Pre AP/GT English II
2014
1st Six Weeks
BACK TO SCHOOL

McKinnon/Thompson
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### Katy ISD Instructional Calendar 2014-2015

#### Elementary -- Four Grading Periods

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>July 2014</th>
<th>August 2014</th>
<th>September 2014</th>
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<tbody>
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#### Secondary -- Six Grading Periods

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>October 2014</th>
<th>November 2014</th>
<th>December 2014</th>
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#### January 2015

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>February 2015</th>
<th>March 2015</th>
<th>April 2015</th>
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#### May 2015

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<thead>
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<th>June 2015</th>
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<td><img src="calendar-grid.png" alt="Calendar Grid" /></td>
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### Symbol Keys

- **Begin Elementary Grading Cycle**
- **End Elementary Grading Cycle**
- **Begin Secondary Grading Cycle**
- **End Secondary Grading Cycle**
- **Holiday (Students and Staff)**
- **New Teacher Inservice**
- **Teacher Preparation Day - Student Holiday**
- **Professional Learning Day - Student Holiday**
- **Early Dismissal -- All Students**
- **Holiday (Students and Staff)**
- **New Teacher Inservice**
- **Teacher Preparation Day - Student Holiday**
- **Professional Learning Day - Student Holiday**
- **Early Dismissal -- All Students**
- **Holiday (Students and Staff)**
- **New Teacher Inservice**
- **Teacher Preparation Day - Student Holiday**
- **Professional Learning Day - Student Holiday**
- **Early Dismissal -- All Students**

### Bad Weather Make-Up Days:

- **Feb. 16**
- **May 25**

#### Note:

- 238-day employees will need to work 1 additional day.

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*In case of bad weather, make-up days are scheduled for Feb. 16 and May 25.*

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*Total Instructional Days: 179*
Warm-Ups
Consider:

This is earthquake
Weather!
Honor and Hunger
Walk lean
Together.

— Langston Hughes, “Today”

Discuss:

1. What does lean mean in this context?

2. Is lean a verb, an adjective, or both? How does this uncertainty and complexity contribute to the impact of the lines?

Apply:

With a partner, read the poem aloud several times, changing the meaning of lean with your voice. Discuss how you controlled your voice to make the changes.
Consider:

Wind rocks the car.
We sit parked by the river,
silence between our teeth.
Birds scatter across islands
of broken ice . . .

— Adrienne Rich, “Like This Together, for A.H.C.”

Discuss:

1. What are the feelings produced by the word rocks? Are the feelings gentle, violent; or both?

2. How would the meaning change if we changed the first line to Wind shakes the car?

Apply:

List with the class different meanings for the verb rock. How many of these meanings would make sense in this poem? Remember that the poet often strives to capture complexity rather than a single view or meaning.
Consider:

This is the time of year
when almost every night
the frail, illegal fire balloons appear.
Climbing the mountain height,

rising toward a saint
still honored in these parts,
the paper chambers flush and fill with light
that comes and goes, like hearts.

— Elizabeth Bishop, “The Armadillo (for Robert Lowell)”

Discuss:

1. Read the two stanzas aloud. What kind of imagery does Bishop use in these lines? How does the use of imagery contribute to the reader’s understanding of the lines?

2. The image of the balloons rising and filling with light ends with a simile (like hearts). How is the effect of the simile different from that of the image?

Apply:

Write an image of an unusual sight you have witnessed on a vacation. Use ten words or less. Now describe the same sight using a simile. Discuss the differences in effect with a partner.
Consider:

There were some dirty plates
and a glass of milk
beside her on a small table
near the rank, disheveled bed –

Wrinkled and nearly blind
she lay and snored
rousing with anger in her tones

to cry for food.

— William Carlos Williams, “The Last Words of my English Grandmother”

Discuss:

1. These stanzas contain visual, olfactory, auditory, and gustatory images. Fill in the chart below with concrete images from the poem.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Visual</th>
<th>Olfactory</th>
<th>Auditory</th>
<th>Gustatory</th>
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2. Contrast the attitude toward the old woman in the two stanzas. How does it change? What images create this change in attitude?

Apply:

Think of a group of young people cheering at a sporting event. Write a paragraph describing them in a positive way; then write another paragraph describing them in a negative way. Use at least two types of imagery in your descriptions. Post your descriptions around the room.
Consider:

I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony.

— George Orwell, “Shooting an Elephant”

Discuss:

1. What is the author’s attitude toward the coolie’s death? What details in the passage reveal this attitude?

2. Examine the last sentence of this paragraph. How would it have affected the overall impact had Orwell written, *his eyes wide open, his teeth bared and grinning*. . . ?

Apply:

Think of an event that you have personally witnessed which horrified you. Your job is to describe that event and evoke the horror. Do not state or explain that you were horrified. Instead, use detail to describe the event and reveal your attitude. Share your description with the class.
Consider:

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
_Ya-honk_ he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation,
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listening close,
Find its purpose and place up there toward the wintery sky.

The sharp-hoof'd moose of the north, the cat on the house-sill, the chickadee, the prairie-dog,
The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,
The brood of the turkey-hen and she with her half-spread wings,
I see in them and myself the same old law.

— Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself,” _Leaves of Grass_

Discuss:

1. What is the conclusion of the last line? Which details in the passage support this conclusion?

2. The animals in these stanzas are specific and detailed. In contrast, the ambience (the cool night, the wintery sky) is more general. What attitude is revealed by this difference?

Apply:

Rewrite the passage, describing the night and the sky in great detail and the animals in general terms. Read your version to the class and lead a discussion about how this change shifts the meaning of the passage.
Metaphors, Similes, and Personification

Read and think:

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.

Naomi Shihab Nye, "Making a Fist," Words Under the Words: Selected Poems

Talk about it:

1. What is the metaphor in this poem? What is the literal term? What is the figurative term? What does the metaphor mean?

2. How would the meaning and impact of these lines change if Nye said simply, My stomach really hurt?

Now you try it:

Rewrite the figurative term in Nye's metaphor. Try to express feelings of anxiety and pain—both physical and emotional—with your metaphor.

My stomach was ___________________________
Hyperboles, Symbols, and Irony

Read and think:

Oh, and there's a thrilling shot of one of the kids being sick on a small fishing boat off the coast of Florida and we are hovering over him offering him salami and mayonnaise sandwiches. That one really breaks us up.

Erma Bombeck, At Wit's End

Talk about it:

1. Remember that verbal irony implies the opposite of what is said, and irony may or may not be sarcastic (intending to hurt). Bombeck describes a picture from a family vacation as thrilling. Is it ironic? Is it sarcastic?

2. Look at the following rewriting of the passage:

We have a picture of one of the kids being sick on a small fishing boat off the coast of Florida. In the picture, we’re making fun of him and offering him salami and mayonnaise sandwiches. We know it’s wrong, but it’s kind of funny.

Which version is funnier? Why? How does the use of irony help shape your understanding of the author’s attitude toward vacation pictures?

Now you try it:

Write a few sentences describing a family outing you didn’t enjoy. Include at least one example of verbal irony (sarcastic or not). Use Bombeck’s passage as a model.
Syntax

Consider:

No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, then I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! – by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman – a howl! – a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

— Edgar Allan Poe, “The Black Cat”

Discuss:

1. The dashes in this long sentence set off a series of appositives. (An appositive is a noun or noun phrase placed beside another noun or noun phrase and used to identify or explain it.) What noun phrase is explained by the appositives?

2. This sentence makes syntactic and semantic sense if it ends with the first exclamation point. What do the appositives add to the meaning and effectiveness of the sentence?

Apply:

Rewrite Poe’s sentence, changing it into a series of short sentences. Read your sentences to the class and discuss how the use of short sentences changes the overall meaning of the original.
Syntax

Consider:

When I am too sad and too skinny to keep keeping, when I am a tiny thing against so many bricks, then it is I look at trees.

— Sandra Cisneros, The House on Mango Street

Discuss:

1. What kind of grammatical structure is repeated in this sentence? What is the effect of the repetition?

2. This is a periodic sentence, a sentence which delays the subject and verb to the end. What idea is emphasized by the end-focus in this sentence?

Apply:

Write a periodic sentence about getting a bad grade on a test. Use Cisneros’ sentence as a model. Share your sentence with a partner.
Tone

Read and think:

I’m boiling with rage, and yet I mustn’t show it. I’d like to stamp my feet, scream, give Mummy a good shaking, cry, and I don’t know what else, because of the horrible words, mocking looks, and accusations which are leveled at me repeatedly every day, and find their mark, like shafts from a tightly strung bow, and which are just as hard to draw from my body.

Anne Frank, The Diary of a Young Girl

Talk about it:

1. What is the tone of the passage? Add your new tone words to the class list.

2. Examine and discuss the diction, detail, syntax, imagery, and figurative language that shape the tone. Pay particular attention to the following:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Element of voice</th>
<th>How it shapes the tone</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Diction:</strong> boiling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Detail:</strong> I’d like to stamp my feet, scream, give Mummy a good shaking</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Syntax:</strong> the difference in sentence length between sentence one and two</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Imagery:</strong> a tightly strung bow</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Figurative Language:</strong> like shafts from a tightly strung bow, and which are just as hard to draw from my body</td>
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Now you try it:

Write a paragraph expressing your anger about something. First, list the diction (no bad words!), detail, imagery, and figurative language you can use to create the tone for your paragraph. Then write your paragraph, using one short sentence and one long, layered sentence. Use Frank’s paragraph as a model.
Tone

Read and think:

I stood up nervously, wondering what it could be. I felt my classmates' piercing eyes as I mechanically left the classroom. Teacher Hou walked ahead of me without seeming to notice my presence. I followed silently.

Ji-li Jiang, *Red Scarf Girl: A Memoir of the Cultural Revolution*

Talk about it:

1. What is the tone of the passage? This passage is told in the first person. That is, the speaker (I) is a character. How does this affect the tone?

2. Find one example of each of the elements of voice below and explain how the example helps create the tone.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Example</th>
<th>How does it create tone?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Diction</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detail</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Syntax</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

Now you try it:

Write a paragraph in the first person about a time you got in trouble. Create a worried tone, carefully choosing your diction, detail, and syntax. Use Jiang's paragraph as a model.
Tone

Consider:

In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the best abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th’ Eternal Cause.


Discuss:

1. What is Pope's attitude toward pride, the subject matter? Cite your evidence.

2. What is the tone of this passage? What attitude underlies the tone?

Apply:

Write a short paragraph of advice about drinking and driving. Show through your diction and choice of detail that you believe yourself superior in every way to your reader. Never directly state your superiority. Instead, let the tone of your paragraph carry your haughty attitude.
Tone

Consider:

... The gracious Duncan
Was pitted of Macbeth. Marry, he was dead.
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say (if't please you) Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought* how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact*,
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls* of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I say
He has borne* all things well; and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an't* please heaven, he shall not), they should find
What *twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.

— William Shakespeare, Macbeth

Discuss:

1. The speaker in this passage is a lord in Macbeth's court. His attitude is critical of Macbeth, but his tone is not critical, angry, or vengeful. How would you characterize the tone of this passage? Defend your views.

2. Shakespeare uses the simple image of a man walking in lines 3 and 5. How does this image contribute to the tone of the passage?

Apply:

Write a paragraph which, in a direct and angry manner, states that Macbeth is a tyrant who killed Duncan and Banquo to gain power. Read your paragraph to the class and discuss the effect this change in tone has on a reader.
Write Your Own Diction Lessons

Now that you have studied the diction lessons, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own “Talk about it” questions. Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions. Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses diction to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer’s craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write “Now you try it” exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

When you have written questions and exercises, exchange them with other students in your class and try answering each other’s questions and exercises. Or you can exchange questions and exercises with members of another class. Discuss the quotations, plan and discuss the questions, practice, and share the craft. This is the way writers learn.

1. Yeah, they walk that fallin-forward walk, that slack-kneed shuffle, tippy-toe in along, eyes searching round to see if somebody put down somethin they can pick up and sell.

   Alice Childress, *A Hero Ain’t Nothin’ but a Sandwich*

   Hint: Look at slang and hyphenated words.

2. White smoke crept over a green field. The smoke teased people’s eyes and noses. And it seeped into their clothes. Standing in the smoke were some 5,000 reenactors.

   Peter Winkler, “Fighting for History,” *National Geographic Explorer*, April 2005

   Hint: Focus on strong verbs.

3. There, caterpillaring around boulders, roller-coastering up ravines and down hills, was the mound of rocks that had once been Great-grandfather’s boundary fence.

   Jean Craighead George, *My Side of the Mountain*

   Hint: Look at words used in unusual ways.

4. Filch hobbled across to his desk, snatched up the envelope, and threw it into a drawer.

   J.K. Rowling, *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*

   Hint: Look at words that help the reader visualize what is happening.
Write Your Own Imagery Lessons

Now that you have studied the imagery lessons, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own “Talk about it” questions. Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions. Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses imagery to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer’s craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write “Now you try it” exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

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1. He bent down and pulled the crazy quilt up around my throat. I could tell by the smell of his hand that he’d killed pigs today. There was a strong smell to it, like stale death. That smell was almost always on him, morning and night. Until Saturday, when he’d strip down to the white and stand in the kitchen washtub, up to his shins in hot soapy water, and wash himself clean of the pigs and the killing.

   **Hint:** Think about the type of imagery used here and how it helps the reader understand the passage.

   Robert Newton Peck, *A Day No Pigs Would Die*

2. They flew throughout the night. The stars wheeled around them, and faded and vanished as the dawn seeped up from the east. The world burst into brilliance as the sun’s rim appeared, and then they were flying through blue sky and clear air, fresh and sweet and moist.

   **Hint:** Focus on how the imagery brings the passage to life.

   Philip Pullman, *The Subtle Knife*

3. He hurt his head and shoulders on nails sticking down from above as he crawled. He hurt his knees and elbows on broken glass, rusty sardine cans, and broken pieces of crockery and dishes. The dry dust got in his mouth and tasted like lime and grease. Under the cabin it smelled stale and dead, like old carcasses and snakes.

   **Hint:** Look at the many kinds of imagery in the passage.

   William H. Armstrong, *Sounder*

4. The night was full of sounds—bird calls, a high, quivery owl hoot, and something that sounded like sheep’s baahs, only a hundred times louder.

   **Hint:** Try to get people to see what imagery adds to the reader’s experience.

   Barbara Kingsolver, *The Bean Trees*
Write Your Own Detail Lessons

Now that you have studied the detail lessons, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own “Talk about it” questions. Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions. Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses detail to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer’s craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write “Now you try it” exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

When you have written questions and exercises, exchange them with other students in your class and try answering each other’s questions and exercises. Or you can exchange questions and exercises with members of another class. Discuss the quotations, plan and discuss the questions, practice, and share the craft. This is the way writers learn.

1. And his tears could fall unwanted on his sheet, but his sobs were so gentle that they did not shake the bed, so quiet they could not be heard. But the ache was there, thick in his throat and the front of his face, hot in his chest and in his eyes. I want to go home.

   Orson Scott Card, *Ender’s Game*

   **Hint:** Think about how detail brings the reader into the scene.

2. Artemis leaned back in the study’s leather swivel chair, smiling over steepled fingers.

   Eoin Colfer, *Artemis Fowl*

   **Hint:** Think about how different the sentence would be without the detail.

3. A generous pinch of mustard seed popped and spattered into melted *ghee*, followed by a sliced onion, half of a somewhat tired cauliflower, and pinches of turmeric, pepper, and cumin. And as that mixture was cooking, he took a pair of bowls and placed them between his feet, then pulled over the heavy little canvas sack he’d come back with, rolled down the top, and plunged in a grubby hand.

   Laurie R. King, *The Game*

   **Hint:** Think about how bland the scene would be without the detail.

4. In the cabin was a chained monster of a type Bink had never seen before. It was not large, but quite horrible in other respects. Its body was completely covered with hair, white with black spots, and it had a thin tail, floppy black ears, a small black nose, and gleaming white teeth. Its four feet had stubby claws. It snarled viciously as Bink approached—but it was chained by the neck to the wall, its mad leaps cut brutally short by that tether.

   Piers Anthony, *A Spell for Chameleon*

   **Hint:** Focus on the contrast between the general statement (a horrible monster) and the detail.
Write Your Own Figurative Language Lessons on Metaphors, Similes, and Personification

Now that you have studied the figurative language lessons on metaphors, similes, and personification, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own “Talk about it” questions. **Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions.** Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses metaphors, similes, and personification to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer’s craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write “Now you try it” exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

When you have written questions and exercises, exchange them with other students in your class and try answering each other’s questions and exercises. Or you can exchange questions and exercises with members of another class. Discuss the quotations, plan and discuss the questions, practice, and share the craft. This is the way writers learn.

1. Well, son, I’ll tell you:
   Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.
   It’s had tacks in it,
   And splinters,
   And boards torn up,
   And places with no carpet on the floor—
   Bare.
   But all the time
   I’se been a-climbin’ on,
   And reachin’ landin’s,
   And turnin’ corners,
   And sometimes goin’ in the dark
   Where there ain’t been no light.

   Langston Hughes, “Mother to Son,” *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*

   **Hint:** Look at the metaphor with this one, especially the idea of an extended metaphor.

2. On an island called Puerto Rico,
   where baseball players are as plentiful
   as tropical flowers in a rain forest,
   there was a boy who had very little
   but a fever to play
   and win at baseball.

   Jonah Winter, *Roberto Clemente: Pride of the Pittsburgh Pirates*

   **Hint:** Focus on the simile and what it adds to the reader’s understanding.
Write Your Own Figurative Language Lessons on Hyperboles, Symbols, and Irony

Now that you have studied the figurative language lessons on hyperboles, similes, and irony, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own “Talk about it” questions. Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions. Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses hyperboles, symbols, and irony to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer’s craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write “Now you try it” exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

When you have written questions and exercises, exchange them with other students in your class and try answering each other’s questions and exercises. Or you can exchange questions and exercises with members of another class. Discuss the quotations, plan and discuss the questions, practice, and share the craft. This is the way writers learn.

1. The cramped trailer smells like Pine-Sol and lemon Pledge and it’s dark except for a lamp and sunlight slipping between the crack in the curtains. A drape hangs at one end, hiding the space behind it. And in the middle of the trailer sits the largest human being I’ve ever seen. Zachary Beaver is the size of a two-man pup tent. His short black hair tops his huge moon face like a snug cap that’s two sizes too small. His skin is pale as buttermilk, and his hazel eyes are practically lost in his puffy cheeks.

   Kimberly Willis Holt, When Zachary Beaver Came to Town

   Hint: Focus on hyperboles.

2. And as we made our plans for the future, our pots of philodendron drooped, limp; our ivy leaves turned yellow before they died.

   V.C. Andrews, Flowers in the Attic

   Hint: Think about how the author creates a symbol and why.

3. “And another thing. We can’t have everybody talking at once. We’ll have to have ‘Hands up’ like at school.”
   He held the conch before his face and glanced round the mouth. “Then I’ll give him the conch.”
   “Conch?”
   “That’s what this shell’s called. I’ll give the conch to the next person to speak. He can hold it when he’s speaking.”

   William Golding, Lord of the Flies

   Hint: Look at what the symbol adds to the passage.

4. Tonight is the school picnic, which is always scheduled for whenever the thermometer hits 92 degrees. Many years we’ve had to cancel the picnic at the last minute because the organizers felt the weather just wasn’t sufficiently humid. The rule seems to be, “You can’t really enjoy potato salad unless you’re drenched in sweat.”


   Hint: Think about the difference between what the writer says and what he really means.
Write Your Own Syntax Lessons

Now that you have studied the syntax lessons, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own "Talk about it" questions. **Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions.** Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses syntax to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer's craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write "Now you try it" exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

When you have written questions and exercises, exchange them with other students in your class and try answering each other’s questions and exercises. Or you can exchange questions and exercises with members of another class. Discuss the quotations, plan and discuss the questions, practice, and share the craft. This is the way writers learn.

1. I said I did, and to prove it I went right out and fell in love with Carly Hudson. I mean facedown in the soup in love; head-banging, eye-popping, short-of-breath, plead-with-the-universe-till-your-box-is-raw kind of love.

   **Hint:** Focus on the use of the semicolon and hyphenated adjectives.

   *Chris Crutcher, Whale Talk*

2. After seventy days of wind and sun, of wind and clouds, of wind and sand, after seventy days, of wind and dust, a little rain came.

   **Hint:** Think about the use of repetition and how the main idea is presented at the very end of the sentence.

   *Karen Hesse, Out of the Dust*

3. There is no stopping it; the bullet rips through the hot summer haze, missing trees, houses, unsuspecting birds, coming to roost, finally, like an old homing pigeon.

   **Hint:** Look at how form imitates meaning in this sentence.

   *Joyce McDonald, Swallowing Stones*

4. They are the kind of academics who can casually explain, from experience, how, when a lion charges your truck, and you rush to roll up the window, its fierce yellow eyes never leave your face.

   **Hint:** Focus on the effects of using long, layered sentences.

   *Henk Råssouw, "Fairy Circles," Muse, vol. 9, number 3, March 2005*


Write Your Own Tone Lessons

Now that you have studied the tone lessons, it is time for some additional practice. One way to practice is to write your own voice lessons. These pages include quotations you can use to write your own “Talk about it” questions. Remember that you are not writing comprehension questions. Instead, you are writing questions that help others understand the power of language: how the author uses tone to express voice and to create a world for the reader. To help you write your questions, I have included a hint—a suggestion for focusing your questions. Please do not let the hint limit your questions. Instead, allow your creativity and understanding of the writer’s craft lead you to many different places.

You can also write “Now you try it” exercises for each quotation. Remember to use the quote as a model and to design an activity that puts the craft of the quotation into practice.

When you have written questions and exercises, exchange them with other students in your class and try answering each other’s questions and exercises. Or you can exchange questions and exercises with members of another class. Discuss the quotations, plan and discuss the questions, practice, and share the craft. This is the way writers learn.

1. “What’s going on?” came a voice Matt hadn’t heard before. A large, fierce-looking man burst into the room. Steven immediately straightened up. Emilia and even Maria looked alarmed.
   “We found a kid in the poppy fields, Father,” said Steven. “He hurt himself, and I thought the doctor...the doctor—”
   “You idiot! You need a vet for this little beast!” the man roared. “How dare you defile this house?”
   “He was bleeding—” began Steven.
   “Yes! All over the sheet! We’ll have to burn it. Take the creature outside now.”

   Nancy Farmer, The House of the Scorpion

   Hint: Focus on how diction, detail, and syntax create the tone.

2. “Well, you certainly took your time,” Chester snapped as I sauntered causally into the room.
   “I finished my book half an hour ago. Where were you?”
   “It so happens I was discussing great works of literature with Toby.”
   “Since when is a Twinkies wrapper considered a great work of literature?”
   I decided to ignore that. Unfortunately, several chocolate crumbs fell from my mouth to the floor at precisely that moment.
   “As a matter of fact,” I said, trying valiantly to regain my dignity, “we were talking about Treasure Island. Ever heard of it?”
   “Ever hear of it?” he sneered. “I read that when I was a kitten.”

   Deborah and James Howe, Bunnicula: A Rabbit-Tale of Mystery

   Hint: The narrator is a dog, who is talking to a cat. Think about their attitudes toward each other and toward “great works of literature” as you write questions about tone.
### MEMBERSHIP GRID

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Getting Started
Birthday Party

They were a couple in their late thirties, and they looked unmistakably married. They sat on the banquette opposite us in a little narrow restaurant having dinner. The man had a round, self-satisfied face, with glasses on it; the woman was fadingly pretty, in a big hat. There was nothing conspicuous about them, nothing particularly noticeable until the end of their meal, when it suddenly became obvious that this was an Occasion—in fact, the husband’s birthday, and the wife had planned a little surprise for him.

It arrived, in the form of a small but glossy birthday cake, with one pink candle burning in the center. The headwaiter brought it in and placed it before the husband, and meanwhile the violin-and piano orchestra played “Happy Birthday to You,” and the wife beamed with shy pride over her little surprise, and such few people as there were in the restaurant tried to help out with a pattering of applause. It became clear at once that help was needed, because the husband was not pleased. Instead, he was hotly embarrassed, and indignant at his wife for embarrassing him.

You looked at him and you saw this and you thought “Oh, now, don’t be like that!” But he was like that, and as soon as the little cake had been deposited on the table, and the orchestra had finished the birthday piece, and the general attention had shifted from the man and the woman, I saw him say something to her under his breath—some punishing thing, quick and curt and unkind. I couldn’t bear to look at the woman then, so I stared at my plate and waited for quite a long time. Not long enough, though. She was still crying when I finally glanced over there again. Crying quietly, and heartbrokenly and hopelessly, all to herself, under the gay big brim of her best hat.

