

NTI

Non-Traditional Instruction

English & Spanish
Days 11-20

**Work will be modified according to each
student's IEP or 504 plan

Honors English I/English I NTI Days 11-20

I have posted under "Materials" notes to go with Act I and Act II, as well as a modern version (No Fear Shakespeare/No Sweat Shakespeare) to help you with understanding what you are reading.

NTI Day 11

Read Act I Scene i (pages 731-735).

NTI Day 12

Finish Act I Scene i (pages 736-739 middle of page). Write a paragraph summary of Act I Scene i.

NTI Day 13

Read Act I Scene ii (pages 739-742 middle of page). Write a paragraph summary of Act I Scene ii.

NTI Day 14

Read Act I Scene iii (pages 742-745 near bottom of page). Write a paragraph summary of Act I Scene iii.

NTI Day 15

Read Act I Scene iv (pages 745-749 top of page). Write a paragraph summary of Act I Scene iv.

NTI Day 16

Read Act I Scene v (pages 749-753). Write a paragraph summary of Act I Scene v.

NTI Day 17

Answer questions # 2, 3, 4, and 5 on page 754 and Vocabulary Builder (1-4) on page 755.

NTI Day 18

Read Act II Prologue and Scene i (pages 757-759 middle of page). Write a paragraph summary of Act II Prologue and Scene i.

NTI Day 19

Read Act II Scene ii (pages 759-762 middle of page).

NTI Day 20

Read Act II Scene ii (pages 763-766 very top of page/2 lines). Write a paragraph summary of Act II Scene ii.

Background of The Globe Theatre, William Shakespeare, and the Introduction of Romeo and Juliet

- *William Shakespeare lived from 1564-1616.
- *He wrote 37 plays.
- *He occasionally played minor parts in his plays.
- *He was an “actor-sharer,” meaning that he owned part of the theatre even though he sometimes acted, so he got money from the Globe for acting, fees for his plays, and from his share of the profits.
- *He is responsible for many of the words we use today.
- *He lived during the Elizabethan Period, which were the years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I of England.
- *Shakespeare did not usually use a prologue or a chorus in his plays.
- *He based his play, *Romeo and Juliet*, on a theme from a fourth century Greek tale (ill-fated lovers). This Greek tale was put into a long English narrative poem, *Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet*, by Arthur Brooke in 1562. Shakespeare borrowed freely from the story and cut some events while expanding on others. He used the same characters, but he developed them in greater depth and detail.
- *During Shakespeare’s time, there were no spelling standards, so people spelled their own names any way they liked--changing them every day if they wished. Writers and scholars determined Shakespeare would be the standard, even though there are at least six known documents with his signature and spelling his name differently each time.
- *He was an important actor and an important playwright at this time. In his own plays, he played older men or minor roles; such as the ghost in *Hamlet*, King Duncan in *Macbeth*, and King Henry in *Henry IV*.
- *Shakespeare’s company, the Lord Chamberlain’s Men, would later become the King’s Men under the rule of King James I after Queen Elizabeth I passed. Because the King’s Men performed frequently for the royal court, the company were named officers of the royal household.
- *His plays have not only impacted audiences throughout history, but they have affected contemporary English in a major way. Words and phrases that we know today were invented by Shakespeare; such as leapfrog, majestic, hint, lonely,

excellent, gloomy, "catch a cold", "laugh it off", "fair play", "disgraceful conduct", and "foregone conclusion."

*Not much is known about his early life except that because his successful merchant father became mayor of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, he was allowed to attend Stratford Grammar School free of charge until he was 14. This is where he learned Latin and Greek, as well as British and world history, that would help shape his historical plays.

*He married at 18 and had three children soon after. He left them to follow his love of the theatre in London. When he achieved success, he later bought a large home in Stratford for his family and to retire.

*He wrote his plays to be performed, not published, so no one knows when they were written. However, scholars have placed the plays in different periods of his life. During the early years, he wrote several comedies, histories, and two tragedies. At the height of his career, he wrote some of his finest romantic comedies; and just before retirement, he wrote his best tragedies.

*Elizabethans love (1) sword fighting (2) bloodshed

*Shakespeare's plays are universal.

*Shakespeare is the Bard. He is also the greatest playwright. He lived in a time when England was a rising power. He was born in spring of 1564...baptized on April 26th...would have been born on St. George's Day. He was the third child and first son. His older sisters died in infancy. John Shakespeare is his dad. Dad became important in Stratford Mom was a great influence.

*Shakespeare went to the school and became inspired by Ovid. He became aware of plays and theatre when he saw plays as a child.

*Anne Hathaway was Shakespeare's wife. Little is known about this, but they have 3 kids--Hamnet and Judith (twins), Suzzan (oldest).

*Robert Green attacked Shakespeare for being tight with money.

*1590s--wrote history plays, sonnets, and poetry

*James I--King of England/1604-1607 King Lear, Macbeth, and Othello written

*He was drawn into the circle of Earl of Southampton (dedicated Venus & Adonis and Rape of Lucrece to him--poems). It was rumored that Shakespeare and Southampton were lovers (Shakespeare was either bi-sexual or homosexual), but Southampton was a patron/sponsor of Shakespeare.

- *He wrote 154 sonnets and 37 plays in 20 years. He lived away from his family (his family still lived in Stratford).
- *Acting was banned during Lent.
- *Plague came and killed 1,000 people per week (theatres were closed) at first.
- *Shakespeare's darkest fears came true--Hamnet (his only son) died. After the death of Hamnet, Shakespeare wrote Hamlet.
- *Shakespeare owned part of the Globe Theatre. The first play performed there was Julius Caesar.
- *Audiences relied on imagination. Female parts were played by men. Shakespeare played small parts (one was the Ghost of Hamlet's Father).
- *Shakespeare derived his stories/plays from other stories. In the 1600s, Shakespeare had a better understanding of life and began to write disturbing, better plays. The tragedies reflect Shakespeare's feelings.
- *Prospero represents Shakespeare in "The Tempest" in his later years.
- *Summer of 1613, The Globe burned during a performance of Henry VIII.
- *He retired as a gentleman with wealth.
- *Shakespeare died on his birthday and was buried two days later on April 25, 1616.

Elizabethan Language

Against: for; in preparation for

Alack: alas (an exclamation of sorrow)

An, And: if

Anon: soon

Aye: yes

But: only; except

E'en: even

E're: ever

Haply: perhaps

Happy: fortunate

Hence: away; from here

Hie: hurry

Hither: here

Marry: indeed

Whence: where

Wherefore: why

Wilt: will

Withal: in addition; notwithstanding

Would: wish

Grammar Rule: If you have a word that starts with "h," but you do not hear much of the "h" sound, use "an" before the word. For example, an hour.

*The Greek Islands are surrounded by the Aegean Sea. The stage= □ with the Aegean Sea as a backdrop.

*A chorus comes from the Greek Theatre.

*Greek choruses were groups of people that were "all-knowing" and sort of narrators.

*The chorus is the Prologue; the Prologue is the beginning--sets the background

*The use of a chorus--a figure or group of figures who comment on a play's action--goes back to ancient Greek and Roman drama. In Shakespeare's time, it was common for a chorus to deliver a prologue--an opening speech that introduces the play's main characters, plot, and setting.

*A Thrust Stage is a stage that thrusts out toward the audience,

*A Proscenium Stage is a stage that has the audience right in front of it.

*What you have to have to have a great theatre:

1. A great script or great writing.
2. Good actors (because terrible actors can make great material terrible)
3. Great audiences (to see the play and pay the money to see great actors perform great material keep the theatre open).

*The Globe Theatre was an octagon shape (8 sides)

*The Globe Theatre was one of the most popular theatres in London, England.

"The Wooden O" is a reference to the Globe Theatre.

*There was a trapdoor in the stage so ghosts, demons, etc. could come up and appear/disappear; there was another trapdoor in the balcony for angels, ghosts, etc. to appear/disappear.

*Theatres of Shakespeare's day were not as sophisticated as those of today, but they were the stage of many of the greatest dramas in history of the English language. This alone shows how advanced the theatre arts were when he was writing.

*After 1599, most of Shakespeare's plays were performed at the Globe Theatre, which was built by brothers, Richard and Cuthbert Burbage. They, along with Shakespeare, were members of the acting group, the Lord Chamberlain's Men. After there was an issue with the owner of the property, Shakespeare and the Burbage's (along with the other men) dismantled the Globe, moved it, and rebuilt it in one night.

*In 1613, a cannon shot during a performance of Shakespeare's Henry VIII, and caught the roof on fire. It completely burned down. It was rebuilt in June the next year with a tile roof and in a circular shape. It was shut down in 1642 by the Puritans, and demolished two years later.

*London's New Globe Theatre is a remarkable replica of the original. It has its same circular shape, open center, and thatched roof just a short distance from the site of the original. The New Globe has seating for about 900 people in the galleries; its views may be blocked by some pillars, but everyone has a different view of the action, but no one is more than fifty feet from the stage. The pit has room for about 700 people.

*Dialogue is the conversations between characters or with themselves. In a play, there is usually no narrator to tell the reader what the characters are like or what is happening. Through dialogue, characters reveal their relationships (do they like or dislike each other?), their attitudes (are they angry or sad?), and their plans (what are they thinking of doing next?). Characters often reveal something about themselves in a way that they did not intend through the words they speak.

*Stage directions reveal something about the characters and tell you their actions. (For example: entering and/or exiting, whispering, drawing a sword, etc.) Stage directions also tell something about the setting (Is it raining? Is the sun shining? Are they in a house or on the street?).

Romeo and Juliet

*The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is probably Shakespeare's most famous play, and possibly the most famous play in all of English literature.

*The Prologue that opens the play tells briefly of the terrible events that mark a tender but tragic love, while the five scenes that follow set these events in motion.

*We first meet Romeo just after a bitter and long standing feud between members of his family, the Montagues, and their foes the Capulets, has erupted into a street brawl. Romeo's kinsman, Benvolio, suggests that they secretly attend a feast being given that night by the Capulets. There, Romeo and Juliet for the first time.

*A feud is going on between the Montague Family (Romeo's family) and the Capulet Family (Juliet's family). The feud has gotten so bad that even the servants of the families hate each other.

*Chorus tell about the story of the "star-crossed lovers"

*Both households are alike in dignity (high social rank)

*Civil blood makes civil hands unclean--in which the blood of citizens stains citizens's hands.

*Romeo and Juliet are the star-crossed lovers.

*Romeo is very impulsive (doesn't think before he acts).

*Romeo and Juliet had to die to end the feud.

*The play is "two hours' traffic"--two hours business (meaning the play is two hours long).

*Gregory and Sampson pick a fight with the Montague servants (Abram and Bathasar). Sampson gets Gregory to try and start the fight. Sampson "bites his thumb" at them (makes an insulting gesture)...let them (Montagues) start a fight.

*In Act I, the setting (currently at the beginning of the story) is Verona, Italy in a public place. Shakespeare is not concerned with time in his plays.

* "...an we be in choler, we'll draw."=If we are angered, we'll draw our swords.

*Shakespeare loved puns. He used puns because most of his audiences were groundlings.

- * Sampson says he'll push the women closer to the wall and push the Montague men closer to the street.
- * Sampson says he will be civil with the maids by cutting off their heads (or their maidenheads feel him while he is able to stand; pretty piece of flesh).
- * The Capulet servants start to fight the Montague servants. Benvolio tries to break up the fight. Tybalt is a troublemaker and wants the fight to continue (he draws his sword against Benvolio). Benvolio continues to try to make peace, but he has to fight Tybalt.
- * An officer comes to break up the fight.
- * Capulet and Lady Capulet come down to the fight. Montague and Lady Montague come as well. Capulet wants to fight Montague. Montague's wife will not let him go.
- * Prince arrives and stops the fight. Three fights have already occurred, and Prince is tired of it. He says that if another fight occurs, the people involved will be killed. He tells everybody to go home. Capulet has to go with the Prince that morning, and Montague has to go that afternoon.
- * All leave but Montague, his wife, and Benvolio. Benvolio is Montague's nephew.
- * Benvolio tells what happened, and he tells that supporters of each family started fighting.
- * Lady Montague is worried that Romeo is involved, but is relieved when she hears he is not. She wonders where Romeo is.
- * Benvolio says he saw Romeo about an hour before sunrise. When Benvolio came toward him, Romeo fled from him. Benvolio did not follow him.
- * Romeo has been staying in his room, shutting the windows, making himself an "artificial night." His parents do not know the cause of his actions (he will not tell them what is wrong), but they are willing/wanting to help him.
- * It is now 9 AM.
- * Romeo is sad because the girl he likes does not like him back. He is like, "Aren't I a mess?" "Am I not silly?"
- * The girl Romeo loves is fair (pretty).
- * Romeo says he can't get over the girl, and Benvolio tells him he'll teach Romeo to forget her.
- * The identity of the girl is a mystery. It is **NOT** Juliet.

Characters

- +Sampson and Gregory are Capulet servants they are silly boys and are feeling good.
- +Escalus is the Prince of Verona.
- +Paris is a young count, kinsman to the Prince (Escalus).
- +An Old Man is of the Capulet family
- +Romeo is the son of Montague.
- +Mercutio is a kinsman of the Prince (Escalus) and a friend of Romeo.
- +Benvolio is a nephew of Montague and a friend of Romeo.
- +Tybalt is a nephew of Lady Capulet.
- +Friar Lawrence is a Franciscan monk.
- +Friar John is a Franciscan monk.
- +Balthasar is a servant to Romeo.
- +Sampson is a servant of Capulet.
- +Gregory is a servant of Sampson.
- +Peter is a servant of Juliet's nurse.
- +Abram is a servant of Montague.
- +An Apothecary
- +Montague
- +Capulet
- +Three Musicians
- +An Officer
- +Lady Montague is the wife of Montague.
- +Lady Capulet is the wife of Capulet.
- +Juliet is the daughter of Capulet.
- +Nurse to Juliet
- +Citizens of Verona are the gentlemen and gentlewomen of both houses, Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants.

Terms/Quotes/Sayings

- +Risque= "halfway to vulgar"

- +Bucklers= small shields
- +Carry coals= endure insults
- +Colliers= seller of coal
- +Collar= hangman's noose
- +Pun= a play on words (simplest form of humor)
- +Take the wall= assert superiority by walking nearer to the houses and therefore farther from the gutter
- +Tool= weapon
- +neighbor-stained-different pronunciation
- +Pernicious=causing great injury or ruin
- +Aside= a remark (meant to be a secret comment), and it can come off in two ways: 1)can be between two characters (unusual) or
2)the audience (assumed that only those 2 people hear what's being heard).
- +Augmenting= increasing; enlarging
- +Grievance= injustice; complaint
- +Transgression=wrongdoing; sin
- +Portentous= promising bad fortune
- +“I would thou wert so happy by thy stay to hear true shrift.”= I hope you are lucky enough to hear him confess the truth.
- +Antithesis= the use of opposites to illustrate something Shakespeare uses antithesis when Romeo is describing the feelings he is having over the girl that does not love him back. He is miserable.
- + “A madness most discreet”= Love can make you crazy
- +Discreet= intelligently sensitive
- + “This is not Romeo, he's some other where.”= I am not Romeo anymore. I have lost myself.
- +Romeo has a playful quality to him “...I do love a woman.”
- +Dian's wit= the mind of Diana, goddess of chastity
- + “That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.”= in that her beauty will die with her if she does not marry and have children.

Act I Scene ii

*The setting is in a street.

*Capulet and Montague cannot continue brawling/fighting because the punishment is death. Also, because they are old, they can keep the peace easily (between themselves).

*Paris says Capulet and Montague both have honorable reputations, and it is sad that they have never gotten along. He wonders what Capulet says to his suit (a suit is a request for something).

*Paris's "suit" is to marry Juliet. Capulet says Juliet is innocent and has never been out of the house. She is very young (age 13), and Capulet is not ready for her to be married. He said he might consider it in two years (when she turns 16).

*Paris said that there are younger girls that are mothers.

*Capulet said that doing this could damage the girl and her future. All of Capulet's children (except Juliet) have died, and Juliet is his hope for the future (inherit/heir).

*Paris can try to woo her (talk to her) at Capulet's party tonight. He (Capulet) is going to let Juliet have the say-so...if Juliet likes Paris, then Capulet might consider his offer.

*Capulet is wealthy, and Paris has some money and a high social position (increases and keeps the wealth).

*Capulet says there will be a lot of girls at the party, and Paris should look them over as well. He turns to his servant and tells him to go and inform the people on a list of his party.

*The servant gets the people and their tools (the workers and tools) confused (referring that people should stick to what they know).

*Benvolio says that if Romeo will find another girl, he could move on from that other girl.

*The servant asks Romeo and Benvolio if they can read because he needs help (he can't read).

*Romeo helps the servant by reading the list. The servant invites Romeo and Benvolio to attend the party (if they are not Montagues).

*Rosaline is the girl that Romeo loves (she will be attending the party). Benvolio suggests going so Romeo can see her against some "competition". Romeo thinks Rosaline has no competition. Benvolio says Romeo only saw the girl without competition, and to go to the party.

- +Sirrah=sir
- +Holp=help
- +Shoes last=form

Act I Scene iii

- *The setting: A room in Capulet's house.
- *The Nurse is loquacious, but she adores Juliet (she is like a mother to Juliet).
- *Juliet is 13 years old. She will be 14 in a fortnight and odd days (two weeks plus a few days). (Lammastide-August 1st, a holiday celebrating the summer harvest.
- *The Nurse's husband has also died.
- *Lady Capulet was Juliet's mother before she was Juliet's age.
- *Lady Capulet is 26 years old or younger.
- *Lady Capulet compares Paris's appearance to a beautiful novel. He is very handsome.
- *Lady Capulet is impressed by Paris, and she tells Juliet that she can either marry the same class or marry up.
- *The Nurse says "women grow by men," meaning that women get pregnant.
- *Juliet agrees to give Paris a chance, but nothing more.
- *Paris arrives and is waiting for Juliet.

+Susan=Nurse's daughter (died)

- +Loquacious=to be extremely talkative
- +Wet Nurse= female that nurses Juliet (Nurse is Juliet's wet nurse)
- + "It is an honor that I dream not of." Juliet has not really thought about marriage.
- + "...he's a man of wax..." He is a model of a man (Paris).

Act I Scene iv

- *The setting: A street.
- *Mercutio is the male that does the most talking.
- *Mercutio, Romeo, Benvolio are outside the party. Romeo asks whether he and his companions, being uninvited guests, should follow custom by announcing their

arrival in a speech ("this speech"). Benvolio says such wordiness is outdated. ("The date is out of such prolixity.") In the following lines, Benvolio says, in sum, "Let us forget about announcing our entrance with a show. The other guests can look over as they see fit. We will dance a while, then leave."

*Romeo volunteers to hold the torches instead of dancing because he is "heavy" (he is with sadness/depressed).

*Romeo has a premonition/a feeling that what may happen tonight may cause his end.

*Queen Mab is the queen of fairyland. No bigger than an agate stone on a man's ring. Chariot is an empty hazelnut. She rides over people while they sleep and causes them to dream.

*Benvolio tries to get the rest of the group to hurry up before they miss the party. He is telling them that they are burning daylight.

+Foreshadowing=hints of future events

+Queen Mab= fairy that visits men in their dreams

+Visage=mask

+Premonition=happens when you get a feeling of something that may happen.

+ "A visor for a visor!"=A mask for a mask!=which is what my real face is like!
(Mercutio)

+ "quote deformities"=notice my ugly features

+ "betake him to his legs"= start dancing

+ "I fear, too early; for my mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels and expire the term of a despised life, closed in my breast, By some vile forfeit of untimely death." (Romeo)=mind is fearful that some future event, fated by the stars, shall start to run its course tonight and cut his life short.

+ "But he that hath the steerage of my course Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!" (Romeo)=This line says that Fate will decide what happens to Romeo.

Act I Scene v

*The setting is a hall in Capulet's house.

*Capulet tries to be funny in his welcoming speech. The music starts to play. He gets his guests to dancing. He then starts talking to another Capulet, asking how long it has been since they were in a mask. (30 or more years)

*Romeo sees another girl and asks about her. (Beautiful girl)

*Tybalt hears Romeo and tells someone to fetch him his rapier (sword) so he can kill Romeo. Capulet tells Tybalt to leave Romeo alone.

*Romeo is a virtuous and well-governed youth. Capulet tells Tybalt to behave himself and leave Romeo alone. Tybalt refuses to endure Romeo. Capulet scorns him for trying to make the rules in his house. Tybalt protests, and Capulet says he is a saucy boy. Tybalt says he will withdraw, but not doing anything will make him angrier. Tybalt leaves.

*Romeo starts talking to Juliet. (He is a fast mover). He kisses her twice. He "kiss by th'book" (as if he were following a manual of courtly love). The Nurse says Juliet's mother needs to talk to her, so she leaves. Romeo asks the Nurse who Juliet is, and the Nurse tells him she is Lady Capulet's daughter.

*Capulet says goodbye to his guests.

*Juliet is struck on Romeo.

* "Anon!" means "Soon!"

* "My only love, sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, and known too late!" (Juliet) thinks it's a shame Romeo is a Montague, and if she'd known who he was she wouldn't have given him the time of day. Juliet likes Romeo.

+Marchpane=marzipan; a confection made of sugar and almonds

+To Infatuate=to inspire with foolish and unreasoning love or attachment; to cause to behave foolishly.

+Infatuated=possessed by an unreasoning passion or attachment or attraction (temporary)

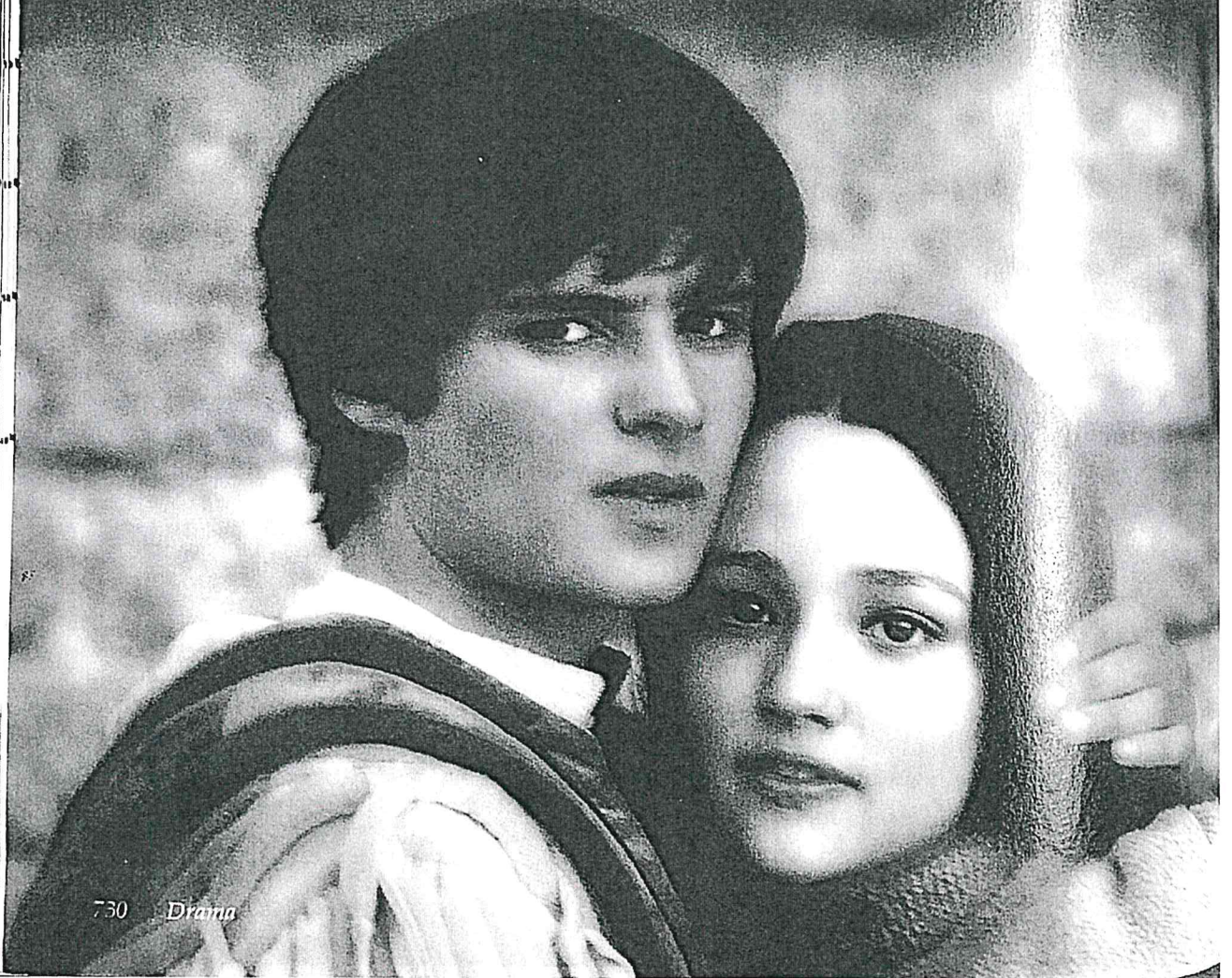
+Infatuation=the state of being possessed by...

+Risque=suggestive of, bordering on indelicacy or impropriety.

+ "Patience perforce with willful choler meeting"--enforced self-control mixing with strong anger (Tybalt).

The Tragedy of
ROMEO
and JULIET

William Shakespeare



CHARACTERS

CHORUS

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona

PARIS, a young count, kinsman to the Prince

MONTAGUE

CAPULET

AN OLD MAN, of the Capulet family

ROMEO, son to Montague

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet

FRIAR LAWRENCE, Franciscan

FRIAR JOHN, Franciscan

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo

SAMPSON, servant to Capulet

GREGORY, servant to Capulet

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse

ABRAM, servant to Montague

AN APOTHECARY

THREE MUSICIANS

AN OFFICER

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet

JULIET, daughter to Capulet

NURSE TO JULIET

CITIZENS OF VERONA, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of both houses, Maskers, Torchbearers, Pages, Guards, Watchmen, Servants, and Attendants

Scene: Verona; Mantua

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS. Two households, both alike in dignity.¹

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny.²

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.³

5 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-crossed⁴ lovers take their life;

Whose misadventured piteous overthrows⁵

Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-marked love,

10 And the continuance of their parents' rage,

Which, but⁶ their children's end, naught could remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic⁷ of our stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.⁸

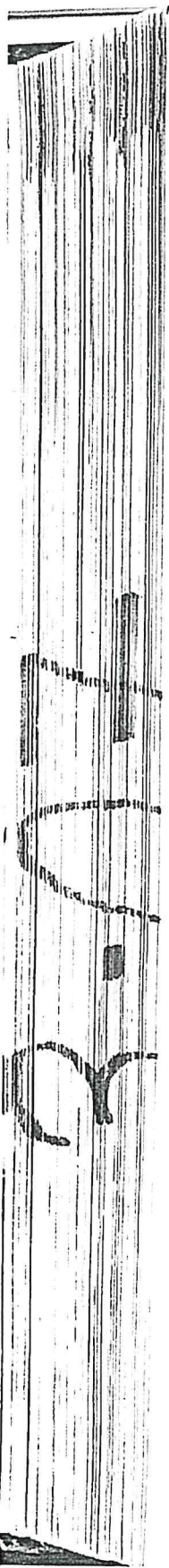
[Exit.]

PROLOGUE

1. **dignity** high social rank.
2. **mutiny** violence.
3. **Where . . . unclean** in which the blood of citizens stains citizens' hands.
4. **star-crossed** ill-fated by the unfavorable positions of the stars.
5. **Whose . . . overthrows** whose unfortunate, sorrowful destruction.

6. **but** except.
7. **two hours' traffic** two hours' business.

8. **What . . . mend** What is not clear in this prologue we actors shall try to clarify in the course of the play.



Scene i. Verona. A public place.

[Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, with swords and bucklers,¹ of the house of Capulet.]

SAMPSON. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.²

GREGORY. No, for then we should be colliers.³

SAMPSON. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.⁴

GREGORY. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.⁵

5 SAMPSON. I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.
Therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

10 SAMPSON. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I
will take the wall⁶ of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest
goes to the wall.

SAMPSON. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker
15 vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push
Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the
wall.

GREGORY. The quarrel is between our masters and us their
men.

20 SAMPSON. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have
fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids—I will cut
off their heads.

GREGORY. The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON. Ay, the heads of the maids or their maidenheads.

25 Take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY. They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand;
and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst
30 been Poor John. Draw thy tool!⁷ Here comes two of the
house of Montagues.

[Enter two other Servingmen, ABRAM and BALTHASAR.]

SAMPSON. My naked weapon is out. Quarrell! I will back thee.

ACT I

1. bucklers small shields.
2. carry coals endure insults.
3. colliers sellers of coal.
4. an . . . draw If we are angered, we'll draw our swords.
5. collar hangman's noose.

6. take the wall assert superiority by walking nearer the houses and therefore farther from the gutter.

Literary Analysis
Dialogue What does this conversation among servants reveal about the Montagues?

7. tool weapon.

GREGORY. How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON. Fear me not.

35 GREGORY. No, marry. I fear thee!

SAMPSON. Let us take the law of our sides;⁸ let them begin.

GREGORY. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.⁹

40 SAMPSON. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb¹⁰ at them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. [Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

45 GREGORY. [Aside to SAMPSON] No.

SAMPSON. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

50 SAMPSON. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM. No better.

SAMPSON. Well, sir.

[Enter BENVOLIO.]

55 GREGORY. [Aside to SAMPSON.] Say "better." Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM. You lie.

SAMPSON. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing¹¹ blow. [They fight.]

60 BENVOLIO. Part, fools!
Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

[Enter TYBALT.]

TYBALT. What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?¹²
Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
65 Or manage it to part these men with me.


Reading Skill
Summarizing How does footnote 8 help you understand Sampson's logic in line 36?

8. take . . . sides make sure the law is on our side.
9. list please.
10. bite . . . thumb make an insulting gesture.

Literary Analysis
Stage Directions
Which words in the stage directions in line 44 clarify that Sampson is not speaking to Abram?

11. swashing hard downward swordstroke.

12. heartless hinds cowardly servants. *Hind* also means "a female deer."

 **Reading Check:**

With which family are the quarreling servants affiliated?

TYBALT. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward!

[*They fight.*]

[*Enter an OFFICER, and three or four CITIZENS with clubs or partisans.*¹³]

OFFICER. Clubs, bills,¹⁴ and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

70 Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

[*Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and his WIFE.*]

CAPULET. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite¹⁵ of me.

[*Enter old MONTAGUE and his WIFE.*]

75 **MONTAGUE.** Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

[*Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his Train.*¹⁶]

PRINCE. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners¹⁷ of this neighbor-stained steel—
Will they not hear? What, ho! You men, you beasts,

13. **partisans** spearlike weapons with broad blades.

14. **bills** weapons consisting of hook-shaped blades with long handles.

15. **spite** defiance.

16. **Train** attendants.

17. **Profaners** those who show disrespect or contempt.

Literature in Context

History Connection

Prince of Verona When Prince Escalus intervenes in the fight between the Capulets and the Montagues, he does so under his authority as the *podesta*, or “chief magistrate,” of Verona. The powers and duties of the *podesta* combined those of a modern mayor, chief of police, and head of the local militia. Scholars believe that Shakespeare based the character of Prince Escalus on Bartolomeo della Scala, who ruled the northern Italian city of Verona during the late-thirteenth and early-fourteenth centuries.

Connect to the Literature

Which part of his authority is Prince Escalus exercising in this scene—mayor, police chief, or head of the army? Explain.



80 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered¹⁸ weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
85 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments¹⁹
90 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank' red with peace, to part your cank' red hate.²⁰
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
95 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exit all but MONTAGUE, his WIFE, and BENVOLIO.]

100 MONTAGUE. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?²¹
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
105 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
110 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,²²
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO. Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun
115 Peered forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad:
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.

Vocabulary Builder
pernicious (per nish' əs) *adj.* causing great injury or ruin

18. **mistempered** hardened for a wrong purpose; bad-tempered.

19. **Cast . . . ornaments** put aside their dignified and appropriate clothing.

20. **Cank' red . . . hate rusted** from lack of use, to put an end to your malignant feuding.

Reading Skill

Summarizing Summarize the warning that the Prince issues to the Montagues and Capulets in this speech.

21. **Who . . . abroad?** Who reopened this old fight?

22. **on . . . part** on one side and the other.

✓ **Reading Check**

Who stops the brawl between the Montagues and the Capulets?

120 Towards him I made, but he was ware²³ of me
 And stole into the covert²⁴ of the wood.
 I, measuring his affections²⁵ by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not be found,²⁶
 Being one too many by my weary self,
 125 Pursued my humor not pursuing his,²⁷
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
 130 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest East begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy²⁸ son
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 135 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.
 Black and portentous²⁹ must this humor prove
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

140 **MONTAGUE.** I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO. Have you importuned³⁰ him by any means?

MONTAGUE. Both by myself and many other friends;
 But he, his own affections' counselor,
 Is to himself—I will not say how true—
 145 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding³¹ and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 150 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

[Enter ROMEO.]

BENVOLIO. See, where he comes. So please you step aside;
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
 155 To hear true shrift.³² Come, madam, let's away.

[Exit MONTAGUE and WIFE.]

BENVOLIO. Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO. Is the day so young?

23. **ware** aware; wary.

24. **covert** hidden place.

25. **measuring . . . affections** judging his feelings.

26. **Which . . . found** which wanted to be where there was no one else.

27. **Pursued . . . his** followed my own mind by not following after Romeo.

Vocabulary Builder
augmenting (ôg ment' in) v. increasing; enlarging

28. **heavy** sad, moody.

29. **portentous** promising bad fortune.

30. **importuned** questioned deeply.

31. **sounding** understanding.

Vocabulary Builder
grievance (grēv' əns) n. injustice; complaint

32. **I . . . shrift** I hope you are lucky enough to hear him confess the truth.

are aware; wary.
overt hidden place.
treasuring . . .
tions judging his feelings.
Which . . . found which
ed to be where there was
ie else.
'ursued . . . his followed
wn mind by not following
Romeo.

cabulary Builder
imenting (óg ment'
v. increasing;
arging

heavy sad, moody.
ortentous promising
fortune.

importuned questioned
ably.

sounding understanding.

cabulary Builder
evance (grév' ans)
injustice; complaint

l . . . shrift I hope you are
y enough to hear him con-
. the truth.

BENVOLIO. But new struck nine.

ROMEO.

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

160 **ROMEO.** Not having that which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO. In love?

ROMEO. Out—

BENVOLIO. Of love?

ROMEO. Out of her favor where I am in love.

165 **BENVOLIO.** Alas that love, so gentle in his view,³³
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!³⁴

ROMEO. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,³⁵
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

170 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.³⁶
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
175 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO. No, coz.³⁷ I rather weep.

ROMEO. Good heart, at what?

180 **BENVOLIO.** At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine.³⁸ This love that thou hast shown

185 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet.³⁹

Literary Analysis
Dialogue What does
this conversation
reveal about
Romeo's state of
mind?

33. view appearance.

34. in proof when experi-
enced.

35. whose . . . still Cupid is
traditionally represented as
blinded.

36. but . . . love loyalty to fam-
ily and love of fighting. In the
following lines, Romeo speaks
of love as a series of contradic-
tions—a union of opposites.

37. coz cousin.

38. Which . . . thine which
griefs you will increase by add-
ing your own sorrow to them.

39. discreet intelligently sen-
sitive.

Vocabulary Builder:
transgression (trans
grəsh' ən) *n.*
wrongdoing; sin



What reason for his
sadness does Romeo
give to Benvolio?

190 A choking gall,⁴⁰ and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO. Soft!⁴¹ I will go along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

195 **BENVOLIO.** Tell me in sadness,⁴² who is that you love?

ROMEO. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO. Groan? Why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

200 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO. I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO. A right good markman. And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
205 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,⁴³
And, in strong proof⁴⁴ of chastity well armed,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.

She will not stay⁴⁵ the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
210 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.⁴⁶

BENVOLIO. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

40. gall a bitter liquid.

41. Soft! Hold on a minute.

42. in sadness seriously.

43. Dian's wit the mind of
Diana, goddess of chastity.

44. proof armor.

45. stay endure; put up with.

46. That . . . store in that her
beauty will die with her if she
does not marry and have children.



ROMEO. She hath, and in that sparing make huge waste:
215 For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.⁴⁷
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair
To merit bliss by making me despair.⁴⁸
She hath forsworn to⁴⁹ love, and in that vow
220 Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

ROMEO. O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO. By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO. 'Tis the way
225 To call hers, exquisite, in question more.⁵⁰
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
230 Show me a mistress that is passing fair:
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?⁵¹
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.⁵² [Exit all.]

Scene ii. A street.

[Enter CAPULET, COUNTY PARIS, and the CLOWN, his servant.]

CAPULET. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS. Of honorable reckoning¹ are you both,
5 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
10 Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET. And too soon marred are those so early made.

47. in . . . posterity By denying herself love and marriage, she wastes her beauty, which will not live on in future generations.

48. She . . . despair She is being too good—she will earn happiness in heaven by dooming me to live without her love.
49. forsworn to sworn not to.

50. 'Tis . . . more That way will only make her beauty more strongly present in my mind.

51. who . . . fair who surpassed in beauty that very beautiful woman.

52. I'll . . . debt I will teach you to forget, or else die trying.

1. reckoning reputation.

◀ Critical Viewing
What does this photograph reveal about the feelings of Romeo and Benvolio? [Analyze]

📖 Reading Check

What advice does Benvolio give to Romeo about the woman he loves?

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes² but she;
 15 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.³
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
 My will to her consent is but a part.
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice,⁴
 20 This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 25 Earth-treading stars⁵ that make dark heaven light.
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-appareled April on the heel
 Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night
 30 Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
 And like her most whose merit most shall be;
 Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.⁶
 Come, go with me. [*To SERVANT, giving him a paper*]
 Go, sirrah, trudge about
 35 Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.⁷

[*Exit with PARIS.*]

SERVANT. Find them out whose names are written here? It is
 written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and
 40 the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the
 painter with his nets;⁸ but I am sent to find those persons
 whose names are here writ, and can never find what names
 the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.
 In good time!⁹

[*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*]

45 **BENVOLIO.** Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;
 One pain is less'ned by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;¹⁰
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish.
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 50 And the rank poison of the old will die.

2. hopes children.

3. She . . . earth My hopes for the future rest in her; she will inherit all that is mine.

4. and . . . voice If she agrees, I will consent to and agree with her choice.

5. Earth-treading stars young ladies.

6. Which . . . none If you look at all the young girls, you may see her as merely one among many, and not worth special admiration.

7. stay await.

Reading Skill

Summarizing Use footnote 8 to help you summarize the servant's remarks here.

8. shoemaker . . . nets The servant is confusing workers and their tools. He intends to say that people should stick with what they know.

9. In good time! Just in time! The servant has seen Benvolio and Romeo, who can read.

10. Turn . . . turning If you are dizzy from turning one way, turn the other way.

ROMEIO. Your plantain leaf¹¹ is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO. For what, I pray thee?

ROMEIO. For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEIO. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;

55 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and—God-den,¹² good fellow.

SERVANT. God gi' go-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEIO. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT. Perhaps you have learned it without book.

60 But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEIO. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.¹³

ROMEIO. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*He reads the letter.*]

65 "Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselm and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;
70 My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena."
A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVANT. Up.

75 ROMEIO. Whither? To supper?

SERVANT. To our house.

ROMEIO. Whose house?

SERVANT. My master's.

ROMEIO. Indeed I should have asked you that before.

80 SERVANT. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the
great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of
Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you
merry. [Exit.]

BENVOLIO. At this same ancient¹⁴ feast of Capulet's

85 Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves;
With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted¹⁵ eye

11. plantain leaf leaf used to stop bleeding.

12. God-den good afternoon; good evening.

13. Rest you merry May God keep you happy—a way of saying farewell.

Literary Analysis

Stage Directions

What important information in the stage directions clarifies Romeo's speech here?

14. ancient long-established; traditional.

15. unattainted unprejudiced.

✓ Reading Check

Why does Capulet's servant talk to Romeo and Benvolio?

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

90 **ROMEO.** When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires:
And these, who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!¹⁶
One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun
95 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye;¹⁷
But in that crystal scales¹⁸ let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
100 That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROMEO. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.¹⁹

[Exit all.]

