon came up.

Soon it would be berry-time, and Sylvia was a great help at picking. The cow was a good milker, though a plaguy thing to keep track of, the hostess gossiped frankly, adding presently that she had buried four children, so Sylvia’s mother, and a son (who might be dead) in California were all the children she had left. “Dan, my boy, was a great hand to go gunning,” she explained sadly. “I never wanted for pa’tridges or gray squer’ls while he was to home. He’s been a great wand’rer, I expect, and

5. gravity. Seriousness
6. proffered. Offer
7. squalor. Filth and misery
8. hermitage. Place where a person can live away from others
he’s no hand to write letters. There, I don’t blame him, I’d ha’
seen the world myself if it had been so I could.

“Sylvia takes after him,” the grandmother continued
affectionately, after a minute’s pause. “There ain’t a foot o’
ground she don’t know her way over, and the wild creaturs
counts her one o’ themselves. Squer’ls she’ll tame to come an’
feed right out o’ her hands, and all sorts o’ birds. Last winter
she got the jay-birds to bangeing9 here, and I believe she’d
’a’ scanted herself10 of her own meals to have plenty to throw
out amongst ’em, if I hadn’t kep’ watch. Anything but crows,
I tell her, I’m willin’ to help support—though Dan he had
a tamed one o’ them that did seem to have reason same as
folks. It was round here a good spell after he went away. Dan
an’ his father they didn’t hitch,—but he never held up his
head ag’in after Dan had dared him an’ gone off.”

The guest did not notice this hint of family sorrows in his
eager interest in something else.

“So Sylvy knows all about birds, does she?” he exclaimed,
as he looked round at the little girl who sat, very demure but
increasingly sleepy, in the moonlight. “I am making a collection
of birds myself. I have been at it ever since I was a boy.” (Mrs.
Tilley smiled.) “There are two or three very rare ones I have
been hunting for these five years. I mean to get them on my
own ground if they can be found.”

“Do you cage ’em up?” asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in
response to this enthusiastic announcement.

“Oh, no, they’re stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens
of them,” said the ornithologist11, “and I have shot or snared
every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a white heron three
miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this
direction. They have never been found in this district at all. The
little white heron, it is,” and he turned again to look at Sylvia
with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of her
acquaintances.

But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow footpath.

“You would know the heron if you saw it,” the stranger
continued eagerly. “A queer tall white bird with soft feathers
and long thin legs. And it would have a nest perhaps in the top
of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk’s nest.”
Sylvia’s heart gave a wild beat; she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft black mud underneath and never be heard of more.

Not far beyond were the salt marshes just this side the sea itself, which Sylvia wondered and dreamed about, but never had seen, whose great voice could sometimes be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

“I can’t think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron’s nest,” the handsome stranger was saying. “I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me,” he added desperately, “and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey.”

Mrs. Tilley gave amazed attention to all this, but Sylvia still watched the toad, not divining, as she might have done at some calmer time, that the creature wished to get to its hole under the doorstep, and was much hindered by the unusual spectators at that hour of the evening. No amount of thought, that night, could decide how many wished-for treasures the ten dollars, so lightly spoken of, would buy.

The next day the young sportsman hovered about the woods, and Sylvia kept him company, having lost her first fear of the friendly lad, who proved to be most kind and sympathetic. He told her many things about the birds and what they knew and where they lived and what they did with themselves. And he gave her a jackknife, which she thought as great a treasure as if she were a desert-islander. All day long he did not once make her troubled or afraid except when he brought down some unsuspecting singing creature from its bough. Sylvia would have liked him vastly better without his gun; she could not understand why he killed the very birds he seemed to like so much. But as the day waned, Sylvia still watched the young man with loving admiration. She had never seen anybody so charming and delightful; the woman’s heart, asleep in the child, was vaguely thrilled by a dream of love. Some premonition of that great power stirred and swayed these young creatures who traversed the solemn woodlands with soft-footed silent care. They stopped

12. premonition. Feeling that something will happen

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Differentiated Instruction: Literacy & Reading Skills

UNIT 1

73
to listen to a bird’s song;
230 they pressed forward again
eagerly, parting the branches,—
speaking to each other rarely
and in whispers; the young
man going first and Sylvia
following, fascinated, a few
steps behind, with her gray eyes
dark with excitement.

She grieved because the
longed-for white heron was
elusive, but she did not lead the
guest, she only followed, and
there was no such thing as speaking first. The sound of her own
unquestioned voice would have terrified her,—it was hard enough
to answer yes or no when there was need of that. At last evening
began to fall, and they drove the cow home together, and Sylvia
smiled with pleasure when they came to the place where she heard
the whistle and was afraid only the night before.

II

Half a mile from home, at the farther edge of the woods,
where the land was highest, a great pine tree stood, the last of
its generation. Whether it was left for a boundary mark, or for
what reason, no one could say; the woodchoppers who had
felled its mates were dead and gone long ago, and a whole forest
of sturdy trees, pines and oaks and maples, had grown again.
But the stately head of this old pine towered above them all and
made a landmark for sea and shore miles and miles away. Sylvia
knew it well. She had always believed that whoever climbed to
the top of it could see the ocean; and the little girl had often laid
her hand on the great rough trunk and looked up wistfully at
those dark boughs that the wind always stirred, no matter how
hot and still the air might be below. Now she thought of the
tree with a new excitement, for why, if one climbed it at break
of day, could not one see all the world, and easily discover from
whence the white heron flew, and mark the place, and find the
hidden nest?

265 What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What
fancied triumph and delight and glory for the later morning
when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real
and too great for the childish heart to bear.
All night the door of the little house stood open and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia’s great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would after all come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest!

There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and silly Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird’s claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white oak tree that grew alongside, where she was almost lost among the dark branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless housebreaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak’s upper branches chafed against the pine trunk, just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast, the sharp dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons, the pitch made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree’s great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine tree, and the child knew that she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great main-mast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed
that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this
determined spark of human spirit winding its way from higher
branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held
themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way!
The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than
all the hawks, and bats, and moths, and even the sweet-voiced
thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary gray-eyed
child. And the tree stood still and frowned away the winds that
June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.

Sylvia’s face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the
ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood
trembling and tired but wholly triumphant, high in the treetop.

Yes, there was the sea with the dawning sun making a golden
dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks
with slow-moving pinions\(^\text{13}\). How low they looked in the air
from that height when one had only seen them before far up,
and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft
as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and

Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds.
Westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles
into the distance; here and there were church steeples, and
white villages; truly it was a vast and awesome world!

The birds sang louder and louder. At last the sun came up
bewilderingly bright. Sylvia could see the white sails of ships out
at sea, and the clouds that were purple and rose-colored and
yellow at first began to fade away. Where was the white heron’s
nest in the sea of green branches, and was this wonderful sight
and pageant of the world the only reward for having climbed
to such a giddy height? Now look down again, Sylvia, where
the green marsh is set among the shining birches and dark
hemlocks; there where you saw the white heron once you will
see him again; look, look! a white spot of him like a single
floating feather comes up from the dead hemlock and grows
larger, and rises, and comes close at last, and goes by the land-
mark pine with steady sweep of wing and outstretched slender
neck and crested head. And wait! wait! do not move a foot or a
finger, little girl, do not send an arrow of light and conscious-

\[^{13}\text{pinions. Part of a bird’s wing}\]

The child gives a long sigh a minute later when a company
of shouting catbirds comes also to the tree, and \textit{vexed} by their

\textit{vex} (veks) verb, annoy
fluttering and lawlessness the solemn heron goes away. She knows his secret now, the wild, light, slender bird that floats and wavers, and goes back like an arrow presently to his home in the green world beneath. Then Sylvia, well satisfied, makes her perilous way down again, not daring to look far below the branch she stands on, ready to cry sometimes because her fingers ache and her lame feet slip. Wondering over and over again what the stranger would say to her, and what he would think when she told him how to find his way straight to the heron’s nest.

“Sylvy, Sylvy!” called the busy old grandmother again and again, but nobody answered, and the small husk bed was empty and Sylvia had disappeared.

The guest waked from a dream, and remembering his day’s pleasure hurried to dress himself that might it sooner begin. He was sure from the way the shy little girl looked once or twice yesterday that she had at least seen the white heron, and now she must really be made to tell. Here she comes now, paler than ever, and her worn old frock is torn and tattered, and smeared with pine pitch. The grandmother and the sportsman stand in the door together and question her, and the splendid moment has come to speak of the dead hemlock tree by the green marsh.

But Sylvia does not speak after all, though the old grandmother fretfully rebukes14 her, and the young man’s kind, appealing eyes are looking straight in her own. He can make them rich with money; he has promised it, and they are poor now. He is so well worth making happy, and he waits to hear the story she can tell.

No, she must keep silence! What is it that suddenly forbids her and makes her dumb? Has she been nine years growing and now, when the great world for the first time puts out a hand to her, must she thrust it aside for a bird’s sake? The murmur of the pine’s green branches is in her ears, she remembers how the white heron came flying through the golden air and how they watched the sea and the morning together, and Sylvia cannot speak; she cannot tell the heron’s secret and give its life away.

---

14. rebukes. Blame or scold in a sharp way
Dear loyalty, that suffered a sharp pang as the guest went away disappointed later in the day, that could have served and followed him and loved him as a dog loves! Many a night Sylvia heard the echo of his whistle haunting the pasture path as she came home with the loitering cow. She forgot even her sorrow at the sharp report of his gun and the sight of thrushes and sparrows dropping silent to the ground, their songs hushed and their pretty feathers stained and wet with blood. Were the birds better friends than their hunter might have been.—who can tell? Whatever treasures were lost to her, woodlands and summertime, remember! Bring your gifts and graces and tell your secrets to this lonely country child!

Do you think Sylvia is right to change her mind about not telling the young man about the white heron’s whereabouts?

If you were Sylvia, would you have told the man where the heron was? Why, or why not? Which instances would make you give up a secret you share with someone?
**READING CHECK**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Which animal is a friend to Sylvia?
   A. cow
   B. dog
   C. pig

2. Which bird is the young ornithologist looking for?
   A. black hawk
   B. brown eagle
   C. white heron

3. Where does the young man stay while hunting for the white heron?
   A. in the woods
   B. in Sylvia’s house
   C. in a small cottage

4. What is it about the ornithologist that Sylvia doesn’t understand?
   A. how he gets to their town
   B. where he gets the money he offers
   C. why he likes birds and yet kills them

5. What secret does Sylvia keep to herself at the end of the story?
   A. where to find the big pine tree
   B. where to find the hawk’s nest
   C. where to find the white heron

**VOCABULARY CHECK**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Sylvia felt *wretched* living in the crowded manufacturing town. Which describes how Sylvia feels?
   A. excited
   B. happy
   C. miserable

2. The young ornithologist *gallantly* asks Sylvia not to be afraid of him. Which describes how the man speaks to Sylvia?
   A. loudly
   B. politely
   C. softly

3. The young man has only *caught a glimpse* of the white heron once. To *catch a glimpse* means
   A. to see quickly.
   B. to catch a bird.
   C. to face at once.

4. Sylvia feels her eager blood *coursing* through her body while climbing the pine tree. What does *course* mean?
   A. drop
   B. fill
   C. flow

5. A company of shouting catbirds comes and vexes the quiet heron. Which word shares the meaning of vex?
   A. annoy
   B. approach
   C. leave
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Theme

After reading “A White Heron,” review the important details you wrote in your cluster chart. What do you think is the theme or main idea of the story?

USE READING SKILLS: Take Notes

Share with a partner how you understand the story of “A White Heron” using the information in your Response Bookmark. How would you describe story’s main character, Sylvia?

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS

Build Vocabulary: Similes

A simile is a comparison of two seemingly unlike things using like or as. It allows readers to see things in an imaginative way.

Examples

1. Rosa’s hair color is like a rainbow.
2. You’re sweet as an apple pie.
3. The sun is like a big plate of gold.

In the examples, two seemingly unlike things are compared: hair and rainbow; person and apple pie; sun and plate of gold.

Identify the word or phrase that is being described by each simile and the word or phrase it is being compared to. Write your answers on the table below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item the Simile Describes</th>
<th>What the Item Is Compared to</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. Sylvia’s feet and fingers are like bird’s claws.
2. The tree branches are like talons.
3. The pine tree is like a great mainmast to the voyaging earth.
4. Sylvia’s face was like a pale star.
5. The tree branches are like giant ladders reaching up to the sky.

WORK TOGETHER: Pro and Con Chart

With three other classmates, create a Pro and Con Chart with the headings “What Sylvia Lost” and “What Sylvia Gained.” Brainstorm with your group mates what Sylvia lost by not telling the young man where the white heron could be found. Also discuss what Sylvia gained from keeping the location of the white heron a secret. Write down your ideas in a graphic organizer similar to the one below. Share your Pro and Con Chart with the rest of the class.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What Sylvia Lost</th>
<th>What Sylvia Gained</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
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</table>


ABOUT THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

“My Left Foot” is a story about determination. In this autobiography, Christy Brown describes his birth and early childhood. He shares his mother’s unfailing confidence in his potential despite a medical condition called cerebral palsy. Read on to find out how an incident led Christy to find his “road to a new world.”

MAKE CONNECTIONS

How does people’s confidence in you affect your performance in school?

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USE READING SKILLS: Cause and Effect

When you evaluate cause and effect, you look for the relationship between a cause or causes and one or more effects. As you read Christy’s autobiography, use a Cause-and-Effect Chart like the one below. Determine the reasons, or causes, something exists or occurs, as well as the results, or effects, in your chart. A sample has been provided.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Causes</th>
<th>Effects</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Christy’s parents were worried about their son’s condition.</td>
<td>They decided to seek medical advice.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

...
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>hold the fort</strong></td>
<td>I must learn how to cook</td>
<td>When your parents ask you to <strong>hold the fort</strong>, you...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>idiom</td>
<td>since my mother always</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>asks me to <strong>hold the fort</strong> while she's away.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>conviction</strong></td>
<td>You cannot debate with</td>
<td>When you have a strong <strong>conviction</strong>, you...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>con • vic • tion</td>
<td>Caleb. He has a strong</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(kən vik’ shən) noun</td>
<td><strong>conviction</strong> about that</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>issue.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>momentous</strong></td>
<td>I have to be present</td>
<td>An occasion is a <strong>momentous</strong> one when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mo • men • tous</td>
<td>in that <strong>momentous</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(mō men´ təs) adjective</td>
<td>occasion.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>bread and butter</strong></td>
<td>Lyndon’s work in the</td>
<td>You treat something as your <strong>bread and butter</strong> when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>idiom</td>
<td>factory is his <strong>bread and</strong> butter.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>contention</strong></td>
<td>The two angry neighbors</td>
<td>A <strong>contention</strong> makes people...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>con • ten • tion</td>
<td>have this growing <strong>contention</strong> over that piece of land.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(kən ten[t]´ shən) noun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>taut</strong></td>
<td>I’m already feeling the</td>
<td>A person is <strong>taut</strong> when he or she is...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>taut</td>
<td>pressure because I could</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(tōt) adjective</td>
<td>barely move my <strong>taut</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>hands.</td>
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</table>
I was born in the Rotunda Hospital on June 5th, 1932. There were nine children before me and twelve after me, so I myself belong to the middle group. Out of this total of twenty-two, seventeen lived, but four died in infancy, leaving thirteen still to hold the family fort.

Mine was a difficult birth, I am told. Both mother and son almost died. A whole army of relations queued up outside the hospital until the small hours of the morning, waiting for news and praying furiously that it would be good.

After my birth, Mother was sent to recuperate for some weeks, and I was kept in the hospital while she was away. I remained there for some time, without name, for I wasn’t baptized until my mother was well enough to bring me to church.

It was Mother who first saw that there was something wrong with me. I was about four months old at the time. She noticed that my head had a habit of falling backward whenever she tried to feed me. She attempted to correct this by placing her hand on the back of my neck to keep it steady. But when she took it away, back it would drop again. That was the first warning sign. Then she became aware of other defects as I got older. She saw that my hands were clenched nearly all of the time and were inclined to twine behind my back, my mouth couldn’t grasp the teat of the bottle because even at that early age my jaws would either lock together tightly, so that it was impossible for her to open them, or they would suddenly become limp and fall loose, dragging my whole mouth to one side. At six months I could not sit up without having a mountain of pillows around me. At twelve months it was the same.

Very worried by this, Mother told my father her fears, and they decided to seek medical advice without any further

1. queued up. Joined a line of people
2. recuperate. To regain health or strength
3. my jaws...whole mouth to one side. These behaviors are typical of someone with severe cerebral palsy, a condition which is caused by lack of oxygen to the brain and which often occurs in a difficult childbirth.
delay. I was a little over a year old when they began to take me to hospitals and clinics, convinced that there was something definitely wrong with me, something which they could not understand or name, but which was very real and disturbing.

Almost every doctor who saw and examined me labeled me a very interesting but also a hopeless case. Many told Mother very gently that I was mentally defective and would remain so. That was a hard blow to a young mother who had already reared five healthy children. The doctors were so very sure of themselves that Mother’s faith in me seemed almost an impertinence. They assured her that nothing could be done for me. She refused to accept this truth, the inevitable truth—as it then seemed—that I was beyond cure, beyond saving, even beyond hope. She could not and would not believe that I was an imbecile, as the doctors told her. She had nothing in the world to go by, not a scrap of evidence to support her conviction that, though my body was crippled, my mind was not. In spite of all the doctors and specialists told her, she would not agree. I don’t believe she knew why—she just knew, without feeling the smallest shade of doubt.

Finding that the doctors could not help in any way beyond telling her not to place her trust in me, or, in other words, to forget I was a human creature, rather to regard me as just something to be fed and washed and then put away again,

Mother decided there and then to take matters into her own hands. I was her child, and therefore part of the family. No matter how dull and incapable I might grow up to be, she was determined to treat me on the same plane as the others, and not as the “queer one” in the back room who was never spoken of when there were visitors present.

That was a momentous decision as far as my future life was concerned. It meant that I would always have my mother on my side to help me fight all the battles that were to come, and to inspire me with new strength when I was almost beaten.

But it wasn’t easy for her because now the relatives and friends had decided otherwise. They contended that I should be taken kindly, sympathetically, but not seriously. That would be a mistake. “For your own sake,” they told her, “don’t look to this boy as you would to the others; it would only break your heart in the end.” Luckily for me, Mother and Father held out against the lot of them. But Mother wasn’t content just to say that I

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4. impertinence. Inappropriate, disrespectful action
was not an idiot: she set out to prove it, not because of any rigid sense of duty, but out of love. That is why she was so successful.

At this time she had the five other children to look after besides the “difficult one,” though as yet it was not by any means a full house. They were my brothers, Jim, Tony, and Paddy, and my two sisters, Lily and Mona, all of them very young, just a year or so between each of them, so that they were almost exactly like steps of stairs.

Four years rolled by, and I was now five, and still as helpless as a newly born baby. While my father was out at bricklaying, earning our bread and butter for us, Mother was slowly, patiently pulling down the wall, brick by brick, that seemed to thrust itself between me and the other children, slowly, patiently penetrating beyond the thick curtain that hung over my mind, separating it from theirs. It was hard, heart-breaking work, for often all she got from me in return was a vague smile and perhaps a faint gurgle. I could not speak or even mumble, nor could I sit up without support on my own, let alone take steps. But I wasn’t inert or motionless. I seemed, indeed, to be convulsed with movement, wild, stiff, snakelike movement that never left me, except in sleep. My fingers twisted and twitched continually, my arms twined backwards and would often shoot out suddenly this way and that, and my head lolled and sagged sideways. I was a queer, crooked little fellow.

Mother tells me how one day she had been sitting with me for hours in an upstairs room, showing me pictures out of a great big storybook that I had got from Santa Claus last Christmas and telling me the names of different animals and flowers that were in them, trying without success to get me to repeat them. This had gone on for hours while she talked and laughed with me. Then at the end of it she leaned over me and said gently into my ear:

“Did you like it, Chris? Did you like the bears and the monkeys and all the lovely flowers? Nod your head for yes, like a good boy.”

But I could make no sign that I had understood her. Her face was bent over mine hopefully. Suddenly, involuntarily, my queer hand reached up and grasped one of the dark curls that fell in a thick cluster about her neck. Gently she loosened the clenched

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5. **bricklaying.** Building with layers of bricks and mortar
fingers, though some dark strands were still clutched between them.

Then she turned away from my curious stare and left the room, crying. The door closed behind her. It all seemed hopeless. It looked as though there was some justification for my relatives’ contention that I was an idiot and beyond help.

They now spoke of an institution. “Never!” said my mother almost fiercely, when this was suggested to her. “I know my boy is not an idiot. It is his body that is shattered, not his mind. I’m sure of that.”

Sure? Yet inwardly, she prayed God would give her some proof of her faith. She knew it was one thing to believe but quite another thing to prove. I was now five, and still I showed no real sign of intelligence. I showed no apparent interest in things except with my toes—more especially those of my left foot. Although my natural habits were clean, I could not aid myself, but in this respect my father took care of me. I used to lie on my back all the time in the kitchen or, on bright warm days, out in the garden, a little bundle of crooked muscles and twisted nerves, surrounded by a family that loved me and hoped for me and that made me part of their own warmth and humanity. I was lonely, imprisoned in a world of my own, unable to communicate with others, cut off, separated from them as though a glass wall stood between my existence and theirs, thrusting me beyond the sphere of their lives and activities. I longed to run about and play with the rest, but I was unable to break loose from my bondage.

Then, suddenly, it happened! In a moment everything was changed, my future life molded into a definite shape, my mother’s faith in me rewarded and her secret fear changed into open triumph.

It happened so quickly, so simply after all the years of waiting and uncertainty, that I can see and feel the whole scene as if it had happened last week. It was the afternoon of a cold, gray December day. The streets outside glistened with snow, the white sparkling flakes stuck and melted on the windowpanes and hung.
on the boughs of the trees like molten silver. The wind howled
dismally, whipping up little whirling columns of snow that rose
and fell at every fresh gust. And over all, the dull, murky sky
stretched like a dark canopy, a vast infinity of grayness.

Inside, all the family were gathered round the big kitchen
fire that lit up the little room with a warm glow and made giant
shadows dance on the walls and ceiling.

In a corner Mona and Paddy were sitting, huddled together,
a few torn school primers before them. They were writing
down little sums onto an old chipped slate, using a bright
piece of yellow chalk. I was close to them, propped up by a few
pillows against the wall, watching.

It was the chalk that attracted me so
much. It was a long, slender stick of vivid
yellow. I had never seen anything like it
before, and it showed up so well against
the black surface of the slate that I was
fascinated by it as much as if it had been a
stick of gold.

Suddenly, I wanted desperately to do what my sister was
doing. Then—without thinking or knowing exactly what I
was doing, I reached out and took the stick of chalk out of my
sister’s hand—with my left foot.

I do not know why I used my left foot to do this. It is a
puzzle to many people as well as to myself, for, although I had
displayed a curious interest in my toes at an early age, I had never
attempted before this to use either of my feet in any way. They
could have been as useless to me as were my hands. That day,
however, my left foot, apparently by its own volition, reached
out and very impolitely took the chalk out of my sister’s hand.

I held it tightly between my toes, and, acting on an impulse,
made a wild sort of scribble with it on the slate. Next moment
I stopped, a bit dazed, surprised, looking down at the stick of
yellow chalk stuck between my toes, not knowing what to do
with it next, hardly knowing how it got there. Then I looked up
and became aware that everyone had stopped talking and was
staring at me silently. Nobody stirred. Mona, her black curls
framing her chubby little face, stared at me with great big eyes
and open mouth. Across the open hearth, his face lit by flames,

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**Note the Facts**

What attracts Christy’s attention?

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**Use Reading Skills**

**Cause and Effect** Reread lines 169–172. What is the result of Christy’s wanting to imitate what his sister is doing? Record your answers in your Cause-and-Effect Chart.

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6. **primers.** First books used to teach young children
7. **volition.** Free will
8. **hearth.** Fireplace
sat my father, leaning forward, hands outspread on his knees, his shoulders tense. I felt the sweat break out on my forehead.

My mother came in from the pantry with a steaming pot in her hand. She stopped midway between the table and the fire, feeling the tension flowing through the room.

She followed their stare and saw me in the corner. Her eyes looked from my face down to my foot, with the chalk gripped between my toes. She put down the pot.

Then she crossed over to me and knelt down beside me, as she had done so many times before.

“I’ll show you what to do with it, Chris,” she said, very slowly and in a queer, choked way, her face flushed as if with some inner excitement.

Taking another piece of chalk from Mona, she hesitated, then very deliberately drew, on the floor in front of me, the single letter “A.”

“Copy that,” she said, looking steadily at me. “Copy it, Christy.” I couldn’t.

I looked about me, looked around at the faces that were turned toward me, tense, excited faces that were at that moment frozen, immobile, eager, waiting for a miracle in their midst.

The stillness was profound. The room was full of flame and shadow that danced before my eyes and lulled my taut nerves into a sort of waking sleep. I could hear the sound of the water tap dripping in the pantry, the loud ticking of the clock on the mantelshelf, and the soft hiss and crackle of the logs on the open hearth.

I tried again. I put out my foot and made a wild jerking stab with the chalk which produced a very crooked line and nothing more. Mother held the slate steady for me.

“Try again, Chris,” she whispered in my ear. “Again.”

I did. I stiffened my body and put my left foot out again, for the third time. I drew one side of the letter. I drew half the other side. Then the stick of chalk broke and I was left with a stump. I wanted to fling it away and give up. Then I felt my mother’s hand on my shoulder. I tried once more. Out went my foot.

I shook, I sweated and strained every muscle. My hands were so tightly clenched that my fingernails bit into the flesh. I set my teeth so hard that I nearly pierced my lower lip. Everything in the room swam till the faces around me were mere patches of white. But—I drew it—the letter “A.” There it was on the floor before me. Shaky, with awkward, wobbly sides and a very

DURING READING

Analyze Literature

Theme Read lines 191–201 with a partner. Based on what you know about the attitude of Christy’s mother, what is one of the themes of the story?

Build Vocabulary

taut (t0t) adjective, tense

Build Vocabulary

Picture what lines 207–212 describe. What does the word taut suggest?

Analyze Literature

Theme Reread lines 220–226. What character trait does the author want to emphasize?
uneven center line. But it was the letter “A.” I looked up. I saw my mother’s face for a moment, tears on her cheeks. Then my father stooped and hoisted me on to his shoulder.

I had done it! It had started—the thing that was to give my mind its chance of expressing itself. True, I couldn’t speak with my lips. But now I would speak through something more lasting than spoken words—written words.

**Think and Reflect**

Aside from being happy, what would Christy be feeling after discovering that he could write using his left foot?

That one letter, scrawled on the floor with a broken bit of yellow chalk gripped between my toes, was my road to a new world, my key to mental freedom. It was to provide a source of relaxation to the tense, taut thing that was I, which panted for expression behind a twisted mouth.
READER CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What medical condition does Christy Brown have?
   A. blindness
   B. cerebral palsy
   C. speech defect

2. What was Christy’s early life like?
   A. Christy attends a special school once a week.
   B. Christy depends a lot on his mother’s support.
   C. Christy likes to play with his brothers and sisters.

3. What interested Christy?
   A. his hands
   B. his left foot
   C. his right arm

4. How does Christy get the stick of chalk from his sister’s hand?
   A. He uses his left foot.
   B. He uses a long stick.
   C. He uses his right hand.

5. At the end of the story, what does Christy learn to do?
   A. to read the letter A
   B. to write the letter A
   C. to sound out the letter A

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. There is no evidence to support Christy’s mother’s conviction that her understands her. Conviction refers to a
   A. good opinion.
   B. great idea.
   C. strong belief.

2. Christy’s newfound talent is a momentous event in his life. The event is
   A. very important.
   B. very fast.
   C. very urgent.

3. Christy’s father is out bricklaying, earning his family’s bread and butter. Bread and butter is an expression that means
   A. source of happiness.
   B. source of hope.
   C. source of income.

4. Christy’s relatives’ contention is that Christy’s condition is beyond help. Which is another word for contention?
   A. argument
   B. decision
   C. feeling

5. Looking around at the faces of his family, Christy feels that his nerves go taut. Which describes what Christy feels?
   A. happy
   B. tense
   C. afraid
**ANALYZE LITERATURE: Theme**

After reading “My Left Foot,” how does the metaphors the author uses to describe his experiences contribute to the theme? What do you think is the important theme of this autobiography?

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**USE READING SKILLS: Cause and Effect**

Summarize the story using the cause-and-effect skill.

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**BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Transitive and Intransitive Verbs**

A transitive verb is a type of verb that has a direct object.

**Examples**

1. Jenna washes the dishes. (the object is the dishes)
2. Ted and Jillian broke the neighbor’s window. (the object is the neighbor’s window)
3. I really understand your situation. (the object is your situation)

On the other hand, an intransitive verb does not have a direct object.

**Examples**

1. Cherry screams.
2. The dog barks.
3. The flower blooms.

The verbs screams, barks, and blooms do not have other words after them.

Identify whether the sentence uses a transitive or an intransitive verb.

1. Christy’s mother shows some pictures to her son.

2. Christy held the chalk between his toes.

3. Then, Christy stopped.


5. Christy’s mother told her husband her fears.

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**WRITING SKILLS: Write an Essay**

Write a short essay about what you admire most about Christy Brown. Then, share your essay by reading it in class. Observe the checklist below as you write your essay. In the same way, use this checklist, too, to evaluate your classmates’ work.

- Did I spell out a character trait which I admire most about Christy Brown?
- Did I explain why I admire this trait?
- Did I support my reasons with details from the story?
- Did I organize my ideas clearly and logically?
ABOUT THE BIOGRAPHY

“Harriet Tubman: The Moses of Her People” tells the story of a woman’s efforts to lead others out of slavery. The biography shares stories about Tubman’s trips on the Underground Railroad and her other activities as a nurse and intelligence agent during the Civil War. The Underground Railroad was not an actual train, but a route for moving enslaved people to free territory. Read on to find out more about Tubman’s heroic deeds.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

What personal sacrifices have you had to make to help others in need?

__________________________

__________________________

__________________________

__________________________

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Allusion

An allusion is a reference to a well-known person, event, object, or work from history or literature. As you read Harriet Tubman, observe the author’s style and take note of the allusions he used.
USE READING SKILLS: Compare and Contrast

When you compare and contrast, you look into the similarities and differences between two or more people or things. In *Harriet Tubman*, Langston Hughes compares Tubman to Moses, Frederick Douglass, and Phillis Wheatley. Use a Venn diagram to compare and contrast the characteristics and accomplishments of these people to Harriet Tubman.

Venn Diagram
### PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>in the thick of</strong> idiom</td>
<td>Mike didn’t notice the visitor because he was in the thick of his project.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>bondage</strong> bon • dage (bān’ dij) noun</td>
<td>I read in a history book how people were freed from bondage.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>faltering</strong> fal • ter • ing (fōl’ tə rिङ) adjective</td>
<td>You can easily convince Harry because he has faltering beliefs about that topic.</td>
<td>A faltering belief is one that...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>compensation</strong> com • pen • sa • tion (kəm pən sə shən) noun</td>
<td>The workers demand that their compensation be raised.</td>
<td>People with high compensation can...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>multitude</strong> mul • ti • tude (məl’ tə tū’d’) noun</td>
<td>A multitude gathers during the President’s inauguration.</td>
<td>When a multitude gathers...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Then we saw the lightning, and that was the guns; and then we heard the thunder, and that was the big guns; and then we heard the rain falling and that was the drops of blood falling; and when we came to get in the crops, it was dead men that we reaped.” So the escaped slave, Harriet Tubman, described one of the battles of the War between the North and South in which she took part, for she was in the thick of the fighting. Before the War, like Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman devoted her life to the cause of freedom, and after the War to the advancement of her people.