HINT: For the Subject Statement Sentence—THINK, about the story and characters and events. This is about the story itself, similar to a summary sentence about what you learned INSIDE the story.

HINT: For the Thematic/Thesis Statement Sentence—THINK, about HOW what happened in this story applies to all people, in all relationships, everywhere. Ask yourself—“What does this story; the events that happened to this married couple say about life in general, the human condition, the world and mankind in general.
In late August, on the eve of our 30th anniversary, my husband and I took two carloads of friends and relations to our favorite swimming place on Cape Cod. When we arrived, we seemed to be intruding on what we took for a cult ceremony. A circle of seven men stood chest-deep in water, their hands cupped over their brows — to cut the glare, we learned, as one of the men had discovered the absence of his wedding band. Friends and random swimmers had gathered to help him find it.

Slough Pond is not just any old pond. It dates back 70-odd million years to a time when the Cape lay under a sheet of ice. As the glacier retreated with its cargo of grit, chunks of ice broke off and were shored up by the glacier’s debris. The original glacial melt cupped by outwash alluvium is refreshed y ancient springs. At the pond’s edge, jasmine-scented honeysuckle and sweet pepper bush grow in profusion.

Our discovery of the local pond convinced my Midwestern husband, who hates swimming in the ocean (“too sticky”), that we could live half the year on the Cape. We go to Slough for the first swim of the summer and a last breathless plunge in the fall. Each time I rise through its surface, I have a feeling of well-being that lasts into evening. Floating, I can watch kingfishers and prehistoric herons play their parts against the sky’s wide screen, and if there’s an easterly wind, I can hear the rhythmic give and take of the salty Atlantic.

Of course we joined the hunt for the ring. We formed a line and walked toward the shore, feeling with our toes and scouring with our eyes for the band that had, it seemed, belonged to a grandfather — his or his bride’s I wasn’t sure, but it meant the ring was irreplaceable.

Someone suggested we conduct aqua-dynamic research: one of us could drop a ring to see what happened. I slipped off my gold band embedded with diamonds and watched it wobble down, coming to rest in a curl of jeweled sand. So there it was, I dove to retrieve it but found my underwater vision blurry. Standing, I saw I’d stirred things up just enough to bury the ring.

Did I care? My plain wedding band was at home in a drawer. When my husband and I decided to marry, he’d already handed over the family’s heirloom ring to an earlier wife. The year we married we left Manhattan for a remote town in western Massachusetts. Our two children were born. I gardened, cooked and never missed having to place my nonexistent gems in a soap dish before plunging my hands into bread dough or compost.

When we returned to Manhattan after 13 rural years, my gold band seemed more slave ring than proper signifier of our life together. I spent a therapeutic hour analyzing my wish for flashier adornment before boldly directing my husband to a certain jeweler and a particular ring. It didn’t change my life, but it acknowledged our marriage more lavishly. Now it lay buried in a place with, to me, mythic relevance.

Embarrassed by what I’d done, I raked the sand with my toes until forced to confess my blunder. Word spread, and soon I attracted the attention of everyone, including my husband, who did not resist calling me an idiot. There was familial agreement that this was typical behavior for me, which I chose to mean typically willing to sacrifice for the cause.

It was getting dark. We exchanged names and numbers with the unhappy man in case one of us got lucky. Because my ring represented a fit of covetousness on my part, or because his platinum band passed down through generations was the superior one, the four-year-old passed down through generations was the superior one, or because my ring represented a fit of covetousness on my part, or because his platinum band passed down through generations was the superior one, or because his platinum band was the superior one, I found that my loss didn’t upset me. Rather, I imagined the pond returning to its icy state in February with my ring beneath its surface. I fantasized a pagan marriage ritual, or Tolkien’s Gollum clutching my ring and whispering, ‘Precious, my precious. The truth was I felt enlarged rather than diminished.

Later that week a voice-mail message said that my ring had been found. When the tragic hero of this story and his wife of only two years dropped by to deliver it, I learned that they’d found a recovery service in the yellow pages to retrieve both rings. It was getting dark. We exchanged names and numbers with the unhappy man in case one of us got lucky. Because my ring represented a fit of covetousness on my part, or because his platinum band passed down through generations was the superior one, or because my ring was not an heirloom — but was desperately sought as the cherished emblem of a marriage too new to have accumulated other outward manifestations. Within 10 minutes the divers had located my ring, but the platinum band kept its secret from their metal detector.

This seemed unfair to me, but I couldn’t very well ask them to put my own ring back. The pond had rejected my sacrifice and claimed the more valuable prize. I’m convinced that after the sun set and the stars came out and the dive team drove away, a passing fish stirred the silt deep in Slough Pond to expose a platinum band that winked in the moonlight to begin another story.
First Day of Cool

By Bridie Clark

It was a humid evening at the end of summer. My family was eating dinner around our picnic table when my other spotted the hot air balloon, cresting down in the distance. I don’t remember who proposed we chase it to its landing spot, or who seconded, but suddenly half-gnawed corn on the cob clattered down on plates and we raced for the driveway.

At 12, I lived for moments like this—moments I could pretend I was still a kid. I grew up in a nice suburb outside of Hartford, where summer was the season for indulging whims, camping in the backyard, swimming instead of bathing. It was the season I most appreciated having a brother—for the simpler, why-talk-when-we-could-be jumping off—the rock-way that boys play, the peace of ending each day bone-tired. Even my parents strict during the school year, became, became kids every June.

Most of all, summer was the peak season for daydreams—my most passionate hobby then and now. There wasn’t much to do besides daydream, really, unless you were good at pickup sports, or had many friends. That summer I was 12, about to start a junior high where I’d know almost nobody, I lived inside my head more than I did in the real world.

Pretty much everyone, I realized now, goes through an awkward phase and feels that their curse is unique. Yet it remains a fact that all the girls in my sixth-grade class glided through puberty over-night, while I alone remained flat-chest-ed (noted by a classmate who spelled out my condition upside down on his scientific calculator), shy, glaringly uncool.

This is where daydreams come in handy. Inside my head, the was nothing stopping me from being the cute sister from the sitcom “Charlie’s in Charge,” or as sassy as any girl you’d find in Seventeen magazine.

That summer, when I wasn’t chewing my nails over confusing class schedules and locker assignments, all daydreams were directed toward one shining vision; the New Me, the girl I would unveil (to dropped jaws and perhaps a few scattered gasps) when school started in the fall. This summer was my golden opportunity to transform myself.

But how? I started by breaking coolness down into three components: looks, clothing, and flirting skills.

On the looks front my hands were tied. No amount of coffee-guzzling could’ve stunted the growth spurt that had shot me up an entire foot the year before. Now my head rested like a pinball on top of a nervous, toothpick-frail body. A perm might have added a little volume up there, but my mother was staunchly against it and impossible to break.

Also not helping: the Irish-Catholic genes to which I owed my translucently pale, vein-laced skin. Getting golden (a must) would be an uphill battle, so I committee to a rigorous rotisserie approach. When lifeguards at the town pool blew their whistles extra long for adult swim, I’d flip onto my back and coat myself in baby oil. Ten pages into my Baby-sitter’s Club book, time to re-flip onto my stomach.
Repeat 1,346 times. I steeled myself against the sizzle of crisping flesh with visions of a bronzed start to school.

On the clothing front, only my grandmother could help me: Grandma, a child during the Depression, understood even more than I how important it was to have a perfect FIRST Day of School Outfit.

During my annual visit with my grandparents, she and I pulled pages from catalogs, thought long and hard about what we wanted the outfit to "say", and then after hours of scouting malls, performed a living-room fashion show for my grandfather. Here I got the scattered gasps, the dropped jaws, I craved. (My grandparents spoiled me, but they were much more generous than that—they humored me.

Flirting though was the true focus of my daydreams. One thing was for sure: I needed to start school with some prepared banter. Experience had just laid bare the dangers of off-the-cuff. I committed some "boy" information to memory; the starting quarterback for the Giants, the definitions of grand slam and triple play.

Then it was on to dreaming up the locker-side quips I'd exchange with a curly-haired alter boy from church, or my whispered chats in study hall with a handsome eighth-grade stranger. Imaginary popularity was the best; if I said something goofy, I'd just rewind the mental tape and start over until the dialogue ran smoothly.

In fact, I'd spent our balloon-chasing car ride quizzing myself with optimistic hypothetical's: What for insistence, would New Me do if a boy asked me out on a date? There were several ways this could go down—in the cafeteria, on a walk home, or most thrilling of all, by phone—and I knew exactly how I would respond in each case("Sure would always be my first word. It was the relaxed, laid-back choice—clearly better than an over-eager "yes" or a dull"O.K.".

In a blink it was Labor Day, and then the first day of junior high. After a fluttery night's sleep, I walked through the doors of Sedwick Middle School. I wore a killer outfit. I was tan, for me. I'd practiced a casual, hallway appropriate smile. My head was crammed with more banter than a season of "Gilmore Girls".

Needless to say, I still felt exactly like myself—self-conscious, shy, very likely to trip on uneven flooring.

Well dressed, though. And even though I'd spend three months gearing up for this non-moment, this transformation—that didn't happen, I have no memory of disappointment.

My memory instead takes me to that sticky August night when we stalked the balloon. That night when I'd imagined that there was just a week separating me from my life as a cool kid. I'd been happy. My sister's knee blatantly flopped into my space in the back seat, but I felt no need to elbow her. My father noted the convenient location of a Dairy Queen for the ride back. And my mother was happy too, her bare feet resting on the dashboard. She hummed along to a Beach Boys song that I didn't think she liked.

The balloon plopped down in a soccer field. Sitting on the warm hood of the station wagon, we watched it deflate and deform until it was just a melt of lumpy rainbow-colored fabric. Then it was time to chase down some ice cream. It was better than any daydream.
My father didn’t leave us much, thinking it somehow better that his girlfriend, whom he lived with for a dozen years, come to own our parents’ things. There’s no point relitigating that now, despite my fitful daydreams of smashing each of the china cup-and-saucer sets I’d purchased as Mother’s Day gifts into chalky shards of memory. I agreed with this arrangement when Dad said it was what he wanted, and it wasn’t as if my house needed more clutter, but after he died the stuff meant more to me.

One thing I got was his passport, filled with stamps from Britain, Denmark, Finland, Hungary, Austria, one of the Baltic states. My sister (whose frequent e-mail messages since Dad’s death helped take the place of my phone conversations with him) said she would enjoy having it as a keepsake. She and Dad were the travelers in our family. Mom had her fill escaping Nazi Germany, and my best trips are still to come.

So near the end of the year, I mailed a package to my sister, who lives outside Jerusalem, from my New Jersey post office. It contained four bags of organic chocolate chips (she doesn’t eat processed sugar), a book about a zoo in Palestine (she’s a leftist, and I thought she’d appreciate the zookeepers’ gumption) and the passport.

About three weeks later, my wife came home to a message from the American Embassy in Beijing. It was a fairly long message. Nina (the embassy’s second secretary, it turned out) said that a Chinese woman had contacted the embassy to report that she had Stanley Schachter’s passport and wanted to return it to him. Nina somehow tracked me down, in hopes of putting the Chinese woman in direct touch.

These sorts of encounters with strangers no longer take me completely by surprise. A couple of years ago, I Googled my mother. She wasn’t famous, and she died before the Internet was invented, but one entry came up. Long story short, my sister and I ended up talking with two women who went to elementary school with Mom in Berlin. Not long after, I got an e-mail message from a guy in Southern California. He was a crime analyst for the sheriff’s department, and he had something of mine: a copy of “The Hardy Boys’ Detective Handbook” he picked up 30 years ago at a garage sale — I’d written my name in it. He said he’d get it back to me, but he never did; that’s O.K. — he’s the detective.

My father loved hearing me tell these stories. He loved absurdity. Still, what was his passport doing in China? I e-mailed Cindy, the Beijing woman who had been in touch with the embassy, and she quickly responded. “It is so good that you contact me, I am really happy to receive feedback from you,” she wrote. “Maybe last week, I received one package from my friend, but when I opened this box I found it is not the things she sent to me.”

Somehow, I guess, the label came loose from her friend’s package and stuck itself to mine. It remains a mystery exactly where packages mailed within China mix with packages mailed from New Jersey to Israel. “I found the passport,” Cindy continued, “and I know that must come urgently need this, so I contact the U.S. embassy, mailed them and hope they can find the gentleman. Now if you are sure this is your father’s, OK, I like to back to you. Originally which places you mailed to? Are you in CHINA? I mean which place I post this passport to? Did I make myself clear?”

Quite clear, despite her broken English: Cindy was going out of her way to get something valuable back to someone halfway around the world, someone unlikely to ever have the occasion to do her a good turn. I replied, explaining my story: father dead, package meant for Israel. I asked her to return it to me and inquire how I could repay her. I told her about the year my sister spent in China, working at a pizza parlor in Kunming and visiting Buddhist shrines. I wrote that my father “loved to travel, though he never got to visit China.”

Cindy’s reply arrived after a few minutes: “It is my pleasure that can help you, for me it is not a big thing, I think most people would do the same thing as me.” She said I could pay her back if I ever got to Beijing. She said she was sorry to hear that my father had died.

“You said he loves travel,” she added. “Maybe this is a journey for him.” I smiled at the mysticism of that.

When I went to my post office to collect the package, the clerk was not so interested in its travels. Next time, she said, I should be sure to write the destination in big letters. Then my next package would be less likely to go astray. I’m not so sure this one did.

Jim Schachter is a deputy editor of the magazine.
Definitions

1. approbation (ap ra bô' shen) (n) the expression of approval or favorable opinion, praise; official approval
   
   My broad hint that I had paid for the lessons myself brought smiles of ______________ from all the judges at the piano recital.

   SYNOMY: commendation, sanction
   ANTONYMS: disapproval, condemnation, censure

2. assure (a swâr') (v) to make easier or milder; relieve; to quiet, calm; to put an end to; appease, satisfy, quench
   
   Her eyes told me that more than a few well-chosen words would be needed to __________________ her hurt feelings.

   SYNOMY: mitigate, alleviate, assuage, allay
   ANTONYMS: intensify, aggravate, exacerbate

3. coalition (kô lô sôn) (n) a combination, union, or merger for some specific purpose
   
   The various community organizations formed a __________________ to lobby against parking laws.

   SYNOMY: alliance, league, federation, combine
   ANTONYMS: splinter group

4. decadence (de' kâns) (n) decline, decay, or deterioration; a condition or period of decline or decay; excessive self-indulgence
   
   Some characterized her love of chocolate as __________________ because she ate at least two candy bars a day.

   SYNOMY: degeneration, corruption
   ANTONYMS: rise, growth, development, maturation

5. elicit (i lit') (v) to draw forth, bring out from some source (such as another person)
   
   My attempt to __________________ Information over the phone was met with a barrage of irrelevant recordings.

   SYNOMY: elicit, evoke, extract, induce
   ANTONYMS: repress, quash, squelch, stifle

6. expostulate (ë spôs' lôt') (v) to attempt to dissuade someone from some course or decision by earnest reasoning
   
   Shakespeare's Hamlet finds it useless to __________________ with his mother for siding with his stepfather.

   SYNOMY: protest, remonstrate, complain

Note carefully the spelling, pronunciation, part(s) of speech, and definition(s) of each of the following words. Then write the word in the blank space(s) in the illustrative sentence(s) following. Finally, study the lists of synonyms and antonyms given at the end of each entry.
7. hackneyed
(hak' nèd) (adj.) used so often as to lack freshness or originality
The Great Gatsby tells a universal story without being marred by prose.
SYNONYMS: banal, trite, commonplace, ordinary
ANTONYMS: new, fresh, novel, original

8. hiatus
(hi' a tèz) (n.) a gap, opening, break (in the sense of having an element missing)
I was awakened not by a sudden sound but by a
____________________ in the din of traffic.
SYNONYMS: pause, lacuna
ANTONYMS: continuity, continuation

9. innuendo
(in yù' en'dù) (n.) a hint, indirect suggestion, or reference (often in a derogatory sense)
Those lacking the facts or afraid of reprisals often tarnish an enemy's reputation by use of
____________________
SYNONYMS: insinuation, intimation
ANTONYMS: direct statement

10. intercede
(in ter'sid') (v.) to plead on behalf of someone else; to serve as a third party or go-between in a disagreement
She will ______________________ in the dispute between the two children, and soon they will be playing happily again.
SYNONYMS: intercede, mediate

11. jaded
(jèd) (adj.) worn-out, dulled (in the sense of being satiated by excessive indulgence)
The tired handclasp and the fast-melting smile mark the
____________________ refugee from too many parties.
SYNONYMS: sated, surfeited, cloyed
ANTONYMS: unspoiled, unclouded

12. lurid
(lur' id) (adj.) causing shock, horror, or revulsion; sensational; pale or sallow in color; terrible or passionate in intensity or lack of restraint
____________________ Bright, sensational, and often some old-time movie poster make today's newspaper ads look tame.
SYNONYMS: gruesome, gory, grisly, baleful, ghastly
ANTONYMS: pleasant, attractive, appealing, wholesome

13. meritorious
(mör tör' ès) (adj.) worthy, deserving recognition and praise
Many years of ______________________ service could not dissuade him from feeling that he had not chosen work that he liked.
SYNONYMS: praiseworthy, laudable, commendable
ANTONYMS: blameworthy, reprehensible, discreditable

14. petulant
(pet' yàl naut) (adj.) peevish, annoyed by trifles, easily irritated and upset
An overworked parent may be unlikely to indulge the complaints of a
____________________ child.
SYNONYMS: irritable, testy, waspish
ANTONYMS: even-tempered, placid, serene, amenable

15. prerogative
(prè rág' tè dè) (n.) a special right or privilege; a special quality showing excellence
She seemed to feel that a sneeze at her desk was not an annoying habit but the
____________________ veteran employee.
SYNONYMS: perquisite, perk

16. provincial
(pro vi' shàl) (adj.) pertaining to an outlying area; local; narrow in mind or outlook; confined in the sense of being limited and backward of a simple, plain design that originated in the countryside; a person with a narrow point of view; a person from an outlying area; a soldier from a province or colony
The banjo, once thought to be a ______________________ product of the Southern hills, actually came here from Africa.
At first, a ______________________ may do well in city using charm alone, but charm, like novelty, wears thin
SYNONYMS: (adj) narrow-minded, parochial, insular, naive
ANTONYMS: (adj) cosmopolitan, catholic, broad-minded

17. simulate
(sim' yàtè) (v.) to make a pretense of, imitate; to show the outer signs of
Some skilled actors can ______________________ emotions they might never have felt in life.
SYNONYMS: feign, pretend, affect

18. transcend
(tran send') (v.) to rise above or beyond, exceed
A great work of art may be said to ______________________ time, and it is remembered for decades, or even centuries
SYNONYMS: surpass, outstrip

19. umbrage
(um' brèj) (n.) shade cast by trees; foliage giving shade; an overshadowing influence or power; offense, resentment; a vague suspicion
She hesitated to offer her opinion, fearing that they would take ______________________ at her criticism.
SYNONYMS: irritation, pique, annoyance
ANTONYMS: pleasure, delight, satisfaction

20. unctuous
(uk' chus) (adj.) excessively smooth or smug; trying too hard to give an impression of easiness, sincerity, or piety; oily, officious
Her constant inquiring about the health of my family at first seemed friendly, later merely
____________________ Her constant inquiring about the health of my family at first seemed friendly, later merely
SYNONYMS: mealy-mouthed, servile, fawning, greasy
ANTONYMS: rough, blunt
From the words for this unit, choose the one that best completes each of the following sentences. Write the word in the space provided.

1. I certainly appreciate your praise, but I must say that I can see nothing so remarkably ________ in having done what any decent person would do.

2. Since I don't like people who play favorites in the office, I have frequently ________ against such behavior with my superiors.

3. Various insects have a marvelous capacity to protect themselves by ________ the appearance of twigs and other objects in their environment.

4. In the question-and-answer session, we tried to ________ from the candidates some definite indication of how they proposed to reduce the national debt.

5. I feel that, as an old friend, I have the ________ of criticizing your actions without arousing resentment.

6. The only way to defeat the party in power is for all the reform groups to form a(n) ________ and back a single slate of candidates.

7. Although we tried to express our sympathy, we knew that mere words could do nothing to ________ her grief.

8. Their tastes have been so ________ by luxurious living that they seem incapable of enjoying the simple pleasures of life.

9. Of course you have a right to ask the waiter for a glass of water, but is there any need to use the ________ tone of a spoiled child?

10. His confidence grew as he received clear signs of the ________ of his superiors.

11. During the brief ________ in the music, someone's ringing cell phone split the air.

12. I take no ________ at your personal remarks, but I feel you would have been better advised not to make them.

13. The midnight fire in our apartment building cast a(n) ________ light on the faces of the firefighters struggling to put it out.

14. The issue of good faith that your conduct raises far ________ the specific question of whether or not you are responsible for the problem.

15. If you cannot meet the college's entrance requirements, it will be futile to have someone ________ on your behalf.

16. If you take pride in expressing yourself with force and originality, you should not use so many ________ phrases.

17. In an age when the United States has truly global responsibilities, we cannot afford to have leaders with ________ points of view.

Choose the word from this unit that is the same or most nearly the same in meaning as the boldface word or expression in the given phrase. Write the word on the line provided.

1. pause in the hectic workday
2. Insultation not supported by fact
3. wearied by too many compliments
4. impolite and peevish questions
5. a perquisite of her rank
6. exploding in annoyance
7. unceasing and servile modesty
8. feign a reconciliation
9. alleviate his worst fears
10. seeking the boss's commendation
11. gruesome tales of grave robbers
12. protest against a course of action
13. to exceed one's limitations
14. finding strength through an alliance
15. mediate in a dispute

Choose the word from this unit that is most nearly opposite in meaning to the boldface word or expression in the given phrase. Write the word on the line provided.

16. the development of a civilization
17. a broad-minded approach to education
18. trying to squelch suggestions
19. a record of discreditable actions
20. a series of novel magic tricks
Choosing the Right Word

Circle the boldface word that more satisfactorily completes each of the following sentences.

1. The magnificence of the scene far (elaborated, transcended) my ability to describe it in words.
2. The most (meritorious, lurid) form of charity, according to the ancient Hebrew sages, is to help a poor person to become self-supporting.
3. The American two-party system almost always makes it unnecessary to form a (hiatus, coalition) of minority parties to carry on the government.
4. To impress her newly made friends, she (elaborated, assuaged) an interest in modern art, of which she knew nothing.
5. Apparently mistaking us for the millionaire’s children, the hotel manager overwhelmed us with his (petulant, uncouth) attentions.
6. I see no point in (expostulating, stimulating) with a person who habitually refuses to listen to reason.
7. After watching four TV football games on New Year’s Day, I was (jaded, hackneyed) with the pigskin sport for weeks to come.
8. Anyone who thinks that it is still a gentleman’s (prerogative, hiatus) to ask a lady to dance didn’t attend our Senior Prom.
9. We cannot know today what sort of accent Abraham Lincoln had, but it may well be that there was a decidedly (meritorious, provincial) twang in his speech.
10. Who would have thought he would take (prerogative, umbrage) at an e-mail from a friend who wanted only to help?
11. My teacher is so accomplished that she can (elaborate, effuse) some degree of interest and attention from even the most withdrawn children.
12. When the (umbrage, hiatus) in the conversation became embarrassingly long, I decided that the time had come to serve the sandwiches.
13. His skillful use of academic jargon and fashionable catchphrases could not conceal the essentially (hackneyed, meritorious) quality of his ideas.
14. On the air the star seemed calm, but he privately sent (petulant, jaded) notes to those who gave him bad reviews.
15. I truly dislike the kind of sentimental popular biography that focuses solely on the more (lurid, hackneyed) or scandalous aspects of a superstar’s career.
16. How can you accuse me of employing (umbrage, hackneyed) when I am saying in the plainest possible language that I think you’re a crook?
17. If you try to (elicit, intercede) in a lover’s quarrel, the chances are that you will only make things worse.
18. Popularity polls seem to be based on the mistaken idea that the basic task of a political leader is to win immediate (approbation, coalition) from the people.
19. They try to “prove” the (umbrage, decadence) of modern youth by emphasizing everything that is bad and ignoring whatever is good.
20. Perhaps it will (expostulate, assuage) your fright if I remind you that everyone must have a first date at some time in his or her life.