16. When . . . liars! When I see Rosaline as just a plain-looking girl, may my tears turn to fire and burn my eyes out!

17. Herself . . . eye Rosaline compared with no one else.
18. crystal scales your eyes.

19. mine own my own love, Rosaline.

Scene iii. A room in CAPULET'S house.

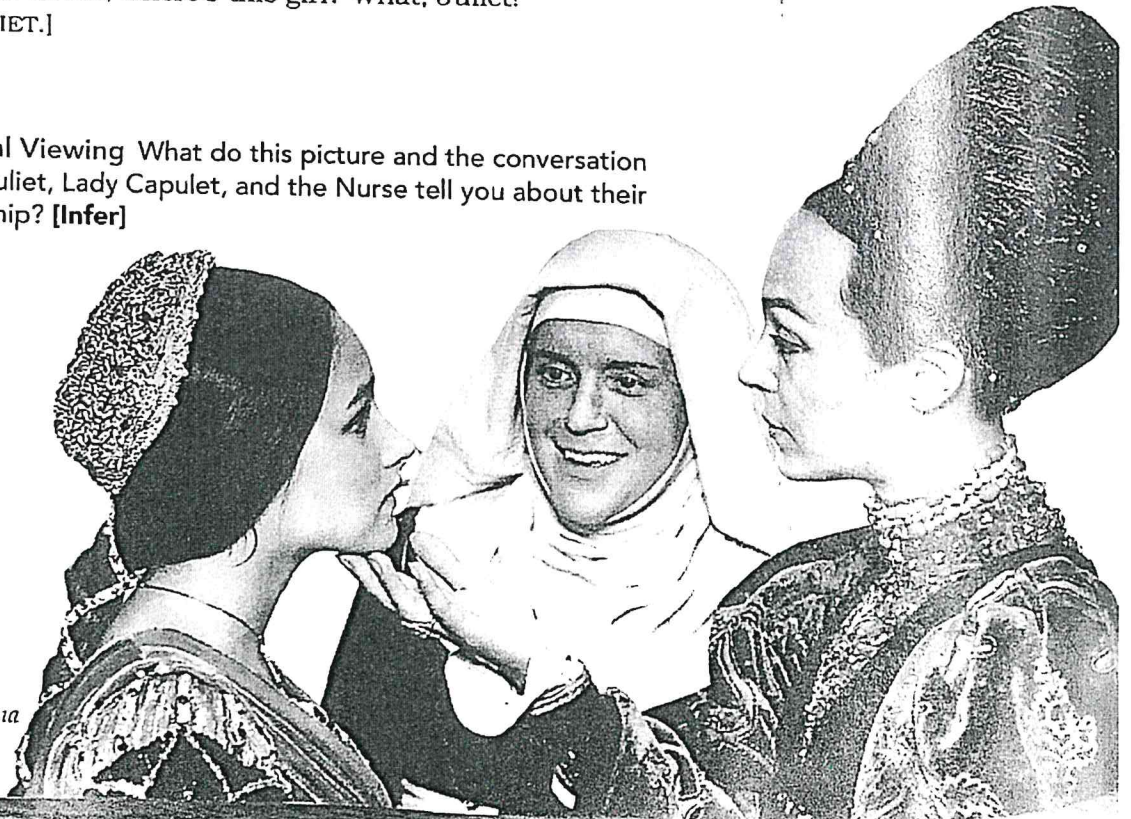
[Enter CAPULET'S WIFE, and NURSE.]

LADY CAPULET. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! What, ladybird!
God forbid, where's this girl? What, Juliet!

[Enter JULIET.]

▽ Critical Viewing What do this picture and the conversation among Juliet, Lady Capulet, and the Nurse tell you about their relationship? [Infer]



5 JULIET. How now? Who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

JULIET. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

LADY CAPULET. This is the matter—Nurse, give leave¹ awhile;
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again.
I have rememb'ed me; thou's hear our counsel.²

10 Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—
And yet, to my teen³ be it spoken, I have but four—
She's not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammastide?⁴

15 LADY CAPULET. A fortnight and odd days.⁵

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age.⁶ Well, Susan is with God;

20 She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years.

25 And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.

30 Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dovehouse! 'Twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

35 And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband (God be with his soul!
40 'A was a merry man) took up the child.
'Yea,' quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?"

1. give leave Leave us alone.
2. thou's . . . counsel You shall hear our conference.

3. teen sorrow.
4. Lammastide August 1, a holiday celebrating the summer harvest.
5. A fortnight and odd days two weeks plus a few days.
6. Susan . . . age Susan, the Nurse's child, and Juliet were the same age.

Literary Analysis
Dialogue What do the Nurse's words here reveal about her devotion to Juliet?

✓ Reading Check

How old is Juliet?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holidam,
The pretty wretch left crying and said, "Ay."
45 To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he,
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said, "Ay."

LADY CAPULET. Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace.

50 **NURSE.** Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh
To think it should leave crying and say, "Ay."
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
55 "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,
Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said, "Ay."

JULIET. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to His grace!
60 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
65 How stands your dispositions to be married?

JULIET. It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET. Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,
70 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid.⁷ Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

75 **NURSE.** A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.⁸

LADY CAPULET. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he's a flower, in faith—a very flower.

LADY CAPULET. What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
80 This night you shall behold him at our feast.

Literary Analysis Dialogue What does the conversation here reveal about the Nurse's personality?

7. I . . . maid I was your mother when I was as old as you are now.

8. he's . . . wax He's a model of a man.

Reading Skill Summarizing Use the information in footnote 8 and the dialogue to help you summarize the Nurse's opinion of Paris.

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
 Examine every married lineament,
 And see how one another lends content;⁹
 85 And what obscured in this fair volume lies
 Find written in the margent¹⁰ of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him only lacks a cover.¹¹
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
 90 For fair without the fair within to hide.
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him making yourself no less.

95 **NURSE.** No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;¹²
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.¹³

[Enter SERVINGMAN.]

100 **SERVINGMAN.** Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
 you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the
 pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I
 beseech you follow straight. [Exit.]

LADY CAPULET. We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.¹⁴

105 **NURSE.** Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exit all.]

Scene iv. A street.

[Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six other
 MASKERS; TORCHBEARERS.]

ROMEO. What, shall this speech¹ be spoke for our excuse?
 Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO. The date is out of such prolixity.²
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
 5 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance;
 But, let them measure us by what they will,
 10 We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

9. **Examine . . . content** Examine every harmonious feature of his face, and see how each one enhances every other. Throughout this speech, Lady Capulet compares Paris to a book.
 10. **margent** margin. Paris's eyes are compared to the margin of a book, where whatever is not clear in the text (the rest of his face) can be explained by notes.
 11. **cover** metaphor for wife.

Literary Analysis Dialogue What does the dialogue here reveal about Juliet's attitude toward marriage and Paris?


12. **I'll . . . move** If looking favorably at someone leads to liking him, I will look at Paris in a way that will lead to liking him.

13. **But . . . fly** But I will not look harder than you want me to.

14. **the County stays** The Count, Paris, is waiting.

1. **this speech** Romeo asks whether he and his companions, being uninvited guests, should follow custom by announcing their arrival in a speech.

2. **The . . . prolixity** Such wordiness is outdated. In the following lines, Benvolio says, in sum, "Let us forget about announcing our entrance with a show. The other guests can look over as they see fit. We will dance a while, then leave."

 **Reading Check**

Why has Lady Capulet come to talk to Juliet?

ROMEO. Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy,³ I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
15 With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO. You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO. I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
20 To soar with his light feathers; and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO. And, to sink in it, should you burden love—
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

25 **ROMEO.** Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO. If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage⁴ in.
30 A visor for a visor!⁵ What care I

3. heavy weighed down with sadness.

▽ Critical Viewing
Which details in this photograph show how Romeo and his friends prepare to attend the feast? [Analyze]

4. visage mask.
5. A visor . . . visor! A mask for a mask—which is what my real face is like!



What curious eye doth quote deformities?⁶
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.⁷

³⁵ **ROMEO.** A torch for me! Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes⁸ with their heels;
For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase,⁹
I'll be a candleholder and look on;
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.¹⁰

⁴⁰ **MERCUTIO.** Tut! Dun's the mouse, the constable's own word!¹¹
If thou art Dun,¹² we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO. Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO. I mean, sir, in delay
⁴⁵ We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.¹³

ROMEO. And we mean well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO. Why, may one ask?

ROMEO. I dreamt a dream tonight.

⁵⁰ **MERCUTIO.** And so did I.

ROMEO. Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO. That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO. O, then I see Queen Mab¹⁴ hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
⁵⁵ In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies¹⁵
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners'¹⁶ legs,
⁶⁰ The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;¹⁷
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat.

6. quote deformities notice my ugly features.

7. betake . . . legs start dancing.

8. Let . . . rushes Let fun-loving people dance on the floor coverings.

9. proverbied . . . phrase directed by an old saying.

10. The game . . . done No matter how much enjoyment may be had, I will not have any.

11. Dun's . . . word! Lie low like a mouse—that is what a constable waiting to make an arrest might say.

12. Dun proverbial name for a horse.

Literary Analysis

Dialogue What contrast between Mercutio and Romeo does the dialogue reveal?

13. Take . . . wits Understand my intended meaning. That shows more intelligence than merely following what your senses perceive.

14. Queen Mab the queen of fairyland.

15. atomies creatures.

16. spinners spiders.

17. film spider's thread.

✓ Reading Check

How does Romeo feel about going to the Capulets' feast?

65 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,¹⁸
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

70 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

75 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breath with sweetmeats¹⁹ tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;²⁰
 And sometime comes she with a tithe pig's²¹ tail

80 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then he dreams of another benefice.²²
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dream he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes,²³ Spanish blades,

85 Of healths²⁴ five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats²⁵ the manes of horses in the night

90 And bakes the elflocks²⁶ in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.²⁷
 This is she—

95 **ROMEO.** Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,

100 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the North
 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.

BENVOLIO. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.
 105 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

18. old grub insect that bores holes in nuts.

19. sweetmeats candy.

20. smelling . . . suit finding someone who has a petition (suit) for the king and who will pay the courtier to gain the king's favor for the petition.

21. tithe pig pig donated to a parson.

22. benefice church appointment that included a guaranteed income.

23. ambuscadoes ambushes.

24. healths toasts ("To your health!").

25. plats tangles.

26. elflocks tangled hair.

27. carriage posture.

Reading Skill
Summarizing Review Mercutio's speech and summarize his ideas about Queen Mab.

Literary Analysis
Dialogue What do Mercutio's comments about dreams reveal about his character?

ROMEO. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
110 Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.²⁸
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO. Strike, drum.

[They march about the stage, and retire to one side.]

Scene v. A hall in CAPULET'S house.

[SERVINGMEN come forth with napkins.]

FIRST SERVINGMAN. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? He shift a trencher!¹ He scrape a trencher!

SECOND SERVINGMAN. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

5 **FIRST SERVINGMAN.** Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a
piece of marchpane,² and, as thou loves me, let the porter
let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Anthony and Potpan!

SECOND SERVINGMAN. Ay, boy, ready.

10 **FIRST SERVINGMAN.** You are looked for and called for,
asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

THIRD SERVINGMAN. We cannot be here and there too.
Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longest liver
take all.

[Exit.]

*[Enter CAPULET, his WIFE, JULIET, TYBALT, NURSE, and all the GUESTS
and GENTLEWOMEN to the MASKERS.]*

15 **CAPULET.** Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout³ with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,⁴
She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near ye now?
20 Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

Reading Skill Summarizing

Use footnote 28 to help you summarize Romeo's response to Benvolio.

28. my mind . . . death My mind is fearful that some future event, fated by the stars, shall start to run its course tonight and cut my life short.

1. trencher wooden platter.

2. marchpane marzipan, a confection made of sugar and almonds.

3. walk a bout dance a turn.

4. makes dainty hesitates; acts shy.

✓ Reading Check

What does Romeo fear might happen in the near future?

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians,
play.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

25 A hall,⁵ a hall! Give room! And foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit; nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
30 For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

SECOND CAPULET. By'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET. What, man? 'Tis not so much, 'tis not so
much;

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
35 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years, and then we masked.

SECOND CAPULET. 'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is
elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

CAPULET. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward⁶ two years ago.

40 **ROMEO.** [*To a SERVINGMAN*] What lady's that which doth
enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

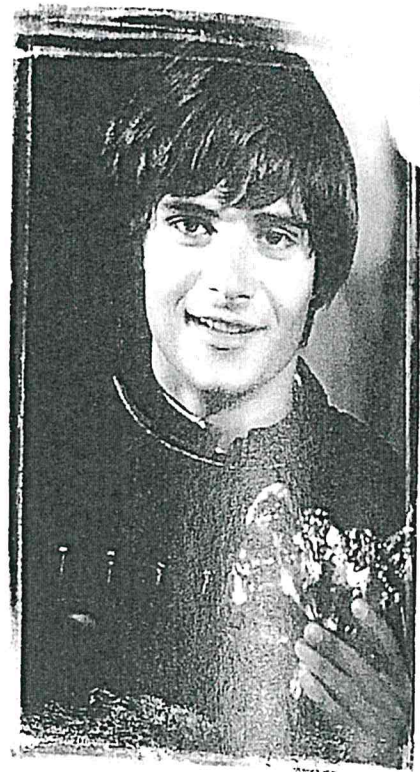
SERVINGMAN. I know not, sir.

ROMEO. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
45 As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
50 And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear⁷ it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! Dares the slave
55 Come hither, covered with an antic face,⁸
To fleer⁹ and scorn at our solemnity?



▲ Critical Viewing
What can you tell
about Romeo's
personality from the
fact that he has taken
off his mask? [**Draw**
Conclusions]

5. A hall clear the floor, make
room for dancing.

6. ward minor.

Literary Analysis Stage Directions

What do the stage
direction in line 40
and the dialogue that
follows reveal about
Romeo?

7. Forswear deny.

8. antic face strange, fantas-
tic mask.

9. fleer mock.

Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET. Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

60 **TYBALT.** Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain, that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET. Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET. Content thee, gentle coz,¹⁰ let him alone.

65 'A bears him like a portly gentleman,¹¹
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.¹²
70 Therefore be patient; take no note of him.
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance¹³ for a feast.

TYBALT. It fits when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

75 **CAPULET.** He shall be endured.
What, Goodman¹⁴ boy! I say he shall. Go to!¹⁵
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
You'll not endure him, God shall mend my soul!¹⁶
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
80 You will set cock-a-hoop.¹⁷ You'll be the man!

TYBALT. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET. Go to, go to!
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you.¹⁸ I know what.
You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time—
85 Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox¹⁹—go!
Be quiet, or—more light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT. Patience perforce with willful choler meeting²⁰
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
90 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

ROMEO. If I profane with my unworhiest hand

10. **coz** Here, "coz" is used as a term of address for a relative.

11. 'A . . . gentleman He behaves like a dignified gentleman.

12. **disparagement** insult.

13. **ill-beseeming semblance** inappropriate appearance.

14. **goodman** term of address for someone below the rank of gentleman.

15. **Go to!** expression of angry impatience.

16. **God . . . soul!** expression of impatience, equivalent to "God save me!"

17. **You will set cock-a-hoop** You want to swagger like a barnyard rooster.

Literary Analysis Dialogue What does the dialogue between Capulet and Tybalt show about their relationship?

18. **This . . . you** This trait of yours may turn out to hurt you.

19. **princox** rude youngster; wise guy.

20. **Patience . . . meeting** enforced self-control mixing with strong anger.

Reading Check

How does Capulet respond when Tybalt says he will not tolerate Romeo's presence at the party?

[Exit.]

This holy shrine,²¹ the gentle sin is this:
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 95 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch
 And palm to palm is holy palmers'²² kiss.

100 **ROMEO.** Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
JULIET. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
ROMEO. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!
 They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET. Saints do not move,²³ though grant for prayers' sake.
 105 **ROMEO.** Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged. [Kisses her.]
JULIET. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
ROMEO. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!²⁴
 Give me my sin again. [Kisses her.]
JULIET. You kiss by th' book.²⁵

110 **NURSE.** Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
ROMEO. What is her mother?
NURSE. Marry, bachelor,
 Her mother is the lady of the house,
 And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

21. shrine Juliet's hand.

22. palmers pilgrims who at one time carried palm branches from the Holy Land.

23. move initiate involvement in earthly affairs.

Literary Analysis
Dialogue and Stage Directions What do the dialogue and stage directions in this passage reveal about Romeo's and Juliet's feelings?

24. O . . . urged! Romeo is saying, in substance, that he is happy. Juliet calls his kiss a sin, for now he can take it back—by another kiss.

25. by th' book as if you were following a manual of courtly love.



◀ **Critical Viewing**
 Which details in this photograph show Romeo's and Juliet's affection for each other? [Draw Conclusions]

115 I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.²⁶

ROMEO. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.²⁷

BENVOLIO. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

120 **CAPULET.** Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.²⁸
Is it e'en so?²⁹ Why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.
More torches here! Come on then; let's to bed.
125 Ah, sirrah, by my fay,³⁰ it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [Exit all but JULIET and NURSE.]

JULIET. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET. What's he that now is going out of door?

130 **NURSE.** Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JULIET. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JULIET. Go ask his name—If he is married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

135 **NURSE.** His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET. My only love, sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious³¹ birth of love it is to me
140 That I must love a loathèd enemy.

NURSE. What's this? What's this?

JULIET. A rhyme I learnt even now.
Of one I danced withal. [One calls within, "Juliet."]

NURSE. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exit all.]

26. chinks cash.

27. My life . . . debt Since Juliet is a Capulet, Romeo's life is at the mercy of the enemies of his family.

28. towards being prepared.

29. Is . . . so? Is it the case that you really must leave?

30. fay faith.

Literary Analysis Dialogue and Stage Directions

How can you tell that the dialogue that follows line 126 is a private conversation?

31. Prodigious monstrous; foretelling misfortune.

Apply the Skills

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, Act I

Thinking About the Selection

1. **Respond:** If you were Romeo or Juliet, would you pursue a relationship with the other? Explain.
2. (a) **Recall:** Based on Act I, what do you know about Romeo's and Juliet's lives? (b) **Compare and Contrast:** How are their personalities similar and different?
3. (a) **Recall:** What information about the two households is presented in the Prologue? (b) **Connect:** In what way does Juliet's comment in Act I, Scene v, lines 137–138, echo the Prologue?
4. **Analyze:** How do the comments of Mercutio and Benvolio add to your understanding of Romeo's character?
5. (a) **Analyze:** What threats to Romeo and Juliet's love already exist in Act I? (b) **Speculate:** How do you think Romeo and Juliet will react to these threats?
6. **Evaluate:** Based on Romeo's behavior in Act I, do you think Shakespeare accurately portrays a teenager in love? Explain.

Literary Analysis

7. Using a chart like the one shown, explain what the **dialogue** involving the Nurse, Juliet, and Lady Capulet in Act I, Scene iii, reveals about each character.

Character	Dialogue	Reveals

8. Most of the **stage directions** in Act I mark the characters' entrances and exits. (a) Identify three examples of stage directions that do more than simply dictate characters' movements on and off stage. (b) Explain what each of these directions tells us about the characters and the action.

Reading Skill

9. Use **text aids** to restate Capulet's scolding of Tybalt in Act I, Scene v, lines 77–87, in your own words.
10. (a) Using text aids to clarify her meaning, explain the play on words in Juliet's speech in Act I, Scene v, lines 96–99. (b) **Summarize** her speech in a few sentences.

QuickReview

Act I at a Glance

Romeo and Juliet meet at a ball given by Juliet's family. They fall immediately in love, only to discover that their families are enemies.

Go Online
Assessment

For: Self-test

Visit: www.PHSchool.com

Web Code: epa-6502

Dialogue:

conversation between characters

Stage Directions:

notes in the text of a play that describe how the work should be performed or staged

Summarizing: briefly stating the main points in a piece of writing

Vocabulary Builder

Practice An **oxymoron** is a phrase combining contradictory or opposing ideas, often used as a figure of speech for poetic effect. Review the vocabulary list on page 728. Then, explain the meaning of each phrase and tell why each one is an oxymoron.

1. pernicious blessing
2. augmenting scarcity
3. flattering grievance
4. honorable transgression

Adding Words to Your Vocabulary *Diminishing* and *abridging* are both antonyms for the word *augmenting*. Use a dictionary to find the precise meaning of each word. For each word, write a sentence using it correctly. Then, share your sentences with classmates and discuss their differences and similarities. (For more on using a dictionary, see page R6.)

Writing

As either Romeo or Juliet, write a **letter to an advice columnist** requesting help with the problem of falling in love with someone whom you are not supposed to love.

- First, list the reasons your love may be doomed.
- Next, write a letter that explains your list and asks for advice.

After you have written your letter as Romeo or Juliet, write a response as the advice columnist. Suggest to Romeo or Juliet how he or she might handle this difficult situation. Share your letters with the class and discuss the power of writing using more than one voice.

For *Grammar, Vocabulary, and Assessment*, see **Build Language Skills**, pages 812–813.

Extend Your Learning

Listening and Speaking Select a scene from Act I and plan a **staged performance** with classmates. Choose a scene with at least three characters. Then, plan and rehearse the scene.

- Decide who will play each role.
- As you rehearse take turns critiquing the group's work.

Take care to express your thoughts clearly with attention to others, and convey criticism in a respectful way. Perform the scene for the class, and invite comments from the audience.

Build Skills *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, Act II*

Literary Analysis

Blank verse is unrhymed poetry written in a meter called iambic pentameter. A line written in iambic pentameter includes five stressed syllables, each preceded by an unstressed syllable, as in the following example:

Bŭt sóft! Whă light thrŭgh yŏndĕr wĭndŏw brĕaks?
Īt ĭs thĕ eăst, ănd Jŭliĕt ĭs thĕ sŭn!

Much of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet* is written in blank verse. Shakespeare uses its formal meter to reinforce character rank. Important or aristocratic characters typically speak in blank verse. Minor or comic characters often do not speak in verse.

Based on your understanding of blank verse, use a chart like the one shown to identify characters' rank in this play.

Reading Skill

Summarizing is briefly stating the main points in a piece of writing. Stopping periodically to summarize what you have read helps you to check your comprehension before you read further.

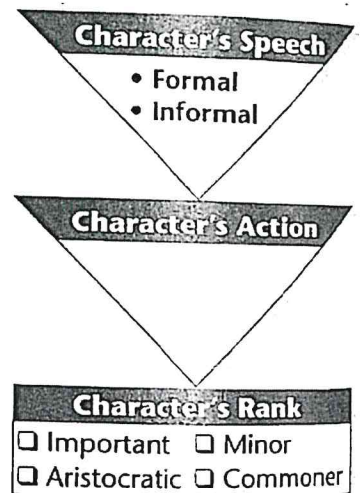
Summarizing is especially useful when reading a play that has long passages of blank verse. When you encounter one of these passages, **read in sentences**—just as if you were reading a poem. Pause according to punctuation instead of at the end of each line. As you become more accustomed to the form, you will be able to increase your speed.

Once you have grasped the meanings of individual sentences in blank verse, you can more easily and more accurately summarize long passages.



Program of Studies

- Read for enjoyment. (ELA.EI.R.4)
- Understand vocabulary in context. (ELA.EI.R.5)



Vocabulary Builder

- **procure** (prō kyoor') v. get; obtain (p. 763) *The hungry man tried to procure food.*
- **predominant** (prē dām' ə nənt) adj. having dominating influence over others (p. 766) *Despite some disagreement, the predominant tone of the meeting was one of unity.*
- **intercession** (in' tər sesh' ən) n. act of pleading on another's behalf (p. 767) *Thanks to the intercession by Andy and Paula, Jim was allowed into the concert without a ticket.*
- **sallow** (sal' ō) adj. of a sickly, pale-yellowish hue (p. 767) *When her sickness passed, her face no longer looked sallow.*
- **lamentable** (lam' ən tə bəl) adj. distressing; sad (p. 769) *His lack of concern about his health is lamentable.*
- **unwieldy** (un wēl' dē) adj. awkward; clumsy (p. 775) *Joe's sprained ankle made him unwieldy on the dance floor.*



ACT II

Review and Anticipate

Act I reveals a bitter, long-standing feud between the Montagues and the Capulets. It also introduces the play's title characters, who meet at a feast and immediately fall in love, only to discover that they come from opposing sides of the feud.

Based on what you have learned about the personalities of Romeo and Juliet, how do you expect them to respond to their love for each other and to the problems it poses? How do you think their families will react?

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS. Now old desire¹ doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;²
That fair³ for which love groaned for and would die,

PROLOGUE

1. **old desire** Romeo's love for Rosaline.
2. **young . . . heir** Romeo's new love for Juliet is eager to replace his love for Rosaline.
3. **fair** beautiful woman (Rosaline).

With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
 5 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
 Alike bewitchèd⁴ by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,⁵
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 10 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear,
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new belovèd anywhere;
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.⁶
 [Exit.]

Scene i. Near CAPULET'S orchard.

[Enter ROMEO alone.]

ROMEO. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth,¹ and find thy center² out.

[Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO. ROMEO retires.]

BENVOLIO. Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO. He is wise.
 And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

5 **BENVOLIO.** He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
 Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO. Nay, I'll conjure³ too.
 Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied!
 10 Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove";
 Speak to my gossip⁴ Venus one fair word,
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!
 15 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead,⁵ and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 20 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

4. Alike bewitchèd Both Romeo and Juliet are enchanted.

5. complain address his words of love.

6. Temp'ring . . . sweet easing their difficulties with great delights.

1. dull earth lifeless body.

2. center heart, or possibly soul (Juliet).

3. conjure recite a spell to make Romeo appear.

4. gossip merry old lady.

5. The ape is dead Romeo, like a trained monkey, seems to be playing.

Literary Analysis
Blank Verse Based on the overall meter of his speech, how can you tell that Mercutio is an aristocrat?

MERCUTIO. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
25 Till she had laid it and conjured it down.
That were some spite; my invocation
Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

30 BENVOLIO. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees
To be consorted⁶ with the humorous⁷ night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar⁸ tree
35 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open *et cetera*, thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed:⁹
40 This field bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exit with others.]

Scene ii. CAPULET'S orchard.

ROMEO. [Coming forward] He jests at scars that never felt a
wound.

[Enter JULIET at a window.]

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
5 Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.
Her vestal livery¹ is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
10 It is my lady! O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.
15 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes

6. consorted associated.


7. humorous humid; moody,
like a lover.

8. medlar applelike fruit.

9. truckle bed trundlebed,
placed under a larger bed
when not in use.

Literary Analysis
Blank Verse Which
line in Romeo's speech
breaks the pattern of
five stressed syllables
per line?

1. livery clothing or costume
worn by a servant.

 Reading Check

Whom does Romeo
see at the window?

To twinkle in their spheres² till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
20 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon that hand,
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET.

Ay me!

25 **ROMEO.**

She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes
30 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET. O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?³

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
35 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET. Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not⁴ a Montague.
40 What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
45 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes⁵
Without that title. Romeo, doff⁶ thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO.

I take thee at thy word.

50 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET. What man art thou, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?⁷

ROMEO.

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

2. spheres orbits.

3. Wherefore . . .
Romeo? Why are you
Romeo—a Montague?

4. though not even if you
were not.

Reading Skill
Summarizing Briefly
summarize Juliet's
speech about Romeo's
name.

5. owes owns; possesses.

6. doff remove.

7. counsel secret thoughts.

55 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
60 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
65 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO. With love's light wings did I o'erperch⁸ these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

70 JULIET. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof⁹ against their enmity.

JULIET. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

75 ROMEO. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but¹⁰ thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued,¹¹ wanting of thy love.

JULIET. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

80 ROMEO. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I should adventure¹² for such merchandise.

85 JULIET. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form¹³—fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!¹⁴
90 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay";
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,

Literary Analysis
Blank Verse In
line 57, how do the
stressed syllables
reinforce Romeo's
meaning?

8. o'erperch fly over.

9. proof protected, as by
armor.


10. And but unless.

11. prorogued postponed.

12. adventure risk a long
journey, like a sea adventurer.

13. Fain . . . form eagerly
would I follow convention (by
acting reserved).

14. compliment conventional
behavior.

 **Reading Check**

Why does Romeo say
his name is hateful to
him?

I'll frown and be perverse¹⁵ and say thee nay.
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond.¹⁶
And therefore thou mayst think my havior light;¹⁷
100 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.¹⁸
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware.
My truelove passion. Therefore pardon me.
105 And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.¹⁹

ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
110 That monthly changes in her circle orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by?

15. be perverse act contrary to my true feelings.

16. fond affectionate.

17. my havior light my behavior immodest or unserious.

18. strange distant and cold.

19. discovered revealed.



◀ **Critical Viewing**
How does Juliet's expression in this picture compare with the feelings she has conveyed in the play so far? [Connect]

JULIET. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

115 **ROMEO.** If my heart's dear love—

JULIET. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract²⁰ tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
120 Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

125 **ROMEO.** O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO. Th'exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

130 **ROMEO.** Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET. But to be frank²¹ and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty²² is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

135 The more I have, for both are infinite,

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

[*NURSE calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

ROMEO. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,

140 Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.²³

[*Enter JULIET again.*]

JULIET. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent²⁴ of love be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,

145 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Literary Analysis

Blank Verse The five stressed syllables of lines 112 and 115 are split between the two speakers. What does this weaving together of dialogue suggest about the speakers' relationship?

20. contract betrothal.

21. frank generous.

22. bounty what I have to give.

23. substantial real.

24. bent purpose; intention.

Vocabulary Builder

procure (prō kyoor')

v. get; obtain

Reading Check

Why does Juliet tell Romeo not to swear his love by the moon?

NURSE. [Within] Madam!

150 **JULIET.** I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE. [Within] Madam!

JULIET. By and by²⁵ I come.—
To cease thy strife²⁶ and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO. So thrive my soul—

JULIET. A thousand times good night!

[Exit.]

Literary Analysis
Blank Verse Three speakers share the rhythm of line 151. Does the Nurse's interruption complete or break the blank verse?

25. By and by at once.

26. strife efforts.

Literature in Context

Culture Connection

Falconry

When Juliet longs for “a falc'ners voice,” she is referring to someone who practices falconry, the sport of hunting with falcons. Falcon are swift, hawk-like birds of prey. The falconer trains the bird to respond to a combination of physical and vocal commands.

During Shakespeare's time one's rank in society determined the kind of bird one could own:

Rank	Type of Bird
King	Gyr falcon
Prince	Peregrine falcon (male)
Knight	Saker falcon
Squire	Lanner falcon
Lady	Merlin (female)
Yeoman (landowner)	Goshawk
Servants, children	Kestrel



◀ Falconry began as a way to obtain food but gradually evolved into the “sport of kings.”

Thick leather ▶ gloves protected the falconer from the bird's talons.



Connect to the Literature Why do you think Juliet wishes Romeo would respond to her voice as a falcon does to the falconer's commands?

155 **ROMEO.** A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Enter JULIET again.]

JULIET. Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falc'ner's voice
To lure this tassel gentle²⁷ back again!
160 Bondage is hoarse²⁸ and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo²⁹ lies
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of "My Romeo!"

ROMEO. It is my soul that calls upon my name.
165 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET. Romeo!

ROMEO. My sweet?

JULIET. What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO. By the hour of nine.

JULIET. I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.
170 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROMEO. And I'll stay, to have thee still forget,
175 Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone—
And yet no farther than a wanton's³⁰ bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,³¹
180 And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO. I would I were thy bird.

JULIET. Sweet, so would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
185 That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

ROMEO. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Literary Analysis
Blank Verse Based on the fact that Romeo and Juliet speak in blank verse, what can you conclude about their character rank?


27. tassel gentle male falcon.

28. Bondage is hoarse Being bound in by my family restricts my speech.

29. Echo In classical mythology, the nymph Echo, unable to win the love of Narcissus, wasted away in a cave until nothing was left of her but her voice.

30. wanton's spoiled, playful child's.

31. gyves (jivz) chains.

 **Reading Check**

What plan do Romeo and Juliet make for the following day?

Hence will I to my ghostly friar's³² close cell,³³
His help to crave and my dear hap³⁴ to tell.

[Exit.]

32. ghostly friar's spiritual father's.

33. close cell small room.

34. dear hap good fortune.

Scene iii. Friar Lawrence's cell.

[Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE alone, with a basket.]

FRIAR. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckèd¹ darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's burning wheels.²
5 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must upfill this osier cage³ of ours
With baleful⁴ weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb.
10 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind⁵
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
15 O, mickle⁶ is the powerful grace⁷ that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strained⁸ from that fair use,
20 Revolts from true birth,⁹ stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

[Enter ROMEO.]

Within the infant rind¹⁰ of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;¹¹
25 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;¹²
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.¹³
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still¹⁴
In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
30 Full soon the canker¹⁵ death eats up that plant.

ROMEO. Good morrow, father.

FRIAR. *Benedicite!*¹⁶
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemperèd head¹⁷
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Reading Skill

Summarizing Briefly state the main points of the Friar's speech in lines 1–30.

1. fleckèd spotted.

2. Titan's burning wheels wheels of the sun god's chariot.

3. osier cage willow basket.

4. baleful poisonous.

5. divers kind different kinds.

6. mickle great.

7. grace divine power.

8. strained turned away.

9. Revolts . . . birth conflicts with its real purpose.

10. infant rind tender skin.

11. and medicine power and medicinal quality has power.

12. with . . . part with that quality—odor—revives each part of the body.

13. stays . . . heart kills (stops the working of the five senses along with the heart).

14. still always.

15. canker destructive caterpillar.

Vocabulary Builder

predominant (prē dām' ə nent) *adj.*
having dominating influence over others

16. *Benedicite!* God bless you!

17. distemperèd head troubled mind.

Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 1, Scene 1

It was hot. Sizzling. Even at eight o'clock.

Verona was coming to life: people poured out of the houses and filled the streets while market traders set up their stalls in the grand piazza. It was a good patch, an excellent place to catch the business of those who lived and worked in the rich houses that lined Verona's main square.

The Capulet mansion was one of the biggest – filled with servants and humming with activity. It was an hour till breakfast and while the cooks sweated over the fires in the kitchen, conjuring mouthwatering aromas of baked breads and hams, the servingmen killed time as best they could.

Two of them – hot, bored and restless – stepped out into the bustle of the piazza and swaggered about among the bright colours, the animal smells and the din of traders' voices, hoping to find some action.

'I can tell you, Gregory,' said Sampson, 'I'm ready for them. Just watch me. Let a Montague so much as put a foot in the piazza and you'll see how quick I am.'

'Sure.' Gregory knew that his friend's boasts just added to the hot air around them.

He loved winding the fiery Sampson up, so he said: 'How quick you are to run away, you mean.'

'Not from the Montagues,' retorted Sampson. His face twisted with scorn. 'I'll take on any of their men – or women,' he added, winking.

'I know that's your level,' said Gregory, 'but our quarrel isn't with the women. Why quarrel with the women? This is between the men.'

'Ha.' Sampson fancied himself quite seriously. 'When I've dealt with the men I'll take care of the women.' He made a rude gesture with his arm. 'Don't you worry about that.'

'Well here's your chance to show me,' said Gregory as two young servants dressed in the red and silver uniform of the Montagues came round a corner and on to the piazza.

With an exaggerated flourish Sampson put his hand on the hilt of his sword.

'Right,' he said. 'We're on. Pick a fight with them. I'll be right behind you.'

'That's what I'm afraid of,' said Gregory.

'No wait.' The Montague men were almost there. 'Be careful. We mustn't put ourselves in the wrong. Let them be the ones to start.'

'Alright.' Gregory screwed his face up. They might as well have a bit of fun. It wouldn't come to anything serious. Just a bit of fun. 'I'll frown as we pass them. Let's see what they do.'

'Good thinking,' said Sampson. 'And I'll bite my thumb at them. If they take that it will really show them up.'

The Montague servants came closer. With Gregory's frowning and Sampson's pointed biting of his thumb they represented a very strange and obvious spectacle, which the Montagues couldn't ignore.

The Montague servants stopped. One of them, a rather superior young man named Abraham, peered at Sampson as though he were an insect. He turned slowly to his companion with a query on his face. His friend, Balthasar, shrugged. Abraham turned back to Sampson.

'Are you biting your thumb at us?' he said.

'I'm biting my thumb, as you can see,' said Sampson.

'I can see that. But are you biting your thumb at us?'

Sampson leant over and whispered to his friend: 'Is the law on our side if I say 'yes'?''

Gregory shook his head.

'No.' Sampson straightened up. 'I'm not biting my thumb at you.'

'Well,' said the Montague. 'That's alright then.' He knew as well as Sampson what the penalty for starting a fight was. 'Peace to you then.'

The Montagues were about to move on but the temptation was too much for Sampson. He couldn't let this chance pass.

'I'm definitely biting my thumb, though,' he said.

Gregory, forgetting the dangers in this moment of excitement, stepped forward then and gave the Montagues a hard look. 'Do you want to make something of it?'

Abraham seemed to consider that for a moment. Then: 'Make something of it?' he said calmly. He turned his head and asked Balthasar. 'Do we?'

Balthasar dismissed the thought with a gesture.

Abraham shook his head slowly. 'No. We don't want to make anything of it.'

Sampson, seeing that the Montague men were about to walk on, brought his face closer to Abraham's and put on an even harder look, 'Because if you do.' he said, speaking slowly, 'I'm ready.' He stepped back, leant his elbow on Gregory's shoulder, crossed one leg in front of the other and looked the Montague servants up and down.

Abraham nodded, signaled his friend to follow, and turned to go.

Sampson didn't like to think that the fun was over. He moved quickly to bar the Montagues' way. 'I don't know who you think you are,' he told them. 'I'll have you know my master's just as good a man as yours is.'

'Not better, though,' said Abraham, stopping again.

'Well.' said Sampson. He knew that if he said his master was better it would be an unbearable insult: there would be no going back, so this was the critical moment.

The four youths were in complete deadlock. They stood staring at each other, all of them itching to let fly, when a well dressed young man emerged from one of the streets that led off the piazza.

'Look,' whispered Balthasar. 'There's Montague's cousin. Tell them our master's better.'

Abraham had been controlling himself admirably until now, but now the balance was tipped by the arrival of a Montague. The temptation was too great. He tapped Sampson's chest with his forefinger. 'There's something I have to tell you,' he said. 'My master's better than yours.'

'You're a liar!' Sampson drew his sword. 'Come on, draw if you're men.'

The Montague's swords were already in their hands. In an instant the four were fighting, their rapiers reflecting the morning sunlight in sharp bright flashes.

The well dressed youth was Montague's cousin, Benvolio, the last young man in Verona likely to become involved in a street fight. He was returning from an early morning walk. When he saw the fighting servants he started running towards them.

'Hey!' he shouted. 'Stop that! Put your swords away! You don't know what you're doing!

Stop it!' He drew his own rapier and charged in among them, trying to part them. 'Stop!' he yelled. 'Stop it!'

A crowd had gathered, attracted by the shouting. Among them was the fiery nephew of Capulet himself. He was a restless young fellow called Tybalt. Unlike Benvolio, he couldn't resist a fight. The mere sight of a Montague was enough to make his blood boil.

'Hey, Benvolio,' he called. 'Fancy finding you fighting with servants. Why don't you pick on a man?' When Benvolio ignored him he drew his sword and touched the young Montague's shoulder with it. 'Turn,' he said dramatically, 'And face your death.'

'Forget it, Tybalt.' panted Benvolio. He didn't take Tybalt's frequent theatrical displays seriously at the best of times and now, while he was trying to stop these hot blooded young men from fighting, he wasn't in the mood for Tybalt's nonsense at all. He shrugged the end of the young Capulet's sword from his shoulder.

'I'm trying to keep the peace. Put your sword away. Or use it to help me part these men.'

'What?' said Tybalt. 'A sword in your hand and talking about peace? Don't make me laugh. I hate that word. Just as I hate all Montagues. And especially you!' And with that he made a lunge at Benvolio, forcing him to turn and defend himself.

The four servants were still fighting and others had joined in. More people were pouring out of the houses around the piazza and the narrow streets that led off it. The fighters were trampling over stalls, squashing fruit and sending chickens and piglets squawking and squealing in panic.