Like Douglass she was born in Maryland a slave, one of eleven sons and daughters. No one kept a record of her birth, so the exact year is not known. But she lived so long and so much was written about her that most of the other facts of her life are accurately recorded. She was a homely child, morose, wilful, wild, and constantly in rebellion against slavery. Unlike Phillis Wheatley or Douglass, Harriet had no teaching of any sort, except the whip. As a little girl, on the very first day that she was sent to work in the Big House, her mistress whipped her four times. Once she ran away and hid in a pig sty for five days, eating the scraps thrown to the pigs. “There were good masters and mistresses, so I’ve heard tell,” she once said, “but I didn’t happen to come across any of them.”

Harriet never liked to work as a servant in the house, so perhaps because of her rebellious nature, she was soon ordered to the fields. One day when she was in her early teens something happened that affected her whole life. It was evening and a young slave had, without permission, gone to a country store. The overseer followed him to whip him. He ordered

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1. Frederick Douglass (c. 1818–1895). African-American leader, writer, and diplomat
2. Phillis Wheatley (c.1753–1784). African-born American poet who was brought to this country as a slave
3. Big House. Owner’s house on a plantation
4. overseer. One who controlled and directed the slaves on a plantation
Harriet to help tie him up. As Harriet refused, the slave ran. The overseer picked up a heavy iron weight from the scales and threw it. But he did not hit the fellow. He struck Harriet’s head, almost crushing her skull, and leaving a deep scar forever. Unconscious, the girl lingered between life and death for days.

When at last she was able to work again, Harriet still suffered fits of unconsciousness. These lasted all her life. They would come upon her at any time, any place, and it would seem as if she had suddenly fallen asleep. Sometimes in the fields, sometimes leaning against a fence, sometimes in church, she would “go to sleep” and no one could wake her until the seizure had passed. When she was awake, this did not affect her thinking. But her master thought the blow had made her half-witted. Harriet continued to let him believe this. Meanwhile, she prayed God to deliver her from bondage.

When she was about twenty-four years old, she married a jolly, carefree fellow named Tubman, who did not share her concern for leaving the slave country. A few years later, when her old master died, Harriet heard that she and two of her brothers were to be sold, so they decided to run away, together. It was dangerous to tell anyone. Harriet had no chance to let even her mother know directly. But on the evening that she was leaving, she went about the fields and the slaves quarters singing:

“When that old chariot comes
I’m gwine to leave you.
I’m bound for the Promised Land…”

And the way she sang that song let her friends and kinfolks know that to Harriet the Promised Land right then meant the North, not heaven. That night she left the Brodas Plantation on the Big Buckwater River never to return. Before dawn her brothers became frightened and went back to the slave huts before their absence was discovered. But Harriet went on alone through the woods by night, hiding by day, having no map, unable to read or write, but trusting God, instinct, and the North star to guide her. By some miracle she eventually got to Philadelphia, found work there, and was never again a slave.

But Harriet could not be happy while all her family were slaves. She kept thinking about them. So, some months later, she went back to Maryland, hoping to persuade her husband.

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5. “go to sleep.” Tubman was an epileptic; epilepsy, a disorder of the nervous system characterized by periods of unconsciousness, convulsions, or seizures, is caused by brain damage resulting from a head injury.

6. kinfolks. Family
to come North with her. He said he did not wish to go. She led others Northward, however, and, within two years of her own escape, she had secretly returned to the South three times to rescue two brothers, a sister and her children, and a dozen more slaves. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850\(^7\) now made it dangerous for runaways to stop anywhere in the United States, so Harriet led her followers to Canada where she spent a winter begging, cooking, and praying for them. Then she returned to Maryland to rescue nine more Negroes.

During the first years of her own freedom, Harriet spent most of her time showing others how to follow in her footsteps. Her fame as a fearless leader of “freedom bands” spread rapidly. Shortly large rewards were offered by the slaveholders for her capture. But she was never captured, and she never lost any of her followers to the slave catchers. One reason for this was that once a slave made up his mind to go with her and started out, Harriet did not permit any turning back. Perhaps her experience with her two brothers when she first ran away accounted for this insistence. Her method of preventing frightened or weak travelers on the freedom road from returning to slavery, and perhaps being whipped into betraying the others, was simple. Harriet Tubman carried a pistol. When anyone said he could not, or would not go on, Harriet pulled her gun from the folds of her dress and said, “You will go on—or you’ll die.” The strength or the courage to continue was always forthcoming when her faltering companions looked into the muzzle of Harriet’s gun. Through swamp and thicket, rain and cold, they went on toward the North. Thus everyone who started out with Harriet Tubman lived to thank her for freedom.

Long before the War between the States came, so many slaves were escaping, and so many white people in the North were helping them, that the routes to freedom became known as the “Underground Railroad.” Secret “stations” where escaping slaves might be hidden, warmed, and fed were established in homes, barns, and sometimes even churches along the way. The Quakers\(^8\) were especially helpful and active in this regard. And a strong Anti-Slavery Society supported such activities. Slave owners were losing thousands of dollars worth of slaves by escape every year. Harriet Tubman became known as a “conductor” on the Underground Railroad. She was not the

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\(^7\) Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. Law that made it illegal to offer protection to escaping slaves

\(^8\) Quakers. Members of a Protestant sect who practice simplicity in their religious services and hold world peace as a primary goal
Harriet had a great sense of humor. She enjoyed telling the story on herself of how, not being able to read, she once sat down and went to sleep on a park bench right under a sign offering a big reward for her capture. When she began to make speeches to raise money for the cause of freedom, she often told jokes, sang, and sometimes even danced. She might have been a great actress, people said, because without makeup she could hollow out her cheeks and wrinkle her brow to seem like a very old woman. She would make her body shrink and cause her legs to totter when she chose to so disguise herself. Once, making a trip to Maryland to rescue some relatives, she had to pass only “conductor” but she was the most famous, and one of the most daring. Once she brought as many as twenty-five slaves in a single band to freedom. Another time she had in her party of runaways a big strong slave worth $1500. His name was Josiah Bailey and the Maryland countryside was plastered with posters offering a reward for his capture. There were ads in the papers for his return. On the way through New York City a friend of freedom recognized Bailey from the description in the papers and said, “I’m glad to meet a man whose head is worth fifteen hundred dollars!” Josiah was so shocked at being recognized and so afraid that he would be captured that a mood of deep despair descended upon him and he would not speak the rest of the trip. When the train was carrying the runaways across the bridge at Buffalo into Canada, Bailey would not even look at the wonder of Niagara Falls. But when they got on free soil and he was finally safe, he burst into song, and nobody could stop him from singing. He cried that at last, thanks to God, he was in Heaven! Harriet Tubman said, “Well, you old fool, you! You might at least have looked at Niagara Falls on the way to Heaven.”

Think and Reflect

What does the author use to show how smart and funny Tubman was?

Read Aloud

Read lines 133–151 with a partner. Which instances in the anecdote show that Tubman is funny?

9. **Niagara Falls.** Giant waterfall divided by an island; one side is in Niagara, New York, in the United States; the other side is in Niagara, Ontario, in Canada.
through a village where she was known. She bought two hens, tied them by their feet and hung them heads down around her neck, then went tottering along. Sure enough, a slave catcher came up the street who might, she thought, recognize her, tottering or not. So she unloosed the squalling chickens in the middle of the street and dived after them, purposely not catching them so she could run down the road in pursuit and out of the slave catcher’s sight, while all the passersby laughed. Sometimes, knowing that her band of fugitives was pursued by angry masters, she would get on a train headed South—because nobody would suspect that runaway slaves would be going South. Sometimes she would disguise the women in her party and herself as men. Babies would be given a sleeping medicine to keep them quiet and then wrapped up like bundles. Sometimes she would wade for hours up a stream to throw the hounds off scent. In the dark of night when there was no North star, she would feel the trunks of trees for the moss that grows on the northern side, and that would serve as a guide toward freedom. Often when all seemed hopeless—although she never told her followers she had such feelings—Harriet would pray. One of her favorite prayers was, “Lord, you’ve been with me through six troubles. Be with me in the seventh.” Some people thought that Harriet Tubman led a charmed life because, within twelve years, she made nineteen dangerous trips into the South rescuing slaves. She herself said, “I never run my train off the track, and I never lost a passenger.”

Her father and mother were both over seventy years of age when she rescued them and brought her parents North to a home she had begun to buy in Auburn, New York. At first they stayed in St. Catharines, Canada, where escaped slaves were safe; since, in 1833, Queen Victoria10 had declared all slavery illegal. But it was too cold for the old folks there. And Harriet’s work was not on foreign soil. She herself seemed to have no fear of being captured. She came and went about the United States as she chose. And became so famous that, although she never sought the spotlight, it was hard for her not to be recognized wherever she was. Once at a great woman’s suffrage meeting where her old head wound had caused her to go sound asleep in the audience, she was recognized, and awoke to find herself on the platform. Her speech for women’s rights was roundly applauded. In those days neither Negroes nor women could

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10. *Queen Victoria* (1819–1901). Queen of Great Britain and Ireland from 1837 to 1901
vote. Harriet believed both should, so, like Frederick Douglass, she followed the woman’s suffrage movement closely.

In appearance “a more ordinary specimen of humanity could hardly be found,” but there was no one with a greater capacity\(^1\) for leadership than she had. Among the slaves, where she walked in secret, Harriet began to be known as Moses. And at the great public meetings of the North, as the Negro historian William Wells Brown wrote in 1854, “all who frequented anti-slavery conventions, lectures, picnics, and fairs, could not fail to have seen a black woman of medium size, upper front teeth gone, smiling countenance\(^2\), attired in coarse but neat apparel, with an old-fashioned reticule or bag suspended by her side, who, on taking her seat, would at once drop off into a sound sleep…. No fugitive was ever captured who had Moses for a leader.” She was very independent. Between rescue trips or speeches, she would work as a cook or a scrubwoman. She might borrow, but she never begged money for herself. All contributions went toward the cause of freedom in one way or another, as did most of what she earned.

But when the War between the States began and she became a nurse for the Union Armies, and then a military scout and an invaluable intelligence agent behind the Rebel lines, she was promised some compensation. Technically she was not a registered nurse\(^3\), and being a woman, she could not be a soldier. Yet she carried a Union pass, traveled on government transports, did dangerous missions in Confederate territory, and gave advice to chiefs of staffs. But she never got paid for this, although she had been promised $1800 for certain assignments. To Harriet this made no difference until, after the War, she badly needed money to care for her aged parents.

Petitions\(^4\) were sent to the War Department and to Congress to try to get the $1800 due her. But it was never granted.

Harriet Tubman’s war activities were amazing. She served under General Stevens at Beaufort, South Carolina. She was sent to Florida to nurse those ill of dysentery, smallpox, and yellow fever\(^5\). She was with Colonel Robert Gould Shaw at Fort Wagner. She organized a group of nine Negro scouts and river pilots and, with Colonel Montgomery, led a Union raiding contingent\(^6\) of

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11. capability. Ability, qualification
12. countenance. Look on a person’s face
13. registered nurse. Nurse who has completed training and passed a state examination
14. petition. Formal document containing a serious request
15. dysentery, smallpox, and yellow fever. Dysentery—intestinal inflammation that can be caused by unsanitary conditions; smallpox—viral disease causing fever and skin eruptions; yellow fever—viral disease (carried by a mosquito) that causes high fever
16. contingent. Group forming part of a larger group, such as troops
three gunboats and about 150 Negro troops up the Combahee River. As reported by the Boston Commonwealth, for July 10, 1863, they “under the guidance of a black woman, dashed into the enemy’s country, struck a bold and effective blow, destroying millions of dollars worth of commissary stores, cotton and lordly dwellings, and striking terror into the heart of rebeldom, brought off near 800 slaves and thousands of dollars worth of property.”

Concerning Harriet Tubman, it continued, “Many and many times she has penetrated the enemy’s lines and discovered their situation and condition, and escaped without injury, but not without extreme hazard.”

One of the songs Harriet sang during the War was:

“Of all the whole creation in the East or in the West,
The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best.
Come along! Come along! Don’t be alarmed,
Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm.”

But Harriet Tubman never had a farm of her own. Her generous nature caused her to give away almost all the money she ever got her hands on. There were always fugitives, or relatives, or causes, or friends in need. She was over forty years old when Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, making legal for all the freedom she had struggled to secure.

She lived for almost fifty years after the War was over. Some people thought she was a hundred years old when she died in 1913. Certainly she was over ninety. A number of books have been written about her. The first one, Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman, by Sarah H. Bradford, appeared in 1869, and the proceeds from its sale helped Harriet pay for her cottage. She wrote her friend, Frederick Douglass, who had hidden her and her runaway slaves more than once in his home in Rochester, for a letter about her book. In his reply he compared their two careers:

“The difference between us is very marked. Most that I have done and suffered in the service of our cause has been in public, and I have received much encouragement at every step of the way. You, on the other hand, have labored in a private way. I have wrought in the day—you in the night. I have had the applause

17. Commonwealth. Daily newspaper in Boston
of the crowd and the satisfaction that comes of being approved by the multitude, while the most that you have done has been witnessed by a few trembling, scared and footsore bondsmen\textsuperscript{18} and women, whom you have led out of the house of bondage, and whose heartfelt, God bless you, has been your only reward. The midnight sky and the silent stars have been the witnesses of your devotion to freedom and of your heroism.”

When years later, in her old age, a reporter for The New York Herald Tribune\textsuperscript{19} came to interview her one afternoon at her home in Auburn, he wrote that, as he was leaving, Harriet looked toward an orchard nearby and said, “Do you like apples?”

On being assured that the young man liked them, she asked, “Did you ever plant any apples?”

The writer confessed that he had not. “No,” said the old woman, “but somebody else planted them. I liked apples when I was young. And I said, ‘Some day I’ll plant apples myself for other young folks to eat.’ And I guess I did.”

Her apples were the apples of freedom. Harriet Tubman lived to see the harvest. Her home in Auburn, New York, is preserved as a memorial to her planting.

\textsuperscript{18} bondsmen. Slaves

\textsuperscript{19} The New York Herald Tribune. Daily newspaper in New York City

\textbf{Analyze Literature}

\textbf{Allusion} Which newspaper is referred to by the author in lines 273–276

\textbf{Mirrors & Windows}

What makes a good leader? Must a good leader always have personal sacrifice?
**Reading Check**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. In what way were Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman alike?
   A. Both were teachers.
   B. Both were born into slavery.
   C. Both were from Philadelphia.

2. In what way does Harriet Tubman inform her family about her escape?
   A. by singing
   B. by writing
   C. by speaking

3. What does Harriet Tubman carry with her while helping slaves escape?
   A. a hat
   B. a pistol
   C. a basket

4. How did Harriet Tubman participate in the Civil War?
   A. as a soldier
   B. as a general
   C. as a military scout

5. Why do people call Harriet Tubman the “Moses of her people”?
   A. Like Moses, Tubman was very religious.
   B. Like Moses, Tubman was raised as a slave.
   C. Like Moses, Tubman freed her people from slavery.

**Vocabulary Check**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Harriet Tubman took part in the war and was in the thick of the fighting. She was
   A. hardly involved.
   B. completely involved.
   C. occasionally involved.

2. Harriet Tubman prayed to God to free her from bondage. Which is another word for bondage?
   A. slavery
   B. sickness
   C. suspicion

3. Harriet uses her pistol to discourage her faltering companions from returning to slavery. Which other word describes Harriet’s companions?
   A. unhappy
   B. uncertain
   C. unprepared

4. When Harriet served in the war, she was promised compensation. Harriet was promised
   A. a house and land.
   B. food and medicines.
   C. payment for service.

5. Frederick Douglass’s contributions were recognized and appreciated by the multitude. Who is referred to as the multitude?
   A. a small organization
   B. a large number of people
   C. people from the government
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Allusion

After reading *Harriet Tubman*, describe the allusions he uses to show the admirable character of Harriet Tubman.

USE READING SKILLS: Compare and Contrast

Review the information you put in your Venn Diagram. What is the one thing that Harriet Tubman, Moses, Frederick Douglass, and Phillis Wheatley share in common?

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Coordinating Conjunctions

Coordinating conjunctions join words or groups of words of equal importance. These conjunctions include *and, but, for, nor, or, so,* and *yet.*

Examples

1. Maria lives in the city *but* Brandon lives in the countryside. (joins two contrasting ideas)
2. I have no money to ride a bus, *so* I just walk. (shows that the first idea causes the second)
3. Justin sang *and* Sienna danced. (joins two similar ideas)

WRITING SKILLS: A Letter for Harriet Tubman

Suppose you are one of the slaves that Harriet Tubman helped and who had been fortunate enough to get an education. Write a letter which shows your gratitude for the heroic efforts that Tubman extended to you. When you write your letter, use the details you learned from the biography written by Langston Hughes.
**BEFORE READING**

`page 192`

**YONDER SKY THAT HAS WEPT TEARS OF COMPASSION**

A Speech by

Chief Seattle

**ABOUT THE SPEECH**

“Yonder Sky That Has Wept Tears of Compassion” is a speech delivered by Chief Seattle of the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes in the northwestern United States. The speech was his response to the Port Eliot Treaty, which aimed to relocate his people into a reservation. Read to find out more about the chief and his people.

**MAKE CONNECTIONS**

Imagine somebody approached you and said that he wanted to take your home, making you move to another place. How would you respond?

**ANALYZE LITERATURE: Mood**

Mood, also called atmosphere, is the emotion created in the reader by a part or the whole of a literary work. As you read, identify the language used by the author to create this mood.
USE READING SKILLS: Classify Information

When you classify information, you put items that share one or more similar characteristics into categories or groups. As you read, classify specific images in the speech that reference nature in the Categories Chart below as earth, water, and sky. A sample has been done for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Image</th>
<th>Category</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Today is fair.</td>
<td>sky</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>reproach</strong>&lt;br&gt;re • proach&lt;br&gt;(ri prōch´)&lt;br&gt;verb&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The women reproached the stranger of stealing their ladies’ fund.</td>
<td>When you reproach a person, make sure…</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>disfigure</strong>&lt;br&gt;dis • fig • ure&lt;br&gt;(dis fi´ gyar) verb&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>The witch plotted ways to disfigure the handsome prince.</td>
<td>Some crazy people try to disfigure their own faces because…</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>receding</strong>&lt;br&gt;re • ced • ing&lt;br&gt;(ri sēd´ in) adjective&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>She watched the receding image of their house as the car moved forward.</td>
<td>People with receding hairlines are…</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>remnant</strong>&lt;br&gt;rem • nant&lt;br&gt;(rem´ nant) noun&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>After the house fire, he felt a sense of loss when he saw the remnants of his favorite book.</td>
<td>If you leave remnants of your dinner on the plate…</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>exempt</strong>&lt;br&gt;ex • empt&lt;br&gt;(eg zempt´) adjective&lt;br&gt;① ② ③</td>
<td>Because of their high marks, Johnny and June were exempt from the final exam.</td>
<td>If children were exempt from punishment because they were favorites, they…</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
YONDER SKY THAT HAS WEPT TEARS OF COMPASSION

A Speech by

Chief Seattle

Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The white chief says that big chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The great—and I presume—good white chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our lands but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the red man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory. I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach my paleface brothers with hastening it as we too may have been somewhat to blame. Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, it denotes that their hearts are black, and that they are often cruel and relentless, and our old men and old women are unable to restrain them. Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man first began to push our forefathers westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between us may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revenge by young men is considered gain, even at the

1. great chief at Washington, President of the United States

Culture Note

The people of the Suquamish Nation and the Duwamish lived in the Puget Sound area before Washington became a state in 1889. This area became a part of the United States in 1885, made through the Point Elliot Treaty. The same treaty relocated the Suquamish to the Port Madison Indian Reservation, with the Duwamish expected to live with other tribes on their reservations. Currently, the Puget Sound area is known as the city of Seattle, named after the chief of the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes.

Analyze Literature

Mood What mood is Chief Seattle trying to convey through the use of these images?

reproach (ri prōch’; verb, accuse, blame

disfigure (dis fi’ gyar) verb, hurt the appearance of
cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

Our good father at Washington—for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north—our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors so that our ancient enemies far to the northward—the Hydas and Tsimpsians—will cease to frighten our women, children, and old men. Then in reality will he be our father and we his children. But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine. He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly about the pale face and leads him by the hand as a father leads his infant son—but He has forsaken His red children—if they really are His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax strong every day. Soon they will fill all the land. Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man’s God cannot love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness? If we have a common heavenly father He must be partial—for He came to His paleface children. We never saw Him. He gave you laws but had no word for his red children whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No; we are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tables of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of

Note the Facts
How does Chief Seattle feel about what the white chief wants to do?

Use Reading Skills

Classify Information Classify specific images on this page that reference nature and add them to your Categories Chart as earth, water, or sky.

Analyze Literature

Mood How does Chief Seattle explain the relationship between the white man’s God and his people? What mood is he trying to convey?

receding (ri sēd’ in) adjective, moving back.

2. firmament. Sky seen as an arch
3. hallowed ground. Sacred ground
4. written . . . iron finger of your God. Chief Seattle is referring to the stone tablets containing the Ten Commandments that, according to the Old Testament, were handed down from God to Moses.
our ancestors—the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander way beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant-lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender, fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the Happy Hunting Ground to visit, guide, console and comfort them.

Day and night cannot dwell together. The red man has ever fled the approach of the white man, as the morning mist flees before the morning sun. However, your proposition seems fair and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell in peace, for the words of the great white chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

What does Chief Seattle show when he mentions the differences between his people and the white people?

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. The Indians’ night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate seems to be on the red man’s trail, and wherever he goes he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare stolidly to meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

A few more moons. A few more winters—and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people—one more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is

---

**Classify Information**

Classify specific images on this page that reference nature and add them to your Categories Chart as earth, water, or sky

---

**Read Aloud**

Read lines 67–87 aloud. List the differences between the white men and Seattle’s people that he mentions.

---

**Analyze Literature**

Mood

Reread the paragraph that begins with “It matters little...” What mood is he trying to convey?

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5. **sachems.** Holy men
6. **nativity.** Birth
7. **portals of.** Opening to
8. **Happy Hunting Ground.** Heaven; place of afterlife
9. **fell destroyer.** Cruel murderer
10. **stolidly.** In a way that shows little emotion or excitability
useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the white man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege without molestitation of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends, and children. Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed braves, fond mothers, glad, happy-hearted maidens, and even our little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last red man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children’s children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The white man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds.

---

11. molestation. Interference with intent to trouble or harm
12. eventide. Evening

Does revenge make a person feel better?
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Mood

Chief Seattle expressed a variety of moods throughout his speech. What is the prevailing mood in the speech?

USE READING SKILLS: Classify Information

Review the Categories Chart you filled in while reading the speech. Which category of images does Chief Seattle use the most? Why? Share your answers with a classmate.
BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Singular and Plural Nouns

A **singular noun** names one person, place, idea, or thing. A **plural noun** names more than one thing. There are different rules to follow when turning a singular noun into a plural noun. The rules are as follows:

**Rule 1** The plural of singular nouns is usually formed by adding -s to a singular noun.

**Examples**
- land - lands
- American – Americans

**Rule 2** Singular nouns ending in s, z, x, sh, and ch form the plural by adding -es.

**Examples**
- ax - axes
- kiss – kisses

**Rule 3** Singular nouns ending in y with a consonant before it is formed into a plural by changing -y to -ies.

**Examples**
- sky - skies
- lady – ladies

**Rule 4** Singular nouns ending in y with a vowel before it form their plurals by adding -s.

**Examples**
- day - days
- valley – valleys

**Rule 5** Most singular nouns ending in o with a consonant before it is formed into a plural by adding -es.

**Examples**
- hero - heroes
- volcano – volcanoes

**Rule 6** Some singular nouns ending in f or fe are made plural by changing f or fe to -ves.

**Examples**
- life - lives
- thief – thieves

Some singular nouns ending in f or fe form their plurals by adding -s.

**Examples**
- chief - chiefs
- grief – griefs

Rewrite the sentences by changing the singular nouns into plural nouns.

1. The speech of the chief resonated in the heart of the listener.

2. The crowd grew wild as the speech drew on.

3. The life of the Native American told a story of unfailing belief.

4. The leader would not mourn a home lost forever.

5. The day would come when he could count the white as a brother.

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**WORK TOGETHER: Research and Report**

Many have questioned how much of the words in Chief Seattle’s speech actually came from him and how much were added by Dr. Henry A. Smith, a translator. With two other students, research the authenticity of Chief Seattle’s speech. Use library or Internet resources to research one of the versions of this speech, along with arguments for or against its authenticity. Then, present your findings to the class as a group report.
Like Being Spun in a Giant Washer

A News Article by David Williams

ABOUT THE ARTICLE

“Like Being Spun in a Giant Washer” is a news article written by a British reporter about the tsunami that hit Thailand after the 2004 Indian Ocean quake. A news article informs readers about a topic, issue, or event. It reports on the five W’s: who, what, when, where, and why. It also reports on the how. This article gives firsthand accounts of British tourists who witnessed the tsunami. Find out how people survived the destruction caused by a tsunami.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

How do you feel about people who survive natural disasters?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Bias

A bias is a distorted or limited focus on an issue. A biased article is influenced by a personal belief in what people think about the topic. As you read the article, look for signs of bias in the author’s way of reporting, as well as in the answers of interviewees.
**USE READING SKILLS: Skim and Scan**

When you **skim**, you look at key words, topic sentences, and graphics in the text to find out its general meaning and usefulness. When you **scan**, you look for specific details such as names and dates to help you understand the text. Use the graphic organizer below to record information that you have scanned or skimmed from the text. The first example has been provided for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCAN</th>
<th>Names of People</th>
<th>Becky Ralph, Amy Harding, Christos Angelides, Tim Acton</th>
<th><strong>WHO</strong> are these people? They were interviewed about the tsunami.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Names of Places</td>
<td>Ko Phi Phi, Phuket Sheraton Grande Laguna Hotel</td>
<td><strong>WHERE</strong> are these places?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Chichester, West Sussex; Neston, Cheshire; Solihull, West Midlands; Harwich, Essex</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dates/Numbers</td>
<td>Dec. 27, 2004 25-year-old 16 ft. wall of water 48 Britons</td>
<td><strong>WHEN &amp; WHAT</strong> are these dates or numbers?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SKIM</td>
<td>Main Idea</td>
<td>Key words in the title:</td>
<td><strong>WHAT</strong> event happened?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Key words in the subheading:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Topic Sentences</td>
<td>Key words in second sentence of the article:</td>
<td><strong>HOW</strong> much damage did it cause?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Key words in second to last sentence of the article:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Summary Sentences</td>
<td>Interview with Becky Ralph:</td>
<td><strong>WHY</strong> were they interviewed?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Interview with Amy Harding:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Interview with Christos Angelides:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Interview with Tim Acton:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key Words and Phrases</td>
<td>Words and Phrases in Context</td>
<td>Definition</td>
<td>Practice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
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<td>----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>shudder</strong>&lt;br&gt;shud•der&lt;br&gt;(’shʊ̃dər)&lt;br&gt;<em>verb</em></td>
<td>The house <em>shuddered</em>&lt;br&gt;during the big earthquake.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Something that <em>shudders</em>&lt;br&gt;is…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>holidaymakers</strong>&lt;br&gt;hol•i•day•ma•kers&lt;br&gt;(hɔ̃l i dɑ̃ mɑ kərs)&lt;br&gt;<em>noun</em></td>
<td>The <em>holidaymakers</em> sat on the beach while the locals swam in the rough waters.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Holidaymakers</em> choose their vacation spot by…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>debris</strong>&lt;br&gt;de•bris&lt;br&gt;(də′brē)&lt;br&gt;<em>noun</em></td>
<td>It was hard to clean away the <em>debris</em> in the garden after the last hurricane.</td>
<td></td>
<td>A lot of <em>debris</em> tends to pile up on the street after…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>dazed</strong>&lt;br&gt;dazed&lt;br&gt;(’dɑ́z)&lt;br&gt;<em>verb</em></td>
<td>She felt <em>dazed</em> by the news of her best friend moving away in two days.</td>
<td></td>
<td>I felt <em>dazed</em> when I heard the news about…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>swamped</strong>&lt;br&gt;<em>idiom</em></td>
<td>We are <em>swamped</em> with too much homework this week.</td>
<td></td>
<td>I am <em>swamped</em> with work this weekend because…</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
A News Article by
David Williams

THAILAND—Becky Ralph gave a final check to her oxygen tank then rolled backwards into the warm Andaman Sea with five other divers.

Moments later the 25-year-old British art student was hit by the first in a series of huge waves.

“There seemed to be a shudder and then a giant whoosh,” said Becky, an experienced diver from Chichester, West Sussex. “I was shot out of the water, back in again and then began to spin. It was like being in a washing machine.

I just went round and round in fast spin, gulping water and fighting to stay alive. I was totally helpless and thought I would drown.” Becky, who is on a round-the-world tour with her Australian boyfriend, was visiting the Thai island of Ko Phi Phi, where the Leonardo DiCaprio film The Beach was filmed.

It was hit by a 16 ft. wall of water, sweeping 200 holiday bungalows¹ into the water together with holidaymakers, many of whom had been sitting on their terraces² enjoying a late breakfast.

“After a few seconds I stopped spinning and began to try to swim but it was impossible,” Becky added. “I was just dragged along. The debris of what I think were two boats washed over me.

“Two people, a man and a woman, swept past, one was bleeding from his head and his eyes were closed. I tried to reach him but he disappeared.

“Everything was moving so fast but I remember a pair of sunglasses with a pink band which someone must have been wearing go past; it was surreal.

“There was a man, a fisherman I think, clinging to an upturned boat and he kept shouting.

“My air tanks were off and I struggled to reach the surface and to control my breathing. I remember my heart thumping, thumping against my suit.

¹. bungalow. Small house or cottage
². terrace. A porch
“Suddenly, it all seemed to slow down and I was able to swim to the shore. There was blood coming from one of my ears.

“I think my diving training and luck were all that saved me. As I went to shore, there were two people on what was the remains of the beach and they were being given the kiss of life. A woman was pleading with one of the men not to leave her.” Becky’s boyfriend, who did not go diving, escaped unhurt.

Elsewhere along the beach, she said, dazed holidaymakers were calling the names of their loved ones. A boy was being cut free from a fishing net. She said she had no idea what had happened to her fellow divers, one of whom was British.

“I should be dead. I am so lucky. I am in shock and about an hour after leaving the water began to shake. I’ll look on life very, very differently after this.”

Another British girl, 24-year-old Amy Harding, works as a diving instructor on Ko Phi Phi.