Vocabulary in Context

Read the following passage, in which some of the words you have studied in this unit appear in boldface type. Then, complete each statement given below the passage by circling the letter of the form that is the same or almost the same in meaning as the highlighted word.

Screen Time

Americans’ love of the movies goes back to the early years of the twentieth century, when shabby little theaters charged a nickel to see a film about a lurid crime, a meritorious deed, or a thrilling chase. These twenty-minute "bickersons," many called them, offered a short but exciting hiatus from everyday life. By the 1920s the movies had become big business, and cities bragged of cinema palaces that were decorated with splendid painted backdrops, plastic statues, and colorful lighting. Built in a center of town, these theaters showed brand-new, less hackneyed, and longer films, which were later shown at smaller neighborhood theaters and in provincial towns.

In the 1930s, during the Great Depression, banks closed, businesses failed, and ten percent of Americans lost their jobs, while many others accepted wage cuts and feared they would be next. By now it cost twenty cents to go to the movies, which was more than the price of a loaf of bread.

Why should frightened people short of cash spend money unnecessarily? Movie-makers came up with clever answers. For many years they had made films in which poor people proved themselves smarter, kinder, or braver than the rich and jaded. To these they now added movies made from novels set in faraway times and places unlike the alarming here and now. Theaters began showing two full-length films for the price of one, added a cartoon, gave away dishes, and awarded money to the holder of the lucky ticket on "Bank Night." Ticket sales climbed, and going to the movies every week became an American pastime.

1. The meaning of lurid (line 2) is
   a. unsolved
   b. ghastly
c. true
d. ridiculous
2. Meritorious (line 3) most nearly means
   a. difficult
   b. praiseworthy
c. usual
d. unusual
3. Hiatus (line 4) is best defined as
   a. story
   b. excerpt
c. pause
d. lesson
4. The meaning of hackneyed (line 8) is
   a. ragged
   b. ghastly
c. noisy
d. excitement
5. Provincial (line 11) most nearly means
   a. outlying
   b. prosperous
c. desiring
d. middle-size
6. Jaded (line 25) is best defined as
   a. famous
   b. prosperous
c. disappointment
d. notable

Unit 1
DIDLS
and
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Diction

Introduction

Diction refers to the author’s choice of words. Words are the basic tools of the writer. Just as a painter uses color and light or a musician uses sounds and rhythm, a writer uses words. In order to write well, you have to find the perfect word.

The perfect word is clear, concrete, and exact. In other words, it says exactly what you want it to say, is specific, and creates just the picture you see in your mind. A character doesn’t just look for something; she rummages. You don’t hang around the house; you sop around the house. The perfect word perfectly expresses the feeling and idea you want to get across. It is not always easy to find the perfect word, however. If the word you already know isn’t the perfect word, stretch yourself a little. Ask someone for a better word. Look up the word you know in a dictionary and look for synonyms. Or you can try a thesaurus, one of the writer’s most valuable tools.

Some words are especially overused and tired, certainly not perfect. These words have lost their freshness and impact. Avoid them at all times. Below is a short list of words that you should avoid. They are general, abstract words that create no clear picture in the reader’s mind. Consider these “Forbidden Words” and eliminate them from your vocabulary. You’ll be a better writer for it.

Forbidden Words

- good
- nice
- pretty
- beautiful
- fine
- bad
- thing
- really
- very
- terrible
- wonderful
- a lot

As you study diction and improve your vocabulary, you may want to add more words to the “Forbidden Words” list.

Words don’t simply have meaning. Words also have denotation and connotation. Denotation is the literal meaning of the word, and connotation is the meaning suggested by a word, the feeling evoked by a word. It’s important to know both aspects of a word’s meaning. For example, the words ambitious and eager have roughly the same denotation: desirous of reaching a goal. However, the connotations of these words are quite different. Ambitious carries with it the feeling of wanting something for selfish reasons and with a determination that sometimes ignores the effects of actions on others. Eager has a different connotation altogether: a feeling of enthusiasm and fresh-faced optimism. It is a more positive word. When you are thinking about diction, it is important to consider the full meaning of a word.
Words can be formal or informal, depending on the writer’s audience and purpose. Just as you talk differently to your friends and your teachers, writers choose different words depending on whom they are writing for and why. If you are writing a school paper to convince the principal that your opinion about school uniforms is the correct one, you should use formal, strong, and specific words with clearly understood meanings. If, on the other hand, you are writing a short story to be read by people your own age, you might want to use slang and lots of teen dialect. A writer’s words should always suit the audience and purpose of the piece.

Effective diction gives freshness and originality to writing. When you use words in surprising and unusual ways, you have the power to make people think, laugh, or examine new ideas. That’s a gift and a responsibility. Learn to experiment and play with words. You need a good vocabulary in order to be a good writer.

NOTE: Words have been bolded for emphasis in this section’s passages.
Diction

Consider:

As I watched, the sun broke weakly through, brightened the rich red of the fawns, and **kindled** their white spots.


Discuss:

1. What kind of flame does *kindled* imply? How does this verb suit the purpose of the sentence?

2. Would the sentence be strengthened or weakened by changing *the sun broke weakly through* to *the sun burst through*? Explain the effect this change would have on the use of the verb *kindled*.

Apply:

Brainstorm with the class a list of action verbs that demonstrate the effects of sunlight.
Diction

Consider:

Pots rattled in the kitchen where Momma was frying corn cakes to go with vegetable soup for supper, and the homey sounds and scents cushioned me as I read of Jane Eyre in the cold English mansion of a colder English gentleman.

— Maya Angelou, I know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Discuss:

1. By using the word cushioned, what does Angelou imply about her life and Jane Eyre’s life?

2. What is the difference between the cold of the English mansion and the cold of the English gentleman? What does Angelou’s diction convey about her attitude toward Jane’s life?

Apply:

Write a sentence using a strong verb to connect one part of your life with another. For example, you could connect a book you are reading and your mother’s dinner preparations, as Maya Angelou does; or you could connect a classroom lecture with sounds outside. Be creative. Use an exact verb (like cushioned), one which connotes the attitude you want to convey. Share your sentence with the class.
Introduction

Imagery is the use of words to re-create a sensory experience. People often think imagery just refers to creating a visual picture for the reader, but imagery includes any experience with the five senses. Imagery captures in words what we see, what we hear, what we touch, what we smell, and what we taste. Visual imagery is most common, but expert writers experiment with all of the sense experiences in their writing. Imagery is another way to make writing alive and interesting.

It is difficult to separate imagery from diction and detail. In fact, imagery depends on precise word choice and specific detail. The difference lies only in focus: using words and details to capture a sensory experience. Effective imagery is built on effective diction and detail.

Imagery can be figurative or not. If you describe a family dinner as “a combination of boisterous conversation, badly burnt chicken, and the fragrance of freshly baked bread,” you would be using imagery but not figurative language. It describes the dinner exactly as it is, and there is no other meaning. If, however, you describe a family dinner as “a quilt of boisterous conversation, badly burnt chicken, and the fragrance of freshly baked bread,” you would be using imagery that is figurative. A family dinner is not literally a quilt. It is like a quilt, combining different sounds, smells, and tastes. It is a metaphor, and the metaphor is developed through imagery.

Imagery, like the other elements of voice, is a tool the writer can use to create a specific experience or feeling. The more specific the imagery is, the more powerful it is as a tool for the writer.

Getting Started with Imagery

Before you begin the imagery exercises, practice creating some specific images. Your images can be figurative or not. Use the chart and topics below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Type of imagery</th>
<th>Image</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>your favorite song</td>
<td>sound</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a sunset</td>
<td>sight</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>your favorite kind of pizza</td>
<td>taste</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a bowl of ice</td>
<td>touch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a fish market</td>
<td>smell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Imagery

Read and think:

The silence was delicate. Aunty Ifeoma was scraping a burnt pot in the kitchen, and the *kroo-kroo-kroo* of the metal spoon on the pot seemed intrusive. Amaka and Papa-Nnukwu spoke sometimes, their voices low, twining together. They understood each other, using the sparest words. Watching them, I felt a longing for something I knew I would never have. I wanted to get up and leave, but my legs did not belong to me, did not do what I wanted them to.

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, *Purple Hibiscus*

Talk about it:

1. Imagery is the re-creation of sensory experiences through language. Which of the five senses (sight, sound, taste, touch, smell) is most important here? Underline the particular words that create this sense experience for the reader?

2. The *kroo-kroo-kroo of the metal spoon on the pot* is described as intrusive. What does this mean? What image is contrasted with the sound of the metal spoon on the pot? What effect does this have on the passage?

Now you try it:

Describe your school hallway between classes. Focus on the *sounds* that are important in the scene. Use two contrasting images and a made-up word which imitates a sound, as Adichie does in her passage.
Detail

Introduction

Detail is what makes writing come alive. Detail includes facts, observations, reasons, examples, and incidents that a writer uses to develop a subject. Specific details create a clear mental picture for the reader by focusing on particulars rather than abstractions. In other words, instead of saying, “I had a great time at the party,” good writers will fill their papers with the specifics of what made the party fun. “A great time” means different things to different people. Was the music great? The food? The company? Were there games? Was there dancing? Swimming? Was your best friend there, or did you like it because you met new and interesting people? You get the idea. Detail helps the reader understand what you’re writing about exactly as you want him/her to.

Detail also helps to focus the reader’s attention on important ideas and shapes the reader’s understanding of a topic. For example, let’s say you took a trip to the beach and wanted to describe what you saw there. You can’t describe everything—that would make a boring and rambling essay. Instead, you have to decide your focus. You could focus on the animals you saw at the beach (birds, crabs and other shellfish, fish); you could focus on the people you saw at the beach; you could focus on the terrible sunburn you got while you were there. Your focus also includes the attitude you want to convey. Maybe your attitude is that the beach is a place of peace and relaxation, or maybe you want to express your discomfort with the heat, sand, crowds, and sunburn. You decide. And once you decide, you select the details that support, develop, and enliven your focus and attitude. If you do it like the experts, the detail you select will guide your reader into the experience in just the way you want. You get to choose how your reader “sees” your experiences!

Detail also shapes the reader’s understanding and view of a topic. The writer can emphasize a point by focusing the reader’s attention on a thought or reason through detail. For example, if you are writing a paper about pets and decide to focus on the benefits of pet ownership, you need to fill your paper with specific details about these benefits. Don’t tell your reader that pets are loyal and comforting. Instead, show details of how a specific dog saved a child’s life; create a picture of your lonely grandmother being comforted by a purring cat. Detail allows the reader to participate as an equal partner in the “world” the writer has created and to follow the writer’s ideas in the way the writer intends.

Getting Started with Detail

- Take a few minutes to practice before you begin the Detail Lessons. Think of a shopping trip to your favorite mall. Think about everything you might look at in that mall.
- Now make a list of the details you might focus on during a shopping trip to the mall.
Next, decide your focus: people, clothes, food, variety of experiences, commercialism, stores, unexpected things you find, activities, specific parts of the mall (like the video arcade). You decide. Write your focus below.

Now write down your attitude. Are you thrilled, critical, neutral, mocking, angry, awed?

Finally, list as many details as you can that support your focus and develop your attitude. Choose only details that help your reader understand the focus and attitude you want to convey.

This time, shift your attention and think about your favorite time of year at the mall. Your favorite time of year is the focus. Your attitude should be celebratory and happy. List all of the details you can that support this focus and attitude.

Notice how different this list is from your original list. Detail, used well, guides the experience of the reader where the writer wants him/her to go.

Think about focus and attitude as you complete the Detail Lessons that follow. Pay careful attention to how accomplished writers use concrete, specific details. With practice, you can learn to use detail to shape your reader’s understanding.
Detail

Consider:

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;

— W. H. Auden, "Musee des Beaux Arts"

Discuss:

1. Suffering is a general term. What is a general term that sums up the detail in line 4?

2. Compare line 4 with the following:
   
   While someone else is not suffering;

   Why is Auden’s line more effective?

Apply:

Substitute the word laziness for suffering in line one of the poem. Now rewrite line four to complete the following:

While someone else is _____________________ or _____________________ or _____________________.

Your new line should give details about the opposite condition of laziness. Use Auden’s line as a model. Share the “new” stanzas with a partner.
Read and think:

It was full of every kind of desert plant that ever sprang out of dry hot earth. It was overrun with prairie dogs, squirrels, horned toads, snakes, and a variety of smaller forms of life. The space over this land knew only the presence of hawks, eagles, and buzzards. It was a region of loneliness, emptiness, truth, and dignity. It was nature at its proudest, driest, loneliest, and loveliest.

William Saroyan, "The Pomegranate Trees," My Name is Aram

Talk about it:

1. Saroyan describes the scene as nature at its proudest, driest, loneliest, and loveliest. Which details support this statement?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>proudest</th>
<th>driest</th>
<th>loneliest</th>
<th>loveliest</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

2. Notice that the first sentence does not mention specific plants, but the second sentence mentions several desert animals. Why do you think Saroyan does this?

Now you try it:

Write two sentences describing your room. The first sentence should be a simple statement of what’s in the room (It was full of…). The second sentence should use lots of detail to capture a particular aspect of the room (your posters, your clothes, your collection of something, or the like).
Introduction

Metaphors, similes, and personification belong to a class of language called figurative language. Figurative language is any language that is not used in a literal (meaning exactly what it says) way. It's a way of saying one thing and meaning another. We use figurative language, or figures of speech, all of the time in spoken English. When we go to a baseball game, for example, we might make comments like these:

- That catcher was the bomb.
- That ball sat in the outfield.
- Jimmy ran like a cheetah to first base.

If we look at these statements literally, they make no sense at all. A catcher is a person, not a bomb. A ball can't sit. Jimmy's not a cheetah and can't run like one—he only has two legs, after all. Even though the statements make no literal sense at all, we understand them completely. That's because we've been speaking figurative language all of our lives! When someone says the catcher was the bomb, we know what it means: the catcher is skilled, practiced, and probably cute, too! When someone says the ball sat in the outfield, we don't have to try to picture the ball with legs, sitting down on a chair in a field. We know what it means: that no one was quick to get the ball. And no one thinks that Jimmy turned into a cheetah. We know that Jimmy is a fast runner—the fastest—like the cheetah.

Why do we use figurative language? We use figurative language because it's a rich, strong, and vivid way to express meaning. By using figurative language, we are able to say much more in fewer words. When Robert Burns, a famous poet, says, My love is like a red, red rose, he is saying many things: his love is beautiful, soft, and fragrant. The rose is red, the color of passion and love. This adds another dimension. The rose also has thorns, which says that there's a potential danger in loving her. She may hurt him. By comparing his love to a red rose, the poet is able to compress or squeeze many ideas into a single line.

Figurative language is useful, but it can be overdone, too. When a figure of speech is used over and over again, it loses its freshness and originality and becomes a cliché, a stale and overused expression. Here are some examples of figures of speech that have become clichés:

- pretty as a picture
- quiet as a mouse
- Laughter is the best medicine.
- Every cloud has a silver lining.
- It happened in the dead of night.

There are many more. These overused figures of speech no longer get the reader's attention. As you learn to understand and write figurative language like a pro, search for figures of speech that you haven't heard a million times (that's figurative!) before. You will get better with practice.

As you've probably understood by now, there are several different kinds of figurative language. In this section we will explore three of the most important figures of speech: metaphors, similes, and personification.
Metaphors and Similes

Metaphors and similes are used to compare things that are not usually seen as similar. Metaphors imply the comparison, and similes state the comparison directly. Suppose, for example, you've just taken an extremely hard test. To make this idea into a metaphor, you could say, “That test was a bear!” You are not saying that it was a literal bear but that it was unpredictable and hard to deal with. The comparison between the test and a bear is not directly stated. Instead, the comparison is implied or suggested. You identify the bear with the test. That's what a metaphor does. A metaphor implies a comparison in order to bring fresh, rich meaning to writing (and speaking).

A simile is a comparison, too. With a simile, however, the comparison is directly stated. To make the “test” metaphor into a simile, you make the comparison explicit: “That test was like struggling with a bear!” It is still non-literal language—taking the test is not really like struggling with a bear—but with a simile you come right out and state the comparison. Similes have signal words that give you a hint a simile is coming. These words include as, like, than, similar to, and resembles. Be careful, though. These words don't always indicate similes. If I say, “I look like my sister,” I am not using a simile. It's a literal statement; I do look like my sister. To be a simile or a metaphor, the comparison must be of essentially unlike things.

Metaphors and similes have literal terms and figurative terms.

- The literal term is what we are comparing to something else. It's what's real; it means what it is. For example, the literal term in the metaphor, “That test was a bear!” is test. We are really talking about a test.

- The figurative term is what is being compared to the literal term. The figurative term means something other than itself, something non-literal. The figurative term in the metaphor is bear. The test is not a bear, but it has some bear-like qualities that can help us understand just how hard the test was.

Fill out the following chart to practice these concepts:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure of speech</th>
<th>Metaphor or simile?</th>
<th>Literal term</th>
<th>Figurative term</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I got a flood of mail yesterday.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice sang like a crow.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff was taller than the Empire State Building.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The shoes cost a king's ransom.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Personification

Another important figure of speech is personification. Personification is a special kind of metaphor that gives human qualities to something that is not human, such as an animal, an object, or an idea. For example, if we say, “The tree sighed sadly in the cold,” we are using personification. A tree can't really sigh or be sad. We are giving the tree characteristics of a person. Personification, since it is a kind of metaphor, has a literal and figurative term. In this example, the literal term is the tree (it really is a
tree), and the figurative term is a person (the tree is not really a person who can sigh and be sad). In personification the figurative term is always a person.

**Getting Started with Metaphors, Similes, and Personification**

Practice writing examples of metaphors, similes, and personification for the literal terms below. The first one is done for you as an example.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Literal term</th>
<th>Possible figurative terms</th>
<th>Metaphor</th>
<th>Simile</th>
<th>Personification</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>friendship</td>
<td>lighthouse, warm blanket</td>
<td>Lea's friendship is a lighthouse.</td>
<td>Lea's friendship is like a lighthouse.</td>
<td>Lea's friendship wrapped my sadness in a warm blanket.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>football game</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cleaning your room</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shirt</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cafeteria lunch</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

As you learn about the power of metaphors, similes, and personification in the following lessons, pay particular attention to how fresh and original the figures of speech are in the hands of expert writers. With practice, you can learn to write expert metaphors, similes, and personification yourself.
Introduction

This section will examine three additional kinds of figurative language: hyperboles, symbols, and irony. These figures of speech are not comparisons like metaphors, similes, and personification. However, they are similar to metaphors, similes, and personification in that they are non-literal language: their meaning goes beyond what is actually said. And—like metaphors, similes, and personification—hyperboles, symbols, and irony add richness and multiple meanings to writing and speech.

A hyperbole (pronounced hi per'bo lee) is an exaggeration that is based in truth. The key to hyperboles is the part about truth. Hyperboles must be founded on truth to be meaningful. If I say, "I'm so tired I could sleep for a week," I am using a hyperbole. I'm not in a coma, and I couldn't really sleep for a week, but it feels that way. The truth lies in the extent of the tiredness. It's an exaggeration, but it's based in truth. Hyperboles add interest, sometimes humor, and emphasis to what you're trying to say. Practice writing hyperboles by finishing the following sentences. Remember that your hyperbole must be an exaggeration and not literally true.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sentence stem</th>
<th>Hyperbole</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I was hungry enough</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My head was</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I laughed until...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She ran so fast...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When he lifted the package...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A symbol is something that stands for something else. Like metaphors and similes, symbols mean more than they say. A symbol, however, means something else and itself. In other words, symbols actually appear in the text, but they also represent an idea, something else. For example, a rainbow is a symbol of hope. If we were reading a story about a group of kids who survive a shipwreck by floating through dangerous waters on a raft, and the story ends with a description of a rainbow over an island in the distance, we would know that the kids will make it to the island. The rainbow lets us know that there is hope for these kids' futures. It is a rainbow, but it is also the symbol of hope. That is the difference between a symbol and a metaphor or simile. In a metaphor or simile, the figurative term is only something else. We can say, "Her face lit up like a rainbow," but it's not a literal rainbow. Her face never becomes a rainbow, of course. With symbols, however, you have to have the actual rainbow (or whatever the object is that has the figurative meaning). Like all figures of speech, symbols add meaning and depth to writing.

Think of some symbols you are familiar with and fill in the following chart. There are some examples given to start you off.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>What the symbol stands for</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>lion</td>
<td>courage, nobility</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>skull and crossbones</td>
<td>danger, piracy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Irony** is saying the opposite of what you mean. We use irony all of the time in speech. When the cafeteria has just served a tasteless and overcooked meal and you say, “Great lunch,” you are using irony. You are saying one thing and meaning the opposite. Like all figures of speech, it is not meant to be taken literally. A special case of irony is sarcasm. Sarcasm is irony that is meant to hurt. For example, if it's storming outside and you want to go for a swim, you might say, “Nice day, isn't it?” That is ironic but not sarcastic. It isn't a nice day, but your statement doesn't hurt anyone. If, however, someone in your class just got a terrible grade on an oral presentation and you say, “Nice job,” you are being both ironic and sarcastic. It wasn't a nice job, and your comment is intended to hurt. Sarcasm is always ironic, but irony is not always sarcastic.

Irony is sometimes hard to understand. It can be funny or serious, affectionate or contemptuous. You have to read carefully and watch the way the words and details are used. If you misunderstand irony, you miss the whole point of what you are reading. Practice will help you understand when something is ironic or not. Look at the following sentences and decide whether or not they are ironic. Place a check in the appropriate column.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sentence</th>
<th>Ironic (figurative)</th>
<th>Not ironic (literal)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Your favorite team just lost by a wide margin and you are pretty disgusted about it. You say, “Great game!”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You are traveling in the mountains and see a lovely meadow full of flowers. You say, “Nice view!”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your best friend is learning to ride a dirt bike, something you have always wanted to do. You say, “Man, I wish I could do that!”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your best friend has to take care of his/her baby sister every day after school, a job you wouldn't want and your friend isn't very happy about. You say, “Man, I wish I could do that!”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You feel very strongly that teachers in your school give too much homework. You say, “I love doing four hours of homework every day!”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The lessons in this section will help you understand hyperboles, symbols, and irony. See how well you can use these figures of speech in your own writing.
Hyperboles, Symbols, and Irony

Read and think:

He could shoot a bumblebee in the eye at sixty paces, and he was a man who was not afraid to shake hands with lightning.

Harold W. Felton, Pecos Bill and the Mustang

Talk about it:

1. This is an example of a hyperbole, an exaggeration that is based on truth but carries the truth to such an extreme that it is no longer literally true. Of course, Pecos Bill couldn’t literally do these things. What, then, is the purpose of saying that he could?

2. Compare Felton’s sentence with this one:

   *He could shoot very well, and he was not afraid of anything.*

   Which sentence better helps the reader understand what Pecos Bill is like? Why?

Now you try it:

Write a sentence about a great basketball player, using hyperboles. Model your sentence after Felton’s sentence.
Hyperboles, Symbols, and Irony

Read and think:

Flowers and other things have been laid against the wall. There are little flags, an old teddy bear, and letters, weighted with stones so they won’t blow away. Someone has left a rose with a droopy head.

Eve Bunting, The Wall

Talk about it:

1. This passage is from a book about the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington, D.C. There are several symbols in the passage. Identify the symbols and explain what they mean.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>What the symbol means</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Look at the last sentence about the rose. Remember that it is a rose, but it’s also something else. What does the rose usually symbolize? Why does it have a droopy head here? What does the droopy head add to our understanding of the symbol and the feeling of the passage?

Now you try it:

Fill in the following chart with as many traditional symbols as you can think of. Combine your chart with others in the class to make a class chart of traditional symbols.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>What the symbol stands for</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Syntax

Introduction

Syntax is the way words are arranged in sentences. In other words, syntax is sentence structure. Syntax includes these important elements:

- Sentence parts
- Word order
- Sentence length
- Punctuation

Expert writers understand how our language is put together. They learn about language and experiment with the way we express ideas. It's not some dry study of terms and exercises that do not connect to our lives. Quite the contrary, experimenting with syntax is playing with the foundation of communication.

Let's think for a moment about film directors. They have to learn many things about making good films before turning out a masterpiece. There are considerations about focus, props, lighting, animation, movement, foreground, and background. These things take time to master. If you've ever made a video, you know that it's harder than it looks. It is the same with writing. Writers must know their tools and how to use these tools for the best effect. It takes time and practice.