An officer of the city's Watch arrived. Waving his longsword above his head he shouted to the people to help him part the fighters. 'These damned Capulets!' he stormed. 'These damned Montagues. Curse them all! Down with the lot of 'em!'

By now the whole piazza was in turmoil. Some people fought while others tried to stop them. Wounded men squirmed in the dust and market stalls lay in ruins.

Capulet came running on to a balcony of his house, followed by his wife. He still wore his nightgown. 'What's this racket?' he said. 'Get me my longsword'

'Don't be absurd,' said Lady Capulet. 'You need a crutch, more like it. What would you do with a sword?'

But Capulet meant it. He could see his enemy, Montague, down in the piazza, waving his sword at him, taunting him – challenging him to come out and fight. 'Get me my sword!' he demanded.

Montague was shouting up at him. 'You villain, Capulet! Come out and fight like a man.' Lady Montague was pulling him back, trying to calm him down. 'Let go,' he yelled, as she gripped his cloak even more tightly. 'Leave me alone. Come on, Capulet! Come on, then!'

'Stop it,' cried Lady Montague. 'I won't let you fight. What do you think you're doing? At your age!'

Just as Montague broke loose from his wife's grasp and was rushing to meet Capulet, who had answered his challenge by coming out to the piazza, still in his nightgown, there was the furious brassy sound of trumpets – dozens of them. Every citizen knew what that fanfare meant. Even Tybalt, although at an advantage in his fight with Benvolio, lowered his sword and turned towards the palace that dominated the piazza with its huge columns and vast porch. The Prince himself, accompanied by scores of his courtiers and officers, was hurrying down the stairs.

The fanfare died away and silence spread across the piazza. Everyone watched as the Prince strode to the fountain and stepped up on to the wall. He looked around at his subjects. His face was solemn. His stern gaze fell on Montague and Capulet who stood side by side, their swords still drawn. He looked at them for a long time before he spoke. Then:

'This is the third time that you, Capulet, and you, Montague, have disturbed the tranquillity of our city and obliged the elders of Verona to make peace between you,' he said. He paused and allowed his eyes to roam over the devastation. 'It seems it hasn't worked. You are both so blighted with hatred.' His eyes flashed with anger. 'So this is what I'm going to order. If you ever disturb our streets again you'll pay for it with your lives.'

A murmur went up among the crowd. The Prince had never gone this far. But by the look of him he meant it! He was sick and tired of this stupid feud between two of Verona's wealthiest families and now he was going to do something about it at last. And they all knew that he meant it.

'Now go home, all of you,' he ordered his subjects.

'Wait, Capulet,' he said as Capulet turned to go. 'You will come with me. And you, Montague, come and see me this afternoon: I'll let you know then what else I've decided. Now all of you, go home.'

Within five minutes the only people left were the wounded and the market traders who, with varying degrees of stoicism, began to put their stalls back together. The injured were trying to pick themselves up: if they didn't hurry the Prince's guards would begin rounding them up.

Benvolio walked to the Montague house with his uncle and aunt. Fortunately he wasn't hurt, although his thoughts about Tybalt were not the most generous.

'What happened?'' said Montague. Were you there when it started?''

Benvolio explained about the servants and about the way Tybalt had attacked him – how Tybalt's sword had whistled round his head so that there was no way he could have ignored it.

Lady Montague wasn't interested in how it had started. All she felt was relief at knowing her son hadn't been involved. 'Where is he?' she said. 'Have you seen him today?'

'Who?'

'Romeo. Have you seen him?'

Benvolio smiled. 'I think he's avoiding me: I couldn't sleep last night and I got up early, before dawn. I went for a walk – to the sycamore grove on the outskirts of the city.'

He pointed down the alley that ran along the side of Montague's house. 'And he was there. I called to him but as soon as he heard me he dived into the woods. He didn't want to talk to me. Well, I had my own problems, so I dropped it.'

'Hmm,' said Montague. 'I've heard that he often goes there before dawn. They tell me he does a lot of crying. And as soon as the sun comes up he hurries home, goes to his room and closes the shutters. Something's definitely wrong.'

'Have you any idea why he's acting so strangely?' said Benvolio.

'Not the slightest,' said Montague. 'He hasn't said anything to me.'

'Have you asked him?'

'I have. and I've got others to as well. He's become very secretive. How can I help him if he won't say anything?'

As they were going in Benvolio caught sight of Romeo coming up the street.

'There he is!' he said. 'Go in. I'll wait for him. I'm determined to get to the bottom of this.'

'Bless you,' said his aunt.

'Come on,' said her husband. 'Good luck, Benvolio.'

Benvolio strolled slowly down the street. 'Hi,' he said as he got near to Romeo.

He bent his head and tried to catch his cousin's eye. 'Good morning.'

Romeo pretended not to see him. Benvolio bent his head even further and looked right up into his cousin's lowered eyes so that Romeo couldn't ignore him any longer.

'Good morning,' said Benvolio.

Romeo sighed a long, deep, mournful sigh. 'Is the day so young?'

'Only just gone nine.'

'Oh dear,' said Romeo. He sighed again. 'How the time drags when you're sad. Was that my father I just saw ducking into the house?'

'It was,' said Benvolio. 'What kind of sadness is this that makes the time drag so?'

'Not having what I need to make it go fast.'

'Not in love...!'

'No, out.'

'Out of love?'

'Out of the favour of the girl I love.'

'Dear oh dear,' said Benvolio, trying not to laugh. 'It's a hard life. That love, such a gentle thing, should be so rough when it comes down to it.'

'Yes,' said Romeo. 'I don't want to talk about it. Where shall we go for lunch?'

As they got to the corner Romeo stopped. He saw the broken awnings, the traders still chasing their chickens and piglets, and wounded men hobbling away.

'What happened?' he said. But before Benvolio could answer he sighed yet again. 'Don't tell me.' He shook his head sadly. 'I know all about it. This is about hatred.'

But I'm thinking only about love. Oh, everything is upside down.' He looked sharply at Benvolio.
'Are you laughing at me?'

'Would I do that?' said Benvolio. 'You make me want to cry.'

'Why?'

'Because you're so pathetic.'

'It's love that makes me pathetic,' said his cousin. 'But don't give it another thought. You've got more to think about.' His eyes filled with tears. 'If you start feeling sorry for me it'll only make things worse. So goodbye.'

'Hold on.' said Benvolio. 'I'll walk with you.'

'Where to? I'm not here. This isn't me. I have lost myself. Romeo's somewhere else.'

'Alright,' said Benvolio. 'Be serious. Tell me who it is.'

'I can't bear to say her name.'

'Come on.'

'Well, I'll tell you. She's a girl.'

'Oh. well done.' said Benvolio. 'I assumed that when you said you were in love.'

'And she's beautiful.'

'Good for you.'

'But she doesn't want to know.' Romeo took out a handkerchief and dabbed at his eyes. 'She's not interested in boys: says she never will be. She won't listen to anything I say. When our eyes meet she looks the other way. I've even offered her money.'

'Well. She's determined not to have a man.'

'Oh God,' said Romeo. 'Such a waste. She's so beautiful, Benvolio. And she'll go through life alone and when she dies all beauty will die with her. She says she'll never love anyone so I'm destined for a living death.'

Benvolio grasped Romeo's wrist. 'Will you trust me? I can tell you how to forget her.'

'How?' said Romeo. 'Impossible. Tell me how.'

'Simple,' said Benvolio. 'Get out and about. Look at other girls.'

'It's no good,' said Romeo. 'Whenever I see a beautiful girl from now on I'll only think of one who is even more beautiful. Goodbye Benvolio. There's no way I could forget her. There's nothing you can do.'

'I'm taking that as a challenge,' said Benvolio. 'I'll sort it out, don't you worry.'

~~~~~

## Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 1, Scene 2

d his visitor. 'It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. 'We're both bound over to keep the peace. One as much as the other. And I don't think it's so difficult for men of our age.'

His visitor, the young Count of Paris, shrugged. 'You're both respectable men. It's a pity you've had to live your lives as enemies.' He wasn't interested in the relationship between the two families. It was a bit distasteful, this public brawling. But Capulet was rich and his daughter was very desirable. 'Let's get down to business,' he said. 'What do you say to my proposition?'

Capulet paced back and forth for a while, stopped and stared out the window then turned back to the young man.

'Look,' he said. 'I can only tell you what I've already intimated. My daughter is still a child: she's not fourteen yet. Give it time. In a couple of years she'll be just about ready for marriage.'



'Many girls younger than her are mothers already,' said Paris.

'And their lives are ruined,' said Capulet. 'My daughter is very special to me.

She's my only surviving child. All my hopes rest on her. Do you understand what I'm saying?' He put his hand on the young man's shoulder. 'I'll tell you what. Let's agree to a compromise. Take it slowly, Paris. Gain her confidence. If she agrees to marry you then my consent will follow. And my blessing too.'

Paris thought for a moment then nodded. They shook hands.

'That's settled then.' Capulet moved briskly to his desk. 'And now to pleasure. Tonight I'm having a party. There are going to be a lot of people. All friends of mine – among which I count you, of course. Why don't you join us? I can promise you, my humble house will be filled with gorgeous girls. And I mean gorgeous. Real stars.' He winked. 'Make yourself at home: look at them, talk to them, dance with them. Perhaps you'll even like one of them better than my daughter. It's alright with me if you do. Marriage is a big step: you have to be sure. No use rushing these things.'

He turned to the doorway. 'Peter!' he called. 'Come in here, please.'

A young servant hurried in, drying his hands on his shirt as he came.

'Jump to it,' said Capulet. He took a sheet of paper off his desk and handed it to the young servant. 'Go on, take it. I want you to go all around Verona and find the people on this list. Tell them they're invited to my party tonight.'

Peter waited until he was out in the piazza before he could bring himself to look at the list. It was the first time he'd ever been given a job like this. Find the people whose names are written on a list? It wouldn't be so bad if he could read! He had managed to cover up his ignorance until now but this was a hard one. He'd have to find an educated person and ask him. He looked about him. Two gentlemen were walking towards him.

They passed him and he followed them, listening to their conversation.

'Come on, man,' the first one said. 'One fire can put another one out. Infect yourself with a new disease and it will kill the old ailment.'

'Sure,' said the second. 'For your ailment we'll just use a herbal remedy.'

'What?' said the first. 'Herbal remedy? What for?'

'For the broken leg you're going to get if you don't shut up.'

Peter increased his pace. He'd ask these two. They sounded educated enough: he couldn't understand a word they were saying. 'Excuse me,' he said. 'Can you read?'

They stopped. 'Yes,' said the sad looking one. He sighed 'I can read my own fate in my unhappiness.'

'Perhaps you've learnt that off by heart,' said Peter. 'But can you read by sight?'

'Yes, if I recognize the letters and the language,' said the gentleman. The other one laughed.

'Alright, forget it,' said Peter. He wasn't going to get anywhere with them. They were mad. He'd find someone else. 'Thanks anyway.' He began walking away.

'Wait,' said the sad gentleman. 'I'm only joking. Of course I can read.' He took the sheet and began reading.

'Signior Martino. and his wife and daughters: Count Anselme...' It was only a list of names. 'Mercutio. Hmm. See here. Benvolio. Mercutio's on this list.'

'My uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters: my fair niece Rosaline.' He paused at that, held the sheet dramatically to his chest and sighed. Then he read on to the end. 'A lot of people on this list.' he said. 'What's it for?'

'A party,' said Peter.

'Where?'

'My master's house.'

'And who's he?'

'The great rich Capulet. Everyone's invited. As long as you 're not a Montague you 're welcome.' He snatched the sheet. 'Cheers.'

'Aha!' said Benvolio when Peter had gone. 'Rosaline's going to be there, I see.'

Among some of the most luscious girls in Verona. Let's go to Capulet's party, Romeo.

No-one will mind. And let's be objective about it. I'll show you that the girl you think is a swan is nothing more than a crow.'

'A girl more beautiful than Rosaline?' said Romeo. 'Never. The sun's never seen a more beautiful woman since the world began.'

'Rubbish,' said Benvolio. 'Every time you've seen her she's been on her own. You need to make comparisons. I'll bet there'll be hundreds of girls who'll put Rosaline in the shade.'

'Alright, I'll go,' said Romeo. 'But not because I think you can show me anyone better. I'm going only so that I can see her.'



## Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 1, Scene 3

Lady Capulet came into the sitting room where her daughter's nurse was sewing a pattern on to a handkerchief.

'Nurse,' she said. 'Where's my daughter? I want to talk to her.'

'She's just here,' said the Nurse. She turned her head. 'Lady-bird!' she called.

'My lamb! Where is that girl? Juliet!'

'Coming,' a voice called and Juliet came running in from an adjoining room.

When she saw her mother her face showed surprise. 'Mother! What do you want?'

'We need to talk,' said Lady Capulet. 'Nurse. leave us. This is a private matter.'

The nurse got up reluctantly but before she reached the door Lady Capulet called her back. 'You might as well stay,' she said. 'Your advice would be helpful.' Lady Capulet cleared her throat. 'You know Juliet's getting to the age when...' She frowned, searching for the right word. 'Let's just say she's at a pretty age. She's going to be fourteen in two weeks.'

'Oh yes,' said the Nurse. 'At Lammas Eve she'll be fourteen. She was the same age as my Susan, God rest her soul. Anyway, at Lammas Eve she'll be fourteen. I remember it so well: it's eleven years since the earthquake – that's when she was weaned. Ah, I'll never forget it...'

She took no notice of the impatient tapping of Lady Capulet's fingers on the table, nor the glances Lady Capulet and Juliet were exchanging.

'You and my Lord were at Mantua then. I had put wormwood on my nipple – sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall – ah, how well I remember it. But as I said, when she tasted the wormwood on the nipple of my breast, tasted its bitterness, she spat my breast out and pulled such a face! And that was

eleven years ago. She could walk already – waddle, rather -and she used to rush about and fall over. Just the day before that she fell on her face. And my husband, God be with his soul – ah, such a lovely man – he picked her up and said “Do you fall on your face? When you’ve got more sense you’ll fall on your back. won’t you Jule?” And God can strike me dead but the little wretch stopped crying and said “Yes”. To see that! If I live to be a thousand I’ll never forget it. “Won’t you Jule?” he said. And the pretty child stopped crying and said

“yes”.’ The Nurse slapped her thigh and laughed. ‘Won’t you, Jule?’ he said. And the pretty fool stopped in her tracks and said “yes”.’

‘Enough of this.’ said Lady Capulet. ‘Please be quiet for a minute, I beg of you.’

‘Yes, Madam,’ said the Nurse. ‘But I can’t help laughing. To think it should stop crying and say “yes”. And with a bump as big as an egg – a wicked lump – and it cried bitterly. “Yes”, my husband said. “Are you falling on your face? You’ll fall backward when you grow up: won’t you Jule?” It stopped dead and said “Yes”.’ The Nurse laughed loudly, almost choking.

‘And you stop dead now too, please, Nurse,’ said Juliet.

‘I’ve finished,’ said the Nurse. She looked tenderly at Juliet. ‘But I must say it. You were the most beautiful baby I ever nursed. If I could only live to see you married I’d die peacefully.’

'Married.' said Lady Capulet. 'That's just what I've come to talk about.' She pulled Juliet on to her lap. 'Tell me, Juliet, how do you feel about getting married?'

'I've never even thought about it,' said Juliet.

'Well start thinking about it now,' said her mother. 'Girls younger than you are already mothers here in Verona. As a matter of fact I was your mother when I was much the age you are now. But to cut a long story short. The Count of Paris wants to marry you.'

The Nurse gasped. 'Now there's a man, young lady. The perfect man.'

'The best in Verona,' said Lady Capulet.

'Without doubt.' said the Nurse.

'Well?' said Lady Capulet. 'Do you think you could love him?'

Juliet didn't know what to say. It was too unexpected.

'You'll see him at the party,' said her mother. 'Have a good look at him. You'll see what I mean. And he has sound prospects. By having him you'll have everything.'

The Nurse laughed her coarse laugh again. 'You'll have even more than that. Everyone knows that women grow bigger by having a man.'

Lady Capulet ignored her. 'Come on,' she said. 'What do you think? Do you like the idea?'

Juliet spoke carefully. 'I'll look forward to seeing him. Yes. I'll look at him but I'm not going to rush into anything or do anything that you wouldn't want me to.'

There was a knock at the door and Peter came in. 'Madam,' he said. 'The guests are starting to arrive. It's all going on down there. My master wants you.'

Lady Capulet stood up. 'I have to go. Come on Juliet, the Count's waiting.'

'Go on, darling,' said the Nurse. 'Go and meet your love.'

---

## Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 1, Scene 4

'Are we going to make some excuse for coming without being invited?' said Romeo. 'Or shall we just go in and see what happens?'

They stood in the piazza, watching the huge front door of Capulet's mansion.

People were arriving and being let in. Mercutio, the one with the invitation, and Romeo's best friend, even though he was related to the Capulets, sat on the



ground, humming – pretending to be above the debate. He was making the point that he was the only one to have been invited.

'No speeches,' said Benvolio. 'Speeches are out. No-one makes speeches any more. We'll just go in. Too bad if they don't like us.'

Horatio nodded. There was no need to draw attention to themselves.

'Alright, then,' said Romeo. He sighed. 'Give me the torch, Horatio. I'll carry it: I'm not going to dance.'

'Oh no you don't,' said Mercutio, shooing Horatio away. 'You're dancing. That's the whole point.'

Romeo sat down beside his friend and sighed. 'I'm not in the mood.'

'Come on,' said Mercutio. 'You're a lover. Lovers are always in the mood for dancing.'

'Not me. It's because of love that I'm not in the mood. I'm too heavy-hearted for dancing.'

Mercutio laughed. 'What an act. What a fuss about nothing.'

The others laughed with him and made fun of Romeo.

'So love's nothing now, is it?' Romeo's face showed that he was offended.

'You don't know what it's like until you've felt it. It hurts like hell.'

'Snap out of it then. And it will stop hurting.' Mercutio got up. 'Hand me a mask, Benvolio. Let's go'

'Come on, then,' said Benvolio. 'It's getting late.' They gathered round him. 'Now as soon as we're in let's all get down to some serious business.'

'I'll take the torch,' said Romeo. 'I told you. I'm not dancing. I'm just going to watch.'

He hung back and Mercutio put his arm around his shoulders. 'Come on,' he coaxed. 'We're wasting time.'

Romeo was reluctant. 'I know we mean no harm and all that but I don't think it's very bright to go to this party.'

'Why?' said Mercutio.

'I had a dream last night.'

His friends groaned.

'Let's go,' said Benvolio, 'If we don't get a move on all the food will be gone by the time we get there.'

People were arriving in droves. The doors were opening and closing every few seconds.

'I have this feeling,' said Romeo. 'A strong premonition that something's going to happen. Something's going to happen tonight. I feel it's going to end in my having to repay a debt with my life.'

The others looked at each other, throwing their eyes up and shaking their heads.

Romeo shrugged. 'Alright then, off we go.'

If Capulet recognized Mercutio's friends he concealed it well, even welcoming them with hearty handshakes. He was in high spirits as the hall filled up: he hopped about like a bird and greeted his guests with smiles, backslaps and jokes.

'Come in. come in,' he said as each group of masked youths arrived at the doorway. 'Don't stand there, come in. Look at all the girls. Go in, go in. And I want to see you dancing. Only those girls with corns on their feet will say no.'

'I'm a doctor tonight.' he told a group of girls, beaming. 'I can tell which of you have corns – those who don't get up and dance right away.' And when all except one rushed off, giggling, to find partners, he winked at the shy one left standing on her own.

'Have I hit the nail on the head?'' he said. making her blush even more. He turned away to greet some new arrivals.

The hard work he had put into the preparations was paying off. The great hall was festooned with colourful banners and flowers and the tables were spread

with enticing food. He looked this way and that, missing nothing. With the saddest expression on his face he told some young men not to waste time – there were plenty of girls. It would be tragic for them not to take advantage of opportunities like this because before they knew it they would be old men like him and then it would be too late. Was it only yesterday that he was whispering sweet nothings in the ears of young ladies? He shook his head. ‘Those were the days. All gone now.’ He looked as though he was going to cry but made an immediate recovery, gesturing with waving arms to the musicians to get on with it. Why had they stopped? Were they taking a holiday? He shouted at the servants, telling them to bring more light, to move the tables so that the guests could dance, and he told them to put the fire out: where were their brains? If he was sweating so badly what would it be like for the dancers?

Before long the hall was brightly lit. A space had been cleared and music was playing again. Guests began taking to the floor.

Once they were in the hall Mercutio and his friends put their masks on and went their separate ways. Each one had his own idea of how he was going to enjoy himself.

Romeo had made up his mind that he wouldn’t dance. He would find Rosaline and declare himself to her again.

He wandered about, picking at snacks and watching out for her. He was also keeping one eye on Tybalt, staying as far away from him as possible. Tybalt

was dancing with a pretty girl, smiling and being charming, but you never knew what he was going to do. What the Prince had said made no difference: Tybalt was always looking for a fight. It was best to give him a wide berth.

Mercutio was in a corner, entertaining some girls who laughed at every word he uttered. There was nothing new in that. Benvolio was dancing and Horatio was nowhere to be seen.

A serving man with a jug approached the table where Romeo was standing and poured some wine into a glass. He lifted the glass and handed it to Romeo but just as Romeo was about to take it a girl he had never seen before passed in front of him, dancing with a rather formal looking stranger.

Romeo drew his breath in sharply. The serving man, thinking Romeo had taken the glass, let go and it crashed on the floor. It made Romeo snap out of his trance. He looked down to see his shoes splashed with wine and the serving man trying to wipe it off with his apron. He didn't take it in, though – his mind was completely preoccupied with the heavenly image before him, moving so gracefully to the music.

'Who's that girl dancing with that fellow over there?' he said, indicating the couple.

'I don't know, Sir,' the man mumbled. He poured a fresh glass and, leaving it on the table, got away from Romeo as fast as he could.

Romeo stared. She was so beautiful that she made the torches around the hall appear to grow dim. She was a dazzling jewel illuminating the dark night sky. She stood out from the other girls like a snowy dove in a field of crows. She... Oh, he could never find the words to describe her. She couldn't be real; such beauty wasn't possible. 'I don't believe what I'm seeing,' he said aloud and pushed his mask right up to the top of his head to see better.

At that very moment Tybalt strolled by, close enough to touch him.

Tybalt stopped. He turned. 'Go and get my rapier, Boy,' he instructed his page.

How dare a Montague come here, his face disguised in a festive mask, to mock his family? The Montague was asking for trouble. If he got himself killed he'd have only himself to blame. How dare he!

Romeo didn't even see him: nothing existed but the girl. What a fool he was to think he had been in love with Rosaline! He must have been blind. He had never seen real beauty until tonight.

Tybalt didn't know what to do. He looked around helplessly and caught sight of his uncle sitting talking to an elderly relative. Surely the head of the family wouldn't stand for it once he knew there was a Montague gatecrashing his party. Tybalt stormed across to him.

'What's the matter?' said Capulet. 'I wish you could see your face.'

'That boy over there.' said Tybalt.

'What about him?'

'Uncle, he's a Montague. Look at him. He's making a mockery of our festivities.'

Capulet fumbled for his spectacles and put them on. 'Ah,' he said. 'Isn't that young Romeo?'

'Exactly,' said Tybalt. 'I'm going to kill him. I'm...'

His uncle put a restraining hand on his arm. 'Take it easy, my boy. Let him be.

He's a nice enough young fellow: he's not doing any harm. I've heard he's well known in Verona for his good manners.' Capulet's grip tightened as his nephew tried to shake him off. 'Now look here,' he said. 'I wouldn't confront him here in my house for all the money in Verona. Just calm down. Ignore him.'

Tybalt's face was growing redder by the second.

Capulet could see the gentle approach wasn't going to work so he turned and looked his nephew squarely in the eyes. 'Let's just get this straight,' he said. 'I'm telling you to drop it. Behave yourself. You're not spoiling my party. Do you understand?' He squeezed Tybalt's arm so hard that it hurt.

'I won't take it,' said Tybalt. His page was hovering, trying to hide the rapier behind his back.

'You won't take it?' Capulet's voice had risen. Some of the guests looked round and Capulet smiled and gave them a little wave. Fixing his face in a stiff attempt at a smile, nodding to them, he scolded Tybalt out of the side of his mouth. 'In my house you'll take whatever I tell you to!'

Tybalt tried to pull his arm away.

'What!' said his uncle. 'You'd disrupt my party? You? You'd be the one to do that?'

'But Uncle, we can't have...'

'Don't cross me. I'm warning you.' Capulet's face was red now, too, as much from the strain of trying to keep his voice down as from anger. More people were looking at them and he tried desperately to act normally. 'Well said, my lad!' he roared at a startled young man, before turning back to Tybalt. 'You insolent pup! Shut up or...' then to a passing servant: 'Go and get more torches,' then to Tybalt: '... or I'll make you' He let go of Tybalt's arm, pushed him roughly and went to join a group of guests. 'That's it. Well done. Get stuck in. There's plenty of food. Yes, yes. That's what I like to see.'

Tybalt was left standing there, with no doubt whatsoever about his uncle's attitude. He waved his page away impatiently.

What should he do? He wanted to rush up to Romeo and teach him a lesson but he didn't care to face his uncle's wrath. Even in that melting heat he had goose flesh as frustration ate him up. Whatever happened he would get



Romeo for this. The insolent Montague may think it funny right now but soon, very soon, he would understand how serious it was to make fun of the Capulets.

While that was going on Romeo decided to make a move. When the dance ended he would follow his dream girl and find the opportunity to take her hand. He shivered with the anticipation of touching her. He knew it was out of order but that's what he was going to do.

Her partner gave a small bow, turned and left her. She walked swiftly to the place most of the other girls were making for – the long porch that ran along one side of the hall and separated from it by a row of columns. Capulet had opened all the doors and it was cooler there. It was also less well lit.

Romeo went to the other end of the hall and out on to the porch. Then he doubled back to where Juliet stood beside one of the columns. He tiptoed up on her and stopped behind the column. Her hands were folded in front of her and she swayed in time to the music.

He had better work fast, before someone came and took her back in to dance.

He could feel his heart beating as he contemplated what he was going to do. Suppose she rejected him! Suppose she cried out!

As he was wondering how he was going to go about it she put her hands behind her back and folded them. This was the signal. He reached out and took one of them.

He felt her tense up slightly but before she could pull her hand away he leant forward and whispered in her ear.

'If you find my hands too rough, I have two gentle lips ready to soothe you.'

To his surprise she relaxed. She did not turn round, though. Instead of making her hand free as he had expected she smiled.

'No,' she said. 'Don't speak so badly of your hand. When two hands touch like this what they're doing is kissing.' She rolled her hand round in his so that their palms met. The touch of her palm against his sent delicious feelings all through him. 'See,' she said. 'See what a lovely kiss this is?'

He moved closer. Their bodies touched and they stayed like that, pressed against each other, for a long time before he spoke again.

'You're right. We've also got lips, though.'

'Yes,' she said. 'But lips are used for praying.'

'So are hands,' breathed Romeo. 'So let our lips do the same as our hands. I'm praying that you'll kiss me. If you don't I'll die.'

'I can't grant your prayer,' she said. 'You'd have to go to Friar Lawrence's chapel for that: the saint's statue that stands there grants prayers. Even though it doesn't move.'

'Don't you move then,' he whispered. 'You are my saint. Stay still and answer my prayer.'

She turned her head then and allowed him to kiss her. Her lips were soft – it was a kiss that was wonderful beyond words. Time disappeared.

Kisses have to end though, and they stood, their faces close together, their hearts beating fast. She was looking right into his eyes and he felt that he was melting.

'You've heard my prayers,' he said. 'and you've taken my sins away with that kiss.'

'Then my lips are full of sin.'

'Here, let me take it back,' he said. And they kissed again.

'Juliet! Juliet!' It was a loud voice, a woman's voice. 'Juliet, where are you?'

As Juliet's nurse approached they moved apart and pretended to be having a casual conversation.

'Ah. there you are,' she said. 'Your mother wants a word with you.'

Juliet looked up at Romeo. He winked at her. Without another glance at him she hurried off.

'Her mother?' said Romeo. 'Who's her mother?'

'Her mother?' The Nurse laughed. 'She's the lady of the house. I nursed her daughter – the one you were talking to. Let me tell you, anyone who can get her will be in the money.'

But Romeo wasn't listening. He was putting two and two together. As the Nurse went rushing after Juliet it was sinking in. She was a Capulet! But if he didn't have her he would die. What a dilemma! All his happiness – his very life – depended on his enemy!

Benvolio's voice broke into his thoughts. 'I've been looking for you all over,' he said. 'Come on, let's go. Hey Mercutio! That's enough. Time to go. Where's Horatio? Come on. I think we'd better get out of here.'

Capulet stopped them at the door. 'You're not going, are you? We're just about to bring out some supper.'

Mercutio whispered something in his ear and he laughed. 'You don't say,' he said. They both laughed.

Juliet watched them. 'Come here. Nurse.' she said. 'There are a lot of people I don't know. 'Who's he?' Pointing to a young man going out the door.

'He's the son of old Tiberio.'

'And that one?'

'I'm not sure.' I think he may be young Petruchio.'

'Alright then.' Capulet was saying. 'If you must.' He shook hands with the four friends, pointed at Mercutio and laughed again. 'Anyway, thanks for coming.'

'Who's that one?' said Juliet as Romeo was going out.

'I don't know,' said the Nurse.

'Well go and ask him!'

The nurse dashed off and was back in a minute. 'His name is Romeo,' she said.

'He's a Montague – he's actually the son of your family's great enemy.'

'Oh no,' said Juliet under her breath. 'I've fallen in love with someone I hate! I fall in love and it has to be with a despised enemy!'

'What's that?' said her Nurse. 'What did you say?'

'Nothing.'

Lady Capulet stood at the door which led to the family apartments, beckoning.

'Come on,' said the Nurse. 'Bed time.'

~~~~~

Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 2, Scene 1

Romeo couldn't bear to leave the house where he had been so soundly struck down. Each step he took would carry him further away from Juliet. He couldn't go just like that. His heart was here – nowhere else. And he knew what would happen on the way home. They would mock him. He could do without that. They would go on about Rosaline. Rosaline? Who was Rosaline?

'Romeo! Hey Romeo!' They were right behind him. He pressed himself against the hard stone wall as though trying to find a hiding place among its crevices.

'Romeo!'

'Cousin!'

'Oh Ro-me-o! Ro-ho-ho-me-o!'

They were coming closer. In desperation Romeo searched for a foothold and found one. He pushed himself up the wall. Another foothold, and another, and before he knew it he was on top of the high wall. He lay flat on his stomach, holding his breath.

They stopped right beneath him.

'I swear he's run off home to avoid us,' he heard Mercutio say. 'He'll be in bed by now.'

'No.' said Benvolio. 'He was here a moment ago. I'll bet he climbed over this orchard

wall. Call him again, Mercutio.'

'He's disappeared.' said Mercutio. 'Like a ghost. Hey, he's a ghost. Let's see if I can conjure him up.'

Romeo lay, trying not to breathe, listening to their drunken giggling. There was some whispering, then Mercutio's voice rang out again.

'Romeo! Madman!' There was more giggling. 'Lover! Appear to me! Appear in the form of a... sigh!'

Romeo held his breath.

'Say something.' called Mercutio. 'Anything.' More whispering and loud laughing.

'I conjure you in the name of Rosaline's bright eyes!' Mercutio spoke in the formal tone of a priest. 'By her high forehead. And her scarlet lip.'

Benvolio and Horatio hooted.

'By her fine foot, straight leg...' More giggles. 'And quivering thighs!' Yells of delight from the others.

'And everything else in that region!' Raucous laughter.

'That you appear to us in the likeness of – of -' The other two made animal noises.

'The likeness of yourself!' said Mercutio

'Shhh.' said Benvolio, trying to stop laughing. 'If he hears you he'll be furious.'

'How could that make him furious?'' said Mercutio. 'Raising him in the name of his beloved? That's fair enough. isn't it? I'm only trying to... raise him.'

'It's no use.' said Benvolio when he had stopped laughing. 'I think he's hiding in the orchard. Leave him. Since love is blind he's best off in the dark.'

'If that's so, it's no wonder he can't hit his target,' said Mercutio. 'Meaning Rosaline.' He yawned. 'Oh well. Goodnight to Romeo. I need my bed. Shall we go without him?'

'Might as well.' said Benvolio. 'You'll never find someone who doesn't want to be found.'

~~~~~

## Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 2, Scene 2

Romeo sat up. The moon was huge: it cast a silvery light over everything. The wall he was on ran from the front of the mansion they'd just left and he realized he was on Capulet's property. On one side of the wall was the narrow

alley where his friends had been. On the other was an orchard. The back of the house loomed dark and forbidding.

She was in there somewhere. What was she doing? Was she thinking about him?

It was alright for Mercutio. He'd never felt the pain of love. It was easy for him to joke about it.

A light came on in a window. Perhaps it was her! Lighting the world like the morning sun! She was the sun, so much more beautiful than the goddess of the night, the moon. As though in answer to his wishes a door opened and she came out on to a balcony.

'It's her!' he whispered. 'Oh, it's my love.'

He wished she could know he was there, sitting on the wall, watching her. Her lips were moving but he couldn't hear what she was saying. Anyway, she couldn't be talking to him.

As he stared at her he tried to understand how anyone could be so beautiful. It was as though the two most radiant stars in the sky had business somewhere else and had begged her eyes to take their place while they were away. It was as though they had changed places and the stars were in her head, her eyes in the heavens.

But even then, the beauty of her cheek would dim those eyes in the same way as daylight overwhelms a lamp. Her eyes would shine so brightly in the heavens that birds would start singing, thinking it was daytime.

As he watched she leant her cheek on her hand! Oh how he wished he could be a glove on that hand so that he could touch that cheek! Oh how...!

She sighed loudly.

He had to get closer. He jumped. At any other time he might have hurt himself but now he didn't even feel the ground as he landed. All he was thinking was that he wanted her to speak again. She was an angel. Wherever she was the



night would be lit up. He crept through the shadows of the orchard until he stood behind a tree that grew directly beneath the balcony.

She sighed again. 'Oh Romeo, Romeo,' she said. 'Why are you Romeo? I wish you could stop being a Montague. Or if you won't, just say you love me and I'll stop being a Capulet.'

Romeo wanted to show himself to her but he also wanted to hear more so he controlled himself and listened, not daring to breathe.

'It's only your name that's my enemy,' she continued. 'You're still what you are, Montague or no Montague.'

She paused. He wanted to rush out and say 'Look down here!' but she spoke again.

'Anyway, what's "Montague"? It's not as though it's a hand or a foot, or an arm or a face, or anything like that. Oh I wish you could be some other name. What's in a name, anyway? The flower that we call a rose would smell as sweet whatever we called it. Whatever name Romeo had it wouldn't make any difference: he would still be everything that's perfect. Oh Romeo, throw your name out and take all of me instead.'

Romeo couldn't stand it any more. He sprang from behind the tree and raised his arms. 'I'll take you at your word,' he said. 'Just call me 'Love' and that will be my new name. From now on I'm not Romeo.'

She drew back. It was such a shock to hear someone out there that she didn't listen to what he was saying.

'Who are you?' she said. 'Coming here in the dark, watching me and eavesdropping like this?'

'I'm afraid to tell you my name,' he said. 'I hate my name because you hate it. If I had written it I would tear the word up.'

She recognized his voice. 'Aren't you Romeo? And a Montague?'

'Neither,' he said, 'Since you dislike both names.'

'How did you get here? Tell me that. And why? The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb. And this place is dangerous, considering who you are. If any of my family finds you here...'

'I flew over the wall,' he said. 'With the wings of love. Stone walls can't keep love out. Love can't be stopped so how could your family stop me?'

'If they see you they'll kill you!'

'Your eyes are more powerful than twenty of their swords. Just give me a loving look and I'll be invincible.'

She looked around. 'I don't want them to see you here.'

'It's alright, it's dark. Anyway, if you don't love me I'd rather be caught by them than live without your love.'

'Who told you where to find me?'

Romeo found it impossible to be serious. 'Love told me. I'm no navigator, but even if you were living on the far side of the furthest ocean I would find my way to you.'

'It's a good thing it's dark,' she said. 'Or you would see me blushing. Because of what you overheard. I would love to be able to deny that I said those things but I'm not going to pretend. Do you love me?'

At that Romeo really felt he was flying. He opened his mouth to tell her but she was rushing on.

'I know you'll say 'yes'. And I'll take your word for it. But if you swear too much you may not stick to it. Please don't let that happen.' She leant forward, over the balustrade. 'Oh Romeo, if you do love me, please tell me honestly.' She moved back a little. 'Or if you think I'm too fast tell me and I'll put on an act and be all coy and play hard to get. I'm so much in love with you: that's why I'm being so forward. But I promise you, I'll be more loving and faithful than

those who are reserved. I should have been all shy, I know, and would have if you hadn't overheard my real feelings. So forgive me. And don't think I'm taking it lightly.'

'I swear by the moon...'

'Oh don't swear by the moon! The moon's too changeable.'

'What shall I swear by?'

'Don't swear at all,' she said. 'But if you must, swear by your self. You're the god I worship. Swear by your self and I'll believe you. No, don't swear. Although I love you I don't like this – making commitments like this. It's too sudden, too fast. It's not a good idea. It's like lightning – gone too quickly. I'll say goodnight. This bud of love may grow into a lovely flower by the time we meet again.' She stepped back and stood beside the door. 'Good night.'

Romeo couldn't understand this. What was she doing? 'Just like that?' he said.

'Are you just going to leave it like that?'

'What more could we do tonight?'' she said, coming forward again.

'Make faithful vows of love,' he said.

'I gave you mine before you asked for it. And yet I wish I had it back.'

'Do you want to take it back? Why?'

'To be honest, so that I can give it to you again. But I have so much love for you: the more I give the more I have. It's like the sea – without end.'

The Nurse's voice intruded into their conversation. 'Juliet? Lamb? Honey Love?'

'I'm just coming, Nurse,' she called. She turned back to Romeo. 'Beloved Montague, be true to me.' He thought she had gone but she whispered to him: 'Wait there. I'll be back.'

'Oh night! Oh beautiful night,' he said. He blew kisses at the moon. It couldn't be true. It had to be a dream. But it wasn't, because there she was again.

'Just a few more words and then it really will be goodnight, dear Romeo. If you really mean it, and you want to marry me, send me a message tomorrow. I'll send someone to you. Let me know where and for what time you've arranged a wedding and I'll come to you. Then we'll be together forever.'

'Juliet!' Her nurse was shouting now.

'Coming!' called Juliet. 'But if you don't mean it, I beg of you...'

'Juliet!'

'I'm coming!' She leant right over and reached out towards Romeo. 'If you're trifling with me please leave me alone to deal with my grief. I'll send a messenger tomorrow.'

Romeo felt he was being left behind. She thought he may not mean it! 'As true as -' he began but she had gone. And he was left alone. He felt as though a light had gone out. He had better get out of there. He turned but then he heard her again.

'Psst! Romeo! Pssst!'

He was beneath her balcony like an arrow.

'Romeo. What time shall I send someone?'

'At nine.'

'I'll make sure of that. It'll feel like twenty years till then.' She laughed. 'I've forgotten why I called you back.'

'That's alright. I'll just stand here until you remember it.'

'Then I'll never remember it, so that you'll stand there forever.'

'And I'll keep standing here, hoping you'll keep forgetting. And I'll forget that I've got any other home but this.'

'It's almost morning,' she said. 'I want you to go but I don't want to let go of you.'

You must leave now. It's so hard to say goodbye. I'd like to keep saying "goodnight" until it becomes tomorrow.' With a last lingering look she broke away from his gaze and was gone.

Romeo ran through the orchard and scaled the wall without being aware of its height. The sun was about to come up. There would be no sleep for him. He would go straight to Friar Lawrence's chapel, tell him the wonderful thing that had happened to him and get his help.

~~~~~

Romeo & Juliet in Modern English: Act 2, Scene 3

Friar Lawrence was up early. The clouds in the eastern sky were streaked with light as the night scurried out of the way of the advancing day. He looked up from time to time. He wanted to fill his basket with a mixture of poisonous and healing herbs before the sun came up to dry the dew.

He loved nature. He often thought about the soil – about the way that it encompassed the whole of life. It was a grave that took all life into itself when it died but it was also a mother, from which all new life sprang.