She was giving a lesson when her group was swept ashore and landed on a hotel roof. She told her brother Mike, in Neston, Cheshire, that she was unhurt but her Israeli boyfriend was missing.

In nearby Phuket, where 48 Britons were injured, company director Christos Angelides had just taken his seat at the breakfast table in the Pounds 300-a-night Sheraton Grande Laguna Hotel. His wife Suzanne began screaming at him to run.

“I looked out of the window and saw a huge tidal wave about 100 metres away and moving towards the beach fast,” said father-of-two Mr. Angelides, a director with the clothing and interiors company Next, from Solihull, West Midlands.

“It was the most terrifying moment of my life. We grabbed the children and rushed to the highest part of the hotel, which is the reception area.”

The whole dining room cleared within seconds.

“The wave went straight over the beach area and just cleaned everything out. There were lots of shops and restaurants there.
“It hit four rooms at the front of our hotel. They were smashed to pieces.

“The wave was mesmerising, I just stared at it. It’s not like a wave you would see someone surfing.

“There was no foam and it wasn’t that high. It’s just as if a huge body of water is being pushed along at great speed. It swamped everything.

“We felt a slight tremor about two hours before the wave hit, which must have been the initial earthquake.” Tim Acton, 25, from Harwich, Essex, was in Khao Lak, 40 miles south of Phuket. He said: “There was just a huge wall of water that came straight up the beach.

“People tried desperately to escape but it was moving too fast. People were caught up in it and just flung around. There was devastation everywhere.

“Buildings have been destroyed, cars overturned and total chaos.” Along the miles of devastated Asian coastline, other Britons were telling their stories of survival.

Would your feelings toward a tsunami be different if you were on the beach, a few hundred meters away? What if you watched the event on the television? Explain your answer.

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3. mesmerizing. Holding the attention in a hypnotic way
4. devastation. Utter destruction
**READING CHECK**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Where was Becky Ralph when the tsunami hit?  
   A. in the Andaman Sea  
   B. in Phuket, Thailand  
   C. on Ko Phi Phi Island

2. Why was Amy Harding at Ko Phi Phi?  
   A. She was visiting her Israeli boyfriend.  
   B. She was working as a diving instructor.  
   C. She was on a vacation with her husband.

3. What caused the tsunami in Thailand?  
   A. a hurricane  
   B. an explosion  
   C. an earthquake

4. What are the ages of the people who were interviewed?  
   A. 16, 20  
   B. 24, 25  
   C. 40, 48

5. How is each story similar?  
   A. No one was expecting the wave to hit.  
   B. They lost friends and family in the destruction.  
   C. The people interviewed were visitors from America.

**VOCABULARY CHECK**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. The wall *shuddered* when the tsunami hit it. It  
   A. shook violently.  
   B. crumbled to dust.  
   C. shattered to pieces.

2. The *holidaymakers* were caught by surprise when the wave hit. These people  
   A. lived on the island all their lives, but were unprepared.  
   B. were on vacation and didn’t realize that tsunamis would happen.  
   C. visited the area after the wave hit, interviewing the witnesses and survivors.

3. After the tsunami, the *debris* found on the beach consisted of  
   A. broken boats.  
   B. dazed tourists.  
   C. rocks and seashells.

4. Having seen the tsunami up close, the *dazed* tourist could not get over his  
   A. joy.  
   B. anger.  
   C. shock.

5. When the tsunami *swamped* the beach town,  
   A. the whole town became a swamp.  
   B. the whole town was covered in water.  
   C. the whole town became busy with work.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Bias

Do you think that the news article is biased? What could be the author’s reason for choosing to interview only young British tourists?

Who would benefit from reading this article? Why do you say so?

BUILD VOCABULARY SKILLS: Descriptive Words

How would you describe an event that has made a great impact in your life, such as a natural disaster? What words can you use to describe such an event? In the article, interviewees used words like terrifying, swamped, and chaos. Record all the words in the article that are related to the feelings of the witnesses of the tsunami in the Concept Map below. Then, write a sentence using some of these words to describe an event that you experienced.

Concept Map

USE READING SKILLS: Skim and Scan

Review the data in your Skim and Scan Organizer, then answer the following questions:

1. What event did the news article report on? Was the event clearly stated by the author?

2. When do you think the event took place? Was this clearly stated in the article?

3. How did the tsunami form? Did the article talk about this?

SPEAKING & LISTENING SKILLS: News Report

Present a “live” news report to the class. Imagine that you are a news correspondent for television. You are currently on the scene of the tsunami and are reporting about its aftermath. What would you say to your audience? How would you say it? Pair up with a classmate and have him or her act as a tsunami victim that you are going to interview. Ask questions about the tsunami. Keep your report strictly unbiased, or without personal opinions and feelings.
ABOUT THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

“Something Could Happen To You” describes the author’s personal experience of moving to a new place. Her family moved from Puerto Rico to New York City to get medical care for her brother, and, in this new place, her mother always warns her against going outside by herself. Read to find out what happens when she meets a girl who lives in the building next to theirs.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

Have you ever visited or moved to a new place that is different from where you lived? How does it feel to be a stranger in a strange place?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Description

A description is a writer’s picture in words of a person, object, or scene. Descriptions often include sensory details—details about how things look, sound, smell, taste, or feel. As you read the selection, pay attention to how the author uses sensory details to describe the people and places in her life.
**USE READING SKILLS: Take Notes**

As you read, take notes of the important details in “Something Could Happen to You” to get the main idea of the autobiography. Then, write what you understand from the details in the Take Notes and Infer Chart below. A sample has been provided for you below.

**Inference Chart**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notes from the Text</th>
<th>What I Infer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I stored the sights and sounds of that dreary night into memory as if their meaning would someday be revealed in a flash of insight to forever transform my life.</td>
<td>The author believes everything has a purpose.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key Words and Phrases</td>
<td>Words and Phrases in Context</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>sever</strong></td>
<td>After getting tangled in red and blue threads, the child decides to <strong>sever</strong> the knots.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>subtle</strong></td>
<td>The jokes of the elders are too <strong>subtle</strong> for the boy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>paved with gold</strong></td>
<td>Although my friend talked about the mall as though it was <strong>paved with gold</strong>, I didn’t see anything exciting about the place.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>mesmerize</strong></td>
<td>A magician’s tricks look so real, they can <strong>mesmerize</strong> the entire audience.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>vacate</strong></td>
<td>The teacher asked the students to <strong>vacate</strong> their chairs for the fire drill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>subdue</strong></td>
<td>Felicia tried to <strong>subdue</strong> her dog’s uncontrollable barking.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
We came to Brooklyn in search of medical care for my youngest brother, Raymond, whose toes were nearly severed by a bicycle chain when he was four. In Puerto Rico, doctors wanted to amputate the often red and swollen foot, because it wouldn’t heal. In New York, Mami hoped doctors could save it.

The day we arrived, a hot, humid afternoon had splintered into thunderstorms as the last rays of the sun dipped into the rest of the United States. I was thirteen and superstitious enough to believe thunder and lightning held significance beyond the meteorological. I stored the sights and sounds of that dreary night into memory as if their meaning would someday be revealed in a flash of insight to forever transform my life. When the insight came, nothing changed, for it wasn’t the weather in Brooklyn that was important, but the fact that I was there to notice it.

One hand tightly grasped by Mami, the other by six-year-old Edna, we squeezed and pushed our way through the crowd of travellers. Five-year-old Raymond clung to Mami’s other hand, his unbalanced gait\(^1\) drawing sympathetic smiles from people who moved aside to let us walk ahead of them.

At the end of the tunnel waited Tata, Mami’s mother, in black lace and high heels, a pronged rhinestone pin on her left shoulder. When she hugged me, the pin pricked my cheek, pierced subtle flower-shaped indentations that I rubbed rhythmically as our taxi hurtled through drenched streets banked by high, angular buildings.

New York was darker than I expected, and, in spite of the cleansing rain, dirtier. Used to the sensual curves of rural Puerto Rico, my eyes had to adjust to the regular, aggressive two-dimensionality of Brooklyn. Raindrops pounded the hard streets, captured the dim silver glow of street lamps, bounced against sidewalks in glistening sparks, then disappeared, like

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\(^1\) gait. Manner of walking or moving
tiny ephemeral jewels, into the darkness. Mami and Tata teased that I was disillusioned because the streets were not paved with gold. But I had no such vision of New York. I was disappointed by the darkness, and fixed my hopes on the promise of light deep within the sparkling raindrops.

Two days later, I leaned against the wall of our apartment building on McKibbin Street wondering where New York ended and the rest of the world began. It was hard to tell. There was no horizon in Brooklyn. Everywhere I looked my eyes met a vertical maze of gray and brown straight-edged buildings with sharp corners and deep shadows. Every few blocks there was a cement playground surrounded by chain link fence. And in between, weedy lots mounded with garbage and rusting cars.

A girl came out of the building next door, a jump rope in her hand. She appraised me shyly; I pretended to ignore her. She stepped on the rope, stretched the ends overhead as if to measure their length, then began to skip, slowly, grunting each time she came down on the sidewalk. Swish splat grunt swish, she turned her back to me, swish splat grunt swish, she faced me again and smiled. I smiled back and she hopped over.

“¿Tú eres hispana?” she asked, as she whirled the rope in lazy arcs.

“No, I’m Puerto Rican.”

“Same thing. Puerto Rican, Hispanic. That’s what we are here.” She skipped a tight circle, stopped abruptly and shoved the rope in my direction. “Want a turn?”

“Sure.” I hopped on one leg, then the other. “So, if you’re Puerto Rican, they call you Hispanic?”

“Yeah. Anybody who speaks Spanish.”

I jumped a circle, like she had done, but faster. “You mean, if you speak Spanish, you’re Hispanic?”

“Well, yeah. No, I mean your parents have to be Puerto Rican or Cuban or something.”

I whirled the rope to the right, then the left, like a boxer.

“Okay, your parents are Cuban, let’s say, and you’re born here, but you don’t speak Spanish. Are you Hispanic?”

She bit her lower lip. “I guess so,” she finally said. “It has to do with being from a Spanish country. I mean, you or your parents, like, even if you don’t speak Spanish, you’re Hispanic, you know?” She looked at me uncertainly. I nodded and returned her rope.
But I didn’t know. I’d always been Puerto Rican, and it hadn’t occurred to me that in Brooklyn I’d be someone else.

Later, I asked. “Are we Hispanics, Mami?”

“Yes, because we speak Spanish.”

“But a girl said you don’t have to speak the language to be Hispanic.”

She scrunched her eyes. “What girl? Where did you meet a girl?”

“Outside. She lives in the next building.”

“Who said you could go out to the sidewalk? This isn’t Puerto Rico. Algo te puede suceder.”

“Something could happen to you” was a variety of dangers outside the locked doors of our apartment. I could be mugged. I could be dragged into any of the dark, abandoned buildings on the way to or from school, and be raped and murdered. I could be accosted by gang members into whose turf I strayed. I could be seduced by men who preyed on unchaperoned girls too willing to talk to strangers. I listened to Mami’s lecture with downcast eyes and the necessary, respectful expression of humility. But inside, I quaked. Two days in New York, and I’d already become someone else. It wasn’t hard to imagine that greater dangers lay ahead.

Our apartment on McKibbin Street was more substantial\(^3\) than any of our houses in Puerto Rico. Its marble staircase, plaster walls, and tiled floors were bound to the earth, unlike the wood and zinc rooms on stilts where I’d grown up. Chubby angels with bare buttocks danced around plaster wreaths on the ceiling.

There was a bathtub in the kitchen with hot and cold running water, and a toilet inside a closet with a sink and a medicine chest.

An alley between our bedroom window and the

\(^3\) substantial. Sturdy; firmly constructed
wall of the next building was so narrow that I stretched over to touch the bricks and left my mark on the greasy soot that covered them. Above, a sliver of sky forced vague yellow light into the ground below, filled with empty detergent boxes, tattered clothes, unpaired shoes, bottles, broken glass.

Mami had to go look for work, so Edna, Raymond, and I went downstairs to stay with Tata in her apartment. When we knocked on her door, she was just waking up. I sat at the small table near the cooking counter to read the newspapers that Don Julio, Tata’s boyfriend, brought the night before. Edna and Raymond stood in the middle of the room and stared at the small television on a low table. Tata switched it on, fiddled with the knobs and the antenna until the horizontal lines disappeared and black and white cartoon characters chased each other across a flat landscape. The kids sank to the floor cross-legged, their eyes on the screen. Against the wall, under the window, Tata’s brother, Tío Chico, slept with his back to us. Every so often, a snore woke him, but he chewed his drool, mumbled, slept again.

While Tata went to wash up in the hall bathroom, I tuned in to the television. A dot bounced over the words of a song being performed by a train dancing along tracks, with dogs, cats, cows, and horses dangling from its windows and caboose. I was hypnotized by the dot skipping over words that looked nothing like they sounded. “Shilbee comirun demuntin wenshecoms, toot-toot” sang the locomotive, and the ball dipped and rose over “She’ll be coming ’round the mountain when she comes,” with no toots. The animals, dressed in cowboy hats, overalls, and bandannas, waved pick axes and shovels in the air. The toot-toot was replaced by a bow-wow or a miaow-ow, or a moo-moo. It was joyous and silly, and made Edna and Raymond laugh. But it was hard for me to enjoy it as I focused on the words whizzing by, on the dot jumping rhythmically from one syllable to the next, with barely enough time to connect the letters to the sounds, with the added distraction of an occasional neigh, bark, or the kids’ giggles.

When Tata returned from the bathroom, she made coffee on the two-burner hot plate. Fragrant steam soon filled the small room, and, as she strained the grounds through a well-worn flannel filter, Tío Chico rose as if the aroma were an alarm louder and more insistent than the singing animals on the television screen, the clanking of pots against the hot plate and counter, the screech of the chair legs as I positioned myself so that I could watch both Tata and the cartoons.
“Well, look who we have here,” Tío Chico said as he stretched until his long, bony fingers scraped the ceiling. He wore the same clothes as the day before, a faded pair of dark pants and a short-sleeve undershirt, both wrinkled and giving off a pungent sweaty smell. He stepped over Edna and Raymond, who barely moved to let him through. In two long-legged strides, he slipped out to the bathroom. As he shut the door, the walls closed in, as if his lanky body added dimension to the cramped room.

Tata hummed the cartoon music. Her big hands reached for a pan, poured milk, stirred briskly as it heated and frothed. I was mesmerized by her grace, by how she held her head, by the disheveled ash-color curls that framed her high cheekbones. She looked up with mischievous caramel eyes, and grinned without breaking her rhythm.

Tío Chico returned showered and shaved, wearing a clean shirt and pants as wrinkled as the ones he’d taken off. He dropped the dirty clothes in a corner near Tata’s bed and made up his cot. Tata handed me a cup of sweetened café con leche, and, with a head gesture, indicated I should vacate the chair for Tío Chico.

“No, no, that’s okay,” he said, “I’ll sit here.”

He perched on the edge of the cot, elbows on knees, his fingers wrapped around the mug Tata gave him. Steam rose from inside his hands in a transparent spiral.

I couldn’t speak English, so the school counselor put me in a class for students who’d scored low on intelligence tests, who had behavior problems, who were marking time until their sixteenth birthday when they could drop out. The teacher, a pretty black woman only a few years older than her students, pointed to a seat in the middle of the room. I didn’t dare look anyone in the eyes. Grunts and mutters followed me, and, while I had no idea what they meant, they didn’t sound friendly.

4. pungent. Causing a sharp sensation; prickly; acrid
5. lanky. Tall; spare; loose-jointed
The desk surface was elaborately carved. There were many names, some followed by an apostrophe and a year. Several carefully rendered obscenities meant nothing to me, but I appreciated the workmanship of the shadowed letters, the fastidious edges around the f and k. I guessed a girl had written the cursive message whose is were dotted with hearts and daisies. Below it, several lines of timid, chicken-scratch writing alternated with an aggressive line of block letters.

I pressed my hands together under the desk to subdue their shaking, studied the straight lines and ragged curves chiseled into the desktop by those who sat there before me. Eyes on the marred surface, I focused on the teacher’s voice, on the unfamiliar waves of sound that crested over my head.

I wanted to float up and out of that classroom, away from the hostile air that filled every corner of it, every crevice. But the more I tried to disappear, the more present I felt, until, exhausted, I gave in, floated with the words, certain that if I didn’t, I would drown in them.

On gym days, girls had to wear grass-green, cotton, short-sleeve, bloomer-leg, one-piece outfits that buttoned down the front to an elastic waistband covered with a sash too short to tie into anything but a bulky knot. Grass green didn’t look good on anyone, least of all adolescent girls whose faces broke out in red pimples. The gym suit had elastic around the bottom to keep our panties from showing when we fell or sat. On those of us with skinny legs, the elastic wasn’t snug enough, so the bloomers hung limply to our knees, where they flapped when we ran.

The uniform, being one piece, made it impossible to go to the bathroom in the three minutes between classes. Instead of wearing it all day, we could bring it to school and change before gym, but no one did, since boys periodically raided the locker room to see our underwear. Proper hygiene during “the curse” was impossible, as we needed at least three hands, so most girls brought notes from their mothers. The problem was that if you didn’t wear the uniform on gym days, everyone knew you were menstruating.

One girl bought two gym suits, chopped off the bottom of one, seamed around the selvage, and wore the top part under her blouse so that no one could tell if she had her period or not. I asked Mami to do that for me, but she said we didn’t have money to waste on such foolishness. Friday mornings we had Assembly. The first thing we did was to press our right hands

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**Use Reading Skills**

**Take Notes** What can you infer about the author as a young girl? Write your answer and support your ideas in the Inference Chart.

---

**Note the Facts**

What song does the author learn by heart?

---

6. **fastidious.** Meticulous; showing attention to detail

7. **marred.** Damaged or defaced
to our breasts and sing “The Star Spangled Banner.” We were encouraged to sing as loud as we could, and within a couple of weeks, I learned the entire song by heart.

Ojo sé. Can. Juice. ¿Y?
Bye de don surly lie.
Whassoprowow we hell
Add debt why lie lass gleam in.
Whosebrods tripe sand bye ¿Stars?
True de perro los ¡Ay!
Order am parts we wash,
Wha soga lang tree streem in.

I had no idea what the song said or meant, and no one bothered to teach me. It was one of the things I was supposed to know, and, like the daily recitation of “The Pledge of Allegiance,” it had to be done with enthusiasm, or teachers gave out demerits. The pledge was printed in ornate letters on a poster under the flag in every classroom. “The Star Spangled Banner,” however, remained a mystery for years, its nonsense words the only song I could sing in English from beginning to end.

**Use Reading Skills**

**Take Notes** In your Inference Chart, write down details that describe the author’s understanding of the Star Spangled Banner song. What can you infer about her understanding of the song?

---

**Note the Facts**

Underline the things that the author is supposed to know.

---

8. *demerits.* Marks entailing a loss of privilege
**READING CHECK**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What New York feature disappoints the author?
   A. the darkness  
   B. the gold streets  
   C. the boys and girls

2. What does the girl tell the author about Hispanics?
   A. She says Puerto Rico is not owned by Hispanics.  
   B. She says anybody who speaks Spanish is a Hispanic.  
   C. She says Hispanics have trouble learning about New York.

3. Why does the author’s mother forbid her from going outside?
   A. Her mother knows bad things happen outside all the time.  
   B. Her mother is worried that something might happen to her.  
   C. Her mother does not think she belongs in the outside world.

4. Where do the author and her siblings go when their mother is away?
   A. Tata’s apartment  
   B. Tío Chico’s mansion  
   C. Don Julio’s condominium

5. What is the only song that the author can sing in English from beginning to end?
   A. “The Choo Train Song”  
   B. “The Pledge of Allegiance”  
   C. “The Star Spangled Banner”

**VOCABULARY CHECK**

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Raymond’s toes are almost severed by a bicycle chain. They are almost
   A. shrunken in size.  
   B. completely removed.  
   C. scratched and bleeding.

2. The subtle flower-shaped indentations on her cheek are
   A. very obvious.  
   B. impossible to see.  
   C. almost undetected.

3. Tata can mesmerize everyone with her graceful movements. Her movements are
   A. numbing.  
   B. disgusting.  
   C. fascinating.

4. She stands up and vacates her chair, leaving the seat
   A. empty.  
   B. broken.  
   C. occupied.

5. The narrator presses a hand to the desk to subdue its shaking. She wants to
   A. echo the shaking.  
   B. reduce the shaking.  
   C. increase the shaking.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Description

List the sensory details used to describe Tata’s apartment and those who live in it. Classify the details according to Sight, Sound, Smell, and Taste in the graphic organizer below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sight</th>
<th>Sound</th>
<th>Smell</th>
<th>Taste</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>small table</td>
<td>Tío Chico’s snores</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>near the</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cooking counter</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

USE READING SKILLS: Take Notes

Review the Inference Chart you completed while reading the autobiography. What is the main idea of the text? Share your answer with a classmate.

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Gerund Phrases

A gerund is a verb form that ends in -ing and functions as a noun.

Examples
1. dream + ing = dreaming
2. imagine + ing = imagining
3. live + ing = living

When a gerund is combined with its modifiers and complements, it becomes a gerund phrase.

Examples
1. dreaming of the future
2. imagining the past
3. living for the present

WRITING SKILLS: Argumentative Writing

Write a formal letter to your parents convincing them to allow you more freedom in what you can do and where you may go. Lay down your arguments in the introduction and provide supporting details in the body of your letter. End your letter with a strong final restatement of your argument.
ABOUT THE POEM

“Making a Fist” is about a young girl who gets motion sickness while traveling in a car. The young girl, who is the speaker in the poem, asks her mother a question about life. The speaker is the character in the poem who acts as the voice of the writer. Read to find out how the girl’s mother responds, and how she interprets her mother’s response.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

When you were very young, how did your parents or elders comfort you when you got sick or worried? What did you learn from the experience?

______________________________________________________

______________________________________________________

______________________________________________________

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Tone

Tone is the attitude or emotion meant for the reader that supports the topic of the poem. As you read, look for signs that the tone has shifted or changed in the poem.
USE READING SKILLS: Main Idea

The **main idea** is a brief statement of what you think the author wants you to know, think, or feel after reading the text. As you read, record important details into the Main Idea Map below to help you find the main idea of the poem.

**Main Idea Map**

“Making a Fist”

- **Detail**
- **Detail**
- **Detail**
- **Speaker was carsick.**
- **Detail**
# PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>confidence</strong></td>
<td>The teacher admired Julio’s <strong>confidence</strong> when he answered the difficult question.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>I have <strong>confidence</strong> in myself when…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>con • fi • dence</td>
<td>This wall marks the <strong>border</strong> between your house and mine.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
<td>The <strong>border</strong> of a soccer field might be marked by…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(’kän fə dən(t)s) noun</td>
<td>The woman claimed that she had many <strong>woes</strong> and misfortunes in love.</td>
<td></td>
<td>A student might have many <strong>woes</strong> if…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>border</strong></td>
<td>Her teeth <strong>clenched</strong> because of the biting cold weather.</td>
<td></td>
<td>You might <strong>clench</strong> a pencil in your hand when…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bor • der</td>
<td><strong>woe</strong> woe (’w9) noun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(’bor dər) noun</td>
<td><strong>clench</strong> clench (’klench) verb</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Differentiated Instruction: Literacy & Reading Skills

UNIT 3
For the first time, on the road north of Tampico,\(^1\)
I felt the life sliding out of me,
a drum in the desert, harder and harder to hear.
I was seven, I lay in the car
watching palm trees swirl a sickening pattern past the glass.
My stomach was a melon split wide inside my skin.

“How do you know if you are going to die?”
I begged my mother.
We had been traveling for days.
With strange confidence she answered,
“When you can no longer make a fist.”
Years later I smile to think of that journey,
the borders we must cross separately,
stamp with our unanswerable woes.

I who did not die, who am still living,
still lying in the backseat behind all my questions,
clenching and opening one small hand.  

---

1. **Tampico** (\(\text{t̬}^\text{ám\text{pē}^\text{kö}}\)). Port city on Mexico’s east coast.

---

**Main Idea** What is the main idea of Stanza 1?

---

**Tone** What is the speaker’s tone in the following stanzas?

Stanza 1: _______________

What makes you say this?

Stanza 3: _______________

What makes you say this?

---

**confidence** (\(\text{\'kən fə\, dən\(\text{\'tə}\)}\)) **noun**, the quality or state of being certain

**make a fist** (idiom)

**border** (\(\text{\'bor\, dər}\)) **noun**, an outer part or edge

**woe** (\(\text{\'wȯ}\)) **noun**, a word used to express grief, regret, or distress

**clench** (\(\text{\'klench}\)) **verb**, to set or close tightly
READING CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. How old is the speaker in the first stanza?
   A. four
   B. seven
   C. nine

2. Why is the speaker so unhappy in the first stanza?
   A. She feels sick to her stomach.
   B. She hates traveling with her mother.
   C. She wants to sit in the front seat of the car.

3. What is the speaker doing in the first stanza of the poem?
   A. The speaker is cooking with her mother.
   B. The speaker is traveling with her mother.
   C. The speaker is swimming with her mother.

4. What does the speaker learn to associate with living?
   A. making a fist
   B. answering woes
   C. watching palm trees

5. How is the speaker different in the last stanza of the poem?
   A. She is confident in herself.
   B. She is now driving the car.
   C. She is several years older now.

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Naomi’s mother had confidence in her answer. She
   A. believed in her own words.
   B. danced around the question.
   C. told a secret about her answer.

2. In a country, where are its borders located?
   A. The borders are found deep below the land and sea.
   B. The borders are found around the edges of the land.
   C. The borders are found at the heart or center of the land.

3. Someone who clenches a hand
   A. closes the hand tightly.
   B. waves the hand wildly.
   C. uses a gesture with the hand.

4. The speaker’s woes are all of her
   A. happy thoughts.
   B. unknown fears.
   C. upsetting troubles.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Tone

Use what you noted about the tone of the poem to fill out the chart below for the second and third stanzas.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poetry Analysis Chart</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Stanza 1</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Speaker:</strong> girl, seven years old</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tone:</strong> desperate, anxious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Example:</strong> (lines 2–3) I felt the life sliding out of me, a drum in the desert, harder and harder to hear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Speaker:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tone:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Example:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Speaker:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tone:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Example:</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
USE READING SKILLS: Main Idea

1. What is the main idea of the poem?

2. Restate the main idea of the poem into a general conclusion about life.

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Diagramming Sentences

Diagramming sentences is a good way for you to understand the structure of sentences. This is especially helpful for the sentences in “Making a Fist.” Below is an example of a basic sentence diagram:

1. The girl felt sick.

2. They traveled for many days.

Write your own sentences with the same structure as sentences 1 and 2. Then, diagram this sentence, following the example above. Do this in the space provided below.

To challenge yourself, go online and research more sentence diagrams. Then, diagram a sentence from the story. Do this on a separate sheet of paper.

WORK TOGETHER: Video Presentation

Form a group of three and create a video presentation for the poem “Making a Fist.” You may choose to act out the poem as you read it aloud, or you can record your own interpretation of the poem. Make sure that everyone plays an equal part in your video.
ABOUT THE POEM
“miss rosie” looks at the present life of an old woman who was, long ago, admired for her beauty. Through the speaker, we learn that the woman has been brought low by life. Read on to learn about the speaker’s own emotions toward the woman being observed.

MAKE CONNECTIONS
When have you had to adjust or recover from a difficult change in your life?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Simile
A simile is a comparison using like or as. This figure of speech invites the reader to make a comparison between two things. As you read, try to find the two similes used in the poem.
**USE READING SKILLS : Analyze Cause and Effect**

Record details found in the poem that describe “miss rosie” in the Cause-and-Effect Chart below. Then, infer which among these details hints at the **cause** of Miss Rosie’s present life. Note also which details describe its **effects** on her life. Write your thoughts about each detail as well, to further your understanding of the poem. As you record each detail, think about this question: What kind of life does Miss Rosie have if she is described in this way?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cause</th>
<th>Effect</th>
<th>Understanding</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miss Rosie lives by the dumpsters.</td>
<td>She smells like old potato peelings.</td>
<td>Miss Rosie is homeless.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>garbage</strong></td>
<td>We have to get rid of the <strong>garbage</strong> before it creates a stink.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Something described as <strong>garbage</strong> is ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gar • bage</td>
<td>noun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(‘gær bij)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>₁  ₂  ₃</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **grocery**           | Manny bought **groceries** to last him a whole week. |            | The **groceries** I consume daily are ... |
| gro • cery            | noun                                                     |            |          |
| (‘grōs rē)            |                                                         |            |          |
| ₁  ₂  ₃               |                                                         |            |          |

| **destruction**       | The recent tornado was the cause of the trailer park’s **destruction**. |            | The opposite of **destruction** is... |
| de • struc • tion     | noun                                                     |            |          |
| (di ‘str@k sh@n)      |                                                         |            |          |
| ₁  ₂  ₃               |                                                         |            |          |
**miss rosie**

A Lyric Poem by
**Lucille Clifton**

when i watch you
wrapped up like *garbage*
sitting, surrounded by the smell
of too old potato peels

or

when i watch you
in your old man’s shoes
with the little toe cut out
sitting, waiting for your mind

like next week’s *grocery*
i say
when i watch you
you wet brown bag of a woman
who used to be the best looking gal in georgia

used to be called the Georgia Rose
i stand up
through your *destruction*
i stand up ♦

---

**Simile** What does the comparison at the beginning of the poem reveal about Miss Rosie?

---

**MIRRORS & WINDOWS**

Do you personally know someone who has gone through many great difficulties in life? What have you learned from watching or talking to such a person?
READING CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Who is the speaker in the poem?
   A. miss rosie
   B. Georgia Rose
   C. unnamed person

2. Why is “miss rosie” called the Georgia Rose?
   A. Georgia Rose is her real name.
   B. She was admired for her beauty.
   C. Her roses were famous in Georgia.

3. What does Miss Rosie look like now?
   A. She is tired and old.
   B. She is healthy and strong.
   C. She is young and beautiful.

4. What is Miss Rosie compared to?
   A. an old man’s shoes
   B. a wet brown paper bag
   C. a young southern beauty

5. What does the speaker mean by “standing up” for “miss rosie”?
   A. The speaker literally stands up.
   B. The speaker leaves “miss rosie.”
   C. The speaker admires “miss rosie.”

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. The speaker likened “miss rosie” to garbage. In this poem, what does garbage mean?
   A. rotten food
   B. plastic bags
   C. useless things

2. What does the word grocery refer to in the poem?
   A. lists
   B. food
   C. buildings

3. Which sentence BEST describes the kind of destruction that happens to “miss rosie” in the poem?
   A. Her happy life was in ruins.
   B. A tornado destroyed her home.
   C. She destroys the things around her.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Simile

In a simile, the two things involved are the writer’s actual subject, the tenor of the simile, and another thing to which the subject is compared, the vehicle of the simile. Write the tenor and vehicle for the two similes in the poem in the chart below. Then write what those things have in common on the lines below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Simile #1:</th>
<th>Tenor</th>
<th>Vehicle</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Simile #2:</th>
<th>Tenor</th>
<th>Vehicle</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The things these two things have in common are:

...
USE READING SKILLS: Analyze Cause and Effect

1. What caused “miss rosie’s” present situation? What line in the poem caused you to think this?

2. What was the effect on the speaker after observing “miss rosie”? What line in the poem caused you to think this?

3. Why do you think the speaker was affected by “miss rosie” in this way?

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Indefinite Pronoun-Verb Agreement

Some indefinite pronouns can be either singular or plural, depending on their use in the sentence. They are **singular** when they refer to one person, place, thing, or part of a thing. They are **plural** when they refer to more than one person, place, thing, or parts of a thing. Identifying the object of the preposition can help you determine whether the pronoun is singular or plural.