This is not a grammar course. You can write perfectly constructed and interesting sentences without ever knowing what the subjunctive mood is. So when you study syntax, don't get caught up with trying to master the fine points of grammar (unless, of course, you find them interesting, in which case there are many wonderful books on grammar). That said, you do need to understand some basic vocabulary in order to understand syntax.

First, you need to understand basic sentence vocabulary: subject, verb, clause, phrase, and fragment. Then, you need to understand how writers use these sentence parts to get the effects they want. Finally, you need to have a basic understanding of some very special punctuation marks, specifically, the semicolon, the colon, the dash, and italics. That's all. With these basic tools, you can improve your understanding of the experts' use of language, and you can improve your own expertise with language.

Subjects and Verbs

Let's start with sentence vocabulary. A sentence, as you know, has a subject and verb and expresses a complete thought. But it can get a little tricky. You have to have some idea of what a subject and verb are. For our purposes, we will keep it pretty simple.

The subject is the part of a sentence that expresses what the sentence is about. It's the topic of the sentence.

The verb is the part of a sentence that expresses action or connects the subject with the other words in the sentence.
Let's look at a couple of simple sentences as examples:

\[ \text{The lion ran into the wilderness.} \]

First, ask yourself, “What is the sentence about?” The answer, of course, is the lion. That is the subject.

Then ask yourself, “What does the lion do?” or “What is the sentence saying about the lion?” That give you the verb. The verb here is ran. It tells you what the lion does. The rest of the sentence is detail.

\[ \text{The lion is a wild animal.} \]

The lion again answers the question, “What is the sentence about?” It is the subject.

The lion doesn't do anything in this sentence, so you have to ask the other question: “What is the sentence saying about the lion?” This sentence says that the lion is a wild animal. The verb (is) connects the subject and whatever the sentence says about the subject. The verb is the connection part. The rest of the sentence is detail.

**Clauses and Phrases**

Of course, not all sentences are so simple, and sometimes you have to know a little more vocabulary. In addition to subjects and verbs, you should be familiar with larger parts of sentences: clauses and phrases. Both clauses and phrases are groups of related words, but they have differences.

A **clause** is a group of related words that has a subject and a verb.

A **phrase** is a group of related words that has no subject or verb.

Let's look again at the first sentence above:

\[ \text{The lion ran into the wilderness.} \]

This is a **clause** because it has a subject and verb and is a group of related words.

This is a **phrase** because it is a group of related words but has no subject or verb.

All complete sentences are one or more clauses put together. That's all you need to know.

**Sentence Fragments**

The last vocabulary term you need to know is **sentence fragment**. A sentence fragment is a group of words that is punctuated like a sentence but is not really a sentence. There may not be a verb, or the words may not express a complete thought. It looks like a sentence but does not meet all of the criteria for being a sentence. Here is an example, building on the earlier sentence:

\[ \text{The lion is a wild animal. Really wild.} \]

This is a **sentence fragment**. It looks like a sentence because it starts with a capital letter and ends with a period, but it's not. It has no subject or verb, so it can't be a sentence.
You have probably been told never to use sentence fragments in your writing. That’s certainly true in very formal writing, but expert writers know how to use sentence fragments and often do.

At its best, a sentence fragment is used for emphasis, to point out the importance of an idea, as in the example above. The fragment really wild makes the reader stop and think about just how wild the lions are. Sentence fragments are powerful in writing, but only if you do not overuse them. Be careful about that. It is OK to write a sentence fragment for emphasis, but don’t fill your writing with them. Overuse reduces effectiveness. That’s a good general rule for syntax.

Word Order

Now that you have some basic vocabulary, let’s talk about word order. The normal word order in English is to have the subject first, then the verb and other details. The sentences above are both in the normal order of the English sentence. But word order is a little more complicated than that. Look at how changing word order changes the meaning in these sentences:

- Jim said that he drives only a truck. (He drives nothing else.)
- Jim said that only he drives a truck. (No one else drives a truck.)
- Jim only said that he drives a truck. (He probably doesn’t really drive a truck.)
- Only Jim said that he drives a truck. (No one else said it.)

Amazing, isn’t it? Word order is important in English. We learn about word order the same way we learn to talk: by listening. So we don’t grow up saying, “Want I water some.” We learn in early childhood that we say, “I want some water.” Subjects come first, then verbs, then the details. And description words (like some) usually come before the words they describe. No one has to explain these things; we just learn them.

While word order in English is pretty inflexible, there is room to change things around. Expert writers sometimes do this for special effect or for emphasis. Look at these sentences:

Am I ever happy about my report card!
Pizza I want—not soup.

The first sentence reverses the order of the subject and the verb. In other words, the verb (am) comes before the subject (I). The second sentence puts the detail (pizza—what I want) in front of the subject and verb (I want). Putting the words of these sentences in an unusual order catches the reader’s attention and emphasizes the ideas. You will learn more about using unusual word order in the syntax lessons.

Sentence Length

Sentence length is another important part of syntax study. Sentences come in all shapes and sizes from one word (Help!) to very long and complicated sentences. Writers vary sentence length to keep their readers interested and to control what their readers pay attention to. Most modern writers put the main ideas in short sentences and use longer sentences to expand and develop their main ideas. As you work on the syntax lessons, you will come to understand how expert writers use sentence length to help the reader understand the written message.

The goal is, always, for you to become more aware of the writing tools you have at hand and how to use them better.
Punctuation

A word about **punctuation**. (Notice that I used a sentence fragment to start this paragraph. I did this for a reason. Most students think that punctuation is a bunch of silly rules made up by adults to use as torture devices. I want you to think about punctuation differently: punctuation is power in writing! That’s why I started this paragraph with a fragment, used to catch your attention and emphasize the importance of punctuation.)

Punctuation helps us understand the written word. In speech, we pause and use expression in our voices and on our faces to help the listener understand us. Writing has to depend on punctuation. Punctuation helps us fine-tune language and say what we really want to say. In this book, we are going to look at the punctuation used most often in shaping voice: semicolon, colon, dash, and italics.

- **The semicolon** joins two or more clauses when there is no connecting word (and, but, or). When a semicolon is used, all clauses are equally important, and the reader should pay equal attention to them all.

  Example: *He is my best friend; I have known him most of my life.*

- **The colon** tells the reader that something important will follow. It’s very important not to confuse the colon and the semicolon. The semicolon shows equal importance, while the colon throws the emphasis onto what comes after it.

  Example: *He is my best friend: he helps me through hard times and celebrates good times with me.*

- **The dash** marks a sudden change in thought or sets off a summary. Parentheses can do this, too, but the dash is more informal and conversational.

  Example: *John—my best friend—lives right down the street.*

- **Italics** are used to talk about a word as a word (He used the word *really* too many times in that paragraph.) or for emphasis. When we handwrite something, we show italics by underlining.

  Example: *Of all the people I’ve *ever* known, John is my best friend.*

As you complete the syntax lessons that follow, you will see many examples of powerful punctuation, and you will get better at using punctuation for power yourself.

The best way—indeed the only way—to master syntax is to read, read, read. Read the works of expert writers. You’ll find that simply by reading, your writing will improve. As you pay attention to the way great writers use sentence structure and punctuation, experiment with syntax in your own writing. That’s the way we learn. It’s worth the effort: syntax is a powerful tool for expressing your voice.
Syntax

Read and think:

He was a year older than I, skinny, brown as a chocolate bar, his hair orange, his hazel eyes full of mischief and laughter.

Esmeralda Santiago, *When I Was Puerto Rican*

Talk about it:

1. Look carefully at the way this sentence is written. All of the words that follow the word *I* are used to describe the *he* of the sentence. They are adjectives and adjective phrases. This is not the way words are usually ordered in English. (In English, adjectives are usually right before the nouns they modify, or at least right next to them.) What effect does this word order have on the meaning of the sentence?

2. Placing all of the adjectives and adjective phrases one after the other is called *layering*. What effect does this layering have on the impact of the sentence?

Now you try it:

Fill in the blanks to create a sentence similar to Santiago's sentence.

He was a year **older than I**, **skinny**, **brown as a chocolate bar**, **his hair orange**, **his hair orange**, **his hazel eyes full of mischief and laughter**.

He (She) was ____________________ than I, ____________________.

his/her hair ____________________, his/her eyes ____________________.
Read and think:

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of a spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

Edgar Allan Poe, “The Tell-Tale Heart,” The Tell-Tale Heart and Other Writings

Talk about it:

1. Look carefully at the first sentence. There are several groups of words called phrases (very patiently, without hearing him lie down, a very, very little) that interrupt the flow of the sentence. Why do you think Poe wrote the sentence like this?

2. Look at the second sentence. What is the purpose of the dashes? How do these dashes, and the words they set off, involve the reader in the action of the passage?

Now you try it:

Write a sentence about doing your homework. Try to imitate the way Poe uses phrases to slow down the way you read the sentence. Use at least one dash.

When I
Introduction

We examine tone last because understanding tone requires an understanding of all the elements writers use to create it: diction, detail, figurative language, imagery, and syntax. Tone can be a little difficult to identify at first, but the elements of voice you have already studied will help you, and you will get better with practice.

So, what is tone? **Tone** is the expression of the author’s attitude toward his/her audience and subject matter. It can also be the expression of the speaker or narrator’s attitude toward his/her listener or subject matter. And sometimes it’s a little of both. It is the feeling that grows out of the material, the feeling that the writer creates for the reader. There are as many different tones as there are feelings: serious, light-hearted, playful, sarcastic, accepting, and so forth. The trick is to be able to identify and create tone in writing.

It’s easy to understand tone in spoken language. If your mother says, “Don’t use that tone of voice with me!” you know exactly what she means. You have expressed a disrespectful feeling through what you said and how you said it. And you understand her tone all too well: she is angry with you. We understand tone in speech by listening not only to words but to the way words are said and the facial expressions of those who say them.

Here’s another example. Take the single word *right* and consider the many different ways you can say it to suggest an attitude. See if you can express the different attitudes behind the word *right* that are listed below. Work with a partner.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Right?</th>
<th>Is this right?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Right!</td>
<td>You’re absolutely right.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right!</td>
<td>This won’t happen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right!</td>
<td>I heard you, but I don’t believe you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right!</td>
<td>Turn right, not left!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It’s harder to understand and create tone in writing since you can’t depend on vocal and facial expressions. But it can be done. Just as we understand tone in speech from what is said and how it’s said, the same is true in writing. It just takes more practice to see it. We create tone in writing through all of the elements of voice:

1. Diction
2. Detail
3. Figurative language
4. Imagery
5. Syntax
In these tone exercises, you will learn to understand the what and how of tone and to create tone in your own writing.

As you work with the tone exercises, you will need three types of practice:

1. Practice figuring out the tone of a passage,
2. Practice explaining how you know the tone of a passage, and
3. Practice writing passages in which you create a certain tone.

All of these skills will get easier with time and attention to the elements of voice.

To discuss tone, you need to develop a tone vocabulary. You need practice in figuring out what the tone is and how that tone is created. On the following page is a beginning list of tone words. As you discuss the tone of passages here and in your other reading, keep adding to the list.

Understanding tone is both challenging and fascinating. When you understand tone, you can connect to the writer’s thoughts and expression. That’s what reading is all about! With that understanding and practice, you can learn to say exactly what you want to say in writing. And that’s what writing’s all about! Good luck to all of you.
AP English
Tone Words

Throughout the course of the year, you will be expected to discuss/describe/identify the tone of a passage, a poem, or a selection. Following is a comprehensive list of words that can be used to describe tone. Learn the meanings of words with which you are unfamiliar. The more terms you know, the more precise you can be in discussing/describing/identifying tone.

- abashed
- abhorring
- accusing
- acerbic
- admiring
- adoring
- affectionate
- ambiguous
- ambivalent
- amused
- annoyed
- antagonistic
- anxious
- apathetic
- apologetic
- appreciative
- apprehensive
- approving
- audacious
- authoritative
- baffled
- bantering
- belligerent
- bemused
- benevolent
- bewildered
- biting
- bitter
- blithe
- blunt
- brisk
- brusque
- burlesque
- calm
- candid
- casual
- celebratory
- ceremonial
- cheerful
- cheery
- childish
- choleric
- clinical
- colloquial
- comforting
- commanding
- compassionate
- complex
- complicated
- complimentary
- concealed
- concerned
- conciliatory
- condemnatory
- condescending
- confident
- confused
- contemptuous
- contented
- contentious
- conversational
- critical
- curt
- cynical
- demanding
- depressed
- depressing
- derisive
- derogatory
- desolate
- despairing
- desperate
- detached
- diabolic
- didactic
- diffident
- direct
- disappointed
- disbelieving
- disdainful
- disgusted
- disrespectful
- disturbed
- doubtful
- dramatic
- dreary
- earnest
- ebullient
- ecstatic
- effusive
- elated
- elegiac
- elevated
- eloquent
- embarrassed
- empathetic
- encouraging
- enraged
- enthusiastic
- eulogistic
- euphoric
- evasive
- exhilarated
- expectant
- exuberant
- facetious
- factual
- familiar
- fanciful
- fatalistic
- fearful
- fervent
- flippant
- forceful
- foreboding
- formal

1 Compiled from a variety of sources.
forthright
frantic
frightened
frivolous
frustrated
furious
ghoulish
giddy
gleeful
gloomy
grand
grave
grim
harsh
haughty
hilarious
holier-than-thou
hollow
hopeful
hopeless
hostile
humorous
impartial
impatient
incisive
incredulous
indifferent
indignant
indirect
inflammatory
informal
informative
insecure
insipid
insistent
insolent
instructive
interested
intimate
introspective
ironic
irrelevant
irritated
jocund
joyful
joyous
laudatory
learned
lighthearted
lively
lofty
ludicrous
lugubrious
lyrical
matter-of-fact
meditative
melancholic
mirthful
miserable
mock-heroic
mocking
mock-serious
modest
morallistic
mournful-
mysterious
nervous
nostalgic
objective
ominous
optimistic
outraged
outspoken
paranoid
passionate
pathetic
patronizing
peaceful
pedantic
pensive
pessimistic
pety
placid
playful
poignant
pompous
powerful
pretentious
proud
provocative
psychotic
questioning
reassuring
reflective
relaxed
reminiscent
resigned
respectful
restrained
reticent
reverent
ridiculous
risible
romantic
sanguine
sardonic
sardonic
sceptical
self-assured
self-deprecating
selfish
sentimental
serene
severe
sharp
shocked
shocking
sinister
skeptical
sly
solemn
somber
speculative
sprightly
stable
stately
stern
stolid
straightforward
strident
subdued
suspenseful
suspicious
sympathetic
taunting
tender
tense
terse
thoughtful
threatening
timorous
tragic
tranquil
turgid
uncertain
unconcerned
understated
uneasy
urgent
vexed
vibrant
violent
vitriolic
whimsical
wistful
worshipful
wrathful
wry
Tone

Read and think:

The Baudelaire orphans went to the bedroom and glumly packed their few belongings. Klaus looked distastefully at each ugly shirt Mrs. Poe had bought for him as he folded them and put them into a small suitcase. Violet looked around the cramped, smelly room in which they had been living. And Sunny crawled around solemnly biting each of Edgar and Albert's shoes, leaving small teeth marks in each one so she would not be forgotten.

Lemony Snicket, A Series of Unfortunate Events: The Bad Beginning

Talk about it:

1. What is the tone of this passage? Brainstorm tone words with your class and add new words to your Tone Words list.

2. How do you know the tone of this passage? Use the following chart to fill in the evidence for what you identify as the tone of this passage. Discuss your chart.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Diction</th>
<th>Detail</th>
<th>Imagery</th>
<th>Syntax</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What words help create the tone?</td>
<td>What details add to the tone?</td>
<td>How does imagery help create the tone?</td>
<td>How does the sentence structure help create the tone?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Now you try it:

Write a paragraph about packing for a trip. In your paragraph create an enthusiastic tone.
Tone

Read and think:

The Navy guy and I told each other we were glad to've met each other. Which always kills me. I'm always saying "Glad to've met you" to somebody I'm not at all glad I met. If you want to stay alive, you have to say that stuff, though.

J.D. Salinger, The Catcher in the Rye

Talk about it:

1. What is the narrator's attitude toward people in general? How do you know? Explain how the following elements of voice help you identify the narrator's attitude:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Element of voice</th>
<th>How it helps the reader understand the narrator's attitude</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Diction:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Navy guy</td>
<td>1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. stuff</td>
<td>2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Syntax:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Use of sentence fragment</td>
<td>1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Use of italics</td>
<td>2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyperbole:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. always kills me</td>
<td>1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. if you want to stay alive</td>
<td>2.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. How would the tone of the passage change if Salinger had written it like this?

John and I told each other we were glad to've met each other. I'm not sure I really meant it. I'm always saying "Glad to've met you" to somebody I'm not sure I'm glad I met.

Now you try it:

Write a short paragraph about meeting someone famous. Your paragraph should have an admiring and approving tone. Express your tone through diction, syntax, and figurative language.
Tone is defined as the writer's or speaker's attitude toward the subject and the audience. An appreciation of word choice, details, imagery, and language all contribute to the understanding of tone. To misinterpret tone is to misinterpret meaning.

**Diction** - the connotation of the word choice
What words does the author choose? Consider his/her word choice compared to another. Why did the author choose that particular word? What are the connotations of that word choice?

*Considering diction...*

Laugh: guffaw, chuckle, giggle, cackle, snicker, roar

Self-confident: proud, conceited, egotistical, stuck-up, haughty, smug, condescending

House: home, hut, shack, mansion, cabin, residence

Old: mature, experienced, antique, relic, senior, ancient

Fat: obese, plump, corpulent, portly, porky, burly, husky, full-figured

**Images** - vivid appeals to understanding through the senses - concrete language
What images does the author use? What does he/she focus on in a sensory (sight, touch, taste, smell, etc.) way? The kinds of images the author puts in or leaves out reflect his/her style? Are they vibrant? Prominent? Plain? NOTE: Images differ from detail in the degree to which they appeal to the senses.

*Considering images...*

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun. (restrained)
An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king. (somber, candid)
He clasps the crag with crooked hands. (dramatic)
Love sets you going like a fat gold watch. (fanciful)
Smiling, the boy fell dead. (shocking)

**Details** - facts that are included or those that are omitted
What details are does the author choose to include? What do they imply? What does the author choose to exclude? What are the connotations of their choice of details? PLEASE NOTE: Details are facts or fact-lets. They differ from images in that they don't have a strong sensory appeal.

*Considering Details...*
Details are most commonly the facts given by the author or speaker as support for the attitude or tone.

The speaker's perspective shapes what details are given and which are not.

**Language** - the overall use of language, such as formal, clinical, jargon

Consider language to be the entire body of words used in a text, not simply isolated bits of diction.

For example, an invitation to a wedding might use formal language, while a biology text would use scientific and clinical language.


**Considering Language. . .**

- When I told Dad that I had goofed the exam, he blew his top. (slang)

- I had him on the ropes in the fourth and if one of my short rights had connected, he'd have gone down for the count. (jargon)

- A close examination and correlation of the most reliable current economic indexes justifies the conclusion that the next year will witness a continuation of the present, upward market trend. (turgid [swollen], pedantic)

**Sentence Structure** - how structure affects the reader's attitude

What are the sentences like? Are they simple with one or two clauses? Do they have multiple phrases? Are they choppy? Flowing? Sinuous like a snake? Is there antithesis, chiasmus, parallel construction? What emotional impression do they leave? If we are talking about poetry, what is the meter? Is there a rhyme scheme?

**Considering Sentences. . .**

How a sentence is constructed affects what the audience understands.

Parallel syntax (similarly styled phrases and sentences) creates interconnected emotions, feelings and ideas.

Short sentences are punchy and intense. Long sentences are distancing, reflective and more abstract.

Loose sentences point at the end. Periodic sentences point at the
beginning, followed by modifiers and phrases.

The inverted order of an interrogative sentence cues the reader to a question and creates tension between speaker and listener.

Short sentences are often emphatic, passionate or flippant, whereas longer sentences suggest greater thought.

**Shifts in Tone**

Good authors are rarely monotone. A speaker's attitude can shift on a topic, or an author might have one attitude toward the audience and another toward the subject. The following are some clues to watch for shifts in tone:

- key words (but, yet, nevertheless, however, although)
- punctuation (dashes, periods, colons)
- paragraph divisions
- changes in sentence length
- sharp contrasts in diction

A list of tone words is one practical method of providing a basic "tone vocabulary." An enriched vocabulary enables students to use more specific and subtle descriptions of an attitude they discover in a text. Here is a short list of simple but helpful "tone words":

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Angry</th>
<th>Sad</th>
<th>Sentimental</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Afraid</td>
<td>Sharp</td>
<td>Cold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fanciful</td>
<td>Detached</td>
<td>Upset</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urgent</td>
<td>Complimentary</td>
<td>Contemptuous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silly</td>
<td>Joking</td>
<td>Condescending</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy</td>
<td>Boring</td>
<td>Poignant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sympathetic</td>
<td>Confused</td>
<td>Apologetic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollow</td>
<td>Childish</td>
<td>Humorous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joyful</td>
<td>Peaceful</td>
<td>Horrific</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allusive</td>
<td>Mocking</td>
<td>Sarcastic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet</td>
<td>Objective</td>
<td>Nostalgic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vexed</td>
<td>Vibrant</td>
<td>Zealous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tired</td>
<td>Frivolous</td>
<td>Irrelevant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bitter</td>
<td>Audacious</td>
<td>Benevolent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreamy</td>
<td>Shocking</td>
<td>Seductive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Restrained</td>
<td>Somber</td>
<td>Candid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proud</td>
<td>Giddy</td>
<td>Pitiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic</td>
<td>Provocative</td>
<td>Didactic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lugubrious</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Word Choice-Tone and DIDLS

Tone is the expression of attitude. It is the writer’s or narrator’s implied attitude toward his subject and audience. The writer creates tone by selection (diction) and arrangement (syntax) of words, and by purposeful use of details and images. The reader perceives tone by examining these elements. Tone sets the relationship between reader and writer. As the emotion growing out of the material and connecting the material to the reader, tone is the hallmark of the writer’s personality. Understanding tone is requisite to understanding meaning. Such understanding is the key to perceiving the author’s mood and making the connection between the author’s thought and its expression. Identifying and analyzing tone requires careful reading, sensitivity to diction and syntax, and understanding of detail selection and imagery. Students can, with practice, learn to identify tone in writing. Tone is as varied as human experience; and as with human experience, familiarity and thought pave the way to understanding. An analysis of tone will depend on precise and accurate understanding of the author’s attitude toward the subject and the audience. To investigate tone use the acronym DIDLS.

D-Diction: the important and individual words the author uses

I-Images: the word pictures created by groups of words

D-Details: facts, not images, and are notable not only for what is include but for what is purposefully omitted

L-Language: the characteristics of the body of words used, such as slang, scholarly, clinical jargon all denote language

S-Sentence: Structure notes that short sentences are often emotional or assertive and that longer sentences move toward more reasonable or even scholarly intent

Tone Words:

angry            sad            sentimental            benevolent
sharp            cold            fanciful            seductive
upset            urgent            complimentary            candid
silly            joking            condescending            pitiful
boring            poignant            sympathetic            didactic
afraid            detached            contemptuous            audacious
happy            confused            apologetic            shocking
hollow            childish            humorous            somber
go**joyful**            peaceful            horrific            giddy
joy**ful**            mocking            sarcastic            provocative
allusive            objective            nostalgic            bitter
sweet            vibrant            zealous            dreamy
vexed            frivolous            irreverent            restrained
proud            dramatic
Perfect Words

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Perfect action words (verbs)</th>
<th>Perfect words to describe something (adjectives)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Example: instead of <em>stand</em>, use <em>slouch</em></td>
<td>Example: instead of <em>pretty</em>, use <em>delicate</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Short Stories
SHORT STORY, NOVEL, AND DRAMA ELEMENTS

GENRE: category or type (short story, novel, drama, poetry, science fiction, fiction, non-fiction)

NARRATIVE: an account of events, real or unreal

SETTING: time, place, and culture in which a narrative takes place

FORESHADOWING: hints or clues about the future; effective when ending a scene or chapter

POINT OF VIEW: (1) First Person: story told from the "I" perspective; (2) Third Person: story told from one perspective, but limited (uses "he/she"); (3) Omniscient: all-knowing narrator who can jump inside the thoughts of all the characters.