Plants fascinated him. He felt that every single plant had great value: even those we think are vile have some power and grace. Every living thing was

Sophomore English

NTI

Night

NTI #6: Read pages 1-6 of *Night*. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #7: Read pages 7-14. Write about the most interesting thing you have read so far.

NTI #8: Read pages 15-22. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #9: Read pages 23-30. Write a paragraph summary of the most interesting thing you have read so far.

NTI #10: Complete Chapter 1 and 2 comprehension questions.

Chapter 1

1. Who was Moshe the Beadle? Why was he an important figure in Mr. Wiesel's life? 2. Discuss the importance of religion in Mr. Wiesel's young life.

3. What significant event happened to Moshe the Beadle? Why? What story did he tell upon his return? How did Moshe escape this wretchedness?

4. Why did people refuse to listen to his stories of what had happened?

5. Moshe said, "I wanted to come back to Sighet to tell you the story of my *death*. So that you could prepare yourselves while there was still time." What did he mean by this?

Chapter 2

1. What had happened to Madame Schächter to make her behave as she did? What did she continually shout about to the Jews?

2. How did the men finally subdue her?

3. When they reached a station, where were they? What would they do there?

4. What did Madame Schächter's cries foreshadow?

NTI #11: Read pages 31-38. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #12 : Read pages 39-46. Complete Chapter 3 questions.

Chapter 3

1. As they arrived at Auschwitz, why do you think Elie was apprehensive when the women went one way and the

2. Why were men underfoot crushed, trampled, dying? Why did no one pay attention?

NTI #18: Read pages 101-110. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #19: Read pages 111-116

NTI #20: Complete chapter 7,8 and 9 questions.

Chapter 7

1. Why had so many of the prisoners died during the night?

Chapter 8

1. After waiting so long in the snow and icy wind, why were the prisoners finally allowed to go into the blocks?

Chapter 9: 1. After Elie's father died, Elie could think of only one thing. What was that?

NTI Days #6-17
AP English Language & Composition
11th Grade English
Creative Writing

NTI Day #6:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "The Science of Solitary Confinement" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The Science of Solitary Confinement" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: sweet); finish reading Act 1 of "Our Town," and write 3 complete sentences regarding your thoughts over Act 1.

NTI Day #7:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "Winged Blackmail" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Winged Blackmail" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what do you like best about NTI?); write a paragraph (in response to a question: is Thornton Wilder's view of small town life positive or negative? explain) and use quotes from the play to support your answer.

NTI Day #8:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 3 Progress Check MCQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "What makes good people do bad things?" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: plain); write a paragraph (in response to a question: discuss the character of the Stage Manager - how does he fit into the world of the play?) and use quotes from the play to support your answer.

NTI Day #9:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 3 Progress Check FRQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "What Fear Can Teach Us" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (free write); Begin reading Act 2 of "Our Town" p. 47-57; write 4 complete sentences in response to a question (in the beginning of Act 2, the Stage Manager states that 3 years have gone by. He says, "All that can happen in 1,000 days," - write 4 complete sentences explaining what you think your life might be like in 3 years).

NTI Day #10:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 4 Progress Check MCQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The New Painkiller Epidemic" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: earth); Continue reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 58-68; write 4 complete sentences in response to a question (on p. 66, George and Emily are discussing human character. Emily states, "I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be," and a few lines later she adds, "It's not as easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because we girls are more- more- nervous." -- this play was set in the early 1900s; how has society's view of gender roles changed in the last 100 years?)

NTI Day #11:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 4 Progress Check FRQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The Curse of the Inability to Imagine" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what interests you?); Continue reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 69-79; write 3 complete sentences in response to a question (this section of Act 2 picks up when Emily and George are sitting at Morgan's drugstore enjoying ice cream sodas. What is significant about this scene; what stands out to you?)

NTI Day #12:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Edit Research Paper (day 1) based on teacher's suggestions
2. 11th Grade English: Read "I Felt a Funeral, in My Brain" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: children); Finish reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 69-83; write a 4 sentence summary of the events that occurred in Act 2.

NTI Day #13:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Edit Research Paper (day 2) based on teacher's suggestions. Submit final draft to Google Classroom
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Because I Could Not Stop for Death" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: NO JOURNAL ENTRY TODAY; Act 2 assignment: "visualize this special person in your mind - a person who is alive somewhere right now, waiting for time to pass and the right circumstances to take place so that you two will ultimately meet and begin the rest of your lives together (consider the following: why you feel marriage is important in your future; what you personally plan to do to get ready for this upcoming relationship; when you feel would be the right time to commit; how you would like your marriage ceremony to be; where you would like to honeymoon; where you

would like to settle down and start a family; what plans and dreams you have for your life together; what promises you will make now so that your marriage will ultimately work out; etc.)" - assignment: write a fully developed one page letter to this unknown person, considering all of the topics listed.

NTI Day #14:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Take notes over outlining an essay. Available via Google Classroom
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Love Letter" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: grass); write a paragraph answering the following question: Analyze the play's portrayal of love, courtship (dating before marriage), and married life. How do these aspects of life operate within the play's overarching themes of humanity, companionship, and artificiality of theater?

NTI Day #15:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p.1-7 and write two specific details that stood out to you while reading. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p.1-7 and write two specific details that stood out to you while reading. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what is one thing you love about yourself?); Begin reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 85-95; write 3 sentences in response to a question: Act 3 begins with a monologue by the Stage Manager, updating the audience on what has happened in the last 10 years in Grover's Corners. At the bottom of p. 87, he begins discussing the *eternal*. Discuss the concept of the "eternal," in the play; what does the State Manager believe "eternal" means? Do the events of the play agree with him? Why or why not?

NTI Day #16:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Finish reading "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p. 8-13. Then, write 3 sentences explaining how the ending of the story may have been different from what you expected. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Finish reading "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p. 8-13. Then, write 3 sentences explaining how the ending of the story may have been different from what you expected. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: foundation); Continue reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 96-106; write 4 complete sentences in response to this question - why is Emily unhappy when she tries to relive part of her life after she dies? Explain.

NTI Day #17:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Answer questions over "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Answer questions over "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (free write); Finish reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 107-112; write a paragraph summarizing the events that occurred in Act 3.

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Science of Solitary Confinement

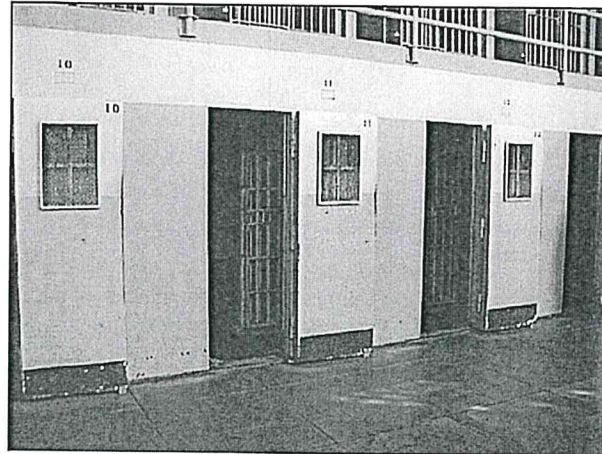
By Joseph Stromberg
2014

Solitary confinement is the isolation of a prisoner from any form of human contact. This 2014 informational text explores how solitary confinement affects prisoners and the role it plays in the American prison system. As you read, take notes on how prisoners are mentally and physically affected by solitary confinement.

- [1] Picture MetLife Stadium, the New Jersey venue that hosted the Super Bowl earlier this month [February 2104]. It seats 82,556 people in total, making it the largest stadium in the NFL.

Imagine the crowd it takes to fill that enormous stadium. That, give or take a thousand, is the number of men and women held in solitary confinement in prisons across the U.S.

Although the practice has been largely discontinued in most countries, it's become increasingly routine over the past few decades within the American prison system. Once employed largely as a short-term punishment, it's now regularly used as a way of disciplining prisoners indefinitely, isolating them during ongoing investigations, coercing them into cooperating with interrogations and even separating them from perceived threats within the prison population at their request.



"Solitary Confinement" by Eric Smith is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0.

As the number of prisoners in solitary has exploded, psychologists and neuroscientists have attempted to understand the ways in which a complete lack of human contact changes us over the long term. According to a panel of scientists that recently spoke at the American Association for the Advancement of Science's annual meeting in Chicago, research tells us that solitary is both ineffective as a rehabilitation technique and indelibly¹ harmful to the mental health of those detained.

- [5] "The United States, in many ways, is an outlier in the world," said Craig Haney, a psychologist at UC Santa Cruz who's spent the last few decades studying the mental effects of the prison system, especially solitary confinement. "We really are the only country that resorts regularly, and on a long-term basis, to this form of punitive² confinement. Ironically, we spend very little time analyzing the effects of it."

1. **Indelible** (*adjective*): not able to be forgotten or removed
2. **Punitive** (*adjective*): inflicting or intended as punishment

Exact numbers are hard to come by, but based on a wide swath of censuses, it's estimated that between 80,000 and 81,000 prisoners are in some form of solitary confinement nationwide. In contrast to stereotypes of isolated prisoners as the most dangerous criminals, Haney estimates that a third of isolated prisoners are mentally ill, and a disproportionate number are minorities, partly because alleged gang membership is grounds for placing a prisoner in solitary indefinitely.

The physical details of an isolated prisoner's daily experience are worth examining. "Prisoners live in their cells, 80 square feet on average — a bit bigger than a king-sized bed. In this environment, you sleep, you eat, you defecate, you live all of your life," Haney said. Most prisoners spent at least 23 hours per day in this environment, devoid of stimuli (some are allowed in a yard or indoor area for an hour or less daily), and are denied physical contact on visits from friends and family, so they may go years or decades without touching another human, apart from when they're placed in physical restraints by guards.

This sort of existence takes a clear toll on prisoners, according to surveys and interviews Haney and colleagues have conducted with about 500 of those in isolation from four different states. Their work indicates that most of these prisoners suffer from severe psychological stress that begins when they're put in isolation and doesn't subside over time.

A majority of those surveyed experienced symptoms such as dizziness, heart palpitations,³ chronic depression, while 41 percent reported hallucinations, and 27 percent had suicidal thoughts — all levels significantly higher than those of the overall prison populations. An unrelated study published last week found that isolated inmates are seven times more likely to hurt or kill themselves than inmates at large.

[10] These effects, Haney says, don't only show how isolation harms inmates — they tell us that it achieves the opposite of the supposed goal of rehabilitating them for re-entry into society. "We are all social beings, and people who are in environments that deny the opportunity to interact in meaningful ways with others begin to lose a sense of self, of their own identity," he said. "They begin to withdraw from the little amount of social contact that they are allowed to have, because social stimulation, over time, becomes anxiety-arousing."

Huda Akil, a neuroscientist at the University of Michigan, is interested in the neurological impacts of isolation, but is limited by the fact that no U.S. prison is willing to allow its otherwise isolated prisoners to take part in research. Instead, she and others must rely on more basic findings about how stimulation and social interaction affect the brain, and infer the potential impacts of isolation from that.

For one, there's the fact that a large amount of brain activity is driven by circadian rhythms,⁴ which are in turn set by exposure to the sun. Autopsies on people who have committed suicide after suffering from depression have shown that, in their brains, gene expression⁵ is significantly less aligned with circadian rhythms; other research has shown that restricting exposure to sunlight (and thereby interfering with circadian rhythms) increases the prevalence of depression. Thus, if inmates are already prone to depression, solitary probably makes them more so, she says. The proper functioning of the brain depends on daily sun exposure, potentially explaining some of the symptoms experienced by prisoners in isolation, many of whom rarely see the sun.

3. noticeably rapid, strong, or irregular heartbeats due to agitation

4. physical, mental, and behavioral changes that follow a 24-hour cycle, responding primarily to light and darkness

5. the process by which information from a gene is used in the composition of a functional gene product

There are also troubling neurological implications of long-term isolation that stem from the fact that brain architecture can change over time. The hippocampus,⁶ in particular, has been found to dramatically shrink in the brains of people who are depressed or stressed for extended periods, a concern because it's crucially involved in memory, geographic orientation, cognition and decision-making. No one has performed an autopsy on a person who lived in isolation for decades, suffering from depression the whole time, but Akil believes that in keeping inmates in full isolation, authorities are "ruining a very critical component of the brain that's sensitive to stress."

Apart from scientists, the Chicago panel featured activist Robert King, who spent 29 years isolated in a six-by-nine-foot cell in a Louisiana prison before his murder conviction was overturned in 2001. Although he endured solitary confinement more successfully than most, he says — he maintained a hopeful attitude and never considering hurting himself — he experienced unmistakable physiological changes.

- [15] Most dramatically, King has difficulty navigating open spaces. "I lost the ability to meet with a broader terrain. I had become acclimated to shorter distances," he said, attributing this change to the shrinkage of his hippocampus, "I cannot, even to this day, acclimate myself to broader distance. My geography is really shot." His eyesight also deteriorated to the point where he was nearly blind, though it's gradually improved since he was released.

It's impossible to say how isolated prisoners as a whole fare compared to King, because there's no systematic collection of data on their well-being in the U.S. prison system. But the researchers argue that just these hints of the damage wrought by solitary confinement — and the way it seems to make prisoners less-equipped to re-enter society after their sentence — indicate that it falls within a category of discipline banned by the eighth amendment: cruel and unusual punishment. "It seems to me that it is time for us to have a serious discussion about the wisdom and humanity of this policy in the United States," Haney said.

Copyright 2014 Smithsonian Institution. Reprinted with permission from Smithsonian Enterprises. All rights reserved. Reproduction in any medium is strictly prohibited without permission from Smithsonian Institution.

6. the part of the brain associated with emotions and memory

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the main idea of the text?
 - A. Scientists have been unable to provide evidence of a link between isolation and brain development.
 - B. While some prisoners react negatively to solitary confinement, the process is necessary for their protection and the protection of others.
 - C. Solitary confinement is an appropriate response to violent or dangerous criminals, as it is intended to punish prisoners for their actions.
 - D. The damage that solitary confinement is speculated to have on mental processes makes it an inappropriate form of punishment for anyone.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "We really are the only country that resorts regularly, and on a long-term basis, to this form of punitive confinement. Ironically, we spend very little time analyzing the effects of it." (Paragraph 5)
 - B. "Their work indicates that most of these prisoners suffer from severe psychological stress that begins when they're put in isolation and doesn't subside over time." (Paragraph 8)
 - C. "Instead, she and others must rely on more basic findings about how stimulation and social interaction affect the brain, and infer the potential impacts of isolation from that." (Paragraph 11)
 - D. "It's impossible to say how isolated prisoners fare as a whole fare compared to King, because there's no systematic collection of data on their well-being in the U.S. prison system." (Paragraph 16)

3. PART A: How does the inclusion of Robert King's experiences contribute to the text?
 - A. It shows that people subjected to solitary confinement can recover.
 - B. It proves that solitary confinement is not being administered as a safety measure.
 - C. It emphasizes how permanently damaging solitary confinement can be.
 - D. It stresses the importance of people coming forward about their experiences in solitary confinement.

4. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "activist Robert King, who spent 29 years isolated in a six-by-nine-foot cell in a Louisiana prison before his murder conviction was overturned in 2001." (Paragraph 14)
 - B. "he endured solitary confinement more successfully than most, he says — he maintained a hopeful attitude and never considering hurting himself" (Paragraph 14)
 - C. "I cannot, even to this day, acclimate myself to broader distance. My geography is really shot." (Paragraph 15)
 - D. "because there's no systematic collection of data on their well-being in the U.S. prison system." (Paragraph 16)

5. How do the results of solitary confinement differ from the overarching goals of the American prison system?

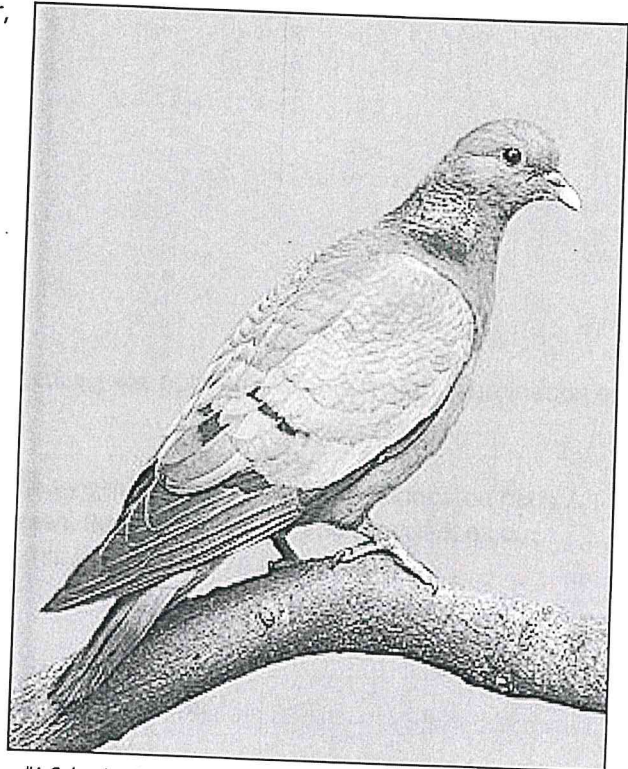
Name: _____ Class: _____

Winged Blackmail

By Jack London
1910

"Winged Blackmail" is a short story by the famous American writer Jack London (1876- 1916). The story opens as Peter Winn plots to take control for personal gain. Instead, he is met with an unexpected surprise in the form of a pigeon. As you read, consider how fear drives the action in this narrative.

- [1] Peter Winn lay back comfortably in a library chair, with closed eyes, deep in the cogitation of a scheme of campaign destined in the near future to make a certain coterie of hostile financiers sit up. The central idea had come to him the night before, and he was now reveling in the planning of the remoter, minor details. By obtaining control of a certain up-country bank, two general stores, and several logging camps, he could come into control of a certain dinky jerkwater line which shall here be nameless, but which, in his hands, would prove the key to a vastly larger situation involving more main-line mileage almost than there were spikes in the aforesaid dinky jerkwater. It was so simple that he had almost laughed aloud when it came to him. No wonder those astute and ancient enemies of his had passed it by.



"A Columba Oenas" by Jim Gifford is licensed under

The library door opened, and a slender, middle-aged man, weak-eyed and eye glassed, entered. In his hands was an envelope and an open letter. As Peter Winn's secretary it was his task to weed out, sort, and classify his employer's mail.

"This came in the morning post," he ventured apologetically and with the hint of a titter. "Of course it doesn't amount to anything, but I thought you would like to see it."

"Read it," Peter Winn commanded, without opening his eyes.

- [5] The secretary cleared his throat.

"It is dated July seventeenth, but is without address. Postmark San Francisco. It is also quite illiterate. The spelling is atrocious. Here it is:

"Mr. Peter Winn, SIR: I send you respectfully by express a pigeon worth good money. She's a loo-loo—"

"What is a loo-loo?" Peter Winn interrupted.

Timed to the minute, the young man, two hours later, was ready for the start. In a holster at his hip, for instant use, cocked and with the safety on, was a large-caliber automatic pistol. With a final inspection and overhauling he took his seat in the aeroplane. He started the engine, and with a wild burr of gas explosions the beautiful fabric darted down the launching ways and lifted into the air. Circling, as he rose, to the west, he wheeled about and jockeyed and maneuvered for the real start of the race. This start depended on the pigeon. Peter Winn held it. Nor was it weighted with shot this time. Instead, half a yard of bright ribbon was firmly attached to its leg—this the more easily to enable its flight being followed. Peter Winn released it, and it arose easily enough despite the slight drag of the ribbon. There was no uncertainty about its movements. This was the third time it had made particular homing passage, and it knew the course.

At an altitude of several hundred feet it straightened out and went due east. The aeroplane swerved into a straight course from its last curve and followed. The race was on. Peter Winn, looking up, saw that the pigeon was outdistancing the machine. Then he saw something else. The aeroplane suddenly and instantly became smaller. It had reefed. Its high-speed plane-design was now revealed. Instead of the generous spread of surface with which it had taken the air, it was now a lean and hawklike monoplane balanced on long and exceedingly narrow wings.

When young Winn reefed down so suddenly, he received a surprise. It was his first trial of the new device, and while he was prepared for increased speed he was not prepared for such an astonishing increase. It was better than he dreamed, and, before he knew it, he was hard upon the pigeon. That little creature, frightened by this, the most monstrous hawk it had ever seen, immediately darted upward, after the manner of pigeons that strive always to rise above a hawk.

[55] In great curves the monoplane followed upward, higher and higher into the blue. It was difficult, from underneath to see the pigeon, and young Winn dared not lose it from his sight. He even shook out his reefs in order to rise more quickly. Up, up they went, until the pigeon, true to its instinct, dropped and struck at what it thought to be the back of its pursuing enemy. Once was enough, for, evidently finding no life in the smooth cloth surface of the machine, it ceased soaring and straightened out on its eastward course.

A carrier pigeon on a passage can achieve a high rate of speed, and Winn reefed again. And again, to his satisfaction, he found that he was beating the pigeon. But this time he quickly shook out a portion of his reefed sustaining surface and slowed down in time. From then on he knew he had the chase safely in hand, and from then on a chant rose to his lips which he continued to sing at intervals, and unconsciously, for the rest of the passage. It was: "Going some; going some; what did I tell you!—going some."

Even so, it was not all plain sailing. The air is an unstable medium at best, and quite without warning, at an acute angle, he entered an aerial tide which he recognized as the gulf stream of wind that poured through the drafty-mouthed Golden Gate. His right wing caught it first—a sudden, sharp puff that lifted and tilted the monoplane and threatened to capsize it. But he rode with a sensitive "loose curb," and quickly, but not too quickly, he shifted the angles of his wing-tips, depressed the front horizontal rudder, and swung over the rear vertical rudder to meet the tilting thrust of the wind. As the machine came back to an even keel, and he knew that he was now wholly in the invisible stream, he readjusted the wing-tips, rapidly away from him during the several moments of his discomfiture.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. How does the theme of fear play into the story? Explain using evidence from the text.

2. What does Winn's initial reaction to the pigeon and letter reveal about his character?
- A. Peter Winn is more impressed with the pigeon than he is intimidated by the threatening letter, revealing his haughty and superficial personality.
 - B. Peter Winn is more impressed with the pigeon than he is intimidated by the threatening letter, revealing his limited intelligence.
 - C. Peter Winn is too distracted by the ransom letter to acknowledge the pigeon, revealing his distracted and short-sighted personality.
 - D. Peter Winn cares more about the value of the pigeon than the price of ransom, indicating his preoccupation with wealth.

3. PART A: What does the word "succinct" most likely mean as used in paragraph 25?
- A. Apologetic
 - B. Sarcastic
 - C. Brief
 - D. Wordy

4. PART B: Explain your answer to Part A. Cite evidence from the text in your explanation.

Name: _____ Class: _____

A Good Man is Hard to Find

By Flannery O'Connor
1953

Mary Flannery O'Connor (1925-1964) was an American writer and essayist who often wrote in the Southern Gothic style. Her stories are known for their witty descriptions, emphasis on the grotesque, and exploration of ethics and morality. In this text, O'Connor tells the story of a family who decides to take a vacation and encounters some dangerous people. The following text also contains ethnic slurs and offensive terms that were often considered acceptable at the time the text was published. As you read, take note of how O'Connor uses figurative language to develop the tone of the text.

- [1] The grandmother didn't want to go to Florida. She wanted to visit some of her connections in east Tennessee and she was seizing at every chance to change Bailey's mind. Bailey was the son she lived with, her only boy. He was sitting on the edge of his chair at the table, bent over the orange sports section of the *Journal*. "Now look here, Bailey," she said, "see here, read this," and she stood with one hand on her thin hip and the other rattling the newspaper at his bald head. "Here this fellow that calls himself The Misfit is a loose from the Federal Pen and headed toward Florida and you read here what it says he did to these people. Just you read it. I wouldn't take my children in any direction with a criminal like that a loose in it. I couldn't answer to my conscience if I did."



"Untitled" by Evan Kirby is licensed under CC0.

Bailey didn't look up from his reading so she wheeled around then and faced the children's mother, a young woman in slacks, whose face was as broad and innocent as a cabbage and was tied around with a green headkerchief that had two points on the top like rabbit's ears. She was sitting on the sofa, feeding the baby his apricots out of a jar. "The children have been to Florida before," the old lady said. "You all ought to take them somewhere else for a change so they would see different parts of the world and be broad. They never have been to east Tennessee."

The children's mother didn't seem to hear her but the eight-year-old boy, John Wesley, a stocky child with glasses, said, "If you don't want to go to Florida, why dontcha stay at home?" He and the little girl, June Star, were reading the funny papers on the floor.

"She wouldn't stay at home to be queen for a day," June Star said without raising her yellow head.

- [5] "Yes and what would you do if this fellow, The Misfit, caught you?" the grandmother asked.

"I'd smack his face," John Wesley said.

"She wouldn't stay at home for a million bucks," June Star said. "Afraid she'd miss something. She has to go everywhere we go."

"All right, Miss," the grandmother said. "Just remember that the next time you want me to curl your hair."

June Star said her hair was naturally curly.

- [10] The next morning the grandmother was the first one in the car, ready to go. She had her big black valise¹ that looked like the head of a hippopotamus in one corner, and underneath it she was hiding a basket with Pitty Sing, the cat, in it. She didn't intend for the cat to be left alone in the house for three days because he would miss her too much and she was afraid he might brush against one of the gas burners and accidentally asphyxiate² himself. Her son, Bailey, didn't like to arrive at a motel with a cat.

She sat in the middle of the back seat with John Wesley and June Star on either side of her. Bailey and the children's mother and the baby sat in front and they left Atlanta at eight forty-five with the mileage on the car at 55890. The grandmother wrote this down because she thought it would be interesting to say how many miles they had been when they got back. It took them twenty minutes to reach the outskirts of the city.

The old lady settled herself comfortably, removing her white cotton gloves and putting them up with her purse on the shelf in front of the back window. The children's mother still had on slacks and still had her head tied up in a green kerchief, but the grandmother had on a navy blue straw sailor hat with a bunch of white violets on the brim and a navy blue dress with a small white dot in the print. Her collars and cuffs were white organdy³ trimmed with lace and at her neckline she had pinned a purple spray⁴ of cloth violets containing a sachet.⁵ In case of an accident, anyone seeing her dead on the highway would know at once that she was a lady.

She said she thought it was going to be a good day for driving, neither too hot nor too cold, and she cautioned Bailey that the speed limit was fifty-five miles an hour and that the patrolmen hid themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees and sped out after you before you had a chance to slow down. She pointed out interesting details of the scenery: Stone Mountain,⁶ the blue granite that in some places came up to both sides of the highway; the brilliant red clay banks slightly streaked with purple; and the various crops that made rows of green lace-work on the ground. The trees were full of silver-white sunlight and the meanest of them sparkled. The children were reading comic magazines and their mother had gone back to sleep.

"Let's go through Georgia fast so we won't have to look at it much," John Wesley said.

- [15] "If I were a little boy," said the grandmother, "I wouldn't talk about my native state that way. Tennessee has the mountains and Georgia has the hills."

"Tennessee is just a hillbilly dumping ground," John Wesley said, "and Georgia is a lousy state too."

"You said it," June Star said.

1. a traveling bag or suitcase
2. to kill someone by depriving them of air
3. a fine translucent cotton or silk fabric that is usually stiffened and used for women's clothing
4. a flowering branch or shoot
5. a small perfume bag used to scent clothes
6. Stone Mountain is a large granite mass east of Atlanta, Georgia, and the site of the Confederate Memorial Carving, which features the figures of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson.

"In my time," said the grandmother, folding her thin veined fingers, "children were more respectful of their native states and their parents and everything else. People did right then. Oh look at the cute little pickaninny!"⁷ she said and pointed to a Negro child standing in the door of a shack. "Wouldn't that make a picture, now?" she asked and they all turned and looked at the little Negro out of the back window. He waved.

"He didn't have any britches on," June Star said.

- [20] "He probably didn't have any," the grandmother explained. "Little niggers⁸ in the country don't have things like we do. If I could paint, I'd paint that picture," she said.

The children exchanged comic books.

The grandmother offered to hold the baby and the children's mother passed him over the front seat to her. She set him on her knee and bounced him and told him about the things they were passing. She rolled her eyes and screwed up her mouth and stuck her leathery thin face into his smooth bland one. Occasionally he gave her a faraway smile. They passed a large cotton field with five or six graves fenced in the middle of it, like a small island. "Look at the graveyard!" the grandmother said, pointing it out. "That was the old family burying ground. That belonged to the plantation."

"Where's the plantation?" John Wesley asked.

"Gone With the Wind,"⁹ said the grandmother. "Ha. Ha."

- [25] When the children finished all the comic books they had brought, they opened the lunch and ate it. The grandmother ate a peanut butter sandwich and an olive and would not let the children throw the box and the paper napkins out the window. When there was nothing else to do they played a game by choosing a cloud and making the other two guess what shape it suggested. John Wesley took one the shape of a cow and June Star guessed a cow and John Wesley said, no, an automobile, and June Star said he didn't play fair, and they began to slap each other over the grandmother.

The grandmother said she would tell them a story if they would keep quiet. When she told a story, she rolled her eyes and waved her head and was very dramatic. She said once when she was a maiden lady she had been courted by a Mr. Edgar Atkins Teagarden from Jasper, Georgia. She said he was a very good-looking man and a gentleman and that he brought her a watermelon every Saturday afternoon with his initials cut in it, E. A. T. Well, one Saturday, she said, Mr. Teagarden brought the watermelon and there was nobody at home and he left it on the front porch and returned in his buggy to Jasper, but she never got the watermelon, she said, because a nigger boy ate it when he saw the initials, E. A. T.! This story tickled John Wesley's funny bone and he giggled and giggled but June Star didn't think it was any good. She said she wouldn't marry a man that just brought her a watermelon on Saturday. The grandmother said she would have done well to marry Mr. Teagarden because he was a gentleman and had bought Coca-Cola stock when it first came out and that he had died only a few years ago, a very wealthy man.

7. an offensive term for a small black child

8. an offensive term and racial slur towards a black person

9. a reference to the popular book and film about the daughter of a plantation owner during the Civil War era

"Yes'm, I suppose so," Red Sam said as if he were struck with this answer.

His wife brought the orders, carrying the five plates all at once without a tray, two in each hand and one balanced on her arm. "It isn't a soul in this green world of God's that you can trust," she said. "And I don't count nobody out of that, not nobody," she repeated, looking at Red Sammy.

[40] "Did you read about that criminal, The Misfit, that's escaped?" asked the grandmother.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't attack this place right here," said the woman. "If he hears about it being here, I wouldn't be none surprised to see him. If he hears it's two cent in the cash register, I wouldn't be a tall surprised if he..."

"That'll do," Red Sam said. "Go bring these people their Co'-Colas," and the woman went off to get the rest of the order.

"A good man is hard to find," Red Sammy said. "Everything is getting terrible. I remember the day you could go off and leave your screen door unlatched. Not no more."

He and the grandmother discussed better times. The old lady said that in her opinion Europe was entirely to blame for the way things were now. She said the way Europe acted you would think we were made of money and Red Sam said it was no use talking about it, she was exactly right. The children ran outside into the white sunlight and looked at the monkey in the lacy chinaberry tree. He was busy catching fleas on himself and biting each one carefully between his teeth as if it were a delicacy.

[45] They drove off again into the hot afternoon. The grandmother took cat naps and woke up every few minutes with her own snoring. Outside of Toombsboro she woke up and recalled an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady. She said the house had six white columns across the front and that there was an avenue of oaks leading up to it and two little wooden trellis¹³ arbors¹⁴ on either side in front where you sat down with your suitor after a stroll in the garden. She recalled exactly which road to turn off to get to it. She knew that Bailey would not be willing to lose any time looking at an old house, but the more she talked about it, the more she wanted to see it once again and find out if the little twin arbors were still standing. "There was a secret panel in this house," she said craftily, not telling the truth but wishing that she were, "and the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman¹⁵ came through but it was never found..."

"Hey!" John Wesley said. "Let's go see it! We'll find it! We'll poke all the woodwork and find it! Who lives there? Where do you turn off at? Hey Pop, can't we turn off there?"

"We never have seen a house with a secret panel!" June Star shrieked. "Let's go to the house with the secret panel! Hey Pop, can't we go see the house with the secret panel!"

"It's not far from here, I know," the grandmother said. "It wouldn't take over twenty minutes."

Bailey was looking straight ahead. His jaw was as rigid as a horseshoe. "No," he said.

13. a framework of light wooden or metal bars, primarily used to support fruit trees or climbing plants

14. a garden structure marking a point of entry or the division of two places along a path

15. most likely referring to military campaign conducted through Georgia by Major General William Tecumseh Sherman of the Union Army during the Civil War

[50] The children began to yell and scream that they wanted to see the house with the secret panel. John Wesley kicked the back of the front seat and June Star hung over her mother's shoulder and whined desperately into her ear that they never had any fun even on their vacation, that they could never do what THEY wanted to do. The baby began to scream and John Wesley kicked the back of the seat so hard that his father could feel the blows in his kidney.

"All right!" he shouted and drew the car to a stop at the side of the road. "Will you all shut up? Will you all just shut up for one second? If you don't shut up, we won't go anywhere."

"It would be very educational for them," the grandmother murmured.

"All right," Bailey said, "but get this: this is the only time we're going to stop for anything like this. This is the one and only time."

"The dirt road that you have to turn down is about a mile back," the grandmother directed. "I marked it when we passed."

[55] "A dirt road," Bailey groaned.

After they had turned around and were headed toward the dirt road, the grandmother recalled other points about the house, the beautiful glass over the front doorway and the candle-lamp in the hall. John Wesley said that the secret panel was probably in the fireplace.

"You can't go inside this house," Bailey said. "You don't know who lives there."

"While you all talk to the people in front, I'll run around behind and get in a window," John Wesley suggested.

"We'll all stay in the car," his mother said. They turned onto the dirt road and the car raced roughly along in a swirl of pink dust. The grandmother recalled the times when there were no paved roads and thirty miles was a day's journey. The dirt road was hilly and there were sudden washes in it and sharp curves on dangerous embankments. All at once they would be on a hill, looking down over the blue tops of trees for miles around, then the next minute, they would be in a red depression¹⁶ with the dust-coated trees looking down on them.

[60] "This place had better turn up in a minute," Bailey said, "or I'm going to turn around."

The road looked as if no one had traveled on it in months.

"It's not much farther," the grandmother said and just as she said it, a horrible thought came to her. The thought was so embarrassing that she turned red in the face and her eyes dilated and her feet jumped up, upsetting her valise in the corner. The instant the valise moved, the newspaper top she had over the basket under it rose with a snarl and Pitty Sing, the cat, sprang onto Bailey's shoulder.

16. a sunken place or hollow on a surface

The children were thrown to the floor and their mother, clutching the baby, was thrown out the door onto the ground; the old lady was thrown into the front seat. The car turned over once and landed right-side-up in a gulch¹⁷ off the side of the road. Bailey remained in the driver's seat with the cat gray-striped with a broad white face and an orange nose clinging to his neck like a caterpillar.

As soon as the children saw they could move their arms and legs, they scrambled out of the car, shouting, "We've had an ACCIDENT!" The grandmother was curled up under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once. The horrible thought she had had before the accident was that the house she had remembered so vividly was not in Georgia but in Tennessee.

- [65] Bailey removed the cat from his neck with both hands and flung it out the window against the side of a pine tree. Then he got out of the car and started looking for the children's mother. She was sitting against the side of the red gutted ditch, holding the screaming baby, but she only had a cut down her face and a broken shoulder. "We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed in a frenzy of delight.

"But nobody's killed," June Star said with disappointment as the grandmother limped out of the car, her hat still pinned to her head but the broken front brim standing up at a jaunty¹⁸ angle and the violet spray hanging off the side. They all sat down in the ditch, except the children, to recover from the shock. They were all shaking.

"Maybe a car will come along," said the children's mother hoarsely.

"I believe I have injured an organ," said the grandmother, pressing her side, but no one answered her. Bailey's teeth were clattering. He had on a yellow sport shirt with bright blue parrots designed in it and his face was as yellow as the shirt. The grandmother decided that she would not mention that the house was in Tennessee.

The road was about ten feet above and they could see only the tops of the trees on the other side of it. Behind the ditch they were sitting in there were more woods, tall and dark and deep. In a few minutes they saw a car some distance away on top of a hill, coming slowly as if the occupants were watching them. The grandmother stood up and waved both arms dramatically to attract their attention. The car continued to come on slowly, disappeared around a bend and appeared again, moving even slower, on top of the hill they had gone over. It was a big black battered hearse-like automobile. There were three men in it.

- [70] It came to a stop just over them and for some minutes, the driver looked down with a steady expressionless gaze to where they were sitting, and didn't speak. Then he turned his head and muttered something to the other two and they got out. One was a fat boy in black trousers and a red sweat shirt with a silver stallion embossed¹⁹ on the front of it. He moved around on the right side of them and stood staring, his mouth partly open in a kind of loose grin. The other had on khaki pants and a blue striped coat and a gray hat pulled down very low, hiding most of his face. He came around slowly on the left side. Neither spoke.

17. a narrow and steep-sided ravine

18. **Jaunty** (*adjective*): lively in manner or appearance

19. to decorate or adorn something

The driver got out of the car and stood by the side of it, looking down at them. He was an older man than the other two. His hair was just beginning to gray and he wore silver-rimmed spectacles that gave him a scholarly look. He had a long creased face and didn't have on any shirt or undershirt. He had on blue jeans that were too tight for him and was holding a black hat and a gun. The two boys also had guns.

"We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed.

The grandmother had the peculiar feeling that the bespectacled man was someone she knew. His face was as familiar to her as if she had known him all her life but she could not recall who he was. He moved away from the car and began to come down the embankment, placing his feet carefully so that he wouldn't slip. He had on tan and white shoes and no socks, and his ankles were red and thin. "Good afternoon," he said. "I see you all had you a little spill."

"We turned over twice!" said the grandmother.

[75] "Oncet," he corrected. "We seen it happen. Try their car and see will it run, Hiram," he said quietly to the boy with the gray hat.

"What you got that gun for?" John Wesley asked. "Whatcha gonna do with that gun?"

"Lady," the man said to the children's mother, "would you mind calling them children to sit down by you? Children make me nervous. I want all you all to sit down right together there where you're at."

"What are you telling US what to do for?" June Star asked.

Behind them the line of woods gaped like a dark open mouth. "Come here," said their mother.

[80] "Look here now," Bailey began suddenly, "we're in a predicament! We're in..."

The grandmother shrieked. She scrambled to her feet and stood staring. "You're The Misfit!" she said. "I recognized you at once!"

"Yes'm," the man said, smiling slightly as if he were pleased in spite of himself to be known, "but it would have been better for all of you, lady, if you hadn't of reckernized me."

Bailey turned his head sharply and said something to his mother that shocked even the children. The old lady began to cry and The Misfit reddened.

"Lady," he said, "don't you get upset. Sometimes a man says things he don't mean. I don't reckon he meant to talk to you thataway."

[85] "You wouldn't shoot a lady, would you?" the grandmother said and removed a clean handkerchief from her cuff and began to slap at her eyes with it.

The Misfit pointed the toe of his shoe into the ground and made a little hole and then covered it up again. "I would hate to have to," he said.

"Listen," the grandmother almost screamed, "I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!"

"Yes mam," he said, "finest people in the world." When he smiled he showed a row of strong white teeth. "God never made a finer woman than my mother and my daddy's heart was pure gold," he said. The boy with the red sweat shirt had come around behind them and was standing with his gun at his hip. The Misfit squatted down on the ground. "Watch them children, Bobby Lee," he said. "You know they make me nervous." He looked at the six of them huddled together in front of him and he seemed to be embarrassed as if he couldn't think of anything to say. "Ain't a cloud in the sky," he remarked, looking up at it. "Don't see no sun but don't see no cloud neither."

"Yes, it's a beautiful day," said the grandmother. "Listen," she said, "you shouldn't call yourself The Misfit because I know you're a good man at heart. I can just look at you and tell."

[90] "Hush!" Bailey yelled. "Hush! Everybody shut up and let me handle this!" He was squatting in the position of a runner about to sprint forward but he didn't move.

"I pre-chate that, lady," The Misfit said and drew a little circle in the ground with the butt of his gun.

"It'll take a half a hour to fix this here car," Hiram called, looking over the raised hood of it.