**Examples**
- Nobody wants to be alone all their lives. (singular)
- Something seems off in the way you run. (singular)
- Many of my classmates are English learners. (plural)
- Several kinds of seaweed grow on our beach. (plural)

When you refer to the individual parts of the group, the verb that follows should be **plural**. When you refer to the group as a whole, the verb that follows should be **singular**.

**Examples**
- Most of his ideas are creative and exciting. (singular)
- Most of your ideas make sense to me. (plural)

Choose the correct verb from the ones enclosed in parentheses to complete the sentences below. Write your answer in the blank provided within each sentence.

1. Everything in my report (has, have) to be perfect.

2. Both Sam and Nita (loves, love) watching baseball.

3. Ricky spoke with someone who (lives, live) on the streets.

4. I met with some people who (runs, run) a soup kitchen.

5. Her words (needs, need) no further explanation.

WORK TOGETHER: Interview the Speaker

If you were to meet the speaker in the poem “miss rosie,” what would you ask him or her? Pair up with a classmate and do a five-minute one-on-one interview. One should be the interviewer, while the other should be the speaker in “miss rosie.” Ask the speaker what he or she did right after observing “miss rosie.” If you play the part of the speaker, you should also give your opinion on the situation of poverty and homelessness in the country.
ABOUT THE POEM

“Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening” describes a moment in the speaker’s journey home. Find out what the speaker feels and experiences as he stops to watch the snow.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

Share a time when a beautiful scene from nature has captivated you. Were you able to stop to enjoy it? What part of the scene had appealed to you?

______________________________________________________________________________

______________________________________________________________________________

______________________________________________________________________________

______________________________________________________________________________

______________________________________________________________________________

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Repetition

An author may chose to emphasize an idea by repeating a sound, word, phrase, or sentence. This is called repetition. Repetition is often used for effect, as well. As you read, think about why the author used repetition and how this repetition enhances the poem.
USE READING SKILLS: Analyze Text Organization

**Text organization** is the way an author structures his or her writing. In poetry, authors often write to create *rhythm*, a pattern of syllables with beats or stresses in their poems. In this poem, the author uses *meter*, a regular rhythmic pattern.

As you read, count the syllables and beats in each line, and record your answers in the Meter Chart below. After you read each stanza, analyze the effect of the meter on the poem. An example has been done for you.

### Meter Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Syllables</th>
<th>Beats</th>
<th>Analyze the Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Whose woods these are I think I know.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>The steady beat makes it easier to know which words to emphasize as I read.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His house is in the village, though;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He will not see me stopping here</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To watch his woods fill up with snow.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My little horse must think it queer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To stop without a farmhouse near</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Between the woods and frozen lake</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The darkest evening of the year.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He gives his harness bells a shake</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To ask if there is some mistake.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The only other sound’s the sweep</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of easy wind and downy flake.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But I have promises to keep,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And miles to go before I sleep.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And miles to go before I sleep.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### PREVIEW VOCABULARY

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<tr>
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<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>queer</strong></td>
<td>She thinks it <strong>queer</strong> that her friend likes toads and snakes more than puppies.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>One of my habits that people find <strong>queer</strong> is...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>queer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>harness</strong></td>
<td>Mike held the mare’s <strong>harness</strong> as he waited for more instructions.</td>
<td></td>
<td>A horse with a <strong>harness</strong> attached to a cart can carry...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>harness</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>downy</strong></td>
<td>The pillows in their room, white and <strong>downy</strong>, are very nice to cuddle.</td>
<td></td>
<td>A <strong>downy</strong> piece of clothing is...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>downy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Key Words and Phrases**
- **queer**
- **harness**
- **downy**

**Definitions**
- **queer** (ˈkwɪr): adjective
- **harness** (ˈhɑr nəs): noun
- **downy** (ˈdau nə): adjective
**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

A Lyric Poem by

**Robert Frost**

Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village, though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it **queer**
To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his **harness** bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound’s the sweep Of easy wind and **downy** flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep. And miles to go before I sleep. ♦

---

**Note the Facts**
What is the setting?

---

**Read Aloud**
Read the poem aloud. Why does the speaker want to stay? Why does he feel that he cannot remain where he is?

---

**Analyze Literature**

**Repetition** How does the speaker’s repetition in lines 15 and 16 affect the poem?

---

**Mirrors & Windows**
What are things that prevent you from enjoying the beauty of nature? How do you overcome these obstacles?

---

**queer** (kwir) adjective, curious; strange; unusual

**harness** (här-nas) noun, an arrangement of leather straps fitted to a draft animal so that it can be attached to and pull a cart

**downy** (dau-nē) adjective, resembling a bird’s fine soft hairs or down; soft
READING CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Where does the speaker stop?
   A. a dark forest
   B. a frozen lake
   C. a village house

2. Why does the speaker think it is all right to stop?
   A. It has finally stopped snowing.
   B. He knows the owner of the woods.
   C. He needs to rest before he keeps going.

3. How does the horse respond?
   A. He paws on the ground.
   B. He shakes his harness bell.
   C. He snorts and tries to rear up.

4. What does the speaker do at the end of the poem?
   A. He stays around.
   B. He leaves his horse.
   C. He continues his journey.

5. What does the speaker need to do?
   A. feed his horse
   B. keep his promises
   C. visit his village friend

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. The little horse seems to think it queer to stop. He thinks stopping by the woods is
   A. strange.
   B. expected.
   C. comfortable.

2. The animal pulled on his harness, his
   A. bag of food that hung from the cart.
   B. shoes that helped him walk on snow.
   C. straps that connected him to the cart.

3. Downy snowflakes landed on his cheek. The flakes felt
   A. wet.
   B. soft.
   C. rough.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Repetition
Think about the repetition that you noticed while reading the poem. Why do you think the author repeated these words and phrases? How does repetition affect your understanding of the poem?
USE READING SKILLS: Analyze Text Organization

Review your Meter Chart with a partner. What is the meter of this poem? How does the meter affect the poem?

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Collective Nouns

Collective nouns refer to groups of nouns.

Examples
1. team – baseball players
2. bouquet – flowers
3. herd – cows

A collective noun can be singular or plural depending on the unit of people or things.

Examples
1. A team of baseball players – Three teams of baseball players
2. A bouquet of flowers – Two bouquets of flowers
3. A herd of cows – Seven herds of cows

A singular collective noun is used like singular nouns, and a plural collective noun is used like plural nouns.

Examples
1. A team of baseball players defeats the gang leaders in the city.
   Three teams of baseball players defeat the gang leaders in the city.
2. A bouquet of flowers is given to the winner.
   Bouquets of flowers are given to the winners.
3. A herd of cows stampedes over the hills.
   Seven herds of cows stampede over the hills.

Underline the correct collective noun to use in the sentence.

1. The (brood, broods) of chicks are to be sold later this afternoon.
2. The city is on alert after (a band, bands) of robbers escapes the warden.
3. Maid Marian buys (a rope, ropes) of onions that is perfect with her menu.
4. Lily stops by the pound and sees (a litter, litters) of puppies protected by their mothers.
5. The horse paws the ground, causing (a cloud, clouds) of dust to rise up.

WRITING SKILLS: Vacation Advertisement

Write a descriptive advertisement for a winter vacation spot. Use words that appeal to the senses to entice tourists to the area. After settling on your wording, catch the attention of the readers by using the appropriate designs, papers, and word styles to complete the advertisement.
IMMIGRANTS
A Lyric Poem by
Pat Mora

ABOUT THE POEM

“Immigrants” is a lyric poem that explores the challenges that an immigrant family faces in America. Read to find out about the difficulties immigrant families face when they try blending into the unfamiliar American culture.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

What does it mean to be American?

________________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________________

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Tone

The tone is the emotion or feeling toward a reader or a subject in a poem. As you read, look for words or phrases that add to the tone of the poem.
**USE READING SKILLS: Author’s Purpose**

An author often writes for a reason or with a certain idea in mind. This is called the **author’s purpose**. As you read, identify the author’s purpose by writing the important details from the poem in the Author’s Purpose Chart below.

### Author’s Purpose Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Details</th>
<th>What the Author Is Trying to Say</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wrap their babies in the American flag</td>
<td>The immigrant parents want their children to start becoming like Americans even at the moment they are born.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **mashed**
(mash(t))
adjective | The mashed potatoes were thick white walls holding in a pool of gravy. | Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition. | Babies can eat only mashed foods because... |
| **blonde**
(blānḍ)
adjective | Anika’s teacher is the blonde-haired man beside the principal. | | People who are blonde have hair the color of... |
| **cleat**
(klēt)
noun | Armand’s cleats made it impossible to slip on the floor. | | Cleats are shoes used for sports such as... |

1 2 3

1 2 3

1 2 3

1 2 3
Wrap their babies in the American flag, feed them mashed hot dogs and apple pie, name them Bill and Daisy, buy them blonde dolls that blink blue eyes or a football and tiny cleats before the baby can even walk, speak to them in thick English, hallo, babee, hallo, whisper in Spanish or Polish when the babies sleep, whisper in a dark parent bed, that dark parent fear, “Will they like our boy, our girl, our fine american boy, our fine american girl?”

What does it mean to you to be a “fine American boy” or a “fine American girl”? Make a list of characteristics often attributed to Americans.
READING CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What do the immigrants wrap their babies with?
   A. American flags
   B. American diapers
   C. American blankets

2. What names do the immigrants give their children?
   A. Bob and Sally
   B. Bill and Daisy
   C. Leo and Ashley

3. What kind of dolls do the immigrants give their children?
   A. tan-skinned dolls
   B. dark-skinned dolls
   C. light-skinned dolls

4. Which sport do the immigrants encourage their children to pursue?
   A. football
   B. bowling
   C. wrestling

5. What do immigrant parents worry about for their children?
   A. They worry that their children will not be happy.
   B. They worry that their children will not be Americans.
   C. They worry that their children will not be liked by others.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Tone
Think about the words and phrases you read in the poem. What is the tone of this poem? Why do you think the author wrote the poem with this tone?

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. They feed the mashed hot dogs to their babies, making sure the food is
   A. hot enough to eat.
   B. soft enough to chew.
   C. tough enough to swallow.

2. The blonde dolls have blue eyes that match their
   A. light hair.
   B. black hair.
   C. rainbow hair.

3. The cleats are
   A. clothes for children.
   B. jewelry worn by adults.
   C. shoes used for running.
USE READING SKILLS: Author’s Purpose

Review the Author’s Purpose Chart you completed while reading the poem. What is the author’s purpose in writing the poem? Share your answer with a classmate.

BUILD VOCABULARY SKILLS: Synonyms

**Synonyms** are words or phrases that have the same meaning as another word or phrase.

**Examples**

1. red: crimson, ruby, scarlet
2. shout: holler, scream, yell
3. gladness: cheer, happiness, joy

Rewrite the poem by replacing the underlined words with a synonym of each word. You may use a thesaurus, glossary, or a dictionary.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Poem</th>
<th>Rewritten Poem</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wrap their <strong>babies</strong> in the American flag, feed them mashed hot dogs and apple pie, name them Bill and Daisy, buy them blonde dolls that blink <strong>blue</strong> eyes or a football and tiny cleats before the <strong>baby</strong> can even <strong>walk</strong>, speak to them in thick <strong>English</strong>, <strong>hallo, babee, hallo</strong>, whisper in Spanish or Polish when the <strong>babies</strong> <strong>sleep, whisper</strong> in a dark parent bed, that dark parent <strong>fear</strong>, “Will they like our boy, our girl, our fine american boy, our fine american girl?”</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

WORK TOGETHER: Small-Group Discussion

Collaborate with four classmates to discuss the challenges that an immigrant faces and how these must be addressed. Choose a group leader to guide the discussion and a secretary to record the exchange of ideas. Then, ask a group member to provide a summary of the small-group discussion.
ABOUT THE PLAY

“The Tragedy of Julius Caesar” is a story which follows the tragic events leading to the fall of Julius Caesar, the greatest leader of the Roman Republic. The story is based on the life of the Roman Dictator, Julius Caesar, who was born about 100 BC. Caesar was popular among the common people. However, the nobles did not want him becoming too powerful. Caesar was assassinated in 47 BC by a group of conspirators. The play opens with the traitors, Julius Caesar’s closest friends, plotting to kill him. Act II starts off with Calphurnia, Caesar’s wife, telling him of her terrible dream. Read to find out what happens when Caesar ignores the warnings to guard his life.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

How would you react if, instead of the democratic president that you know, the United States were led by a dictator or tyrant for life?

from The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

A Play by William Shakespeare
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Plot

The central conflict is the primary struggle between two forces in a plot or series of events. The central conflict is introduced by the inciting incident, which follows after the exposition in a plot diagram. Look on page 526 of your textbook for more information on parts of a plot. As you read, try to identify elements of the plot, such as the inciting incident and the central conflict it introduces.

USE READING SKILLS: Paraphrase

The footnotes and vocabulary words in the selection can help you paraphrase passages. When you paraphrase text, you translate the passage in your own words. Paraphrasing text requires you to write out the paragraph in your own words and at a length equal to or greater than the original text. Use the chart below to paraphrase Decius’s monologue from Act II, Scene ii. Then, choose three monologues or parts of monologues from Act III to paraphrase.

Paraphrase Text Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Passage</th>
<th>Original Passage</th>
<th>Paraphrased Version</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Caesar. 2.2.32–37</td>
<td>Cowards die many times before their deaths, / The valiant never taste of death but once. / Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, / It seems to me most strange that men should fear, / Seeing that death, a necessary end, / Will come when it will come.</td>
<td>While cowards die in many ways before death takes them, the brave die only once. Of the wondrous things I have heard, the strangest is that men fear death. Since death is inevitable, it will come when it will come.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decius. 2.2.88–95</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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### PREVIEW VOCABULARY

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<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td><strong>Practice</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Read each key word and rate it using this scale:</td>
<td>Read to see how the key word or phrase can be used in a sentence.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>① I don’t know it all.</td>
<td>Lucille savored the sweet taste of victory as she listened to the crowd’s cheers.</td>
<td>I tasted freedom when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>② I’ve seen it before.</td>
<td>The audience worried that the show was too short when the host announced its imminent end.</td>
<td>I realized the imminent end of my favorite movie when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>③ I know it and use it.</td>
<td>When I got a D after studying hard for the exam, I wondered if something was amiss.</td>
<td>I knew that something was amiss when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>taste</strong></td>
<td>Lucille savored the sweet taste of victory as she listened to the crowd’s cheers.</td>
<td>I tasted freedom when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>idiom</strong></td>
<td>The audience worried that the show was too short when the host announced its imminent end.</td>
<td>I realized the imminent end of my favorite movie when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>① ② ③</td>
<td>When I got a D after studying hard for the exam, I wondered if something was amiss.</td>
<td>I knew that something was amiss when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>imminent</strong></td>
<td>When I got a D after studying hard for the exam, I wondered if something was amiss.</td>
<td>I knew that something was amiss when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>im • mi • nent</td>
<td>The audience worried that the show was too short when the host announced its imminent end.</td>
<td>I realized the imminent end of my favorite movie when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(im&gt; @ n@nt)</td>
<td>I realized the imminent end of my favorite movie when...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>adjective</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>① ② ③</td>
<td>I realized the imminent end of my favorite movie when...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>amiss</strong></td>
<td>When I got a D after studying hard for the exam, I wondered if something was amiss.</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a • miss</td>
<td>When I got a D after studying hard for the exam, I wondered if something was amiss.</td>
<td>I knew that something was amiss when...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(ə mis´)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>adverb</td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>① ② ③</td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>expound</strong></td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ex • pound</td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(eks pound´)</td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>verb</td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>① ② ③</td>
<td>To make things clear, it is important to expound on your reasons for...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>lament</strong></td>
<td>The mother turtle lamented having to leave her children on the beach.</td>
<td>I lamented the sad...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>la • ment</td>
<td>The mother turtle lamented having to leave her children on the beach.</td>
<td>I lamented the sad...</td>
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The Tragedy of
Julius Caesar

A Play by
William Shakespeare

ACT II
SCENE II: THE HOME OF JULIUS CAESAR

Thunder and lightning. Enter JULIUS CAESAR in his nightgown.

CAESAR. Nor1 heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight. Thrice2 hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, “Help, ho! they murther3 Caesar!” Who’s within?4

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. My lord?

CAESAR. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,5 And bring me their opinions of success.6

SERVANT. I will, my lord. Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CALPHURNIA. What mean you, Caesar?7 Think you to walk forth?

CAESAR. Caesar shall forth;8 the things that threaten’d me Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPHURNIA. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,9 Yet now they fright10 me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

---

1. Nor. neither
2. Thrice. Three times
3. Murther. Murder
4. Who’s within? (calling to a servant) Who is here?
5. Do present sacrifice. Immediately perform a sacrifice—by sacrificing an animal and reading omens of the future in its internal organs
6. Opinions of success. Predictions of whether or not I shall have a successful future
7. What mean you, Caesar? What are you thinking of doing, Caesar?
8. Shall forth. Shall go forth
9. Stood on ceremonies. Believed in omens
10. Fright. Frighten
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets, And graves have yawn’d and yielded up their dead; Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle hurtled in the air; Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan, And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. O Caesar, these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

**CAESAR.** What can be avoided Whose end is purpos’d by the mighty gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

**CALPURNIA.** When beggars die there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. **CAESAR.** Cowards die many times before their deaths, The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear,

---

11. **horrid.** Terrible, horrible  
12. **watch.** Night watchmen  
13. **whelped.** Given birth  
14. **yawn’d.** Opened wide  
15. **right form.** Proper formations  
16. **hurtled.** Crashed  
17. **beyond all use.** Outside of normal experience  
18. **Are to...Caesar.** Apply as much to the rest of the world as they do to me
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers? 19

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth today.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, 21  
They could not find a heart within the beast.  
Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;  
Caesar should be a beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home today for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not; Danger knows full well  
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.  
We are two lions litter’d in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Caesar shall go forth.  
Caesar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And for thy humor 24 I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here’s Decius Brutus; he shall tell them so.  
Decius. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar,  
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.  
Caesar. And you are come in very happy time 25  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come today.  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.  
Calphurnia. Say he is sick.  
Caesar. Shall Caesar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far,

---

19. augurers. Religious officials of ancient Rome who foretold the future by reading signs and omens  
20. entrails. Inner organs, viscera  
21. plucking…forth. Pulling out the entrails of an offering  
22. litter’d. born  
23. consum’d in confidence. Lessened by over-confidence  
24. for thy humor. At your insistence, to please you  
25. in very happy time. At the right time
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.  

**Decius.** Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh’d at when I tell them so.  

**Caesar.** The cause is in my will, I will not come:  
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.  
But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.  

And these does she apply for warnings and portents  
And evils **imminent**, and on her knee  
Hath begg’d that I will stay at home today.  

**Decius.** This dream is all **amiss** interpreted,  
It was a vision fair and fortunate.  

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath’d,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  

This by Calphurnia’s dream is signified.  

**Caesar.** And this way have you well **expounded** it.  
**Decius.** I have, when you have heard what I can say;  
And know it now: the Senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.  

If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render’d, for someone to say  
“Break up the Senate till another time,  
When Caesar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”  

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
“Lo Caesar is afraid”?  
Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.  

110 **CÆSAR.** How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go.

---

**Think and Reflect**

Do you prefer to live your life by rational or logical explanations as opposed to dreams and superstitions? Explain.

---

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

**PUBLIUS.** Good morrow, Caesar.

115 **CÆSAR.** Welcome, Publius.  
What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?  
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,  
Caesar was ne’er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.  

120 What is’t a’ clock?

**BRUTUS.** Caesar, ’tis strucken eight.  
**CÆSAR.** I thank you for your pains and courtesy.  

*Enter Antony.*

See, Antony, that revels long a-nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

125 **ANTONY.** So to most noble Caesar.  
**CÆSAR.** Bid them prepare within;  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.  
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius:  
I have an hour’s talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me today;  
Be near me, that I may remember you.  
**TREBONIUS.** Caesar, I will; [aside] and so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.  
**CÆSAR.** Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,

---

**Analyze Literature**

*Plot* Trebonius’s aside in lines 132–133 tells us about his true feelings for Caesar. Some other characters make similar asides. Why do you think it is important for these characters to show their true feelings to the audience?

---

34. *reason…liable.* My thinking is based upon my love for you  
35. *same ague.* A recurring sickness  
36. *What is’t a’ clock?* What time is it?  
37. *’tis strucken.* It has struck
AND WE, LIKE FRIENDS, WILL STRAIGHTWAY GO TOGETHER.

**BRUTUS.** [Aside.] That every like is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus earns to think upon!

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE III: A STREET IN ROME NEAR THE CAPITOL**

*Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.*

**ARTEMIDORUS.** "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong’d Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

*Exit.*

**Think and Reflect**

If you knew that a person close to you was in danger, what would you do to warn the person?

---

38. *every like…same.* Seeming to be alike is not the same as being completely alike in nature. Brutus means that some who seem like Caesar’s friends are not really his friends.

39. *earns.* grieves

40. *thou beest.* You are

41. *lover.* friend

42. *as a suitor.* As someone who has a favor to ask

43. *Out of…emulation.* Outside the destructive reach (the bite) of rivalry

44. *contrive.* Scheme
REVIEW CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What was Calphurnia’s request to Caesar?
   A. She asked him to stay home.
   B. She asked him not to be king.
   C. She asked him to buy her clothes.

2. Calphurnia learned of her husband’s death
   A. from Antony.
   B. from a dream.
   C. from the priests.

3. In Caesar’s sacrifice, the priests could not find
   A. a heart.
   B. the entrails.
   C. anything wrong.

4. Who convinces Caesar to go to the Senate?
   A. Antony
   B. Calphurnia
   C. Decius Brutus

5. Caesar was convinced that he should appear at
   the Senate because he heard that
   A. the Senate was going to crown him king.
   B. Calphurnia wanted him to go to the Senate.
   C. all his friends were going to be at the Senate.

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. The brave do not fear to taste death. They are
   A. eating dead things.
   B. experiencing death.
   C. throwing death away.

2. Calphurnia predicted Caesar’s imminent death.
   She felt that Caesar was going to die
   A. very soon.
   B. immediately.
   C. in the future.

3. Decius claims that Calphurnia’s interpretation of
   her dream was amiss. Her interpretation was
   A. wrong.
   B. boring.
   C. lacking.

4. Decius expounded Calphurnia’s dream.
   He gave
   A. a criticism on the dream.
   B. a summary of the dream.
   C. an explanation for the dream.

5. Artemidorus laments Caesar’s fate. He
   A. wishes bad things on Caesar.
   B. mourns Caesar’s endangered life.
   C. thinks his excuse to see Caesar is weak.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Plot

Briefly describe the plot of the play so far.

USE READING SKILLS: Paraphrase

Review the passage in Act II, which you paraphrased in your Paraphrase Text Chart. Then, answer the following question: What made paraphrasing this monologue difficult for you?
**PREVIEW VOCABULARY**

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<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td><strong>Practice</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>decree</strong>&lt;br&gt;de-cree&lt;br&gt;(di krē`)&lt;br&gt;<em>noun</em></td>
<td>The President made a <strong>decree</strong> on conserving natural resources.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>I would like the President of the United States to give a <strong>decree</strong> on...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>valiant</strong>&lt;br&gt;va-li-ant&lt;br&gt;(val’yənt)&lt;br&gt;<em>adjective</em></td>
<td>The cowboy made a <strong>valiant</strong> effort to tame the wild horse.</td>
<td></td>
<td>I consider someone <strong>valiant</strong> if he or she...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>reverence</strong>&lt;br&gt;rev-er-ence&lt;br&gt;(rev’ər ans)&lt;br&gt;<em>noun</em></td>
<td>The citizen spoke with <strong>reverence</strong> about the king.</td>
<td></td>
<td>I speak with <strong>reverence</strong> about...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>light upon</strong>&lt;br&gt;<em>idiom</em></td>
<td>The butterfly <strong>lighted upon</strong> the flower’s stem.</td>
<td></td>
<td>The airplane <strong>lighted upon</strong>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>discourse</strong>&lt;br&gt;dis-course&lt;br&gt;(dis’kōrs‘)&lt;br&gt;<em>verb</em></td>
<td>The professor was eager to <strong>discourse</strong> about the global recession.</td>
<td></td>
<td>An important topic for <strong>discourse</strong> today is...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 2 3
DURING READING

ACT III

SCENE I: ROME IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL


Caesar. The ides of March¹ are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.²

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o’er-read³ (At your best leisure) this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine’s a suit That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv’d.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Caesar, read it instantly.

Caesar. What, is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah,⁴ give place.

Cassius. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

Popilius. I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well. Leaves him and joins Caesar.

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish’d today our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look how he makes to⁵ Caesar; mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant;⁶ Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes, For look he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

---

¹ ides of March. Fifteenth of March
² schedule. Document
³ o’er-read. Read over; consider
⁴ Sirrah. An insulting term used to address an individual of a low station in life
⁵ makes to. Heads toward
⁶ constant. Calm
30  **Decius.** Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer⁷ his suit to Caesar.
**Brutus.** He is address’d;⁸ press near and second him.
**Cinna.** Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
**Caesar.** Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?²⁹
**Metellus.** Most high, most mighty, and most puissant¹⁰
Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.  

35  **Caesar.** I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couplings and these lowly courtesies¹¹
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance and first decree¹²
Into the law of children.¹³ Be not fond
To¹⁴ think that Caesar bears such rebel¹⁵ blood
That will be thaw’d from the true quality
With that which melteth fools—I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by **decree** is banished;

40  If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn¹⁶ thee like a cur¹⁷ out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.¹⁸

**Metellus.** Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar’s ear
For the repealing of my banish’d brother?
**Brutus.** I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.¹⁹

45  **Caesar.** What, Brutus?
**Cassius.** Pardon, Caesar! Caesar, pardon!
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement²⁰ for Publius Cimber.

---

7. presently prefer. Immediately present
8. address’d. Ready
9. redress. Put right; correct
10. puissant. Strong; powerful
11. courtesies. Bows
12. preordinance and first decree. Earlier made laws
13. the law of children. Children’s games with whimsical, or always changing, rules
14. fond/To. So absurd as to
15. rebel. Wild, rebellious
16. spurn. Kick
17. cur. Dog, mongrel
18. Will he be satisfied. Moved to change his mind
19. freedom of repeal. Permission to be recalled from exile
20. enfranchisement. Here, Cassius means reinstatement as a full citizen
Read aloud Caesar’s monologue on this page. How does Caesar describe himself? What kind of person is he?

---

**CAESAR.** I could be well mov’d, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me; But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix’d and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumb’red sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there’s but one in all doth hold his place. So in the world: ’tis furnish’d well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak’d of motion; and that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this— That I was constant Cimber should be banish’d And constant do remain to keep him so.

---

**CINNA.** O Caesar—

**CAESAR.** Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?  

**DECIUS.** Great Caesar—

**CAESAR.** Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?  

**CASCA.** Speak hands for me!  

---

**They stab CAESAR.**

---

**CAESAR.** Et tu, Brute?—Then fall Caesar!  

---

**CINNA.** Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.  
**CASSIUS.** Some to the common pulpit[s], and cry out,  

---

21. resting. Stable, unmoving  
22. fellow. Equal  
23. firmament. Sky  
24. apprehensive. Capable of reason and understanding  
25. holds on his rank. Holds his position  
26. Unshak’d of motion. Not swayed by outside influence; unaffected by others’ pleas  
27. Olympus. In Greek myth, the mountain that is home to the gods  
28. bootless. In vain. What Caesar means is that Brutus’ plea is made in vain.  
29. Et tu. Latin for and you  
30. pulpit[s]. Platforms for public speakers
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”31

90 **Brutus.** People and senators, be not affrighted;32
Fly not, stand still; ambition’s debt is paid.

**Casca.** Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
**Decius.** And Cassius too.
**Brutus.** Where’s Publius?

95 **Cinna.** Here, quite confounded with33 this mutiny.34

**Metellus.** Stand fast together,35 lest some friend of Caesar’s
Should chance—36

**Brutus.** Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person,

100 Nor to no Roman else.37 So tell them, Publius.
**Cassius.** And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
**Brutus.** Do so, and let no man abide38 this deed,
But we the doers.

*Exeunt all but the Conspirators.*

**Enter Trebonius.**

105 **Cassius.** Where is Antony?
**Trebonius.** Fled to his house amaz’d.39
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As40 it were doomsday.

---

31. *enfranchisement.* having the right to a full citizenship
32. *affrighted.* Frightened
33. *confounded with.* Overwhelmed by
34. *mutiny.* Rebellion
35. *Stand fast together.* Stick together
36. *chance.* Happen upon (us)
37. *no Roman else.* Any other Roman
38. *abide.* Suffer the consequences of
39. *amaz’d.* shocked; stunned (by the events)
40. *as.* As if
DURING READING

Note the Facts

What does Brutus suggest they do to prove Caesar’s death to the Romans?

Note the Facts

Who do the conspirators decide to lead their group and the whole of Rome upon Caesar’s death?

valiant (val’yan’t) adjective, full of courage; brave

BRUTUS. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
110 That we shall die, we know, ’tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.41
CASCIA. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many42 years of fearing death.
BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
115 So are we Caesar’s friends, that have abridg’d
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar’s blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace,43
120 And waving our red weapons o’er our heads,
Let’s all cry, “Peace, freedom, and liberty!”
CASSIUS. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents44 yet unknown!
125 BRUTUS. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,45
That now on Pompey’s basis46 lies along
No worthier than the dust!
CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot47 of us be call’d
The men that gave their country liberty.
DECIOUS. What, shall we forth?
CASSIUS. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels48
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

135 BRUTUS. Soft,49 who comes here? A friend of Antony’s.
SERVANT. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And being prostrate, thus he bade me say;
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
140 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I fear’d Caesar, honor’d him, and lov’d him.

41. stand upon. Worry about
42. so many. As many
43. marketplace. The Forum
44. accents. Languages
45. in sport. In entertainments, such as plays
46. Pompey’s basis. Pedestal of Pompey’s statue
47. knot. Group
48. grace his heels. Do honor to him (such as with a procession of triumph)
49. soft. Wait
If Brutus will vouchsafe\textsuperscript{50} that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv’d
How Caesar hath deserv’d to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state\textsuperscript{51}

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
\textbf{BRUTUS.} Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so\textsuperscript{52} please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouch’d.
\textbf{SERVANT.} I’ll fetch him presently.\textsuperscript{53}

Exit Servant.

\textbf{BRUTUS.} I know that we shall have him well to friend.\textsuperscript{54}
\textbf{CASSIUS.} I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.\textsuperscript{55}

Enter Antony.