CHARACTER: a person or animal in a story, poem, or play

TYPES OF CHARACTER: (1) Dynamic character: changes and grows; (2) Round character: has depth because we learn many things about them; (3) Static character: stays the same during the story; (4) Flat character: never changes; summed up one or two words

PROTAGONIST: the main character in the story who drives the action; usually the "hero;" changes in an important way by the end of the story; usually dynamic and round

ANTAGONIST: usually the villain in the story; the person or force that causes problems for the protagonist; usually static, but can be round or flat

CHARACTERIZATION: process that reveals a character's personality

DIRECT CHARACTERIZATION: author explains everything; "no brainer"

INDIRECT CHARACTERIZATION: (1) what the character says or thinks (speech); (2) how the character looks and dresses (appearance); (3) what the character does (actions); (4) what other characters think about or say to the character

ALLOGUE: begins and ends with "quote marks;" the words characters say to each other; a way the author advances the plot and reveals information the reader listens "live" to what characters say.

DIALECT OR VERNACULAR OR COLLOQUIALISM: speech of a region or group of people

PLOT: series of related events, each connected to the next—exposition, complication, climax, resolution

EXPOSITION: the first part of a plot—setting, characters, and the conflicts

CONFLICT: character's physical / mental struggles; not the action, but the reason why

EXTERNAL CONFLICT: MAN VS. MAN: main character experiences conflict with another

EXTERNAL CONFLICT: MAN VS. SOCIETY: main character in conflict with an issue such as injustice or persecution

EXTERNAL CONFLICT: MAN VS. NATURE: main character and the environment such as meteors or hurricanes

INTERNAL CONFLICT MAN VS. HIMSELF: main character's inner turmoil (trauma or psychological problems) or conflict is not with other characters, but it can affect them

COMPLICATION or RISING ACTION: main action of the story happens here as the character tries to resolve the conflict and confronts new conflicts

RESOLUTION or DENOUEMENT: final part of the story; struggles are over, and the story ends. ("denouement" is French for "unraveling the knot")

MAX: the key scene in the story—most tense and exciting moment; the turning point of the story, where the main character makes the single big decision that defines the outcome of their story and who they are as a person

ARCHETYPE: is a universally understood symbol, term, or pattern of behavior, a prototype upon which others are copied, patterned, or emulated. ("mother figure" may be considered an archetype)
FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE OR LITERARY ELEMENTS

ALLITERATION: the repetition of the same beginning sound in several words *(peter piper picked peppers)*

LUSION: the reference to another literary text, poem, a mythological story, or history *(slow like Lennie)*

ANACHRONISM: something from out of its time period *(the clock in Julius Caesar)*

ANALOGY: a similarity between two things, on which a comparison may be based *(the heart and a pump)*

APOSTROPHE: direct address, usually to someone or something that is not present *(O Romeo, wherefore art thou?)*

ASSONANCE: the repetition of vowel sounds in several words *(bed, sled, fled)*

CONNOTATION: second meaning of a word; deeper, underlying meaning *(home is security and peace)*

CONSONANCE: the repetition of final consonant sounds *(book, plaque, thick)*

DENOTATION: the dictionary meaning of a word; literal text meaning *(home is a place to live)*

EPIC: long narrative poem that relates the deeds of a hero who embodies the values of a certain society *(The Odyssey)*

HYPERBOLE: an overstatement or exaggeration *(it is so hot you can fry an egg on the sidewalk)*

IMAGERY: the words create visual or sensory images in the reader's mind *(using the five senses)*

IRONY: (1) verbal: an author says one thing but means another (2) dramatic: an audience perceives something that a character does not know (3) situational: a discrepancy between the expected results and actual results *(Romeo and Juliet die)*

METAPHOR: the comparison between two things *without using* the words *like* or *as* *(jungle of a school)*

METRE: the way of placing emphasis on words and syllables that creates a repetitive rhythm

MOOD OR ATMOSPHERE: dominant emotion the reader takes from the story *(The mood for Romeo and Juliet is sad)*

ODE: long, serious poem written as a tribute and ceremony of someone dead *("Ode to a Grecian Urn")*

ONOMATOPOEIA: the use of words that sound like what they mean *(buzz, whoosh)*

OXYMORON: the figure of speech that joins together two seemingly contradictory elements *(working vacation)*

PARADOX: the statement or situation that seems to be a contradiction but reveals a truth *(War is peace)*

PERSONIFICATION: giving a human characteristic to an animal, object or idea *(slender legs of the desk)*

POETIC TECHNIQUES: the tools of the poet's trade—rhyme, meter, simile and metaphor

RHYME: the repeated sound *(fuzz, buzz)*

RHYME SCHEME: is the pattern of rhyming lines in a poem; it is the pattern of end rhymes or lines

RHYTHM: the wavelike repetition of sounds; the cadence, pace and ongoing momentum of the poem

SIMILE: the comparison between two things *using* the words *like* or *as* *(she flies like a bird)*

STANZA: the collection of lines; similar to a paragraph in prose

SYMBOL: something that means more than what it is *(The sun symbolizes the light of Juliet in Romeo and Juliet)*

TONE: writer's attitude toward a subject or character *(serious, humorous, sarcastic, ironic, satirical, solemn)*

THEME: a lesson learned, an explored opinion, or a central idea; not the the subject *(Julius Caesar's theme is revenge)*

UNDERSTATEMENT: the opposite of hyperbole; minimizes what we know to be true *(dinner as a morsel)*
And of Clay Are We Created
Isabel Allende

VOCABULARY PREVIEW

Below is a list of words that appear in the story. Read the list and get to know the words before you start the story.

- embody—to give shape or to visibly represent
- fortitude—strength of mind; courage
- pandemonium—a wild uproar or noise
- resignation—passive acceptance of something; submission
- stratagem—a clever trick or device for obtaining an advantage
- stupor—a state of mental numbness, as from shock
- tenacity—the quality of holding persistently to something; firm determination
- tribulation—great distress or suffering

They discovered the girl's head protruding from the mud pit, eyes wide open, calling soundlessly. She had a First Communion name, Azucena. In that vast cemetery where the odor of death was already attracting vultures from far away, and where the weeping of orphans and wails of the injured filled the air, the little girl obstinately clinging to life became the symbol of the tragedy. The television cameras transmitted so often the unbearable image of the head budding like a black squash from the clay that there was no one who did not recognize her and know her name. And every time we saw her on the screen, right behind her was Rolf Carle, who had gone there on assignment, never suspecting that he would find a fragment of his past, lost thirty years before.

First a subterranean sob rocked the cotton fields, curling them like waves of foam. Geologists had set up their seismographs weeks before and knew that the mountain had awakened again. For some time they had predicted that the heat of the eruption could detach the eternal ice from the slopes of the volcano, but no one heeded their warnings; they sounded like the tales of frightened old women. The towns in the valley went about their daily life, deaf to the moaning of the earth, until that fateful Wednesday night in November when a prolonged roar announced the end of the world, and walls of snow broke loose, rolling in an avalanche of clay, stones, and water that descended on the villages and buried them beneath unfathomable meters of telluric vomit. As soon as the survivors emerged from the paralysis of that first awful terror, they could see that houses, plazas, churches, white cotton plantations, dark coffee forests, cattle pastures—all had disappeared. Much later, after soldiers and volunteers had arrived to rescue the living and try to assess the magnitude of the cataclysm, it was calculated that beneath the mud lay more than twenty thousand human beings and an indefinite number of animals putrefying in a viscous soup. Forests and rivers had also been swept away, and there was nothing to be seen but an immense desert of mire.

When the station called before dawn, Rolf Carle and I were together. I crawled out of bed, dazed with sleep, and want to prepare coffee while he hurriedly dressed. He stuffed his gear in the green canvas backpack he always carried, and we said goodbye, as we had so many times before. I had no presentiments. I sat in the kitchen, sipping my coffee and planning the long hours without him, sure that he would be back the next day.

He was one of the first to reach the scene, because while other reporters were fighting their way to the edges to that morass in jeeps, bicycles, or on foot, each getting there however he could, Rolf Carle had the advantage of the television helicopter, which flew him over the avalanche. We watched on our screens the footage captured by his assistant's camera, in which he was up to his knees in muck, a microphone in his hand, in the midst of a bedlam of lost children, wounded survivors, corpses, and devastation. The story came to us in his calm voice. For years he had been a familiar figure in newscasts, reporting live at the scene of
battles and catastrophes with awesome **tenacity**. Nothing could stop him, and I was always amazed at his equanimity in the face of danger and suffering; it seemed as if nothing could shake his **fortitude** or deter his curiosity. Fear seemed never to touch him, although he had confessed to me that he was not a courageous man, far from it. I believe that the lens of the camera had a strange effect on him; it was as if it transported him to a different time from which he could watch events without actually participating in them. When I knew him better, I came to realize that this fictive distance seemed to protect him from his own emotions.

Roif Carle was in on the story of Azucena from the beginning. He filmed the volunteers who discovered her, and the first person who tried to reach her; his camera zoomed in on the girl, her dark face, her large desolate eyes, the plastered—down tangle of hair. The mud was like quicksand around her, and anyone attempting to reach her was in danger of sinking. They threw a rope to her that she made no effort to grasp until they shouted to her to catch it; then she pulled a hand from the mire and tried to move, but immediately sank a little deeper. Rolf threw down his knapsack and the rest of his equipment and waded into the quagmire, commenting for his assistant’s microphone that it was cold and one could begin to smell the stench of corpses.

“What’s your name?” he asked the girl, and she told him her flower name. “Don’t move, Azucena,” Rolf Carle directed, and kept talking to her, without a thought for what he was saying, just to distract her, while slowly he worked his way forward in mud up to his waist. The air around him seemed as murky as the mud.

It was impossible to reach her from the approach he was attempting, so he retreated and circled around where there seemed to be firmer footing. When finally he was close enough, he took the rope and tied it beneath her arms, so they could pull her out. He smiled at her with that smile that crinkles his eyes and makes him look like a little boy; he told her that everything was fine, that he was here with her now, that soon they would have her out. He signaled the others to pull, but as soon as the cord tensed, the girl screamed. They tried again, and her shoulders and arms appeared, but they could move her no farther; she was trapped. Someone suggested that her legs might be caught in the walls of her house, but she said it was not just rubble, but that she was also held by the bodies of her brothers and sisters clinging to her legs.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get you out of here,” Rolf promised. Despite the quality of the transmission, I could hear his voice break, and I loved him more than ever. Azucena looked at him, but said nothing.

During those first hours, Rolf Carle exhausted all of the resources of his ingenuity to rescue her. He struggled with poles and ropes, but every tug was an intolerable torture for the imprisoned girl. It occurred to him to use one of the poles as a lever but got no result and had to abandon the idea. He talked a couple of soldiers into working with him for a while, but they had to leave because so many other victims were calling for help. The girl could not move, she barely could breathe, but she did not seem desperate, as if an ancestral resignation allowed her to accept her fate. The reporter, on the other hand, was determined to snatch her from death. Someone brought him a tire, which he placed beneath her arms like a life buoy, and then laid a plank near the hole to hold his weight and allow him to stay closer to her. As it was impossible to remove the rubble blindly, he tried once or twice to dive toward her feet, but emerged frustrated, covered with mud, and spitting gravel. He concluded that he would have to have a pump to drain the water, and radioed a request for one, but received in return a message that there was no available transport and it could not be sent until the next morning.

“We can’t wait that long!” Rolf Carle shouted, but in the pandemonium no one stopped to commiserate. Many more hours would go by before he accepted that time had stagnated and reality had been irreparably distorted.

A military doctor came to examine the girl, and observed that her heart was functioning well and that if she did not get too cold she could survive the night.

“Hang on, Azucena, we’ll have that pump tomorrow,” Rolf Carle tried to console her.

“Don’t leave me alone,” she begged.

“No, of course I won’t leave you.”

Someone brought him coffee, and he helped the girl drink it, sip by sip. The warm liquid revived her and she began telling him about her small life, about her family and her school, about how things were in that little bit of world before the volcano erupted. She was thirteen, and she had never been outside her village. Rolf Carle, buoyed by a premature optimism, was convinced that everything would end well; the pump would arrive, they would drain the water, move the rubble, and Azucena would be transported by helicopter to a hospital where she would recover rapidly and where he could visit her and bring her gifts. He thought, She’s already too old for dolls, and maybe I don’t know what would please her; maybe a dress. I don’t know much about women, he concluded, amused, reflecting that although he had known many women in his lifetime, none had taught him these details. To pass the hours he began to tell Azucena about his travels and adventures as a
newshound, and when he exhausted his memory, he called upon imagination, inventing things he thought might entertain her. From time to time she dozed, but he kept talking in the darkness, to assure her that he was still there and to overcome the menace of uncertainty.

That was a long night.

Many miles away, I watched Rolf Carle and the girl on a television screen. I could not bear the wait at home, so I went to National Television, where I often spent entire nights with Rolf editing programs. There, I was near his world, and I could at least get a feeling of what he lived through during those three decisive days. I called all the important people in the city, senators, commanders of the armed forces, the North American ambassador, and the president of National Petroleum, begging them for a pump to remove the silt, but obtained only vague promises. I began to ask for urgent help on the radio and television, to see if there wasn’t someone who could help us. Between calls I would run to the newsroom to monitor the satellite transmissions that periodically brought new details of the catastrophe. While reporters selected scenes with most impact for the news report, I searched for footage that featured Azucena’s mud pit. The screen reduced the disaster to a single plane and accentuated the tremendous distance that separated me from Rolf Carle; nonetheless, I was there with him. The child’s every suffering hurt me as it did him; I felt his frustration, his impotence. Faced with the impossibility of communicating with him, the fantastic idea came to me that if I tried, I could reach him by force of mind and in that way give him encouragement. I concentrated until I was dizzy—a frenzied and futile activity. At times I would be overcome with compassion and burst out crying; at other times, I was so drained I felt as if I were staring through a telescope at the light of a star dead for a million years.

I watched that hell on the first morning broadcast, cadavers of people and animals awash in the current of new rivers formed overnight from the melted snow. Above the mud rose the tops of trees and the bell towers of a church where several people had taken refuge and were patiently awaiting rescue teams. Hundreds of soldiers and volunteers from the Civil Defense were clawing through the rubble searching for survivors, while long rows of ragged specters awaited their turn for a cup of hot broth. Radio networks announced that their phones were jammed with calls from families offering shelter to orphaned children. Drinking water was in scarce supply, along with gasoline and food. Doctors, resigned to amputating arms and legs without anesthesia, pled that at least they be sent serum and painkillers and antibiotics; most of the roads, however, were impassable and worse were the bureaucratic obstacles that stood in the way. To top it all, the clay contaminated by decomposing bodies threatened the living with an outbreak of epidemics.

Azucena was shivering inside the tire that held her above the surface. Immobility and tension had greatly weakened her, but she was conscious and could still be heard when a microphone was held out to her. Her tone was humble, as if apologizing for all the fuss. Rolf Carle had a growth of beard, and dark circles under his eyes; he looked near exhaustion. Even from that enormous distance I could sense the quality of his weariness, so different from the fatigue of other adventures. He had completely forgotten the camera; he could not look at the girl through a lens any longer. The pictures we were receiving were not his assistant’s but those of other reporters who had appropriated Azucena, bestowing on her the pathetic responsibility of embodying the horror of what had happened in that place. With the first light Rolf tried again to dislodge the obstacles that held the girl in her tomb, but he had only his hands to work with; he did not dare use a tool for fear of injuring her. He fed Azucena a cup of the commeal mush and bananas the Army was distributing, but she immediately vomited it up. A doctor stated that she had a fever, but added that there was little he could do; antibiotics were being reserved for cases of gangrene. A priest also passed by and blessed her, hanging a medal of the Virgin around her neck. By evening a gently, persistent drizzle began to fall.

"The sky is weeping," Azucena murmured and she, too, began to cry.

"Don’t be afraid," Rolf begged. "You have to keep your strength up and be calm. Everything will be fine. I’m with you, and I’ll get you out somehow."

Reporters returned to photograph Azucena and ask her the same questions, which she no longer tried to answer. In the meanwhile, more television and movie teams arrived with spools of cable, tapes, film, videos, precision lenses, recorders, sound consoles, lights, reflecting screens, auxiliary motors, cartons of supplies, electricians, sound technicians, and cameramen: Azucena’s face was beamed to millions of screens around the world. And all the while Rolf Carle kept pleading for a pump. The improved technical facilities bore results, and National Television began receiving sharper pictures and clearer sound; the distance seemed suddenly compressed, and I had the horrible sensation that Azucena and Rolf were by my side, separated from me by impenetrable glass. I was able to follow events hour by hour, I knew everything my love did to wrest the girl from her prison and help her endure her suffering; I overheard fragments of what they said to one another and
could guess the rest; I was present when she taught Rolf to pray, and when he distracted her with the stories I had told him in a thousand and one nights beneath the white mosquito netting of our bed.

When the darkness came on the second day, Rolf tried to sing Azucena to sleep with old Austrian folk songs he had learned from his mother, but she was far beyond sleep. They spent most of the night talking, each in a stupor of exhaustion and hunger, and shaking with cold. That night, imperceptibly, the unyielding floodgates that had contained Rolf Carle’s past for so many years began to open, and the torrent of all that had lain hidden in the deepest and most secret layers of memory poured out, leveling before it the obstacles that had blocked his consciousness for so long. He could not tell it all to Azucena; she perhaps did not know there was a world beyond the sea or time previous to her own; she was not capable of imagining Europe in the years of the war. So he could not tell her of defeat, nor of the afternoon the Russians had led them to the concentration camp to bury prisoners dead from starvation. Why should he describe to her how the naked bodies piled like a mountain of firewood resembled fragile china? How could he tell this dying child about ovens and gallows? Nor did he mention the night that he had seen his mother naked, shod in stiletto-heeled red boots, sobbing with humiliation. There was much he did not tell, but in those hours he relived for the first time all the things his mind had tried to erase. Azucena had surrendered her fear to him and so, without wishing it, had obliged Rolf to confront his own. There, beside that hellhole of mud, it was impossible for Rolf to flee from himself any longer, and the visceral terror he had lived as a boy suddenly invaded him. He reverted to the years when he was the age of Azucena, and younger, and, like her, found himself trapped in a pit without escape, buried in life, his head barely above ground; he saw before his eyes the boots and legs of his father, who had removed his belt and was whipping it in the air with the never-forgotten hiss of a viper coiled to strike. Sorrow flooded through him, intact and precise, as if it had lain always in his mind, waiting. He was once again in the armoire where his father had locked him to punish him for imagined misbehavior, there where for eternal hours he had crouched with his eyes closed, not to see the darkness, with his hands over his ears, to shut out the beating of his own heart, trembling, huddled like a cornered animal. Wandering in the mist of his memories he found his sister Katharina, a sweet, retarded child who spent her life hiding, with the hope that her father would forget the disgrace of her having been born. With Katharina, Rolf crawled beneath the dining room table, and with her hid there under the long white tablecloth, two children forever embraced, alert to footsteps and voices. Katharina’s scent melded with his own sweat, with aromas of cooking, garlic, soup, freshly baked bread, and the unexpected odor of putrescent clay. His sister’s hand in his, her frightened breathing, her silk hair against his cheek, the candid glaze of her eyes. Katharina....Katharina materialized before him, floating on the air like a flag, clothed in the white tablecloth, now a winding sheet, and at last he could weep for her death and for the guilt of having abandoned her. He understood then that all his exploits as a reporter, the feats that had won him such recognition and fame, were merely an attempt to keep his most ancient fears at bay, a stratagem for taking refuge behind a lens to test whether reality was more tolerable from that perspective. He took excessive risks as an exercise of courage, training by day to conquer the monsters that tormented him by night. But he had come face to face with the moment of truth; he could not continue to escape his past. He was Azucena; he was buried in the clayey mud; his terror was not the distant emotion of floodgates that had contained Roll Carle’s past for so many years began to open, and the torrent of all that had lain hidden in the deepest and most secret layers of memory poured out, leveling before it the obstacles that had blocked his consciousness for so long. He could not tell it all to Azucena; she perhaps did not know there was a world beyond the sea or time previous to her own; she was not capable of imagining Europe in the years of the war. So he could not tell her of defeat, nor of the afternoon the Russians had led them to the concentration camp to bury prisoners dead from starvation. 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He took excessive risks as an exercise of courage, training by day to conquer the monsters that tormented him by night. But he had come face to face with the moment of truth; he could not continue to escape his past. He was Azucena; he was buried in the clayey mud; his terror was not the distant emotion of an almost forgotten childhood, it was a claw sunk in his throat. In the flush of his tears he saw his mother, dressed in black and clutching her imitation-crocodile pocketbook to her bosom, just as he had last seen her on the dock when she had come to put him on the boat to South America. She had not come to dry his tears, but to tell him to pick up a shovel: the war was over and now they must bury the dead.

"Don't cry. I don't hurt anymore. I'm fine," Azucena said when dawn came.

"I'm not crying for you," Rolf Carle smiled. "I'm crying for myself. I hurt all over."

The third day in the valley of the cataclysm began with a pale light filtering through the storm clouds. The President of the Republic visited the area in his tailored safari jacket to confirm that this was the worst catastrophe of the century; the country was in mourning; sister nations had offered aid; he had ordered a state of siege; the armed forces would be merciless, anyone caught stealing or committing other offenses would be shot on sight. He added that it was impossible to remove all the corpses or count the thousands who had disappeared; the entire valley would be declared holy ground, and bishops would come to celebrate a solemn mass for the souls of the victims. He went to the Army field tents to offer relief in the form of vague promises to crowds of the rescued, then to the improvised hospital to offer a word of encouragement to doctors and nurses. He waved to her with a limp statesman’s hand, and microphones recorded his emotional voice and paternal tone as he told her that her courage had served as an example to the nation. Rolf Carle interrupted to ask for a pump, and the President assured him that he personally would attend to the
matter. I caught a glimpse of Roll for a few seconds kneeling beside the mud pit. On the evening news broadcast, he was still in the same position; and I, glued to the screen like a fortuneteller to her crystal ball, could tell that something fundamental had changed in him. I knew somehow that during the night his defenses had crumbled and he had given in to grief; finally he was vulnerable. The girl had touched a part of him that he himself had no access to, a part he had never shared with me. Roll had wanted to console her, but it was Azucena who had given him consolation.

I recognized the precise moment at which Roll gave up the fight and surrendered to the torture of watching the girl die. I was with them, three days and two nights, spying on them from the other side of life. I was there when she told him that in all her thirteen years no boy had ever loved her and that it was a pity to leave this world without knowing love. Roll assured her that he loved her more than he could ever love anyone, more than he loved his sister, more than all the women who had slept in his arms, more than he loved me, his life companion, who would have given anything to be trapped in that well in her place, who would have exchanged her life for Azucena’s and I watched as he leaned down to kiss her poor forehead, consumed by a sweet, sad emotion he could not name. I felt how in that instant both were saved from despair, how they were freed from the clay, how they rose above the vultures and helicopters, how together they flew above the vast swamp of corruption and laments. How, finally, they were able to accept death. Roll Carle prayed in silence that she would die quickly, because such pain could not be borne.

By then I had obtained a pump and was in touch with a general who had agreed to ship it the next morning on a military cargo plane. But on the night of that third day, beneath the unblinking focus of quartz lamps and the lens of a hundred cameras, Azucena gave up, her eyes locked with those of the friend who had sustained her to the end. Roll Carle removed the life buoy, closed her eyelids, held her to his chest for a few moments, and then let her go. She sank slowly, a flower in the mud.

You are back with me, but you are not the same man. I often accompany you to the station and we watch the videos of Azucena again; you study them intently, looking for something you could have done to save her, something you did not think of in time. Or maybe you study yourself as if in a mirror, naked. Your cameras lie forgotten in a closet; you do not write or sign; you sit long hours before the window, staring at the mountains. Beside you, I wait for you to complete the voyage into yourself, for the old wounds to heal. I know that when you return from your nightmares, we shall again walk hand in hand, as before.
“And of Clay Are We Created” Study Guide

I. Pre-reading Questions:
1. People are helpless when a natural disaster hits. Do you agree or disagree, and why?
2. Most people would risk their lives to try to save a stranger. Do you agree or disagree, and why?
3. Name a recent natural disaster that has been in the news. Describe the natural disaster.
4. Have you ever experienced a natural disaster? Describe the situation and how you felt.