"Well, first you and Bobby Lee get him and that little boy to step over yonder²⁰ with you," The Misfit said, pointing to Bailey and John Wesley. "The boys want to ast you something," he said to Bailey. "Would you mind stepping back in them woods there with them?"

"Listen," Bailey began, "we're in a terrible predicament! Nobody realizes what this is," and his voice cracked. His eyes were as blue and intense as the parrots in his shirt and he remained perfectly still.

[95] The grandmother reached up to adjust her hat brim as if she were going to the woods with him but it came off in her hand. She stood staring at it and after a second she let it fall on the ground. Hiram pulled Bailey up by the arm as if he were assisting an old man. John Wesley caught hold of his father's hand and Bobby Lee followed. They went off toward the woods and just as they reached the dark edge, Bailey turned and supporting himself against a gray naked pine trunk, he shouted, "I'll be back in a minute, Mamma, wait on me!"

"Come back this instant!" his mother shrilled but they all disappeared into the woods.

"Bailey Boy!" the grandmother called in a tragic voice but she found she was looking at The Misfit squatting on the ground in front of her. "I just know you're a good man," she said desperately. "You're not a bit common!"

20. at some distance in the direction indicated

"Nome, I ain't a good man," The Misfit said after a second as if he had considered her statement carefully, "but I ain't the worst in the world neither. My daddy said I was a different breed of dog from my brothers and sisters. 'You know,' Daddy said, 'it's some that can live their whole life out without asking about it and it's others has to know why it is, and this boy is one of the latters. He's going to be into everything!'" He put on his black hat and looked up suddenly and then away deep into the woods as if he were embarrassed again. "I'm sorry I don't have on a shirt before you ladies," he said, hunching his shoulders slightly. "We buried our clothes that we had on when we escaped and we're just making do until we can get better. We borrowed these from some folks we met," he explained.

"That's perfectly all right," the grandmother said. "Maybe Bailey has an extra shirt in his suitcase."

[100] "I'll look and see terrectly," The Misfit said.

"Where are they taking him?" the children's mother screamed.

"Daddy was a card himself,"²¹ The Misfit said. "You couldn't put anything over on him. He never got in trouble with the Authorities though. Just had the knack of handling them."

"You could be honest too if you'd only try," said the grandmother. "Think how wonderful it would be to settle down and live a comfortable life and not have to think about somebody chasing you all the time."

The Misfit kept scratching in the ground with the butt of his gun as if he were thinking about it. "Yes'm, somebody is always after you," he murmured.

[105] The grandmother noticed how thin his shoulder blades were just behind his hat because she was standing up looking down on him. "Do you ever pray?" she asked.

He shook his head. All she saw was the black hat wiggle between his shoulder blades. "Nome," he said.

There was a pistol shot from the woods, followed closely by another. Then silence. The old lady's head jerked around. She could hear the wind move through the tree tops like a long satisfied insuck of breath. "Bailey Boy!" she called.

"I was a gospel singer for a while," The Misfit said. "I been most everything. Been in the arm service, both land and sea, at home and abroad, been twict married, been an undertaker,²² been with the railroads, plowed Mother Earth, been in a tornado, seen a man burnt alive oncet," and he looked up at the children's mother and the little girl who were sitting close together, their faces white and their eyes glassy; "I even seen a woman flogged,"²³ he said.

"Pray, pray," the grandmother began, "pray, pray..."

[110] "I never was a bad boy that I remember of," The Misfit said in an almost dreamy voice, "but somewheres along the line I done something wrong and got sent to the penitentiary.²⁴ I was buried alive," and he looked up and held her attention to him by a steady stare.

21. a phrase meaning someone is witty or eccentric

22. a person whose business is preparing dead bodies for burial or cremation

23. to be beaten by someone with a whip or stick as punishment

24. a prison for people convicted for serious crimes

"That's when you should have started to pray," she said "What did you do to get sent to the penitentiary that first time?"

"Turn to the right, it was a wall," The Misfit said, looking up again at the cloudless sky. "Turn to the left, it was a wall. Look up it was a ceiling, look down it was a floor. I forget what I done, lady. I set there and set there, trying to remember what it was I done and I ain't recalled it to this day. Oncet in a while, I would think it was coming to me, but it never come."

"Maybe they put you in by mistake," the old lady said vaguely.

"Nome," he said. "It wasn't no mistake. They had the papers on me."

[115] "You must have stolen something," she said.

The Misfit sneered slightly. "Nobody had nothing I wanted," he said. "It was a head-doctor at the penitentiary said what I had done was kill my daddy but I known that for a lie. My daddy died in nineteen ought nineteen of the epidemic flu and I never had a thing to do with it. He was buried in the Mount Hopewell Baptist churchyard and you can go there and see for yourself."

"If you would pray," the old lady said, "Jesus would help you."

"That's right," The Misfit said.

"Well then, why don't you pray?" she asked trembling with delight suddenly.

[120] "I don't want no hep," he said. "I'm doing all right by myself."

Bobby Lee and Hiram came ambling back from the woods. Bobby Lee was dragging a yellow shirt with bright blue parrots in it.

"Thow me that shirt, Bobby Lee," The Misfit said. The shirt came flying at him and landed on his shoulder and he put it on. The grandmother couldn't name what the shirt reminded her of. "No, lady," The Misfit said while he was buttoning it up, "I found out the crime don't matter. You can do one thing or you can do another, kill a man or take a tire off his car, because sooner or later you're going to forget what it was you done and just be punished for it."

The children's mother had begun to make heaving noises as if she couldn't get her breath. "Lady," he asked, "would you and that little girl like to step off yonder with Bobby Lee and Hiram and join your husband?"

"Yes, thank you," the mother said faintly. Her left arm dangled helplessly and she was holding the baby, who had gone to sleep, in the other. "Hep that lady up, Hiram," The Misfit said as she struggled to climb out of the ditch, "and Bobby Lee, you hold onto that little girl's hand."

[125] "I don't want to hold hands with him," June Star said. "He reminds me of a pig."

The fat boy blushed and laughed and caught her by the arm and pulled her off into the woods after Hiram and her mother.

Alone with The Misfit, the grandmother found that she had lost her voice. There was not a cloud in the sky nor any sun. There was nothing around her but woods. She wanted to tell him that he must pray. She opened and closed her mouth several times before anything came out. Finally she found herself saying, "Jesus. Jesus," meaning, Jesus will help you, but the way she was saying it, it sounded as if she might be cursing.

"Yes'm," The Misfit said as if he agreed. "Jesus thrown everything off balance. It was the same case with Him as with me except He hadn't committed any crime and they could prove I had committed one because they had the papers on me. Of course," he said, "they never shown me my papers. That's why I sign myself now. I said long ago, you get you a signature and sign everything you do and keep a copy of it. Then you'll know what you done and you can hold up the crime to the punishment and see do they match and in the end you'll have something to prove you ain't been treated right. I call myself The Misfit," he said, "because I can't make what all I done wrong fit what all I gone through in punishment."

There was a piercing scream from the woods, followed closely by a pistol report.²⁵ "Does it seem right to you, lady, that one is punished a heap and another ain't punished at all?"

[130] "Jesus!" the old lady cried. "You've got good blood! I know you wouldn't shoot a lady! I know you come from nice people! Pray! Jesus, you ought not to shoot a lady. I'll give you all the money I've got!"

"Lady," The Misfit said, looking beyond her far into the woods, "there never was a body that give the undertaker a tip."

There were two more pistol reports and the grandmother raised her head like a parched old turkey hen crying for water and called, "Bailey Boy, Bailey Boy!" as if her heart would break.

"Jesus was the only One that ever raised the dead," The Misfit continued, "and He shouldn't have done it. He thown everything off balance. If He did what He said, then it's nothing for you to do but throw away everything and follow Him, and if He didn't, then it's nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him. No pleasure but meanness," he said and his voice had become almost a snarl.

"Maybe He didn't raise the dead," the old lady mumbled, not knowing what she was saying and feeling so dizzy that she sank down in the ditch with her legs twisted under her.

[135] "I wasn't there so I can't say He didn't," The Misfit said. "I wisht I had of been there," he said, hitting the ground with his fist. "It ain't right I wasn't there because if I had of been there I would of known. Listen lady," he said in a high voice, "if I had of been there I would of known and I wouldn't be like I am now." His voice seemed about to crack and the grandmother's head cleared for an instant. She saw the man's face twisted close to her own as if he were going to cry and she murmured, "Why you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children!" She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest. Then he put his gun down on the ground and took off his glasses and began to clean them.

25. the sudden loud noise of gunfire

Hiram and Bobby Lee returned from the woods and stood over the ditch, looking down at the grandmother who half sat and half lay in a puddle of blood with her legs crossed under her like a child's and her face smiling up at the cloudless sky.

Without his glasses, The Misfit's eyes were red-rimmed and pale and defenseless-looking. "Take her off and throw her where you shown the others," he said, picking up the cat that was rubbing itself against his leg.

"She was a talker, wasn't she?" Bobby Lee said, sliding down the ditch with a yodel.

"She would of been a good woman," The Misfit said, "if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life."

[140] "Some fun!" Bobby Lee said.

"Shut up, Bobby Lee" The Misfit said. "It's no real pleasure in life."

Extract from A Good Man Is Hard to Find and Other Stories by Flannery O'Connor reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser & Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of the Estate of Flannery O'Connor

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best identifies a theme of the text? [RL.2]
 - A. A person's morality cannot be determined by their appearance.
 - B. When people lie, the consequences are usually dire.
 - C. There is no way to change or affect a truly evil person.
 - D. It is important to present a certain image to the world.

2. PART B: Which section best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "The horrible thought she had had before the accident was that the house she had remembered so vividly was not in Georgia but in Tennessee." (Paragraph 64)
 - B. "Bailey turned his head sharply and said something to his mother that shocked even the children. The old lady began to cry and The Misfit reddened." (Paragraph 83)
 - C. "'I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!'" (Paragraph 87)
 - D. "She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest." (Paragraph 135)

3. PART A: What does paragraph 45 reveal about the grandmother's character? [RL.5]
 - A. The grandmother has truly had an exciting life.
 - B. The grandmother is very knowledgeable.
 - C. The grandmother has a bad relationship with her son.
 - D. The grandmother is cunning and slightly manipulative.

4. PART B: Which quote from paragraph 45 best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "Outside of Toombsboro she woke up and recalled an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady."
 - B. "She knew that Bailey would not be willing to lose any time looking at an old house, but the more she talked about it, the more she wanted to see it once again"
 - C. "'There was a secret panel in this house,' she said craftily, not telling the truth but wishing that she were"
 - D. "'[A]nd the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman came through but it was never found...'"

5. PART A: Which of the following best explains the relationship the grandmother has with her son? [RL.3]
 - A. close because they live together
 - B. strained because they are very different
 - C. difficult because the grandmother is critical
 - D. loving because family is important to both of them

6. PART B: Which passage from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
- A. "She wanted to visit some of her connections in east Tennessee and she was seizing at every chance to change Bailey's mind. Bailey was the son she lived with, her only boy." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "[S]he cautioned Bailey that the speed limit was fifty-five miles an hour and that the patrolmen hid themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees" (Paragraph 13)
 - C. "She asked Bailey if he would like to dance but he only glared at her. He didn't have a naturally sunny disposition like she did and trips made him nervous." (Paragraph 29)
 - D. "The grandmother was curled up under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once." (Paragraph 64)
7. How does describing the grandmother as "a parched old turkey crying for water" in paragraph 132 contribute to her characterization? [RL.4]
- A. It shows how humorously The Misfit views the grandmother.
 - B. It emphasizes how the grandmother feels guilty about her son's death.
 - C. It shows that the grandmother regretted how she treated her son.
 - D. It emphasizes the grandmother's desperation in the situation.
8. How does O'Connor use foreshadowing to contribute to the story's meaning? Explain at least two examples of foreshadowing and how they develop the theme of the story. [RL.5]

9. How does O'Connor use figurative language to develop the tone of the story? Explain [RL.4] at least three examples of figurative language and how they develop the tone of the story.

10. How do the grandmother's attempts to reason with The Misfit evolve throughout their exchange, and how does this connect to the themes of the text? [RL.3]

Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. In your opinion, was The Misfit born bad, or did the unfair punishment he was subjected to shape the person he became?
2. In the context of the text, why do people do bad things? Can the characters and their actions in this story be categorized as either good or bad? Why does the Misfit do what he does? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
3. In the context of the text, how do people face death? Consider the different characters of "A Good Man is Hard to Find," as well as other characters in literature, art, or history in your answer.
4. In the context of the text, how does fear drive action? How does fear drive the grandmother's choices throughout the story? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
5. In the context of the text, can we control our fate? Is the family in control of what happens to them? How does the text comment on who is ultimately in control? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

NTI Days #6-17
AP English Language & Composition
11th Grade English
Creative Writing

NTI Day #6:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "The Science of Solitary Confinement" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The Science of Solitary Confinement" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: sweet); finish reading Act 1 of "Our Town," and write 3 complete sentences regarding your thoughts over Act 1.

NTI Day #7:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "Winged Blackmail" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Winged Blackmail" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what do you like best about NTI?); write a paragraph (in response to a question: is Thornton Wilder's view of small town life positive or negative? explain) and use quotes from the play to support your answer.

NTI Day #8:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 3 Progress Check MCQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "What makes good people do bad things?" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: plain); write a paragraph (in response to a question: discuss the character of the Stage Manager - how does he fit into the world of the play?) and use quotes from the play to support your answer.

NTI Day #9:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 3 Progress Check FRQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "What Fear Can Teach Us" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (free write); Begin reading Act 2 of "Our Town" p. 47-57; write 4 complete sentences in response to a question (in the beginning of Act 2, the Stage Manager states that 3 years have gone by. He says, "All that can happen in 1,000 days," - write 4 complete sentences explaining what you think your life might be like in 3 years).

NTI Day #10:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 4 Progress Check MCQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The New Painkiller Epidemic" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: earth); Continue reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 58-68; write 4 complete sentences in response to a question (on p. 66, George and Emily are discussing human character. Emily states, "I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be," and a few lines later she adds, "It's not as easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because we girls are more- more- nervous." -- this play was set in the early 1900s; how has society's view of gender roles changed in the last 100 years?)

NTI Day #11:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 4 Progress Check FRQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The Curse of the Inability to Imagine" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what interests you?); Continue reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 69-79; write 3 complete sentences in response to a question (this section of Act 2 picks up when Emily and George are sitting at Morgan's drugstore enjoying ice cream sodas. What is significant about this scene; what stands out to you?)

NTI Day #12:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Edit Research Paper (day 1) based on teacher's suggestions
2. 11th Grade English: Read "I Felt a Funeral, in My Brain" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: children); Finish reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 69-83; write a 4 sentence summary of the events that occurred in Act 2.

NTI Day #13:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Edit Research Paper (day 2) based on teacher's suggestions. Submit final draft to Google Classroom
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Because I Could Not Stop for Death" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: NO JOURNAL ENTRY TODAY; Act 2 assignment: "visualize this special person in your mind - a person who is alive somewhere right now, waiting for time to pass and the right circumstances to take place so that you two will ultimately meet and begin the rest of your lives together (consider the following: why you feel marriage is important in your future; what you personally plan to do to get ready for this upcoming relationship; when you feel would be the right time to commit; how you would like your marriage ceremony to be; where you would like to honeymoon; where you

would like to settle down and start a family; what plans and dreams you have for your life together; what promises you will make now so that your marriage will ultimately work out; etc.)" - assignment: write a fully developed one page letter to this unknown person, considering all of the topics listed.

NTI Day #14:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Take notes over outlining an essay. Available via Google Classroom
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Love Letter" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: grass); write a paragraph answering the following question: Analyze the play's portrayal of love, courtship (dating before marriage), and married life. How do these aspects of life operate within the play's overarching themes of humanity, companionship, and artificiality of theater?

NTI Day #15:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p.1-7 and write two specific details that stood out to you while reading. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p.1-7 and write two specific details that stood out to you while reading. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what is one thing you love about yourself?); Begin reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 85-95; write 3 sentences in response to a question: Act 3 begins with a monologue by the Stage Manager, updating the audience on what has happened in the last 10 years in Grover's Corners. At the bottom of p. 87, he begins discussing the *eternal*. Discuss the concept of the "eternal," in the play; what does the State Manager believe "eternal" means? Do the events of the play agree with him? Why or why not?

NTI Day #16:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Finish reading "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p. 8-13. Then, write 3 sentences explaining how the ending of the story may have been different from what you expected. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Finish reading "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p. 8-13. Then, write 3 sentences explaining how the ending of the story may have been different from what you expected. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: foundation); Continue reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 96-106; write 4 complete sentences in response to this question - why is Emily unhappy when she tries to relive part of her life after she dies? Explain.

NTI Day #17:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Answer questions over "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Answer questions over "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (free write); Finish reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 107-112; write a paragraph summarizing the events that occurred in Act 3.

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Science of Solitary Confinement

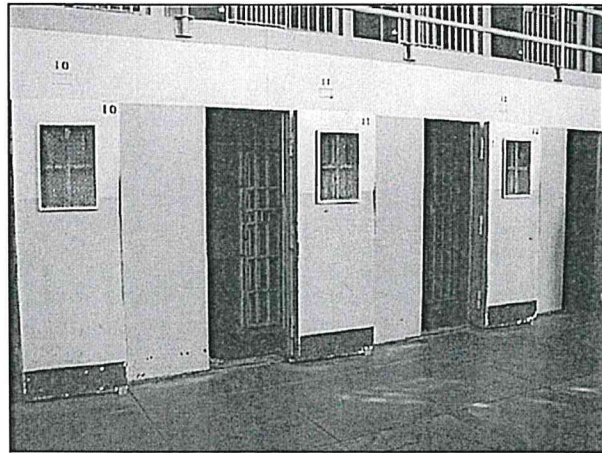
By Joseph Stromberg
2014

Solitary confinement is the isolation of a prisoner from any form of human contact. This 2014 informational text explores how solitary confinement affects prisoners and the role it plays in the American prison system. As you read, take notes on how prisoners are mentally and physically affected by solitary confinement.

- [1] Picture MetLife Stadium, the New Jersey venue that hosted the Super Bowl earlier this month [February 2104]. It seats 82,556 people in total, making it the largest stadium in the NFL.

Imagine the crowd it takes to fill that enormous stadium. That, give or take a thousand, is the number of men and women held in solitary confinement in prisons across the U.S.

Although the practice has been largely discontinued in most countries, it's become increasingly routine over the past few decades within the American prison system. Once employed largely as a short-term punishment, it's now regularly used as a way of disciplining prisoners indefinitely, isolating them during ongoing investigations, coercing them into cooperating with interrogations and even separating them from perceived threats within the prison population at their request.



"Solitary Confinement" by Eric Smith is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0.

As the number of prisoners in solitary has exploded, psychologists and neuroscientists have attempted to understand the ways in which a complete lack of human contact changes us over the long term. According to a panel of scientists that recently spoke at the American Association for the Advancement of Science's annual meeting in Chicago, research tells us that solitary is both ineffective as a rehabilitation technique and indelibly¹ harmful to the mental health of those detained.

- [5] "The United States, in many ways, is an outlier in the world," said Craig Haney, a psychologist at UC Santa Cruz who's spent the last few decades studying the mental effects of the prison system, especially solitary confinement. "We really are the only country that resorts regularly, and on a long-term basis, to this form of punitive² confinement. Ironically, we spend very little time analyzing the effects of it."

1. **Indelible (adjective):** not able to be forgotten or removed
2. **Punitive (adjective):** inflicting or intended as punishment

Exact numbers are hard to come by, but based on a wide swath of censuses, it's estimated that between 80,000 and 81,000 prisoners are in some form of solitary confinement nationwide. In contrast to stereotypes of isolated prisoners as the most dangerous criminals, Haney estimates that a third of isolated prisoners are mentally ill, and a disproportionate number are minorities, partly because alleged gang membership is grounds for placing a prisoner in solitary indefinitely.

The physical details of an isolated prisoner's daily experience are worth examining. "Prisoners live in their cells, 80 square feet on average — a bit bigger than a king-sized bed. In this environment, you sleep, you eat, you defecate, you live all of your life," Haney said. Most prisoners spent at least 23 hours per day in this environment, devoid of stimuli (some are allowed in a yard or indoor area for an hour or less daily), and are denied physical contact on visits from friends and family, so they may go years or decades without touching another human, apart from when they're placed in physical restraints by guards.

This sort of existence takes a clear toll on prisoners, according to surveys and interviews Haney and colleagues have conducted with about 500 of those in isolation from four different states. Their work indicates that most of these prisoners suffer from severe psychological stress that begins when they're put in isolation and doesn't subside over time.

A majority of those surveyed experienced symptoms such as dizziness, heart palpitations,³ chronic depression, while 41 percent reported hallucinations, and 27 percent had suicidal thoughts — all levels significantly higher than those of the overall prison populations. An unrelated study published last week found that isolated inmates are seven times more likely to hurt or kill themselves than inmates at large.

- [10] These effects, Haney says, don't only show how isolation harms inmates — they tell us that it achieves the opposite of the supposed goal of rehabilitating them for re-entry into society. "We are all social beings, and people who are in environments that deny the opportunity to interact in meaningful ways with others begin to lose a sense of self, of their own identity," he said. "They begin to withdraw from the little amount of social contact that they are allowed to have, because social stimulation, over time, becomes anxiety-arousing."

Huda Akil, a neuroscientist at the University of Michigan, is interested in the neurological impacts of isolation, but is limited by the fact that no U.S. prison is willing to allow its otherwise isolated prisoners to take part in research. Instead, she and others must rely on more basic findings about how stimulation and social interaction affect the brain, and infer the potential impacts of isolation from that.

For one, there's the fact that a large amount of brain activity is driven by circadian rhythms,⁴ which are in turn set by exposure to the sun. Autopsies on people who have committed suicide after suffering from depression have shown that, in their brains, gene expression⁵ is significantly less aligned with circadian rhythms; other research has shown that restricting exposure to sunlight (and thereby interfering with circadian rhythms) increases the prevalence of depression. Thus, if inmates are already prone to depression, solitary probably makes them more so, she says. The proper functioning of the brain depends on daily sun exposure, potentially explaining some of the symptoms experienced by prisoners in isolation, many of whom rarely see the sun.

3. noticeably rapid, strong, or irregular heartbeats due to agitation
4. physical, mental, and behavioral changes that follow a 24-hour cycle, responding primarily to light and darkness
5. the process by which information from a gene is used in the composition of a functional gene product

There are also troubling neurological implications of long-term isolation that stem from the fact that brain architecture can change over time. The hippocampus,⁶ in particular, has been found to dramatically shrink in the brains of people who are depressed or stressed for extended periods, a concern because it's crucially involved in memory, geographic orientation, cognition and decision-making. No one has performed an autopsy on a person who lived in isolation for decades, suffering from depression the whole time, but Akil believes that in keeping inmates in full isolation, authorities are "ruining a very critical component of the brain that's sensitive to stress."

Apart from scientists, the Chicago panel featured activist Robert King, who spent 29 years isolated in a six-by-nine-foot cell in a Louisiana prison before his murder conviction was overturned in 2001. Although he endured solitary confinement more successfully than most, he says — he maintained a hopeful attitude and never considering hurting himself — he experienced unmistakable physiological changes.

- [15] Most dramatically, King has difficulty navigating open spaces. "I lost the ability to meet with a broader terrain. I had become acclimated to shorter distances," he said, attributing this change to the shrinkage of his hippocampus, "I cannot, even to this day, acclimate myself to broader distance. My geography is really shot." His eyesight also deteriorated to the point where he was nearly blind, though it's gradually improved since he was released.

It's impossible to say how isolated prisoners as a whole fare compared to King, because there's no systematic collection of data on their well-being in the U.S. prison system. But the researchers argue that just these hints of the damage wrought by solitary confinement — and the way it seems to make prisoners less-equipped to re-enter society after their sentence — indicate that it falls within a category of discipline banned by the eighth amendment: cruel and unusual punishment. "It seems to me that it is time for us to have a serious discussion about the wisdom and humanity of this policy in the United States," Haney said.

Copyright 2014 Smithsonian Institution. Reprinted with permission from Smithsonian Enterprises. All rights reserved. Reproduction in any medium is strictly prohibited without permission from Smithsonian Institution.

6. the part of the brain associated with emotions and memory

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the main idea of the text?
 - A. Scientists have been unable to provide evidence of a link between isolation and brain development.
 - B. While some prisoners react negatively to solitary confinement, the process is necessary for their protection and the protection of others.
 - C. Solitary confinement is an appropriate response to violent or dangerous criminals, as it is intended to punish prisoners for their actions.
 - D. The damage that solitary confinement is speculated to have on mental processes makes it an inappropriate form of punishment for anyone.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "We really are the only country that resorts regularly, and on a long-term basis, to this form of punitive confinement. Ironically, we spend very little time analyzing the effects of it." (Paragraph 5)
 - B. "Their work indicates that most of these prisoners suffer from severe psychological stress that begins when they're put in isolation and doesn't subside over time." (Paragraph 8)
 - C. "Instead, she and others must rely on more basic findings about how stimulation and social interaction affect the brain, and infer the potential impacts of isolation from that." (Paragraph 11)
 - D. "It's impossible to say how isolated prisoners fare as a whole fare compared to King, because there's no systematic collection of data on their well-being in the U.S. prison system." (Paragraph 16)

3. PART A: How does the inclusion of Robert King's experiences contribute to the text?
 - A. It shows that people subjected to solitary confinement can recover.
 - B. It proves that solitary confinement is not being administered as a safety measure.
 - C. It emphasizes how permanently damaging solitary confinement can be.
 - D. It stresses the importance of people coming forward about their experiences in solitary confinement.

4. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "activist Robert King, who spent 29 years isolated in a six-by-nine-foot cell in a Louisiana prison before his murder conviction was overturned in 2001." (Paragraph 14)
 - B. "he endured solitary confinement more successfully than most, he says — he maintained a hopeful attitude and never considering hurting himself" (Paragraph 14)
 - C. "I cannot, even to this day, acclimate myself to broader distance. My geography is really shot." (Paragraph 15)
 - D. "because there's no systematic collection of data on their well-being in the U.S. prison system." (Paragraph 16)

5. How do the results of solitary confinement differ from the overarching goals of the American prison system?

Name: _____ Class: _____

Winged Blackmail

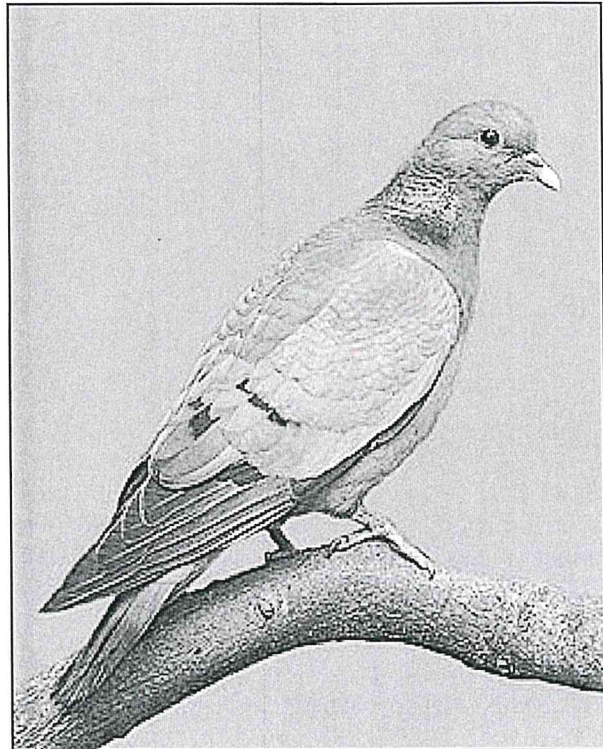
By Jack London

1910

"Winged Blackmail" is a short story by the famous American writer Jack London (1876- 1916). The story opens as Peter Winn plots to take control for personal gain. Instead, he is met with an unexpected surprise in the form of a pigeon. As you read, consider how fear drives the action in this narrative.

- [1] Peter Winn lay back comfortably in a library chair, with closed eyes, deep in the cogitation of a scheme of campaign destined in the near future to make a certain coterie of hostile financiers sit up. The central idea had come to him the night before, and he was now reveling in the planning of the remoter, minor details. By obtaining control of a certain up-country bank, two general stores, and several logging camps, he could come into control of a certain dinky jerkwater line which shall here be nameless, but which, in his hands, would prove the key to a vastly larger situation involving more main-line mileage almost than there were spikes in the aforesaid dinky jerkwater. It was so simple that he had almost laughed aloud when it came to him. No wonder those astute and ancient enemies of his had passed it by.

The library door opened, and a slender, middle-aged man, weak-eyed and eye glassed, entered. In his hands was an envelope and an open letter. As Peter Winn's secretary it was his task to weed out, sort, and classify his employer's mail.



"A Columba Oenas" by Jim Gifford is licensed under

"This came in the morning post," he ventured apologetically and with the hint of a titter. "Of course it doesn't amount to anything, but I thought you would like to see it."

"Read it," Peter Winn commanded, without opening his eyes.

- [5] The secretary cleared his throat.

"It is dated July seventeenth, but is without address. Postmark San Francisco. It is also quite illiterate. The spelling is atrocious. Here it is:

"Mr. Peter Winn, SIR: I send you respectfully by express a pigeon worth good money. She's a loo-loo—"

"What is a loo-loo?" Peter Winn interrupted.

The secretary tittered.

[10] "I'm sure I don't know, except that it must be a superlative of some sort. The letter continues:

"Please freight it with a couple of thousand-dollar bills and let it go. If you do I wont never annoy you no more. If you don't you will be sorry.

"That is all. It is unsigned. I thought it would amuse you."

"Has the pigeon come?" Peter Winn demanded.

"I'm sure I never thought to enquire."

[15] "Then do so."

In five minutes the secretary was back.

"Yes, sir. It came this morning."

"Then bring it in."

The secretary was inclined to take the affair as a practical joke, but Peter Winn, after an examination of the pigeon, thought otherwise.

[20] "Look at it," he said, stroking and handling it. "See the length of the body and that elongated neck. A proper carrier. I doubt if I've ever seen a finer specimen. Powerfully winged and muscled. As our unknown correspondent remarked, she is a loo-loo. It's a temptation to keep her."

The secretary tittered.

"Why not? Surely you will not let it go back to the writer of that letter."

Peter Winn shook his head.

"I'll answer. No man can threaten me, even anonymously or in foolery."

[25] On a slip of paper he wrote the succinct message, "Go to hell," signed it, and placed it in the carrying apparatus with which the bird had been thoughtfully supplied.

"Now we'll let her loose. Where's my son? I'd like him to see the flight."

"He's down in the workshop. He slept there last night, and had his breakfast sent down this morning."

"He'll break his neck yet," Peter Winn remarked, half-fiercely, half-proudly, as he led the way to the veranda.

Standing at the head of the broad steps, he tossed the pretty creature outward and upward. She caught herself with a quick beat of wings, fluttered about undecidedly for a space, then rose in the air.

[30] Again, high up, there seemed indecision; then, apparently getting her bearings, she headed east, over the oak-trees that dotted the park-like grounds.

"Beautiful, beautiful," Peter Winn murmured. "I almost wish I had her back."

But Peter Winn was a very busy man, with such large plans in his head and with so many reins in his hands that he quickly forgot the incident. Three nights later the left wing of his country house was blown up. It was not a heavy explosion, and nobody was hurt, though the wing itself was ruined. Most of the windows of the rest of the house were broken, and there was a deal of general damage. By the first ferry boat of the morning half a dozen San Francisco detectives arrived, and several hours later the secretary, in high excitement, erupted on Peter Winn.

"It's come!" the secretary gasped, the sweat beading his forehead and his eyes bulging behind their glasses.

"What has come?" Peter demanded.

[35] "It—the—the loo-loo bird."

Then the financier understood.

"Have you gone over the mail yet?"

"I was just going over it, sir."

"Then continue, and see if you can find another letter from our mysterious friend, the pigeon fancier."

[40] The letter came to light. It read:

Mr. Peter Winn, HONORABLE SIR: Now don't be a fool. If you'd come through, your shack would not have blew up—I beg to inform you respectfully, am sending same pigeon. Take good care of same, thank you. Put five one thousand dollar bills on her and let her go. Don't feed her. Don't try to follow bird. She is wise to the way now and makes better time. If you don't come through, watch out.

Peter Winn was genuinely angry. This time he indited¹ no message for the pigeon to carry. Instead, he called in the detectives, and, under their advice, weighted the pigeon heavily with shot. Her previous flight having been eastward toward the bay, the fastest motor-boat in Tiburon was commissioned to take up the chase if it led out over the water.

But too much shot had been put on the carrier, and she was exhausted before the shore was reached. Then the mistake was made of putting too little shot on her, and she rose high in the air, got her bearings and started eastward across San Francisco Bay. She flew straight over Angel Island, and here the motor-boat lost her, for it had to go around the island.

That night, armed guards patrolled the grounds. But there was no explosion. Yet, in the early morning Peter Winn learned by telephone that his sister's home in Alameda had been burned to the ground.

1. "Indite" is an archaic verb meaning to write or compose.

- [45] Two days later the pigeon was back again, coming this time by freight in what had seemed a barrel of potatoes. Also came another letter:

Mr. Peter Winn, RESPECTABLE SIR: It was me that fixed your sister's house. You have raised hell, ain't you. Send ten thousand now. Going up all the time. Don't put any more handicap weights on that bird. You sure can't follow her, and it's cruelty to animals.

Peter Winn was ready to acknowledge himself beaten. The detectives were powerless, and Peter did not know where next the man would strike—perhaps at the lives of those near and dear to him. He even telephoned to San Francisco for ten thousand dollars in bills of large denomination. But Peter had a son, Peter Winn, Junior, with the same firm-set jaw as his fathers, and the same knitted, brooding determination in his eyes. He was only twenty-six, but he was all man, a secret terror and delight to the financier, who alternated between pride in his son's aeroplane feats and fear for an untimely and terrible end.

"Hold on, father, don't send that money," said Peter Winn, Junior. "Number Eight is ready, and I know I've at last got that reefing² down fine. It will work, and it will revolutionize flying. Speed—that's what's needed, and so are the large sustaining surfaces for getting started and for altitude. I've got them both. Once I'm up I reef down. There it is. The smaller the sustaining surface, the higher the speed. That was the law discovered by Langley. And I've applied it. I can rise when the air is calm and full of holes, and I can rise when it's boiling, and by my control of my plane areas I can come pretty close to making any speed I want. Especially with that new Sangster-Endholm engine."

"You'll come pretty close to breaking your neck one of these days," was his father's encouraging remark.

- [50] "Dad, I'll tell you what I'll come pretty close to—ninety miles an hour—Yes, and a hundred. Now listen! I was going to make a trial tomorrow. But it won't take two hours to start today. I'll tackle it this afternoon. Keep that money. Give me the pigeon and I'll follow her to her loft where ever it is. Hold on, let me talk to the mechanics."

He called up the workshop, and in crisp, terse sentences gave his orders in a way that went to the older man's heart. Truly, his one son was a chip off the old block, and Peter Winn had no meek notions concerning the intrinsic value of said old block.

2. "Reefing" is actually a sailing term that means to reduce the area of a sail by rolling or folding a portion of it in. In 1910, when this story was published, flying an aircraft was a very new phenomenon – the first controlled, sustained flight of a powered, heavier-than-air aircraft was flown by the Wright brothers just a few years earlier. It's likely that London was using sailing terminology to describe Peter Jr.'s flying technique of adjusting the plane's wing length to maneuver it in certain ways.

Timed to the minute, the young man, two hours later, was ready for the start. In a holster at his hip, for instant use, cocked and with the safety on, was a large-caliber automatic pistol. With a final inspection and overhauling he took his seat in the aeroplane. He started the engine, and with a wild burr of gas explosions the beautiful fabric darted down the launching ways and lifted into the air. Circling, as he rose, to the west, he wheeled about and jockeyed and maneuvered for the real start of the race. This start depended on the pigeon. Peter Winn held it. Nor was it weighted with shot this time. Instead, half a yard of bright ribbon was firmly attached to its leg—this the more easily to enable its flight being followed. Peter Winn released it, and it arose easily enough despite the slight drag of the ribbon. There was no uncertainty about its movements. This was the third time it had made particular homing passage, and it knew the course.

At an altitude of several hundred feet it straightened out and went due east. The aeroplane swerved into a straight course from its last curve and followed. The race was on. Peter Winn, looking up, saw that the pigeon was outdistancing the machine. Then he saw something else. The aeroplane suddenly and instantly became smaller. It had reefed. Its high-speed plane-design was now revealed. Instead of the generous spread of surface with which it had taken the air, it was now a lean and hawklike monoplane balanced on long and exceedingly narrow wings.

When young Winn reefed down so suddenly, he received a surprise. It was his first trial of the new device, and while he was prepared for increased speed he was not prepared for such an astonishing increase. It was better than he dreamed, and, before he knew it, he was hard upon the pigeon. That little creature, frightened by this, the most monstrous hawk it had ever seen, immediately darted upward, after the manner of pigeons that strive always to rise above a hawk.

[55] In great curves the monoplane followed upward, higher and higher into the blue. It was difficult, from underneath to see the pigeon, and young Winn dared not lose it from his sight. He even shook out his reefs in order to rise more quickly. Up, up they went, until the pigeon, true to its instinct, dropped and struck at what it thought to be the back of its pursuing enemy. Once was enough, for, evidently finding no life in the smooth cloth surface of the machine, it ceased soaring and straightened out on its eastward course.

A carrier pigeon on a passage can achieve a high rate of speed, and Winn reefed again. And again, to his satisfaction, he found that he was beating the pigeon. But this time he quickly shook out a portion of his reefed sustaining surface and slowed down in time. From then on he knew he had the chase safely in hand, and from then on a chant rose to his lips which he continued to sing at intervals, and unconsciously, for the rest of the passage. It was: "Going some; going some; what did I tell you!—going some."

Even so, it was not all plain sailing. The air is an unstable medium at best, and quite without warning, at an acute angle, he entered an aerial tide which he recognized as the gulf stream of wind that poured through the drafty-mouthed Golden Gate. His right wing caught it first—a sudden, sharp puff that lifted and tilted the monoplane and threatened to capsize it. But he rode with a sensitive "loose curb," and quickly, but not too quickly, he shifted the angles of his wing-tips, depressed the front horizontal rudder, and swung over the rear vertical rudder to meet the tilting thrust of the wind. As the machine came back to an even keel, and he knew that he was now wholly in the invisible stream, he readjusted the wing-tips, rapidly away from him during the several moments of his discomfort.

The pigeon drove straight on for the Alameda County shore, and it was near this shore that Winn had another experience. He fell into an air-hole. He had fallen into air-holes before, in previous flights, but this was a far larger one than he had ever encountered. With his eyes strained on the ribbon attached to the pigeon, by that fluttering bit of color he marked his fall. Down he went, at the pit of his stomach that old sink sensation which he had known as a boy he first negotiated quick-starting elevators. But Winn, among other secrets of aviation, had learned that to go up it was sometimes necessary first to go down. The air had refused to hold him. Instead of struggling futilely and perilously against this lack of sustension, he yielded to it. With steady head and hand, he depressed the forward horizontal rudder—just recklessly enough and not a fraction more—and the monoplane dived head foremost and sharply down the void. It was falling with the keenness of a knife-blade. Every instant the speed accelerated frightfully. Thus he accumulated the momentum that would save him. But few instants were required, when, abruptly shifting the double horizontal rudders forward and astern, he shot upward on the tense and straining plane and out of the pit.

At an altitude of five hundred feet, the pigeon drove on over the town of Berkeley and lifted its flight to the Contra Costa hills. Young Winn noted the campus and buildings of the University of California—his university—as he rose after the pigeon.

[60] Once more, on these Contra Costa hills, he early came to grief. The pigeon was now flying low, and where a grove of eucalyptus presented a solid front to the wind, the bird was suddenly sent fluttering wildly upward for a distance of a hundred feet. Winn knew what it meant. It had been caught in an air-surf that beat upward hundreds of feet where the fresh west wind smote the upstanding wall of the grove. He reefed hastily to the uttermost, and at the same time depressed the angle of his flight to meet that upward surge. Nevertheless, the monoplane was tossed fully three hundred feet before the danger was left astern.