\textbf{BRUTUS.} But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony!
\textbf{ANTONY.} O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,\textsuperscript{56} spoils,
Shrunken to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood,\textsuperscript{57} who else is rank;\textsuperscript{58}
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar’s death’s hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,\textsuperscript{59}
Now, whilst your purpled\textsuperscript{60} hands do reek and smoke,\textsuperscript{61}
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

\textsuperscript{50.} \textit{vouchsafe}. Guarantee
\textsuperscript{51.} \textit{untrod state}. New kind of situation
\textsuperscript{52.} \textit{so}. If it should
\textsuperscript{53.} \textit{presently}. At once
\textsuperscript{54.} \textit{well to friend}. As a good friend
\textsuperscript{55.} \textit{misgiving...purpose}. Suspicions usually prove to be true
\textsuperscript{56.} \textit{triumphs}. processions
\textsuperscript{57.} \textit{let blood}. Bled, as was done in the past to cure disease
\textsuperscript{58.} \textit{rank}. Sick
\textsuperscript{59.} \textit{bear me hard}. Dislike me
\textsuperscript{60.} \textit{purpled}. Bloody
\textsuperscript{61.} \textit{smoke}. Steam (with Caesar’s warm blood)
I shall not find myself so apt\(^{62}\) to die;
No place will please me so, no mean\(^{63}\) of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

**BRUTUS.** O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands and this our present act
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar.\(^{66}\) For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice,\(^{67}\) and our hearts
Of brothers’ temper,\(^{68}\) do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

**CASSIUS.** Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.\(^{69}\)

**BRUTUS.** Only be patient till we have appeas’d\(^{70}\)
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver\(^{71}\) you the cause
Why I, that did love Caesar when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.

---

**Build Vocabulary**

The word *reverence* in line 190 carries more weight than “kind love” and “good thoughts.” What virtues can you associated with *reverence*?

**Think and Reflect**

Why do you think it is important to announce the news of a great leader’s death to the nation he or she leads?

---

**ANTONY.** I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

---

62. **apt.** Ready
63. **mean.** Means
64. **You see we do.** You see what we have done
65. **pitiful.** Full of pity (for Caesar)
66. **pity to...Caesar.** Our pity for Rome drove us to pity and murder Caesar
67. **malice.** Desire to do harm
68. **temper.** Feelings, disposition
69. **dignities.** Titles, public offices
70. **appeas’d.** Calmed
71. **deliver.** Explain to
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus; Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours; Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, ’tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay’d, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign’d in thy spoil, and crimson’d in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strooken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius!
The enemies of Caesar shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Caesar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick’d in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway’d from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.
Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.

Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That’s all I seek,
And am, moreover, suitors that I may
Produce his body to the marketplace,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to Brutus. You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov’d
By that which he will utter?

Brutus. By your pardon—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar’s death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here take you Caesar’s body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do’t by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt. Manet Antony.

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

---

80. **suitor.** Petitioner; one who has a favor to ask
81. **in the order of.** In the ceremonies conducted for
82. **advantage.** Help; aid
83. **may fall.** May happen
84. **thou...earth.** Caesar
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which like dumb mouths do open their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity chok’d with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar’s spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch’s voice
Cry “Havoc!” and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius’s servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming,

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!—[Seeing the body.]

Antony. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc’d.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

---

85. Open
86. speech
87. Help, aid
88. By familiarity with
89. Terrible, cruel
90. Roving
91. Greek goddess of conflict
92. Unhook from their leashes
93. Gaius Octavius, grand nephew and heir to Julius Caesar, later Augustus Caesar, the first of the Roman emperors.
94. Ride
95. Happened
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence,\(^{96}\) and tell him so. Yet stay awhile,  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the marketplace. There shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue\(^{97}\) of these bloody men,  
According to the which\(^{98}\) thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.  

Exeunt with Caesar’s body.

### Analyze Literature

**Plot** How does Antony intend to solve the problem caused by Caesar’s death?

---

**discourse** (dis’kôrs’) verb, to speak

---

**Think and Reflect**

What do you think would happen if the leader of a powerful country suddenly died?

---

### Scene ii: The Roman Forum

*Enter Brutus and Cassius with the Plebeians.*\(^{99}\)

**Plebeians.** We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!  
**Brutus.** Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.\(^{100}\)

Those that will hear me speak, let ’em stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Caesar’s death.  
**1. Plebeian.** I will hear Brutus speak.  
**2. Plebeian.** I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,  
When severally\(^{101}\) we hear them rendered.

Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians.  
Brutus goes into the pulpit.

---

96. **Hie hence.** Hurry from here  
97. **issue.** Consequences  
98. **the which.** The outcome of which (Antony plans to use his speech as an occasion to test the attitudes of the people about the killing of Caesar)  
99. **PLEBEIANS.** Common people  
100. **part the numbers.** Divide the crowd.  
101. **severally.** Separately
3. **Plebeian.** The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

**Brutus.** Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar’s, to him I say, that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lov’d Caesar less, but that I lov’d Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar lov’d me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

**All.** None, Brutus, none.

**Brutus.** Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll’d in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences

---

102. is. Has
103. last. End
104. lovers. Friends
105. to. For
106. Censure. Judge
107. base. Low
108. bondman. Servant, slave
109. so rude. barbarous
110. question…enroll’d. Reasons for his death have been recorded
111. extenuated. Lessened
enforc’d,\textsuperscript{112} for which he suffer’d death.

\textit{Enter Mark Anthony and others with Caesar’s body.}

Here comes his body, mourn’d by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth,\textsuperscript{113} as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover\textsuperscript{114} for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

\textbf{ALL.} Live, Brutus, live, live!
1. \textbf{Plebeian.} Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. \textbf{Plebeian.} Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. \textbf{Plebeian.} Let him be Caesar.

4. \textbf{Plebeian.} Caesar’s better parts Shall be crown’d in Brutus.

1. \textbf{Plebeian.} We’ll bring him to his house With shouts and clamors.

\textbf{BRUTUS.} My countrymen—


1. \textbf{Plebeian.} Peace ho!

\textbf{BRUTUS.} Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. Do grace to Caesar’s corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar’s glories, which Mark Antony (By our permission) is allow’d to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.\textsuperscript{115}

\textit{Exit.}

\textbf{Think and Reflect}

Do you think that Brutus’s argument for Caesar’s death was convincing? Why or why not?

\begin{enumerate}
\item \textbf{Plebeian.} Stay ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.
\item \textbf{Plebeian.} Let him go up into the public chair,
\end{enumerate}

\textsuperscript{112} \textit{enforc’d.} Forced, exaggerated
\textsuperscript{113} \textit{commonwealth.} Republic
\textsuperscript{114} \textit{lover.} friend
\textsuperscript{115} \textit{have spoke.} Has spoken
We’ll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

**Antony.** For Brutus’ sake, I am beholding to you.

*Goes into the pulpit.*

70  
**4. Plebeian.** What does he say of Brutus?

3. **Plebeian.** He says, for Brutus’ sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. **Plebeian.** ’Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here!

75  
1. **Plebeian.** This Caesar was a tyrant.

3. **Plebeian.** Nay, that’s certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2. **Plebeian.** Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

**Antony.** You gentle Romans—

80  
**All.** Peace ho, let us hear him.

**Antony.** Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred
with their bones;

85  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer’d it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Caesar’s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,

90  
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

95  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

100  
116. interred. Buried
117. grievously. With seriousness; with graveness
118. general coffers. The treasury of the republic

**Read Aloud**

Read lines 81–88 aloud. How does Antony begin his speech? Does he appeal justice for Caesar’s murder?

**Note the Facts**

How does Antony describe Brutus?
And sure\textsuperscript{119} he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

\textbf{1. Plebeian.} Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

\textbf{2. Plebeian.} If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

\textbf{3. Plebeian.} Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

\textbf{4. Plebeian.} Mark’d ye his words? He would not take the crown,
Therefore ’tis certain he was not ambitious.

\textbf{1. Plebeian.} If it be found so, some will dear abide it.\textsuperscript{120}

\textbf{2. Plebeian.} Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

\textbf{3. Plebeian.} There’s not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

\textbf{4. Plebeian.} Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

\textbf{Think and Reflect}

Describe how the Plebeians understood both Brutus’s and Antony’s speeches. Do you think they understood what the speakers were trying to say completely? Or were they swayed easily by emotions?

\textbf{Antony.} But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to\textsuperscript{121} do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos’d to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who (you all know) are honorable men.

\textsuperscript{119} sure. Certainly
\textsuperscript{120} some... abide it. Some (the conspirators) will pay dearly for it.
\textsuperscript{121} poor to. Low ranking as to
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
140 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here’s a parchment with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet, ’tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
145 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar’s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
150 Unto their issue.122

4. PLEBEIAN. We’ll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.
ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar’s will.
ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet123 you know how Caesar lov’d you:
155 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
’Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it?
4. PLEBEIAN. Read the will, we’ll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Caesar’s will.
ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will you stay124 awhile?
I have o’ershoot myself125 to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
160 Whose daggers have stabb’d Caesar; I do fear it.
4. PLEBEIAN. They were traitors; honorable men!
ALL. The will! the testament!
2. PLEBEIAN. They were villains, murderers. The will,
read the will!

122. issue. Descendants, heirs
123. meet. Proper, suitable
124. stay. Wait
125. o’ershoot myself. Gone too far
170  **Antony.** You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?¹²⁶

**All.** Come down.

175  **2. Plebeian.** Descend.

**3. Plebeian.** You shall have leave.

Antony comes down from the pulpit.

**4. Plebeian.** A ring, stand round.

**1. Plebeian.** Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

**2. Plebeian.** Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

180  **Antony.** Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

**All.** Stand back; room, bear back!

**Antony.** If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;

185  ’Twas on a summer’s evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius’ dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb’d,

190  And as he pluck’d his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolv’d
If Brutus so unkindly¹²⁷ knock’d or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s angel.

195  Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov’d him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquish’d him. Then burst his mighty heart,

200  And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

205  Whilst bloody treason flourish’d over us.
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint¹²⁸ of pity. These are gracious drops.

¹²⁶. **give me leave.** Allow me to
¹²⁷. **unkindly.** Unnaturally
¹²⁸. **dint.** Stroke
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar’s vesture\(^{129}\) wounded? Look you here,

*Lifting Caesar’s mantle.*

210 Here is himself, marr’d as you see with traitors.
1. **Plebeian.** O piteous spectacle!
2. **Plebeian.** O noble Caesar!
3. **Plebeian.** O woeful day!
4. **Plebeian.** O traitors, villains!

215 1. **Plebeian.** O most bloody sight!
2. **Plebeian.** We will be reveng’d!

**All.** Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

**Antony** Stay, countrymen.

220 1. **Plebeian.** Peace there, hear the noble Antony.
2. **Plebeian.** We’ll hear him, we’ll follow him, we’ll die
with him.

**Antony.** Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

225 They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

230 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man
That love\(^{130}\) my friend, and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words,\(^{131}\) nor worth,

235 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men’s blood; I only speak right on.\(^{132}\)
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar’s wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths,

240 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

245 **All.** We’ll mutiny.

---

129. *vesture.* Clothing
130. *That love.* Loved
131. *words.* Fluency, ease with words
132. *right on.* Directly from the heart, not as a trained speaker
1. **PLEBEIAN.** We’ll burn the house of Brutus.

3. **PLEBEIAN.** Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

**ANTONY.** Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

**ALL.** Peace ho, hear Antony, most noble Antony!

**ANTONY.** Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv’d your loves? Alas you know not! I must tell you then: You have forgot the will I told you of.

**ALL.** Most true. The will! Let’s stay and hear the will.

**ANTONY.** Here is the will, and under Caesar’s seal:

To every Roman citizen he gives, To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Exeunt*

2. **PLEBEIAN.** Most noble Caesar! we’ll revenge his death.

3. **PLEBEIAN.** O royal Caesar!

**ANTONY.** Hear me with patience.

**ALL.** Peace ho!

**ANTONY.** Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbors and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever—common pleasures, To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

1. **PLEBEIAN.** Never, never! Come, away, away! We’ll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors’ houses. Take up the body.

2. **PLEBEIAN.** Go fetch fire.

3. **PLEBEIAN.** Pluck down benches.

4. **PLEBEIAN.** Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

*Exeunt PLEBEIANS with the body.*

**ANTONY.** Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter SERVANT.*

How now, fellow?

**SERVANT.** Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

---

133. *this side Tiber.* On this side of the Tiber river

134. *pleasures.* Public places of rest and relaxation

135. *recreate.* Enjoy

136. *forms.* Benches

137. *windows.* Shutters

138. *is.* Has
ANTONY. Where is he?

SERVANT. He and Lepidus are at Caesar’s house.

ANTONY. And thither will I straight to visit him; He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.

SERVANT. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

ANTONY. Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had mov’d them. Bring me to Octavius.

What do you think of the common people of Rome who listened to both Brutus and Antony? Do you think that these people are capable of governing themselves in a democracy? Why, or why not?

What do you think of the common people of Rome who listened to both Brutus and Antony? Do you think that these people are capable of governing themselves in a democracy? Why, or why not?

139. upon a wish. As I wished
140. Are rid. Have ridden
141. belike. Most likely
142. notice. News
READING CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. What was the last suit Caesar heard before he died?
   A. Metellus’s suit
   B. Trebonius’s suit
   C. Artemidorus’s suit

2. Where is Caesar murdered?
   A. at a public street
   B. in his own home
   C. at the Senate house

3. When did Caesar die?
   A. May 12
   B. March 15
   C. August 20

4. Who is the last person whom Caesar calls before he dies?
   A. Brutus
   B. Antony
   C. Calphurnia

5. Who took over the Roman Republic upon Caesar’s death?
   A. Brutus
   B. Antony
   C. Octavius

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Metellus’s brother, by decree, was banished. A decree is based on
   A. gossip.
   B. Caesar’s orders.
   C. Roman laws.

2. Antony describes Brutus as a valiant man. He means that Brutus is
   A. a vain man.
   B. a brave man.
   C. a hateful man.

3. Antony feels only reverence for Caesar. He
   A. hates Caesar very much.
   B. loves and respects Caesar.
   C. wants to revert Caesar’s death.

4. Caesar’s death causes a curse to light upon men. Antony claims this curse shall
   A. fall on men.
   B. lighten men’s hearts.
   C. bring down their enemies.

5. Antony asks Octavius’s servant to discourse to Octavius or
   A. lie to him about the state of things.
   B. talk to him about the state of things.
   C. hide from him the state of things.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Plot

Use details from the play to complete the Plot Diagram below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Incidents leading to Julius Caesar's death</th>
<th>Central Conflict</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Internal: (within Caesar’s actions)</td>
<td>Act II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>External: (beyond Caesar’s power to change)</td>
<td>Act III</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

USE READING SKILLS: Paraphrase

Recall the notes you recorded in the Paraphrase Chart at the Before Reading section to help you answer the following questions:

1. Which of the passages did you find most difficult to paraphrase? Why?

2. How did the use of this reading skill help you to understand the play better?

BUILD VOCABULARY SKILLS: Archaic to Modern Language Translator

Many lines of dialogue in The Tragedy of Julius Caesar contain old or archaic language, which may prevent modern people from appreciating their messages. Below is the letter from Artemidorus. Underline the words that are considered archaic or out of fashion in the letter. Then, translate it into modern, formal sentences in Standard English.

ARTEMIDORUS. “Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong’d Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,
Artemidorus.”

SPEAKING & LISTENING SKILLS: Mock Debate

Form a group with six to eight members. Divide your group into two teams. Each team will go through either Brutus’s or Antony’s speech in Act III of The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. Each team is tasked with paraphrasing either character’s speech. Then, the teams will present their paraphrased speeches in the form of a mock debate. One team will read Brutus’s speech, and the other team will reply with Anthony’s response to Brutus. The rest of the class will serve as adjudicators (or the common people of Rome). The debate should last for seven to ten minutes.
ABOUT THE FAIRY TALES

“Mother Holle” is a tale of a beautiful and industrious daughter who is made to do all the work because of her stepmother, who does not favor her. One day, she throws herself into a well to go after her fallen spindle and meets Mother Holle. Read to find out what happens when she agrees to help the old woman with chores.

“The Wonderful Hair” narrates the story of a poor man who is very desperate. An angel appears to him and gives him advice on how to find a way to feed and clothe his children. The man obeys the angel and soon finds himself with a very rare object. Read to find out what happens.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

What is the biggest challenge you ever faced? What did you learn about yourself as you faced this challenge?
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Motif

Motif is a recurring idea that appears in a literary work. Common motifs found in fairy tales are helpful elves, fairy godmothers, magical quests, three wishes, wicked stepsisters, and so on. As you read, look for the motifs shared by the fairy tales, and identify which elements are realistic and which are imaginary.

USE READING SKILLS: Compare and Contrast

As you read “Mother Holle” and “The Wonderful Hair,” compare and contrast, or look for similarities and differences between the elements found in each story. Take notes about the settings, characters, and plots for both fairy tales, using the Venn diagram below.

Venn Diagram

Mother Holle
- A house is hidden away in a well
- Both settings have magical elements

The Wonderful Hair
- A brook with a magical maiden
- Both settings have magical elements

Both Stories
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>industrious</strong>&lt;br&gt;in • dus • tri • ous&lt;br&gt;(in dus´trē as)&lt;br&gt;adjective</td>
<td>Jimmy is an <em>industrious</em> child who works hard to make his dreams come true.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>A person who is <em>industrious</em> will go…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>summon</strong>&lt;br&gt;sum • mon&lt;br&gt;(su´mən)&lt;br&gt;verb</td>
<td>The teacher <em>summoned</em> Jana’s parents for a serious talk.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
<td><em>Summon</em> all your determination when…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>conscious</strong>&lt;br&gt;con • scious&lt;br&gt;(kān(t)−shas)&lt;br&gt;adjective</td>
<td>Tall people are very <em>conscious</em> of their height when everyone else is shorter than them.</td>
<td></td>
<td>People are often <em>conscious</em> of their differences, so…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>at (his) wit’s end</strong>&lt;br&gt;idiom</td>
<td>The poor parents are <em>at their wit’s end</em> on where to look for their children.</td>
<td></td>
<td>If you are <em>at your wit’s end</em> about a homework problem, you can…</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Once upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters; one of them was beautiful and **industrious**, the other ugly and lazy. The mother, however, loved the ugly and lazy one best, because she was her own daughter, and so the other, who was only her stepdaughter, was made to do all the work of the house, and was quite the Cinderella of the family. Her stepmother sent her out every day to sit by the well in the high road, there to spin until she made her fingers bleed. Now it chanced one day that some blood fell on to the spindle, and as the girl stopped over the well to wash it off, the spindle suddenly sprang out of her hand and fell into the well. She ran home crying to tell of her misfortune, but her stepmother spoke harshly to her, and after giving her a violent scolding, said unkindly, “As you have let the spindle fall into the well you may go yourself and fetch it out.”

The girl went back to the well not knowing what to do, and at last in her distress she jumped into the water after the spindle.

She remembered nothing more until she awoke and found herself in a beautiful meadow, full of sunshine, and with countless flowers blooming in every direction.

She walked over the meadow, and presently she came upon a baker’s oven full of bread, and the loaves cried out to her, “Take us out, take us out, or alas! we shall be burnt to a cinder; we were baked through long ago.” So she took the bread-shovel and drew them all out.

She went on a little farther, till she came to a tree full of apples. “Shake me, shake me, I pray,” cried the tree; “my apples, one and all, are ripe.” So she shook the tree, and the apples came falling down upon her like rain; but she continued shaking until there was not a single apple left upon it. Then she carefully gathered the apples together in a heap and walked on again.
The next thing she came to was a little house, and there she saw an old woman looking out, with such large teeth, that she was terrified, and turned to run away. But the old woman called after her, “What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me; if you will do the work of my house properly for me, I will make you very happy. You must be very careful, however, to make my bed in the right way, for I wish you always to shake it thoroughly, so that the feathers fly about; then they say, down there in the world, that it is snowing; for I am Mother Holle.” The old woman spoke so kindly, that the girl summoned up courage and agreed to enter into her service.

She took care to do everything according to the old woman’s bidding and every time she made the bed she shook it with all her might, so that the feathers flew about like so many snowflakes. The old woman was as good as her word: she never spoke angrily to her, and gave her roast and boiled meats every day. So she stayed on with Mother Holle for some time, and then she began to grow unhappy. She could not at first tell why she felt sad, but she became conscious at last of great longing to go home; then she knew she was homesick, although she was a thousand times better off with Mother Holle than with her mother and sister. After waiting awhile, she went to Mother Holle and said, “I am so homesick, that I cannot stay with you any longer, for although I am so happy here, I must return to my own people.”

Then Mother Holle said, “I am pleased that you should want to go back to your own people, and as you have served me so well and faithfully, I will take you home myself.”

Thereupon she led the girl by the hand up to a broad gateway. The gate was opened, and as the girl passed through, a shower of gold fell upon her, and the gold clung to her, so that she was covered with it from head to foot.

“That is a reward for your industry,” said Mother Holle, and as she spoke she handed her the spindle which she had dropped into the well.
The gate was then closed, and the girl found herself back in the old world close to her mother’s house. As she entered the courtyard, the cock who was perched on the well, called out:

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Your golden daughter’s come back to you.”

Then she went in to her mother and sister, and as she was so richly covered with gold, they gave her a warm welcome. She related to them all that had happened, and when the mother heard how she had come by her great riches, she thought she should like her ugly, lazy daughter to go and try her fortune. So she made the sister go and sit by the well and spin, and the girl pricked her finger and thrust her hand into a thorn-bush, so that she might drop some blood on to the spindle; then she threw it into the well, and jumped in herself.

Like her sister she awoke in the beautiful meadow, and walked over it till she came to the oven. “Take us out, take us out, or alas! we shall be burnt to a cinder; we were baked
through long ago,” cried the loaves as before. But the lazy girl answered, “Do you think I am going to dirty my hands for you?” and walked on.

Presently she came to the apple-tree. “Shake me, shake me, I pray; my apples, one and all, are ripe,” it cried. But she only answered, “A nice thing to ask me to do, one of the apples might fall on my head,” and passed on.

At last she came to Mother Holle’s house, and as she had heard all about the large teeth from her sister, she was not afraid of them, and engaged herself without delay to the old woman.

The first day she was very obedient and industrious, and exerted herself to please Mother Holle, for she thought of the gold she should get in return. The next day, however, she began to dawdle over her work, and the third day she was more idle still; then she began to lie in bed in the mornings and refused to get up. Worse still, she neglected to make the old woman’s bed properly, and forgot to shake it so that the feathers might fly about. So Mother Holle very soon got tired of her, and told her she might go. The lazy girl was delighted at this, and thought to herself, “The gold will soon be mine.” Mother Holle led her, as she had led her sister, to the broad gateway; but as she was passing through, instead of the shower of gold, a great bucketful of pitch came pouring over her.

“That is in return for your services,” said the old woman, and she shut the gate. So the lazy girl had to go home covered with pitch, and the cock on the well called out as she saw her:

“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Your dirty daughter’s come back to you.”

But, try what she would, she could not get the pitch off and it stuck to her as long as she lived.

Mother Holle showers the beautiful stepdaughter in gold as a “reward” for her industry. What does this tell you about hard work? Does hard work pay off in real life?
There was once a poor man who had so many children that he was at his wit’s end how to feed them all and clothe them.

“Unless something turns up soon,” he thought to himself, “we shall all starve to death. Poor youngsters—I’m almost tempted to kill them with my own hands to save them from suffering the pangs of hunger!”

That night before he went to sleep he prayed God to give him help. God heard his prayer and sent an angel to him in a dream. The angel said to him:

“Tomorrow morning when you wake, put your hand under your pillow and you will find a mirror, a red handkerchief, and an embroidered scarf. Without saying a word to any one hide these things in your shirt and go out to the woods that lie beyond the third hill from the village. There you will find a brook. Follow it until you come to a beautiful maiden who is bathing in its waters. You will know her from the great masses of golden hair that fall down over her shoulders. She will speak to you but you be careful not to answer. If you say a word to her she will be able to bewitch\(^1\) you. She will hold out a comb to you and ask you to comb her hair. Take the comb and do as she asks. Then part her back hair carefully and you will see one hair that is coarser than the others and as red as blood. Wrap this firmly around one of your fingers and jerk it out. Then flee as fast as you can. She will pursue you and each time as she is about to overtake you drop first the embroidered scarf, then the red handkerchief, and last the mirror. If you reach the hill nearest your own village you are safe for she can pursue you no farther. Take good care of the single hair for it has great value and you can sell it for many golden ducats\(^2\).”

In the morning when the poor man awoke and put his hand under his pillow he found the mirror and the handkerchief and the scarf just as the angel had said he would. So he hid them

---

1. *bewitch*. To cast a spell over someone or something
2. *ducats*. Gold coins used as trade currency
carefully in his shirt and without telling any one where he was going he went to the woods beyond the third hill from the village. Here he found the brook and followed it until he came to a pool where he saw a lovely maiden bathing.

“Good day to you!” she said politely.

The poor man remembering the angel’s warning made no answer.

The maiden held out a golden comb.

“Please comb my hair for me, won’t you?”

The man nodded and took the comb. Then he parted the long tresses behind and searched here and there and everywhere until he found the one hair that was blood-red in color and coarser than the others. He twisted this firmly around his finger, jerked it quickly out, and fled.

“Oh!” cried the maiden. “What are you doing? Give me back my one red hair!”

She jumped to her feet and ran swiftly after him. As she came close to him, he dropped behind him the embroidered scarf. She stooped and picked it up and examined it awhile. Then she saw the man was escaping, so she tossed the scarf aside and again ran after him. This time he dropped the red handkerchief. Its bright color caught the maiden’s eye and she picked it up and lost a few more minutes admiring it while the man raced on. Then the maiden remembered him, threw away the handkerchief, and started off again in pursuit.

This time the man dropped the mirror and the maiden who of course was a Vila and had never seen a mirror before picked it up and looked at it and when she saw the lovely reflection of herself she was so amazed that she kept on looking and looking. She was still looking in it and still admiring her own beauty when the man reached the third hill beyond which the maiden couldn’t follow him.

So the poor man got home with the hair safely wound about his finger.

“It must be of great value,” he thought to himself. “I’ll take it to the city and offer it for sale there.”

So the next day he went to the city and went about offering his wonderful hair to the merchants.

“What’s so wonderful about it?” they asked him.

“I don’t know, but I do know it’s of great value,” he told them.

“Well,” said one of them, “I’ll give you one golden ducat for it.”
He was a shrewd buyer and the others hearing his bid of one golden ducat decided that he must know that the hair was of much greater value. So they began to outbid him until the price offered the poor man reached one hundred golden ducats. But the poor man insisted that this was not enough.

“One hundred golden ducats not enough for one red hair!” cried the merchants.

They pretended to be disgusted that any one would refuse such a price for one red hair, but in reality they were all firmly convinced by this time that it was a magic hair and probably worth any amount of money in the world.

The whole city became excited over the wonderful hair for which all the merchants were bidding and for a time nothing else was talked about. The matter was reported to the Tsar\(^4\) and at once he said that he himself would buy the hair for one thousand golden ducats.

One thousand golden ducats! After that there was no danger of the poor man’s many children dying of starvation.

And what do you suppose the Tsar did with the hair? He had it split open very carefully and inside he found a scroll of great importance to mankind for on it were written many wonderful secrets of nature.

---

4. **Tsar**: Ruler of Russia

---

The characters all put different values on a red hair. When have you valued an object more highly than others had?
READER CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Why does the stepdaughter in “Mother Holle” throw herself in the well?
   A. She wants to end her life.
   B. She is fetching the spindle.
   C. She wants to meet Mother Holle.

2. What does the stepdaughter in “Mother Holle” find in the meadow?
   A. a magical well with an old woman inside
   B. a rooster that greets the people who walk by
   C. a baker’s oven full of loaves and a tree full of apples

3. In “Mother Holle”, what does the stepmother do when her stepdaughter comes back in gold?
   A. She sends her own daughter to Mother Holle.
   B. She invites Mother Holle to join her small family.
   C. She welcomes her stepdaughter with happiness and love.

4. What objects does the poor man find under his pillow in “The Wonderful Hair”?
   A. a scroll, a hair, and a sword
   B. a feather, a wand, and a slipper
   C. a scarf, a handkerchief, and a mirror

5. In “The Wonderful Hair”, who ends up with the maiden’s red hair?
   A. the Tsar
   B. the merchant
   C. the poor man

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. The beautiful stepdaughter is industrious, spending her time working
   A. diligently.
   B. intelligently.
   C. belligerently.

2. She summons all her courage to face the old woman, her inner warrior
   A. staying still.
   B. coming forth.
   C. backing away.

3. She becomes conscious of homesickness. There is no kindness for her at home, but her longing is so strong that she becomes
   A. aware of it.
   B. strong with it.
   C. numb against it.

4. The poor man was at his wits end about his family. He felt
   A. afraid for them.
   B. confused about their problems.
   C. desperate to do something to help.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Motif

What motifs do “Mother Holle” and “The Wonderful Hair” have in common? Which elements of both stories are imaginary and realistic, and how do these affect the stories?

USE READING SKILLS: Compare and Contrast

Review the Venn diagram you completed while reading the stories. Which elements of the stories are similar and which are different? Share your answers with a classmate.

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Adverb Clauses

An adverb clause is a dependent clause that modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb. It is preceded by subordinating conjunctions such as after, although, because, even though, if, since, when, where, while, and so on.

Adverb clauses answer questions such as when, where, why, and under what conditions.

Examples

1. They decided to meet where the workers are having a boycott. (where)
2. The students are leaving before the dismissal bell even rings. (when)
3. She wanted to kick her cousins because they left her alone. (why)
4. If you leave, you might make everyone happy. (under what conditions)

Fill in the blanks with the correct adverb clause that matches the context of the sentence by answering the question in the parenthesis.

1. The beautiful stepdaughter wants to go home _______________. (when)
2. The poor man will find the maiden _______________. (where)
3. The red hair will be owned by the Tsar _______________. (under what condition)
4. Mother Holle rewards the ugly stepsister with pitch _______________. (why)
5. The angel appears in the poor man’s dream _______________. (why)

WRITING SKILLS: Argumentative Writing

Write a creative advertisement that the poor man may use in selling the red hair in the story “The Wonderful Hair.” Use words that appeal to the senses to entice the merchants to buy your ware. After settling on your wording, catch the attention of the readers by using the different designs, images, and text styles to add interesting elements to the advertisement.
ABOUT THE BALLAD

“Mu-Lan” narrates how Mu-Lan decides to disguise herself as a man to serve in the army in place of her father. Read to learn more about what happens to Mu-Lan when she is in the military.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

What sacrifices are you willing to make for your family?

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Ballad

Ballads are a type of poetry that tells a story and that is usually sung aloud. As you read, study the way the poem is written. Try reading some of the sentences aloud to hear how the poem might sound if it were sung.
**USE READING SKILLS: Summarize**

As you read, summarize “Mu-Lan” by recalling and retelling the important events in your own words and noting these details in the Summary Map below.