II. Study Questions:
1. At the beginning of the story, what natural disaster has occurred? Why does Rolf Carle end up at the scene of the disaster?
2. Why does Rolf Carle ask for a pump? What response does he get to his request? What role does Eva Luna, the narrator, play in Carle's request for a pump?
3. What is the relationship between Rolf and Azucena? What do they give to each other? What kind of love do they share?
4. How do Rolf Carle and Azucena pass the time as they wait for the pump? What do the two learn about each other?
5. At what point in the story do Carle's memories erupt? What are some of his memories about his own childhood?
6. According to Eva Luna, the narrator, at the end of the story, in what ways has Rolf changed?
7. What does the title of the story mean?
III. Reading-Writing Connection: Unlocking Passages: Answer the questions about these quotes taken from "And of Clay Are We Created."

1. "Much later, after soldiers and volunteers had arrived to rescue the living and try to assess the magnitude of the cataclysm, it was calculated that beneath the mud lay more than twenty thousand human beings and an indefinite number of animals putrefying in a viscous soup."
   a. What does the passage mean as used in the story?
   b. The narrator describes the cataclysm as “twenty thousand human beings and an indefinite number of animals putrefying in a viscous soup.” What imagery does this call to mind for you?
   c. Describe a time when you heard a graphic description about a natural disaster. How was it different?

2. "The reporter, on the other hand, was determined to snatch her from death."
   a. What does the passage mean as used in the story?
   b. The narrator says “the reporter.” Do you think there is a sense of duality for Rolf? Explain
   c. Describe a time when you felt as if there were two of you. How was this experience like that of the narrator’s? How was it different?

3. "To pass the hours he began to tell Azucena about his travels and adventures as a newshound, and when he exhausted his memory, he called upon imagination, inventing things he thought might entertain her."
   a. What does the passage mean as used in the story?
   b. The narrator says "To pass the hours he began to tell Azucena about his travels and adventures as a newshound...inventing things he thought might entertain her..." Explain.
   c. Describe a time when you created a story to entertain a younger person.

IV. Vocabulary: Complete each sentence below by writing the correct word on the line.

KEY: A=embody; B=fortitude; C=pandemonium; D=resignation; E=stratagem; F=stupor; G=tenacity; H=tribulation

1. Rolf suffered great ________________ with the chaos of the volcanic mudslide.
2. Rolf uses a ________________, or clever device to avoid sadness; he stays busy.
3. Rolf seems to stumble around in a state of shock; he behaves like a man in a ________________.
4. Azucena ________________ the volcano's chaos; she visibly represents the natural disaster.
5. The ________________ of the volcanic mudslide causes total chaos in the nearby villages.
6. Rolf's ________________ began to wear thin as the days went by and no one could free Azucena.
7. Azucena's ________________ amazed Rolf; he could not believe her courage.
8. Finally ________________ set in; Rolf knew there was no hope left.
V. Grammar and Literary Terms Focus:

F. Parts of Speech: Identify the parts of speech in the following sentences. Label the underlined words by using the following key.

KEY:
A=Verb           B=Noun           C=Adjective           D=Adverb           E=Preposition
F=Pronoun        G=Conjunction     H=Gerund             I=Infinitive        J=Clause

1. They discovered the girl’s head protruding from the mud pit, eyes wide open, calling soundlessly.
2. Someone suggested that her legs might be caught in the walls of her house...
3. That was a long night.
4. The third day in the valley of the cataclysm began with a pale light...
5. You are back with me, but you are not the same man.

G. Types of Sentences: Label each of the following sentences as A=simple, B=compound, C=complex or D=compound/complex.

1. I know that when you return from your nightmares, we shall again walk hand in hand, as before.
2. I don’t hurt anymore.
3. Reporters returned to photograph Azucena and ask her the same questions, which she no longer tried to answer.
4. She had a First Communion name, Azucena.
5. I’m with you, and I’ll get you out somehow.

H. Figurative Language: Identify the figurative language in the following sentences. Label the underlined words using the following key.

KEY:  A=metaphor           B=simile           C=personification           D=onomatopoeia
E=hyperbole          F=assonance          G=consonance             H=alliteration
I=repetition           J=rhyme

1. ...image of the head budding like a black squash...
2. First a subterranean sob rocked the cotton fields, curling them like waves of foam.
3. ... the mountain had awakened again...
4. ... they sounded like the tales of frightened old women.
5. The mud was like quicksand around her...
6. The air around him seemed as murky as the mud.
7. It occurred to him to use one of the poles as a lever...
8. ...time had stagnated and reality had been irreparably distorted.
9. Then he asked to be taken to see Azucena, the little girl the whole world had seen.

10. She sank slowly, a flower in the mud.

I. Capitalization and Punctuation: Correctly punctuate the following paragraph.

(1) Unlike many novelists Isabel Allende did not train as a fiction writer by creating Short Stories before moving on to novels. (2) Her first three works of fiction were novels, and she did not turn to the short story form until readers of Eva Luna asked to see the stories the title character refers to. “And of Clay Are We Created” was written specifically for the 1989 collection The Stories Of Eva Luna. (3) The story is about a young girl who is trapped in a mudslide, and a reporter Rolf Carlé who is sent in his television helicopter to cover her rescue. (4) Unable to maintain his reporter’s objectivity, he joins in the unsuccessful rescue attempt and then stays with the girl until she dies. As he talks with the girl over a period of days, Carlé remembers and begins to address his own youthful suffering, which he has repressed for many years. (5) The girl and the reporter are also being watched on television by the narrator Carlé’s girlfriend who experiences the pain of both characters.

A. comma needed  B. delete the comma  C. capitalization needed  D. delete capitalization

J. Allusions and Symbols: Identify the type of allusion or symbol used in the following sentences. Label the underlined words or phrases with the following key.

A=historical         B=literary        C=courage

1. ...Russians had led them to the concentration camp to bury prisoners dead from starvation.

2. ...the stories I had told him in a thousand and one nights beneath the white mosquito netting...

3. “Don’t cry. I don’t hurt anymore. I’m fine,”

4. Why should he describe to her how the naked bodies piled like a mountain of firewood resembled fragile china? How could he tell this dying child about ovens and gallows?

5. The President of the Republic visited the area in his tailored safari jacket to confirm that this was the worst catastrophe of the century...
VI. Irony: Part One: In "And of Clay Are We Created" Explain how each of the following events in the story serves as an example of situational irony. Write your responses below.

1. When Rolf Carle asks for a pump, he is told that no transport is available for one.

2. Further shipments of state-of-the-art technical equipment arrive, enabling the world to get a better view of the disaster and of Azucena's suffering.

3. The President of the Republic, in his "tailored safari jacket," waves to Azucena and congratulates her on her courage, but answers vaguely when Rolf Carle pleads for a pump.

VII. Analyzing Setting: Part Two: Comment on how setting helped you, the reader, better understand the story.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Questions to ask about setting</th>
<th>Responses from the story</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What is the setting of the story? Consider the following: season, weather, time of day, country, and location.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are the characters in conflict with the setting? What do the characters want? Does the setting keep them from getting it?</td>
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<tr>
<td>What does the setting tell us about the characters? What feelings or attitudes do the characters reveal toward the setting?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How would you describe the atmosphere or mood created by the setting?</td>
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In this Washington Post newspaper article, the reporter relates what he hears and sees in Armero, Colombia, two days after the eruption of Mount Ruiz. Much of the article gives details of the desperate situation in and around the stricken village. The article also relates the stories of two survivors—a farmer who is finally pulled from under his collapsed house and a young girl who is buried up to her neck in mud. It was this girl, Omaira Sanchez, who inspired Allende to write the story.

ARMERO, Colombia, Nov. 15, 1985—From beneath the rubble of what was Armero, now a mass of broken concrete slabs and twisted corrugated metal, lay scattered belongings and crushed bodies buried under brown watery slush, came the cries of survivors who had been alive two days after a volcanic eruption caused by a flood of mud that swallowed this town.

But few were here to save them.

Officials in Bogota, who had declared a national emergency after the eruption Wednesday of Nevado del Ruiz volcano, reported that aid had begun to arrive from the United States, Europe, and international agencies. But only a tiny amount of material and a small number of volunteers have arrived so far to this main scene of disaster.

Relief workers, laboring in hot, humid weather amid the rising stench of spoiled food and decomposing bodies, said there was a desperate shortage of supplies and personnel. As they worked, more tremors and rumbles were felt from the volcano.

Government and relief officials estimated that as many as 20,000 people may have died in the disaster, and thousands more have been injured. But those on the scene stressed that a complete casualty count would not be possible for a long time.

Walter Cotte of the Red Cross said many of the dead were buried in mass graves without being photographed or fingerprinted. One relief official said it would probably be necessary to declare Armero “holy ground,” leaving many of the dead buried where they died. Hastily constructed tent hospitals were set up in the nearby towns of Mariquita, Lerida, and Guayabal, civil defense officials said, but there were few helicopters to carry the victims there, and no roads were passable in the narrow Andean valleys near Armero. “We don’t have the help we need,” said Raul Alferez, who is in charge of the Red Cross medical unit here. “We need people, we need equipment, but we have next to nothing.”

The magnitude of what has to be done is overwhelming. What was once a picturesque country city of 25,000 people is now a mangled mass of junk and corpses.

In the low hills above the city, several hundred people have camped in makeshift huts with tin roofs. They are the lucky ones, those who managed somehow to escape the waves of hot mud and debris that swept through Armero.

But they were not being evacuated. Relief officials said priority for seats in the nine or ten helicopters ferrying people to and from the disaster site was given to the injured.

On the northwest side of Armero, several bulldozers were pushing back the mud, trying to open a road into the town. But it could be days before emergency land vehicles can reach here.

The Red Cross has set up a tent and evacuation area in a clearing several hundred yards from where the mud stopped. Only five medics and fifteen volunteers made up the Red Cross team today, according to Alferez. Also helping in the rescue effort here were about ten blue-suited Air Force members and Defense workers. Yesterday, emergency teams pulled survivors off the roofs and trees where they had climbed to escape the avalanche. Today, the rescuers searched for those buried alive in the mud.

Alferez estimated that 1,000 people could be trapped alive in the city’s ruins. An Argentine medic participating in the relief effort, 23-year-old Alejandro Jimenez, guessed that there could be 2,000.

As of early this afternoon, Alferez, who was not keeping exact records, said about 65 injured survivors had been found and flown out today.
But there is no organization, no plan, to search for the living. It is a hit-or-miss operation. Survivors have been located most often when their screams or cries were heard by passersby.

Once survivors are found, the process of freeing them is a lengthy, arduous effort.

One team of workers spent much of this morning trying to pry a 34-year-old man from his collapsed house while, a few yards away, another team chest-deep in water sought desperately to lift to safety a 13-year-old girl whose feet were pinned by fallen concrete.

The man, Efrain Gomez Primo, a peanut farmer and candy vendor, was stuck under his collapsed house. He talked about his ordeal as rescue workers hacked away with machetes at the boards that imprisoned him.

He said the walls of his house fell in Wednesday night as he was trying to flee the raging current. After the volcanic storm had subsided, he said, he started screaming for help. His brother found him at 6:30 yesterday morning and told him not to worry, that the Red Cross, Civil Defense, and Army were on their way. The brother never returned.

A Civil Defense worker who arrived soon afterward lacked the necessary tools and left. It was not until late this morning that a rescue squad arrived.

By then, a middle-aged woman, who had been caught in the wreckage with him and was in great pain through last night, had died. Her corpse lay facing up on a sheet of tin.

"I'm half dead," he said, as the effort to free him began. No one had given him anything to eat or drink for more than 36 hours. Gasping for air, he exclaimed, "I can barely breathe."

When he was finally pried loose and carried to the evacuation zone, medics had no splint for Gomez's broken right leg. They tied a strip of cardboard around it.

Just a few yards from Gomez was the girl, Omayra Sanchez. She had been found just after dawn yesterday by an Air Force officer working in the rescue campaign. The first problem was how to pry loose the stiff arms of the girl's dead aunt, who had grasped the child the night of the tragedy.

Sanchez said the waters of the ravaging Lagunilla River had prevented her aunt from opening the door of their house. All during that stormy night, before she died, the aunt kept apologizing for not having managed to rush the family to freedom, the niece recalled.

The girl's eyes were bright red and swollen. When rescue workers called for an anesthetic, there was none.

She asked for cookies, but there were none of those either. Somehow the girl managed to stay calm and lucid, closing her eyes in pain at times, breaking into tears at other moments.

She would wrap her hands around the neck of a rescue worker standing in the water in front of her and try, with all her might, to tear herself free of whatever was keeping her feet pinned down. But she could not budge.

Workers dug around her, lifting out huge blocks of broken concrete. Rescuers feared that rising water would drown the girl if they couldn't get her out soon. Her head was just above the water line.

Watching the desperate attempts to save the girl, Alferez, the Red Cross chief, shook his head in despair.

"This makes one feel useless," he said. "What can we do?"
"Ill-Equipped Rescuers Dig Out Volcano Victims; Aid Slow to Reach Colombian Town" Study Guide

I. Pre-reading Questions:

1. Name a recent natural disaster which involved a person's rescue attempt. Was it successful?

2. Have you ever heard of a "hero" rescuing others? Explain the incident.

3. Have you ever experienced a scary moment? Describe the situation and how you felt.

II. Study Questions:

1. Both the newspaper article and the short story describe the setting in the first few paragraphs. How does genre influence the description in the news article?

2. How is the description similar to and different from that in "And of Clay Are We Created"?


4. What details in the paragraph beginning with "Walter Cotte of the Red Cross..." are similar to the details Allende uses in her story?

5. Why do you think Allende chose the girl rather than the man as the victim in her story?

6. This newspaper article and the short story both include the detail of dead relatives holding the girl down in the mud. What is different about the news account and Allende's account of this detail?

7. What was the reporter's purpose in recording this detail?

8. What was Allende's purpose in changing it? Explain which account you find more compelling and why?

9. Why do you think the reporter chose to end the article with this quotation? How does the quotation contribute to the main idea of the report?

10. What is the tone of the news article?
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<th>INFLUENCE/MEANING</th>
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Ambrose Bierce

"Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"

The life Bierce Graphic Organizer
Fill in while we read through the powerpoint

OVERVIEW

- "Bitter Bierce" - American newspaper columnist, satirical essayist, short-story writer, and novelist. He is best known for his numerous short stories collected in "C蹇A Cut OF SODIERS AND CRĘTS OF THEM."

- "Owl Creek Bridge" - A short story by Bierce that deals with a man's attempt to escape from the Confederacy and return to his family. The story is considered a classic of American literature.
Early Life

- Bierce grew up in a mining town in Virginia. At the age of five, he became a cripple. He attended an entirely self-taught school in the area, and his education was self-imposed.

MILITARY LIFE

- In 1861, Bierce enlisted in the army, fighting for the North in the Civil War. He attained the rank of lieutenant colonel and served until 1865. This experience solidified his resolve to go to war.

MILITARY LIFE

- He fought in several battles including Shiloh and the one that later provided the setting for "Chickamauga," one of his best stories.
- At Kennesaw Mountain, Bierce was wounded in the temple. The bullet “died within his skull, leaving its lead...”
Post War Life

- He and Miss Bierce served briefly as a Treasury aide in Alabama, and then settled in San Francisco where he began his journalistic career.

MARRIED LIFE

- In 1871, Bierce married a wealthy miner's daughter, Molls Day. They had two sons and a daughter. He went with his wife to 1872 in England where he lived in London from 1873 to 1876 and wrote for the New York Herald.

MARRIED LIFE

- Bierce's marriage started to fall apart and he had problems with alcohol. His son, Day, had run away from home at fifteen. Day killed a rival suitor of a sixteen-year-old girl and eventually was killed in a duel in 1891. Bierce moved to Europe, first to Italy and then to Spain and France.
LATE LIFE

1. What is the setting of the story?
2. What does the man have around his neck and hands?
3. How old was the man being hanged?
4. What was his profession?
5. What did the man see floating down the stream?
6. What were his last thoughts of?
7. What was his plan of escape?
8. What literary element occurs in part II?
9. What were his beliefs about love and war?
10. Who came up to their house?
11. What did the visitor say the Yanks were doing?
12. What did Peyton ask the visitor about doing?
13. Who was the visitor really? Read the footnote.
14. What happened to the rope as he was hanged?
14. How did he get away from the bridge?
15. Where did he walk towards his house?
16. What happened to him while walking?
17. What happened to Peyton right after he saw his wife?
18. Since Peyton never moved from the rope on the bridge, what do you think really happened in Part II?

Literary Elements: Decide if each of the following is irony (1 example), foreshadowing (3 examples), or symbol (example).

- All is fair in love and war.
- As these thoughts, which were here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain, rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant.
- Locusts, flies, spiders.
- He had not known he lived in so wild a region.
- He looked up through the rift in the stars.

Essay

Prompt: Compare and contrast Bierce's life and then write an essay to prove that the story is based on Bierce's life events. Give examples of at least three life events that relate to the story events. Be sure to cite the story event as well.
Writing Plan


- Body 1: The story is based on his military experiences. (Give examples from his life and the story to support). Add transitions (Also, For example, For instance, However, Therefore, Likewise, etc.)

Writing Plan (continued)

- Body 2: The story also draws from personal experiences — infancy and late life. (Give examples from his life and the story to support). Add transitions (Also, For example, For instance, However, Therefore, Likewise, etc.)

- Conclusion: Restate thesis. Tell the meaning. In other words, how did these experiences effect Bierce?
Self Edit Your Essay

- Highlight or underline the summary in the first paragraph.
- Circle the thesis in the first and last paragraph.
- Highlight or underline the topic sentences in each body paragraph. Place squares around the transition words.
- Place a check mark or X next to examples from the story. Place squares around the transition words.
- Highlight or underline the lesson or meaning in the last paragraph.

Sample essay

"An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" was written by Ambrose Bierce. The story is set during the Civil War and is about a planter who is tricked by a Union spy into attempting to assassinate a Union officer. The planter makes an escape attempt in order to keep other Southerners from attempting to stop a progress in the South. Bierce wrote the story based on personal events from both his military and personal lives, which were filled with many tragic events.

Sample essay

First, the story is based on historical experiences. The story takes place in the state of Louisiana. Bierce wrote stories about plantation owners who tried to help the South and were captured and punished by the North in a similar way to Peyton Farquhar. Alex Bierce was a veteran of the Civil War and participated in many battles. He fought many battles in the South, including Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Kenesaw Mountain. Because of his experiences in these very violent battles, he experienced firsthand the saying, "All is fair in love and war."
Sample essay

The story also draws from personal experiences—married and late life. X: In the story, Peary worries about his family and makes an attempt to escape and return to them. X: However, he is unable to. X: Likewise, Bierce's real life was filled with family problems and many worries. X: Bierce's marriage was unhappy, and his children had short and lives. X: One of Bierce's sons was killed in a duel in 1889. X: The other son died of pneumonia at the age of 23. X: Like Peyton, Bierce never had the chance to make things right. X: Later in 1913, Bierce traveled to Mexico, to seek "the good, kind darkness." No one heard from him ever again.

Sample essay

Perhaps Bierce's writing was a form of therapy since almost all his stories were based on personal experiences. In the end, Bierce was unable to work through all of his past and become a sad figure. Sadly, writing did little to help him release his sadness, even though it helps most people with the problems. Possibly, his physical injury from the war made it difficult to overcome the pain of his past. Like many returning, he made the ultimate sacrifice of giving his all to the war and never really got over it.
Ambrose Bierce

An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

A man stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift water twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope closely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards hid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest.
—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the centre of the bridge; they merely blocked the two ends of the foot planking that traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle inclivity topped by a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loop-holed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway of the slope between bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the centre of the bridge, not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who when he comes announced to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock-coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the noose. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross- ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the con-
demned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked at him for his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclasped his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner and like other slave owners a politician he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army that had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble,
for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification asser ted to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was fetching the water, her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek bridge, put it in order and built a stockade on the north bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels or trains will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fibre of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well-defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature.

As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fulness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud splash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noise about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the darkness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrist apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away, his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a watersnake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang that he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard
lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther down stream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again; independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.

"The officers," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling splash within two yards of him was followed by a loud, rushing sound, *diminuendo*, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its depths! A rising sheet of water—curved over him, fell down upon him, blinding him, strangled him! The cannon had taken a hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. That is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forests, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration that made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks and the wind made in their
bragishes the music of aeolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape
—was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whiz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head
roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a
random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and
plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The
forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not
even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a
region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The thought of his
wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in
what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a
city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling
anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation.
The black bodies of the trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminat-
ing on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective.
Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great
golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He
was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign
significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among
which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an
unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain and lifting his hand to it he found it horribly
swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised
it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was
swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from be-
tween his teeth into the cold air. How softly the turf had carpeted the
untraveled avenue—he could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he had fallen asleep while walking, for
now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a
delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and
all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled
the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white
walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool
and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of
the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of
matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward
with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her he feels a stunning blow
upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him
with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently
from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.

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192 Readings and Abstracts.

**ABSTRACTS**

**Ambrose Bierce: An Appraisal.**

It is as a writer of short stories that Ambrose Bierce's
future fame rests upon a firm foundation. Within the
field of the horror story, whether actual or supernatural,
he stands among American writers second only to Edgar
Allan Poe. Bierce has criticized the modern novel for
having a panoramic quality, for being shown in a succes-
sion of more or less widely separated scenes or incidents.
He, himself, seldom attempts anything like a unity of
time and place, yet he tells a story with such spontaneity
and instinct that it attains a strange, haunting power, the
grim, boding sense of its having happened, even the most
grotesquely impossible of the stories, in precisely the way
that he has told it. His stories divide themselves into two

Abstracted from Frederic Taber Cooper, "Ambrose Bierce:
An Appraisal," Bookman, XXXIII (July 1911), 471-480.
The room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight—hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whiskey. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of a head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin—for this was her sixth month with child—had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger darker than before. When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tires on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

"Hullo darling," she said.

"Hullo darling," he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closer. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel—almost as a sunbather feels the sun—that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved intent, far look in his eyes when they rested in her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whiskey had taken some of it away.

"Tired darling?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm tired." And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it left. She wasn't really watching him, but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

"I'll get it!" she cried, jumping up.
"Sit down," he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whiskey in it.

"Darling, shall I get your slippers?"

"No."

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

"I think it's a shame," she said, "that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long."

He didn't answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

"Darling," she said. "Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday."

"No," he said.

"If you're too tired to eat out," she went on, "it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair."

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

"Anyway," she went on, "I'll get you some cheese and crackers first."

"I don't want it," he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. "But you must eat! I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like."

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

"Sit down," he said. "Just for a minute, sit down."

It wasn't till then that she began to get frightened.

"Go on," he said. "Sit down."

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass,
"Listen," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

He had now become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near the corner of his left eye.

"This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid," he said. "But I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided the only thing to do is tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much."

And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

"I'll get the supper," she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her.

When she walked across the room she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all- except a slight nausea and a desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now-down the steps to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it again.

A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

"For God's sake," he said, hearing her, but not turning round. "Don't make supper for me. I'm going out."

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the
Lamb to the Slaughter by Roald Dahl

back of his head.

She might just as well have hit him with a steel club.

She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying. Then he crashed to the carpet.

The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of her shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.

It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill then both-mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn't know. And she certainly wasn't prepared to take a chance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned the oven on high, and shoved it inside. Then she washed her hands and ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her hair, touched up her lops and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar. She tried again.

"Hullo Sam," she said brightly, aloud.

The voice sounded peculiar too.

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

That was better. Both the smile and the voice were coming out better now. She rehearsed it several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, went out the back door, down the garden, into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop.

"Hullo Sam," she said brightly, smiling at the man behind the counter.

"Why, good evening, Mrs. Maloney. How're you?"

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

The man turned and reached up behind him on the shelf for the peas.
Lamb to the Slaughter by Roald Dahl

"Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight," she told him. "We usually go out Thursdays, you know, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house."

"Then how about meat, Mrs. Maloney?"

"No, I've got meat, thanks. I got a nice leg of lamb from the freezer."

"Oh."

"I don't know much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I'm taking a chance on it this time. You think it'll be all right?"

"Personally," the grocer said, "I don't believe it makes any difference. You want these Idaho potatoes?"

"Oh yes, that'll be fine. Two of those."

"Anything else?" The grocer cocked his head on one side, looking at her pleasantly. "How about afterwards? What you going to give him for afterwards?"

"Well-what would you suggest, Sam?"

The man glanced around his shop. "How about a nice big slice of cheesecake? I know he likes that."

"Perfect," she said. "He loves it."

And when it was all wrapped and she had paid, she put on her brightest smile and said, "Thank you, Sam. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Mrs. Maloney. And thank you."