Two or more ranges of hills the pigeon crossed, and then Winn saw it dropping down to a landing where a small cabin stood in a hillside clearing. He blessed that clearing. Not only was it good for alighting, but, on account of the steepness of the slope, it was just the thing for rising again into the air.

A man, reading a newspaper, had just started up at the sight of the returning pigeon, when he heard the burr of Winn's engine and saw the huge monoplane, with all surfaces set, drop down upon him, stop suddenly on an air-cushion manufactured on the spur of the moment by a shift of the horizontal rudders, glide a few yards, strike ground, and come to rest not a score of feet away from him. But when he saw a young man, calmly sitting in the machine and leveling a pistol at him, the man turned to run. Before he could make the corner of the cabin, a bullet through the leg brought him down in a sprawling fall.

"What do you want!" he demanded sullenly, as the other stood over him.

"I want to take you for a ride in my new machine," Winn answered. "Believe me, she is a loo-loo."

[65] The man did not argue long, for this strange visitor had most convincing ways. Under Winn's instructions, covered all the time by the pistol, the man improvised a tourniquet and applied it to his wounded leg. Winn helped him to a seat in the machine, then went to the pigeon-loft and took possession of the bird with the ribbon still fast to its leg.

A very tractable prisoner, the man proved. Once up in the air, he sat close, in an ecstasy of fear. An adept at winged blackmail, he had no aptitude for wings himself, and when he gazed down at the flying land and water far beneath him, he did not feel moved to attack his captor, now defenseless, both hands occupied with flight.

Instead, the only way the man felt moved was to sit closer.

Peter Winn, Senior, scanning the heavens with powerful glasses, saw the monoplane leap into view and grow large over the rugged backbone of Angel Island. Several minutes later he cried out to the waiting detectives that the machine carried a passenger. Dropping swiftly and piling up an abrupt air-cushion, the monoplane landed.

"That reefing device is a winner!" young Winn cried, as he climbed out. "Did you see me at the start? I almost ran over the pigeon. Going some, dad! Going some! What did I tell you? Going some!"

[70] "But who is that with you?" his father demanded.

The young man looked back at his prisoner and remembered.

"Why, that's the pigeon-fancier," he said. "I guess the officers can take care of him."

Peter Winn gripped his son's hand in grim silence, and fondled the pigeon which his son had passed to him. Again he fondled the pretty creature. Then he spoke.

"Exhibit A,³ for the People," he said.

Winged Blackmail by Jack London is in the public domain.

3. An "exhibit," in a court case or trial, is physical or documentary evidence brought before the jury.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. How does the theme of fear play into the story? Explain using evidence from the text.

2. What does Winn's initial reaction to the pigeon and letter reveal about his character?

- A. Peter Winn is more impressed with the pigeon than he is intimidated by the threatening letter, revealing his haughty and superficial personality.
- B. Peter Winn is more impressed with the pigeon than he is intimidated by the threatening letter, revealing his limited intelligence.
- C. Peter Winn is too distracted by the ransom letter to acknowledge the pigeon, revealing his distracted and short-sighted personality.
- D. Peter Winn cares more about the value of the pigeon than the price of ransom, indicating his preoccupation with wealth.

3. PART A: What does the word "succinct" most likely mean as used in paragraph 25?

- A. Apologetic
- B. Sarcastic
- C. Brief
- D. Wordy

4. PART B: Explain your answer to Part A. Cite evidence from the text in your explanation.

5. How does the resolution of the story (i.e. comedic, tragic, etc.) affect the story's overall meaning?

Name: _____ Class: _____

What makes good people do bad things?

By Melissa Dittmann
2004

In 1971, Phillip Zimbardo, a psychology professor at Stanford University, oversaw an infamous experiment called the Stanford Prison Experiment. Stanford students were assigned roles—guard or prisoner—and were then observed. The experiment was eventually shut down after the guards began to brutalize the prisoners. In this article by Melissa Dittmann, Zimbardo discusses his conclusions regarding human nature. As you read, identify all of the different factors that can foster evil in a person.

- [1] As the story goes, Dr. Jekyll uses a chemical to turn into his evil alter ego, Dr. Hyde.¹ In real life, however, no chemical may be needed. Instead, just the right dose of certain social situations can transform ordinarily good people into evildoers. This was the case with Iraqi prisoner abusers at Abu Ghraib,² argued former APA president Philip G. Zimbardo, PhD, in a presidential-track program during APA's 2004 Annual Convention in Honolulu.



"DSC_0556" by Red Maxwell is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0

Indeed, Zimbardo—an emeritus³ psychology professor at Stanford University—highlighted how this Dr. Hyde transformation occurred among U.S. soldiers at Abu Ghraib by presenting classic psychology research on situational effects on human behavior. Zimbardo, who will be an expert witness for several of the U.S. soldiers on trial, argued that situations pull people to act in ways they never thought imaginable.

"That line between good and evil is permeable,"⁴ Zimbardo said. "Any of us can move across it...I argue that we all have the capacity for love and evil—to be Mother Theresa, to be Hitler or Saddam Hussein. It's the situation that brings that out."

Seduced into evil

In fact, the classic electric shock experiment by social psychologist Stanley Milgram, PhD, showed that when given an order by someone in authority, people would deliver what they believed to be extreme levels of electrical shock to other study participants who answered questions incorrectly.

- [5] Zimbardo said the experiment provides several lessons about how situations can foster evil:
1. The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde (1886) is a book by Robert Louis Stevenson about a good man, Dr. Jekyll, who experiments and transforms into the evil Mr. Hyde.
 2. Members of the U.S. Army and CIA committed a series of human rights violations against Iraqi prisoners of the Abu Ghraib prison. News of torture and other crimes became public in 2003.
 3. (Of the former holder of an office, especially a college professor) having retired but allowed to retain their title as an honor
 4. **Permeable** (*adjective*): fluid; able to be passed-through

- Provide people with an ideology⁵ to justify beliefs for actions.
- Make people take a small first step toward a harmful act with a minor, trivial⁶ action and then gradually increase those small actions.
- Make those in charge seem like a "just authority."
- Transform a once compassionate leader into a dictatorial⁷ figure.
- Provide people with vague and ever-changing rules.
- Relabel the situation's actors and their actions to legitimize the ideology.
- Provide people with social models of compliance.
- Allow dissent, but only if people continue to comply with orders.
- Make exiting the situation difficult.

Particularly notable, Zimbardo said, is that people are seduced into evil by dehumanizing and labeling others.

"They semantically change their perception of victims, of the evil act, and change the relationship of the aggressor to their aggression—so 'killing' or 'hurting' becomes the same as 'helping,'" he said.

For example, in a 1975 experiment by psychologist Albert Bandura, PhD, college students were told they'd work with students from another school on a group task. In one condition, they overheard an assistant calling the other students "animals" and in another condition, "nice." Bandura found students were more apt to deliver what they believed were increased levels of electrical shock to the other students if they had heard them called "animals."

People's aggression can also increase when they feel anonymous—for example if they wear a uniform, hood or mask, Zimbardo said.

- [10] "You minimize social responsibility," he explained. "Nobody knows who you are, so therefore you are not individually liable. There's also a group effect when all of you are masked. It provides a fear in other people because they can't see you, and you lose your humanity."

For example, an experiment in 1974 by Harvard anthropologist John Watson evaluated 23 cultures to determine whether warriors who changed their appearance—such as with war paint or masks—treated their victims differently. As it turned out, 80 percent of warriors in these cultures were found to be more destructive—for example, killing, torturing or mutilating their victims—than unpainted or unmasked warriors.

What's more, a person's anonymity can be induced by acting in an anonymity-conferring environment that adds to the pleasure of destruction, vandalism and the power of being in control, Zimbardo noted.

"It's not just seeing people hurt, it's doing things that you have a sense that you are controlling behavior of other people in ways that you typically don't," Zimbardo said.

5. **Ideology** (*noun*): the set of ideas and beliefs of a group or political party

6. **Trivial** (*adjective*): of little worth or importance

7. **Dictatorial** (*adjective*): typical of a ruler with total power

Zimbardo noticed that in his own simulated jail experiment in 1971--the Stanford Prison Experiment--in which college students played the roles of prisoners or guards, and the guards became brutal and abusive toward prisoners after just six days, leading Zimbardo to prematurely end the experiment. The experiment showed that institutional forces and peer pressure led normal student volunteer guards to disregard the potential harm of their actions on the other student prisoners.

- [15] "You don't need a motive," Zimbardo said. "All you really need is a situation that facilitates moving across that line of good and evil."

Prison abuses

The same social psychological processes--deindividuation, anonymity of place, dehumanization, role-playing and social modeling, moral disengagement and group conformity--that acted in the Stanford Prison Experiment were at play at Abu Ghraib, Zimbardo argued.

So is it a few bad apples that spoil a barrel? "That's what we want to believe--that we could never be a bad apple," Zimbardo said. "We're the good ones in the barrel." But people can be influenced, regardless of their intention to resist, he said.

As such, the Abu Ghraib soldiers' mental state--such as stress, fear, boredom and heat exhaustion, coupled with no supervision, no training and no accountability--may have further contributed to their "evil" actions, he noted.

"I argue situational forces dominate most of us at various times in our lives," Zimbardo said, "even though we'd all like to believe we're each that singular hero who can resist those powerful external pressures, like Joe Darby, the whistle-blowing hero of the Abu Ghraib prison."

"What makes good people do bad things?" from Monitor on Psychology, Vol. 35, No. 9, © 2004, Melissa Dittmann. Reprinted with permission, all rights reserved.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. What connection does the author draw between Jekyll and Hyde and human behavior?
 - A. People are more like Jekyll than Hyde (i.e. more good than evil).
 - B. People are more like Hyde than Jekyll (i.e. more evil than good).
 - C. The author draws a comparison between the chemical transformation of Jekyll into Hyde and the real-life shift from ordinary person to evil-doer.
 - D. The author uses Jekyll and Hyde as a metaphor for when people do bad things, in that they psychologically become a different person.

2. Which statement best captures Zimbardo's point of view regarding the Abu Ghraib prison abuses?
 - A. Zimbardo condemns the perpetrators of these crimes, arguing against them.
 - B. Zimbardo excuses their behavior based on his own Stanford Prison Experiment.
 - C. Zimbardo does not justify their actions, only explains how these abuses likely developed under certain conditions.
 - D. Zimbardo argues that the guards of Abu Ghraib had no motive and though legally responsible they are psychologically blameless.

3. What is the author's likely purpose for including John Watson's 1974 and Dr. Bandura's 1975 experiments? Consider how the ideas of these experiments interact.

4. PART A: Which of the following best describe a central idea of the passage?
 - A. Harmful actions or behaviors can be excused by certain social situations, justifying the idea that people are inherently good.
 - B. Social conditions, rather than innate morality (good and evil), can be the dominant influential force in our actions.
 - C. People will always do bad things if they know they will get away with it.
 - D. Social experiments are the only way to test humanity's capacity for evil.

5. PART B: Which of the following best supports the answer to Part A?
- A. "...I argue that we all have the capacity for love and evil..." (Paragraph 3)
 - B. "...the experiment provides several lessons about how situations can foster evil..." (Paragraph 5)
 - C. "Nobody knows who you are, so therefore you are not individually liable." (Paragraph 10)
 - D. "...situational forces dominate most of us at various times in our lives... even though we'd all like to believe we're each that singular hero" (Paragraph 19)

Name: _____ Class: _____

What Fear Can Teach Us

By Karen Thompson Walker
2013

Karen Thompson Walker is an American writer and the author of The Age of Miracles. In this TED Talk, Walker discusses the connection between stories and fear and explains how fear influences the decisions we make. Walker uses the experiences of the sailors on the whaleship Essex to further explore the effects of fear on decision-making. As you read, take notes on the positive and negative effects of listening to fears.

[1] One day in 1819, 3,000 miles off the coast of Chile, in one of the most remote regions of the Pacific Ocean, 20 American sailors watched their ship flood with seawater. They'd been struck by a sperm whale, which had ripped a catastrophic hole in the ship's hull.¹ As their ship began to sink beneath the swells,² the men huddled together in three small whaleboats. These men were 10,000 miles from home, more than 1,000 miles from the nearest scrap of land. In their small boats, they carried only rudimentary³ navigational equipment and limited supplies of food and water. These were the men of the whaleship *Essex*, whose story would later inspire parts of *Moby Dick*.



"TG12 22961 D32 4700 1920" by TED Conference is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0.

Even in today's world, their situation would be really dire,⁴ but think about how much worse it would have been then. No one on land had any idea that anything had gone wrong. No search party was coming to look for these men. So most of us have never experienced a situation as frightening as the one in which these sailors found themselves, but we all know what it's like to be afraid. We know how fear feels, but I'm not sure we spend enough time thinking about what our fears mean.

As we grow up, we're often encouraged to think of fear as a weakness, just another childish thing to discard like baby teeth or roller skates. And I think it's no accident that we think this way. Neuroscientists⁵ have actually shown that human beings are hard-wired to be optimists.⁶ So maybe that's why we think of fear, sometimes, as a danger in and of itself. "Don't worry," we like to say to one another. "Don't panic." In English, fear is something we conquer. It's something we fight. It's something we overcome. But what if we looked at fear in a fresh way? What if we thought of fear as an amazing act of the imagination, something that can be as profound⁷ and insightful as storytelling itself?

1. the water-tight body of a ship or boat
2. a slow, regular movement of the sea in rolling waves that do not break
3. **Rudimentary** (*adjective*): basic, not very advanced
4. **Dire** (*adjective*): extremely serious or urgent
5. a person who studies the development and function of the nervous system, which includes the brain, the spinal cord, and nerves throughout the body
6. **Optimist** (*noun*): someone who is hopeful and confident about the future
7. **Profound** (*adjective*): having or revealing great knowledge

It's easiest to see this link between fear and the imagination in young children, whose fears are often extraordinarily vivid. When I was a child, I lived in California, which is, you know, mostly a very nice place to live, but for me as a child, California could also be a little scary. I remember how frightening it was to see the chandelier that hung above our dining table swing back and forth during every minor earthquake, and I sometimes couldn't sleep at night, terrified that the Big One might strike while we were sleeping. And what we say about kids who have fears like that is that they have a vivid imagination. But at a certain point, most of us learn to leave these kinds of visions behind and grow up. We learn that there are no monsters hiding under the bed, and not every earthquake brings buildings down. But maybe it's no coincidence that some of our most creative minds fail to leave these kinds of fears behind as adults. The same incredible imaginations that produced *The Origin of Species*, *Jane Eyre* and *The Remembrance of Things Past*, also generated intense worries that haunted the adult lives of Charles Darwin, Charlotte Brontë and Marcel Proust. So the question is, what can the rest of us learn about fear from visionaries⁸ and young children?

- [5] Well let's return to the year 1819 for a moment, to the situation facing the crew of the whaleship *Essex*. Let's take a look at the fears that their imaginations were generating as they drifted in the middle of the Pacific. 24 hours had now passed since the capsizing⁹ of the ship. The time had come for the men to make a plan, but they had very few options. In his fascinating account of the disaster, Nathaniel Philbrick wrote that these men were just about as far from land as it was possible to be anywhere on Earth. The men knew that the nearest islands they could reach were the Marquesas Islands, 1,200 miles away. But they'd heard some frightening rumors. They'd been told that these islands, and several others nearby, were populated by cannibals. So the men pictured coming ashore only to be murdered and eaten for dinner. Another possible destination was Hawaii, but given the season, the captain was afraid they'd be struck by severe storms. Now the last option was the longest, and the most difficult: to sail 1,500 miles due south in hopes of reaching a certain band of winds that could eventually push them toward the coast of South America. But they knew that the sheer length of this journey would stretch their supplies of food and water. To be eaten by cannibals, to be battered by storms, to starve to death before reaching land. These were the fears that danced in the imaginations of these poor men, and as it turned out, the fear they chose to listen to would govern whether they lived or died.

Now we might just as easily call these fears by a different name. What if instead of calling them fears, we called them stories? Because that's really what fear is, if you think about it. It's a kind of unintentional storytelling that we are all born knowing how to do. And fears and storytelling have the same components. They have the same architecture. Like all stories, fears have characters. In our fears, the characters are us. Fears also have plots. They have beginnings and middles and ends. You board the plane. The plane takes off. The engine fails. Our fears also tend to contain imagery that can be every bit as vivid as what you might find in the pages of a novel. Picture a cannibal, human teeth sinking into human skin, human flesh roasting over a fire. Fears also have suspense. If I've done my job as a storyteller today, you should be wondering what happened to the men of the whaleship *Essex*. Our fears provoke in us a very similar form of suspense. Just like all great stories, our fears focus our attention on a question that is as important in life as it is in literature: What will happen next? In other words, our fears make us think about the future. And humans, by the way, are the only creatures capable of thinking about the future in this way, of projecting ourselves forward in time, and this mental time travel is just one more thing that fears have in common with storytelling.

8. **Visionary** (*noun*): someone who has unusual foresight and imagination

9. to overturn in the water

As a writer, I can tell you that a big part of writing fiction is learning to predict how one event in a story will affect all the other events, and fear works in that same way. In fear, just like in fiction, one thing always leads to another. When I was writing my first novel, *The Age Of Miracles*,¹⁰ I spent months trying to figure out what would happen if the rotation of the Earth suddenly began to slow down. What would happen to our days? What would happen to our crops? What would happen to our minds? And then it was only later that I realized how very similar these questions were to the ones I used to ask myself as a child frightened in the night. If an earthquake strikes tonight, I used to worry, what will happen to our house? What will happen to my family? And the answer to those questions always took the form of a story. So if we think of our fears as more than just fears but as stories, we should think of ourselves as the authors of those stories. But just as importantly, we need to think of ourselves as the readers of our fears, and how we choose to read our fears can have a profound effect on our lives.

Now, some of us naturally read our fears more closely than others. I read about a study recently of successful entrepreneurs,¹¹ and the author found that these people shared a habit that he called “productive paranoia,” which meant that these people, instead of dismissing their fears, these people read them closely, they studied them, and then they translated that fear into preparation and action. So that way, if their worst fears came true, their businesses were ready.

And sometimes, of course, our worst fears do come true. That’s one of the things that is so extraordinary about fear. Once in a while, our fears can predict the future. But we can’t possibly prepare for all of the fears that our imaginations concoct. So how can we tell the difference between the fears worth listening to and all the others? I think the end of the story of the whaleship *Essex* offers an illuminating, if tragic, example. After much deliberation, the men finally made a decision. Terrified of cannibals, they decided to forgo the closest islands and instead embarked on the longer and much more difficult route to South America. After more than two months at sea, the men ran out of food as they knew they might, and they were still quite far from land. When the last of the survivors were finally picked up by two passing ships, less than half of the men were left alive, and some of them had resorted to their own form of cannibalism. Herman Melville, who used this story as research for *Moby Dick*, wrote years later, and from dry land, quote, “All the sufferings of these miserable men of the *Essex* might in all human probability have been avoided had they, immediately after leaving the wreck, steered straight for Tahiti. But,” as Melville put it, “they dreaded cannibals.”

[10] So the question is, why did these men dread cannibals so much more than the extreme likelihood of starvation? Why were they swayed by one story so much more than the other? Looked at from this angle, theirs becomes a story about reading. The novelist Vladimir Nabokov said that the best reader has a combination of two very different temperaments,¹² the artistic and the scientific. A good reader has an artist’s passion, a willingness to get caught up in the story, but just as importantly, the readers also needs the coolness of judgment of a scientist, which acts to temper and complicate the reader’s intuitive reactions to the story. As we’ve seen, the men of the *Essex* had no trouble with the artistic part. They dreamed up a variety of horrifying scenarios. The problem was that they listened to the wrong story. Of all the narratives their fears wrote, they responded only to the most lurid,¹³ the most vivid, the one that was easiest for their imaginations to picture: cannibals. But perhaps if they’d been able to read their fears more like a scientist, with more coolness of judgment, they would have listened instead to the less violent but the more likely tale, the story of starvation, and headed for Tahiti, just as Melville’s sad commentary suggests.

10. Karen Thompson Walker’s first novel

11. a person who organizes and operates a business

12. **Temperament** (*noun*): a person’s characteristic attitude, mood, or behavior

13. **Lurid** (*adjective*): causing horror or disgust

And maybe if we all tried to read our fears, we too would be less often swayed by the most salacious among them. Maybe then we'd spend less time worrying about serial killers and plane crashes, and more time concerned with the subtler and slower disasters we face: the silent buildup of plaque in our arteries, the gradual changes in our climate. Just as the most nuanced¹⁴ stories in literature are often the richest, so too might our subtlest fears be the truest. Read in the right way, our fears are an amazing gift of the imagination, a kind of everyday clairvoyance,¹⁵ a way of glimpsing what might be the future when there's still time to influence how that future will play out. Properly read, our fears can offer us something as precious as our favorite works of literature: a little wisdom, a bit of insight and a version of that most elusive¹⁶ thing — the truth. Thank you. (*Applause*)

"What Fear Can Teach Us" from TEDGlobal by Karen Thompson Walker. Copyright © 2013 by TED. This text is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 4.0.

14. containing many small and subtle details
15. the ability to see or know about things outside of the range of ordinary observation, such as predict future events
16. **Elusive** (*adjective*): difficult to find, catch, or achieve

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best identifies a central idea of the text?
 - A. While stories are usually based on fiction, fears are based on facts and allow us to adequately prepare for threatening situations.
 - B. Fears operate through the imagination much like storytelling does, and we can learn from our fears just as we can learn from stories.
 - C. Because the human mind is naturally attracted to dramatic narratives, the most elaborate fears usually draw the most attention.
 - D. Basing decisions off of a fear or a story can have disastrous consequences for ourselves and others, as neither are based on fact.

2. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "at a certain point, most of us learn to leave these kinds of visions behind and grow up. We learn that there are no monsters hiding under the bed, and not every earthquake brings buildings down." (Paragraph 4)
 - B. "just as importantly, we need to think of ourselves as the readers of our fears, and how we choose to read our fears can have a profound effect on our lives." (Paragraph 7)
 - C. "Terrified of cannibals, they decided to forgo the closest islands and instead embarked on the longer and much more difficult route to South America." (Paragraph 9)
 - D. "Maybe then we'd spend less time worrying about serial killers and plane crashes, and more time concerned with the subtler and slower disasters we face" (Paragraph 11)

3. PART A: Which of the following statements best describes how fear impacted the Essex sailors' decision to sail south, according to the text?
 - A. The fear of death led the sailors to choose the option that they believed would offer the highest chance of survival.
 - B. The sailors' fear of cannibalism overshadowed their sound judgment, so they refused to sail to nearby islands.
 - C. The sailors decided to sail south because that was the only option that did not arouse any fear.
 - D. The sailors invented stories instead of analyzing their situation, and they chose to sail south because that was the best story.

4. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
- A. "The time had come for the men to make a plan, but they had very few options... these men were just about as far from land as it was possible to be anywhere on Earth." (Paragraph 5)
 - B. "To be eaten by cannibals, to be battered by storms, to starve to death before reaching land. These were the fears that danced in the imaginations of these poor men" (Paragraph 5)
 - C. "When the last of the survivors were finally picked up by two passing ships, less than half of the men were left alive, and some of them had resorted to their own form of cannibalism." (Paragraph 9)
 - D. "perhaps if they'd been able to read their fears more like a scientist, with more coolness of judgment, they would have listened instead to the less violent but the more likely tale, the story of starvation" (Paragraph 10)

5. How does paragraph 3 contribute to the author's argument?

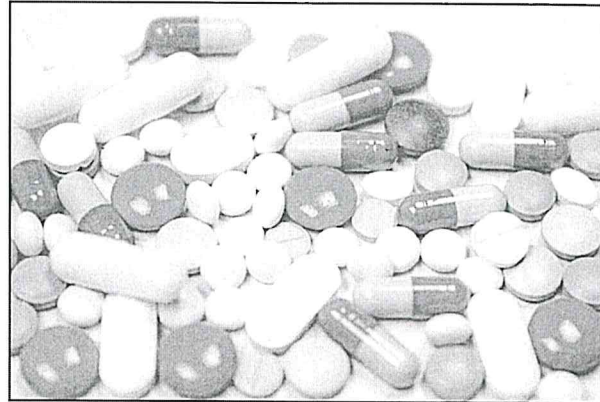
Name: _____ Class: _____

The New Painkiller Epidemic

By Shelby Ostergaard
2017

Opioids are substances that create morphine-like effects and are commonly used to relieve pain, despite their addictive nature. Since the late 1990s, the use of painkillers has increased in the United States, which has resulted in widespread addiction and led to a significant increase in drug-related deaths. In this informational text, Shelby Ostergaard discusses the factors that have contributed to this epidemic. As you read, take notes on how Ostergaard portrays those who have contributed to the painkiller epidemic in America.

- [1] On average, 78 people a day die from heroin or painkiller overdoses in the USA. The two belong to a class of drugs known as opioids or opiates, and right now, the USA is in the midst of an opioid epidemic. In 2014, heroin and painkiller overdoses were responsible for 28,647 deaths. These numbers are comparable to HIV related deaths during the AIDS epidemic of the late 1980s and 1990s. There is no getting around the problem.



"Medications" by freestocks.org is in the public domain.

Opioids/opiates are a class of drugs that bind to opioid receptors in the brain and throughout the body. Opiates are drugs derived from the opium poppy plant, and opioids are drugs synthetically created to produce the same effect. The effect of drugs attaching to opioid receptors is simple; it dulls a person's perception of pain. However, because these receptors also play a role in the brain's pleasure system, they can produce an additional euphoric¹ effect.

Back in 2000, Congress declared the upcoming decade to be the "Decade of Pain Control and Research," opening new paths of funding for research on chronic pain. However, by 2014, deaths from heroin overdoses in the USA had increased six-fold. In a short time, our quest to better treat chronic pain went horribly wrong as overprescription combined with rural economic disaster to create a crisis.

Until roughly 30 years ago, chronic pain was largely considered something that patients, especially older patients, simply had to endure. Both doctors and patients saw pain as a part of aging and of life, albeit a rather unfortunate part. Opioids, most notably morphine, were occasionally used as pain medicine, but only in the most extreme circumstances. War veterans with amputated limbs and cancer patients in their last months of life received short doses of narcotics.² The circumstances, for these patients, were considered dire enough to warrant the risk of addiction. Arthritis patients, or those complaining of back pain, were not considered. Doctors thought that risk of addiction in those cases was simply too high.

1. **Euphoric** (*adjective*): feeling intense excitement or happiness
2. a drug (such as opium or morphine) that in moderate doses dulls the senses, relieves pain, and induces profound sleep but in excessive doses causes stupor, coma, or convulsions

- [5] But in the 1980s, both the public and doctors' thinking began to change. Doctors began to argue in medical journals that all forms of chronic pain should be treated more aggressively, and that opioids were not addictive when prescribed for pain. Because doctors began to offer solutions, patients grew less tolerant of enduring their chronic pain. The change in thinking continued through the 1990s as both doctors and patients became more and more eager to search for ways to relieve chronic pain symptoms.

Drug companies were not only quick to capitalize on the excitement — they actively helped to create it. Pharmaceutical companies funded non-profits, like the American Academy of Pain Management and the American Pain Society which, in turn, published studies on eliminating chronic pain through opioid painkillers. In order to incentivize³ prescriptions for their specific opioid painkillers, pharmaceutical companies actively marketed towards physicians and pharmacists. In 1996, Purdue Pharma sent thousands of physicians and pharmacists on all-expenses-paid junkets⁴ to resorts across the southwestern United States to learn all about their opioid pain medicine: OxyContin. According to US Government Accounting Office (GAO) reports, Purdue Pharma distributed promotional material to doctors during this trip, including branded OxyContin fishing hats, stuffed plush toys, and even a CD titled "Swing in the Right Direction with OxyContin."

And it worked. The same US GAO reports found that by 2002, doctors were prescribing 10 times more OxyContin than in 1997. The sales of that single drug alone made up 80 to 90% of Purdue's revenues. In 2007, Purdue Pharma pled guilty in federal court to misleading the public about the risk of addiction to their drug and paid \$634.5 million in fines.

The outlandish marketing practices used for OxyContin have somewhat died down since then. Companies are no longer allowed to market so intensely and directly to doctors. However, the practice continues indirectly, and the effects from the original marketing campaigns are still being felt. Despite our best efforts, pharmaceutical companies still heavily incentivize doctors to overprescribe what once were considered highly dangerous drugs.

One of the most confusing things about the opioid epidemic is how easily it could have potentially been avoided. It is not unreasonable for patients to ask and expect doctors to help alleviate their chronic pain. Chronic pain can be debilitating and severely depress your quality of life. What is unreasonable is expecting highly addictive drugs to treat pain without addicting patients.

- [10] Pharmaceutical companies worked to advance the idea that narcotics were the only answer to chronic pain. They aren't. Other softer and less addictive methods exist, ranging from massage to prescription of less physically addictive drugs. Some experts argue that one of those drugs could be medical marijuana, but federal policies have largely blocked research. A study from researchers at Washington University in St. Louis, published in the journal *Drug and Alcohol Dependence*, found that even the NFL prefers players to treat pain with opioids over alternative methods. Health insurance companies often refuse to cover softer methods, such as massage or acupuncture. Right now, the United States relies on prescribing opioids as the only way to deal with pain, due to a lack of research towards exploring alternative methods. Despite the claims that some pharmaceutical companies and doctors make, significant numbers of people find themselves addicted to opioids when following the current treatment plan. And when the prescription pills run out, addicts take to the streets to find a cheaper substitute: heroin.

3. **Incentivize** (*verb*): to provide something that inspires action

4. extravagant trips

Heroin usage has spiked among young people in both rural and suburban areas in the past five years. This is partly due to the prescription problem. But there are other factors at play. The Great Recession⁵ drained many suburban and rural areas of their populations and their resources. There are fewer people, fewer jobs, fewer movie theaters and small shops than there used to be. But the people who live there, especially the young people, are still energized. Youths in rural areas explain that they began smoking heroin as a way to alleviate boredom. They complain that there is nothing engaging for them to do — no jobs, no transportation, nothing going on. Boredom can feel oppressive and even lead to chronic boredom. The need for an escape from that boredom can be overwhelming. A bag of heroin, enough for a weekend's worth of use, goes for about \$20 - \$40. It's not an expensive escape.

Painkiller overprescription has collided forcefully with recent economic downturn. Overprescription made narcotics like OxyContin widely available. As health experts and people in the field of medicine began to realize the problems this had created, the Great Recession hit and tightened everyone's purse strings. Many people could no longer afford the drugs they had unwittingly become physically dependent on and turned to heroin to avoid withdrawal. Others, who had never been able to afford costly prescriptions but still felt the pain of unemployment and ennui,⁶ chose to alleviate their boredom with a powerful heroin high. The result is an epidemic that stretches across the country and across class divides.

"The New Painkiller Epidemic" by Shelby Ostergaard. Copyright © 2017 by CommonLit, Inc. This text is licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 2.0.

5. The severe economic decline during the late 2000s

6. a feeling of listlessness and dissatisfaction arising from a lack of occupation or excitement

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which TWO statements best identify the central ideas of the text? [RI.2]
 - A. Dramatic changes in doctors' approaches to treating chronic pain have led to an increase in prescription and utilization of dangerous drugs.
 - B. As OxyContin is only addictive if patients misuse it, it is up to patients to use prescribed painkillers only as intended by their doctor.
 - C. OxyContin is an effective means of momentarily treating pain, but eventually patients are forced to turn to physically addictive drugs to feel the same effects.
 - D. Prescription companies became aware of the addictive nature of OxyContin only when it was too late, after they had already been encouraging its widespread use.
 - E. The economic decline in the United States encouraged people to seek out heroin as a form of entertainment and affordable treatment of pain.
 - F. Chronic pain has worsened over the past few decades, requiring doctors and patients to seek out more extreme means of pain management.

2. PART B: Which TWO details from the text best support the answers to Part A? [RI.1]
 - A. "In a short time, our quest to better treat chronic pain went horribly wrong as overprescription combined with rural economic disaster to create a crisis." (Paragraph 3)
 - B. "Doctors began to argue in medical journals that all forms of chronic pain should be treated more aggressively, and that opioids were not addictive when prescribed for pain." (Paragraph 5)
 - C. "In 1996, Purdue Pharma sent thousands of physicians and pharmacists on all-expenses-paid junkets to resorts across the southwestern United States to learn all about their opioid pain medicine: OxyContin." (Paragraph 6)
 - D. "Chronic pain can be debilitating and severely depress your quality of life. What is unreasonable is expecting highly addictive drugs to treat pain without addicting patients." (Paragraph 9)
 - E. "There are fewer people, fewer jobs, fewer movie theaters and small shops than there used to be. But the people who live there, especially the young people, are still energized." (Paragraph 11)
 - F. "Many people could no longer afford the drugs they had unwittingly become physically dependent on and turned to heroin to avoid withdrawal. Others, who had never been able to afford costly prescriptions but still felt the pain of unemployment and ennui" (Paragraph 12)

3. PART A: Which statement best describes the relationship between the use of OxyContin and heroin? [RI.3]
- A. Patients who are prescribed OxyContin and become addicted may use heroin to achieve similar effects for a more affordable cost.
 - B. Younger patients have a more difficult time being prescribed OxyContin and therefore must seek out heroin on the streets.
 - C. While OxyContin is able to alleviate patients' pain, it doesn't have the same euphoric effects of heroin, encouraging users to turn to the more addictive drug.
 - D. Patients who were originally prescribed OxyContin were eventually taken off the drug when the addictive nature was realized and forced to turn to heroin to relieve pain.
4. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
- A. "Despite the claims that some pharmaceutical companies and doctors make, significant numbers of people find themselves addicted to opioids when following the current treatment plan." (Paragraph 10)
 - B. "And when the prescription pills run out, addicts take to the streets to find a cheaper substitute: heroin." (Paragraph 10)
 - C. "Heroin usage has spiked among young people in both rural and suburban areas in the past five years. This is partly due to the prescription problem." (Paragraph 11)
 - D. "The need for an escape from that boredom can be overwhelming. A bag of heroin, enough for a weekend's worth of use, goes for about \$20 - \$40. It's not an expensive escape." (Paragraph 11)
5. How does the author describe the role of drug companies in promoting OxyContin as a pain reliever? [RI.6]

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Curse Of The Inability To Imagine

By Tania Lombrozo for NPR
2016

Tania Lombrozo is an associate professor of Psychology at the University of California, Berkeley, as well as an affiliate of the Department of Philosophy and a member of the Institute for Cognitive and Brain Sciences. In this article, she explores how people often view the past as unsophisticated because they know new technology is yet to come. As you read, consider how our experience with the present impacts our understanding of the past, and how it might influence the way we imagine our future.

- [1] On June 20, 1840, Samuel Morse¹ received a patent for an early version of the electric telegraph. His ideas for transmitting and recording signals helped revolutionize long-distance communication.

Fast forward 176 years and you're likely to be reading this on a smartphone, in a future Morse couldn't possibly have imagined. Our long-distance signals travel through air. They carry photos and videos. A sophisticated toddler can navigate an iPhone, manipulating more bits of data than a telegraph operator encountered in a lifetime.



"Phone Booth No More" by Steve Janosik is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0.

But failures of imagination go both ways: not only to the future, but also to the past. How well can most people today imagine the world of the 1840s? Or even a version of their own lives, stripped of modern-day tools for communication?

Years ago, I was struck by a statement from writer Isabel Allende in which she discussed her latest book of historical fiction. Speaking to KQED Forum's Michael Krasny, she said: "People in other times, in earlier times, were not less sophisticated than we are. They were just as we are, with less technology."

- [5] Allende was warning against the danger of stripping people of their layers and complexity alongside their cellphones and modern medicines. This is a more subtle failure of imagination than the failure to know what the future will bring, which is a failure we more readily acknowledge.

In imagining the future, we suffer from a curse of ignorance.² Morse couldn't possibly have foreseen the precise course of technological innovation. But in imagining the past, we additionally face a curse of knowledge: We can't entirely remove the future possibilities that we know are yet to come. This failure can make the experience of living in the past seem more impoverished³ than it was, because our familiar technology isn't just absent, but missing. (I recently had to explain our rarely-used home phone to my young daughter: "It's kind of like Skype, only without the video.")

1. Samuel Morse was an American painter and inventor best known as a co-developer of the Morse code and for developing the commercial use of telegraphy.
2. **Ignorance** (*noun*): a lack of knowledge or information

Given the rapid pace of technological innovation, we don't need to consider Allende's novel of the 16th century, or Morse's 19th century existence, to encounter this curse of knowledge — and to appreciate that the past wasn't populated by simple people living flat lives. For today's children, today's adults were those people. We are those people.

In a funny video of children responding to rotary phones,⁴ one child sympathizes with adults: "This [pointing to a rotary phone] was your only mode of talking to people... I'm sorry." Another video shows contemporary teenagers disparaging the cellphone technology that inaugurated⁵ the century (It's so big! And there's no screen! And texting is so slow!).

But we know that people who grew up using rotary phones didn't experience them as defective⁶ cellphones. They were simply phones. And the first flip-phones were admired for their slenderness, not rejected for the additional diminution⁷ they had failed to achieve.

- [10] This isn't to deny the possibility of visionaries — people with the creativity and daring to imagine how things could be different. Nor is it to ignore the real advantages and pleasures modern-day technologies can provide. But recognizing our limitations in imagining the past brings an important lesson in humility and in humanity: "They were just as we are, with less technology."

And in most respects that matter, future people will be also — but with more.

©2016 Tania Lombrozo for National Public Radio, Inc. News report titled "The Curse Of The Inability To Imagine" was originally published on NPR.org on June 20, 2016, and is used with the permission of NPR. Any unauthorized duplication is strictly prohibited.

3. **Impoverished** (*adjective*): poor or lacking
4. A rotary phone is a telephone that people used by rotating a dial on the front. They were popular through the 1970s.
5. **Inaugurate** (*verb*): to begin or introduce (a system, policy, or period)
6. **Defective** (*adjective*): imperfect or faulty
7. **Diminution** (*noun*): a reduction in the size, extent, or importance of something

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. Which TWO statements best describe the central ideas of the argument? [RI.2]
 - A. People are always searching for ways to improve their technology.
 - B. It is easier to imagine the technology of the future than the technology of the past.
 - C. People in the past were no less sophisticated than people today.
 - D. It is important to recognize our inability to fully imagine the past.
 - E. No matter how quickly technology advances, it doesn't really change anything.
 - F. As technology advances, it will be easier to imagine the past.

2. "It's kind of like Skype, only without the video" (Paragraph 6). How does the quoted passage contribute to the development of ideas in the text? [RI.5]
 - A. It illustrates how limited the technology of the past was.
 - B. It demonstrates how we tend to think of past technology as missing something.
 - C. It demonstrates how hard it is for people in the past to imagine future technology.
 - D. It explains how much more connected today's world is.

3. PART A: Which statement best captures the author's purpose in this article? [RI.6]
 - A. The author wants to provide relatable examples of everyday technology to illustrate how we imagine technology of the past as unsophisticated.
 - B. The author wants to provide relatable examples of everyday technology to illustrate how much more advanced it is than the technology of the past.
 - C. The author wants to demonstrate that people are much more content today with their technology than the people of the past were.
 - D. The author wants to illustrate that in the future, we will still be unsatisfied with our technology.

4. PART B: Which sentence from the article best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
 - A. "His ideas for transmitting and recording signals helped revolutionize long-distance communication." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "Years ago, I was struck by a statement from writer Isabel Allende" (Paragraph 4)
 - C. "But we know that people who grew up using rotary phones didn't experience them as defective cellphones." (Paragraph 9)
 - D. "And in most respects that matter, future people will be also — but with more." (Paragraph 11)

5. Outline the author's argument over the course of the article, including her central ideas and how she supports them. Cite evidence from the text. [RI.8]

Discussion Questions

Directions: *Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.*

1. Pretend that it's 100 years from now. Which piece of technology from our era do you think people will think we were foolish to have used? Why do you think they'll think this? What are the costs and benefits of technology?
2. Can you think of a piece of literature or film in which the past was represented as flat or one-dimensional? How did that impact your reading of the story? Was this depiction intentional?
3. In the last line of the article, the author reminds readers that, eventually, we will be the ones whom people in the future will imagine when writing about the past. How do you think people in the future will write about your life?
4. In the context of this article, what is the goal of education? Why should we strive to understand the past, present, and future? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

Name: _____ Class: _____

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain

By Emily Dickinson
1896

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was an American poet who lived a very private life. In her seclusion, she wrote about 1,800 poems. In this poem, the speaker describes experiencing a great loss. As you read, take notes on the sounds described throughout the poem.