*Mu-Lan learns from the draft posters that her father is required to go to the army. She decides to take her father’s place.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>sigh</strong>&lt;br&gt;(‘si)&lt;br&gt;<em>noun</em></td>
<td>The child’s lonely <strong>sigh</strong> echoed in the empty playground.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>When you hear <strong>sighs</strong> from your friend, you immediately think…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>promotion</strong>&lt;br&gt;(prəˈmō ʃən)&lt;br&gt;<em>noun</em></td>
<td>My father’s <strong>promotion</strong> is expected in his company.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
<td>A <strong>promotion</strong> is given to someone when…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>perplexed</strong>&lt;br&gt;(parˈplekst)&lt;br&gt;<em>adjective</em></td>
<td>The reporters looked <strong>perplexed</strong> after the outburst from the superstar.</td>
<td></td>
<td>If your classmate looks <strong>perplexed</strong> after the teacher’s explanation…</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Tsiek tsiek and again tsiek tsiek,  
Mu-lan weaves, facing the door.  
You don’t hear the shuttle’s sound,  
You only hear Daughter’s sighs.  

They ask Daughter who’s in her heart,  
They ask Daughter who’s on her mind.  
“No one is on Daughter’s heart,  
No one is on Daughter’s mind.  

Last night I saw the draft posters,  
The Khan is calling many troops,  
The army list is in twelve scrolls,  
On every scroll there’s Father’s name.

Father has no grown-up son,  
Mu-lan has no elder brother.  

I want to buy a saddle and horse,  
And serve in the army in Father’s place.”

Note the Facts
What is troubling Mu-Lan?

Read Aloud
Read lines 13–22 aloud. What does Mu-Lan decide to do?

1. shuttle’s. In weaving, a shuttle is a device used to pass a thread between other threads stretched on a loom.  
In the East Market she buys a spirited horse,
In the West Market she buys a saddle,
In the South Market she buys a bridle,
In the North Market she buys a long whip.
At dawn she takes leave of Father and Mother,
In the evening camps on the Yellow River’s bank.
She doesn’t hear the sound of Father and Mother calling,
She only hears the Yellow River’s flowing water cry tsien tsien.

At dawn she takes leave of the Yellow River,
In the evening she arrives at Black Mountain.
She doesn’t hear the sound of Father and Mother calling,
She only hears Mount Yen’s nomad horses cry tsiu tsiu.
She goes ten thousand miles on the business of war,
She crosses passes and mountains like flying.
Northern gusts carry the rattle of army pots,
Chilly light shines on iron armor.
Generals die in a hundred battles,
Stout soldiers return after ten years.

On her return she sees the Son of Heaven,
The Son of Heaven sits in the Splendid Hall.
He gives out promotions in twelve ranks
And prizes of a hundred thousand and more.
The Khan asks her what she desires.
“Mu-lan has no use for a minister’s post.
I wish to ride a swift mount
To take me back to my home.”

When Father and Mother hear Daughter is coming
They go outside the wall to meet her, leaning on each other.
When Elder Sister hears Younger Sister is coming
She fixes her rouge, facing the door.
When Little Brother hears Elder Sister is coming

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3. nomad. Roaming from place to place for pasture; wandering
4. Son of Heaven. Ruler
5. mount. Saddle horse, a horse kept for riding only
6. rouge. Makeup of pink or red powder, which is applied to the cheeks
He whets the knife, quick quick, for pig and sheep.
“I open the door to my east chamber,
I sit on my couch in the west room,
I take off my wartime gown
And put on my old-time clothes.”
Facing the window she fixes her cloudlike hair,
Hanging up a mirror she dabs on yellow flower-powder
She goes out the door and sees her comrades.
Her comrades are all amazed and perplexed.
Traveling together for twelve years
They didn’t know Mu-lan was a girl.
“The he-hare’s feet go hop and skip,
The she-hare’s eyes are muddled and fuddled.
Two hares running side by side close to the ground,
How can they tell if I am he or she?

7. whets. Sharpens
8. comrades. Associates or companions
REVIEWING LITERATURE

1. What does Mu-Lan see that upsets her?
   A. news of attacks in the countryside
   B. floodwaters from the Yellow River
   C. draft posters for troops with her father’s name

2. What does Mu-Lan do?
   A. helps people flee their homes
   B. joins the army in her father’s place
   C. asks the Khan for assistance for her village

3. Who does she meet on her return from battle?
   A. the High General
   B. the Son of Heaven
   C. the Lord of the River

4. What does Mu-Lan ask for instead of a promotion?
   A. a swift horse
   B. a new suit of armor
   C. a chance to visit her family

5. What do her comrades learn after twelve years?
   A. They learn she is female.
   B. They learn she is wealthy.
   C. They learn she is innocent.

VOCABULARY CHECK

1. Her parents can hear Mu-Lan’s sighs, which alerts them to her hidden
   A. desires.
   B. wounds.
   C. emotions.

2. The Son of Heaven offers a promotion to Mu-Lan, but she prefers to go home over a
   A. raise in rank.
   B. furnished palace.
   C. brand new horse.

3. Mu-Lan’s comrades are perplexed to learn the truth about her, throwing them into
   A. panic.
   B. rampage.
   C. confusion.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Ballad

Think about how the poem is written. How does the structure of the poem make it easier to read or sing this poem aloud?
USE READING SKILLS: Summarize

Review the Summary Map you completed while reading the ballad. Summarize the ballad in your own words. What is the main idea of “Mu-Lan”? Share your answer with a classmate.

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Subject-Verb Agreement with Contractions

Subject-verb agreement is a rule of grammar that states that the subject and verb must agree in number. The singular form of the verb must be used with a singular subject, and the plural form of the verb must be used with a plural or compound subject.

Examples
1. The golden retriever runs after the stick.
2. The golden retrievers run after the stick.
3. The golden retriever and the terrier run after the stick.

In the first example, the subject is singular (golden retriever), hence the use of the singular form of the verb (runs); in the second example, the subject is plural (golden retrievers); and in the third example, the subject is a compound subject (golden retriever and terrier), hence the use of the plural form of the verb (run).

The only exceptions to the rules are I and you, which are pronouns that always use the plural form of the verb.

Examples
1. I run after the stick.
2. You run after the stick.

The same rules are applied when the verb involved is a contraction. Doesn’t is a contraction of does not and must only be used with a singular subject. Don’t is a contraction of do not and must be used with a plural or compound subject.

Examples
1. She doesn’t want to hurt her father.
2. They don’t want her to leave the family.
3. Ping and Lin don’t want to see her go.

Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verb that will agree with the subject in the sentence.

1. Mu-Lan _______ to fight in place of her father. (plan)

2. The soldiers _______ in the mountains for twelve years. (stay)

3. The Son of Heaven _______ to promote Mu-Lan to minister. (offer)

4. She _______ accept the position and instead asks for a saddle horse. (don’t)

5. Her comrades in the army _______ know how to react after learning her true identity. (don’t)

WORK TOGETHER: Comic Strip

With a classmate, discuss the important events in the text and make a ten- to fifteen-panel comic strip for the ballad “Mu-Lan.” Use appropriate designs, paper, and word style in completing your comic strip.
ABOUT THE MYTH
“The Love of Cupid and Psyche” tells the story of a girl of extraordinary beauty, Psyche. Little did she know that by drawing the anger of Venus, the goddess of beauty, she would also win the heart of Venus’s son, Cupid. Read on to find out about the obstacles they face for love.

MAKE CONNECTIONS
Have you ever felt jealous of someone’s good qualities or talents? How did you resolve your feelings toward this person?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Archetype
An archetype is a story, character, or theme that has been used over and over in many stories and across many cultures of the world. For instance, “The Love of Cupid and Psyche” is a classic story with an archetypal theme—the young couple who fights for their love against impossible odds. As you read, try to name other archetypes by studying the characters with qualities that seem familiar to you.
USE READING SKILLS: Sequence of Events

A sequence refers to the order in which things happen in a story. “The Love of Cupid and Psyche” follows a chronological order, or a sequence of events laid out from past to present to future. Keep track of major events in the story by recording them in the Time Line below. For each major event, add bulleted information detailing minor events of the story. The first event is given as an example.

1. Psyche angers Venus, goddess of beauty.
   • People praise Psyche’s beauty to the point of worship.
   • Venus sends her son, Cupid, to curse Psyche.
# PREVIEW VOCABULARY

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<tr>
<td>Read each key word and rate it using this scale: ① I don't know it at all. ② I've seen it before. ③ I know it and use it.</td>
<td>Read to see how the key word or phrase can be used in a sentence.</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>all eyes were cast upon (the person or object) idiom</td>
<td>The black stallion ran so gracefully that all eyes were cast upon it.</td>
<td>Something worthy to have all eyes cast upon it must be...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>re • pose (ri’pôz) verb</td>
<td>The bear lay in repose inside his cave, waiting for the day to cool down.</td>
<td>I find repose in...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>un • seem • ly (sêm lë) adjective</td>
<td>Bright orange and purple clothes are unseemly together.</td>
<td>An unseemly sight I saw recently is...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for • mid • able (’for mâ da bâl) adjective</td>
<td>Juliet is a formidable opponent in a dance competition.</td>
<td>A formidable businessman is...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>di • vine (da ’vin) adjective</td>
<td>Some Golden Age Hollywood actors possess an almost divine beauty.</td>
<td>I know someone who possesses a nearly divine skill in...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
There once lived a king and queen who had three daughters. The two elder daughters were beautiful, but the youngest daughter, Psyche, was the loveliest maiden in the whole world. The fame of her beauty was so great that strangers from neighboring countries came in crowds to admire her, paying her the homage which is only due Venus herself. In fact, Venus found her altars deserted, as men turned their devotion to the exquisite young girl. People sang her praises as she walked the streets, and strewed chaplets and flowers before her.

This adulation infuriated Venus. Shaking her silken locks in indignation, she exclaimed, “Am I then to be eclipsed by a mortal girl? In vain did that royal shepherd whose judgment was approved by Jupiter himself give me the palm of beauty over my illustrious rivals, Minerva and Juno. I will give this Psyche cause to repent of so unlawful a beauty.”

She complained to her son, Cupid, and led him to the land where Psyche lived, so that he could see for himself the insults the girl unconsciously heaped upon his mother. “My dear son,” said Venus, “punish that beauty. Give thy mother a revenge as sweet as her injuries are great. Infuse into the bosom of that haughty girl a passion for some low, mean, unworthy being, so that she may reap a shame as great as her present joy and triumph.”

Now, there were two fountains in Venus’s garden, one of sweet waters, the other of bitter. Cupid filled two amber vases, one from each fountain and, suspending them from the top of his quiver, hastened to Psyche’s chamber, where she lay asleep. He shed a few drops from the bitter fountain over her lips.

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1. **Psyche** (si’ kē). The literal meaning of her name is “soul.”
2. **Venus.** The Roman goddess of love and beauty.
3. **royal shepherd…Minerva and Juno.** In Roman mythology, Jupiter was the chief god of a group of three including Juno, the queen of the gods, and Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. Paris, a prince who lived as a shepherd, was asked by Jupiter to decide who was most beautiful of three goddesses: Juno, Minerva, or Venus. Paris chose Venus.
though she looked so beautiful in her sleep that he was filled with pity. Then he touched her side with the point of his arrow.

30 At the touch, she awoke and opened her eyes on Cupid, who was so startled by their blue enchantment that he wounded himself with his own arrow. He hovered over her, invisible, and to repair the damage he had done, he poured the water from the sweet fountain over her silken ringlets.

35 Psyche, thus frowned upon by Venus, derived no benefit from all her charms. All eyes were still cast eagerly upon her and every mouth spoke her praise, but neither king, royal youth, or common man presented himself to demand her hand in marriage. Her two elder sisters were married to royal princes, but Psyche, in her lonely apartment, wept over her beauty, sick of the flattery it aroused, while love was denied her.

Her parents, afraid that they had unwittingly incurred the anger of the gods, consulted the oracle of Apollo, and received this answer: “The girl is destined for the bride of no mortal lover. Her future husband awaits her on the top of the mountain. He is a monster whom neither the gods nor men can resist.”

This dreadful decree of the oracle filled all the people with dismay, and her parents abandoned themselves to grief. But Psyche said, “Why, my dear parents, do you now lament me? You should rather have grieved when the people showered undeserved honors upon me and with one voice called me ‘Venus.’ I now perceive I am a victim to that name. I submit. Lead me to that rock to which my unhappy fate has destined me.”

She dressed herself in gorgeous robes, and her beauty was so dazzling that people turned away as it was more than they could bear. Then, followed by wailing and lamenting crowds, she and her parents ascended the mountain. On the summit, her father and mother left her alone, and returned home in tears.

Think and Reflect

Do you think that beauty is an advantage to Psyche? Why, or why not?

4. oracle of Apollo. God of music, healing, and archery, among other things; son of Zeus (king of the gods) and Leto. An oracle was a person who revealed the will of the gods to answer people’s questions.
While Psyche stood on the ridge of the mountain, panting with fear and sobbing aloud, the gentle Zephyrus raised her from the earth and bore her with an easy motion into a flowery dale.

There she lay down on a grassy bank and fell asleep. She awoke refreshed, and saw near by a pleasant grove of tall and stately trees. She entered it, and discovered a fountain sending forth clear and crystal waters, and near it stood a magnificent palace that was too stupendous to have been the work of mortal hands. Drawn by admiration and wonder, she walked through the huge doors. Inside, golden pillars supported the vaulted roof, and the walls were hung with delightful paintings. She wandered through the empty rooms marveling at what she saw, when suddenly a voice addressed her. “Sovereign lady,” it said, “all that you see is yours. We whose voices you hear are your servants and shall obey all your commands with the utmost care and diligence. Retire, therefore, to your chamber and repose on your bed of down, and when you see fit, repair to the bath. Supper awaits you in the adjoining alcove when it pleases you to take your seat there.”

Psyche listened with amazement, and, going to her room, she lay down and rested. Then, after a refreshing bath, she went to the alcove, where a table wheeled itself into the room without any visible aid. It was covered with the finest delicacies and the most wonderful wines. There even was music from invisible performers.

She had not yet seen her destined husband. He came only in the hours of darkness and fled before dawn, but his accents were full of love and inspired a like passion in her. She often begged him to stay and let her behold him, but he would not consent. On the contrary, he charged her to make no attempt to see him, for it was his pleasure, for the best of reasons, to remain concealed. “Why should you wish to behold me?” he asked. “Have you any doubt of my love? If you saw me, perhaps

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5. *Zephyrus* (ze´ fə ras). Greek god of the west wind
you would fear me, perhaps adore me. But all I ask of you is to love me. I would rather have you love me as an equal than
adore me as a god.”

This reasoning satisfied Psyche for a time and she lived quite happily alone in the huge palace. But at length she thought of her parents who were in ignorance of her fate, and of her sisters with whom she wished to share the delights of her new home. These thoughts preyed on her mind and made her think of her splendid mansion as a prison. When her husband came one night, she told him of her distress, and at last drew from him an unwilling consent that her sisters should be brought to see her.

So, calling Zephyrus, she told him of her husband’s command, and he soon brought them across the mountain down to their sister’s valley. They embraced her, and Psyche’s eyes filled with tears of joy. “Come,” she said, “enter my house and refresh yourselves.” Taking them by their hands, she led them into her golden palace and committed them to the care of her numerous train of attendant voices, to refresh themselves in her baths and at her table, and to show them all her treasures. The sight of all these splendid things filled her sisters with envy, and they resented the thought that she possessed such splendor which far exceeded anything they owned.

They asked her numberless questions, and begged her to tell them what sort of person her husband was. Psyche replied that he was a beautiful youth who generally spent the daytime in hunting upon the mountains. The sisters, not satisfied with this reply, soon made her confess that she had never seen him. They then proceeded to fill her bosom with dire suspicions. “Call to mind,” they said, “the Pythian oracle that declared that you were destined to many a direful and tremendous monster. The inhabitants of this valley say that your husband is a terrible and monstrous serpent, who nourishes you for a while with dainties that he may by and by devour you. Take our advice. Provide yourself with a lamp and a sharp knife. Put them in concealment so that your husband may not discover them, and when he is sound asleep, slip out of bed, bring forth your lamp and see for yourself whether what they say is true or not. If it is, hesitate not to cut off the monster’s head, and thereby recover your liberty.”

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Analyze Literature

Archetype What role do Psyche’s sisters play in the story?

What archetypal role do her sisters play?

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6. Pythian (pi’ thē ‘orakl) oracle. Oracle of Apollo
7. serpent. Snake
8. concealment. Hiding
9. liberty. Freedom
Psyche resisted these persuasions as well as she could, but they did not fail to have their effect on her mind, and when her sisters were gone, their words and her own curiosity were too strong for her to resist. She prepared her lamp and a sharp knife, and hid them out of sight of her husband. When he had fallen into his first sleep, she silently arose, and uncovering her lamp beheld him. He lay there, the most beautiful and charming of the gods, with his golden ringlets wandering over his snowy neck and crimson cheek. On his shoulders were two dewy wings, whiter than snow, with shining feathers.

As she leaned over with the lamp to have a closer view of his face, a drop of burning oil fell on his shoulder, and made him wince with pain. He opened his eyes and fixed them full upon her. Then, without saying a word, he spread his white wings and flew out of the window. Psyche cried out and tried to follow him, falling from the window to the ground. Cupid, beholding her as she lay in the dust, stopped his flight for an instant and said, “O foolish Psyche! Is it thus you repay my love? After having disobeyed my mother’s commands and made you my wife, will you think me a monster and cut off my head? But go. Return to your sisters whose advice you seem to think better than mine. I inflict no other punishment on you than to leave you forever. Love cannot dwell with suspicion.”

He soared into the air, leaving poor Psyche prostrate on the ground.

When she recovered some degree of composure, she looked around her. The palace and gardens had vanished, and she found herself in an open field not far from the city where her sisters dwelt. She went to them and told them the whole story of her misfortune, at which, pretending to grieve, they inwardly rejoiced. “For now,” they said, “he will perhaps choose one of us.” With this idea, without saying a word of her intentions,
each of them rose early the next morning and ascended the
mountain and, having reached the top, called upon Zephyrus
to receive her and bear her to his lord. Then, leaping into
space, and not being sustained by Zephyrus, they fell down the
precipice and were dashed to pieces.

Psyche, meanwhile, wandered day and night, without food
or rest, in search of her husband. One day, seeing a lofty moun-
tain in the distance, she sighed and said to herself, “Perhaps
my love, my lord, inhabits there.” On the mountain top was a
temple and she no sooner entered it than she saw heaps of corn,
some in loose ears and some in sheaves, with mingled ears of
barley. Scattered about lay sickles and rakes, and all the instru-
ments of harvest, without order, as if thrown carelessly out of
the weary reapers’ hands in the sultry hours of the day.

Psyche put an end to this unseemly confusion by
separating and sorting everything to its proper place and
kind, believing that she ought to neglect none of the gods, but
endeavor by her piety to engage them all in her behalf. The
holy Ceres, whose temple it was, finding her so religiously
employed, spoke to her, “O Psyche, truly worthy of our pity,
though I cannot shield you from the frowns of Venus, yet I
can teach you how to best allay her displeasure. Go then, and
voluntarily surrender yourself to her, and try by modesty and
submission to win her forgiveness, and perhaps her favor will
restore you to the husband you have lost.”

Psyche obeyed the commands of Ceres and journeyed to
the temple of Venus. Venus received her in a fury of anger.
“Most undutiful and faithless of servants,” she said, “do you
at last remember that you really have a mistress? Or have you
come to see your sick husband, yet laid up with the wound
given him by his loving wife? You are so ill-favored and
disagreeable that the only way you can merit your lover must
be by dint of industry and diligence. I will make trial of your
housewifery.”

10. Ceres (sir’ ēz’ə). Roman goddess of farming
She ordered Psyche to be led to the storehouse of her temple, where a great quantity of wheat, barley, millet, beans and lentils, which was used as food for her pigeons, lay scattered about the floors. Then Venus said, “Take and separate all these grains into their proper parcels, and see that you get it done before evening.”

Psyche, in consternation over the enormous task, sat stupid and silent. While she sat despairing, Cupid stirred up the little ant, a native of the fields, to take compassion on her. The leader of the ant-hill, followed by whole hosts of his six-legged subjects, went to work and sorted each grain to its parcel. And when all was done, the ants vanished out of sight.

At twilight, Venus returned from the banquet of the gods, crowned with roses. Seeing the task done, she exclaimed, “This is no work of yours, wicked one, but his, whom to your own and his misfortune you have enticed.” So saying, she threw her a piece of black bread for her supper and went away.

Next morning Venus ordered Psyche to be called and said to her, “Behold yonder grove which stretches along the margin of the water. There you will find sheep feeding without a shepherd, with gold-shining fleeces on their backs. Go, fetch me a sample of that precious wool from every one of their fleeces.”

Psyche obediently went to the river side, prepared to do her best to execute the command. But the river god inspired the reeds with harmonious murmurs, which seemed to say, “O maiden, severely tried, tempt not the dangerous flood, nor venture among formidable rams on the other side, for as long as they are under the influence of the rising sun they burn with a cruel rage to destroy mortals with their sharp horns or rude teeth. But when the noontide sun has driven the cattle to the shade, and the serene spirit of the flood has lulled them to rest, you may then cross in safety, and you will find the woolly gold sticking to the bushes and the trunks of the trees.”

She followed the compassionate river god’s instructions and soon returned to Venus with her arms full of the golden fleece. Venus, in a rage, cried, “I know very well it is by none of your own doings that you have succeeded in this task. And I am not satisfied yet that you have any capacity to make yourself useful. But I have another task for you. Here, take this box, and go your way to the infernal shade and give this box to Proserpina11.

---

Use Reading Skills

**Sequence of Events** What is Psyche’s first challenge given by Venus?

How does Psyche accomplish this task?

**Sequence of Events** What is Psyche’s second challenge?

How does Psyche accomplish this task?

**formidable** (for ma da bal) adjective, having qualities that discourage approach or attack

---

11. *infernal shade…Proserpina* (prə sur’pə nə). “Infernal shade” refers to the underworld, or the place inhabited by the dead. Proserpina is the wife of Pluto, the ruler of the underworld.
and say, ‘My mistress, Venus, desires you to send her a little of your beauty, for in tending her sick son, she has lost some of her own.’ Be not too long on your errand, for I must paint myself with it to appear at the circle of gods and goddesses this evening.”

Psyche was now sure that her destruction was at hand, being obliged to go with her own feet down to the deathly regions of Erebus. So as not to delay, she went to the highest tower prepared to hurl herself headlong from it down to the shades below. But a voice from the tower said to her, “Why, poor unlucky girl, dost thou design to put an end to thy days in so dreadful a manner? And what cowardice makes thee sink under this last danger who hast been so miraculously supported in all thy former perils?”

Then the voice told her how she might reach the realms of Pluto by way of a certain cave, and how to avoid the perils of the road, how to pass by Cerberus, the three-headed dog, and prevail on Charon, the ferryman, to take her across the black river and bring her back again. And the voice added, “When Proserpina has given you the box filled with her beauty, of all things this is chiefly to be observed by you, that you never once open or look into the box, nor allow your curiosity to pry into the treasure of the beauty of the goddesses.”

Psyche, encouraged by this advice, obeyed in all things, and traveled to the kingdom of Pluto. She was admitted to the palace of Proserpina, and without accepting the delicate seat or delicious banquet that was offered her, but content with coarse bread for her food, she delivered her message from Venus. Presently the box was returned to her, shut, and filled with the precious commodity. She returned the way she came, happy to see the light of day once more.

Having got so far successfully through her dangerous task, a desire seized her to examine the contents of the box. “What,” she said to herself, “shall I, the carrier of this divine beauty, not take the least bit to put on my cheeks to appear to more advantage in the eyes of my beloved husband!” She carefully opened the box, and found nothing there of any beauty at all, but an infernal and truly Stygian sleep, which, being set free

12. Erebus (er’ə bəs). In Greek mythology, the gloomy place through which the dead pass before entering the underworld.
13. Cerberus (ser’ bərəs) The three-headed dog responsible for guarding the entrance to the underworld.
14. Charon (kər’ən). The ferryman who carried the dead over the mythological river Styx into the underworld.
15. Stygian (sti’jən). The adjective Stygian comes from the river Styx and means “extremely dark, gloomy, or frightening.”
from its prison, took possession of her. She fell down in the road, unconscious, without sense or motion.

Cupid had recovered from his wound and was no longer able to bear the absence of his beloved Psyche. He slipped through the smallest crack in the window of his chamber and flew to the spot where Psyche lay. He gathered up the sleep from her body and closed it again in the box. Then he waked Psyche with a light touch from one of his arrows.

“Again,” he said, “hast thou almost perished by the same curiosity. But now perform exactly the task imposed on you by my mother, and I will take care of the rest.”

Swift as lightning, he left the earth and penetrated the heights of heaven. Here he presented himself before Jupiter with his supplication. The god lent a favoring ear, and pleaded the cause of the lovers so earnestly with Venus that he won her consent. Then he sent Mercury to bring Psyche up to the heavenly assemblage, and when she arrived, he handed her a cup of ambrosia13 and said, “Drink this, Psyche, and be immortal. Nor shall Cupid ever break away from the knot in which he is tied, but these nuptials shall be perpetual.”

Psyche became at last united to Cupid forever.

When Cupid leaves Psyche, he declares that “love cannot deal with suspicion.” Another way to say this is that “there must be no doubt between two people who truly love each other.” Do you think this declaration is realistic? Do you agree with Cupid?

Sequence of Events

What happened to Psyche after she opened the box containing Proserpina’s beauty?

Archetype

Reread the last two paragraphs of the story. Do you think that this kind of ending is an archetype? If so, where do you often find such an archetype?
AFTER READING

READING CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Who predicted that Psyche would marry a monster?
   A. Venus
   B. Psyche's sisters
   C. the Pythian oracle

2. How did Cupid fall in love with Psyche?
   A. He wounded himself with his own arrow.
   B. He drank the water from his mother's fountain.
   C. He was ordered by the Pythian oracle.

3. How did Psyche arrive at the palace where she lived with Cupid?
   A. Cupid flew her there.
   B. The Zephyrus bore her there.
   C. Psyche's parents led her there.

4. How did Psyche hurt her beloved husband?
   A. A poorly aimed arrow drawn by Psyche hit Cupid.
   B. A drop of burning oil from her lamp hit his shoulder.
   C. A cup of bitter water from Venus's garden was offered by Psyche.

5. What was the final task that Psyche needed to do to win Cupid back?
   A. to collect golden wool from the violent rams
   B. to sort a huge pile of grains and wheat
   C. to borrow a little of Proserpina's beauty for Venus

VOCABULARY CHECK

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. All eyes were cast upon Psyche's beauty because
   A. people tried to like Pysche.
   B. people wished to ignore her.
   C. people worshipped her looks.

2. When Psyche reposed on her bed, she
   A. posed again.
   B. lay down to sleep.
   C. fixed the linens.

3. The unseemly sight on the floor was
   A. the mound of mixed grains.
   B. Psyche's neat, made-up bed.
   C. the line of ants at one corner.

4. Venus is a formidable taskmaster for Psyche because she
   A. thinks of tasks quickly.
   B. gives Psyche impossible tasks.
   C. understands Psyche's strengths.

5. Someone who possesses divine beauty may appear
   A. ghostly.
   B. terrible.
   C. god-like.

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Archetype

Fill in the Character Archetype Chart on the next page with your thoughts on the following characters from the story. Recall other characters you have read or seen on television or in movies that have similar personalities and roles to the characters in "The Love of Cupid and Psyche."
## Character Archetype Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Role and Personality</th>
<th>General Description (a generalization of role and personality)</th>
<th>Other Characters (that fit the generalization)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Venus</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cupid</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psyche</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## USE READING SKILLS: Sequence of Events

Use your Time Line to answer the questions below.

1. Which event in the story confirmed that Psyche loved Cupid?

2. Which event in the story confirmed that Cupid loved Psyche in return?

## BUILD VOCABULARY SKILLS: Speaking in Greek

Many interesting names from Greek and Roman mythology are used in modern English. An example is narcissism, which came from the name of a youth who fell in love with his reflection, Narcissus. Using a dictionary, search for the modern use of the names from the story. Give three new words which use all or part of these ancient Greek names.

1. **VENUS**
   - **Definition:**
   - **Modern word/s:**

2. **CUPID**
   - **Definition:**
   - **Modern word/s:**

3. **PSYCHE**
   - **Definition:**
   - **Modern word/s:**

## SPEAKING & LISTENING SKILLS: Debate

**Does love have to have words?**

Work with this as your topic sentence for a short argumentative speech about love in relationships. Work in pairs to argue both sides of the debate of communication and love. Students will pair up to present their debates to the class in the form of an informal debate. The debate should be three to five minutes long. Partners should present different views about the topic.
BEFORE READING

ABOUT THE MYTH

“Savitri and Satyavant” is about a clever woman named Savitri, who likes to make her own decisions in life. Her father allows her to choose her own husband; however, he learns that the man she loves is destined to die very soon. Read to find out what Savitri does to save the man she loves.

MAKE CONNECTIONS

Have you ever tried persistently to change someone’s mind? Were you successful? Why or why not?

ANALYZE LITERATURE: Personification

Personification is a literary device that uses human characteristics to describe an object or abstract idea. In “Savitri and Satyavant,” the abstract idea of death is “made human” by giving it a body and other human characteristics, such as the ability to talk. As you read about Yama, the god of death, note the human characteristics used to describe him.
USE READING SKILLS: Take Notes

When you **take notes**, you write down the most important details from the text. You often have to **paraphrase**, or summarize the information so that it is easier to write down and to remember. You should also be able to distinguish important information that adds to the plot or characterization of the story. Use the Note-Taking Chart below to practice note-taking and paraphrasing.

### Note-Taking Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Questions</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **WHO**   | Who are these characters?  
1. King Asvapati  
2. Savitri  
3. Dyumatsena  
4. Satyavant  
5. Narada  
6. Yama |
| **WHAT**  | What does Savitri ask her father permission to do? |
| **WHEN**  | How much time does Satyavant have to live after meeting Savitri?  
What time does Yama come to collect Satyavant’s soul? |
| **WHERE** | Where does Savitri find the man she would love for life?  
Where does Savitri meet Yama?  
Where is Yama going to take Satyavant’s soul? |
| **HOW**   | How does Savitri gain Satyavant’s soul back from Yama? |
## PREVIEW VOCABULARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Words and Phrases</th>
<th>Words and Phrases in Context</th>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Practice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>transparent</strong></td>
<td>Carlisa’s bag was <strong>transparent</strong>, so I could see all the items inside of it.</td>
<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td><strong>Practice</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trans•pa•rent (tran(t)s’per ant) adjective</td>
<td>A <strong>transparent</strong> box looks...</td>
<td>Write down what you think the word or phrase means. Then use a dictionary to check your definition.</td>
<td>Practice using the key words and phrases by completing the following sentences.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3</td>
<td>Yuki retracted her hand from the bench when she realized the paint was still wet.</td>
<td>Someone who is quick to <strong>retract</strong> his or her own expressions is...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>retract</strong></td>
<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>re•tract (ri&lt;trakt) verb</td>
<td>An <strong>intermittent</strong> alarm could indicate...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3</td>
<td>The <strong>intermittent</strong> announcements disturbed my concentration.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>intermittent</strong></td>
<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in•ter•mit•tent (in t@r ‘mi t’nt) adjective</td>
<td>I need to become more <strong>persistent</strong> in my efforts to...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3</td>
<td>Omar was <strong>persistent</strong> in asking his teacher questions about the math lesson.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>persistent</strong></td>
<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>per•sis•tent (par ‘sis tant) adjective</td>
<td>It is not good to <strong>raise one’s voice</strong> when...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3</td>
<td>Han would <strong>raise his voice</strong> whenever he became angry.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>raise one’s voice</strong></td>
<td><strong>Definition</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>idiom</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
King Asvapati’s only child was a daughter named Savitri, after the deity\(^1\) who guides the sun. When it came time for her to be married, many men came forward petitioning for her hand, but they were all idle, boastful, vain, arrogant, easy to see through. The eligible\(^2\) princes who were more discerning refused to come forward, believing Savitri was an incarnation\(^3\) of the goddess she was named after and not for the asking as a wife.