And now, she told herself as she hurried back, all she was doing now, she was returning home to her husband and he was waiting for his supper; and she must cook it good, and make it as tasty as possible because the poor man was tired; and if, when she entered the house, she happened to find anything unusual, or tragic, or terrible, then naturally it would be a shock and she'd become frantic with grief and horror. Mind you, she wasn't expecting to find anything. She was just going home with the vegetables. Mrs. Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do everything right and natural. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for any acting at all.

Therefore, when she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was humming a little tune to herself and smiling.
"Patrick!" she called. "How are you, darling?"

She put the parcel down on the table and went through into the living room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body, it really was rather a shock. All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him, "Quick! Come quick! Patrick's dead!"

"Who's speaking?"

"Mrs. Maloney. Mrs. Patrick Maloney."

"You mean Patrick Maloney's dead?"

"I think so," she sobbed. "He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead."

"Be right over," the man said.

The car came very quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both-she knew nearly all the man at that precinct-and she fell right into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O'Malley, kneeling by the body.

"Is he dead?" she cried.

"I'm afraid he is. What happened?"

Briefly, she told her story about going out to the grocer and coming back to find him on the floor. While she was talking, crying and talking, Noonan discovered a small patch of congealed blood on the dead man's head. He showed it to O'Malley who got up at once and hurried to the phone.

Soon, other men began to come into the house. First a doctor, then two detectives, one of whom she knew by name. Later, a police photographer arrived and took pictures, and a man who knew about fingerprints. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse, and the detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. But they always treated her kindly. She told her story again, this time right from the beginning, when Patrick had come in, and she was sewing, and he was tired, so tired, so tired he hadn't wanted to go out for supper. She told how she'd put the meat in the oven-"it's there now, cooking"- and how she'd slopped out to the grocer for vegetables, and come back to find him lying on the floor.

Which grocer?" one of the detectives asked.
She told him, and he turned and whispered something to the other detective who immediately went outside into the street.

In fifteen minutes he was back with a page of notes, and there was more whispering, and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases-"...acted quite normal...very cheerful...wanted to give him a good supper...peas...cheesecake...impossible that she...

After a while, the photographer and the doctor departed and two other men came in and took the corpse away on a stretcher. Then the fingerprint man went away. The two detectives remained, and so did the two policeman. They were exceptionally nice to her, and Jack Noonan asked if she wouldn't rather go somewhere else, to her sister's house perhaps, or to his own wife who would take care of her and put her up for the night.

No, she said. She didn't feel she could move even a yard at the moment. Would they mind awfully of she stayed just where she was until she felt better. She didn't feel too good at the moment, she really didn't.

Then hadn't she better lie down on the bed? Jack Noonan asked.

No, she said. She'd like to stay right where she was, in this chair. A little later, perhaps, when she felt better, she would move.

So they left her there while they went about their business, searching the house. Occasionally one of the detectives asked her another question. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke at her gently as he passed by. Her husband, he told her, had been killed by a blow on the back of the head administered with a heavy blunt instrument, almost certainly a large piece of metal. They were looking for the weapon. The murderer may have taken it with him, but on the other hand he may have thrown it away or hidden it somewhere on the premises.

"It's the old story," he said. "Get the weapon, and you've got the man."

Later, one of the detectives came up and sat beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could've been used as the weapon? Would she mind having a look around to see if anything was missing-a very big spanner, for example, or a heavy metal vase.

They didn't have any heavy metal vases, she said.

"Or a big spanner?"

She didn't think they had a big spanner. But there might be some things like that in the garage.

The search went on. She knew that there were other policemen in the garden all around the house. She could hear their footsteps on the gravel outside, and sometimes she saw a flash...
Lamb to the Slaughter by Roald Dahl

of a torch through a chink in the curtains. It began to get late, nearly nine she noticed by the clock on the mantle. The four men searching the rooms seemed to be growing weary, a trifle exasperated.

"Jack," she said, the next tome Sergeant Noonan went by. "Would you mind giving me a drink?"

"Sure I'll give you a drink. You mean this whiskey?"

"Yes please. But just a small one. It might make me feel better."

He handed her the glass.

"Why don't you have one yourself," she said. "You must be awfully tired. Please do. You've been very good to me."

"Well," he answered. "It's not strictly allowed, but I might take just a drop to keep me going."

One by one the others came in and were persuaded to take a little nip of whiskey. They stood around rather awkwardly with the drinks in their hands, uncomfortable in her presence, trying to say consoling things to her. Sergeant Noonan wandered into the kitchen, come out quickly and said, "Look, Mrs. Maloney. You know that oven of yours is still on, and the meat still inside."

"Oh dear me!" she cried. "So it is!"

"I better turn it off for you, hadn't I?"

"Will you do that, Jack. Thank you so much."

When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark tearful eyes. "Jack Noonan," she said.

"Yes?"

"Would you do me a small favor—you and these others?"

"We can try, Mrs. Maloney."

"Well," she said. "Here you all are, and good friends of dear Patrick's too, and helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be terrible hungry by now because it's long past your suppertime, and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don't you eat up that lamb that's in the oven. It'll be cooked just right by now."
Lamb to the Slaughter by Roald Dahl

"Wouldn't dream of it," Sergeant Noonan said.

"Please," she begged. "Please eat it. Personally I couldn't touch a thing, certainly not what's been in the house when he was here. But it's all right for you. It'd be a favor to me if you'd eat it up. Then you can go on with your work again afterwards."

There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen, but they were clearly hungry, and in the end they were persuaded to go into the kitchen and help themselves. The woman stayed where she was, listening to them speaking among themselves, their voices thick and sloppy because their mouths were full of meat.

"Have some more, Charlie?"

"No. Better not finish it."

"She wants us to finish it. She said so. Be doing her a favor."

"Okay then. Give me some more."

"That's the hell of a big club the gut must've used to hit poor Patrick," one of them was saying. "The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledgehammer."

"That's why it ought to be easy to find."

"Exactly what I say."

"Whoever done it, they're not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need."

One of them belched.

"Personally, I think it's right here on the premises."

"Probably right under our very noses. What you think, Jack?"

And in the other room, Mary Maloney began to giggle.
Lamb to the Slaughter

On a separate sheet of paper, answer the following questions. To receive credit, you must write complete, thoughtful sentences.

1. Although she killed her husband, there's plenty of evidence in the story to support the argument that Mary Maloney actually loved her husband very much. Looking back over the text, write down two passages that show her love for Patrick. Yes, I want you to write down the full sentences.

2. The author does not tell us what Patrick says to Mary to explain his reason for wanting to leave. What do you think was Patrick's reason for wanting to end his marriage? Why, do you suppose, the author doesn't tell us the reason? What is accomplished by using this story-telling strategy?

3. Dahl could have had Mary kill Patrick with a package of steak or a block of ice. Why, do you suppose, he chose the leg of lamb? Symbolically, why is this an interesting choice?

4. Dahl includes a few lines of black humor that hold a bit of dramatic irony for the reader, who knows more than the grocer or the police. Look back over the story and write two passages that make the reader chuckle at the dark humor/thick irony of the lines.

5. Technically, the ironic twist ending is a surprise, but most readers have a sense of what's going to happen long before it does. At what point in the story did you realize that Mary was going to have the evidence destroyed/consumed? It's okay to paraphrase the part of the story in your answer, but be sure to explain what it was about this section that raised your suspicion.


7. What influence does Mary's pregnancy have on the story?

8. What influence does Patrick's profession have on the story?

9. One theme that could be taken from this story is that appearances are not an accurate reflection of reality. Give three examples (paraphrasing is fine) from the story that support this theme.
County Sheriff's Office
Offense/Incident Report

Report Status: [ ] OFFENSE or [ ] INCIDENT
[ ] If this is an OFFENSE: [ ] Felony or [ ] Misdemeanor or [ ] Petty Offense

Reporting Officer: [Your name goes here]

Date & Time of Offense/Incident:

Name of Person who Reported the Offense/Incident:

Address and/or Location of Offense/Incident:

For all people on report, use the following codes:

V = Victim
W = Witness
S = Suspect

Reporting Officer's Summary of Offense/Incident:

I hereby attest that the following report is an accurate representation of witness accounts reported to me and my own personal observations of the offense/incident scene.

Signature of Reporting Officer

Suspect Information

Name, If known: [ ] Gender: [ ] Age: [ ] Height: [ ] Weight: [ ] Hair: [ ] Eyes: [ ]

Was an arrest made? [ ] YES or [ ] NO

If no, the suspect's last known location:

On the reverse side of this paper, Reporting Office must draw a sketch of the crime scene/incident layout. Be sure to label any important details.
“Mr. Renshaw?”

The desk clerk’s voice caught him halfway to the elevator, and Renshaw turned back impatiently, shifting his flight bag from one hand to the other. The envelope in his coat pocket, stuffed with twenties and fifties, crackled heavily. The job had gone well and the pay had been excellent—even after the Organization’s 15 percent finder’s fee had been skimmed off the top. Now all he wanted was a hot shower and a gin and tonic and sleep.

“What is it?”

“Package, sir. Would you sign the slip?”

Renshaw signed and looked thoughtfully at the rectangular package. His name and the building’s address were written on the gummed label in a spiky backhand script that seemed familiar. He rocked the package on the imitation-marble surface of the desk, and something clanked faintly inside.

“Should I have that sent up, Mr. Renshaw?”

“No, I’ve got it.” It was about eighteen inches on a side and fitted clumsily under his arm. He put it on the plush carpet that covered the elevator floor and twisted his key in the penthouse slot above the regular rack of buttons. The car rose smoothly and silently. He closed his eyes and let the job replay itself on the dark screen of his mind.

First, as always, a call from Cal Bates: “You available, Johnny?”

He was available twice a year, minimum fee $10,000. He was very good, very reliable, but what his customers really paid for was the infallible predator’s talent. John Renshaw was a human hawk, constructed by both genetics and environment to do two things superbly: kill and survive.

After Bates’s call, a buff-colored envelope appeared in Renshaw’s box. A name, an address, a photograph. All committed to memory; then down the garbage disposal with the ashes of envelope and contents.

This time the face had been that of a sallow Miami businessman named Hans Morris, founder and owner of the Morris Toy Company. Someone had wanted Morris out of the way and had gone to the Organization. The Organization, in the person of Calvin Bates, had talked to John Renshaw. Pow. Mourners please omit flowers.

The doors slid open, he picked up his package and stepped out. He unlocked the suite and stepped in. At this time of day, just after 3 P.M., the spacious living room was splashed with April sunshine. He paused for a moment, enjoying it, then put the package on the end table by the door and loosened his tie. He dropped the envelope on top of it and walked over to the terrace.

He pushed open the sliding glass door and stepped out. It was cold, and the wind knifed through his thin topcoat. Yet he paused a moment, looking over the city the way a general might survey a captured country. Traffic crawled beetlelike in the streets. Far away, almost buried in the golden afternoon haze, the Bay Bridge glittered like a madman’s mirage. To the east, all but lost behind the downtown high rises, the crammed and dirty tenements with their stainless-steel forests of TV aerials. It was better up here. Better than in the gutters.

He went back inside, slid the door closed, and went into the bathroom for a long, hot shower.
When he sat down forty minutes later to regard his package, drink in hand, the shadows had marched halfway across the wine-colored carpet and the best of the afternoon was past.

*It was a bomb.*

Of course it wasn't, but one proceeded as if it were. That was why one had remained upright and taking nourishment while so many others had gone to that great unemployment office in the sky.

If it was a bomb, it was clockless. It sat utterly silent; bland and enigmatic. Plastique was more likely these days, anyway. Less temperamental than the clocksprings manufactured by Westclox and Big Ben.

Renshaw looked at the postmark. Miami, April 15. Five days ago. So the bomb was not time-set. It would have gone off in the hotel safe in that case.

Miami. Yes. And that spiky backhand writing. There had been a framed photograph on the sallow businessman's desk. The photo had been of an even sallower old crone wearing a babushka. The script slanted across the bottom had read:

*Best from your number-one idea girl—Mom.*

What kind of a number-one idea is this, Mom? A do-it-yourself extermination kit? He regarded the package with complete concentration, not moving, his hands folded. Extraneous questions, such as how Morris' number-one idea girl might have discovered his address, did not occur to him. They were for later, for Cal Bates. Unimportant now.

With a sudden, almost absent move, he took a small celluloid calendar out of his wallet and inserted it deftly under the twine that crisscrossed the brown paper. He slid it under the Scotch tape that held one end flap. The flap came loose, relaxing against the twine.

He paused for a time, observing, then leaned close and sniffed. Cardboard, paper, string. Nothing more. He walked around the box, squatted easily on his haunches, and repeated the process. Twilight was invading his apartment with gray, shadowy fingers.

One of the flaps popped free of the restraining twine, showing a dull green box beneath. Metal. Hinged. He produced a pocket knife and cut the twine. It fell away, and a few helping prods with the tip of the knife revealed the box.

It was green with black markings, and stenciled on the front in white letters were the words:

**G.I. JOE VIETNAM FOOTLOCKER.**

Below that: 20 Infantrymen, 10 Helicopters, 2 BAR Men, 2 Bazooka Men, 2 Medics, 4 Jeeps. Below that: a flag decal. Below that, in the corner:

*Morris Toy Company, Miami, Fla.*

He reached out to touch it, then withdrew his hand. Something inside the footlocker had moved.

Renshaw stood up, not hurrying, and backed across the room toward the kitchen and the hall. He snapped on the lights.
The Vietnam Footlocker was rocking, making the brown paper beneath it rattle. It suddenly overbalanced and fell to the carpet with a soft thud, landing on one end. The hinged top opened a crack of perhaps two inches.

Tiny foot soldiers, about an inch and a half tall, began to crawl out. Renshaw watched them, unblinking. His mind made no effort to cope with the real or unreal aspect of what he was seeing—only with the possible consequences for his survival.

The soldiers were wearing minuscule army fatigues, helmets, and field packs. Tiny carbines were slung across their shoulders. Two of them looked briefly across the room at Renshaw. Their eyes, no bigger than pencil points, glittered.

Five, ten, twelve, then all twenty. One of them was gesturing, ordering the others. They lined themselves up along the crack that the fall had produced and began to push. The crack began to widen.

Renshaw picked one of the large pillows off the couch and began to walk toward them. The commanding officer turned and gestured. The others whirled and unslung their carbines. There were tiny, almost delicate popping sounds, and Renshaw felt suddenly as if he had been stung by bees.

He threw the pillow. It struck them, knocking them sprawling, then hit the box and knocked it wide open. Insectlike, with a faint, high whirring noise like chiggers, a cloud of miniature helicopters, painted jungle green, rose out of the box.

Tiny phut!phut! sounds reached Renshaw's ears and he saw pinpricked-size muzzle flashes coming from the open copter doors. Needles pricked his belly, his right arm, the side of his neck. He clawed out and got one—sudden pain in his fingers; blood welling. The whirling blades had chopped them to the bone in diagonal scarlet hash marks. The others whirled out of range, circling him like horseflies. The stricken copter thumped to the rug and lay still.

Sudden excruciating pain in his foot made him cry out. One of the foot soldiers was standing on his shoe and bayoneting his ankle. The tiny face looked up, panting and grinning. Renshaw kicked at it and the tiny body flew across the room to spatter on the wall. It did not leave blood but a viscid purple smear.

There was a tiny, coughing explosion and blinding agony ripped his thigh. One of the bazooka men had come out of the footlocker. A small curl of smoke rose lazily from his weapon. Renshaw looked down at his leg and saw a blackened, smoking hole in his pants the size of a quarter. The flesh beneath was charred.

_The little bastard shot me!_

He turned and ran into the hall, then into his bedroom. One of the helicopters buzzed past his cheek, blades whirring busily. The small stutter of a BAR. Then it darted away.

The gun beneath his pillow was a .44 Magnum, big enough to put a hole the size of two fists through anything it hit. Renshaw turned, holding the pistol in both hands. He realized coolly that he would be shooting at a moving target not much bigger than a flying light bulb.

Two of the copters whirred in. Sitting on the bed, Renshaw fired once. One of the helicopters exploded into nothingness. That's two, he thought. He drew a bead on the second...squeezed the trigger...

_It jigged! Dammit, it jigged!_
The helicopter swooped at him in a sudden deadly arc, fore and aft overhead props whirring with blinding speed. Renshaw caught a glimpse of one of the BAR men crouched at the open bay door, firing his weapon in short, deadly bursts, and then he threw himself to the floor and rolled.

*My eyes, the bastard was going for my eyes!*

He came up on his back at the far wall, the gun held at chest level. But the copter was retreating. It seemed to pause for a moment, and dip in recognition of Renshaw's superior firepower. Then it was gone, back toward the living room.

Renshaw got up, wincing as his weight came down on the wounded leg. It was bleeding freely. And why not? he thought grimly. It's not everybody who gets hit point-blank with a bazooka shell and lives to tell about it.

So Mom was his number-one idea girl, was she? She was all that and a bit more.

He shook a pillowcase free of the tick and ripped it into a bandage for his leg, then took his shaving mirror from the bureau and went to the hallway door. Kneeling, he shoved it out onto the carpet at an angle and peered in.

They were bivouacking by the footlocker, damned if they weren't. Miniature soldiers ran hither and thither, setting up tents. Jeeps two inches high raced about importantly. A medic was working over the soldier Renshaw had kicked. The remaining eight copters flew in a protective swarm overhead, at coffee-table level.

Suddenly they became aware of the mirror, and three of the foot soldiers dropped to one knee and began firing. Seconds later the mirror shattered in four places. *Okay, okay, then.*

Renshaw went back to the bureau and got the heavy mahogany odds-and-ends box Linda had given him for Christmas. He hefted it once, nodded, and went to the doorway and lunged through. He wound up and fired like a pitcher throwing a fast ball. The box described a swift, true vector and smashed little men like ninepins. One of the jeeps rolled over twice. Renshaw advanced to the doorway of the living room, sighted on one of the sprawling soldiers, and gave it to him.

Several of the others had recovered. Some were kneeling and firing formally. Others had taken cover. Still others had retreated back into the footlocker.

The bee stings began to pepper his legs and torso, but none reached higher than his rib cage. Perhaps the range was too great. It didn't matter; he had no intention of being turned away. This was it.

He missed with his next shot—they were so damn small—but the following one sent another soldier into a broken sprawl.

The copters were buzzing toward him ferociously. Now the tiny bullets began to splat into his face, above and below his eyes. He spotted the lead copter, then the second. Jagged streaks of pain silvered his vision.

The remaining six split into two retreating wings. His face was wet with blood and he swiped at it with his forearm. He was ready to start firing again when he paused. The soldiers who had retreated inside the footlocker were trundling something out. Something that looked like...

There was a blinding sizzle of yellow fire, and a sudden gout of wood and plaster exploded from the wall to his left.

*...a rocket launcher!*

He squeezed off one shot at it, missed, wheeled and ran for the bathroom at the far end of the corridor. He slammed the door and locked it. In the bathroom mirror and Indian was staring back at him with dazed and haunted eyes, a battle-crazed Indian with thin streamers of red paint
drawn from holes no bigger than grains of pepper. A ragged flap of skin dangled from one cheek. There was a gouged furrow in his neck.

I'm losing!

He ran a shaking hand through his hair. The front door was cut off. So was the phone and the kitchen extension. They had a rocket launcher and a direct hit would tear his head off.

Hell, that wasn't even listed on the box!

He started to draw in a long breath and let it out in a sudden grunt as a fist-sized section of the door blew in with a charred burst of wood. Tiny flames glowed briefly around the ragged edges of the hole, and he saw the brilliant flash as they launched another round. More wood blew inward, scattering burning slivers on the bathroom rug. He stamped them out and two of the copters buzzed angrily through the hole. Minuscule BAR slugs stitched his chest.

With a whining groan of rage he smashed one out of the air barehanded, sustaining a picket fence of deep slashes across his palm. In sudden desperate invention, he slung a heavy bath towel over the other. It fell, writhing, to the floor, and he stamped the life out of it. His breath was coming in hoarse whoops. Blood ran into one eye, hot and stinging, and he wiped it away.

There! That'll make them think.

Indeed, it did seem to be making them think. There was no movement for fifteen minutes. Renshaw sat on the edge of the tub, thinking feverishly. There had to be a way out of this blind alley. There had to be. If there was only a way to flank them...

He suddenly turned and looked at the small window over the tub. There was a way. Of course there was.

His eyes dropped to the can of lighter fluid on top of the medicine cabinet. He was reaching for it when the rustling noise came.

He whirled, bringing the Magnum up...but it was only a tiny scrap of paper shoved under the crack of the door. The crack, Renshaw noted grimly, was too narrow for even one of them to get through.

There was one tiny word written on the paper:

Surrender

Renshaw smiled grimly and put the lighter fluid in his breast pocket. There was a chewed stub of pencil beside it. He scrawled one word on the paper and shoved it back under the door. The word was:

NUTS

There was a sudden blinding barrage of rocket shells, and Renshaw backed away. They arched through the hole in the door and detonated against the pale blue tiles above the towel rack, turning elegant wall into a pocket lunar landscape. Renshaw threw a hand over his eyes as plaster flew in a hot rain of shrapnel. Burning holes ripped through his shirt and his back was peppered.

When the barrage stopped, Renshaw moved. He climbed on top of the tub and slid the window open. Cold stars looked in at him. It was a narrow window, and a narrow ledge beyond it. But there was no time to think of that.

He boosted himself through, and the cold air slapped his lacerated face and neck like an open hand. He was leaning over the balance point of his hands, staring straight down. Forty stories
down. From his height the street looked no wider than a child’s train track. The bright, winking lights of the city glittered madly below him like thrown jewels.

With the deceptive ease of a trained gymnast, Renshaw brought his knees up to rest on the lower edge of the window. If one of those wasp-sized copters flew through that hole in the door now, one shot in the ass would send him straight down, screaming all the way.

None did.

He twisted, thrust one leg out, and one reaching hand grabbed the overhead cornice and held. A moment later he was standing on the ledge outside the window.

Deliberately not thinking of the horrifying drop below his heels, not thinking of what would happen if one of the helicopters buzzed out after him, Renshaw edged toward the corner of the building.

Fifteen feet...ten...There. He paused, his chest pressed against the wall, hands splayed out on the rough surface. He could feel the lighter fluid in his breast pocket and the reassuring weight of the Magnum jammed in his waistband.

Now to get around the damn corner.

Gently, he eased one foot around and slid his weight onto it. Now the right angle was pressed razorlike into his chest and gut. There was a smear of bird guano in front of his eyes on the rough stone. Christ, he thought crazily. I didn’t know they could fly this high.

His left foot slipped.

For a weird, timeless moment he tottered over the brink, right arm backwatering madly for balance, and then he was clutching the two sides of the building in a lover’s embrace, face pressed against the hard corner, breath shuddering in and out of his lungs.

A bit at a time, he slid the other foot around.

Thirty feet away, his own living-room terrace jutted out.

He made his way down to it, breath sliding in and out of his lungs with shallow force. Twice he was forced to stop as sharp gusts of wind tried to pick him off the ledge.

Then he was there, gripping the ornamented iron railings.

He hoisted himself over noiselessly. He had left the curtains half drawn across the sliding glass partition, and now he peered in cautiously. They were just the way he wanted them—backside to.

Four soldiers and one copter had been left to guard the footlocker. The rest would be outside the bathroom door with the rocket launcher.

Okay. In through the opening like gangbusters. Wipe out the ones by the footlocker, then out the door. Then a quick taxi to the airport. Off to Miami to find Morris’ number-one idea girl. He thought he might just burn her face off with a flame thrower. That would be poetic justice.

He took off his shirt and ripped a long strip from one sleeve. He dropped the rest to flutter limply by his feet, and bit off the plastic spout on the can of lighter fluid. He stuffed one end of the rag inside, withdrew it, and stuffed the other end in so only a six-inch strip of saturated cotton hung free.

He got out his lighter, took a deep breath, and thumbed the wheel. He tipped it to the cloth and as it sprang alight he rammed open the glass partition and plunged through.