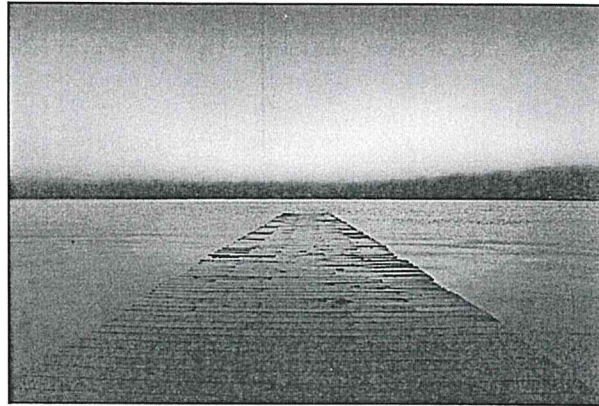
[1] I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through -

[5] And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum -
Kept beating - beating - till I thought
My mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box
[10] And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
[15] And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
Wrecked, solitary, here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down -
And hit a World, at every plunge,
[20] And Finished knowing - then -



"Untitled" by Tiago Vasconcelos is licensed under CC0.

"I felt a Funeral in my Brain" by Emily Dickinson (1896) is in the public domain.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the theme of the poem? [RL.2]
 - A. There is nothing more painful than losing someone you love.
 - B. By allowing time for grieving, a person is more likely to recover.
 - C. A person's loss of self can feel as tragic as a death.
 - D. It is common to feel abandoned when you are left alone.

2. PART B: Which detail from the poem best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "Kept treading – treading – till it seemed / That sense was breaking through – "
(Lines 3-4)
 - B. "Kept beating – beating – till I thought / My mind was going numb – " (Lines 7-8)
 - C. "And then I heard them lift a Box / And creak across my Soul" (Lines 9-10)
 - D. "With those same Boots of Lead, again, / Then Space began to toll," (Lines 11-12)

3. How does stanza 5 contribute to the speaker's depiction of their experiences (Lines 17-20)? [RL.5]
 - A. It portrays them as overcoming their emotional turmoil.
 - B. It depicts them as not being able to make sense of anything.
 - C. It emphasizes the advanced outlook on the world they now have.
 - D. It shows how pessimistic their experiences have made them.

4. What rhyme scheme does the poet use and how does it contribute to the poem? [RL.4]

Name: _____ Class: _____

Because I could not stop for death

By Emily Dickinson
1890

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was an American poet. Dickinson lived a mostly reclusive and introverted life in Amherst, Massachusetts, where she wrote about 1800 poems. The following poem, which was published after her death, was originally titled "The Chariot." As you read, take notes on how Dickinson uses figurative language to describe Death.

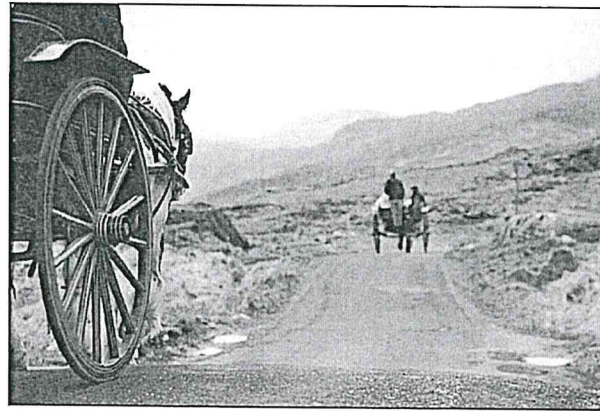
[1] Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

[5] We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
[10] Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
[15] The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice¹ but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised² the horses' heads
[20] Were toward Eternity.



"Untitled" by Christian Birkholz is licensed under CC0.

"The Chariot (Because I could not stop for death)" from Poems: Series One by Emily Dickinson (1890) is in the public domain.

1. A cornice is an ornamental molding around the wall of a room just below the ceiling.
2. **Surmise (verb):** to suppose that something is true; to deduce or guess

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. How do the first 2 lines of the poem frame the speaker's tone and perspective towards death?

2. What effect does the speaker's use of personification have on the theme of the poem? Cite evidence in your answer.

3. Which of the following best describes how the structure of the poem contributes to its meaning?
- A. The poem's upbeat meter makes death appear playful rather than ominous.
 - B. The variation in the meter mimics the speaker's uncertainty about death.
 - C. The lack of a rhyme scheme shows that the speaker is mournful.
 - D. The poem's absence of meter shows that the speaker is carefree about death.

4. Which of the following best explains how stanza 3 contributes to one of the major themes of the poem?
- A. The repetition of "passed" alludes to the phrase "to pass on" or to die, thus contributing to the theme of overcoming death.
 - B. The repetition of "passed" alludes to the past, indicating the speaker sees memories from her own life, thus contributing to the theme of having an un-lived life.
 - C. The narrator passes representations of life (children, crops, and the sun), symbolizing a journey through life and portraying the theme of mortality.
 - D. The narrator passes representations of life (children, crops, and the sun), suggesting a theme of regret for not having appreciated all of life's gifts.
5. Which statement best describes how the setting in stanza 4 impacts the meaning of the poem?
- A. The speaker does not want to pause at the "house," suggesting the setting frightens her and she is eager to move on.
 - B. The speaker describes her grave as a "house," suggesting she needs shelter from death, contributing to her desperate and scared tone.
 - C. The speaker's final "house" or tomb has collapsed into the earth, contributing to the poem's theme that human lives are unimportant to nature.
 - D. The speaker describes her tomb as a "house," showing she views her body's final resting place as one of comfort rather than fear.

Name: _____ Class: _____

Love Letter

By Jack London
1901

Jack London (1876-1916) was an American author and social activist. He was one of the first novelists to rise to global prominence. London's first marriage emerged not of love, but rather of convenience and a mutual desire to raise healthy, upright children. Shortly thereafter, London's close friendship with fellow writer Anna Strunsky, whose views on social issues were in line with his, developed into an extramarital affair. As you read, take notes on the figurative language and diction London uses to express the conflicting feelings he has for Anna, particularly given the systematic and unromantic view of love he championed publicly.

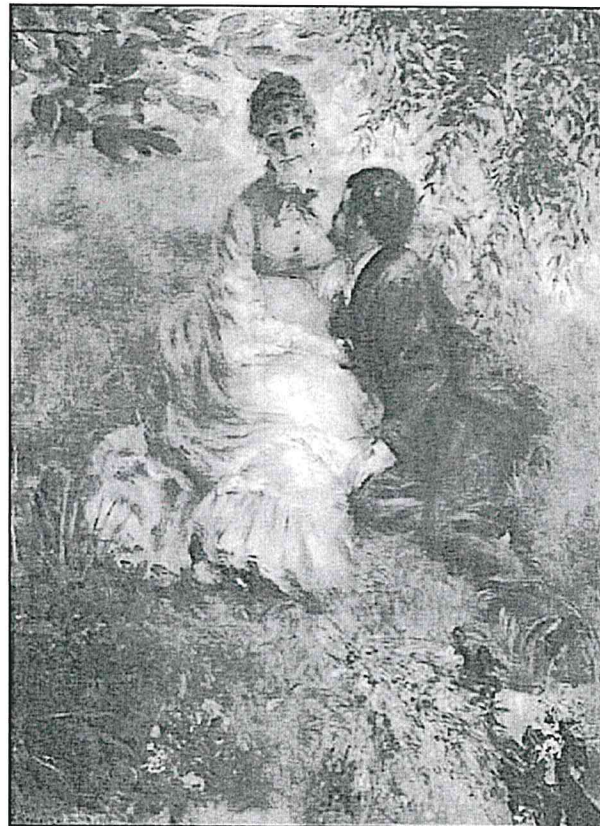
[1] Oakland, April 3, 1901

Dear Anna:

Did I say that the human might be filed in categories? Well, and if I did, let me qualify — not all humans. You elude me. I cannot place you, cannot grasp you. I may boast that of nine out of ten, under given circumstances, I can forecast their action; that of nine out of ten, by their word or action, I may feel the pulse of their hearts. But of the tenth I despair. It is beyond me. You are that tenth.

Were ever two souls, with dumb lips, more incongruously¹ matched! We may feel in common — surely, we oftimes do — and when we do not feel in common, yet do we understand; and yet we have no common tongue. Spoken words do not come to us. We are unintelligible.² God must laugh at the mummery.³

[5] The one gleam of sanity through it all is that we are both large temperamentally,⁴ large enough to often understand. True, we often understand but in vague glimmering ways, by dim perceptions, like ghosts, which, while we doubt, haunt us with their truth. And still, I, for one, dare not believe; for you are that tenth which I may not forecast.



"Lovers" is licensed under .

Am I unintelligible now? I do not know. I imagine so. I cannot find the common tongue.

1. **Incongruously** (*adverb*): in a way that does not match or keep with other aspects of something
2. **Unintelligible** (*adjective*): impossible to understand
3. A ridiculous rite or ceremony
4. **Temperamentally** (*adverb*): relating to someone's attitude, mood, or behavior

Large temperamentally — that is it. It is the one thing that brings us at all in touch. We have, flashed through us, you and I, each a bit of universal, and so we draw together. And yet we are so different.

I smile at you when you grow enthusiastic? It is a forgivable smile — nay, almost an envious smile. I have lived twenty-five years of repression.⁵ I learned not to be enthusiastic. It is a hard lesson to forget. I begin to forget, but it is so little. At the best, before I die, I cannot hope to forget all or most. I can exult,⁶ now that I am learning, in little things, in other things; but of my things, and secret things doubly mine, I cannot, I cannot. Do I make myself intelligible? Do you hear my voice? I fear not. There are poseurs.⁷ I am the most successful of them all.

Jack

Love Letter by Jack London is in the public domain.

5. **Repression** (*noun*): the restraint, prevention, or inhibition of a feeling, quality, etc.
6. **Exult** (*verb*): to feel or demonstrate extreme joy, particularly as a reaction to success
7. **Poseur** (*noun*): someone who behaves in an artificial manner to impress others

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best states a central idea of the letter? [RI.2]
 - A. Love can be painful and challenging, but it is worth the sacrifice.
 - B. Some people simply cannot be understood by others, regardless of the feelings of affection one may have for them.
 - C. Love is so powerful that a mere similarity of temperament can sustain a relationship between two otherwise dissimilar people.
 - D. Retaining one's passion and enthusiasm is vital to forging successful relationships.

2. PART B: Which phrase from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
 - A. "...of nine out of ten, by their word or action, I may feel the pulse of their hearts. But of the tenth I despair. It is beyond me." [Paragraph 3]
 - B. "Spoken words do not come to us. We are unintelligible. God must laugh at the mummery." [Paragraph 4]
 - C. "Large temperamentally — that is it. It is the one thing that brings us at all in touch. We have, flashed through us, you and I, each a bit of universal, and so we draw together. And yet we are so different." [Paragraph 7]
 - D. "I learned not to be enthusiastic. It is a hard lesson to forget. I begin to forget, but it is so little. At the best, before I die, I cannot hope to forget all or most." [Paragraph 8]

3. PART A: What does the word "elude" most closely mean as it is used in paragraph 3? [RI.4]
 - A. To fail to understand or hold on to
 - B. To challenge or provoke
 - C. To appreciate or relate to
 - D. To categorize or organize

4. PART B: Which phrase from the paragraph best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
 - A. "the human might be filed in categories"
 - B. "cannot place you, cannot grasp you"
 - C. "can forecast their action"
 - D. "I despair"

5. How does the author's mention of the spiritual world in paragraph 5 contribute to the [RI.5] development of his ideas about love, relationships, and human nature?

Name: _____ Class: _____

A Good Man is Hard to Find

By Flannery O'Connor
1953

Mary Flannery O'Connor (1925-1964) was an American writer and essayist who often wrote in the Southern Gothic style. Her stories are known for their witty descriptions, emphasis on the grotesque, and exploration of ethics and morality. In this text, O'Connor tells the story of a family who decides to take a vacation and encounters some dangerous people. The following text also contains ethnic slurs and offensive terms that were often considered acceptable at the time the text was published. As you read, take note of how O'Connor uses figurative language to develop the tone of the text.

- [1] The grandmother didn't want to go to Florida. She wanted to visit some of her connections in east Tennessee and she was seizing at every chance to change Bailey's mind. Bailey was the son she lived with, her only boy. He was sitting on the edge of his chair at the table, bent over the orange sports section of the *Journal*. "Now look here, Bailey," she said, "see here, read this," and she stood with one hand on her thin hip and the other rattling the newspaper at his bald head. "Here this fellow that calls himself The Misfit is a loose from the Federal Pen and headed toward Florida and you read here what it says he did to these people. Just you read it. I wouldn't take my children in any direction with a criminal like that a loose in it. I couldn't answer to my conscience if I did."



"Untitled" by Evan Kirby is licensed under CC0.

Bailey didn't look up from his reading so she wheeled around then and faced the children's mother, a young woman in slacks, whose face was as broad and innocent as a cabbage and was tied around with a green headkerchief that had two points on the top like rabbit's ears. She was sitting on the sofa, feeding the baby his apricots out of a jar. "The children have been to Florida before," the old lady said. "You all ought to take them somewhere else for a change so they would see different parts of the world and be broad. They never have been to east Tennessee."

The children's mother didn't seem to hear her but the eight-year-old boy, John Wesley, a stocky child with glasses, said, "If you don't want to go to Florida, why don'tcha stay at home?" He and the little girl, June Star, were reading the funny papers on the floor.

"She wouldn't stay at home to be queen for a day," June Star said without raising her yellow head.

- [5] "Yes and what would you do if this fellow, The Misfit, caught you?" the grandmother asked.

"I'd smack his face," John Wesley said.

"She wouldn't stay at home for a million bucks," June Star said. "Afraid she'd miss something. She has to go everywhere we go."

"All right, Miss," the grandmother said. "Just remember that the next time you want me to curl your hair."

June Star said her hair was naturally curly.

- [10] The next morning the grandmother was the first one in the car, ready to go. She had her big black valise¹ that looked like the head of a hippopotamus in one corner, and underneath it she was hiding a basket with Pitty Sing, the cat, in it. She didn't intend for the cat to be left alone in the house for three days because he would miss her too much and she was afraid he might brush against one of the gas burners and accidentally asphyxiate² himself. Her son, Bailey, didn't like to arrive at a motel with a cat.

She sat in the middle of the back seat with John Wesley and June Star on either side of her. Bailey and the children's mother and the baby sat in front and they left Atlanta at eight forty-five with the mileage on the car at 55890. The grandmother wrote this down because she thought it would be interesting to say how many miles they had been when they got back. It took them twenty minutes to reach the outskirts of the city.

The old lady settled herself comfortably, removing her white cotton gloves and putting them up with her purse on the shelf in front of the back window. The children's mother still had on slacks and still had her head tied up in a green kerchief, but the grandmother had on a navy blue straw sailor hat with a bunch of white violets on the brim and a navy blue dress with a small white dot in the print. Her collars and cuffs were white organdy³ trimmed with lace and at her neckline she had pinned a purple spray⁴ of cloth violets containing a sachet.⁵ In case of an accident, anyone seeing her dead on the highway would know at once that she was a lady.

She said she thought it was going to be a good day for driving, neither too hot nor too cold, and she cautioned Bailey that the speed limit was fifty-five miles an hour and that the patrolmen hid themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees and sped out after you before you had a chance to slow down. She pointed out interesting details of the scenery: Stone Mountain;⁶ the blue granite that in some places came up to both sides of the highway; the brilliant red clay banks slightly streaked with purple; and the various crops that made rows of green lace-work on the ground. The trees were full of silver-white sunlight and the meanest of them sparkled. The children were reading comic magazines and their mother had gone back to sleep.

"Let's go through Georgia fast so we won't have to look at it much," John Wesley said.

- [15] "If I were a little boy," said the grandmother, "I wouldn't talk about my native state that way. Tennessee has the mountains and Georgia has the hills."

"Tennessee is just a hillbilly dumping ground," John Wesley said, "and Georgia is a lousy state too."

"You said it," June Star said.

1. a traveling bag or suitcase
2. to kill someone by depriving them of air
3. a fine translucent cotton or silk fabric that is usually stiffened and used for women's clothing
4. a flowering branch or shoot
5. a small perfume bag used to scent clothes
6. Stone Mountain is a large granite mass east of Atlanta, Georgia, and the site of the Confederate Memorial Carving, which features the figures of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson.

"In my time," said the grandmother, folding her thin veined fingers, "children were more respectful of their native states and their parents and everything else. People did right then. Oh look at the cute little pickaninny!"⁷ she said and pointed to a Negro child standing in the door of a shack. "Wouldn't that make a picture, now?" she asked and they all turned and looked at the little Negro out of the back window. He waved.

"He didn't have any britches on," June Star said.

- [20] "He probably didn't have any," the grandmother explained. "Little niggers⁸ in the country don't have things like we do. If I could paint, I'd paint that picture," she said.

The children exchanged comic books.

The grandmother offered to hold the baby and the children's mother passed him over the front seat to her. She set him on her knee and bounced him and told him about the things they were passing. She rolled her eyes and screwed up her mouth and stuck her leathery thin face into his smooth bland one. Occasionally he gave her a faraway smile. They passed a large cotton field with five or six graves fenced in the middle of it, like a small island. "Look at the graveyard!" the grandmother said, pointing it out. "That was the old family burying ground. That belonged to the plantation."

"Where's the plantation?" John Wesley asked.

"Gone With the Wind,"⁹ said the grandmother. "Ha. Ha."

- [25] When the children finished all the comic books they had brought, they opened the lunch and ate it. The grandmother ate a peanut butter sandwich and an olive and would not let the children throw the box and the paper napkins out the window. When there was nothing else to do they played a game by choosing a cloud and making the other two guess what shape it suggested. John Wesley took one the shape of a cow and June Star guessed a cow and John Wesley said, no, an automobile, and June Star said he didn't play fair, and they began to slap each other over the grandmother.

The grandmother said she would tell them a story if they would keep quiet. When she told a story, she rolled her eyes and waved her head and was very dramatic. She said once when she was a maiden lady she had been courted by a Mr. Edgar Atkins Teagarden from Jasper, Georgia. She said he was a very good-looking man and a gentleman and that he brought her a watermelon every Saturday afternoon with his initials cut in it, E. A. T. Well, one Saturday, she said, Mr. Teagarden brought the watermelon and there was nobody at home and he left it on the front porch and returned in his buggy to Jasper, but she never got the watermelon, she said, because a nigger boy ate it when he saw the initials, E. A. T.! This story tickled John Wesley's funny bone and he giggled and giggled but June Star didn't think it was any good. She said she wouldn't marry a man that just brought her a watermelon on Saturday. The grandmother said she would have done well to marry Mr. Teagarden because he was a gentleman and had bought Coca-Cola stock when it first came out and that he had died only a few years ago, a very wealthy man.

7. an offensive term for a small black child

8. an offensive term and racial slur towards a black person

9. a reference to the popular book and film about the daughter of a plantation owner during the Civil War era

They stopped at The Tower for barbecued sandwiches. The Tower was a part stucco¹⁰ and part wood filling station and dance hall set in a clearing outside of Timothy. A fat man named Red Sammy Butts ran it and there were signs stuck here and there on the building and for miles up and down the highway saying, TRY RED SAMMY'S FAMOUS BARBECUE. NONE LIKE FAMOUS RED SAMMY'S! RED SAM! THE FAT BOY WITH THE HAPPY LAUGH. A VETERAN! RED SAMMY'S YOUR MAN!

Red Sammy was lying on the bare ground outside The Tower with his head under a truck while a gray monkey about a foot high, chained to a small chinaberry tree, chattered nearby. The monkey sprang back into the tree and got on the highest limb as soon as he saw the children jump out of the car and run toward him.

Inside, The Tower was a long dark room with a counter at one end and tables at the other and dancing space in the middle. They all sat down at a board table next to the nickelodeon¹¹ and Red Sam's wife, a tall burnt-brown woman with hair and eyes lighter than her skin, came and took their order. The children's mother put a dime in the machine and played "The Tennessee Waltz," and the grandmother said that tune always made her want to dance. She asked Bailey if he would like to dance but he only glared at her. He didn't have a naturally sunny disposition like she did and trips made him nervous. The grandmother's brown eyes were very bright. She swayed her head from side to side and pretended she was dancing in her chair. June Star said play something she could tap to so the children's mother put in another dime and played a fast number and June Star stepped out onto the dance floor and did her tap routine.

[30] "Ain't she cute?" Red Sam's wife said, leaning over the counter. "Would you like to come be my little girl?"

"No I certainly wouldn't," June Star said. "I wouldn't live in a broken-down place like this for a million bucks!" and she ran back to the table.

"Ain't she cute?" the woman repeated, stretching her mouth politely.

"Arn't you ashamed?" hissed the grandmother.

Red Sam came in and told his wife to quit lounging on the counter and hurry up with these people's order. His khaki trousers reached just to his hip bones and his stomach hung over them like a sack of meal¹² swaying under his shirt. He came over and sat down at a table nearby and let out a combination sigh and yodel. "You can't win," he said. "You can't win," and he wiped his sweating red face off with a gray handkerchief. "These days you don't know who to trust," he said. "Ain't that the truth?"

[35] "People are certainly not nice like they used to be," said the grandmother.

"Two fellers come in here last week," Red Sammy said, "driving a Chrysler. It was a old beat-up car but it was a good one and these boys looked all right to me. Said they worked at the mill and you know I let them fellers charge the gas they bought? Now why did I do that?"

"Because you're a good man!" the grandmother said at once.

10. fine plaster

11. a jukebox, or a coin operated mechanical, musical instrument

12. a powdery substance made by grinding

"Yes'm, I suppose so," Red Sam said as if he were struck with this answer.

His wife brought the orders, carrying the five plates all at once without a tray, two in each hand and one balanced on her arm. "It isn't a soul in this green world of God's that you can trust," she said. "And I don't count nobody out of that, not nobody," she repeated, looking at Red Sammy.

[40] "Did you read about that criminal, The Misfit, that's escaped?" asked the grandmother.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't attack this place right here," said the woman. "If he hears about it being here, I wouldn't be none surprised to see him. If he hears it's two cent in the cash register, I wouldn't be a tall surprised if he..."

"That'll do," Red Sam said. "Go bring these people their Co'-Colas," and the woman went off to get the rest of the order.

"A good man is hard to find," Red Sammy said. "Everything is getting terrible. I remember the day you could go off and leave your screen door unlatched. Not no more."

He and the grandmother discussed better times. The old lady said that in her opinion Europe was entirely to blame for the way things were now. She said the way Europe acted you would think we were made of money and Red Sam said it was no use talking about it, she was exactly right. The children ran outside into the white sunlight and looked at the monkey in the lacy chinaberry tree. He was busy catching fleas on himself and biting each one carefully between his teeth as if it were a delicacy.

[45] They drove off again into the hot afternoon. The grandmother took cat naps and woke up every few minutes with her own snoring. Outside of Toombsboro she woke up and recalled an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady. She said the house had six white columns across the front and that there was an avenue of oaks leading up to it and two little wooden trellis¹³ arbors¹⁴ on either side in front where you sat down with your suitor after a stroll in the garden. She recalled exactly which road to turn off to get to it. She knew that Bailey would not be willing to lose any time looking at an old house, but the more she talked about it, the more she wanted to see it once again and find out if the little twin arbors were still standing. "There was a secret panel in this house," she said craftily, not telling the truth but wishing that she were, "and the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman¹⁵ came through but it was never found..."

"Hey!" John Wesley said. "Let's go see it! We'll find it! We'll poke all the woodwork and find it! Who lives there? Where do you turn off at? Hey Pop, can't we turn off there?"

"We never have seen a house with a secret panel!" June Star shrieked. "Let's go to the house with the secret panel! Hey Pop, can't we go see the house with the secret panel!"

"It's not far from here, I know," the grandmother said. "It wouldn't take over twenty minutes."

Bailey was looking straight ahead. His jaw was as rigid as a horseshoe. "No," he said.

13. a framework of light wooden or metal bars, primarily used to support fruit trees or climbing plants

14. a garden structure marking a point of entry or the division of two places along a path

15. most likely referring to military campaign conducted through Georgia by Major General William Tecumseh Sherman of the Union Army during the Civil War

[50] The children began to yell and scream that they wanted to see the house with the secret panel. John Wesley kicked the back of the front seat and June Star hung over her mother's shoulder and whined desperately into her ear that they never had any fun even on their vacation, that they could never do what THEY wanted to do. The baby began to scream and John Wesley kicked the back of the seat so hard that his father could feel the blows in his kidney.

"All right!" he shouted and drew the car to a stop at the side of the road. "Will you all shut up? Will you all just shut up for one second? If you don't shut up, we won't go anywhere."

"It would be very educational for them," the grandmother murmured.

"All right," Bailey said, "but get this: this is the only time we're going to stop for anything like this. This is the one and only time."

"The dirt road that you have to turn down is about a mile back," the grandmother directed. "I marked it when we passed."

[55] "A dirt road," Bailey groaned.

After they had turned around and were headed toward the dirt road, the grandmother recalled other points about the house, the beautiful glass over the front doorway and the candle-lamp in the hall. John Wesley said that the secret panel was probably in the fireplace.

"You can't go inside this house," Bailey said. "You don't know who lives there."

"While you all talk to the people in front, I'll run around behind and get in a window," John Wesley suggested.

"We'll all stay in the car," his mother said. They turned onto the dirt road and the car raced roughly along in a swirl of pink dust. The grandmother recalled the times when there were no paved roads and thirty miles was a day's journey. The dirt road was hilly and there were sudden washes in it and sharp curves on dangerous embankments. All at once they would be on a hill, looking down over the blue tops of trees for miles around, then the next minute, they would be in a red depression¹⁶ with the dust-coated trees looking down on them.

[60] "This place had better turn up in a minute," Bailey said, "or I'm going to turn around."

The road looked as if no one had traveled on it in months.

"It's not much farther," the grandmother said and just as she said it, a horrible thought came to her. The thought was so embarrassing that she turned red in the face and her eyes dilated and her feet jumped up, upsetting her valise in the corner. The instant the valise moved, the newspaper top she had over the basket under it rose with a snarl and Pitty Sing, the cat, sprang onto Bailey's shoulder.

16. a sunken place or hollow on a surface

The children were thrown to the floor and their mother, clutching the baby, was thrown out the door onto the ground; the old lady was thrown into the front seat. The car turned over once and landed right-side-up in a gulch¹⁷ off the side of the road. Bailey remained in the driver's seat with the cat gray-striped with a broad white face and an orange nose clinging to his neck like a caterpillar.

As soon as the children saw they could move their arms and legs, they scrambled out of the car, shouting, "We've had an ACCIDENT!" The grandmother was curled up under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once. The horrible thought she had had before the accident was that the house she had remembered so vividly was not in Georgia but in Tennessee.

[65] Bailey removed the cat from his neck with both hands and flung it out the window against the side of a pine tree. Then he got out of the car and started looking for the children's mother. She was sitting against the side of the red gutted ditch, holding the screaming baby, but she only had a cut down her face and a broken shoulder. "We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed in a frenzy of delight.

"But nobody's killed," June Star said with disappointment as the grandmother limped out of the car, her hat still pinned to her head but the broken front brim standing up at a jaunty¹⁸ angle and the violet spray hanging off the side. They all sat down in the ditch, except the children, to recover from the shock. They were all shaking.

"Maybe a car will come along," said the children's mother hoarsely.

"I believe I have injured an organ," said the grandmother, pressing her side, but no one answered her. Bailey's teeth were clattering. He had on a yellow sport shirt with bright blue parrots designed in it and his face was as yellow as the shirt. The grandmother decided that she would not mention that the house was in Tennessee.

The road was about ten feet above and they could see only the tops of the trees on the other side of it. Behind the ditch they were sitting in there were more woods, tall and dark and deep. In a few minutes they saw a car some distance away on top of a hill, coming slowly as if the occupants were watching them. The grandmother stood up and waved both arms dramatically to attract their attention. The car continued to come on slowly, disappeared around a bend and appeared again, moving even slower, on top of the hill they had gone over. It was a big black battered hearse-like automobile. There were three men in it.

[70] It came to a stop just over them and for some minutes, the driver looked down with a steady expressionless gaze to where they were sitting, and didn't speak. Then he turned his head and muttered something to the other two and they got out. One was a fat boy in black trousers and a red sweat shirt with a silver stallion embossed¹⁹ on the front of it. He moved around on the right side of them and stood staring, his mouth partly open in a kind of loose grin. The other had on khaki pants and a blue striped coat and a gray hat pulled down very low, hiding most of his face. He came around slowly on the left side. Neither spoke.

17. a narrow and steep-sided ravine

18. **Jaunty** (*adjective*): lively in manner or appearance

19. to decorate or adorn something

The driver got out of the car and stood by the side of it, looking down at them. He was an older man than the other two. His hair was just beginning to gray and he wore silver-rimmed spectacles that gave him a scholarly look. He had a long creased face and didn't have on any shirt or undershirt. He had on blue jeans that were too tight for him and was holding a black hat and a gun. The two boys also had guns.

"We've had an ACCIDENT!" the children screamed.

The grandmother had the peculiar feeling that the bespectacled man was someone she knew. His face was as familiar to her as if she had known him all her life but she could not recall who he was. He moved away from the car and began to come down the embankment, placing his feet carefully so that he wouldn't slip. He had on tan and white shoes and no socks, and his ankles were red and thin. "Good afternoon," he said. "I see you all had you a little spill."

"We turned over twice!" said the grandmother.

[75] "Oncet," he corrected. "We seen it happen. Try their car and see will it run, Hiram," he said quietly to the boy with the gray hat.

"What you got that gun for?" John Wesley asked. "Whatcha gonna do with that gun?"

"Lady," the man said to the children's mother, "would you mind calling them children to sit down by you? Children make me nervous. I want all you all to sit down right together there where you're at."

"What are you telling US what to do for?" June Star asked.

Behind them the line of woods gaped like a dark open mouth. "Come here," said their mother.

[80] "Look here now," Bailey began suddenly, "we're in a predicament! We're in..."

The grandmother shrieked. She scrambled to her feet and stood staring. "You're The Misfit!" she said. "I recognized you at once!"

"Yes'm," the man said, smiling slightly as if he were pleased in spite of himself to be known, "but it would have been better for all of you, lady, if you hadn't of reckernized me."

Bailey turned his head sharply and said something to his mother that shocked even the children. The old lady began to cry and The Misfit reddened.

"Lady," he said, "don't you get upset. Sometimes a man says things he don't mean. I don't reckon he meant to talk to you thataway."

[85] "You wouldn't shoot a lady, would you?" the grandmother said and removed a clean handkerchief from her cuff and began to slap at her eyes with it.

The Misfit pointed the toe of his shoe into the ground and made a little hole and then covered it up again. "I would hate to have to," he said.

"Listen," the grandmother almost screamed, "I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!"

"Yes mam," he said, "finest people in the world." When he smiled he showed a row of strong white teeth. "God never made a finer woman than my mother and my daddy's heart was pure gold," he said. The boy with the red sweat shirt had come around behind them and was standing with his gun at his hip. The Misfit squatted down on the ground. "Watch them children, Bobby Lee," he said. "You know they make me nervous." He looked at the six of them huddled together in front of him and he seemed to be embarrassed as if he couldn't think of anything to say. "Ain't a cloud in the sky," he remarked, looking up at it. "Don't see no sun but don't see no cloud neither."

"Yes, it's a beautiful day," said the grandmother. "Listen," she said, "you shouldn't call yourself The Misfit because I know you're a good man at heart. I can just look at you and tell."

[90] "Hush!" Bailey yelled. "Hush! Everybody shut up and let me handle this!" He was squatting in the position of a runner about to sprint forward but he didn't move.

"I pre-chate that, lady," The Misfit said and drew a little circle in the ground with the butt of his gun.

"It'll take a half a hour to fix this here car," Hiram called, looking over the raised hood of it.

"Well, first you and Bobby Lee get him and that little boy to step over yonder²⁰ with you," The Misfit said, pointing to Bailey and John Wesley. "The boys want to ast you something," he said to Bailey. "Would you mind stepping back in them woods there with them?"

"Listen," Bailey began, "we're in a terrible predicament! Nobody realizes what this is," and his voice cracked. His eyes were as blue and intense as the parrots in his shirt and he remained perfectly still.

[95] The grandmother reached up to adjust her hat brim as if she were going to the woods with him but it came off in her hand. She stood staring at it and after a second she let it fall on the ground. Hiram pulled Bailey up by the arm as if he were assisting an old man. John Wesley caught hold of his father's hand and Bobby Lee followed. They went off toward the woods and just as they reached the dark edge, Bailey turned and supporting himself against a gray naked pine trunk, he shouted, "I'll be back in a minute, Mamma, wait on me!"

"Come back this instant!" his mother shrilled but they all disappeared into the woods.

"Bailey Boy!" the grandmother called in a tragic voice but she found she was looking at The Misfit squatting on the ground in front of her. "I just know you're a good man," she said desperately. "You're not a bit common!"

20. at some distance in the direction indicated

"Nome, I ain't a good man," The Misfit said after a second as if he had considered her statement carefully, "but I ain't the worst in the world neither. My daddy said I was a different breed of dog from my brothers and sisters. 'You know,' Daddy said, 'it's some that can live their whole life out without asking about it and it's others has to know why it is, and this boy is one of the latters. He's going to be into everything!'" He put on his black hat and looked up suddenly and then away deep into the woods as if he were embarrassed again. "I'm sorry I don't have on a shirt before you ladies," he said, hunching his shoulders slightly. "We buried our clothes that we had on when we escaped and we're just making do until we can get better. We borrowed these from some folks we met," he explained.

"That's perfectly all right," the grandmother said. "Maybe Bailey has an extra shirt in his suitcase."

[100] "I'll look and see terrectly," The Misfit said.

"Where are they taking him?" the children's mother screamed.

"Daddy was a card himself,"²¹ The Misfit said. "You couldn't put anything over on him. He never got in trouble with the Authorities though. Just had the knack of handling them."

"You could be honest too if you'd only try," said the grandmother. "Think how wonderful it would be to settle down and live a comfortable life and not have to think about somebody chasing you all the time."

The Misfit kept scratching in the ground with the butt of his gun as if he were thinking about it. "Yes'm, somebody is always after you," he murmured.

[105] The grandmother noticed how thin his shoulder blades were just behind his hat because she was standing up looking down on him. "Do you ever pray?" she asked.

He shook his head. All she saw was the black hat wiggle between his shoulder blades. "Nome," he said.

There was a pistol shot from the woods, followed closely by another. Then silence. The old lady's head jerked around. She could hear the wind move through the tree tops like a long satisfied insuck of breath. "Bailey Boy!" she called.

"I was a gospel singer for a while," The Misfit said. "I been most everything. Been in the arm service, both land and sea, at home and abroad, been twict married, been an undertaker,²² been with the railroads, plowed Mother Earth, been in a tornado, seen a man burnt alive oncet," and he looked up at the children's mother and the little girl who were sitting close together, their faces white and their eyes glassy; "I even seen a woman flogged,"²³ he said.

"Pray, pray," the grandmother began, "pray, pray..."

[110] "I never was a bad boy that I remember of," The Misfit said in an almost dreamy voice, "but somewheres along the line I done something wrong and got sent to the penitentiary.²⁴ I was buried alive," and he looked up and held her attention to him by a steady stare.

21. a phrase meaning someone is witty or eccentric

22. a person whose business is preparing dead bodies for burial or cremation

23. to be beaten by someone with a whip or stick as punishment

24. a prison for people convicted for serious crimes

"That's when you should have started to pray," she said "What did you do to get sent to the penitentiary that first time?"

"Turn to the right, it was a wall," The Misfit said, looking up again at the cloudless sky. "Turn to the left, it was a wall. Look up it was a ceiling, look down it was a floor. I forget what I done, lady. I set there and set there, trying to remember what it was I done and I ain't recalled it to this day. Oncet in a while, I would think it was coming to me, but it never come."

"Maybe they put you in by mistake," the old lady said vaguely.

"Nome," he said. "It wasn't no mistake. They had the papers on me."

[115] "You must have stolen something," she said.

The Misfit sneered slightly. "Nobody had nothing I wanted," he said. "It was a head-doctor at the penitentiary said what I had done was kill my daddy but I known that for a lie. My daddy died in nineteen ought nineteen of the epidemic flu and I never had a thing to do with it. He was buried in the Mount Hopewell Baptist churchyard and you can go there and see for yourself."

"If you would pray," the old lady said, "Jesus would help you."

"That's right," The Misfit said.

"Well then, why don't you pray?" she asked trembling with delight suddenly.

[120] "I don't want no hep," he said. "I'm doing all right by myself."

Bobby Lee and Hiram came ambling back from the woods. Bobby Lee was dragging a yellow shirt with bright blue parrots in it.

"Thow me that shirt, Bobby Lee," The Misfit said. The shirt came flying at him and landed on his shoulder and he put it on. The grandmother couldn't name what the shirt reminded her of. "No, lady," The Misfit said while he was buttoning it up, "I found out the crime don't matter. You can do one thing or you can do another, kill a man or take a tire off his car, because sooner or later you're going to forget what it was you done and just be punished for it."

The children's mother had begun to make heaving noises as if she couldn't get her breath. "Lady," he asked, "would you and that little girl like to step off yonder with Bobby Lee and Hiram and join your husband?"

"Yes, thank you," the mother said faintly. Her left arm dangled helplessly and she was holding the baby, who had gone to sleep, in the other. "Hep that lady up, Hiram," The Misfit said as she struggled to climb out of the ditch, "and Bobby Lee, you hold onto that little girl's hand."

[125] "I don't want to hold hands with him," June Star said. "He reminds me of a pig."

The fat boy blushed and laughed and caught her by the arm and pulled her off into the woods after Hiram and her mother.

Alone with The Misfit, the grandmother found that she had lost her voice. There was not a cloud in the sky nor any sun. There was nothing around her but woods. She wanted to tell him that he must pray. She opened and closed her mouth several times before anything came out. Finally she found herself saying, "Jesus. Jesus," meaning, Jesus will help you, but the way she was saying it, it sounded as if she might be cursing.

"Yes'm," The Misfit said as if he agreed. "Jesus thrown everything off balance. It was the same case with Him as with me except He hadn't committed any crime and they could prove I had committed one because they had the papers on me. Of course," he said, "they never shown me my papers. That's why I sign myself now. I said long ago, you get you a signature and sign everything you do and keep a copy of it. Then you'll know what you done and you can hold up the crime to the punishment and see do they match and in the end you'll have something to prove you ain't been treated right. I call myself The Misfit," he said, "because I can't make what all I done wrong fit what all I gone through in punishment."

There was a piercing scream from the woods, followed closely by a pistol report.²⁵ "Does it seem right to you, lady, that one is punished a heap and another ain't punished at all?"

[130] "Jesus!" the old lady cried. "You've got good blood! I know you wouldn't shoot a lady! I know you come from nice people! Pray! Jesus, you ought not to shoot a lady. I'll give you all the money I've got!"

"Lady," The Misfit said, looking beyond her far into the woods, "there never was a body that give the undertaker a tip."

There were two more pistol reports and the grandmother raised her head like a parched old turkey hen crying for water and called, "Bailey Boy, Bailey Boy!" as if her heart would break.

"Jesus was the only One that ever raised the dead," The Misfit continued, "and He shouldn't have done it. He thown everything off balance. If He did what He said, then it's nothing for you to do but throw away everything and follow Him, and if He didn't, then it's nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him. No pleasure but meanness," he said and his voice had become almost a snarl.

"Maybe He didn't raise the dead," the old lady mumbled, not knowing what she was saying and feeling so dizzy that she sank down in the ditch with her legs twisted under her.

[135] "I wasn't there so I can't say He didn't," The Misfit said. "I wisht I had of been there," he said, hitting the ground with his fist. "It ain't right I wasn't there because if I had of been there I would of known. Listen lady," he said in a high voice, "if I had of been there I would of known and I wouldn't be like I am now." His voice seemed about to crack and the grandmother's head cleared for an instant. She saw the man's face twisted close to her own as if he were going to cry and she murmured, "Why you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children!" She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest. Then he put his gun down on the ground and took off his glasses and began to clean them.