Her father was perplexed, both flattered and bereft.\(^4\) “Savitri,” he said, “your reputation is both a blessing and a bane.\(^5\) How shall we find you a husband?”

She replied, “My father, I am only human, as you well know. Perhaps in the forest I can be recognized for who I am. I request your permission to climb aboard my chariot and enter the woods. There I will search among the sages and the hermits to find the only man to be my one and all.”

“Yes, my child,” her father agreed. “I grant you permission to go forth into the wilderness, and find true love among those who walk the hermit’s way. Return and inform me as to your choice, and I will act accordingly.”

And so Savitri boarded her golden chariot, shook the horses’ reins, and was off into the vast wilds where the exiles go to seek silence and truth, there to find a true companion. Eventually she came upon the hermitage\(^6\) of Dyumatsena, a ruler who had gone blind and had been driven from his throne by a usurper.\(^7\) Now he lived in exile in the jungle with his wife and child. Their son, named Satyavant, which means “truth speaker,” had grown up to be wise and upright, intelligent and loving. It wasn’t long after meeting him that Savitri grew to adore him, and to know him

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1. deity. A god or goddess
2. eligible. Worthy of being chosen
3. incarnation. A person showing a trait or typical character to a marked degree
4. bereft. Deprived
5. bane. A source of harm or ruin
6. hermitage. A secluded residence or private retreat
7. usurper. Someone who has seized control of an office, place, or powers by force
DURING READING

vicissitudes. The rise and fall of a state or condition in life

as the one who was meant to accompany her through life. She returned to her home to inform her father of her choice.

Her father had been entertaining Narada, the cosmic sage who travels from world to world, cosmos to cosmos, seeing all time, present, past, and future, as one transparent sphere. He was there when Savitri returned, approaching her father with sparkling eyes. Asvapati said, “My daughter, I can see by your happy countenance that your mission is accomplished. And whom among the ones you saw have you chosen?”

“There is a forest-dweller named Satyavant. Born in the city of his father, who went blind and lost his kingdom, he was raised in the wilderness. It was there I came upon his hermitage. Happily I bring you news of our betrothal.”

Narada’s eyebrows rose up. “Satyavant? Oh yes, I have heard of him, and I know his fate. He is fine indeed, but he is doomed. A year from now he is fated to drop dead in his tracks.”

“Savitri, I cannot have you wed one who is so soon to die,” her father said. “Pass him over; there will be others from whom to choose.” Asvapati meant well, but Savitri’s eyes were steady and her mind was composed. “Father, Narada,” she replied, “I assure you both I receive your words with all due respect, but I have seen the one I love, and it is Satyavant and no other. My love is of one substance with being itself, and it cannot be retracted or withdrawn according to the mere vicissitudes of fate. My course is chosen. Satyavant is my life’s love. Our life together, long or short, will be our life together.”

Narada was impressed. “Such a love has a strange and challenging force, and may well prevail over omens and threats. Allow her her choice, Asvapati.”

8. vicissitudes. The rise and fall of a state or condition in life

Use Reading Skills

Take Notes Use the Note-Taking Chart to describe in your own words the character of Narada.

| Name: Narada |
|______________|
| Description: Cosmic sage who travels from world to world, cosmos to cosmos. |
| Traits: Wise, perceptive, and insightful. |

Build Vocabulary

Savitri claims that she could never retract her love for Satyavant. Paraphrase this statement, using a synonym for the word retract.

Build Vocabulary

retract (ri<trakt) verb, to take back; withdraw; to refuse to acknowledge or accept

Build Vocabulary

transparent (tran(t)s ‘per ant) adjective, able to let light pass through cleanly; fine or thin-skinned enough to be seen through

Think and Reflect

Do you agree with the way Savitri reacts when she hears about Satyavant’s shortened life? How would you react if you learned that you had only one year to spend with your beloved?

[Blank lines]

[Blank lines]
And so it was. Savitri donned a hermit’s garb, and lived in the wilds with Satyavant and his aged parents. But the sands in the hourglass were flowing, day by day, and as their happy times continued, Savitri grew more and more aware of the crisis to come. Finally, the day came—one year had passed. When the sun was two hands high over the trees, Satyavant hoisted his ax and strode toward the tangled thickets. “Allow me to accompany you, Satyavant,” Savitri said. It was a request she had never made before.

“Savitri, the paths are faint, and the animals are fierce. The way is arduous, and you are frail. Allow one such as myself, accustomed to wilderness life, to go forth to gather berries and fruits, and wood for fuel.”

“It is true, Satyavant, that I have never asked to go with you, but today more than any other day I have a great desire to see the forest,” Savitri persisted. Satyavant relented when his mother and father took her side, assuring him they would be fine by themselves, and reminding him that Savitri had hitherto made very few demands.

And so they entered the measureless wilds, to the calling of birds and the intermittent chattering of monkeys. Midday found them in a tiny clearing. Savitri sat in the shade of a blossoming tree as Satyavant chopped wood a few paces away. Suddenly, his ax fell to the ground with a thud. “Oh, Savitri,” he murmured in a daze, “my head feels pierced by pinpricks of fire. I do not know up from down.” Then his knees gave out; he collapsed to the dust. Savitri rushed to him and placed his head in her lap. His breathing slowly faded, and the color left his cheeks.

All was still, the birds silent, the monkeys hidden. Savitri felt a shadow draw near. She looked up and saw a dark green man with red eyes, gravely scowling as he strode toward them. In his hand he held a small noose of braided silver thread. Then she knew: “You are Death himself. You are called Yama, and have come to take my husband’s soul.”

He looked at her, a little surprised. Terrifyingly, but not without kindness, he spoke: “I am rarely addressed by those who breathe. I am who you say I am.” He stooped over Satyavant’s prone form. When he arose he held a thumb-sized fragment enclosed in the silver noose. It was Satyavant’s soul. “I am bringing his
inner being to the home that cannot be taken away. Your duty is now with the clay that is left behind. What did you say your name was?”

“I am Savitri.”

“Very well.” Yama walked a few steps, then paused at the clearing’s edge. He turned toward her. “Most fear me, but you seem different.” He turned to go. He heard her footsteps. He turned again. “Go, Savitri. No one living follows me.” He went on, bearing Satyavant’s tiny soul-image in his silver-threaded noose.

He was well on his way when he turned again. There she was, intrepidly following, steady-eyed, persistent. “You are strange,” he said. “I like that. Ask me a boon, a gift, and I will grant it, except, of course, your husband’s life.”

“Give my father-in-law back the sight of his eyes.”

“Done. Now go.” And he walked on. Still she followed. They were headed south, toward Yama’s realm. The vines and creepers parted before them, and closed behind them.

Savitri said, “It is reported that you were the first man to die, and went to make a place where the soul is more than a mere wanderer.”

Yama turned again. He had never been spoken to that way before. “You know my history. I am flattered. Ask me another boon, and I will grant it, on the condition I have already mentioned.”

“Give my father-in-law back the kingdom he lost years ago.”

“Granted. Now please be gone. No one has come this far before.”

“I will stand here, and raise my voice, so that you hear me as you go. I have often wondered about the nature of life. Here with you, oh great Yama, I feel its depth and its beauty. As we who live speak words and phrases, you are the parentheses that enclose them. Is this not true?”
“It is true, Savitri. You are a poet. Your words reach me.

Ask another boon.”

“Grant me the gift of one hundred descendants.”

“Very well. You will bear one hundred children.” Yama strode on a few paces, then paused. When he turned to face her, his somber green countenance bore a wry smile. “I cannot grant you this boon without allowing for the earthly means of its fulfillment. Let it be said that I bestow as well as take away. Return, Savitri, to the forest clearing. There you will find your husband’s life, given back.”

Savitri placed her husband’s head in her lap as before. The color returned to his cheeks. His chest began to rise and fall in a familiar rhythmic cycle. The birds sang and the monkeys chattered. Satyavant’s lips began to move. “I dreamed a strange dream, Savitri. I dreamed a green man came, and took me away. I dreamed you followed, and won me back.”

Savitri smiled. “You speak the truth, Satyavant. You are well named. But let us hurry home, and I will tell you the rest. The sun is setting, and darkness comes. The paths are overgrown, and we must return.”

Back at the hermitage, her father-in-law, Dyumatsena, bounded from his hut to greet them. “Satyavant! Savitri! A miracle—my sight has returned! I see you both glowing with beauty both inside and out.”

When morning came, as they prepared breakfast, a messenger arrived, bearing news of the death of the usurper, and an invitation to Dyumatsena to return to his kingdom.

Dyumatsena ruled it well until he could rule no more, and then Savitri and Satyavant governed the kingdom, and their children numbered one hundred.

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**Use Reading Skills**

**Take Notes** How does Savitri outwit Yama into returning Satyavant’s soul? Write you answer in your Note-Taking Chart.

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**Mirrors & Windows**

Does the relationship between Savitri and Satyavant seem like love? Or does their relationship seem different than that of real-life lovers? How does your perception of the characters shape your opinion of the story?

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READING CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Who is Savitri named after?
   A. a mighty goddess
   B. a powerful queen
   C. a mighty warrior

2. Where does Savitri find the man she is meant to love?
   A. in Yama’s realm
   B. in the wilderness
   C. in her father’s palace

3. What is the obstacle to Savitri and Satyavant’s love?
   A. Satyavant plans to become a hermit.
   B. Satyavant has only one year left to live.
   C. Satyavant already loves another woman.

4. What does Savitri do when Yama takes away her husband’s soul?
   A. She follows Yama into the woods.
   B. She steals Satyavant’s soul from Yama.
   C. She commands Yama to return the soul.

5. What wish does Savitri make to bring her husband back to life?
   A. She wishes that death would cease to exist.
   B. She wishes that her husband were alive again.
   C. She wishes to have one hundred descendants.

VOCABULARY CHECK
Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. To the cosmic sage Narada, time and space is a transparent sphere. This means that
   A. the future is visible to him.
   B. time and space are physical objects.
   C. he can change what he thinks will happen.

2. Savitri will not retract her love for Satyavant. She won’t
   A. marry him.
   B. listen to him.
   C. leave him.

3. The sounds of the forest are intermittent. The sounds
   A. last only a short time.
   B. last all day and night.
   C. come and go irregularly.

4. Savitri persists in following Yama. She is
   A. too afraid to follow Yama.
   B. determined to follow Yama.
   C. slow to follow Yama.

5. Savitri says she would raise her voice. She will
   A. yell threats angrily at Yama.
   B. sing to Yama of her lost love.
   C. speak more loudly so that Yama can hear her.
ANALYZE LITERATURE: Personification

List five human qualities used to describe death in the story.

1. ____________________________________________________________
2. ____________________________________________________________
3. ____________________________________________________________
4. ____________________________________________________________
5. ____________________________________________________________

What does the personification add to the story?

________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________

USE READING SKILLS: Take Notes

Review the notes that you recorded in the Note-Taking Chart. Which character do you find most impressionable or interesting? Use examples from the text to explain your choice.

________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________

Based on the notes you have taken, do you think that this character is described adequately in the story?

________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________

How did taking notes help you understand the characters in the story?

________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________

BUILD LANGUAGE SKILLS: Action Verbs and State-of-Being Verbs

While action verbs show action, state-of-being verbs show a condition or state. Examples of state-of-being verbs include the following: is, am, was, were, are, being, been, be. State-of-being verbs can also be used as helping verbs to support action verbs.

Example

Narada was impressed. (state-of-being verb)
He turned again. (action verb)

Skim “Savitri and Satyavant” to locate three sentences containing only action verbs. Find another three sentences that have only state-of-being-verbs. Circle the action verbs or state-of-being verbs in each sentence.

Sentences with Action Verbs:
1. ____________________________________________________________
2. ____________________________________________________________
3. ____________________________________________________________

Sentences with State-of-Being Verbs:
1. ____________________________________________________________
2. ____________________________________________________________
3. ____________________________________________________________

WORK TOGETHER: Role-Play

Savitri and Satyavant’s story has hardly begun. After tricking Yama, the god of death, the couple goes on to other fantastic adventures. Form a small group with your classmates and develop a 1- to 2-page script for a story in which Savitri and Satyavant are on an adventure. Use dialogue to express each character’s unique personality. Present a 3- to 5-minute performance of the script to your class.
English Language Development
Quotation Marks

Quotation marks (" ") are used to show when a character is talking in a story. The talk between characters in a story is called dialogue. Quotation marks are only put around the exact words a character says. These are called direct quotes. Do not use quotation marks for indirect quotes, which is when the narrator says that a character speaks but does not use the exact words.

EXAMPLE:

“I need to do my homework,” said Jack. Jack said he needed to do his homework.

Direct Quote

Indirect Quote

There is a lot of dialogue in the story “Lather and Nothing Else.” The author uses quotation marks to set the dialogue apart from the rest of the story.

EXAMPLE:

Then he turned full around toward me and, loosening his tie, remarked, “It’s hot as the devil, I want a shave.”

Look at the end of the sentence. Notice that the period (the end punctuation) is inside the last quotation mark.

Work with your language group. Read aloud these lines from the story with your partner. Put quotation marks around the direct quotes. When you finish, find the lines in the story to see if you are correct.

1. The people must have gotten a scare with what happened the other day, he said.
   Yes, I replied, as I finished tying the knot against his nape, which smelt of sweat.
   Good show, wasn’t it?
   Very good, I answered, turning my attention now to the brush.
   (page E9, paragraphs 9–12)

2. I would love to catch a nap, he said, but there’s a lot to be done this evening.
   I lifted the brush and asked, with pretend indifference: A firing party?
   Something of the sort, he replied, but slower.
   All of them?
   No, just a few.
   (page E9, paragraphs 16–20)
3. How many did you take? I asked.
   Fourteen. We had to go pretty far in to find them. But now they're paying for it. And not one will escape; not a single one.
   (page E9, paragraphs 5–6)

4. Will it be like the other day? I asked, stiff with horror.
   It may be even better, he replied.
   What are you planning to do?
   I’m not sure yet. But we’ll have a good time.
   Once more he leaned back and shut his eyes. I came closer, the razor on high.
   Are you going to punish all of them? I timidly ventured.
   (page E10, paragraphs 3–8)
Proverbs and Clichés

Nikki Giovanni’s poem “Her Flying Trapeze” may be difficult for some readers to understand because it contains both proverbs and clichés. A **proverb** is a short, witty saying that is widely used to express a basic truth. A **cliché**, however, is an expression that is overused or unoriginal.

Review the following examples of a common proverb and cliché, and their meanings.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Definition</th>
<th>Example</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>proverb</strong></td>
<td><em>Many hands make light work.</em></td>
<td>If everyone works together, things will be easier.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a short witty saying that is widely used to express a basic truth</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>cliché</strong></td>
<td><em>Every cloud has a silver lining.</em></td>
<td>There is something good in every difficult situation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>an overused or unoriginal expression</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With a partner, write a list of the proverbs and clichés you find in the poem “Her Flying Trapeze.” Use the chart below to record your list. Be sure to include the line number for reference.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Proverbs</th>
<th>Clichés</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In a small group, discuss the proverbs and clichés you found. Talk about what you think each proverb and each cliché may mean. Then, share with the class.
Colloquialisms

A **colloquialism** is an informal word or phrase. Colloquialisms are common in everyday speech and writing, but would not be used in a formal setting or in a formal piece of writing.

Review the common American colloquialisms and their meanings in the chart below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Common Colloquialism</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ain’t</td>
<td>is not; am not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gimme</td>
<td>give me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>can of worms</td>
<td>a complicated matter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>outta</td>
<td>out of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>no-brainer</td>
<td>simple; easy; requiring no thought</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bare bones</td>
<td>reduced to the basic elements of something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday best</td>
<td>a nice outfit; your best clothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gonna</td>
<td>going to</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Wilma Elizabeth McDaniel uses many colloquialisms in her short story “Who Said We All Have to Talk Alike.” Recognizing these colloquialisms and understanding what they mean will help you better understand the story.

Below are five colloquialisms from the story. Write an alternate word or phrase based on what you think the colloquialism means. Use context clues and a print or online resource for support.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Colloquialism</th>
<th>Alternate Word/Phrase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“Honey” (page E62, paragraph 5)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“the Lord would call him” (page E62, paragraph 5)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“hankered” (page E62, paragraph 6)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“aim to” (page E62, paragraph 6)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“hock-deep” (page E62, paragraph 10)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When you finish, compare your answers with a partner. Discuss the colloquialisms from the story. What effect do they have on the story?

What are the most popular colloquialisms in your native language? Discuss what effect colloquialisms have in your native language. What do they mean? Be prepared to share your answers with the class.
Montgomery Boycott, page 121

**Civil Rights Terms**

Civil Rights terms are words that were used during the Civil Rights Movement. The Civil Rights Movement happened in the United States in the 1950s and 1960s. At that time, African-American people were not equal under the law (the laws were not fair to them). African Americans fought to change those laws and get **equal rights**.

Read the chart below. It has Civil Rights terms from the memoir “Montgomery Boycott.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Civil Rights Term</th>
<th>Location in Text</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>segregation</td>
<td>page 121, paragraph 1</td>
<td>a policy of dividing people into different groups by race</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boycott</td>
<td>page 124, paragraph 2</td>
<td>a type of protest where people stop buying things or using a service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>protesting</td>
<td>page 125, paragraph 1</td>
<td>doing an action to show you are against something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>noncooperation</td>
<td>page 125, paragraph 1</td>
<td>a protest where people do not work with or follow the rules of another group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>movement</td>
<td>page 127, paragraph 2</td>
<td>people who have the same idea and do actions to change something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oppression</td>
<td>page 128, paragraph 4</td>
<td>using power to hurt groups of people or deny them their rights</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Now work with your language group. Use a Civil Rights term from above to complete the sentences.

1. Many leaders in the black community agreed to support a ________________ of the city buses.

2. The leaders of the ________________ to boycott the buses knew that they might be threatened or attacked.

3. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. supported ________________ with the laws that do not treat black people as equal to white people.

4. At her trial, Rosa Parks was found guilty of breaking Montgomery’s ________________ laws. She was fined over $10.

5. The MIA decided that the ________________ would continue until the unfair laws were changed.

6. In his speech at the Holy Street Baptist Church, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. said that the black community was tired of being the targets of ________________.
Idioms

An idiom is a common expression used in everyday conversation. Idioms have figurative meanings rather than literal meanings. In other words, what is stated is not what is meant. For example:

**Idiom:** That name rings a bell.
**Meaning:** That name is familiar to me.

**Idiom:** I heard it through the grapevine.
**Meaning:** I heard it from several people.

Authors use idioms for two reasons: to make a character seem more realistic and to help the reader understand meaning through the use of imagery.

Review the following idioms from the memoir *When Heaven and Earth Changed Places*. Note how the context clues, or words and phrases that surround each idiom, help you understand the meaning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Idioms from <em>When Heaven and Earth Changed Places</em></th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Context Clues</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“shut me up” (page E150, paragraph 5)</td>
<td>make me keep quiet</td>
<td>“… I was still cranky and continued crying.” (page E150, paragraph 5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Finally, he gave me a rice cookie …” (page E150, paragraph 5)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“plunked me down” (page E150, paragraph 11)</td>
<td>put me on the ground</td>
<td>“… he picked me up like a sack of rice and carried me outside …” (page E150, paragraph 10)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

What do the clues tell you about certain characters? What visual pictures or images do they help you imagine?
Working with a partner, look at the context clues connected to the following idioms from the memoir. Write the definition of each idiom based on the context clues. Use a print or online dictionary to confirm or adjust your definitions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Idioms from When Heaven and Earth Changed Places</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Context Clues</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| “big-boned”
(page E149, paragraph 2) |         |              |
| “easygoing”
(page E150, paragraph 1) |         |              |
| “took everything in stride”
(page E150, paragraph 1) |         |              |
| “an old maid”
(page E151, paragraph 4) |         |              |
| “same old story”
(page E153, paragraph 1) |         |              |
| “my heart sank”
(page E153, paragraph 7) |         |              |

Think about how the author’s word choice adds to the story. What effect do the idioms have in this memoir? Discuss with your partner and use examples to support your opinions.
Role Play

Reading aloud, or acting out scenes, can help you better understand the feeling or meaning of a story. **Role-playing** is when a person speaks and acts as a character in a story.

Find a partner and decide who will play each role from the sketch “An Encounter with an Interviewer.” Notice that the narrator is also one of the characters. He narrates the action but also speaks dialogue during his conversation with the other characters.

Decide which part of the story your pair would like to practice, and then perform it for the class. Each part of the story must be performed by at least one pair.

- Scene 1: Defining “interview” (paragraphs 1–18)
- Scene 2: Describing the interview’s purpose (paragraphs 19–28)
- Scene 3: Early interview (paragraphs 29–51)
- Scene 4: Late interview (paragraphs 52–82)

Before you begin, discuss the following questions with your partner as you prepare for your performance.

- Throughout the story, the interviewer expresses surprise at the responses he is given.
  - How would you present this emotion through your acting?
  - Is the surprise funny? Is it shocking?
  - Does it make the interviewer angry?
  - Consider the clues in the story and decide how you will present these emotions to your audience.

- What message does the person being interviewed want to express?
  - Why do his answers seem so different and impossible?
  - What is the purpose of his behavior toward the person interviewing him?
  - Consider how this purpose will be communicated to the audience through facial expressions, tone of voice, and body language.

After the performances, discuss as a class which scenes were your favorites. What specifically did you like? Which performance style would best tell the whole story? As you express your opinions, be sure to defend your position with specific examples from the performances and connect them to the text.
Holidays, page 274

**Pair Share**

Reading with a partner (or partners) can help you understand a poem or story. One person may understand something that the other person doesn’t. That person can help explain the poem or story.

It may be difficult to understand the poem “Holidays.” The speaker’s thoughts change quickly and don’t always connect.

With your language group, take turns reading aloud “Holidays.” Stop at the end of each page. With your group, make a list of things the speaker does. Act out, or do, the same actions as the speaker, if possible. Then write a question about what you read on the page.

Page 274:

1. The speaker does these things:

   ________________________________________________________________

   ________________________________________________________________

2. Question:

   ________________________________________________________________

   ________________________________________________________________

Page 275:

1. The speaker does these things:

   ________________________________________________________________

   ________________________________________________________________

2. Question:

   ________________________________________________________________

   ________________________________________________________________

Page 276:
1. The speaker does these things:

2. Question:

Share your questions with the class. Talk about possible answers.

Next, with your language group, talk about whether you liked 😊 or didn’t like 😞 the poem. Give examples from the poem to explain why you did or didn’t like it.
Dream Variations, page 290

**Poetic Meter**

By paying attention to the syllables and stresses in words and lines of poetry, poets can create rhythm within a verse. The rhythm of a poem is determined by its meter. **Meter** is the pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables in a line of poetry. The pattern is determined by the number of beats, or stresses in each line. The musical qualities of the poem “Dream Variations” are created through its use of meter.

Review the examples of poetic meter below. The curved symbol (ˌ) marks an unstressed syllable and the slash symbol (/) marks a stressed syllable.

**Poetic Meter**

Whose woods these are I think I know.

Irish poets learn your trade.

As I came to the edge of the woods.

Half a league, Half a league, Half a league, onward,

With a partner, read aloud the examples of poetic meter above. Pronounce the stressed syllables louder than those that are unstressed.

Reread the poem “Dream Variations” aloud with your partner. As you read, notice the syllables you naturally stress in each line. Mark the meter using the symbols for stressed and unstressed syllables. The first four lines have been done for you.

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.

Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,

That is my dream!
To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening …
A tall, slim tree …
Night coming tenderly
    Black like me.

Discuss how the meter of the poem connects to its meaning. Think of how the poem sounds when you read it aloud, and consider the imagery the poet presents. Support your claims with evidence from the poem.
Figurative Language

Poetry often includes figurative language. **Figurative language** is writing or speech that is expressed in an imaginative way, rather than in a literal way. Many writers, especially poets, use figurative language to help readers use their imagination to see things in new ways.

Review the example of figurative language below from page E200, line 3 of the poem “Simple Song” by Marge Piercy.

“your thoughts are my brothers”

This is an example of a **metaphor**. A metaphor is a comparison in which one thing is spoken or written about as if it were another.

Another type of figurative language often used in poetry is **symbolism**. A symbol is anything that stands for or represents both itself and something else. For example, in lines 16–18 of the poem “Simple Song,” the author uses the word *open* to mean *receptive*.

“the open hand / the open eye / the door in the chest standing open.”

In these lines, “open hand” symbolizes generosity, “open eye” symbolizes understanding, and “door in the chest standing open” symbolizes a kind and loving heart. Together, these figures of speech express the idea that people should be open to new experiences and connections with others.

Read the examples of figurative language below. Label each example with the correct type of figurative language from the chart.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Example</th>
<th>Type of Figurative Language</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My older brother, Gustav, is such a couch potato.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the movie, the villain was always cloaked in darkness.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As he entered the desert, Angel felt uneasy when he saw a vulture nearby.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life is a journey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Example</td>
<td>Type of Figurative Language</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The mascot for our school sports teams is Leo the lion.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She was boiling mad when she found out I had borrowed her shirt without asking.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They welcomed the new student with open arms.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor has a reputation for being quite a night owl.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Write a 15- to 20-line poem using figurative language. You can write on any subject, but be sure to use at least one metaphor and one symbol in your poem. Use the examples in the chart above for support.
Russian Names

On page 316 of “A Marriage Proposal,” you may see that the names on the list are Russian. **Russian names** are names that are native to, or common in, Russia. Traditional Russian names have three parts: a first name, a middle name (also called a *patronymic*), and a last name (also called a *surname*).

Similar to other cultures, a Russian first name is just for the **individual person** and the last name or surname is the name of the **family**. The middle name or *patronymic*, comes from the father’s first name. It has an ending that means “son of” or “daughter of”.

**EXAMPLE:**

- **Full name:** Ivan Vassilevitch Lomov
- **First name:** Ivan
- **Patronymic:** Vassilevitch (“son of Vassily”)
- **Surname:** Lomov

If you or any of your classmates speak Russian, please say the names aloud. By doing that, the other students can hear the correct pronunciation. You can also listen to the audio recording in your *eBook*.

As you read the play with your language group, think about what makes one character different from the others. What kind of person is each character? Write two more descriptions to the chart to describe the characters. Use examples from the *play* to explain your answers.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stepan Stepanovitch Chubukov</td>
<td>- Elderly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- A landowner (someone who has land of his own)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Ivan Vassilevitch Lomov | • A landowner  
| | • Healthy but **worries about getting sick** |
| Natalia Stepanovna | • Chubukov's daughter  
| | • Twenty-five  
| | • Not married |

With your group, take turns talking about naming traditions in your culture. How are people in your culture given names? Is your family name first or your individual name? Do names have part of a father’s or mother’s name in them?
Colloquialisms and Idioms

Creative language in writing or a performance adds to the overall tone of a piece. In the theatrical sketch *The Still Alarm*, the calm and polite tone is enhanced by the use of relaxed colloquial terms and idioms.

A **colloquialism** is a casual, conversational term found in everyday speech. It is not used in formal writing or speaking. Grammatically, colloquialisms can be incorrect, however, we do not always speak properly in terms of grammar.

Some common colloquialisms include the words *ain't*, *gonna*, and the phrase *no more*. For example:

**Colloquialisms:** *I ain't gonna put up with this no more.*
**Standard English:** *I'm not going to put up with this anymore.*

In literature and drama, colloquialisms are often part of a character’s dialogue. They reflect the way the character sounds when speaking.

Idioms are also used in non-formal conversation. An **idiom** is a common expression that has a figurative meaning rather than a literal meaning. In other words, what is stated is not what is meant. For example:

**Idiom:** *The repair cost me an arm and a leg.*
**Meaning:** The repair was very expensive.

Notice the “VITAL NOTE” in the stage directions that precedes the comedy sketch *The Still Alarm* on page E226. The humor in the scene depends on the characters carrying on conversations casually, though they are in a burning building. The colloquialisms and idioms help convey this ironically calm tone.

Complete the following activity. The words and phrases in Column A are examples of colloquial terms in *The Still Alarm*. Match each colloquialism to its meaning in Column B.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column A</th>
<th>Column B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. stick around</td>
<td>A. absolutely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. give my best</td>
<td>B. visit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. you bet</td>
<td>C. how do you do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. come out</td>
<td>D. wonderful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. how de do</td>
<td>E. stay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. goody</td>
<td>F. give best wishes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
With a partner, research the meanings of the following idioms. The first one is from the sketch *The Still Alarm* and has been defined for you. The others are common idioms used in everyday language. Use a print or online dictionary for support.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Idiom</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“I had something up my sleeve” (page E232, paragraph 9)</td>
<td>I had a secret plan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hit the books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>when pigs fly</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shoot from the hip</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>go the extra mile</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hang in there</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Discuss with your partner how effective the humor is in the sketch. What parts did you find funny? How would the sketch change if the actors did not read the “VITAL NOTE” at the beginning?
Synonyms

Part of what makes English a rich language is the variety of words you can use to express yourself. There are many different words that have the same, or nearly the same, meaning. These are called synonyms.

Example synonyms: wonderful, great, fantastic, and awesome

These words all mean generally the same thing and one could be used in place of another.

Synonyms with nearly the same meanings can help clarify a description or make it more detailed. For example, if you are feeling sick, you could say that you are feeling queasy, feverish, or nauseated. The words all mean sick, but do not have the exact same meaning.

A thesaurus is a resource that contains synonyms and related words. Thesauruses, like dictionaries, are helpful tools for reading and writing that can be found in print and online.

Skim the essay “Glaspell’s Trifles” and read the first sentence of each paragraph. The first sentence in each of the first three paragraphs contain the synonyms embody, personify, and represent. Use a thesaurus to find additional synonyms for these three words. Record your findings below.

Synonyms for embody: ___________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

Synonyms for personify: __________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________
Synonyms for *represent*:

- depict
- symbolize
- illustrate
- demonstrate
- convey

In a small group, present the additional synonyms you found. Discuss which synonyms helped most to clarify the meaning of the words.

Use a print or online thesaurus to complete the following activity. Rewrite each of the following sentences and replace the underlined word with a synonym that is more descriptive.

1. Yolanda was so happy she got the job; she threw her hands up in the air.

2. By the time lunchtime came, I was hungry.

3. All the guests were wearing fancy outfits at the event.

4. The flight coming in from Minneapolis was late due to a snowstorm.

5. The blue sea was calm and clear on that bright day.

6. Jermain thought the landscape was absolutely amazing.

Share your work and compare sentences with a small group. Then, discuss the following questions: How can a thesaurus help you distinguish shades of meaning among synonyms? Why would an author use synonyms in his or her writing? What effect does the use of synonyms have on the article “Glaspell’s *Trifles*”? 
Descriptive Language

Authors use descriptive language to make pictures in the readers’ minds. They can also use it to make a mood, or feeling.