The copter reacted instantly, kamikaze-diving him as he charged across the rug, dripping tiny spatters of liquid fire. Renshaw straight-armed it, hardly noticing the jolt of pain that ran up his arm as the turning blades chopped his flesh open.
The tiny foot soldiers scattered into the footlocker. After that, it all happened very rapidly.
Renshaw threw the lighter fluid. The can caught, mushrooming into a licking fireball. The next instant he was reversing, running for the door.
He never knew what hit him.
It was like the thud that a steel safe would make when dropped from a respectable height. Only this thud ran through the entire high-rise apartment building, thrumming in its steel frame like a tuning fork.
The penthouse door blew off its hinges and shattered against the far wall. A couple who had been walking hand in hand below looked up in time to see a very large white flash, as though a hundred flashguns had gone off at once.
"Somebody blew a fuse," the man said. "I guess—"
"What's that?" his girl asked.
Something was fluttering lazily down toward them; he caught it in one outstretched hand.
"Jeez, some guy's shirt. All full of little holes. Bloody too."
"I don't like it," she said nervously. "Call a cab, huh, Ralph? We'll have to talk to the cops if something happened up there, and I ain't supposed to be out with you."
"Sure, yeah." He looked around, saw a taxi, and whistled. Its brake lights flared and they ran across to get it.
Behind them, unseen, a tiny scrap of paper floated down and landed near the remains of John Renshaw's shirt. Spiky backhand script read:

**Hey, kids! Special in this Vietnam Footlocker!**
(For a limited Time Only)

- 1 Rocket Launcher
- 20 Surface-to-Air "Twister" Missiles
- 1 Scale-Model Thermonuclear Weapon
Short Story Analysis Guide: “Battleground” – Stephen King

Directions: In your assigned group, answer each question.

1. What is the initial **setting**? How does the setting influence the mood of the story? Compare two different settings in the story. How does the change of setting affect the characters’ moods? List text evidence to support your answer.

2. Describe the **conflict(s)** in the story. Is it an example of external conflict (man versus man, man versus society, man versus nature, or man versus fate) or internal conflict (man versus himself)?

3. How does the conflict help develop the author’s message? Can you predict a theme already based on the conflict or dilemma?

4. Is there any evidence of **foreshadowing**? Does the reader know what is going to take place later in the story based on clues from the author?

5. How is he or she (the protagonist) complex, yet believable? *(Note: Usually a character becomes believable, when he or she has a common flaw.)*
6. Evidence of **figurative language**: Find one example of personification, metaphor, or simile.

7. Figurative language has a purpose: Does it make the reader feel a certain way? Or, does it help develop the theme? Or, does it develop a character's personality? What is the purpose of figurative language in #8?

8. **Climax**: What is the most suspenseful point of the story? If there is more than one high point, then the climax is usually when *everything changes for the protagonist*. (His or her life will never be the same. The climax can occur at the end of a story.)

9. **Suspense**: How does the author develop suspense? How would you describe "suspense"? Why does suspense make a story good?

10. **Theme**: What theme does this story explore? (The theme is the author's central message and NOT a one-sentence summary.)

11. **Point of view**: From what point of view or perspective is the story told?

   - First person or third person?
   - How would the story's conflict and theme change if the story was written from another character's perspective?
Taking a Closer Look at Theme Using Levels of Questions

Theme: An observation in life which serves as the controlling idea in a literary work. A theme is seldom presented word for word but is more often found as an abstract idea, surfacing through the actions and dialogue of the character, the uses of symbols and recurring images, or the manipulation of other literary devices.

- There are several themes that run throughout the novel. These are not spelled out for us; we must look at the characters, the conflicts, the plot and the setting, and several other literary elements to get the full meaning of the text.

- One way to do this is through a technique called Levels of Questions. This strategy allows you to draw inferences. Drawing inferences is a critical thinking skill that allows you to go beyond the text and form conclusions based on the text. You must read between the lines, ask why, and imagine what was not said and how it might have been otherwise.

- You must learn to predict.

**Level One Questions** can be answered directly from the text. The answer is in the words, and you can literally place your finger on the answer.

**Level Two Questions** are implied, requiring analysis and interpretation on the part of the reader. The answer is an inference based on details in the book.

**Level Three Questions** are much more open-ended and go beyond the book. They are intended to provoke a discussion of a more universal idea or issue. The answer is not in the book.
Death Be Not Proud
by John Donne
(1572-1631)

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Death Be Not Proud by John Donne</strong></th>
<th>Analyze and interact with the poem as you read.</th>
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<tr>
<td>How does John Donne feel about death? What is this Poem’s message? What tone or mood would you say accurately captures this poem?</td>
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<tr>
<td>What evidence can you find to show Donne’s attitude about death? How does he validate his feelings?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Examples of Personification (Death's Characteristics)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Questions or Comments to John Donne or Death.</td>
<td>Hey John... Hey Death...</td>
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<td>4 Most Important Words/Lines (Put a “V” next to things that help support the voice trait and an “ID” next to those that support idea development.)</td>
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<td>Name:</td>
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<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
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<td><strong>The Book Thief...death according to Death</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>My role, duties, responsibilities...</td>
<td>Human misconceptions about me...</td>
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<td>How I feel about my job...</td>
<td>How I feel about humans...</td>
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<td>How I feel about color...</td>
<td>How I feel about war...</td>
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<tr>
<td>These are some of my favorite things...</td>
<td>These are some of my least favorite things...</td>
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Compare/Contrast death in the two mentor texts…

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Book Thief</th>
<th>Death Be Not Proud</th>
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<td>Where it lives:</td>
<td>Where it lives:</td>
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<td>Personality:</td>
<td>Personality:</td>
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<td>Roles/Duties/Responsibilities:</td>
<td>Roles/Duties/Responsibilities:</td>
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<td>Likes:</td>
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<td>Dislikes:</td>
<td>Dislikes:</td>
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<tr>
<td>How humans feel about you:</td>
<td>How humans feel about you:</td>
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<tr>
<td>How you feel about humans:</td>
<td>How you feel about humans:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other:</td>
<td>Other:</td>
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Excerpt 1: From *The Book Thief*, by Markus Zusak

Summer came.

For the book thief, everything was going nicely.

For me, the sky was the color of Jews.

When their bodies had finished scouring for gaps in the door, their souls rose up. When their fingernails had scratched at the wood and in some cases were nailed into it by the sheer force of desperation, their spirits came toward me, into my arms, and we climbed out of those shower facilities, onto the roof and up, into eternity’s certain breadth. They just kept feeding me. Minute after minute. Shower after shower.

I’ll never forget the first day in Auschwitz, the first time in Mauthausen. At that second place, as time wore on, I also picked them up from the bottom of the great cliff, when their escapes fell awfully awry. There were broken bodies and dead, sweet hearts. Still, it was better than the gas. Some of them I caught when they were only halfway down. Saved you, I’d think, holding their souls in midair as the rest of their being – their physical shells – plummeted to the earth. All of them were light, like the cases of empty walnuts. Smoky sky in those places. The smell like a stove, but still so cold.

I shiver when I remember – as I try to de-realize it.

I blow warm air into my hands, to heat them up.

But it’s hard to keep them warm when the souls still shiver.

God.

I always say that name when I think of it.

God.

Twice, I speak it.

I say His name in a futile attempt to understand. “But it’s not your job, to understand.” That’s me who answers. God never says anything. You think you’re the only one he never answers? “Your job is to...” And I stop listening to me, because to put it bluntly, I tire me. When I start thinking like that, I become so exhausted, and I don’t have the luxury of indulging fatigue. I’m compelled to continue on, because although it’s not true for every person on earth, it’s true for the vast majority – that death waits for no man – and if he does, he doesn’t usually wait very long.

On June 23, 1942, there was a group of French Jews in a German prison, on Polish soil. The first person I took was close to the door, his mind racing, then reduced to pacing, then slowing down, slowing down...
Please believe me when I tell you that I picked up each soul that day as if it were newly born. I even kissed a few weary, poisoned cheeks. I listened to their last, gasping cries. Their vanishing words. I watched their love visions and freed them from their fear.

I took them all away, and if ever there was a time I needed distraction, this was it. In complete desolation, I looked at the world above. I watched the sky as it turned from silver to gray to the color of rain. Even the clouds were trying to get away.

Sometimes I imagined how everything looked above those clouds, knowing without question that the sun was blond, and the endless atmosphere was a giant blue eye.

They were French, they were Jews, and they were you.
Auschwitz Shifts From Memorializing to Teaching

By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

OSWIECIM, Poland — For nearly 60 years, Auschwitz has told its own story, shaped in the aftermath of the Second World War. It now unfolds, unadorned and mostly unexplained, in displays of hair, shoes and other remains of the dead. Past the notorious, mocking gateway, into the brick ranks of the former barracks of the Polish army camp that the Nazis seized and converted into prisons and death chambers, visitors bear witness via this exhibition.

Now those in charge of passing along the legacy of this camp insist that Auschwitz needs an update. Its story needs to be retold, in a different way for a different age.

Partly the change has to do with the simple passage of time, refurbishing an aging display. Partly it’s about the pressures of tourism, and partly about the changing of generations. What is the most visited site and the biggest cemetery in Poland for Jews and non-Jews alike, needs to explain itself better, officials here contend.

A proposed new exhibition at the Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum here, occupying some of the same barracks or blocks, will retain the piled hair and other remains, which by now have become icons, as inextricable from Auschwitz as the crematoria and railway tracks. But the display will start with an explanatory section on how the camp worked, as a German Nazi bureaucratic institution, a topic now largely absent from the present exhibition, which was devised by survivors during the 1950s.

Back then they wished to erase the memory of their tormentors, as the Nazis had tried to erase them, so they said as little as possible in their exhibition about the Germans who had conceived and run the camp. They focused on mass victimhood but didn’t highlight individual stories or testimonials of the sort that have become commonplace at memorial museums as devices to translate incomprehensible numbers of dead into real people, giving visitors personal stories and characters they can relate to. Those piles, including prostheses and suitcases, also stressed the sheer scale of killing at a time when the world still didn’t comprehend, and much of it refused to admit to, what really happened here.

As Marek Zajac, a 31-year-old Polish magazine editor who serves as secretary for the International Auschwitz Council, pointed out: “People who visited after the war already...
knew what war was, firsthand. They had lived through it. So the story of a single death did not necessarily move them, because they had seen so much death, in their families and in the streets, whereas the scale of death at Auschwitz was shocking.”

The new exhibition would go on to describe the process of extermination, leading visitors step by step through what victims experienced, and end with a section on camp life, meaning the “daily dehumanization and attempts to keep one's humanity,” said Piotr Cywinski, the bearish, red-bearded 39-year-old Polish director of the Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum.

“If we succeed we will show for the first time the whole array of human choices that people faced at Auschwitz,” he explained. “Our role is to show the human acts and decisions that took place in extreme situations here — the diversity of thinking and reasoning behind those decisions and their consequences. So, we may pose the question, should a mother give a child to the grandmother and go to selection alone, or take the child with her? This was a real choice, without a good solution, but at Auschwitz you had to make the choice.”

A barrack once used for sterilization experiments, one of the few left nearly undisturbed since the war, may be reopened, and a new visitor center, replacing the cramped one in use today, constructed to handle crowds. There will be few bells and whistles, Mr. Cywinski insisted, few if any videos or touch-screens in the main galleries, which would be impractical for masses of people. Nothing must overshadow the evidence of the site itself, he stressed.

“The more we use special effects,” he said, “the more we draw attention away from the authenticity of this place, which is unlike any other.”

All or nearly all visitors will be shepherded by guides to field questions and keep crowds moving.

That changes to Auschwitz must entail first of all calculating how to move increasingly large masses of people more efficiently, effectively and swiftly through the site is an uncomfortable turn of history lost on no one here. An explosion of mass tourism, dark tourism and education programs in Europe and elsewhere that send students abroad, has tripled the number of visitors to Auschwitz over the last decade. Some 450,000 people a year visited Auschwitz in 2000. Last year, that number was 1.38 million.

The increase — most obvious during warm months in the long, crawling lines and oceans of visitors pouring into and out of the narrow barrack onto fleets of buses to Auschwitz II, or Birkenau, the vast extermination camp the Nazis built a few miles away — has strained an antique exhibition conceived when not many people came. Today, travel agencies in Krakow
hawk daylong tours combining Auschwitz with the picturesque Wieliczka salt mine, with its rock salt chapel, sculptures and chandeliers.

“We must take into consideration that more and more people just drop by,” Mr. Zajac said. “We may not endorse this tourism, but we don’t charge admission. This is a cemetery. You don’t charge admission to a cemetery.”

The gradual passing of survivors has also meant that Auschwitz faces a historical turning point.

“Teenagers now have grandparents born after the war,” Mr. Cywinski noted. “This is a very big deal. Your grandparents are your era but your great-grandparents are history.

“The exhibition at Auschwitz no longer fulfills its role, as it used to,” he continued. “More or less eight to 10 million people go to such exhibitions around the world today, they cry, they ask why people didn’t react more at the time, why there were so few righteous, then they go home, see genocide on television and don’t move a finger. They don’t ask why they are not righteous themselves.

“To me the whole educational system regarding the Holocaust, which really got under way during the 1990s, served its purpose in terms of supplying facts and information. But there is another level of education, a level of awareness about the meaning of those facts. It’s not enough to cry. Empathy is noble, but it’s not enough.”

This is the theme to which officials here return often. Auschwitz, they say, must find ways to engage young people (some 850,000 students came last year), so they leave feeling what the director called “responsibility to the present.”

Exactly how that might be accomplished, if it can be, he admitted remains to be fleshed out in the questions and historical information presented by the exhibition and the tour guides. The very notion that people increasingly see Auschwitz as ancient history, that the site, with its haunted ruins, might no longer speak for itself but needs to be made relevant to a new century — all this reflects a wider change in education and scholarship about the Holocaust, and also the special burden felt by officials at Auschwitz. “Auschwitz is a pillar of postwar Europe,” Mr. Cywinski said, “and the key to understanding today.”

Each generation has gotten the stories it wants from the site. Under Communism, Auschwitz served as a national memorial to Polish political prisoners, who were the camp’s first victims. Birkenau, where hundreds of thousands of Jews from Poland, France, Germany,
Hungary, the former Soviet Union and elsewhere were murdered, lapsed into neglect, because it didn’t fit the narrative.

After the Berlin Wall fell, painful struggles between Roman Catholics and Jews erupted over what was in effect symbolic “ownership” of Auschwitz, as a place of martyrdom and mourning, which led, among other things, to the creation of the international council, a board of advisors under the authority of Poland’s prime minister, which includes survivors, museum directors, clergy, scholars and representatives of Jewish, Roma and other groups.

The international council could convene as early as June to review the proposed changes to the exhibition; an international competition would follow for a designer, and perhaps by 2015, Mr. Cywinski said, a new exhibition might open. The $20 million cost, including necessary preservation work on the buildings, would be paid by the Polish government.

Mr. Cywinski is also looking to raise some $160 million more for an endowment to preserve the whole of Auschwitz and Birkenau, which requires millions of dollars a year in conservation. Germany has committed $81.5 million, Austria $8 million, and the United States pledged $15 million, so far.

“This may sound boring,” Mr. Zajac said, “but I believe tending to this place is a debt to the victims. I sometimes meet students whom I met here years ago, now grown, who say they were changed by their visit, who became responsible people, dedicated to charity, leading ethical lives.”

He said many of them feel compelled to return: “They feel ashamed to admit this because it sounds weird, but they miss the place. They need to go back.”

“I share this feeling,” he continued. “When I am at Auschwitz I start looking at the world and at my own life. I remind myself of what’s important, which is so easy to forget. In the kingdom of death you can find the meaning of life. At the biggest cemetery in the world I know what I live for.”
1. What lines in the passage from “The Book Thief” stand out most to you? Why? How do you interpret them? How would you describe Death, the narrator of this passage? Why?

2. Markus Zusak uses poetic words to describe brutal events. After reading the excerpt, do you feel this style does justice to what he is describing? Why or why not?

3. How else in your life, whether in textbooks, news accounts, novels, films or oral histories, have you encountered the information about the deaths in Auschwitz and other concentration camps that inspired this passage? Which depictions most affected you? Why?

4. According to the Times article, why might Auschwitz “no longer speak for itself” the way it did for an earlier audience? Why do those who are in charge of its legacy think “Auschwitz needs an update”? What was the goal when the site was first opened to visitors, and how has that goal changed?

5. What do you think Piotr Cywinski, the director of the museum, means when he says, “But there is another level of education, a level of awareness about the meaning of those facts. It’s not enough to cry. Empathy is noble, but it’s not enough.”

6. “The Book Thief” tells the story of the Holocaust in a very different way than the Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum, but both seek to engage and educate young people. How do you think the story of the Holocaust should be told to people your age? How should it not be told? Why?
DOUBLE-ENTRY CHART FOR CLOSE READING

Directions: Use the chart below as you read to record and consider the aspects that you find most important or interesting. First, on the left side, note a specific line or detail from the text; next, on the right side, tell what you noticed about it, why you chose it, or what questions it raises for you.

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<th>Your Observation, Comment or Question</th>
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COMPARING TWO OR MORE TEXTS

Directions: Use the questions below to help you think about the relationship between two or more texts of any kind. Use the back of the sheet if you need more room to write.

Content: In your own words, what is each text saying?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text 1:</th>
<th>Text 2:</th>
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<tbody>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Similarities: How are these texts similar, connected or related? How are they alike, whether in terms of subject matter, theme, purpose, tone, etc.? What specific lines and details echo each other or connect?

Differences: How are the two different—again, in terms of subject matter, theme, purpose, tone or anything else? Where do they “disagree”?

The Two Texts Together: How does reading the two together make you see or understand things you might not if you read them separately? If the creators or subjects of these texts were to have a conversation, what is one thing they might say to each other?

Questions and Reactions: What questions do these texts and their content raise for you? What reactions do you have to them, either individually or together?
CONNECTING THE NEW YORK TIMES TO YOUR WORLD

Directions: Use this log to make connections between articles you read in The New York Times and your own life, other texts and the world around you.

Headline of article: ____________________________
Date: ____________________________

"Text-to-Self” Connection: How does this story remind me of my own life and experiences?

"Text-to-Text” Connection: What have I read before that might connect to this article? What books, stories, poems or other newspaper or magazine articles does this remind me of? Why?

"Text-to-World” Connection: How does the content of this article relate to the real world around me? What connections can I make between what I’ve read here and other events or issues in the world today or in history?
PERSUASIVE STRUCTURE

Intro

Added Info

Con (from opposition)

Pro Point #2

However or But...defeat their con with your 2\textsuperscript{nd} pro point....

Details with comments-why it's important and feelings.

Pro Point #1

(strongest)

Admittedly or obviously (mention con/opposition's strongest point)....

\textit{Furthermore, Finally or Most importantly} (strongest pro point #1).

Details/evidence to support Pro Point #1 and commentary – why it’s important and feelings.

CONCLUSION

Emphasize implications of position statement.

POSITION STATEMENT

(reworded/restated)

CALL TO ACTION!!!
# Persuasive Essay Planning Page

**Position Statement (this is the same as your thesis, but you are taking a position):**


---

**Reasons, facts, examples, proof, statistics, illustrations for the TWO SIDES:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Side 1-(Pro)</th>
<th>Side 2-(Con)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>3.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Now, you MUST CHOOSE A SIDE! With your side chosen, reorder the reasons with the best one as last:

1.
2.
3.

Below, put at least one detail, comment or feeling about why you agree with the above points:

1.
2.
3.

Below, put at least one detail, comment, or feeling about why you disagree with the con side:

1.
2.
3.
**Persuasive Argument Examples**

| Personal: happened to you | Typical: you read, saw or heard about it  
(books, movies, history current events) |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hypothetical: made up; what if? (no oddball ones)</td>
<td>Generalization: generally accepted by many</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Name ____________________________
Essay Planner

I. THESIS: __________________________________________

II. BODY PARAGRAPH

A. CONCRETE DETAIL:

____________________________________________________

____________________________________________________

COMMENTARY:

____________________________________________________

____________________________________________________

B. CONCRETE DETAIL:

____________________________________________________

____________________________________________________

COMMENTARY:

____________________________________________________

____________________________________________________

COMMENTARY:
### PAP English Timed Writing Rubric

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AP Score</th>
<th>Grade Equivalent</th>
<th>Scoring Descriptor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9-8</td>
<td>$9 = 100 / 8 = 95$</td>
<td><strong>Excelling</strong>: The writers of these well-constructed essays fully answer the question, approach the text analytically, and illustrate their points with numerous implicit and explicit text references. Working with a convincing thesis, the writer demonstrates a clear understanding of the task and/or text. These papers are not flawless; however, they reflect the writer's ability to control a thesis, and write with clarity, precision and maturity. In addition, an essay scored at a 9 will demonstrate particularly apt and vivid diction and/or syntax.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7-6</td>
<td>$7 = 90 / 6 = 85$</td>
<td><strong>Achieving</strong>: These papers respond to the writing task clearly and directly, developing a sound and complete thesis. These papers indicate a good understanding of the text and support their points with appropriate implicit and explicit text evidence. While not as insightful as a higher scoring paper, these essays demonstrate the writer's ability to control the elements of language in an organized and cogent manner but with less development than higher scoring essays.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>80</td>
<td><strong>Emerging</strong>: These essays respond to the task, but they are limited, superficial and marked by a less mature prose style and less well-developed thesis statements. While they contain some analysis, they may use text evidence sparingly or without clear commentary to tie it back to their thesis. Typically, these essays reveal an unsophisticated understanding of the text or task and/or an immature control over the conventions of language.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-3</td>
<td>$4 = 75 / 3 = 70$</td>
<td><strong>Developing</strong>: These papers fail in some important way to fulfill the requirements of the assignment. They may fail to answer part of the question, fail to provide text references either implicitly or explicitly, or misread the text or misunderstand the prompt. Nevertheless, these essays typically present at least one idea or point of value among others of lesser value. In addition, these essays may be particularly limited or simplistic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-1</td>
<td>$2 = 65 / 1 = 60$</td>
<td><strong>Struggling</strong>: These essays demonstrate little success in responding to the task. These writers may seriously misread the text or rely on mere plot summary. These essays tend to be vague and unacceptably brief and are marked by egregious errors in language conventions. While sometimes smoothly written these essays are devoid of meaningful content.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td><strong>Failing</strong>: This score is reserved for essays that make no more than a reference to the task, those that are off-topic, or for a blank sheet.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Teacher Comments:**
Timed Writing Essay Planner

Intro Paragraph:

Sentence one/answer to prompt

Sentence two expanded ideas regarding the prompt

Sentence three/thesis statement that states the significance of sentences one and two

Body Paragraph: (there must be a sentence of commentary after each sentence with a quote, but this is an outline for the quotes only.) This paragraph should be at least six sentences. Each sentence with a quote MUST have an internal/parenthetical citation.

Quote one

Commentary:

Quote two

Commentary:

Quote three

Commentary:

Conclusion:
Conclusion Paragraph

Choose one of the following ending as a format for your conclusion.

Each example is based on an essay about a victim on random violence.

FULL CIRCLE ENDING

The full-circle ending gives the reader a sense of completeness by pulling all ideas in the essay together at the end.

EXAMPLE: The experiences of many Americans who, like Joseph Andrews, have been the victims of random violence are all too common. Some people are frightened – for themselves and for their families – and they barricade themselves in their homes instead of confronting the problem. This is the wrong approach. Rather than giving in to their fears, society as a whole, must work together to make America a safer place.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING

The cliffhanger ending downplays the importance of the results of the ideas discussed in the essay and focuses instead on an issue or a problem. The ending leaves a question in the reader’s mind.

EXAMPLE: The world outside the hospital continues to follow its daily routine, and the monitors in Joseph Andrew’s room continue their steady hum. His chances of survival have improved since he was first brought in, but the doctors still refuse to make any promises to his wife and children.

FUTURE ACTION ENDING

The future action ending completes the ideas and facts discussed in the essay and refer to the next step that might be taken regarding the information that was explained in the body paragraph.

EXAMPLE: Nina Andrews and her children keep a silent vigil at the hospital, hoping that their love is strong enough to keep their husband and father alive. Whether her lives or dies, they know that they will never feel completely safe again.

FACTUAL ENDING

The factual ending is a strongly stated ending that is based on facts and summarizes the mood, tone, and intention of the essay. It can easily substitute for the lead of the essay, but it does not repeat or re-state exactly what was stated before.

EXAMPLE: The attack on Joseph Andrews is not an isolated incident. Statistics show that Americans are spending more money annually for personal and home security. At the same time, violent crime is rising. No is immune to this danger.
Short Answers
Short Answer and Paragraph Outline

Use this outline to organize your short answer and paragraph responses.

A. Thesis Statement (title, author, character and focus):


B. First detail with text evidence:


C. Explanation of first detail:


D. Second detail with text evidence:


E. Explanation of second detail:


## Drawing Conclusions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text Clues</th>
<th>What I Already Know</th>
<th>My Conclusion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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