25. the sudden loud noise of gunfire

Hiram and Bobby Lee returned from the woods and stood over the ditch, looking down at the grandmother who half sat and half lay in a puddle of blood with her legs crossed under her like a child's and her face smiling up at the cloudless sky.

Without his glasses, The Misfit's eyes were red-rimmed and pale and defenseless-looking. "Take her off and throw her where you shown the others," he said, picking up the cat that was rubbing itself against his leg.

"She was a talker, wasn't she?" Bobby Lee said, sliding down the ditch with a yodel.

"She would of been a good woman," The Misfit said, "if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life."

[140] "Some fun!" Bobby Lee said.

"Shut up, Bobby Lee" The Misfit said. "It's no real pleasure in life."

Extract from A Good Man Is Hard to Find and Other Stories by Flannery O'Connor reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser & Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of the Estate of Flannery O'Connor

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best identifies a theme of the text? [RL.2]
 - A. A person's morality cannot be determined by their appearance.
 - B. When people lie, the consequences are usually dire.
 - C. There is no way to change or affect a truly evil person.
 - D. It is important to present a certain image to the world.

2. PART B: Which section best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "The horrible thought she had had before the accident was that the house she had remembered so vividly was not in Georgia but in Tennessee." (Paragraph 64)
 - B. "Bailey turned his head sharply and said something to his mother that shocked even the children. The old lady began to cry and The Misfit reddened." (Paragraph 83)
 - C. "I know you're a good man. You don't look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people!" (Paragraph 87)
 - D. "She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest." (Paragraph 135)

3. PART A: What does paragraph 45 reveal about the grandmother's character? [RL.5]
 - A. The grandmother has truly had an exciting life.
 - B. The grandmother is very knowledgeable.
 - C. The grandmother has a bad relationship with her son.
 - D. The grandmother is cunning and slightly manipulative.

4. PART B: Which quote from paragraph 45 best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "Outside of Toombsboro she woke up and recalled an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady."
 - B. "She knew that Bailey would not be willing to lose any time looking at an old house, but the more she talked about it, the more she wanted to see it once again"
 - C. "'There was a secret panel in this house,' she said craftily, not telling the truth but wishing that she were"
 - D. "'[A]nd the story went that all the family silver was hidden in it when Sherman came through but it was never found...'"

5. PART A: Which of the following best explains the relationship the grandmother has with her son? [RL.3]
 - A. close because they live together
 - B. strained because they are very different
 - C. difficult because the grandmother is critical
 - D. loving because family is important to both of them

6. PART B: Which passage from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
- A. "She wanted to visit some of her connections in east Tennessee and she was seizing at every chance to change Bailey's mind. Bailey was the son she lived with, her only boy." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "[S]he cautioned Bailey that the speed limit was fifty-five miles an hour and that the patrolmen hid themselves behind billboards and small clumps of trees" (Paragraph 13)
 - C. "She asked Bailey if he would like to dance but he only glared at her. He didn't have a naturally sunny disposition like she did and trips made him nervous." (Paragraph 29)
 - D. "The grandmother was curled up under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once." (Paragraph 64)
7. How does describing the grandmother as "a parched old turkey crying for water" in paragraph 132 contribute to her characterization? [RL.4]
- A. It shows how humorously The Misfit views the grandmother.
 - B. It emphasizes how the grandmother feels guilty about her son's death.
 - C. It shows that the grandmother regretted how she treated her son.
 - D. It emphasizes the grandmother's desperation in the situation.
8. How does O'Connor use foreshadowing to contribute to the story's meaning? Explain at least two examples of foreshadowing and how they develop the theme of the story. [RL.5]

9. How does O'Connor use figurative language to develop the tone of the story? Explain [RL.4] at least three examples of figurative language and how they develop the tone of the story.

10. How do the grandmother's attempts to reason with The Misfit evolve throughout their exchange, and how does this connect to the themes of the text? [RL.3]

Discussion Questions

Directions: *Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.*

1. In your opinion, was The Misfit born bad, or did the unfair punishment he was subjected to shape the person he became?
2. In the context of the text, why do people do bad things? Can the characters and their actions in this story be categorized as either good or bad? Why does the Misfit do what he does? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
3. In the context of the text, how do people face death? Consider the different characters of "A Good Man is Hard to Find," as well as other characters in literature, art, or history in your answer.
4. In the context of the text, how does fear drive action? How does fear drive the grandmother's choices throughout the story? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
5. In the context of the text, can we control our fate? Is the family in control of what happens to them? How does the text comment on who is ultimately in control? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

Creative Writing

NTI Days #6-17 AP English Language & Composition 11th Grade English Creative Writing

NTI Day #6:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "The Science of Solitary Confinement" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The Science of Solitary Confinement" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: sweet); finish reading Act 1 of "Our Town," and write 3 complete sentences regarding your thoughts over Act 1.

NTI Day #7:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "Winged Blackmail" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Winged Blackmail" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what do you like best about NTI?); write a paragraph (in response to a question: is Thornton Wilder's view of small town life positive or negative? explain) and use quotes from the play to support your answer.

NTI Day #8:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 3 Progress Check MCQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "What makes good people do bad things?" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: plain); write a paragraph (in response to a question: discuss the character of the Stage Manager - how does he fit into the world of the play?) and use quotes from the play to support your answer.

NTI Day #9:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 3 Progress Check FRQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "What Fear Can Teach Us" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (free write); Begin reading Act 2 of "Our Town" p. 47-57; write 4 complete sentences in response to a question (in the beginning of Act 2, the Stage Manager states that 3 years have gone by. He says, "All that can happen in 1,000 days," - write 4 complete sentences explaining what you think your life might be like in 3 years).

NTI Day #10:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 4 Progress Check MCQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The New Painkiller Epidemic" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: earth); Continue reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 58-68; write 4 complete sentences in response to a question (on p. 66, George and Emily are discussing human character. Emily states, "I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be," and a few lines later she adds, "It's not as easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because we girls are more- more- nervous." -- this play was set in the early 1900s; how has society's view of gender roles changed in the last 100 years?)

NTI Day #11:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Complete Unit 4 Progress Check FRQ on AP Classroom. Available via College Board/AP Central
2. 11th Grade English: Read "The Curse of the Inability to Imagine" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what interests you?); Continue reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 69-79; write 3 complete sentences in response to a question (this section of Act 2 picks up when Emily and George are sitting at Morgan's drugstore enjoying ice cream sodas. What is significant about this scene; what stands out to you?)

NTI Day #12:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Edit Research Paper (day 1) based on teacher's suggestions
2. 11th Grade English: Read "I Felt a Funeral, in My Brain" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: children); Finish reading Act 2 of "Our Town," p. 69-83; write a 4 sentence summary of the events that occurred in Act 2.

NTI Day #13:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Edit Research Paper (day 2) based on teacher's suggestions. Submit final draft to Google Classroom
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Because I Could Not Stop for Death" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: NO JOURNAL ENTRY TODAY; Act 2 assignment: "visualize this special person in your mind - a person who is alive somewhere right now, waiting for time to pass and the right circumstances to take place so that you two will ultimately meet and begin the rest of your lives together (consider the following: why you feel marriage is important in your future; what you personally plan to do to get ready for this upcoming relationship; when you feel would be the right time to commit; how you would like your marriage ceremony to be; where you would like to honeymoon; where you

would like to settle down and start a family; what plans and dreams you have for your life together; what promises you will make now so that your marriage will ultimately work out; etc.)" - assignment: write a fully developed one page letter to this unknown person, considering all of the topics listed.

NTI Day #14:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Take notes over outlining an essay. Available via Google Classroom
2. 11th Grade English: Read "Love Letter" and answer questions. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: grass); write a paragraph answering the following question: Analyze the play's portrayal of love, courtship (dating before marriage), and married life. How do these aspects of life operate within the play's overarching themes of humanity, companionship, and artificiality of theater?

NTI Day #15:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Read "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p.1-7 and write two specific details that stood out to you while reading. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Read "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p.1-7 and write two specific details that stood out to you while reading. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (question: what is one thing you love about yourself?); Begin reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 85-95; write 3 sentences in response to a question: Act 3 begins with a monologue by the Stage Manager, updating the audience on what has happened in the last 10 years in Grover's Corners. At the bottom of p. 87, he begins discussing the *eternal*. Discuss the concept of the "eternal," in the play; what does the State Manager believe "eternal" means? Do the events of the play agree with him? Why or why not?

NTI Day #16:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Finish reading "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p. 8-13. Then, write 3 sentences explaining how the ending of the story may have been different from what you expected. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Finish reading "A Good Man is Hard to Find" p. 8-13. Then, write 3 sentences explaining how the ending of the story may have been different from what you expected. Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (spark word: foundation); Continue reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 96-106; write 4 complete sentences in response to this question - why is Emily unhappy when she tries to relive part of her life after she dies? Explain.

NTI Day #17:

1. AP English Language & Composition: Answer questions over "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
2. 11th Grade English: Answer questions over "A Good Man is Hard to Find." Available via Google Classroom/CommonLit
3. Creative Writing: Journal entry (free write); Finish reading Act 3 of "Our Town," p. 107-112; write a paragraph summarizing the events that occurred in Act 3.

Adams

Senior English
NTI
Night

NTI #6 : Read pages 40-46. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #7: Read pages 47-57. Write a paragraph of what you find most interesting about what you have read so far.

NTI #8 : Complete Chapter 1-3 questions.

Chapter 1

1. Describe Moshe, the Beadle.
2. Why did Eliezer pray, and why did he cry when he prayed?

Chapter 2

1. Explain, "our eyes were open, but too late." Where was the train at this point?
2. What was foreshadowed by Madame Schacter's nightmare?

Chapter 3

1. When questioned by the S.S. Officer, why did Elie lie about his age and occupation?

NTI #9: Read pages 58-68. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #10: Read pages 69-79. How can this book relate to the real world? How can we use this knowledge to prevent this from happening again in the future? Respond in a paragraph.

NTI#11: Complete Chapter 4 questions.

1. What were the objectives of the medical examinations?
2. Why were the Jewish musicians not allowed to play music by Beethoven?
3. Describe one of Idek's bouts of madness.
4. How did Elie initially avoid losing his gold crown
5. Whom did Elie meet years later on the Paris Metro?

NTI #12: Read pages 80-90. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #13: Complete Chapter 5 questions.

1. Why didn't Elie fast on Yom Kippur?
2. What advice was Elie given to pass the selection process?
3. How did Elie's father respond when he learned his name had been written down? 4. What did Akiba Drumer ask the others to do for him? Did they do it?
5. Why was Elie placed in the hospital?

NTI #14: Read pages 91-101. Write a paragraph summary of what you read.

NTI #15: Read pages 102-116. If you could say anything to Elie Wiesel right now, what would you say? (Answer in one sentence)

NTI #16: Write a letter to Elie Wiesel in present day. By using the sentence you wrote yesterday, what would you like to say to Mr. Wiesel? Use examples from the book.

NTI #17: Complete Chapter 6 questions.

1. What happened to anyone who could not keep up with the march? 2. How did Zalman die?
3. What horrible realization did Elie come to concerning Rabbi Eliahou and his son? How did Elie respond to this?
4. What was Julieck's last act?
5. How did Elie help his father when the selection was made?

NTI #18: Complete Chapter 7 questions.

1. How did Elie again help his father when they were on the train?

2. Describe the scene Elie witnessed between the father and son.

3. How many got out of the wagon? Where had they arrived?

NTI #19: Complete end of book questions.

1. Explain how the father/son roles had been reversed in the case of Elie and his father. 2. Why was Elie's father being beaten?

3. What did Elie think of the advice given to him by the head of the block?

Chapter 9 Questions

1. What happened on April 5th?

2. What was the resistance movement? What did they do? 3. What did the prisoners do when they were freed?

NTI #20: What is your overall opinion of Night? What did you like best about this book? (Paragraph)

NTI Day 6 - Begin chapter 1. Write a short paragraph describing what is going on when you stop.

NTI Day 7 - Finish chapter 1. Write a summary of the rest of the chapter.

NTI Day 8 - Complete handout.

NTI Day 9 - Begin chapter 2. Write a short paragraph describing what is going on when you stop.

NTI Day 10 - Finish chapter 2. Write a summary of the rest of the chapter.

NTI Day 11 - Complete handout.

NTI Day 12 - Begin chapter 3. Write a short paragraph describing what is going on when you stop.

NTI Day 13 - Finish chapter 3. Write a summary of the rest of the chapter.

NTI Day 14 - Complete handout.

NTI Day 15 - Begin chapter 4. Write a short paragraph describing what is going on when you stop.

NTI Day 16 - Finish chapter 4. Write a summary of the rest of the chapter.

NTI Day 17 - Complete handout.

NTI Day #8 - Chapter 1 questions

1. Who called the meeting and why?
2. How does he describe the life of the animals?
3. What is Major's message to the animals?
4. What was the term Major chose to address the other animals as?
5. How do the animals arrange themselves? For example, who sits in the front row and who sits behind them?
6. What might this foreshadow for the future?
7. Why does Major get angry at the cats and dogs?
8. What do they decide?
9. "Whatever goes on four legs or has wings is a friend." Who said it?
10. "Man is the only animal who produces nothing, but consumes what animals produce." Give three of Major's examples that prove this.

NTI Day 11 - chapter 2 questions

1. Name the three pre-eminent pigs on the farm and their main characteristics.
2. What was the name given to the school of thought, which the three pigs had turned Major's teachings into?
3. What was the situation which caused the beginning of the rebellion earlier than expected?
4. What did the animals decide to do with the farmhouse where Mr. Jones lived?
5. What was the final, and perhaps most important, of the seven commandments?
6. Describe what you read through an image. Think about the literal meaning, theme, and symbolism of the reading.

7. What scene did you draw?
8. What sensory detail was used?
9. What symbolism is used to help you understand this scene?
10. What do you think will happen next?

NTI Day #14 - Chapter 3 questions

1. Why was it that the animals worked as hard now as they did before the rebellion, and yet there was no stealing or quarrelling as there used to be?
2. Which type of animal quickly became recognized as the most natural leader?
3. How were the pigs able to persuade the other animals that they should get all the milk and apples, instead of sharing them equally amongst all the animals?

Create your own utopia. Even though Old Major gave them the idea for rebellion, the animals' takeover is almost spontaneous. They simply react to being beaten and starved, and subsequently chase the humans off the farm. Afterwards, they have the difficult task of organizing their new animal society. They must make rules, establish work, ect. Put yourself in that position. You have just overthrown your cruel leaders and must create your own new society. You also must establish rules and work roles for the members. Complete the table below:

How will you choose your leaders? Explain the methods you will use.	
What rules will your society have? Create at least 5 but no more than 8.	
What kind of work will each member do?	
How will you solve problems and disputes between members of your society?	
Pick a song that will be the "anthem" of your society.	
How would you possibly get everyone to follow you?	

NTI Day #17 - chapter 4 questions

1. How did animals on the other farms react to the rebellion on Animal Farm?
2. For what reason was Snowball awarded a medal after the Battle of the Cowshed?
3. Write your reaction (not a summary) to chapter four. At least 5 sentences. Then illustrate a key event that occurred within the chapter.

4. Choose a character from the list below and circle their name.

Napoleon, Boxer, Squealer, Snowball

What do you think is going to happen to them by the end of the novel?

5. From this character's point of view, explain what is going on and what is going on and what they think of everything. Circle the way you are going to tell the story below. (This should be funny...and appropriate!)

Song, Letter, News Article, Diary, Speech

Spanish 1 NTI Days 6-17

March 16

Copy the following vocab words into your notes and submit a photo of it for your assignment grade.

Huevos - Eggs Pavo - Turkey Pescado - Fish Bistec - Steak
Ázucar - Sugar Papas Fritas - French fries Té - Tea Agua - water
Leche - milk Comida - food/meal Galletas - cookies Pastel - cake
Brócoli - broccoli Pollo - chicken Bocadillo - sandwich Jugo - juice

March 17

Draw 6 boxes. Label them as follows:

La bebida: The drinks

El desayuno: The breakfast

El almuerzo: The lunch

La cena: The dinner

El postre: The dessert

Inside each box, write the words that match from yesterday's vocab list. For example, put "huevos" or "eggs" inside the box you have labeled "el desayuno" or "the breakfast."

Take a picture and submit here.

March 18

Write AND answer the following questions on a piece of paper. Submit a photo.

¿Qué comes para el desayuno?

¿Qué es tu comida favorita?

¿Qué comes para el almuerzo?

¿Qué comes para la cena?

¿Qué comida es tu comida menos favorito?

March 19

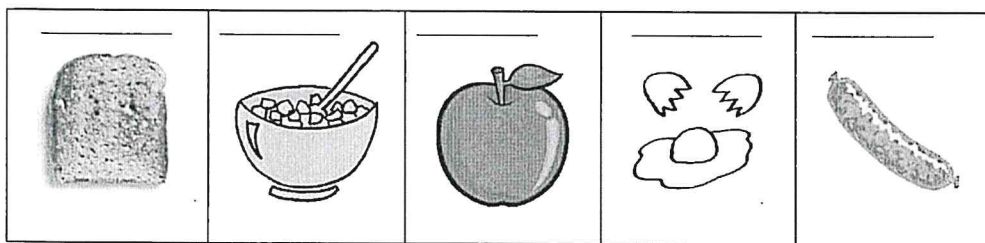
Download the google document. Edit the document using google docs. Label each meal and item of food appropriately using the word box. Re-upload your edited document to submit.

LA COMIDA

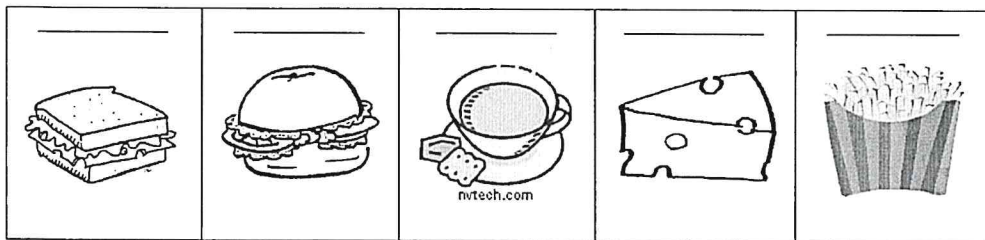
Directions: Label each meal and food properly! Use the word bank below to help you.

Pescado	Huevos	Dinner	Salchichas	Queso	Pizza	Papas Fritas
Bocadillo/Sandwich	Lunch	Manzana	Pan Tostado	Pavo	Cereal	
Sopa	Hamburguesa	Espagueti	Bistec	Breakfast		

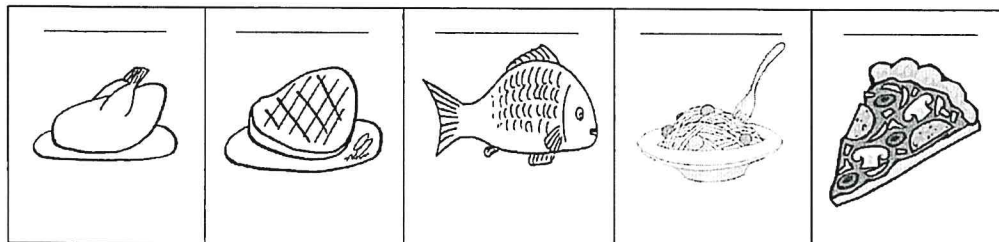
EL DESAYUNO = _____



EL ALMUERZO = _____



LA CENA = _____



March 23

Write the following Spanish sentences and translations in your notes. Submit a picture.

Práctica 1: Translate the sentences below.

Ella le gusta la pizza. _____

Nosotros nos encanta el chocolate. _____

¿Te gustan las papas fritas? _____

They like eggs. _____

I like cheese and pasta. _____

He likes chicken for dinner. _____

Práctica 2: Translate the sentences below.

Me gusta la sopa

¿Te gustan los huevos?

Él le gusta el pescado.

María le encanta el pan tostado.

¿Le gusta el té helado?

Nos gustan las hamburguesas.

Dario y yo nos gustan las papas fritas.

¿Te gusta el pollo?

No les gusta la pasta.

Ellas les encantan los tamales.

March 24

Create 10 original sentences describing how you or other people feel about certain foods. (e.g.: me encanta comer el bizcocho.) If you know other food vocabulary from a previous Spanish class, use it! Write your sentences and submit a photo.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

6. _____

7. _____

8. _____

9. _____

10. _____

March 25

1. Watch and listen to the song "Limon y Sal" by Julieta Venegas:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tIpzfs5tBJU>

2. On a piece of paper, number 1-11. Listen to the song as many times as you need to in order to fill in the numbered blanks below for the correct song lyric. Take a picture and submit it.

Limón y Sal Canción por Julieta Venegas

1. _____ que confesar que a veces, no me 2. _____ tu forma de ser
Luego te me desapareces y no entiendo muy bien por qué
No dices nada 3. _____ cuando llega el atardecer
Te pones de un humor extraño con cada luna llena al 4. _____

Pero todo lo demás le gana lo bueno que me das
Solo tenerte cerca, siento que vuelvo a empezar

Yo te 5. _____ con limón y sal, yo te quiero tal
Y como estas no hace falta cambiarte nada
Yo te quiero si vienes o si vas, si subes
Y bajas si no estas seguro de lo que sientes

Tengo que confesarte 6. _____, nunca creí en la felicidad
A veces algo se le parece pero es pura casualidad

Luego me vengo a encontrar, con tus 7. _____ me dan algo más
Solo tenerte cerca, siento que vuelvo a empezar

Yo te quiero con 8. _____ y sal, yo te quiero tal
Y como estas no hace falta cambiarte nada
Yo te quiero si vienes o si 9. _____, si subes

Y bajas si no estas seguro de lo que sientes

Yo te 10. _____ con limón y sal, yo te quiero tal

Y como estas no hace falta cambiarte nada

Yo te quiero si vienes o si vas, si subes

Y bajas si no estas seguro de lo que sientes

Solo tenerte cerca, 11. _____ que vuelvo a empezar

March 26

Read through this abbreviated powerpoint and copy the new vocab into your notes. Take a picture of your notes and submit.

Delicioso = Delicious

Sabroso = Tasty

Mal = Bad

Bueno = Good

Horrible = Horrible

- Yo puedo comunicar sobre la comida
- I can communicate about the food/meal

¿Qué prefieres comer para el desayuno /el almuerzo?

What do you prefer to eat for breakfast / lunch?

Prefiero comer...

I prefer to eat...

¿Qué prefieres beber para el desayuno / el almuerzo?

What do you prefer to drink for breakfast / lunch?

Prefiero beber...

I prefer to drink...

¿Qué prefieres comer para el desayuno /el almuerzo?

What do you prefer to eat for breakfast / lunch?

¿Qué prefieres beber para el desayuno / el almuerzo?

What do you prefer to drink for breakfast / lunch?

Just like with GUSTAR and ENCANTAR, when we describe food we need to pay close attention to whether what we are talking about is **SINGULAR** or **PLURAL**.

¿**Cómo es** el pan tostado?

How is the toast?

¿**Cómo son** los huevos?

How are the eggs?

We also have to consider whether the food is **singular** or **plural**.

March 27

Complete the following translations and submit a photo.

TRANSLATE TO ENGLISH:

1. EL CHICO TIENE HAMBRE PORQUE NUNCA COME EL DESAYUNO.

2. ELLOS NO TIENEN SED PORQUE SIEMPRE BEBEN AGUA.

3. NOSOTROS NO TENEMOS HAMBRE PORQUE COMEMOS MUCHAS HAMBURGUESAS PARA EL ALMUERZO.

4. ELLA NO TIENE SED PORQUE BEBE EL JUGO DE NARANJA Y CAFÉ PARA EL DESAYUNO.

WRITE IN SPANISH:

1. THE FRENCH FRIES ARE DELICIOUS. I AGREE!

2. I THINK THAT THE COOKIES ARE HORRIBLE. ME TOO.

3. I DON'T THINK THAT THE HAMBURGERS ARE GOOD. ME NEITHER.

4. I THINK THAT THE FRUIT SALAD IS BAD. I DISAGREE!

March 30

Copy the following vocab into your notes and submit a photo.

Almendras - almonds Camarones - shrimp
Canela - cinnamon Sabor - flavor
Comida picante - spicy food Comida sana - healthy food
Especias- spices Favorito - favorite
Ingrediente - ingredient Platillo - dish
Preferido - favorite Rico - rich
Rellenar- to refill

March 31

Directions: Read Carlos' story and answer the following questions. Submit a photo.

Carlos: El chile relleno es mi comida favorita. Está hecho, es un platillo puramente mexicano. Está compuesto de un chile poblano, que es un chile largo, se rellena con queso o con carne. A mí me gustan con queso. Y van lampreados con clara de huevo, así como se hacen los, se preparan los camarones, o algo. Y es sabrosísimo, y a veces se le baña con salsita de tomate y ya. Y con una tortilla de harina, se come uno un burrito muy bueno.

1. ¿Qué es la comida favorita de Carlos?
2. ¿De dónde es el platillo favorito de Carlos?
- 3, En inglés, ¿qué es salsita de tomate?
4. (In English) What does Carlos like to add to his chile relleno?
5. (In English) What does sabrosísimo mean?

April 1

Read the following two passages from Arturo and Alvaro and then in English, briefly describe and summarize their preferences. Submit a photo of your writing.

Arturo: Mi comida preferido es una comida que se prepara en los Netherlands. Se llama "queso relleno." Es un platillo holandés, se rellena con queso, con almendras, con pasitas. Se hace una comida picante especial con harina. Se come el queso, se rellena con carne molida. Es muy rico y se sirve con vino.

Alvaro: Bien, bueno, mi comida favorito en general es la carne. Me encanta mucho la sabor. Me gustan mucho las pastas, la comida italiana. A mí me gusta mucho camarones. Y en general, bueno, casi todos los platos que preparo son en base a carne o fideo. También me gusta mucho la comida sana, los tacos. En general no soy muy complicado, también me gusta mucho el pavo, las almendras, y mucho también.... igual como bastante verdura. Me encanta la comida sana, pero variada. En general como de todo realmente.

April 2

Read the short paragraph below and answer questions 1 and 2 correctly. Submit a photo of your

answers.

Me llamo Claudia y me encanta comer. Me encanta comer más que la mayoría de cosas. En particular, yo prefiero comer la comida mexicana porque soy de México. Por eso, usualmente no hay comida mexicana muy deliciosa. Pero, también me gusta mucho las postres.

1. What type of food is her favorite?

- a) Mexican
- b) Peruvian
- c) Italian
- d) Chinese

2. What type of food does she like?

- a) Deserts
- b) Raviolis
- c) Pizza
- d) Pasta

April 3

Download the google doc. Edit the document directly as if it is your own. When you are finished, save it and re-upload your completed quiz.

Spanish I Unit 6 Quiz

Señorita Jeffries

Honor Pledge

Directions: Rewrite and sign the Honor Pledge.

I pledge not to lie, cheat, or steal, nor tolerate anyone who does.

X_____

ESCUCHAR

PARTE 1

Directions: Listen as Arturo y Alvaro discuss their favorite food. Fill in the blank spaces with the words they use.

Arturo: Mi comida _____ es una comida que se prepara en _____ . Se llama "queso relleno." Es un _____ holandés, se rellena con _____ , con almendras, con pasitas. Se hace una _____ especial con harina. Se _____ el queso, se rellena con carne molida. Es muy _____ y se sirve con vino.

Alvaro: Bien, bueno, mi comida _____ en general es la carne. Me _____ mucho la _____ , me gustan mucho las pastas, la comida italiana. A mí me gusta mucho _____. Y en general, bueno, casi todos los platos que preparo son en base a carne o fideo. También me gusta mucho la comida _____ , los tacos. En general no soy muy complicado, también me gusta mucho el _____ , las _____ , y mucho también.... igual como bastante verdura. Me _____ la comida sana, pero variada. En general como de todo realmente.

PARTE 2

Listen to Claudia speak about food. Answer the following questions:

1. What type of food is her favorite?
 - a. Mexican
 - b. Peruvian
 - c. Italian

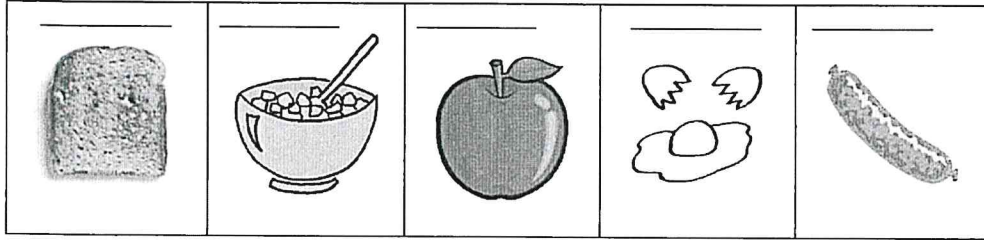
2. What type of food does she like?
 - a. Desserts
 - b. Stirfry
 - c. Pizza
 - d. Cheese

LABEL

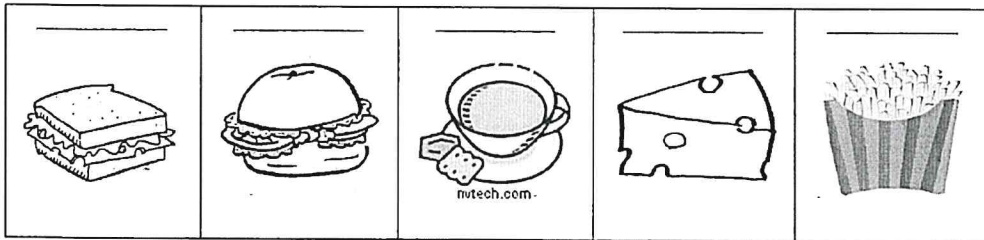
Directions: Label each meal and food properly! Use the word bank below to help you.

Pescado	Huevos	Dinner	Salchichas	Queso	Pizza	Papas Fritas
Bocadillo/Sándwich	Lunch	Manzana	Pan Tostado	Pavo	Cereal	
Sopa	Hamburguesa	Espagueti	Bistec	Breakfast		

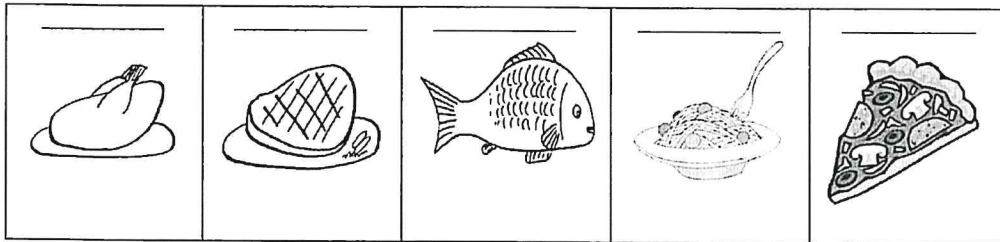
EL DESAYUNO = _____



EL ALMUERZO = _____



LA CENA = _____



Directions: Label each meal. Write 5 unique foods in each box.

La bebida:



El desayuno:



El almuerzo:



La cena:



El postre:



Directions: Respond to each question in complete a Spanish sentence.

1. *¿Qué comes para el desayuno?*

2. *¿Qué es tu comida favorita?*

3. *¿Qué comes para el almuerzo?*

Crédito Extra

Conjugate the following verbs! (+1 each!)

Comer:

Beber:

Tomar:

Yo:

Tú:

Él/ella/usted:

Nosotros/as:

Ellos/ellas/uds.:

Spanish 2 NTI Days 6-17

March 16

Submit rough draft update on final project.

March 17

Submit update 2 on final story project.

March 18

Submit final project. It should be typed in size 12 pt. font Times New Roman and be at least 1 page double spaced.

March 19

Read the story of Hilary and Billy in Spanish and answer questions 1-5 in English on a piece of paper. Take a picture of your work and submit the image.

El cuento de Hilary y Billy

Había una chica que se llamaba Hilary. Era una niña consentida (spoiled), chismosa y ruidosa. No jugaba mucho con los otros niños en la escuela porque ella no compartía los juguetes. Entonces, ella jugaba sola mucho del tiempo. Los otros niños hablaban sobre ella y decían que Hilary era una niña extraña y maleducada. No quería ser sus amigos porque ella no compartía los juguetes. Usualmente en el parque, ella se columpiaba sola en el parque infantil cuando los otros niños jugaban el escondite. Ella veía a los otros niños y pensaba que necesitaba un amigo. Un día, ella vio un chico jugando en el lodo con los gusanos. Ella caminó al chico y dijo, "Hola, me llamo Hilary. ¿Cómo te llamas?" Él era muy callado y tímido y dijo en voz bajo, "Me llamo Billy. ¿Quieres jugar conmigo?" Hilary se sentó con Billy en el lodo allí en el parque y esa acción empezó una relación que duraría muchos años después.

- 1) How would you describe Hilary, according to the first paragraph?
- 2) What was Hilary's relationship like with other kids?
- 3) What did Hilary do in the park usually?
- 4) What was the little boy doing when Hilary saw him one day?
- 5) How would you describe the boy?

March 23

En siete frases, escribe qué te gustabas hacer como niño/a (as if you were a child in the picture).
 Saca un foto y darame aquí (Take a picture and give it to me here).



March 24

Directions: Conjugate each of the following verbs in the preterite past tense. Use the charts below to help.

-AR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-é
Tú	-aste
Él/ella/usted	-ó
Nosotros	-amos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-aron

-ER/-IR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-í

Tú	-iste
Él/ella/usted	-ió
Nosotros	-imos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-ieron

Ex. SALTAR - TO JUMP

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo	Salté	I jumped
Tú	Saltaste	You jumped
Él/ella/usted	Saltó	He/she/jumped
Nosotros	Saltamos	We jumped
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	Saltaron	They jumped

CORRER - TO RUN

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

COLUMPIAR - TO SWING

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		

Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

VIVIR - TO LIVE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

VIAJAR - TO TRAVEL

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

March 25

Directions: Conjugate each of the following verbs in the preterite past tense. Use the charts below to help.

-AR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
---------	--------

Yo	-é
Tú	-aste
Él/ella/usted	-ó
Nosotros	-amos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-aron

-ER/-IR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-í
Tú	-iste
Él/ella/usted	-ió
Nosotros	-imos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-ieron

Ex. SALTAR - TO JUMP

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo	Salté	I jumped
Tú	Saltaste	You jumped
Él/ella/usted	Saltó	He/she/jumped
Nosotros	Saltamos	We jumped
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	Saltaron	They jumped

COMER - TO EAT

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		

Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

HABLAR - TO TALK

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

ESCRIBIR - TO WRITE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

LEVANTAR - TO GET UP

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

March 26

Directions: Conjugate each of the following verbs in the preterite past tense. Use the charts below to help.

-AR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-é
Tú	-aste
Él/ella/usted	-ó
Nosotros	-amos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-aron

-ER/-IR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-í
Tú	-iste
Él/ella/usted	-ió
Nosotros	-imos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-ieron

Ex. SALTAR - TO JUMP

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo	Salté	I jumped
Tú	Saltaste	You jumped
Él/ella/usted	Saltó	He/she/jumped

Nosotros	Saltamos	We jumped
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	Saltaron	They jumped

ENTENDER - TO UNDERSTAND

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

CHARLAR - TO CHAT

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

ESCRIBIR - TO WRITE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

DIBUJAR - TO DRAW

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

March 27

Directions: Conjugate each of the following verbs in the preterite past tense. Use the charts below to help.

-AR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-é
Tú	-aste
Él/ella/usted	-ó
Nosotros	-amos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-aron

-ER/-IR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-í
Tú	-iste
Él/ella/usted	-ió
Nosotros	-imos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-ieron

Ex. SALTAR - TO JUMP

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo	Salté	I jumped
Tú	Saltaste	You jumped
Él/ella/usted	Saltó	He/she/jumped
Nosotros	Saltamos	We jumped
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	Saltaron	They jumped

ESCOGER - TO CHOOSE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

NECESITAR - TO NEED

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

SALIR - TO LEAVE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		

Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

NADAR - TO SWIM

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

March 30

Copy down this chart of common IRREGULAR preterite past tense conjugations. Submit a picture.

Irregular Preterite Verb Conjugations

Subject	Ser (to be)	Ir (to go)	Dar (to give)	Ver (to see)
yo	fui	 fui	 di	 vi 
tú	fuiste	 fuiste	 diste	 viste 
él, ella, usted	fue	 fue	 dio	 vio 
nosotros	fuimos	 fuimos	 dimos	 vimos 
vosotros	fuisteis	 fuisteis	 disteis	 visteis 
ellos, ellas, ustedes	fueron	 fueron	 dieron	 vieron 

March 31

Copy down in your notes the changes associated with GROUP ONE of irregular preterite tense verb types known as -CAR, -GAR, -ZAR verbs. Submit a picture.

The first-person singular (**yo**) endings of these verbs undergo the following changes:

Verb Type	Change	Example	
-car	c changes to qu	busqué	🔊
-gar	g changes to gu	cargué	🔊
-zar	z changes to c	almorcé	🔊

Conjugation Examples

Here is an example of the full preterite tense conjugation for each type of verb.

Subject	-car Conjugation	-gar Conjugation	-zar Conjugation	
yo	busqué	🔊 jugué	🔊 crucé	🔊
tú	buscaste	🔊 jugaste	🔊 cruzaste	🔊
él, ella, usted	buscó	🔊 jugó	🔊 cruzó	🔊
nosotros	buscamos	🔊 jugamos	🔊 cruzamos	🔊
vosotros	buscasteis	🔊 jugasteis	🔊 cruzasteis	🔊
ellos, ellas, ustedes	buscaron	🔊 jugaron	🔊 cruzaron	🔊

April 1

Directions: Conjugate each of the following verbs in the preterite past tense. Use the charts below to help. HOWEVER note that these are all IRREGULAR preterite -CAR, -GAR, -ZAR verbs. Pay attention to if it has a -CAR, -GAR, or -ZAR ending! Use your notes from yesterday.

-AR VERBS

Pronoun	Ending
Yo	-é
Tú	-aste
Él/ella/usted	-ó
Nosotros	-amos
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	-aron

Ex. BUSCAR - TO LOOK FOR

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo	Busqué	I looked for
Tú	Buscaste	You looked for
Él/ella/usted	Buscó	He/she/you looked for
Nosotros	Buscamos	We looked for
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	Buscaron	They looked for

EDUCAR - TO EDUCATE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

PAGAR - TO PAY

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

MEMORIZAR - TO MEMORIZE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

CASTIGAR - TO PUNISH

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

Copy down in your notes the changes associated with **GROUP TWO** of irregular preterite tense verb types known as **-CAER, -EER, -OER, -OÍR, and -UIR verbs**. Submit a picture.

Subject	Change	Example
Third person singular (él, ella)	i changes to y	leyó
Third person plural (ellos, ellas)	i changes to y	leyeron
Second person formal singular (usted)	i changes to y	leyó

Conjugation Examples

Here is an example of the full preterite tense conjugation for each type of verb.

Preterite Conjugations for Caer and Leer

Subject	Caer Conjugation	Leer Conjugation
yo	caí	 leí
tú	caíste	 leíste
él, ella, usted	cayó	 leyó
nosotros	caímos	 leímos
vosotros	caísteis	 leísteis
ellos, ellas, ustedes	cayeron	 leyeron

Directions: Conjugate each of the following verbs in the preterite past tense. HOWEVER note that these are all IRREGULAR preterite -CAER, -EER, -OER, -OÍR, and -UIR verbs. Pay attention to if it has a -CAER, -EER, -OER, -OÍR, and -UIR verbs ending! Use your notes from yesterday.

Ex. CREER - TO BELIEVE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo	Creí	I believed
Tú	Creíste	You believed
Él/ella/usted	Creyó	He/she/you believed
Nosotros	Creímos	We believed
Ellos/ellas/ustedes	Creyeron	They believed

RELEER - TO REVIEW

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

CONSTRUIR - TO CONSTRUCT

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		

Ellos/ellas/ustedes		
---------------------	--	--

DISTRIBUIR - TO DISTRIBUTE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		

PROVEER - TO PROVIDE

Pronoun	Conjugation	English
Yo		
Tú		
Él/ella/usted		
Nosotros		
Ellos/ellas/ustedes		