Descriptive language may use adjectives (words that describe people, things, places, or ideas). Adjectives are words like blue, dry, tall, happy, or interesting. Descriptive language may also use adverbs (words that describe actions). Adverbs are words like fast, sadly, brightly, or hungrily.

In “Tree Telling of Orpheus” author Denise Levertov uses descriptive language so that the reader understands who or what the speaker is. Read these lines (6–9) of the poem from page 523.

“Yet the rippling drew nearer—and then
my own outermost branches began to tingle, almost as if
fire had been lit below them, too close, and their twig-tips
were drying and curling.”

The use of the phrases “outermost branches” and “twig-tips” gives you clues that the speaker is a tree. Now that you know the speaker is a tree, you can understand why the speaker describes a man he sees in this way in lines 12–17:

“I was the first to see him, for I grew
out on the pasture slope, beyond the forest.
He was a man, it seemed: the two
moving stems, the short trunk, the two
arm-branches, flexible, each with five leafless
twigs at their ends,”

The descriptive language helps to remind readers that a tree is the speaker while also showing us a man. The “two moving stems” are the man’s legs. The “short trunk” is his torso. He also has “arm-branches” with “five leafless twigs at their ends,” which are his arms and fingers.
Work with your language group to finish this chart. On the left side, the general idea of the lines is noted. On the right side, write down the descriptive language from those lines that gives that idea.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lines and Meaning</th>
<th>Descriptive Language</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lines 21–27: The man is carrying a musical instrument.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines 28–39: The music makes the tree feel alive, <strong>refreshed</strong>, and <strong>joyful</strong>.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines 63–71: The man’s music awakens passion in the trees.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Animal Names

In the excerpt from *The Once and Future King*, a scene on page 546 describes the Wart as he imagines many animal friends surrounding him in a church courtyard. Some of the animal names may be familiar to you, such as dog or mouse. However, some may be unfamiliar, like hare and pike.

Review the chart below of animal names and pronunciations. With a partner, define each animal name using a print or online dictionary. If you or any of your classmates are familiar with these animals, please demonstrate aloud the correct pronunciation. You can also listen to the pronunciations in the audio recording in your eBook.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Animal Name</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>badger</td>
<td>bad-jur</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nightingale</td>
<td>nite-en-gayl</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hare</td>
<td>hay-er</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>falcon</td>
<td>fal-ken</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unicorn</td>
<td>you-ni-korn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>corkindrill</td>
<td>kore-ken-drill</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hedgehog</td>
<td>hej-hog</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>griffin</td>
<td>grif-in</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luce/pike</td>
<td>loose/pyke</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 8)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merlin</td>
<td>mur-lyn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page 546, paragraph 10)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With your partner, discuss how the animals impact the scene on page 546. Consider the following points:

- What effect do the animals have on the story?
- Which animals are mythical or magical?
- Why might the author have chosen these particular animals?
- How do the animals’ suggestions relate to the task the Wart is trying to accomplish?
• On your own, write a 2–3 paragraph summary of your discussion.

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Differentiated Instruction: English Language Development

UNIT 5

263


from *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*, page 591

**Spanish Pronunciations**

Though most of it has been translated into English, the excerpt from Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra's novel *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha* still contains several Spanish words and names. These words serve to present the Spanish characters and culture more realistically.

However, because they are from a different language, Spanish pronunciations may be unfamiliar to you.

Review the chart below that shows the pronunciation of several of the Spanish words and names that appear in the story. If you or any of your classmates speak Spanish, please demonstrate correct pronunciation. You can also listen to the pronunciations in the audio recording in your eBook.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Word or Name</strong></th>
<th><strong>Pronunciation</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>La Mancha</td>
<td>lah-mahn-cha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hidalgo</td>
<td>ee-dal-goh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quexana</td>
<td>ke-za-na</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>El Cid, Ruy Diaz</td>
<td>el-sid, roo-ee dee-ahs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernardo del Carpio</td>
<td>bair-naar-doh / de-l / kaar-pee-oh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roncesvalles</td>
<td>rohn-say-vah-jes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montalban</td>
<td>mon-tall-bahn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rocinante</td>
<td>ross-see-nan-te</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malindrania</td>
<td>mahl-een-drah-nee-ah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aldonza Lorenzo</td>
<td>al-dohn-za / lor-en-zoe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dulcinea del Tobso</td>
<td>dull-si-ne-ah / de-l / toe-b-so</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sancho Panza</td>
<td>saan-choh paan-sah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Complete the following activity with a partner. Cover the pronunciations of the words in the chart above. Go through the list and try to correctly pronounce each word aloud. If you pronounce one correctly, move on to the next word. If not, uncover the pronunciation and practice it. When you finish, have your partner do the same.

Then, discuss how knowing the pronunciation of these words helps you read the excerpt from *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*. How do the pronunciations add to your understanding of the story?
Dialect

A dialect is a type of language spoken by people of a particular time, place, or group. Every language has dialects. Dialects may use different words and pronunciation. For example, in some parts of the United States, people say soda, but in other parts, people say pop or cola.

Authors use dialect to make a character seem more real. Dialect makes the character sound more natural.

With your language group, write the Standard English for the dialect from “Geraldine Moore the Poet.” The first one is done for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dialect</th>
<th>Standard English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“Poor people sure got a hard row to hoe.” (page 622, paragraph 5)</td>
<td>Poor people surely have a hard row to hoe. (Poor people have difficult situations in their lives.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“I dunno, Gerry,” (page 622, paragraph 8)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“And the sun don’t even shine on my side of the street.” (page 624, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“I’m sorry, but I can’t write no pretty poem.” (page 624, paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With your group, talk about dialects in your native language. What are some words or phrases that are different from one area to another?
Slang

Language is always changing and so is the way people use it. Some words and phrases become popular at a particular time and either continue to be used or fall out of use. This happens often with slang words.

Slang is a collection of informal terms and expressions that are used in everyday language. Slang words are not considered standard vocabulary and often change or come in and out of style. Some slang terms use existing words but add new meaning to them. Popular slang words can vary depending on particular groups of people.

In his essay about Australia, Bill Bryson uses slang terms and unfamiliar vocabulary. Review the slang terms from *In a Sunburned Country* and their meanings below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Slang Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“You are dead meat.”</td>
<td>You are in trouble, or in a dangerous situation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page E328, paragraph 4)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“… you poor, sad schlubb.”</td>
<td>… you sad, pathetic person. (schlubb is a Yiddish word derived from the Polish language, referring to a dumb, clumsy, or unattractive person)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page E328, paragraph 6)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“little pins”</td>
<td>legs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(page E329, paragraph 1)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With a partner, use a print or online dictionary to determine the meaning of the following slang terms. Provide one additional detail about each term, such as origin, where it is used, the time period when it was used, or any other information. Use an Internet search engine for support.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Slang Word or Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Additional Detail</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>low key</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>groovy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wicked cool</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slang Word or Term</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
<td>Additional Detail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>da bomb</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>my bad</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOLO</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>neato</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Discuss your findings in a small group. Which terms were you familiar with before? Which terms were you unfamiliar with? If any terms are no longer in use, why do you think this is so?

In your small group, discuss your prior experience with slang. Do you use slang? What terms do you use? Who do you use them with? Do you use slang terms in your native language? Provide at least one example of a slang word from your native language and describe its meaning and use.
Social Structure

The setting of the short story “Land Enough for a Man” is rural Russia at the end of the 19th century. At that time, a tsar ruled Russia. A tsar is similar to an emperor or king. The tsar had the most power and was at the top of the social structure, with all others below.

Social structure is the organization of people according to their status, or position, in society. Oftentimes, social status is determined by what a person does for work and how much money he or she makes.

In “Land Enough for a Man,” author Leo Tolstoy uses different terms to refer to the status of individuals or groups within the social structure. These terms include the following:

- landowner
- merchant
- peasant
- commune

Choose two of these terms and fill in the graphic organizers below. Use a print or online dictionary for support. The first graphic organizer is done for you.

**Definition:**
a person who owns land

**Term:**
landowner

**Native language equivalent:**
markägare (Swedish)

**Used in the text:**
“And so Pakhom became a landowner: he plowed and sowed his own land . . .”

(page E337, paragraph 5)

**Used in a new sentence:**
A landowner has to pay high taxes in that town.
Share your work in a small group. Pay close attention to the information about the two terms you did not use. Write information about the words you did not use in the space below.

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________________
Write a 3–4 paragraph essay explaining how the social structure described in the story “Land Enough for a Man” compares with the social structure in your native country. Refer to your notes and the graphic organizers above for support. Use your own paper if needed.
Foundational Literacy Skills
Lesson 1: Phonemes: Vowels

The letters of the alphabet represent sounds, or phonemes. We put the sounds together to form words. For example, the word *cat* has three sounds:

Listen:

| cat | /k| /a| /t|

Sometimes two letters can represent one sound. For example, the consonants *c* and *h* blend to create the /ch/ sound, and the vowels *e* and *a* create one sound, a long /ĕ/:  

Listen:

| chat | /ch| /a| /t|
| cheat | /ch| /ĕ| /t|

Vowel Sounds

There are 26 letters in the alphabet. The letters *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u* are the vowels. Sometimes *y* can sound like a vowel, too. All the other letters are the consonants.

Although there are only five vowels, there are more than twice as many vowel sounds. This is because every vowel can make more than one sound. For example, the letter *a* can make five different sounds:

Listen:

| /a| as in *cat* |
| /ā| as in *mate* |
| /ā| as in *father* |
| /ō| as in *call* |
| /a| as in *attend* |

Below are all the different sounds made by vowels in English.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Short sounds</th>
<th>Long sounds</th>
<th>Other sounds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>/a/ pan, sap</td>
<td>/ā/ mate, sail</td>
<td>/ō/ or, raw, author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/e/ bet, sell</td>
<td>/ē/ be, deep</td>
<td>/ū/ soot, foot, put</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/i/ kit, lip</td>
<td>/ī/ my, ice</td>
<td>/ou/ out, now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/o/, /ā/ lot, star</td>
<td>/ō/ so, boat</td>
<td>/oi/ toy, boil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/u/, up, scrub</td>
<td>/ū/ tune, crew</td>
<td>/a/ tractor, even</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Each vowel has a short sound and a long sound. When a vowel has a long sound, it “says its name.” For example, the \( a \) in \( mate \) sounds like the letter \( A \). The letter \( y \) can also sound like a short \( /i/ \) (system), a long \( /i/ \) (my) or a long \( /\varepsilon/ \) (surely).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Listen:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>SHORT VOWEL SOUNDS:</strong> cat, bet, him, knot, but, system</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LONG VOWEL SOUNDS:</strong> mate, be, rice, so, tune, my, surely</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When a vowel is followed by the letter \( r \), it has a weaker sound because it is controlled by the \( r \).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Listen:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>R-CONTROLLED VOWELS:</strong> car, or, stir, burger</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vowels can also sound like other vowels. Sometimes the letter \( a \) can sound like a short \( /o/ \)—notice how \( father \) rhymes with \( bother \)! The letter \( o \) sounds like a long \( /\varepsilon/ \) in words like \( lose \) and \( pool \). The many different ways to spell vowel sounds can make reading and spelling in English very tricky.

### Vowel Teams

In English, two vowels often team up to create one vowel sound. These vowel teams are called **digraphs**. Here are some examples of digraphs that create long vowel sounds:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Listen:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Long ( /\varepsilon/ ): ai, ay, ei, ey (aim, play, vein, obey)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long ( /\varepsilon/ ): ee, ea, ie, (seen, bead, niece)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long ( /i/ ): ie, uy (tie, buy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long ( /o/ ): oa, oe, ow (boat, toe, show)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long ( /\varepsilon/ ): oo, ou, ui, ue, ew (boot, group, suit, clue, flew)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The sounds \( /ou/ \) and \( /oi/ \) are **diphthongs**. That is, they contain two vowel sounds in one. They begin with one vowel sound and end with another.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Listen:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>( ou, ow ) found, blouse, cow, crowd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( oi, oy ) boil, soil, boys, toy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some vowel teams can make more than one sound. There are at least three ways to pronounce the vowel team \( ea \):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Listen:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Long ( /\varepsilon/ ): bead</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Short /e/: head, pleasant

R-controlled /e/: wear, bear

The team oo has a long sound and a short sound. The long oo sound is a long /ʊ/. The short oo is like the u in put.

Listen:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Long oo:</th>
<th>spoon, food</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Short oo:</td>
<td>look, foot, book</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PRACTICE**

**Exercise 1: Long and Short Vowel Sounds**
Sort the following words according to whether they have a short or long vowel sound.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Short Vowel Sounds</th>
<th>Long Vowel Sounds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>bed</td>
<td>mop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bead</td>
<td>mope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clam</td>
<td>soup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>claim</td>
<td>supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mile</td>
<td>my</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mill</td>
<td>myth</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exercise 2: Word Pairs**
Read the following word pairs aloud to yourself, being sure to pronounce each word clearly. Then, listen to the audio and choose the word you hear.

1. room / rum
2. fail / file
3. coat / court
4. taught / tote
5. feel / fell
6. bird / bored

**Exercise 3: Homographs**
The underlined words in the sentences below are homographs. They are spelled the same, but they have a different meaning and pronunciation. Read the sentences aloud.
Explain how their meaning and pronunciation are different. What vowel sound do you hear in each word?

**EXAMPLE**

I read this book last week. Are you going to read it, too?
*Read* in the first sentence is in the past tense. It has a short /e/.
In the second sentence, *read* is in the present tense, and it has a long /ē/.

1. Lead poisoning is very dangerous for children.
   You can lead a horse to water, but you can’t make him drink.

2. Where do you live?
   The show was live on television.

3. A female pig is called a sow.
   To sow means to plant seeds.

4. “Do not desert me!” I cried out.
   The plane took off, leaving me alone in the desert.

5. The swimmer dove into the pool.
   The dove built a nest in our tree.

**Exercise 4: Tongue Twisters**

Try the following tongue twisters to practice different vowel sounds! Which vowel sounds do you hear in each line?

1. How now, brown cow?

2. The spoiled boy foiled the coy boy’s joy by purloining his toy.

3. Gnats are not now gnawing on the nuts at night.

4. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?
Lesson 2: Phonemes: Consonants

The vowels and consonants represent all the sounds, or phonemes, in the English language.

The consonants include all the letters of the alphabet other than the vowels a, e, i, o, and u. Consonant sounds are made by touching the tongue, lips, or teeth together. When pronouncing the consonants, you should feel a puff of air as the sound is as when saying the letters l, p, or t. Here is a list of consonant sounds in English:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Consonant Sounds</th>
<th>Consonant Sounds</th>
<th>Consonant Sounds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>/b/ but, cub</td>
<td>/l/ lip, pull</td>
<td>/t/ tip, cut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/ch/ child, patch</td>
<td>/m/ man, lamb</td>
<td>/th/ thank, forth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/d/ doll, cod</td>
<td>/n/ not, can</td>
<td>/th/ there, that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/f/ fall, cuff</td>
<td>/η/ sing, ink</td>
<td>/v/ very, cove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/g/ girl, hug</td>
<td>/p/ pull, up</td>
<td>/w/ wet, twin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/h/ hope, ham</td>
<td>/r/ ram, core</td>
<td>/y/ your, yard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/j/ jam, fudge</td>
<td>/s/ sip, miss</td>
<td>/z/ zip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>/k/ kid, pick</td>
<td>/sh/ ship, lotion</td>
<td>/zh/ pleasure, vision</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some consonants make more than one sound. The consonants c, q, and x make the sounds shown below:

**Listen:**

c can have a soft sound like /s/ if it is followed by e, i, or y (cell, city, icy), or a hard sound like /k/ if it is followed by a, o, or u (cap, cone, culture).

q combines with u to make the sound /kw/ (as in quack) or /k/ (as in unique).

g can have a soft sound like /j/ if it comes before e, i, or y (gem, giant, gym).

s can have a sound like /z/ at the end of a word (is, rose).

x can sound like /ks/ (as in next) or, rarely, /z/ (as in xylophone).

Consonant Digraphs and Blends

Digraphs are two consonants that combine to make one sound. The individual consonant sounds are not heard.

**Listen:**

change, shark, think, why, click, sing
In a consonant blend, two or more consonants blend together. The individual sounds are heard, but one sound runs into the other.

**Listen:**

| string, bring, lift, lamp |

Some consonant blends may be confusing. Remember these blends:

**Listen:**

| ph sounds like /f/: pharmacy, alphabet |
| gh sounds like /f/ at the end of a word: cough, laugh |
| tch sounds just like /ch/: match, porch |

**Silent Letters**

Many English words contain consonants that are silent. Learn these spelling patterns with silent letters:

**Listen:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Silent Letter</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B in –mb and –bt</td>
<td>dumb, doubt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C in sc-</td>
<td>science, scissors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G and K in gn-, kn-</td>
<td>gnaw, assign, know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GH in -gh, -ght</td>
<td>although, height</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H in some words:</td>
<td>honest, honor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N in -mn</td>
<td>autumn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P in ps-</td>
<td>psychology</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S in isl-</td>
<td>island</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T in st:</td>
<td>listen, whistle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W in wr-</td>
<td>wrong, write</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PRACTICE**

**Exercise 1: Soft and Hard C**

Read the following words aloud. Which ones have the soft c sound, /s/? Which ones have a hard c sound, /k/? Which have the sounds /ch/?

- character
- chronological
- forcibly
- ironic
- perception
- perspective
- treacherous
- urgency
Exercise 2: Words with qu
The blend qu can sound like /kw/ or /k/. Sort the following qu words into two groups according to their sound. Write a sentence using each word.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>critique</th>
<th>masquerade</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>etiquette</td>
<td>quirkiness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>inquiry</td>
<td>tranquil</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>/kw/</th>
<th>/k/</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Exercise 3: Consonant Sounds
Read the following word pairs aloud to yourself, being sure to pronounce the consonant sounds clearly. Then, listen to the audio and choose the word you hear.

1. Jill / chill
2. wrong / long
3. white / wide
4. thought / fought
5. tack / tag

Exercise 4: Silent Letters
Read the following sentences aloud. Which consonant is silent?

1. Grandma’s attic was filled with heirlooms passed down from her parents and grandparents.
2. Mark Twain was the pseudonym of author Samuel Clemens.
3. The cat nestled in the blankets, making a cozy sleeping spot for himself.
4. I tried to put the book down, but it was so interesting that I couldn’t wrench myself away.
5. Wolves are often maligned as vicious, but this criticism is unfair since most are actually shy and not aggressive toward humans.
Lesson 3: Syllables

A syllable is a word part that contains a single vowel sound. All words have at least one syllable. Listen as you pronounce these one-syllable words. You should hear only one vowel sound in each word, even if there is more than one vowel. Which vowel sounds do you hear?

Examples: scrunch, rose, feet, boat

Here are some words with more than one syllable. Read them aloud to yourself. How many vowel sounds can you hear in each word?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Listen:</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Two syllables:</td>
<td>mea-sure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three syllables:</td>
<td>mea-sure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four syllables:</td>
<td>bi-o-l-o-gy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five syllables:</td>
<td>se-mi-cir-cu-lar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Breaking new words into their syllables can help you read and spell them correctly. To break a word into its syllables, first break off any prefixes or suffixes (pre-school, quick-ly). Divide compound words into separate parts (house-hold, book-shelf). Next, look for the pattern of vowels (V) and consonants (C) in the word. Follow these rules:

1. **VC/CV and VC/CCCV Rule:** If a word has two or more consonants in the middle, you should usually divide after the first consonant (hap-pen, an-swer, ob-struct). However, if the two consonants blend to make one sound, as in *ch*, *sh*, *th*, *wh*, or *ck*, they should not be separated. Break the word before or after the blend (ba-thing, tick-et).

2. **V/CV Rule:** If a word has one consonant in the middle, divide before the consonant (re-ject). However, if the vowel sound is short, divide after the consonant (lev-er). (Remember, the long vowel sounds are as follows: ace, be, ice, ode, glue. The short vowel sounds are cat, pen, tip, box, and cup.)

3. **V/V Rule:** Two vowels together in a word should be split if they are sounded separately (li-on, sci-ence). Do not separate vowel teams that work together to make one sound (vein, wea-ther).

4. **VC + Silent e Rule:** When a vowel is followed by a consonant and silent *e* (VC + *e*), the silent *e* must be kept in the same syllable. It causes the vowel to have its long sound. (Examples: e-rase, ig-nite.)

5. **C + -le Rule:** When the suffix *-le* appears at the end of the word, it forms a syllable with the consonant or consonant blend that comes before it. (Examples: ti-tle, chuckle, bub-ble.)

6. **C + -ed Rule:** The suffix *-ed* forms a separate syllable when it follows *d* or *t* (wadd-ed, chan- ted). Otherwise, it does not form a new syllable (walked, stopped).
**PRACTICE**

**Exercise 1: Dividing Words Into Syllables**
Divide the following words into syllables, using the rules listed above.

**EXAMPLE**  
**pitcher**  
pit/cher

1. forest  
2. deleted  
3. headquarters  
4. cooperate  
5. dispute  
6. nestle  
7. ruddy  
8. crucial

**Exercise 2: Closed and Open Syllables**
Read each sentence aloud. Then, divide the underlined vocabulary word into syllables. If the first vowel sound is long, divide the word after the first vowel (V/CV). If the first vowel sound is short, divide it after the first consonant (VC/V).

**EXAMPLES**  
na/tive (V/CV)  
for/est (VC/V)

1. The irate customer yelled at the clerk.  
2. Do you like to read novels?  
3. Sad songs evoke memories of the past.  
4. The brave princess was known for her valor.  
5. I tried to convince her to change her mind, but she would not waver.

**Exercise 3: Syllables in Poetry**
A sonnet is a type of poem with a fixed pattern. There are fourteen lines, and each line has the same number of syllables. Read the following sonnet by William Shakespeare. Count the syllables in each line. In the first four lines, use slash marks to show the syllable divisions.

**Sonnet 18**  
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.  
5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow’st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
Lesson 4: Syllables and Stress

In English, every word has one syllable that is pronounced more strongly than the others. This is called the stress, or accent. Follow these tips to improve your pronunciation in English:

1. Generally, stress the first syllable of a word. If the first syllable is a prefix, stress the second syllable instead.
   
   LISTEN dec-o-rate
   re-dec-o-rate

2. Words ending in -ic, -sion, and -tion have the stress on the second-to-last syllable.
   
   LISTEN dec-o-ra-tion
   ge-o-graph-ic

3. Words ending in -cy, -phy, -gy, -ty, and -al have stress on the third-from-last syllable.
   
   LISTEN de-moc-ра-cy
   ge-log-ra-phy
   bi-ol-o-gy
   vel-ci-ty
   com-ic-al

4. Many two-syllable words can be used as a noun, adjective, or verb. Stress the first syllable if the word is a noun (a person, place, or thing). Stress the second syllable if the word is used as a verb. Adjectives are usually stressed on the first syllable, but sometimes the second.
   
   LISTEN reb-el (noun); re-bel (verb)
   rec-ord (noun); re-cord (verb)

5. If the syllable is not stressed, the sound of the vowel is often weak and indistinct. This is called the schwa sound. It is represented by the symbol /ə/.
   
   LISTEN sis-tar (schwa sound)

PRACTICE

Exercise 1: Stressed Syllables

Break the following vocabulary words into syllables. Place a stress mark (´) on the syllable that should be given the most stress, or emphasis.

1. volume
2. expanding
3. interaction
4. quirkiness
5. brutality
Exercise 2: Word Pairs
For each of the following word pairs, identify the number of syllables in each word and mark the stressed syllable with a stress mark (‘).

```
Example ex / pres’ 2 ex / pres’ / sion 3
1. happy _____ unhappiness _____
2. impulse _____ impulsive _____
3. fantasy _____ fantastic _____
4. discriminate _____ discrimination _____
5. imagine _____ imagination _____
```

Exercise 3: Stress Homographs
Read the following sentences aloud, being sure to stress the correct syllable for the meaning of the word. Remember that verbs generally have stress on the second syllable, while nouns and adjectives usually have the stress on the first syllable. Consult a dictionary if you need help.

1. The teacher was not **present**, so we were unable to **present** her with the special **present**.
2. The **rebels** organized a **protest** against the corrupt leader.
3. Gabriel was **content** because the teacher had given him an **A** on his research paper. She said the **content** of the paper was very strong.
4. My friend objected when I left a large **object** in her **locker**.
5. The children were **entranced** by the giant balloon display at the **entrance** to the party.

Exercise 4: Just for Fun
Write down the names of people in your class. Divide the names into syllables and mark the syllable that is stressed. Pay attention to the vowel sounds in each syllable. Which vowel sounds are pronounced clearly? Do any vowels sound like a schwa (ə)?

```
Example Dylan
     Dil’ / an
```

The vowel sound in the first syllable is a short /i/. It is pronounced clearly. The second vowel sound is a schwa.
Lesson 5: Morphemes: Meaningful Word Parts

Many words in English are made up of meaningful parts. These meaningful word parts, or morphemes, include prefixes, suffixes, word roots, and base words.

A prefix is a word part that attaches to the beginning of a word to change its meaning. Negative prefixes change the meaning of the word to its opposite.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>non-, un-, dis-, in-/il-/ir-/im-</td>
<td>not; opposite</td>
<td>nonstop, unnecessary, disagree, inactive, illegal, irresponsible, immodest, impossible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ant/-anti-</td>
<td>against; opposite</td>
<td>antibiotics</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Many prefixes indicate time and location:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>pre-, fore-</td>
<td>before</td>
<td>prejudge, foreword</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>post-</td>
<td>after</td>
<td>postpone, postwar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>re-</td>
<td>again</td>
<td>retake, replay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>super-, over-</td>
<td>over, above</td>
<td>supervise, overhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sub-, under-</td>
<td>under</td>
<td>submarine, underground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trans-</td>
<td>across</td>
<td>transcontinental</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A suffix attaches to the end of a word to change its meaning. Different suffixes are used for adjectives, nouns, verbs, and adverbs.

ADJECTIVE SUFFIXES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-ible, -able</td>
<td>able to be</td>
<td>visible, washable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ful, -ous, -y</td>
<td>full of; having the qualities of</td>
<td>joyful, famous, dirty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-less</td>
<td>without</td>
<td>hopeless</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NOUN SUFFIXES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-or, -er, -ist</td>
<td>one who</td>
<td>actor, farmer, artist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ness, -hood</td>
<td>state of being</td>
<td>happiness, parenthood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-less</td>
<td>without</td>
<td>hopeless</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ADVERB SUFFIXES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-ly, -wise</td>
<td>in such a way</td>
<td>angrily, clockwise</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
VERB SUFFIXES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-ate, -ify, -ize</td>
<td>to make or cause to be</td>
<td>activate, glorify, realize</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A **word root** is a word part that contains more meaning than a prefix or suffix. Most word roots cannot stand on their own as words, but must combine with other word roots, prefixes, or suffixes. Following are just a few examples:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word Root</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>bio</td>
<td>life</td>
<td>biology, biography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spect</td>
<td>watch; view</td>
<td>spectator, spectacle, respect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fer</td>
<td>move</td>
<td>transfer, confer, refer, defer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pop</td>
<td>people</td>
<td>population, popular, populous</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A **base word** is a word that can stand alone. A prefix or suffix can be added to change its meaning. A base word can also combine with other words to form **compound words**.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Base Word</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>read</td>
<td>reread, reader, unreadable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>home</td>
<td>homebody, homework, hometown</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PRACTICE**

**Exercise 1: Negative Prefixes**

Fill in the blanks with the following vocabulary words. Use the negative prefixes as clues.

dismantle  inaudible  invincible  nonstandard  unwieldy

1. We tried to beat the other team, but they were _________________.
2. The word ain't is _________________. It’s not considered a standard word in English.
3. The music was so quiet that it was nearly _________________.
4. After the show, we had to _________________, or take apart, all the sets.
5. The sword was _________________; it was so big and heavy I could hardly wield it.

**Exercise 2: Literary Terms with Prefixes and Suffixes**

Use your knowledge of prefixes, suffixes, and roots to match the literary term with its definition.

1. antagonist  
   a. Character who works against the main character
2. anticlimax  
   b. The point of view from which a story is told
3. biography  
   c. Hinting at something before it happens
4. foreshadowing  
   d. The opposite of the climax; the low point
5. nonfiction  
6. Perspective

**Exercise 3: Guess the Meaning**

Break each word apart, identifying its prefix, suffix, and base word or word root. Guess the meaning of each word based on its prefix and/or suffix and from clues in the sentence.

1. Dad complained he was getting old, but he felt *rejuvenated* after starting a new exercise program.
2. The children were *disconsolate* when their dog was lost. Nothing could console them until the moment he was returned.
3. “I don’t know,” I said dubiously.
4. The supervisor treated his *subordinates* as though they were beneath him.
5. Landowners allowed *sharecroppers* to farm on their land in exchange for a share of the crops.
Lesson 6: Academic Word Families

Many words in English are made up of word roots from older languages, especially Greek and Latin. Words that share the same root are known as word families. Knowing the root can help you determine the meaning and spelling of words that share that root. For example, the following words share the Greek root -logy, meaning “the study of”:

biology, psychology, geology, ecology

Following are more Greek and Latin word parts that you may come across in school.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word Part</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>anthrop-</td>
<td>human being</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>archae-</td>
<td>ancient</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>astro-</td>
<td>star; space</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bio-</td>
<td>life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chem-</td>
<td>chemicals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>circum-; peri-</td>
<td>around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eco-</td>
<td>home; habitat; environment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ethno-</td>
<td>race; cultural group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>geo-</td>
<td>earth; soil; ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>physi-</td>
<td>nature; natural laws</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>psych-</td>
<td>mind; soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>techno-</td>
<td>art; skill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-graphy</td>
<td>writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-meter, -metry</td>
<td>measure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-nomy</td>
<td>study of; science of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-logy</td>
<td>study of</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PRACTICE
Exercise 1: What Should I Study?
Imagine you are helping a friend decide which science class to take. Match each class to its description by filling in the blanks. Then, tell which classes you would most like to study, and why.
anthropology  
archaeology  
biology  
chemistry  
ecology  
geology  
physics  
psychology

1. If you like to study ancient civilizations, take __________________________.
2. Take __________________________ if you want to learn more about chemical elements and how they combine.
3. If you want to study living organisms, take __________________________.
4. Take __________________________ if you love learning about different people around the world.
5. If you want to know more about the rocks, soil, and continents on earth, take __________________________.
6. If you are fascinated by the laws of nature, matter, and energy, you should study __________________________.
7. __________________________ will teach you about the mind and brain and how they work.
8. If you want to study the natural environment and how we can preserve it, take __________________________.

Exercise 2: Word Families
Identify the word root each word family has in common. Then, explain how the words are similar in meaning.

1. astrology, astronomy, astronaut
2. ecology, economics, ecosystem
3. thermometer, diameter, perimeter
4. physics, physiology, physical education
5. geography, geometry, geology
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